

# **CITIZEN KANE**

**Written by Herman J.  
Mankiewicz & Orson Welles**

**Forward by Greta Gerwig**

**A Publication of the Philolexian Society  
Foundation, Commemorating Those  
Among Its Ranks Whose Distinction in  
Letters and Oratory Has Brought Honor  
to the Society and Lustre to Its Traditions**



# Forward: A Tree Grows, and Grows

**By great Gerwig, Winner of the Philolexian Prize, 2014, Barnard College graduate 2002**

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For more than half my life, I have been party to the ongoing burial of a literary reputation. Strangely enough, I don't think my victim entirely deserves it.

One hundred years ago, in the August issue of Poetry magazine, Alfred Joyce Kilmer published "Trees." This stubbornly enduring work needs no introduction. Even the smallest schoolchild can lisp: "I think that I shall never see / A poem lovely as a tree." Come Arbor Day, every two-bit garden club recites "Trees" as it plants a sapling; Alfalfa Switzer crooned it — or rather, whined it — in a memorable "Our Gang" short.

Of course, "Trees" is a notoriously awful poem. It is singsongy and saccharine. Its imagery is preposterous. As Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks pointed out in their book, "Understanding Poetry," any anthropomorphic flora "whose hungry mouth is prest / Against the earth's sweet flowing breast" as it "looks at God all day, / And lifts her leafy arms to pray" would be "strangely deformed" indeed.

The thing has yielded innumerable parodies. "I think that I shall never see / A billboard lovely as a tree. / Indeed, unless the billboards fall / I'll never see a tree at all," Ogden Nash wrote in "Song of the Open Road." In "Chee\$,e," Thomas Merton tweaked his fellow Trappists for trading briskly in their popular foodstuff: "I think that we should never freeze / Such lively assets as our cheese." He signed his spoof "Joyce Killer-Diller." In the movie "Superman II," when Valerie Perrine declares, "I like 'Trees,'" Gene Hackman responds, "So does your average cocker spaniel."

I have been a member of that critical chorus since 1985. That was when I revived an ancient Columbia University literary society called Philolexian, whose alumni include Jacques Barzun (class of 1927), Allen Ginsberg (1948), Merton (1938) and Kilmer himself (1908). One of my accomplices in this enterprise, Michael Kaufmann — now a respectable professor of English at Temple University — joked that we should conduct a wretched poetry competition in Kilmer's honor.

And so we have. Every fall, up to 300 Columbia students pack Philolexian's annual Alfred Joyce Kilmer Memorial Bad Poetry Contest to hear original doggerel composed by their classmates that is intended to produce laughter, cringes or sheer disbelief. Here's a fragment from "The Ballad of Sweet Donna Lee," by Everett Patterson, which took the laurels in 2003:

*A great swell of music arose in his breast  
His heart, like an alien, leapt from his chest  
His soul, like a joy-bomb, exploded with joy  
At that moment, gladdest of all freshman boys.*

The evening culminates in a thunderous group chant of Kilmer's magnum opus, with particular emphasis on "Poems are made by fools like me" — which Heywood Broun called not only "a wholly spurious humility" but also "the most insincere line ever written by mortal man."

Had poor Kilmer never published anything besides "Trees," the modernist intelligentsia would still have pilloried him for its 80 trite words alone. As it is, he turned out several volumes of verse before he was killed on the Western Front on July 30, 1918, at age 31. Most of his work, like "Trees," was simplistic and sappy. In "Delicatessen," Kilmer finds that merely by plying his humble trade, a deli owner is somehow angelic: "He fights, and for his fireside's sake; / He fights for clothing and for bread: / The lances of his foemen make / A steely halo round his head."

Note the halo. Central to both Kilmer's work and the prevailing disdain of it is his deep Catholicism, to which he converted after his daughter Rose contracted infantile paralysis. Most of his efforts fairly drip with piety, even when the subject is as mundane as New Jersey mass transit. The train in "The Twelve-Forty-Five" is an instrument of the Devil ("I ride, I blasphemously ride / Through all the silent countryside"), disturbing the peaceful faith of the Garden State ("Why, even strident Paterson / Rests quietly as any nun"). In the end, though, the wicked locomotive receives absolution ("My cottage lamp shines white and clear. / God bless the train that brought me here").

This sort of stuff was unlikely to survive the arrival of Prufrock.

Yet in his heyday, Kilmer was a rising literary star. He made it into Who's Who at 25, around the time he joined the staff of The New York Times Magazine. The corresponding secretary of the Poetry Society of America, he was published in Town & Country, The Smart Set and The Nation. He ran the poetry departments of Current Literature and The Literary Digest; the latter eulogized him as "a very gallant gentleman who never wrote a line that was not pure, and sweet, and clean." Reviewing his posthumous two-volume "Poems, Essays, and Letters" here, Charles Willis Thompson, an editorial writer for The Times, declared: "The German bullet that slew Joyce Kilmer at the Ourcq slew a brilliant promise. It could not slay a brilliant partial fulfillment."

It is quite possible, even probable, that if that bullet hadn't cut Kilmer down in his prime and enshrined him as a martyr, he would not have achieved immortality. Still, no poet

who could warrant a namesake forest in North Carolina, or a park in the Bronx, or a service area on the New Jersey Turnpike can be wholly without merit.

Every year it falls to me as “Avatar” of Philolexian to kick off the Kilmer event by presenting a biographical sketch of the man. By now, I have my routine down pat. After outlining Kilmer’s life and enumerating his poetic sins, I ask, “But was he really bad?” Invariably the audience shouts, “Yes!” And I roar back, “You’re wrong!”

Kilmer, I inform the snarky undergrads, is what George Orwell in his essay on Kipling called a “good bad poet.” After dismissing most of Kipling’s verse as “horribly vulgar,” Orwell concedes it nonetheless is “capable of giving pleasure to people who know what poetry means.” Admit it, Orwell says. Unless you’re “merely a snob and a liar,” you get at least some enjoyment out of something like “Mandalay.” That’s because it’s a good bad poem, which Orwell defines as “a graceful monument to the obvious. It records in memorable form — for verse is a mnemonic device, among other things — some emotion which very nearly every human being can share.”

That’s a fair take on much of Kilmer. Yes, he was proof of Oscar Wilde’s pronouncement that “all bad poetry springs from genuine feeling.” But he could still touch certain chords with crude, shameless offerings like “The House With Nobody in It”:

*I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such things;  
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.  
I know this house isn’t haunted, and I wish it were, I do;  
For it wouldn’t be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.*

If you insist on rejecting this admittedly hokey notion utterly, never musing that “only God can make a tree” upon beholding a particularly soaring oak . . . well, take your pick. Are you an Orwellian snob or an Orwellian liar?

I thought so. So here’s wishing you a happy 100th birthday, “Trees,” in all your inane glory. I just hope that when my spirit finally communes with that of your creator, he will evince the Christian charity by which he lived his short life and forgive some impious upstarts for making sport of him, assured that it is their own peculiar form of homage.

Thomas Vinciguerra is a Philolexian, Class of 1984 and the editor of “Backward Ran Sentences: The Best of Wolcott Gibbs From The New Yorker.”

CITIZEN KANE

Written by

Herman J. Mankiewicz

&

Orson Welles

## PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

EXT. XANADU - FAINT DAWN - 1940 (MINIATURE)

Window, very small in the distance, illuminated.

All around this is an almost totally black screen. Now, as the camera moves slowly towards the window which is almost a postage stamp in the frame, other forms appear; barbed wire, cyclone fencing, and now, looming up against an early morning sky, enormous iron grille work. Camera travels up what is now shown to be a gateway of gigantic proportions and holds on the top of it - a huge initial "K" showing darker and darker against the dawn sky. Through this and beyond we see the fairy-tale mountaintop of Xanadu, the great castle a silhouette as its summit, the little window a distant accent in the darkness.

DISSOLVE:

A SERIES OF SET -UPS, EACH CLOSER TO THE GREAT WINDOW, ALL TELLING SOMETHING OF:

The literally incredible domain of CHARLES FOSTER KANE.

Its right flank resting for nearly forty miles on the Gulf Coast, it truly extends in all directions farther than the eye can see. Designed by nature to be almost completely bare and flat - it was, as will develop, practically all marshland when Kane acquired and changed its face - it is now pleasantly uneven, with its fair share of rolling hills and one very good-sized mountain, all man-made. Almost all the land is improved, either through cultivation for farming purposes or through careful landscaping, in the shape of parks and lakes. The castle dominates itself, an enormous pile, compounded of several genuine castles, of European origin, of varying architecture - dominates the scene, from the very peak of the mountain.

DISSOLVE:

GOLF LINKS (MINIATURE)

Past which we move. The greens are straggly and overgrown, the fairways wild with tropical weeds, the links unused and not seriously tended for a long time.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

## WHAT WAS ONCE A GOOD-SIZED ZOO (MINIATURE)

Of the Hagenbeck type. All that now remains, with one exception, are the individual plots, surrounded by moats, on which the animals are kept, free and yet safe from each other and the landscape at large. (Signs on several of the plots indicate that here there were once tigers, lions, giraffes.)

DISSOLVE:

## THE MONKEY TERRACE (MINIATURE)

In the foreground, a great obscene ape is outlined against the dawn murk. He is scratching himself slowly, thoughtfully, looking out across the estates of Charles Foster Kane, to the distant light glowing in the castle on the hill.

DISSOLVE:

## THE ALLIGATOR PIT (MINIATURE)

The idiot pile of sleepy dragons. Reflected in the muddy water - the lighted window.

## THE LAGOON (MINIATURE)

The boat landing sags. An old newspaper floats on the surface of the water - a copy of the New York Enquirer." As it moves across the frame, it discloses again the reflection of the window in the castle, closer than before.

## THE GREAT SWIMMING POOL (MINIATURE)

It is empty. A newspaper blows across the cracked floor of the tank.

DISSOLVE:

## THE COTTAGES (MINIATURE)

In the shadows, literally the shadows, of the castle. As we move by, we see that their doors and windows are boarded up and locked, with heavy bars as further protection and sealing.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

## A DRAWBRIDGE (MINIATURE)

Over a wide moat, now stagnant and choked with weeds. We move across it and through a huge solid gateway into a formal garden, perhaps thirty yards wide and one hundred yards deep, which extends right up to the very wall of the castle. The landscaping surrounding it has been sloppy and causal for a long time, but this particular garden has been kept up in perfect shape. As the camera makes its way through it, towards the lighted window of the castle, there are revealed rare and exotic blooms of all kinds. The dominating note is one of almost exaggerated tropical lushness, hanging limp and despairing. Moss, moss, moss. Ankor Wat, the night the last King died.

DISSOLVE:

THE WINDOW (MINIATURE)

Camera moves in until the frame of the window fills the frame of the screen. Suddenly, the light within goes out. This stops the action of the camera and cuts the music which has been accompanying the sequence. In the glass panes of the window, we see reflected the ripe, dreary landscape of Mr. Kane's estate behind and the dawn sky.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - FAINT DAWN -

A very long shot of Kane's enormous bed, silhouetted against the enormous window.

DISSOLVE:

INT. KANE'S BEDROOM - FAINT DAWN - SNOW SCENE.

An incredible one. Big, impossible flakes of snow, a too picturesque farmhouse and a snow man. The jingling of sleigh bells in the musical score now makes an ironic reference to Indian Temple bells - the music freezes -

KANE'S OLD OLD VOICE

Rosebud...

The camera pulls back, showing the whole scene to be contained in one of those glass balls which are sold in novelty stores all over the world. A hand - Kane's hand, which has been holding the ball, relaxes. The ball falls out of his hand and bounds down two carpeted steps leading to the bed, the camera following. The ball falls off the last step onto the marble floor where it breaks, the fragments glittering in the first rays of the morning sun. This ray cuts an angular pattern across the floor, suddenly crossed with a thousand bars of light as the blinds are pulled across the window.



The foot of Kane's bed. The camera very close. Outlined against the shuttered window, we can see a form - the form of a nurse, as she pulls the sheet up over his head. The camera follows this action up the length of the bed and arrives at the face after the sheet has covered it.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OF A MOTION PICTURE PROJECTION ROOM

On the screen as the camera moves in are the words:

"MAIN TITLE"

Stirring, brassy music is heard on the soundtrack (which, of course, sounds more like a soundtrack than ours.)

The screen in the projection room fills our screen as the second title appears:

"CREDITS"

NOTE: Here follows a typical news digest short, one of the regular monthly or bi-monthly features, based on public events or personalities. These are distinguished from ordinary newsreels and short subjects in that they have a fully developed editorial or storyline. Some of the more obvious characteristics of the "March of Time," for example, as well as other documentary shorts, will be combined to give an authentic impression of this now familiar type of short subject. As is the accepted procedure in these short subjects, a narrator is used as well as explanatory titles.

FADE OUT:

NEWS DIGEST NARRATOR

Legendary was the Xanadu where  
Kubla Kahn decreed his stately  
pleasure dome -

(with quotes in his  
voice)

"Where twice five miles of fertile  
ground, with walls and towers were  
girdled 'round."

(DROPPING THE QUOTES)

Today, almost as legendary is  
Florida's XANADU - world's largest  
private pleasure ground.

Here, on the deserts of the Gulf Coast, a private mountain was commissioned, successfully built for its landlord. Here in a private valley, as in the Coleridge poem, "blossoms many an incense-bearing tree." Verily, "a miracle of rare device."

U.S.A.

CHARLES FOSTER KANE

Opening shot of great desolate expanse of Florida coastline  
(1940 - DAY)

DISSOLVE:

Series of shots showing various aspects of Xanadu, all as they might be photographed by an ordinary newsreel cameraman - nicely photographed, but not atmospheric to the extreme extent of the Prologue (1940).

NARRATOR

(dropping the quotes)

Here, for Xanadu's landlord, will be held 1940's biggest, strangest funeral; here this week is laid to rest a potent figure of our Century - America's Kubla Kahn - Charles Foster Kane. In journalism's history, other names are honored more than Charles Foster Kane's, more justly revered. Among publishers, second only to James Gordon Bennet the First: his dashing, expatriate son; England's Northcliffe and Beaverbrook; Chicago's Patterson and McCormick;

TITLE:

TO FORTY-FOUR MILLION U.S. NEWS BUYERS, MORE NEWSWORTHY THAN THE NAMES IN HIS OWN HEADLINES, WAS KANE HIMSELF, GREATEST NEWSPAPER TYCOON OF THIS OR ANY OTHER GENERATION.

Shot of a huge, screen-filling picture of Kane. Pull back to show that it is a picture on the front page of the "Enquirer," surrounded by the reversed rules of mourning, with masthead and headlines. (1940)

DISSOLVE:

A great number of headlines, set in different types and different styles, obviously from different papers, all announcing Kane's death, all appearing over photographs of Kane himself (perhaps a fifth of the headlines are in foreign languages). An important item in connection with the headlines is that many of them - positively not all - reveal passionately conflicting opinions about Kane. Thus, they contain variously the words "patriot," "democrat," "pacifist," "war-monger," "traitor," "idealist," "American," etc.

TITLE:

TO 1940 - ALL OF THESE YEARS HE COVERED, MANY OF THESE YEARS HE WAS.

Newsreel shots of San Francisco during and after the fire, followed by shots of special trains with large streamers: "Kane Relief Organization." Over these shots superimpose the date -

Artist's painting of Foch's railroad car and peace negotiators, if actual newsreel shot unavailable. Over this shot sumperimpose the date - 1918.

#### NARRATOR

Denver's Bonfils and Sommes; New York's late, great Joseph Pulitzer; America's emperor of the news syndicate, another editorialist and landlord, the still mighty and once mightier Hearst. Great names all of them - but none of them so loved, hated, feared, so often spoken - as Charles Foster Kane. The San Francisco earthquake. First with the news were the Kane papers. First with Relief of the Sufferers, First with the news of their Relief of the Sufferers. Kane papers scoop the world on the Armistice - publish, eight hours before competitors, complete details of the Armistice terms granted the Germans by Marshall Foch from his railroad car in the Forest of Compeigne. For forty years appeared in Kane newsprint no public issue on which Kane papers took no stand.

No public man whom Kane himself did not support or denounce - often support, then denounce. Its humble beginnings, a dying dailey -

Shots with the date - 1898 (to be supplied)

Shots with the date - 1910 (to be supplied)

Shots with the date - 1922 (to be supplied)

Headlines, cartoons, contemporary newreels or stills of the following:

#### WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The celebrated newsreel shot of about 1914.

#### PROHIBITION

Breaking up of a speakeasy and such.

#### T.V.A.

#### LABOR RIOTS

Brief clips of old newreel shots of William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Stalin, Walter P. Thatcher, Al Smith, McKinley, Landon, Franklin D. Roosevelt and such. Also, recent newsreels of the elderly Kane with such Nazis as Hitler and Goering; and England's Chamberlain and Churchill.

Shot of a ramshackle building with old-fashioned presses showing through plate glass windows and the name "Enquirer" in old-fashioned gold letters. (1892)

DISSOLVE:

#### NARRATOR

Kane's empire, in its glory, held dominion over thirty-seven newspapers, thirteen magazines, a radio network. An empire upon an empire. The first of grocery stores, paper mills, apartment buildings, factories, forests, ocean-liners - An empire through which for fifty years flowed, in an unending stream, the wealth of the earth's third richest gold mine... Famed in American legend is the origin of the Kane fortune...

How, to boarding housekeeper Mary Kane, by a defaulting boarder, in was left the supposedly worthless deed to an abandoned mine shaft: The Colorado Lode. The magnificent Enquirer Building of today.

- a map of the USA, covering the entire screen, which in animated diagram shows the Kane publications spreading from city to city. Starting from New York, miniature newboys speed madly to Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, Atlanta, El Paso, etc., screaming "Wuxtry, Kane Papers, Wuxtry."

Shot of a large mine going full blast, chimneys belching smoke, trains moving in and out, etc. A large sign reads "Colorado Lode Mining Co." (1940) Sign reading; "Little Salem, CO - 25 MILES."

DISSOLVE:

An old still shot of Little Salem as it was 70 years ago (identified by copper-plate caption beneath the still). (1870)

Shot of early tintype stills of Thomas Foster Kane and his wife, Mary, on their wedding day. A similar picture of Mary Kane some four or five years later with her little boy, Charles Foster Kane.

NARRATOR

Fifty-seven years later, before a Congressional Investigation, Walter P. Thatcher, grand old man of Wall Street, for years chief target of Kane papers' attack on "trusts," recalls a journey he made as a youth...

Shot of Capitol, in Washington D.C.

Shot of Congressional Investigating Committee (reproduction of existing J.P. Morgan newsreel). This runs silent under narration. Walter P. Thatcher is on the stand. He is flanked by his son, Walter P. Thatcher Jr., and other partners. He is being questioned by some Merry Andrew congressmen. At this moment, a baby alligator has just been placed in his lap, causing considerable confusion and embarrassment.

Newsreel close-up of Thatcher, the soundtrack of which now fades in.

THATCHER  
... because of that trivial  
incident...

INVESTIGATOR  
It is a fact, however, is it not,  
that in 1870, you did go to  
Colorado?

THATCHER  
I did.

INVESTIGATOR  
In connection with the Kane  
affairs?

THATCHER  
Yes. My firm had been appointed  
trustees by Mrs. Kane for the  
fortune, which she had recently  
acquired. It was her wish that I  
should take charge of this boy,  
Charles Foster Kane.

NARRATOR  
That same month in Union Square -

INVESTIGATOR  
Is it not a fact that on that  
occasion, the boy personally  
attacked you after striking you in  
the stomach with a sled?

Loud laughter and confusion.

THATCHER  
Mr. Chairman, I will read to this  
committee a prepared statement I  
have brought with me - and I will  
then refuse to answer any further  
questions. Mr. Johnson, please!

A young assistant hands him a sheet of paper from a  
briefcase.

THATCHER

(reading it)

"With full awareness of the meaning of my words and the responsibility of what I am about to say, it is my considered belief that Mr. Charles Foster Kane, in every essence of his social beliefs and by the dangerous manner in which he has persistently attacked the American traditions of private property, initiative and opportunity for advancement, is - in fact - nothing more or less than a Communist."

Newsreel of Union Square meeting, section of crowd carrying banners urging the boycott of Kane papers. A speaker is on the platform above the crowd.

SPEAKER

(fading in on soundtrack)

- till the words "Charles Foster Kane" are a menace to every working man in this land. He is today what he has always been and always will be - A FASCIST!

NARRATOR

And yet another opinion - Kane's own.

Silent newsreel on a windy platform, flag-draped, in front of the magnificent Enquirer building. On platform, in full ceremonial dress, is Charles Foster Kane. He orates silently.

TITLE:

"I AM, HAVE BEEN, AND WILL BE ONLY ONE THING - AN AMERICAN."

CHARLES FOSTER KANE.

Same locale, Kane shaking hands out of frame.

Another newsreel shot, much later, very brief, showing Kane, older and much fatter, very tired-looking, seated with his second wife in a nightclub. He looks lonely and unhappy in the midst of the gaiety.

NARRATOR

Twice married, twice divorced -  
first to a president's niece, Emily  
Norton - today, by her second  
marriage, chatelaine of the oldest  
of England's stately homes.  
Sixteen years after that - two  
weeks after his divorce from Emily  
Norton - Kane married Susan  
Alexander, singer, at the Town Hall  
in Trenton, New Jersey.

TITLE:

FEW PRIVATE LIVES WERE MORE PUBLIC.

Period still of Emily Norton (1900).

DISSOLVE:

Reconstructed silent newsreel. Kane, Susan, and Bernstein  
emerging from side doorway of City Hall into a ring of press  
photographers, reporters, etc. Kane looks startled, recoils  
for an instance, then charges down upon the photographers,  
laying about him with his stick, smashing whatever he can  
hit.

NARRATOR

For wife two, one-time opera  
singing Susan Alexander, Kane built  
Chicago's Municipal Opera House.  
Cost: three million dollars.  
Conceived for Susan Alexander Kane,  
half-finished before she divorced  
him, the still unfinished Xanadu.  
Cost: no man can say.

Still of architect's sketch with typically glorified  
"rendering" of the Chicago Municipal Opera House.

DISSOLVE:

A glamorous shot of the almost-finished Xanadu, a  
magnificent fairy-tale estate built on a mountain. (1920)

Then shots of its preparation. (1917)

Shots of truck after truck, train after train, flashing by  
with tremendous noise.

Shots of vast dredges, steamshovels.

Shot of ship standing offshore unloading its lighters.



In quick succession, shots follow each other, some reconstructed, some in miniature, some real shots (maybe from the dam projects) of building, digging, pouring concrete, etc.

NARRATOR

One hundred thousand trees, twenty thousand tons of marble, are the ingredients of Xanadu's mountain. Xanadu's livestock: the fowl of the air, the fish of the sea, the beast of the field and jungle - two of each; the biggest private zoo since Noah. Contents of Kane's palace: paintings, pictures, statues, the very stones of many another palace, shipped to Florida from every corner of the earth, from other Kane houses, warehouses, where they mouldered for years. Enough for ten museums - the loot of the world.

More shots as before, only this time we see (in miniature) a large mountain - at different periods in its development - rising out of the sands.

Shots of elephants, apes, zebras, etc. being herded, unloaded, shipped, etc. in various ways.

Shots of packing cases being unloaded from ships, from trains, from trucks, with various kinds of lettering on them (Italian, Arabian, Chinese, etc.) but all consigned to Charles Foster Kane, Xanadu, Florida.

A reconstructed still of Xanadu - the main terrace. A group of persons in clothes of the period of 1917. In their midst, clearly recognizable, are Kane and Susan.

NARRATOR

Kane urged his country's entry into one war, opposed participation in another. Swung the election to one American President at least, was called another's assassin. Thus, Kane's papers might never have survived - had not the President.

TITLE:

FROM XANADU, FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, ALL KANE ENTERPRISES HAVE BEEN DIRECTED, MANY OF THE NATIONS DESTINIES SHAPED.

Shots of various authentically worded headlines of American papers since 1895.

Spanish-American War shots. (1898)

A graveyard in France of the World War and hundreds of crosses.

(1919)  
Old newsreels of a political campaign.

Insert of a particularly virulent headline and/or cartoon.

HEADLINE: "PRESIDENT SHOT"

NARRATOR  
Kane, molder of mass opinion though he was, in all his life was never granted elective office by the voters of his country. Few U.S. news publishers have been. Few, like one-time Congressman Hearst, have ever run for any office - most know better - conclude with other political observers that one man's press has power enough for himself. But Kane papers were once strong indeed, and once the prize seemed almost his. In 1910, as Independent Candidate for governor, the best elements of the state behind him - the White House seemingly the next easy step in a lightning political career -

NIGHT SHOT OF CROWD BURNING CHARLES FOSTER KANE IN EFFIGY.

THE DUMMY BEARS A GROTESQUE, COMIC RESEMBLANCE TO KANE. IT IS TOSSED INTO THE FLAMES, WHICH BURN UP - AND THEN DOWN...  
(1910)

FADE OUT:

TITLE:

IN POLITICS - ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID, NEVER A BRIDE

Newsreel shots of great crowds streaming into a building - Madison Square Garden - then shots inside the vast auditorium, at one end of which is a huge picture of Kane.  
(1910)

Shot of box containing the first Mrs. Kane and young Howard Kane, age five. They are acknowledging the cheers of the crowd. (Silent Shot) (1910)

Newsreel shot of dignitaries on platform, with Kane, alongside of speaker's table, beaming, hand upraised to silence the crowd. (Silent Shot) (1910)

NARRATOR

Then, suddenly - less than one week before election - defeat! Shameful, ignominious - defeat that set back for twenty years the cause of reform in the U.S., forever cancelled political chances for Charles Foster Kane. Then, in the third year of the Great Depression... As to all publishers, it sometimes must - to Bennett, to Munsey and Hearst it did - a paper closes! For Kane, in four short years: collapse!

Eleven Kane papers, four Kane magazines merged, more sold, scrapped -

Newsreel shot - closeup of Kane delivering a speech... (1910)

The front page of a contemporary paper - a screaming headline. Twin photos of Kane and Susan. (1910)

Printed title about Depression.

Once more repeat the map of the USA 1932-1939. Suddenly, the cartoon goes into reverse, the empire begins to shrink, illustrating the narrator's words.

The door of a newspaper office with the signs: "Closed."

NARRATOR

Then four long years more - alone in his never-finished, already decaying, pleasure palace, aloof, seldom visited, never photographed, Charles Foster Kane continued to direct his falling empire ... vainly attempting to sway, as he once did, the destinies of a nation that has ceased to listen to him ... ceased to trust him...

## SHOTS OF XANADU. (1940)

Series of shots, entirely modern,  
but rather jumpy and obviously  
bootlegged, showing Kane in a bath  
chair, swathed in summer rugs,  
being perambulated through his rose  
garden, a desolate figure in the  
sunshine. (1935)

## NARRATOR

Last week, death came to sit upon  
the throne of America's Kubla Khan -  
last week, as it must to all men,  
death came to Charles Foster Kane.

## DISSOLVE:

Cabinet Photograph (Full Screen) of Kane as an old, old man.  
This image remains constant on the screen (as camera pulls  
back, taking in the interior of a dark projection room.

## INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY -

A fairly large one, with a long throw to the screen. It is  
dark.

The image of Kane as an old man remains constant on the  
screen as camera pulls back, slowly taking in and  
registering Projection Room. This action occurs, however,  
only after the first few lines of encurring dialogue have  
been spoken. The shadows of the men speaking appear as they  
rise from their chairs - black against the image of Kane's  
face on the screen.

NOTE: These are the editors of a "News Digest" short, and  
of the Rawlston magazines. All his enterprises are  
represented in the projection room, and Rawlston himself,  
that great man, is present also and will shortly speak up.

During the entire course of this scene, nobody's face is  
really seen. Sections of their bodies are picked out by a  
table light, a silhouette is thrown on the screen, and their  
faces and bodies are themselves thrown into silhouette  
against the brilliant slanting rays of light from the  
projection room.

A Third Man is on the telephone. We see a corner of his  
head and the phone.

## THIRD MAN

(at phone)

Stand by. I'll tell you if we want  
to run it again.

(hangs up)

## THOMPSON'S VOICE

Well?

A short pause.

## A MAN'S VOICE

It's a tough thing to do in a newsreel. Seventy years of a man's life -

Murmur of highly salaried assent at this. Rawlston walks toward camera and out of the picture. Others are rising. Camera during all of this, apparently does its best to follow action and pick up faces, but fails. Actually, all set-ups are to be planned very carefully to exclude the element of personality from this scene; which is expressed entirely by voices, shadows, silhouettes and the big, bright image of Kane himself on the screen.

## A VOICE

See what Arthur Ellis wrote about him in the American review?

## THIRD MAN

I read it.

## THE VOICE

(its owner is already leaning across the table, holding a piece of paper under the desk light and reading from it)

Listen: Kane is dead. He contributed to the journalism of his day - the talent of a mountebank, the morals of a bootlegger, and the manners of a pasha. He and his kind have almost succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into a seven percent security - no longer secure.

## ANOTHER VOICE

That's what Arthur Ellis is writing now. Thirty years ago, when Kane gave him his chance to clean up Detroit and Chicago and St. Louis, Kane was the greatest guy in the world. If you ask me -

## ANOTHER VOICE

Charles Foster Kane was a...

Then observations are made almost simultaneous.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE  
Just a minute!

Camera moves to take in his bulk outlined against the glow from the projection room.

RAWLSTON  
What were Kane's last words?

A silence greets this.

RAWLSTON  
What were the last words he said on earth? Thompson, you've made us a good short, but it needs character -

SOMEBODY'S VOICE  
Motivation -

RAWLSTON  
That's it - motivation. What made Kane what he was? And, for that matter, what was he? What we've just seen are the outlines of a career - what's behind the career? What's the man? Was he good or bad? Strong or foolish? Tragic or silly? Why did he do all those things? What was he after?  
(then, appreciating his point)  
Maybe he told us on his death bed.

THOMPSON  
Yes, and maybe he didn't.

RAWLSTON  
Ask the question anyway, Thompson! Build the picture around the question, even if you can't answer it.

THOMPSON  
I know, but -

RAWLSTON  
(riding over him like any other producer)  
All we saw on that screen was a big American -

A VOICE  
One of the biggest.

RAWLSTON  
(without pausing for  
this)  
But how is he different from Ford?  
Or Hearst for that matter? Or  
Rockefeller - or John Doe?

A VOICE  
I know people worked for Kane will  
tell you - not only in the  
newspaper business - look how he  
raised salaries. You don't want to  
forget -

ANOTHER VOICE  
You take his labor record alone,  
they ought to hang him up like a  
dog.

RAWLSTON  
I tell you, Thompson - a man's  
dying words -

SOMEBODY'S VOICE  
What were they?

Silence.

SOMEBODY'S VOICE  
(hesitant)  
Yes, Mr. Rawlston, what were Kane's  
dying words?

RAWLSTON  
(with disgust)  
Rosebud!

A little ripple of laughter at this, which is promptly  
silenced by Rawlston.

RAWLSTON  
That's right.

A VOICE  
Tough guy, huh?  
(derisively)  
Dies calling for Rosebud!

RAWLSTON  
Here's a man who might have been  
President.

He's been loved and hated and talked about as much as any man in our time - but when he comes to die, he's got something on his mind called "Rosebud." What does that mean?

ANOTHER VOICE

A racehorse he bet on once, probably, that didn't come in - Rosebud!

RAWLSTON

All right. But what was the race?

There is a short silence.

RAWLSTON

Thompson!

THOMPSON

Yes, sir.

RAWLSTON

Hold this thing up for a week. Two weeks if you have to...

THOMPSON

(feebly)

But don't you think if we release it now - he's only been dead four days it might be better than if -

RAWLSTON

(decisively)

Nothing is ever better than finding out what makes people tick. Go after the people that knew Kane well. That manager of his - the little guy, Bernstein, those two wives, all the people who knew him, had worked for him, who loved him, who hated his guts -

(pauses)

I don't mean go through the City Directory, of course -

The Third Man gives a hearty "yes-man" laugh.

THOMPSON

I'll get to it right away, Mr. Rawlston.



RAWLSTON  
(rising)  
Good!

The camera from behind him, outlines his back against Kane's picture on the screen.

RAWLSTON'S VOICE  
It'll probably turn out to be a  
very simple thing...

FADE OUT:

NOTE: Now begins the story proper - the search by Thompson for the facts about Kane - his researches ... his interviews with the people who knew Kane.

It is important to remember always that only at the very end of the story is Thompson himself a personality. Until then, throughout the picture, we photograph only Thompson's back, shoulders, or his shadow - sometimes we only record his voice. He is not until the final scene a "character". He is the personification of the search for the truth about Charles Foster Kane. He is the investigator.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHEAP CABARET - "EL RANCHO" - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT -  
(MINIATURE) - RAIN

The first image to register is a sign:

"EL RANCHO"

FLOOR SHOW

SUSAN ALEXANDER KANE

TWICE NIGHTLY

These words, spelled out in neon, glow out of the darkness at the end of the fade out. Then there is lightning which reveals a squalid roof-top on which the sign stands. Thunder again, and faintly the sound of music from within. A light glows from a skylight. The camera moves to this and closes in. Through the splashes of rain, we see through the skylight down into the interior of the cabaret. Directly below us at a table sits the lone figure of a woman, drinking by herself.

DISSOLVE:

INT. "EL RANCO" CABARET - NIGHT -

Medium shot of the same woman as before, finishing the drink she started to take above. It is Susie. The music, of course, is now very loud. Thompson, his back to the camera, moves into the picture in the close foreground. A Captain appears behind Susie, speaking across her to Thompson.

THE CAPTAIN

(a Greek)

This is Mr. Thompson, Miss  
Alexander.

Susan looks up into Thompson's face. She is fifty, trying to look much younger, cheaply blonded, in a cheap, enormously generous evening dress. Blinking up into Thompson's face, she throws a crink into her mouth. Her eyes, which she thinks is keeping commandingly on his, are bleared and watery.

SUSAN

(to the Captain)

I want another drink, John.

Low thunder from outside.

THE CAPTAIN

(seeing his chance)

Right away. Will you have  
something, Mr. Thompson?

THOMPSON

(staring to sit down)

I'll have a highball.

SUSAN

(so insisently as to  
make Thompson change his  
mind and stand up again)

Who told you you could sit down  
here?

THOMPSON

Oh! I thought maybe we could have  
a drink together?

SUSAN

Think again!

There is an awkward pause as Thompson looks from her to the Captain.

SUSAN

Why don't you people let me alone?  
I'm minding my own business. You  
mind yours.

THOMPSON

If you'd just let me talk to you  
for a little while, Miss Alexander.  
All I want to ask you...

SUSAN

Get out of here!  
(almost hysterical)  
Get out! Get out!

Thompson looks at the Captain, who shrugs his shoulders.

THOMPSON

I'm sorry. Maybe some other time -

If he thought he would get a response from Susan, who thinks  
she is looking at him steelily, he realizes his error. He  
nods and walks off, following the Captain out the door.

THE CAPTAIN

She's just not talking to anybody  
from the newspapers, Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON

I'm not from a newspaper exactly, I  
-

They have come upon a waiter standing in front of a booth.

THE CAPTAIN

(to the waiter)  
Get her another highball.

THE WAITER

Another double?

THE CAPTAIN

(after a moment,  
pityingly)  
Yes.

They walk to the door.

THOMPSON

She's plastered, isn't she?

THE CAPTAIN

She'll snap out of it. Why, until he died, she'd just as soon talk about Mr. Kane as about anybody. Sooner.

THOMPSON

I'll come down in a week or so and see her again. Say, you might be able to help me. When she used to talk about Kane - did she ever happen to say anything - about Rosebud?

THE CAPTAIN

Rosebud?

Thompson has just handed him a bill. The Captain pockets it.

THE CAPTAIN

Thank you, sir. As a matter of fact, yesterday afternoon, when it was in all the papers - I asked her. She never heard of Rosebud.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY -

An excruciatingly noble interpretation of Mr. Thatcher himself executed in expensive marble. He is shown seated on one of those improbable Edwin Booth chairs and is looking down, his stone eyes fixed on the camera.

We move down off of this, showing the impressive pedestal on which the monument is founded. The words, "Walter Parks Thatcher" are prominently and elegantly engraved thereon. Immediately below the inscription we encounter, in a medium shot, the person of Bertha Anderson, an elderly, manish spinster, seated behind her desk. Thompson, his hat in his hand, is standing before her. Bertha is on the phone.

BERTHA

(into phone)

Yes. I'll take him in now.

(hangs up and looks at Thompson)

The directors of the Thatcher Library have asked me to remind you again of the condition under which you may inspect certain portions of Mr. Thatcher's unpublished memoirs. Under no circumstances are direct quotations from his manuscript to be used by you.

THOMPSON  
That's all right.

BERTHA  
You may come with me.

Without watching whether he is following her or not, she rises and starts towards a distant and imposingly framed door. Thompson, with a bit of a sigh, follows.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. THE VAULT ROOM - THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY -

A room with all the warmth and charm of Napoleon's tomb.

As we dissolve in, the door opens in and we see past Thompson's shoulders the length of the room. Everything very plain, very much made out of marble and very gloomy. Illumination from a skylight above adds to the general air of expensive and classical despair. The floor is marble, and there is a gigantic, mahogany table in the center of everything. Beyond this is to be seen, sunk in the marble wall at the far end of the room, the safe from which a guard, in a khaki uniform, with a revolver holster at his hip, is extracting the journal of Walter P. Thatcher. He brings it to Bertha as if he were the guardian of a bullion shipment. During this, Bertha has been speaking.

BERTHA  
(to the guard)  
Pages eighty-three to one hundred  
and forty-two, Jennings.

GUARD  
Yes, Miss Anderson.

BERTHA  
(to Thompson)  
You will confine yourself, it is  
our understanding, to the chapter  
dealing with Mr. Kane.

THOMPSON

That's all I'm interested in.

The guard has, by this time, delivered the precious journal. Bertha places it reverently on the table before Thompson.

BERTHA

You will be required to leave this room at four-thirty promptly.

She leaves. Thompson starts to light a cigarette. The guard shakes his head. With a sigh, Thompson bends over to read the manuscript. Camera moves down over his shoulder onto page of manuscript.

Manuscript, neatly and precisely written:

"CHARLES FOSTER KANE

WHEN THESE LINES APPEAR IN PRINT, FIFTY YEARS AFTER MY DEATH, I AM CONFIDENT THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL AGREE WITH MY OPINION OF CHARLES FOSTER KANE, ASSUMING THAT HE IS NOT THEN COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN, WHICH I REGARD AS EXTREMELY LIKELY. A GOOD DEAL OF NONSENSE HAS APPEARED ABOUT MY FIRST MEETING WITH KANE, WHEN HE WAS SIX YEARS OLD... THE FACTS ARE SIMPLE. IN THE WINTER

OF 1870..."

The camera has not held on the entire page. It has been following the words with the same action that the eye does the reading. On the last words, the white page of the paper

DISSOLVES INTO:

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

The white of a great field of snow, seen from the angle of a parlor window.

In the same position of the last word in above Insert, appears the tiny figure of Charles Foster Kane, aged five (almost like an animated cartoon). He is in the act of throwing a snowball at the camera. It sails toward us and over our heads, out of scene.

Reverse angle - on the house featuring a large sign reading:

MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE

## HIGH CLASS MEALS AND LODGING

## INQUIRE WITHIN

Charles Kane's snowball hits the sign.

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

Camera is angling through the window, but the window-frame is not cut into scene. We see only the field of snow again, same angle as in previous scene. Charles is manufacturing another snowball. Now -

Camera pulls back, the frame of the window appearing, and we are inside the parlor of the boardinghouse. Mrs. Kane, aged about 28, is looking out towards her son. Just as we take her in she speaks:

MRS. KANE  
(calling out)  
Be careful, Charles!

THATCHER'S VOICE  
Mrs. Kane -

MRS. KANE  
(Calling out the window  
almost on top of this)  
Pull your muffler around your neck,  
Charles -

But Charles, deliriously happy in the snow, is oblivious to this and is running away. Mrs. Kane turns into camera and we see her face - a strong face, worn and kind.

THATCHER'S VOICE  
think we'll have to tell him now -

Camera now pulls back further, showing Thatcher standing before a table on which is his stove-pipe hat and an imposing multiplicity of official-looking documents. He is 26 and, as might be expected, a very stuffy young man, already very expensive and conservative looking, even in Colorado.

MRS. KANE  
I'll sign those papers -

KANE SR.  
You people seem to forget that I'm  
the boy's father.

At the sound of Kane Sr.'s voice, both have turned to him and the camera pulls back still further, taking him in.

Kane Sr., who is the assistant curator in a livery stable, has been groomed as elegantly as is likely for this meeting ever since daybreak.

From outside the window can be heard faintly the wild and cheerful cries of the boy, blissfully cavorting in the snow.

MRS. KANE

It's going to be done exactly the way I've told Mr. Thatcher -

KANE SR.

If I want to, I can go to court. father has a right to -

THATCHER

(annoyed)

Mr. Kane, the certificates that Mr. Graves left here are made out to Mrs. Kane, in her name. Hers to do with as she pleases -

KANE SR.

Well, I don't hold with signing my boy away to any bank as guardian just because -

MRS. KANE

(quietly)

I want you to stop all this nonsense, Jim.

THATCHER

The Bank's decision in all matters concerning his education, his place of residence and similar subjects will be final.

(clears his throat)

KANE SR.

The idea of a bank being the guardian -

Mrs. Kane has met his eye. Her triumph over him finds expression in his failure to finish his sentence.

MRS. KANE

(even more quietly)

I want you to stop all this nonsense, Jim.



THATCHER

We will assume full management of  
the Colorado Lode - of which you,  
Mrs. Kane, are the sole owner.

Kane Sr. opens his mouth once or twice, as if to say  
something, but chokes down his opinion.

MRS. KANE

(has been reading past  
Thatcher's shoulder as he  
talked)

Where do I sign, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

Right here, Mrs. Kane.

KANE SR.

(sulkily)

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Mrs. Kane lifts the quill pen.

KANE SR.

Mary, I'm asking you for the last  
time - anyon'd think I hadn't been  
a good husband and a -

Mrs. Kane looks at him slowly. He stops his speech.

THATCHER

The sum of fifty thousand dollars a  
year is to be paid to yourself and  
Mr. Kane as long as you both live,  
and thereafter the survivor -

Mrs. Kane puts pen to the paper and signs.

KANE SR.

Well, let's hope it's all for the  
best.

MRS. KANE

It is. Go on, Mr. Thatcher -

Mrs. Kane, listening to Thatcher, of course has had her  
other ear bent in the direction of the boy's voice.  
Thatcher is aware both of the boy's voice, which is counter  
to his own, and of Mrs. Kane's divided attention. As he  
pauses, Kane Sr. genteelly walks over to close the window.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

Kane Jr., seen from Kane Sr.'s position at the window. He is advancing on the snowman, snowballs in his hands, dropping to one knee the better to confound his adversary.

KANE

If the rebels want a fight boys,  
let's give it to 'em!

He throws two snowballs, missing widely, and gets up and advances another five feet before getting on his knees again.

KANE

The terms are unconditional  
surrender. Up and at 'em! The  
Union forever!

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

Kane Sr. closes the window.

THATCHER

(over the boy's voice)

Everything else - the principal as  
well as all monies earned - is to  
be administered by the bank in  
trust for your son, Charles Foster  
Kane, until his twenty-fifth  
birthday, at which time he is to  
come into complete possession.

Mrs. Kane rises and goes to the window.

MRS. KANE

Go on, Mr. Thatcher.

Thatcher continues as she opens the window. His voice, as before, is heard with overtones of the boy's.

EXT. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

Kane Jr., seen from Mrs. Kane's position at the window. He is now within ten feet of the snowman, with one snowball left which he is holding back in his right hand.

KANE

You can't lick Andy Jackson! Old  
Hickory, that's me!

He fires his snowball, well wide of the mark and falls flat on his stomach, starting to crawl carefully toward the snowman.

## THATCHER'S VOICE

It's nearly five, Mrs. Kane, don't  
you think I'd better meet the boy -

INT. PARLOR - MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

Mrs. Kane at the window. Thatcher is now standing at her side.

## MRS. KANE

I've got his trunk all packed -  
(she chokes a little)  
I've it packed for a couple of  
weeks -

She can't say anymore. She starts for the hall door. Kane Sr., ill at ease, has no idea of how to comfort her.

## THATCHER

I've arranged for a tutor to meet  
us in Chicago. I'd have brought  
him along with me, but you were so  
anxious to keep everything secret -

He stops as he realizes that Mrs. Kane has paid no attention to him and, having opened the door, is already well into the hall that leads to the side door of the house. He takes a look at Kane Sr., tightens his lips and follows Mrs. Kane. Kane, shoulders thrown back like one who bears defeat bravely, follows him.

EXT. MRS. KANE'S BOARDINGHOUSE - DAY -

Kane, in the snow-covered field. With the snowman between him and the house, he is holding the sled in his hand, just about to make the little run that prefaces a belly-flop. The Kane house, in the background, is a dilapidated, shabby, two-story frame building, with a wooden outhouse. Kane looks up as he sees the single file procession, Mrs. Kane at its head, coming toward him.

## KANE

H'ya, Mom.

Mrs. Kane smiles.

## KANE

(gesturing at the  
snowman)

See, Mom? I took the pipe out of  
his mouth. If it keeps on snowin',  
maybe I'll make some teeth and -

MRS. KANE

You better come inside, son. You  
and I have got to get you all ready  
for - for -

THATCHER

Charles, my name is Mr. Thatcher -

MRS. KANE

This is Mr. Thatcher, Charles.

THATCHER

How do you do, Charles?

KANE SR.

He comes from the east.

KANE

Hello. Hello, Pop.

KANE SR.

Hello, Charlie!

MRS. KANE

Mr. Thatcher is going to take you  
on a trip with him tonight,  
Charles. You'll be leaving on  
Number Ten.

KANE SR.

That's the train with all the  
lights.

KANE

You goin', Mom?

THATCHER

Your mother won't be going right  
away, Charles -

KANE

Where'm I going?

KANE SR.

You're going to see Chicago and New  
York - and Washington, maybe...  
Isn't he, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

(heartily)

He certainly is. I wish I were a  
little boy and going to make a trip  
like that for the first time.

KANE

Why aren't you comin' with us, Mom?

MRS. KANE

We have to stay here, Charles.

KANE SR.

You're going to live with Mr. Thatcher from now on, Charlie! You're going to be rich. Your Ma figures - that is, re - she and I have decided that this isn't the place for you to grow up in. You'll probably be the richest man in America someday and you ought to -

MRS. KANE

You won't be lonely, Charles...

THATCHER

We're going to have a lot of good times together, Charles... Really we are.

Kane stares at him.

THATCHER

Come on, Charles. Let's shake hands.

(extends his hand.

Charles continues to look at him)

Now, now! I'm not as frightening as all that! Let's shake, what do you say?

He reaches out for Charles's hand. Without a word, Charles hits him in the stomach with the sled. Thatcher stumbles back a few feet, gasping.

THATCHER

(with a sickly grin)

You almost hurt me, Charles.

(moves towards him)

Sleds aren't to hit people with. Sleds are to - to sleigh on. When we get to New York, Charles, we'll get you a sled that will -

He's near enough to try to put a hand on Kane's shoulder. As he does, Kane kicks him in the ankle.

MRS. KANE

Charles!

He throws himself on her, his arms around her. Slowly Mrs. Kane puts her arms around him.

KANE  
(frightened)  
Mom! Mom!

MRS. KANE  
It's all right, Charles, it's all right.

Thatcher is looking on indignantly, occasionally bending over to rub his ankle.

KANE SR.  
Sorry, Mr. Thatcher! What the kid needs is a good thrashing!

MRS. KANE  
That's what you think, is it, Jim?

KANE SR.  
Yes.

Mrs. Kane looks slowly at Mr. Kane.

MRS. KANE  
(slowly)  
That's why he's going to be brought up where you can't get at him.

DISSOLVE:

- NIGHT (STOCK OR MINIATURE)

Old-fashioned railroad wheels underneath a sleeper, spinning along the track.

DISSOLVE:

INT. TRAIN - OLD-FASHIONED DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT -

Thatcher, with a look of mingled exasperation, annoyance, sympathy and inability to handle the situation, is standing alongside a berth, looking at Kane. Kane, his face in the pillow, is crying with heartbreaking sobs.

KANE  
Mom! Mom!

DISSOLVE OUT:

The white page of the Thatcher manuscript. We pick up the words:

"HE WAS, I REPEAT, A COMMON ADVENTURER, SPOILED,  
UNSCRUPULOUS,

IRRESPONSIBLE."

The words are followed by printed  
headline on "Enquirer" copy (as in  
following scene).

INT. ENQUIRER CITY ROOM - DAY -

Close-up on printed headline which reads:

"ENEMY ARMADA OFF JERSEY COAST"

Camera pulls back to reveal  
Thatcher holding the "Enquirer"  
copy, on which we read the  
headline. He is standing near the  
editorial round table around which  
a section of the staff, including  
Reilly, Leland and Kane are eating  
lunch.

THATCHER

(coldly)

Is that really your idea of how to  
run a newspaper?

KANE

I don't know how to run a  
newspaper, Mr. Thatcher. I just  
try everything I can think of.

THATCHER

(reading headline of  
paper he is still  
holding)

"Enemy Armada Off Jersey Coast."  
You know you haven't the slightest  
proof that this - this armada - is  
off the Jersey Coast.

KANE

Can you prove it isn't?

Bernstein has come into the picture. He has a cable in his  
hand. He stops when he sees Thatcher.

KANE

Mr. Bernstein, Mr. Thatcher -

BERNSTEIN

How are you, Mr. Thatcher?

THATCHER

How do you do? -

BERNSTEIN

We just had a wire from Cuba, Mr.

Kane -

(stops, embarrassed)

KANE

That's all right. We have no secrets from our readers. Mr. Thatcher is one of our most devoted readers, Mr. Bernstein. He knows what's wrong with every issue since I've taken charge. What's the cable?

BERNSTEIN

(reading)

The food is marvelous in Cuba the  
senoritas are beautiful stop I  
could send you prose poems of palm  
trees and sunrises and tropical  
colors blending in far off  
landscapes but don't feel right in  
spending your money for this stop  
there's no war in Cuba regards  
Wheeler.

THATCHER

You see! There hasn't been a true  
word -

KANE

I think we'll have to send our  
friend Wheeler a cable, Mr.  
Bernstein. Of course, we'll have  
to make it shorter than his,  
because he's working on an expense  
account and we're not. Let me see -  
(snaps his fingers)  
Mike!

MIKE

(a fairly tough customer  
prepares to take  
dictation, his mouth  
still full of food)  
Go ahead, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Dear Wheeler -  
(pauses a moment)



You provide the prose poems - I'll  
provide the war.

Laughter from the boys and girls at the table.

BERNSTEIN  
That's fine, Mr. Kane.

KANE  
I rather like it myself. Send it  
right away.

MIKE  
Right away.

BERNSTEIN  
Right away.

Mike and Bernstein leave. Kane looks up, grinning at Thatcher, who is bursting with indignation but controls himself. After a moment of indecision, he decides to make one last try.

THATCHER  
I came to see you, Charles, about  
your - about the Enquirer's  
campaign against the Metropolitan  
Transfer Company.

KANE  
Won't you step into my office, Mr.  
Thatcher?

They cross the City Room together.

THATCHER  
I think I should remind you,  
Charles, of a fact you seem to have  
forgotten. You are yourself one of  
the largest individual  
stockholders.

INT. KANE'S OFFICE - DAY -

Kane holds the door open for Thatcher. They come in together.

KANE  
Mr. Thatcher, isn't everything I've  
been saying in the Enquirer about  
the traction trust absolutely true?

THATCHER

(angrily)

They're all part of your general attack - your senseless attack - on everything and everybody who's got more than ten cents in his pocket. They're -

KANE

The trouble is, Mr. Thatcher, you don't realize you're talking to two people.

Kane moves around behind his desk. Thatcher doesn't understand, looks at him.

KANE

As Charles Foster Kane, who has eighty-two thousand, six hundred and thirty-one shares of Metropolitan Transfer - you see, I do have a rough idea of my holdings - I sympathize with you. Charles Foster Kane is a dangerous scoundrel, his paper should be run out of town and a committee should be formed to boycott him. You may, if you can form such a committee, put me down for a contribution of one thousand dollars.

THATCHER

(angrily)

Charles, my time is too valuable for me -

KANE

On the other hand -

(his manner becomes serious)

I am the publisher of the Enquirer. As such, it is my duty - I'll let you in on a little secret, it is also my pleasure - to see to it that decent, hard-working people of this city are not robbed blind by a group of money - mad pirates because, God help them, they have no one to look after their interests! I'll let you in on another little secret, Mr. Thatcher. I think I'm the man to do it. You see, I have money and property -

Thatcher doesn't understand him.

KANE

If I don't defend the interests of the underprivileged, somebody else will - maybe somebody without any money or any property and that would be too bad.

Thatcher glares at him, unable to answer. Kane starts to dance.

KANE

Do you know how to tap, Mr. Thatcher? You ought to learn -  
(humming quietly, he continues to dance)  
Thatcher puts on his hat.

THATCHER

I happened to see your consolidated statement yesterday, Charles. Could I not suggest to you that it is unwise for you to continue this philanthropic enterprise -  
(sneeringly)  
this Enquirer - that is costing you one million dollars a year?

KANE

You're right. We did lose a million dollars last year.

Thatcher thinks maybe the point has registered.

KANE

We expect to lost a million next year, too. You know, Mr. Thatcher -  
(starts tapping quietly)  
at the rate of a million a year - we'll have to close this place in sixty years.

DISSOLVE:

INT. THE VAULT ROOM - THATCHER MEMORIAL LIBRARY - DAY

Thompson - at the desk. With a gesture of annoyance, he is closing the manuscript.

Camera arcs quickly around from over his shoulder to hold on door behind him, missing his face as he rises and turns to confront Miss Anderson, who has come into the room to shoo him out.

Very prominent on this wall is an over-sized oil painting of Thatcher in the best Union League Club renaissance style.

MISS ANDERSON

You have enjoyed a very rare privilege, young man. Did you find what you were looking for?

THOMPSON

No. Tell me something, Miss Anderson. You're not Rosebud, are you?

MISS ANDERSON

What?

THOMPSON

I didn't think you were. Well, thanks for the use of the hall.

He puts his hat on his head and starts out, lighting a cigarette as he goes. Miss Anderson, scandalized, watches him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

Closeup of a still of Kane, aged about sixty-five. Camera pulls back, showing it is a framed photograph on the wall. Over the picture are crossed American flags. Under it sits Bernstein, back of his desk. Bernstein, always an undersized Jew, now seems even smaller than in his youth. He is bald as an egg, spry, with remarkably intense eyes. As camera continues to travel back, the back of Thompson's head and his shoulders come into the picture.

BERNSTEIN

(wryly)

Who's a busy man? Me? I'm Chairman of the Board. I got nothing but time ... What do you want to know?

THOMPSON

(still explaining)

Well, Mr. Bernstein, you were with Mr. Kane from the very beginning -

BERNSTEIN

From before the beginning, young fellow.

And now it's after the end.

(turns to Thompson)

Anything you want to know about him  
- about the paper -

THOMPSON

- We thought maybe, if we can find  
out what he meant by that last word  
- as he was dying -

BERNSTEIN

That Rosebud? Maybe some girl?  
There were a lot of them back in  
the early days, and -

THOMPSON

Not some girl he knew casually and  
then remembered after fifty years,  
on his death bed -

BERNSTEIN

You're pretty young, Mr. -

(remembers the name)

Mr. Thompson. A fellow will  
remember things you wouldn't think  
he'd remember. You take me. One  
day, back in 1896, I was crossing  
over to Jersey on a ferry and as we  
pulled out, there was another ferry  
pulling in -

(slowly)

- and on it, there was a girl  
waiting to get off. A white dress  
she had on - and she was carrying a  
white pastel - and I only saw her  
for one second and she didn't see  
me at all - but I'll bet a month  
hasn't gone by since that I haven't  
thought of that girl.

(triumphantly)

See what I mean?

(smiles)

Well, so what are you doing about  
this "Rosebud," Mr. Thompson.

THOMPSON

I'm calling on people who knew Mr.  
Kane. I'm calling on you.

BERNSTEIN

Who else you been to see?

THOMPSON

Well, I went down to Atlantic City -

BERNSTEIN

Susie? I called her myself the day after he died. I thought maybe somebody ought to...

(sadly)

She couldn't even come to the 'phone.

THOMPSON

You know why? She was so -

BERNSTEIN

Sure, sure.

THOMPSON

I'm going back there.

BERNSTEIN

Who else did you see?

THOMPSON

Nobody else, but I've been through that stuff of Walter Thatcher's. That journal of his -

BERNSTEIN

Thatcher! That man was the biggest darn fool I ever met -

THOMPSON

He made an awful lot of money.

BERNSTEIN

It's not trick to make an awful lot of money if all you want is to make a lot of money.

(his eyes get reflective)

Thatcher!

Bernstein looks out of the window and keeps on looking, seeming to see something as he talks.

BERNSTEIN

He never knew there was anything in the world but money. That kind of fellow you can fool every day in the week - and twice on Sundays!

(reflectively)

The time he came to Rome for Mr. Kane's twenty-fifth birthday... You know, when Mr. Kane got control of his own money...

Such a fool like Thatcher - I tell  
you, nobody's business!

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. BERNSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY -

Bernstein speaking to Thompson.

BERNSTEIN

He knew what he wanted, Mr. Kane  
did, and he got it! Thatcher never  
did figure him out. He was hard to  
figure sometimes, even for me. Mr.  
Kane was a genius like he said. He  
had that funny sense of humor.  
Sometimes even I didn't get the  
joke. Like that night the opera  
house of his opened in Chicago...  
You know, the opera house he built  
for Susie, she should be an opera  
singer...

(indicates with a little  
wave of his hand what he  
thinks of that; sighing)

That was years later, of course -  
it was. Mrs. Kane took the leading  
part in the opera, and she was  
terrible. But nobody had the nerve  
to say so - not even the critics.  
Mr. Kane was a big man in those  
days. But this one fellow, this  
friend of his, Branford Leland -

He leaves the sentence up in the air, as we

DISSOLVE:

INT. CITY ROOM - CHICAGO ENQUIRER - NIGHT -

It is late. The room is almost empty. Nobody is at work at  
the desks. Bernstein, fifty, is waiting anxiously with a  
little group of Kane's hirelings, most of them in evening  
dress with overcoats and hats. Everybody is tense and  
expectant.

CITY EDITOR

(turns to a young  
hireling; quietly)

What about Branford Leland? Has he  
got in his copy?

HIRELING

Not yet.

BERNSTEIN

Go in and ask him to hurry.

CITY EDITOR

Well, why don't you, Mr. Bernstein?  
You know Mr. Leland.

BERNSTEIN

(looks at him for a  
moment; then slowly)  
I might make him nervous.

CITY EDITOR

(after a pause)  
You and Leland and Mr. Kane - you  
were great friends back in the old  
days, I understand.

BERNSTEIN

(with a smile)  
That's right. They called us the  
"Three Musketeers."

Somebody behind Bernstein has trouble concealing his  
laughter. The City Editor speaks quickly to cover the  
situation.

CITY EDITOR

He's a great guy - Leland.  
(another little pause)  
Why'd he ever leave New York?

BERNSTEIN

(he isn't saying)  
That's a long story.

ANOTHER HIRELING

(a tactless one)  
Wasn't there some sort of quarrel  
between -

BERNSTEIN

(quickly)  
I had nothing to do with it.  
(then, somberly)  
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 -

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

Thais.

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 sanctrum 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 -

Kane, in his shirt sleeves, at a roll-top desk in the Sanctrum, 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 -

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?

Smather's 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 -

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, newboys 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 -

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

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 want to make any promises, Mr. Kane, you don't want to 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)

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 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 -

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 -

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 Building 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 layout 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 -

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 -

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)  
 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 -

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 Townsend and waves his hand.

INT. CITY ROOM - ENQUIRER - DAY -

Bernstein and Miss Townsend at window.

BERNSTEIN  
 A girl like that, believe me, she's  
 lucky! President's niece, huh!  
 Say, before he's through, she'll be  
 a President's 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 -

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)  
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 -

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 -

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

(indignantly)  
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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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:

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

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 -

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:

Here follows 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  
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 -

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 -

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"  
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 -

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 -

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 -

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 hardening a  
little)  
Nothing - if she doesn'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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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, heavyset 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 -  
    (he 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...  
    (he consults the note in  
    her hand without reading  
    it again)  
because I received 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 politician, 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 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 -

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 -

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 -  
 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  
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)  
Know it is, Brad -

LELAND  
He's paying for it, Emily. Those  
returns tonight - he's finished.  
Politically -  
(he thinks)  
- socially, everywhere, I guess.  
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" -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -  
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 -

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 -

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 -

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)  
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.

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 -

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,  
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 -

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 -

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 -

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.

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 threwh 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 -

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 -

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 -

Long shot - of a number of classy tents.

DISSOLVE OUT:

DISSOLVE IN:

INT. LARGE TENT - EVERGLADES CAMP - NIGHT -

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  
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)

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 -

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 (CONT'D)  
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 -

Packed suitcases are on the floor, Susan is completely dressed for traveling. 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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 -

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 - 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 -

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 ushers Thompson into

INT. THE GREAT HALL - XANADU - NIGHT -

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 Assistant 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 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 crowd.

THIRD NEWSPAPERMAN

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 -

A large furnace, with an open door, dominates the scene. Two laborers, with shovels, are shoveling 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 -

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