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THE ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR

"THE MAGIC SHOP"

Teleplay

by

John Collier

Based on a H.G. Wells Story

"THE MAGIC SHOP"

THE ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR

THE MAGIC SHOP -

CHARACTERS

STEVEN GRAINGER	An attractive man, around 35, devoted to his wife and only son.
HILDA GRAINGER	A few years younger than her husband, she is attractive and intelligent.
TONY	Their only child, aged 9, a handsome boy with great energy and high spirits.
MR. DULONG	A middle-aged man with dark hair; he wears a suit which is inconspicuously old-fashioned in cut. He owns the Magic Shop.
MR. ADAMS	The Graingers' next-door neighbor; a rather tiresome elderly man, given to drinking.
1ST COP	Middle-aged; beefy.
ERIC	A studious small boy, aged 9 or 10, who wears glasses.
ERIC'S MOTHER	A rather ordinary, suburban type, around 35-40.
OLD MAN PASSER-BY	Spry, although in his 70's.
2ND COP	Around 30; a Negro.
INTERN	Agreeable, knowledgeable, pleasant-mannered.
HERLIE	A police inspector; around 45.
PSYCHIATRIST (DR. STONE)	In his early 40's; serious, intelligent.
FIREMAN	Around 40.
FRECKLES	13 year old boy.
FRECKLES' MOTHER	In her late thirties.

THE ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR

THE MAGIC SHOP

SETS

EXTERIORS:

GRAINGER HOUSE AND SECTION OF STREET

MAGIC SHOP ON ARKWRIGHT STREET  
(Magic shop later changes to Travel Agency)

MR. ADAMS' HOUSE ON THE SAME STREET AS THE GRAINGERS  
(This has to be set on fire)

INTERIORS:

GRAINGER HOME:

LIVING ROOM WITH DINING AREA AND KITCHEN ATTACHED  
HALLWAY WITH STAIRS LEADING UP  
TONY'S BEDROOM

MAGIC SHOP

AMBULANCE (process)

PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

POLICE STATION

THE ALFRED HITCHCOCK HOUR

THE MAGIC SHOP

FADE IN

1 INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - GRAINGER HOUSE - DAY

It is a cheerful, typical boy's bedroom, somewhat cluttered, ruffled pajamas on the bed, robe dropped on the floor - a radio, various kinds of modern toys - a model fighter plane left half repaired with a screw-driver beside it. CAMERA STARTS TO PAN around the room as we HEAR Steven's voice:

STEVEN'S VOICE

It was on Tony's birthday it happened...We had always tried to be good parents....

CAMERA PANS to show us a water-color drawing done by TONY when he was six or seven, pinned on a wall. Subject: a killing with atom ray gun or the like. It has a primitive Picasso-like quality of a child's drawing.

STEVEN'S VOICE

Progressive -- within limits -- and understanding.

(brief pause)

I wonder if we really did understand. There must have been signs somewhere....

CAMERA CONTINUES PANNING around the room.

STEVEN'S VOICE

...to show us that he was the sort of child to whom such a thing could happen -- the thing that happened that day -- the day that changed our lives.

By this time the CAMERA IS ON THE DOOR to the bathroom, where we HEAR water running. O. s. we HEAR Steven's voice calling:

STEVEN'S VOICE

Tony! Birthday boy! Tony!

TONY comes dashing out of the bathroom, hurtles through the room towards the stairs.

## 2 INT. LIVING ROOM

This, too, is cheerful, modern -- a house which is easy to run and where the mother of the family does all the cooking. STEVEN is just setting a gift-wrapped package alongside a number of other gift-wrapped packages, and his wife, HILDA, emerges from the kitchen area as Tony comes LEAPING down the stairs. He is a good-looking boy of nine, immensely pleased with life and with himself. His face becomes extremely cold when he is refused anything.

(NOTE: All adverse characteristics of Tony as detailed in these earlier scenes should be touched on very lightly, and strongly counter-balanced by his good looks and high spirits.)

Tony charges down the stairs towards breakfast table. Steven intercepts with:

STEVEN

Happy birthday!

Hilda comes out from kitchen area, saying in b.g.:

HILDA

Happy birthday!

Steven gives Tony a hug. Tony's eyes are on the packages.

TONY

One, two, three, four, five,  
six!!!

As he counts, Hilda is approaching, lifting her arms. The DOORBELL RINGS, arresting Hilda for a split second. In that same split second, Steven has released Tony, who darts past his mother in direction of presents. Hilda, with an "understanding" smile, crosses towards outer door.

3 OMITTED

4 CLOSE SHOT - TONY

CAMERA is ON Tony, now at table, taking up the most prominent package. The ribbon resists. He gets his fingers under the paper wrapping, and SOUND of R-R-R- RIPS as we go to:

5 MEDIUM - DOOR OF HOUSE

as Hilda opens it. Outside stands MR. ADAMS. Elderly; a widower; guilty, timid, pathetically good-natured. He holds clumsily wrapped package, and a small bunch of roses.

ADAMS

I'm disturbing you.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

HILDA --  
No.

ADAMS  
Sure?

HILDA  
Quite sure.

ADAMS  
(offering package)  
For Tony!

HILDA  
You shouldn't. But thank you.  
Thank you so much. Won't you  
come in?

ADAMS  
I'd be in the way.  
(bothered)  
I hope it's the right thing. I  
mean I don't know what boys really  
like these days. I thought he  
could get something for himself.  
Well...  
(turns to go, but  
remembers flowers).  
Oh -- and these. Not for him,  
he wouldn't care about roses.  
For you...They're the very first...  
I thought they might brighten up  
the table.

HILDA  
It's so nice of you, Mr. Adams.  
They're beautiful. But do come  
in.

But Adams has already turned and shuffles OUT OF SHOT to a  
diminuendo off:

ADAMS  
Oh, no, thank you...no...Thank you,  
no...no...no....

Hilda crosses to table.

6 MED. - TABLE

Tony has opened up about half his presents. He is tearing  
apart the wrappings of an aquarium -- dry -- but with heat-  
ing and pumping apparatus for the raising of tropical fish.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

TONY

This is great!

HILDA

What does the card say?

TONY

The card? Oh, yes.  
(opening gift card)  
From you, Dad!

STEVEN

Today we'll go and buy the right  
sort of plants. Next week, the  
fish. It's best to get the plants  
growing first.

TONY

(with paper folder)  
There's directions here. Yes it's  
all here.

(remembering)

Thanks! Thanks a million!

(to Hilda)

And this is from you, Mom?

He opens up a package, revealing an inexpensive camera.

TONY

A camera!

HILDA

You can change it if it isn't what  
you want.

TONY

It sure is.

He opens an envelope, and finds a card with a ten dollar bill  
inside. He takes out the bill.

TONY

More money!  
(delighted)  
Ten dollars!

He puts the bill with another, which already lies on the  
table. Hilda looks at the neglected card.

TONY

That makes fifteen.

HILDA

It's from Grandma, dear.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED - 2

TONY

Fifteen! Can I buy what I like with it?

HILDA

Of course you....

TONY

(quickly)

Whatever I like?

Hilda stops in mid-speech, realizing she has been trapped. Tony prances.

TONY

You said so! You said so! A dog!

STEVEN

Now wait a minute. Haven't you forgotten? We -- said next year -- you could have dog. Then you'll be old enough to take proper care of it.

Tony doesn't like this.

HILDA

Look, this is from Mr. Adams.

She gives him the package. Tony takes it. He unenthusiastically tears off the rather crumpled gift paper and discovers a jar, box or china pig that rattles metallically. He opens or breaks it. A hundred pennies, carefully polished, and a dozen or two of nickels and dimes spill out. Hilda and Steven are touched.

STEVEN

Well!

HILDA

Isn't that nice of him?

TONY

It looks like a lot, but....

STEVEN

You go around and say "thank you," right after breakfast.

HILDA

His first roses, too. I'll put them in water.

She does so, over next speeches.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED - 3

STEVEN --

(indicating coins)

You know that means quite a lot to Mr. Adams.

Steven picks up the last big package and gives it to Tony.

STEVEN

Come on! Open it up! You know what it is.

Tony shakes his head.

STEVEN

What you've been rather broadly hinting at for the last eleven months.

TONY

From Uncle Howard?  
(eagerly opening parcel)

Gee! I guessed it was it. I was scared to look.

He pulls out a black leather jacket, holds it up; beams at it.

TONY

I'm going to wear this today.

He puts the coat on.

HILDA

Won't you be too hot?

Tony strikes a pose, showing off the coat.

TONY

How do I look?

STEVEN AND HILDA

Well....

Tony doesn't wait to hear the doubtful answer completed. He has found a window which yields some reflection. He strikes another pose in front of it.

TONY

Know where I want us to go today.

STEVEN

We're going to buy the plants for the fish tank, and snails and sand....

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED - 4

TONY --

And I want to go to the Magic Shop.

STEVEN

But, Tony, I've told you....

TONY

If you won't let me buy a puppy,  
I want to buy something there.

STEVEN

That shop you were talking about --  
on Arkwright Street?

TONY

Yes. I've told you.

STEVEN

I've passed there, more than once.  
I've looked. There's no such  
shop.

TONY

Oh, yes, there is.

HILDA

I've looked for it too, darling.  
There really isn't one.

TONY

Oh, yes, there is.

STEVEN

You've got it wrong, son. I've  
looked, and it's just not there....

Over this speech:

DISSOLVE TO

7  
and  
8

EXT. ARKWRIGHT STREET

A shopping street, but not too up-to-date. Tony starts to  
dash across the road.

STEVEN

Wait for the light to change.

Tony, however, pays no attention.

STEVEN

Tony! Tony!

But his son is threading his way through the traffic. Steven  
hurries after him.

## 9 ANOTHER ANGLE

A taxi, which has swerved a little to pass in front of Steven and Tony, is now confronted with Tony darting four or five feet ahead of Steven, and Steven springing forward to catch Tony. He wrenches the wheel violently, jams on shrieking brakes, and manages to halt his cab at a dangerous angle, only an inch or two short of ramming a car parked by the sidewalk. Other cars also screech to a stop. Two or three drivers shout to the cabby and to each other.

## AD LIBS

Are you crazy?  
 Why don't you learn to drive?  
 What are you trying to do --  
 kill everybody?

In a few seconds traffic begins to flow again, and Tony, his arm held by Steven, heads again for the sidewalk. As he nears it, he sees with some apprehension:

## 10 MED. CLOSE - A BIG, TOUGH, BEEFY COP

His hands on his hips, awaiting Tony on sidewalk. As Tony comes INTO SHOT, the cop bends to approach his large face to Tony's. The cop now prods at Tony with a thick finger.

## COP

Know what you did? Very nearly  
 caused an accident.

CAMERA PULLS BACK A LITTLE TO INCLUDE STEVEN.

## STEVEN

I'm very sorry, officer, but....

## COP

If you was responsible you'd be  
 getting a ticket this minute. But  
 it wasn't you -- it was your kid.

Tony, who has been looking scared, now begins to look increasingly resentful.

## STEVEN

He was a bit over-excited, I'm  
 afraid.

## COP

(ignoring this)  
 Jay-walking's an offense in this  
 city.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

COP (Cont'd)  
(finger at Tony again)  
One of these days you'll get your-  
self killed, as well as other  
people.

The cop sees people beginning to stop and listen.

COP  
(to Steven)  
Well, we can't tie up the whole  
business district because one  
little kid hasn't got sense enough  
to be let off a leash. I'll let  
it go this time.

STEVEN  
Thank you! Yes -- he won't do it  
again.

COP  
Now you see to that.

He nods brusquely and walks majestically OUT OF SHOT. Tony  
looks after him, in a fury. He looks fiercely at Steven.

TONY  
You let him bawl me out like that!

STEVEN  
It's better to let 'em blow off  
steam.

TONY  
(again looking  
after cop)  
I'd blow him up.

He checks himself, points excitedly o.s.

TONY  
Here we are! Here's the magic  
shop.

He points to:

11  
and  
12

EXT. SHOP - CAMERA CLOSE ON TONY AND STEVEN

CAMERA IS ANGLED so that we do not see the contents of the  
window -- if we did it would probably be hung with some kind  
of fish netting, and in the front would be a model ship. The  
door of the shop is open, and inside the shop is dark.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

and  
12TONY --  
Come on, Dad! Come on!

He pulls Steven INTO the shop.

13 INT. MAGIC SHOP

A bell over the door FINGLES faintly as Tony and Steven ENTER. The shop is extremely dark, considering that the sun is falling full on the window. A clutter of small trick objects. A number of life-sized masks, some sinister looking, some comic. Some of these are mounted on wire stands on the glass-topped counter. At least six mirrors of different shapes and sizes, but all either full length or set on chairs to raise them to eye level. Two or three of these are distorting mirrors; others are set at such angles as to give double or triple vista effects. As Steven and Tony walk into the shop, they look briefly at the masks, then move toward rear of shop.

STEVEN

Nobody here!

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON TONY

He halts on finding himself confronted by a malignant dwarf -- it is his own image in a distorting mirror. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Steve steps into scene beside him.

STEVEN

(jocular)

What do you think of that for a likeness?

TONY

What's so funny?

He turns away. Steven turns with him, takes a step or two. Suddenly his face expresses bewilderment -- he looks back at the mirror as he realizes that when he stood beside Tony, only Tony was reflected.

STEVEN

I suppose it was the angle -- it didn't reflect me ---

His sentence is cut short by a suave voice.

DULONG'S VOICE (o.s.)

Good morning, gentlemen.

Steven and Tony turn abruptly toward counter in front part of shop.

15 REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING TOWARD a dark corner, WE SEE that one of the masks is not a mask. It is MR. DULONG, a middle-aged man dressed in a suit which is inconspicuously old-fashioned in cut.

15-A CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN

as he reacts in surprise.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

16 INT. MAGIC SHOP - DAY (THE TIME IS CONTINUOUS) - GROUP SHOT

STEVEN

Were you there all the time?

DULONG

All the time.

STEVEN

Well...! Of course, it's dark  
in here.

(looks to shop window)

That's strange.

He steps to door, opens it, looks outside.

16-A EXT. SHOP WINDOW

as seen by Steven through doorway. The bright sunshine falls  
directly on the glass.

17 INT. SHOP - MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN

He turns back.

18 ANGLE ON THE SHOP

as seen by Steven in doorway. It is dim as before. None of  
the sunlight penetrates the glass.

19 ANOTHER ANGLE

Dulong is watching Steven with an air of courteous patience,  
but slyly amused.

STEVEN

(moving back to  
Dulong and Tony)

Is that some sort of special  
glass?

DULONG

Everything here is rather special.  
Now what can I have the pleasure of  
showing you?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

STEVEN

Oh, just a few simple tricks.  
You know the sort of thing....

DULONG

This sort?

He reaches out finger and thumb and picks a small red ball from the neighborhood of Steven's ear. He exhibits the ball on the flat palm of his hand, closes his fingers over it, opens his hand again and shows it is empty. Steven feels this is a neat trick and glances at Tony to see his reaction. Tony seems unmoved.

DULONG

Or this?

He turns his hand over. The Queen of Spades is lying flat on the back of his hand. He flips her up into the air, catches her. She spreads into a five card hand -- the Ten to the Ace of Spades.

STEVEN

(to Tony)

Well?

Dulong looks at Tony.

DULONG

Oh, it's for you, is it, my young friend?

His tone in addressing Steven has been one of superficial courtesy scarcely disguising the supercilious shop man. To Tony, on the other hand, he gives increasing attention, and talks more and more as if they had a private understanding.

TONY

You see, it's my birthday, and....

DULONG

That's a good day to be born on.

TONY

I don't know what you mean.

DULONG

Oh, you know what I mean.

Tony ponders, nods assent.

STEVEN

Well -- do you want the ball? Or the cards? Or both? If they're

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED - 2

STEVEN (Cont'd)  
not too expensive, that is.  
(to Dulong)  
How much?

DULONG  
(looking at Tony)  
I don't think this young man is  
interested in legerdemain...  
tricks....  
(to Tony)  
He wants the real....

Tony finishes the sentence, breathing the words:

TONY  
Magic.

DULONG  
(to Steven)  
Quite a boy, you have here! I  
knew when I heard the bell ring ---

He finishes the sentence by waving two or three fingers in the air. From these fingers spring the SOUND; of exactly the notes of the jingling bell we heard as Steven and Tony entered the shop. Steven and Tony look at door.

DULONG  
It looks as if it's quite easy to  
open, doesn't it?

STEVEN  
It is.

DULONG  
Indeed? Who opened it?

STEVEN  
(as if scoring a point)  
He did. This little boy. And so....

DULONG  
Oh, yes -- exactly.  
(smiling at Tony)  
"This little boy!"

Tony smiles back at Dulong. They are sharing some secret knowledge. Steven sees this interchange, and doesn't care for it.

STEVEN  
Look here -- we came in to buy....

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED - 3

TONY

Daddy!

Steven looks at Tony.

TONY

(with a mischievous grin)

Don't be -- you know!

Steven relaxes -- after all, it is the boy's birthday.

TONY

(to Dulong)

I'd like to see some real magic.

DULONG

How would you know it if you saw it?

TONY

I'd know it.

DULONG

Well...let's see.

He turns to take two or three boxes, each about a foot long, from among others on the shelf behind him, but this movement is interrupted by: SOUND: handle of outer door RATTLING. Tony, Steven and Dulong look that way. Dulong puts the box down on the counter and gestures in direction of door.

20 MED. - GLASS DOOR OF SHOP

from Tony's POINT OF VIEW. A boy of nine or ten is trying desperately to open the door. His mother stands behind him, looking more or less patient.

21 MED. CLOSE - DULONG, TONY AND STEVEN

DULONG

What do you think of that?

TONY

Is that magic?

Dulong gives a slight nod.

STEVEN

Oh, come on, now! Don't make a fool of the boy.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

STEVEN (Cont'd)

(to Tony)

You can always lock a door by remote control. You just press a button.

(to Dulong)

But if you keep it up, you'll be losing a customer.

DULONG

That one, my dear sir, is better lost. He's the wrong sort of boy.

TONY

How do you know?

DULONG

Only the right sort of boy ever gets past that door.

TONY

(thrilled)

Then I'm the right sort?

DULONG

You're in here, aren't you?  
(indicating door again)

And he...well, go and take a look at him.

As Tony starts slowly toward door:

22 EXT. DOORWAY OF SHOP

The boy is still wrenching the handle. He is a plain, simple studios type. In b.g., his mother is obviously nonplussed.

BOY

You said I could come here if I got a good report.

(wrenches handle)

Why don't you help?

MOTHER

But, Eric, the place is shut up.

BOY

Oh, no it's not!

He presses his face to the glass. Boy turns to his mother.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

BOY

It's not! It's not! I tell  
you there are people in there.

MOTHER

Just those ugly old masks. That's  
what you see, Eric.

BOY

People! People! They're standing  
there talking.  
(points to door)

The mother shakes her head. The boy again approaches his  
face to the glass.

23 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOP DOOR

SHOOTING FROM inside shop. The boy's nose is flattened  
on the glass of the door. He is staring into the shadowy  
shop. His expression of frustration changes to one of hope  
(he sees Tony coming toward door) and then to a look of  
doubt, of fear, of horror. Tony comes from BEHIND CAMERA and  
stands six feet from the door, looking at the boy. To us,  
he looks exactly as always. The boy outside backs away  
from the door, trying desperately to control his fear.  
He turns to his mother, looking neither at the shop nor  
at her. He mutters something indistinguishable to us,  
and evidently not clear to his mother, who seems to say  
something like "I told you so:" He clutches her hand and  
arm, and allows her to lead him away.

24 ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. SHOP

Tony returns to Steven and Dulong.

STEVEN

(to Tony)

What made him laugh so much as he  
went away?

TONY

Oh, that was the other side of his  
face.

DULONG

(with gusto)

Exactly the right sort of boy!  
(patting Tony's shoulder)  
Had enough magic, would you say?

TONY

Are you kidding?

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

DULONG  
On the level. Strictly.  
(pushing a box  
forward)  
This is what I was going to show  
you.

TONY  
What is it?

DULONG  
(opening box)  
Just a policeman.

He opens the box.

25 CLOSE SHOT - THE BOX

It contains a doll made of some malleable plastic, and dressed in policeman's uniform. Tony rivets his eyes on it. Dulong sees this, but he adds teasingly, as CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO:

26 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - TONY AND DULONG

with Steven in b.g.

DULONG  
Of course, if you'd prefer it, we  
have others...a schoolmaster....

He opens other boxes as he speaks, displaying appropriate dolls, but quickly closes them again.

DULONG  
...an interfering aunt...we have  
even mothers and fathers.  
(to Steven)  
Meaning no offense, sir.

TONY  
(a decisive finger  
on the policeman doll)  
This one.

DULONG  
(to Steven)  
Oh, what an instinct your little  
boy has!  
(to Tony)  
The face a little wider, wouldn't  
you say?

27 INSERT - THE DOLL

He presses the doll's face at top and bottom, causing it to spread out to something approximate to the beefy face of the cop who reprimanded Tony.

TONY

That's right. And his cheeks...  
(or chin, ears, nose  
or what have you)

28 MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN

He is excluded, watches, worried and vaguely apprehensive.

29 ANGLE ON DULONG AND TONY

They now have their heads together, talking in excited whispers.

DULONG

(to Tony)  
Like so? And so?  
(as Tony nods)  
Clever boy! You've caught a likeness. What do you do, when you've caught a likeness?  
(as Tony doesn't know)  
Have you ever caught a butterfly?

He takes a round-headed pin from under the lapel of his jacket and offers it to Tony.

TONY

Stick him?

Dulong indicates the lower right side of the abdomen of the doll.

DULONG

About there, I'd say.

He sets his finger above where the heart would be.

DULONG

Up here is quicker.  
(finger on abdomen)  
Here -- more interesting.

TONY

All right.

He takes the pin.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

STEVEN

Now listen, Tony, this is a lot of nonsense!

DULONG

Of course, my dear sir -- of course it is. Infantile stuff, don't you think?

(offering box)

Here, take it!

(taking pin from Tony)

Take the pin.

(as Steven does

so, showing distaste)

Go on! Try it! Don't be afraid!

Who's afraid of nonsense?

Steven reluctantly accepts the pin, and jabs half-heartedly at the doll. The point of the pin scarcely penetrates the tough fabric. Nothing happens. Dulong smilingly relieves Steven of the pin.

DULONG

Just a childish game -- nothing more! I think you might find these little fellows more amusing.

During the last lines, he leads Steven to where a few feet away there is a glass tank on the counter or on a stand.

30 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TONY

He is looking fixedly and grimly at the policeman doll.

31 TWO SHOT - DULONG &amp; STEVEN AT GLASS TANK

The tank, about eighteen inches long, is empty except for six or eight excellent facsimilies of small snakes lying on the bottom. Dulong takes a handful out.

DULONG

Absolutely life-like! Highly educational! Indian Krait. Russell's Viper. Coral snake. Minature cobra.

He coils the tail of the last and stands it on the counter, in the semi-erect pose associated with snake charmers. The others he hands to Steven, using, as at all times, the conjuror's authority which forces his dupe to take what he offers.

## 32 CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN &amp; SNAKES

Steven at once repelled by the life-like reptiles, and fascinated by the ingenuity with which they are made. They are flexible; they seem to be covered with genuine snake-skin etc.

STEVEN

Amazing!

While Steven stares at the snakes, and bends them into one form and another, Dulong moves o.s. in Tony's direction.

## 33 TWO SHOT - DULONG &amp; TONY

Tony still eyeing the doll. Dulong comes up beside him and studies his absorbed interest.

DULONG

Well, now -- here's the pin.

He puts it into Tony's ready hand. Before Tony can use it, Dulong bends close enough to whisper into his ear. On the last few whispered words, he sketches a little movement of his joined forefinger and thumb in the air, as if he were dotting in the tips of a five-pointed star. Tony's lips move in almost soundless repetition of Dulong's final words, and he moves the pin in imitation of the cabalistic sign made by Dulong. He then jabs the pin into the doll at the place where the appendix would be. The point of the pin goes in far more deeply and easily than when Steven handled it. SOUND: a very faint, grating, groaning cry. Tony looks at Dulong in triumph. Dulong nods approval. Tony uses the pin again, jabbing it well home, twisting on it a little. SOUND: the same cry again, a little more excruciating in its ghostly agony.

DULONG

No doubt about it -- you really are the right sort of boy. Now, if you should feel inclined....

He lowers his head towards Tony, about to whisper again.

## 34 MED. SHOT - STEVEN

He carefully deposits the imitation snakes on the bottom of the tank in which they are kept, looks at Tony and Dulong. He dislikes the insinuating whisper which Dulong is pouring into Tony's ear, and, still more, Tony's rapt and wide-eyed reaction.

35 ANGLE ON TANK

Steven has turned from the tank to watch Tony. The tank therefore is three-quarters behind him, at his elbow. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER on tank. The snakes are now all alive and writhing.

36 GROUP SHOT - STEVEN, TONY, DULONG

At first FAVORING Steven.

STEVEN

Well, Tony, I think we've seen enough. Don't you?

TONY

No.

STEVEN

You've seen plenty to choose from. Maybe you didn't see these awfully convincing artificial snakes over here.

(he indicates tank)

37 ANGLE ON TANK

WE can SEE the snakes are lying flat and still.

38 BACK TO SCENE

STEVEN

Or there's the card trick. And the ball.

TONY

Kid stuff!

STEVEN

Look around then, and buy what you want. But make it snappy. We've got to go to the pet shop yet, remember -- the things for the aquarium.

TONY

I'd rather stay here.

STEVEN

It's your birthday, I know, but....

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

TONY  
There's so much to see...  
(brief pause)  
...AND TO LEARN....

He glances at Dulong. Dulong smiles at Tony; then to Steven.

DULONG  
A very talented boy, if you don't mind my saying so.

STEVEN  
But for something than conjuring tricks, I hope.

DULONG  
Oh, of course, my dear sir -- altogether better. On quite a different plane.  
(turning to Tony)  
You really want to learn?

TONY  
Yes.

DULONG  
Everything?

TONY  
Yes.

DULONG  
Very well, sir. Come this way.

Dulong leads Tony to a small mahogany cabinet, just large enough for its purpose, and mounted on a stand on which it can revolve.

39 REVERSE ANGLE - DULONG AND TONY

coming up to cabinet. Steven visible some feet in b.g. towards front of shop.

DULONG  
Observe this cabinet.  
(opening it)  
As you see, there's just room, exactly enough room, for someone of your size.

STEVEN  
(calling)  
Tony!

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

Tony ignores, or doesn't hear him.

DULONG

It might have been made to measure.

Steven steps closer.

STEVEN

(to Dulong)

It's no good showing him that sort of thing. He's only got fifteen dollars or so to spend.

DULONG

This young man, sir, has something a great deal more valuable than fifteen dollars.

(to Tony)

Would you like to try it?

(as Tony nods)

Well, get in.

Tony hesitates; then bends down to enter. Steven steps up to Dulong. Over the next speech Tony crams himself, knees to chin, into the cabinet.

STEVEN

We really should be getting along, son.

Dulong slams the door of the cabinet shut.

STEVEN

We've a great many things to do this morning....

DULONG

(a gesture of surrender)

Very well, sir. Have him come out.

But, even as he speaks, he gives the cabinet a twirl. It spins on its revolving base. Steven, now furious, steps up to it and slams down his hand, stopping it. He glares at Dulong. He bends down and pulls the door open.

40

INSERT - INT. OF CABINET

It is empty.

41 MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN AND DULONG

Standing over cabinet. Steven looks angrily at Dulong.

STEVEN

You can over-do this sort of  
malarky.

As he speaks, he turns again to the cabinet. CAMERA MOVES  
IN EXCLUDING Dulong as Steven rotates cabinet carefully one  
turn, and is faced by a door exactly like that on the other  
side. He anxiously pulls it open. Same interior; same  
emptiness.

42 ANOTHER ANGLE

Steven turns back to Dulong. But Dulong isn't there.

STEVEN

Mr. Dulong? ---

No answer. Steven turns back to cabinet. He rotates it  
again; opens it again; again, emptiness.

STEVEN

(urgently)

Tony!

(silence)

Answer me! Are you there?

SOUND: the very faintest, most distant, of GIGGLES.

STEVEN

Come on!

(rotating cabinet)

Come out!

(opening door)

No more nonsense!

(rotating)

It'll soon be lunch time.

(opening door)

What will your mother say?

Steven whirls around to look for Dulong.

43 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOP COUNTER

Dulong is behind the counter, leaning on it, his face in  
the same position as when we first passed him, and took  
his face for one of the masks. Steven shouts to him.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

STEVEN

Where's my boy?

Dulong speaks in a voice that sounds oddly remote, as if coming down some long tunnel.

DULONG

Oh...he's not far away...sir...  
not...far...away....

44 MED. CLOSE - STEVEN AND CABINET

Furious at getting no useful reply from Dulong, Steven glares at the cabinet, wrenches at the doors again, tears it off its pedestal, finds nothing. He gives it a tremendous kick. The cabinet, which hitherto seemed to be strongly made of highly polished mahogany, flies to pieces as if full of dry rot. There is a cloud of dust and a heap of scraps on the floor.

Steven looks wildly around. In a mirror some distance off he sees an image like the distorted image of Tony seen when they entered. Steven rushes to the mirror, but as he reaches it the dust seems to have settled so thickly on it that he has to brush it away with his hand to see the reflection. Nothing looks back at him from the dim depths of the faded mirror but his own face, distorted by fear.

45 ANOTHER ANGLE

Turning from the mirror, Steven's eye falls on the counter. Dulong's face is still there, flanked by the dusty masks on the wire stands. Steven springs across the now deeply dusty, cob-webby shop.

STEVEN

What have you done with him?

He dashes his fist into Dulong's face. It disintegrates under the blow, leaving only a few shreds of rotten papier-mache dangling on the rusty wires of a support.

46 MED. CLOSE - STEVEN

He reels back a pace, bringing up the back of his hand to cover his eyes. He is about to fall. There is a blinding flash -- it could be happening in the shop or inside Steven's head. And then, instantaneously.

47 EXT. SIDEWALK - MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN

Bright sunlight. Steven is sprawled in the street. His face is slightly smeared with dirt. O.s. suddenly the SQUEAL of BRAKES.

48 ANOTHER ANGLE

An elderly man, driving a nondescript kind of car, has had to pull up abruptly to avoid hitting Steven. In b.g. some distance away, an ambulance is drawn up to the curb and a small group of people are gathered around watching someone being loaded on a stretcher into the ambulance.

ELDERLY DRIVER

(indignantly)

Hey! Look out!

(staring at Steven)

What are you doing there?

Steven is so agitated that he can't speak connectedly. He could be sick, or mad, or drunk.

STEVEN

(vaguely)

I...I don't know what happened.

He turns to look at the shop.

STEVEN

That shop!

49 EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - STEVEN'S POINT OF VIEW

It stands where Dulong's Magic Shop was, between the same two stores that were on either side of the Magic Shop. Much of the small window is taken up with travel posters, a model liner, etc. Over this, WE HEAR the Elderly Driver's voice:

ELDERLY DRIVER'S VOICE

You mean the travel agency?

50 ANGLE FEATURING STEVEN

STEVEN

(staring)

No...Dulong's Magic Shop!

(wildly)

My little boy's in there.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

ELDERLY DRIVER

Magic shop?

STEVEN

(pointing)

The shop was there -- there!  
And it's gone!

At this point a POLICEMAN (2nd Policeman), seeing the crowd gathering, COMES INTO SCENE.

2ND POLICEMAN

What's the trouble here?

ELDERLY DRIVER

Almost hit him...He was lying  
out here in the street.

51 ANOTHER ANGLE

thru

52

The ambulance from down the street comes by, its SIREN BLARING, but, seeing the group gathered in the middle of the street, it stops and a young INTERN jumps OUT.

INTERN

(indicating Steven)

What happened to him?

2ND POLICEMAN

I don't know.

STEVEN

(trying to get up)

It was there...the Magic Shop...  
My son...my little boy...Tony!  
Tony! Where is he?

INTERN

(seeing his condition)

Here -- let's have a look at you.  
Sit down.

He sits him down just inside the ambulance.

2ND POLICEMAN

(to small crowd)

Okay, everybody -- get a move on!  
Don't stand around here.

The intern feels Steven's pulse, bends down, raises one of his eyelids.

CONTINUED

51  
and  
52

CONTINUED

INTERN

(to Steven)

Look, you're in shock. Take it easy. We'll take you to the hospital.

STEVEN

But Tony!...I can't leave! I tell you my boy was there -- and he's lost.

INTERN

(to Policeman)

Help me get him inside.

53 INT. AMBULANCE

As Steven is helped in. There is another occupant already on a stretcher, but at the moment we do not see his face. The Intern puts a blanket around Steven. The man on the stretcher moans, attracting Steven's attention. He looks over.

54 REVERSE ANGLE

The man on the stretcher is the First Policeman who bawled Tony out. His face is flushed and beaded with sweat. He is clearly in great pain.

STEVEN

(recognizing him)

He saw my boy with me. Ask him.

(directly to Policeman)

Remember me? Me and a little boy?  
You bawled us out for jaywalking.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Don't bother me.

(groans)

STEVEN

But just tell them that. We were crossing the road. We were going to the Magic Shop....

The First Policeman shuts his eyes, turns his head away, groans again. The Intern comes, presses Steven back into his seat.

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

INTERN

Let the man alone. He's in bad pain. Acute appendicitis.

The Intern takes out hypodermic.

STEVEN

But he did see us. I'm not crazy....

FIRST POLICEMAN

(painfully)

There was a kid....

INTERN

Never mind about that. Hold still....

He gives the First Policeman an injection. After a pause, First Policeman says faintly:

FIRST POLICEMAN

The kid was crossing the street... heading for that Travel Agency....

His eyes close. The SOUND of the WAIL of ambulance SIREN, as it starts away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

55 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN

STEVEN

But I tell you he was gone, Inspector.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include Inspector Herlie, seated behind his desk, and Hilda, who is naturally very upset and concerned. Herlie, on the other hand, although polite is a little skeptical about Steven's story.

HERLIE

You mean you'd lost him.

STEVEN

No. Once and for all, I did not lose him.

HERLIE

(patiently)

Mr. Grainger, lots of children get lost around here...Parents come in worried and ---

STEVEN

(between his teeth)

I did not lose him.

HERLIE

(continuing as if there'd been no interruption)

...and they tell us all kinds of stories. They didn't leave their children for a second -- they didn't ---

STEVEN

(interrupting)

I did not leave him.

HERLIE

They just looked around and the child had vanished.

STEVEN

But he did...and the shop wasn't the same -- it was a travel agency.

HERLIE

(still trying to be patient)

Mr. Grainger, the hospital reported

CONTINUED

55

CONTINUED

HERLIE (cont'd)

that you were in a state of shock when you were brought in and had slight concussion. Obviously you must have been in some kind of accident and, as a result of that, you can't remember exactly what happened.

HILDA

(fearfully)

Inspector, do you think that Tony's been hurt, and....

HERLIE

(more kindly to her)

We've been on to all the hospitals, Mrs. Grainger. No little boy answering Tony's description has been brought in.

HILDA

I'm sure something's happened to him. Otherwise he would have found someone to bring him home.

(her voice quivers)

He's such a sensible little boy.

HERLIE

We've talked to the shopkeepers in that area, Mrs. Grainger, and no one seems to have seen him.

(he picks up a photo from his desk)

Well, I've got a complete description of him and his photograph. I hope we'll have good news for you soon.

STEVEN

(getting up)

Inspector, you don't believe my story, do you?

HERLIE

(carefully)

Let's say I believe that you believe it. But in all this mix-up, there's only one thing we know for sure -- so far. You're the last person who was with the boy.

DISSOLVE TO

55-A INT. TONY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Steven, with a robe over his pajamas, stands in Tony's dimly lit bedroom. CAMERA PANS him as he moves listlessly around the room, picks up the camera Tony had received as a birthday gift, then another toy (perhaps a musical one, such as a toy ukelele). After a moment, Hilda, wearing a robe over her nightgown, appears in the doorway.

HILDA

(gently)

Darling, do come to bed.

STEVEN

It's no good...I can't sleep. I keep seeing that horrible face falling apart. I'll never be able to tell you what it was like in that place.

(turns desperately  
to her)

I've been over and over it in my mind -- and I can't understand. Oh, I know I had concussion, and I didn't make much sense -- but they can't even find the shop! It doesn't exist! So maybe Tony didn't disappear -- maybe he just wandered off...that's what the police think.

He looks at his wife, hopelessly bewildered. Hilda comes to him, puts her arms around him.

HILDA

They'll find him, darling. I know they will.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

56 INT. BAR TO KITCHEN - GRAINGER HOUSE - DAY

It is the following morning. Hilda is in the kitchen making coffee. Coffee cups and a couple of breakfasts have been placed rather carelessly on the bar. Somewhere near, in the living area, Steven is on the telephone.

STEVEN

I see. Thank you very much.

He hangs up the phone and crosses to bar.

STEVEN

The Inspector's not come on duty yet. I left word for him to call.

Hilda sets coffee pot on bar.

HILDA

It's only just past eight.

STEVEN

I know. I know. Everyday he must hear of people who disappear. And their pestering relatives thinking the world's come to an end; it's a bit different when...when it has come to an end. I'll call again in....

He breaks off and listens as if not daring to believe his ears. Hilda listens. Their eyes meet as they HEAR: SOUND o.s. from floor above, and then on the second flights of stairs -- footsteps -- Tony's. Steven and Hilda turn haggard, unbelieving faces to:

57 ANGLE - LOWER FLIGHT OF STAIRS - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

as Tony, full of health and spirits, COMES down the stairs, eager for his breakfast. He crosses to his Mother; holds up his cheek to be kissed.

HILDA

Why...Tony....!

Tony looks at her, surprised by her tone and the force of her embrace.

TONY

What's up?

HILDA

But where....???

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

Steven, behind Tony, makes a desperate signal to Hilda to ask no questions. Steven's look is so urgent that she stops short in mid-sentence. She concludes lamely:

HILDA

But where's breakfast, I was going to say. Here's Tony down already, and nothing on the table!

TONY

(eyeing cups on bar)  
You were...having breakfast alone... without me.

(happily)

Then it wasn't a dream.

(brief pause)

But I knew it wasn't.

STEVEN

Tony!

Tony makes the movement of someone who doesn't want to be disturbed while trying to recapture an elusive memory.

STEVEN

Where did you get to?

TONY

I don't know.

STEVEN

But listen....!

TONY

How should I know where it was?

STEVEN

What happened to you?

Tony half closes his eyes. He smiles vaguely, secretively.

STEVEN

Tony!

TONY

I an't tell you.

HILDA

But darling!

TONY

(irritably)

Stop picking on me.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED - 2

STEVEN

Tony, you're missing nearly  
twenty-four hours, and your  
mother....

Tony's look changes from anger to surprise. Then he smiles  
as if at some silly joke.

TONY

Twenty-four hours? Days, more  
like it. Or weeks.  
(he himself  
doesn't know)

STEVEN

Yesterday was your birthday.  
(Tony smiles  
incredulously)  
Oh yes it was. The twenty-eighth.  
And I took you to -- you know where  
I took you.

TONY

(tolerantly)  
The Magic Shop.

STEVEN

That was yesterday.

Tony slightly shakes his head. The PHONE GOES. Steven  
crosses to answer it, and during Hilda's and Tony's con-  
versation in f.g., WE HEAR him o.s. talking in a low voice,  
saying something to the effect -- "Yes, Inspector...he's  
here...he just came back...(beat) Yes, I will." Meanwhile:

HILDA

Darling, it was your birthday.  
Do you think we could forget?

TONY

It was a long time....

HILDA

(pointing to table)  
Look! There are the roses Mr.  
Adams brought. Just yesterday.  
(a beat)  
Well, I'll get you your cereal.

She goes o.s. INTO kitchen. Tony looks thoughtfully at the  
roses. He lifts the bunch out of the pot, holds it in both  
hands.

58 INSERT - THE ROSES

They suddenly go limp and petals fall. Those that remain shrivel and blacken.

59 OMITTED

60 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TONY

holding the dead and blackened remains of the roses. He looks at them. He half smiles.

TONY  
(quietly, but as if  
speaking to children)  
It was a long time.

DISSOLVE TO

61 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

This is a comfortable, pleasant room. No desk. The couch to one side of the room and not overconspicuous. In the center a low, circular table of good modern design with chairs grouped around. The psychiatrist, DR. STONE, is seated side-by-side with Tony at this table.

DR. STONE  
You told me, Tony, that you and your father were going to buy plants for your fish tank on your birthday.

TONY  
Yes, but we never did.

DR. STONE  
Instead you went to another shop.

TONY  
(a little impatient)  
Yes. I told you.

DR. STONE  
The Magic Shop?

Tony nods tolerantly. Dr. Stone offers him a piece of candy from a dish on the table.

DR. STONE  
Have another.

Tony takes one, and the psychiatrist also helps himself.

CONTINUED

61

CONTINUED

DR. STONE

Tell me, do you think you could find your way there again?

TONY

If I wanted to, I could.

DR. STONE

I see...Well, I want to talk to your parents for a moment. Will you wait outside?

He goes with Tony to the door. Tony EXITS. Dr. Stone crosses to another door, allowing Steven and Hilda to ENTER.

DR. STONE

Come in.

They seat themselves at the table.

DR. STONE

I've talked to Tony. And he has -- more or less -- talked to me. But I'm afraid I haven't been able to get very far with him.

STEVEN

Everyone seems to think that both he and I are lying -- that we never did go to such a shop.

HILDA

Yes. People seem to think we're doing it for publicity.

DR. STONE

I don't share that view entirely.  
(lifting paper)

There was a Dulong, apothecary, on Arkwright Street in the year 1692. Indicted by Cotten Mather. Executed for witchcraft. That's a fact. And then there was Dulong's Magic Shop in 1901. Destroyed by some force that's never been explained. That's a fact.

(to Steven)

And that your son did disappear is a fact. But that's where we stop. No answers!

HILDA

All we care about is Tony.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED - 2

DR. STONE

I'm not sure how much he remembers about his experience. Either he isn't able to give me any details or he doesn't want to. He seems, I'm afraid, rather happy about the whole thing.

HILDA

(quickly)

Afraid?

DR. STONE

Just as you are.

Neither parent makes any attempt to deny this, so the psychiatrist continues:

DR. STONE

Oh, I don't mean that Tony is any kind of juvenile delinquent -- but as I said, he's had this disturbing experience, and he appears to believe that he's in possession of a knowledge that other people don't have.

(lightly, but means it)

Maybe this is more a matter for a priest than a psychiatrist.

STEVEN

(shocked)

A priest! You mean exorcise the devil?

PSYCHIATRIST

Good heavens, no. I don't believe in that kind of thing. I merely meant Tony might talk more freely to his parish priest than he has to me.

HILDA

(a little shame-faced)

I'm afraid we haven't been taking him to church regularly.

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, the only other thing I can suggest is that you give him the ordinary life of an ordinary boy ...try to make him forget whatever's happened to him. Does he have any particular hobbies?

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED - 3

HILDA

He's very fond of his fish tank.

PSYCHIATRIST

And he looks after the fish well?

HILDA

All the time.

STEVEN

(thoughtfully)

He's always wanted a puppy.

PSYCHIATRIST

It might be good for him to have one.

STEVEN

I'll buy him one tomorrow.

PSYCHIATRIST

Good. Better still -- let him buy it. Take him to the pound or a pet shop, and let him choose for himself.

STEVEN

There's a pound on the block behind us. He can go there all by himself if he wants to.

PSYCHIATRIST

(smiling)

And if he comes back with some awful mutt,

(he rises)

...never mind. It's his choice. Accept it!

DISSOLVE TO

62

INT. GRAINGER LIVING ROOM - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DOG ON FLOOR

A smooth-haired, black, evil looking mutt; perhaps one-third Doberman Pincer, one-third Labrador, and one-third knows what. Not too large. It has bright, beady eyes and looks intelligent enough to talk, and vicious enough to do anything. CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE Tony who plumps himself down beside the dog. Boy and dog start wrestling affectionately.

62-A ANOTHER ANGLE

to INCLUDE Steven who sits at the opposite side of the room, reading some technical magazine, while Hilda sits close by, writing a letter. She looks up from her writing at Tony, quietly draws Steven's attention to the boy and his dog. Steven smiles at her, nods -- it seems to be working well. Tony gets up.

TONY

(to dog)

Let's go play ball.

He goes OUT, the dog trotting happily after him.

STEVEN

He seems to be doing fine. I believe he's beginning to forget about what happened. Has he said anything to you?

HILDA

Not a word -- and he's been his old self lately.

(smiling)

Just normally mischievous.

STEVEN

The dog seems to be settling down all right.

HILDA

Yes. He's only been here twenty-four hours, and they're already inseparable. We should really have got him one before.

At this moment there is the SOUND of a YELL of pain followed by growling and barking from outside. Steven and Hilda look at each other, then simultaneously jump up and run OUT to see what is wrong.

62-B EXT. GRAINGER HOUSE

As the parents come running out. On the sidewalk stands Mr. Adams, holding his leg where he has been bitten, and at the same time brandishing his stick to keep the dog at bay. The dog is growling at him, while Tony is protesting.

TONY

You're scaring my dog.

CONTINUED

62-B CONTINUED

ADAMS  
Your dog bites me, boy -- and  
you're telling me not to scare  
him!

By this time the parents have come up.

TONY  
(furious)  
He's a nasty, drunk old man --  
and he's scaring my dog.

STEVEN AND HILDA  
Tony!

They turn anxiously to Adams.

HILDA  
What happened?

ADAMS  
That dog.

STEVEN  
Did it bite you?

ADAMS  
(displaying leg)  
What does it look like?

STEVEN  
Let me run you over to our doctor.  
It isn't far.

ADAMS  
Oh, no.

STEVEN  
We'd feel much happier.

HILDA  
Please do. You've no one to look  
after you, and it would be much  
safer.

ADAMS  
No, I'll treat it myself.

HILDA  
Be sure and use plenty of disin-  
fectant.

ADAMS  
(grimly)  
I will.

CONTINUED

62-B CONTINUED - 2

STEVEN

We're very sorry, Mr. Adams. Tony only just got the dog, you know -- and it mayn't be quite used to the place yet.

ADAMS

I like dogs -- but not that one. He's a mean brute.

He starts limping off toward his own house. Tony, who has been glaring at Adams, starts walking sedately back to the Grainger porch, followed by his dog. His mother and father, still upset by the incident, follow. Tony sits himself on the porch. Steven stands looking down at his son and the dog seated beside him.

STEVEN

You've got to learn to make the dog obey you, son.

HILDA

(thinking Tony is upset by his father's reprimand)

I'm sure it won't happen again...  
(to Tony)

You haven't named him yet. What are you going to call him?

TONY

I'm going to call him Dulong.

There is a long pause.

TONY

(with guileless simplicity)

Because if I'd never been to Dulong's Magic Shop, you'd never have let me have a dog. Would you?

STEVEN

(weakly)

You don't think Prince or Rover might be better?

Tony merely looks at him.

HILDA

(bravely)

Well, he's your choice, Tony, dear.

CONTINUED

62-B CONTINUED - 3

STEVEN  
(even braver)  
I hope you two will be...real  
pals.

TONY  
Oh, yes! I'll teach him, and  
train him, and make him do every-  
thing I say.

STEVEN  
(nodding approval)  
Uh huh!

TONY  
And I'll do everything he says.

He gets up, walks OFF into the house, FOLLOWED by the dog.  
Steven and Hilda look at each other as they slowly realize  
what Tony has just said.

FADE OUT

..FADE IN

63 EXT. LAWN IN FRONT OF GRAINGER HOME - DAY

It is early on a summer evening. The Grainger front lawn has a thin hedge or a picket fence with plants and bushes in front of it on either side. Directly in front of the house is a porch with steps to garden level. Tony is sitting on these steps with his dog beside him. O.s. voices of two young children -- a boy and a girl.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

Mine's higher than yours.

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE

No, it isn't.

Tony looks off.

64 REVERSE ANGLE - SHOOTING TOWARDS HEDGE OR FENCE

We cannot see the children themselves, but we see toy balloons bobbing into sight about the level of the hedge. Over this, the children's voices continue:

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE

Mine's going to the moon.

LITTLE BOY'S VOICE

You don't understand -- only rocket ships get to the moon.

65 ANGLE ON TONY AND DOG

Tony sketches his cabalistic sign in the air.

66 HIS POINT OF VIEW

The balloon passing along the far side of the hedge is now directly in his sight.

66-A CLOSE SHOT - TONY

Tony stabs at center of his invisible star with his middle finger. SOUND of a sharp POP, as the balloon is burst, and from the child o.s., a loud "Eek!" of surprise and dismay.

67 MED. SHOT - ON THE FAR SIDE OF HEDGE

The small girl stands looking astonished at the dangling string of her balloon. The little boy comes running to

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

see what happened, trailing his own balloon. As he does so, it too EXPLODES. The little girl's mouth slowly opens to enormous size, and she begins to bellow her grief.

68 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TONY AND DOG ON PORCH

and  
69

Tony is doubled up in a paroxysm of mirth. But an avenging angel is on her way -- the children's older sister, SUZY, a somewhat plump 13-year-old, arrives on the SCENE, stands, towering over Tony formidably.

SUZY

You did that!

TONY

(innocently)

What?

SUZY

Bust their balloons.

TONY

Are you crazy?

SUZY

No, I'm not crazy, you little punk! You're always being mean to all the little kids around here.

TONY

How could I bust their balloons?

SUZY

You were aiming at something. I saw your hand up. An air pistol maybe.

She looks around Tony in search of such a weapon.

TONY

Where is it then? You saw me. I haven't moved!

He lifts his hands in the approved style. He is wearing skimpy summer garments, and obviously has no pistol concealed.

SUZY

Well, I know you did it, but I can't prove it. But let me catch you just once and I'll clobber you.

She turns away, starts back towards her own yard. CAMERA REMAINS ON Tony. He makes his cabalistic sign once more, looks o.s.

70 ANGLE - HIS POINT OF VIEW

Suzy is now some yards away, but a whirling sprinkler close by her has suddenly started up, and she is doused by the water. For a moment she is too taken aback to do anything. Then she whirls and comes back towards Tony.

71 ANOTHER ANGLE - ON PORCH STEPS

thru

76

Hilda has been a witness of this from the house, and she now hastens INTO SHOT.

HILDA

What happened?

SUZY

He turned the sprinklers on me!

TONY

(innocent)

How could I?

(pointing)

The faucet's over there!

Nonchalantly, he gets up and saunters INTO the house, followed by the dog. Hilda turns solicitously to Suzy, who by this time is in tears.

HILDA

I'm sure he didn't mean to do it, dear.

SUZY

Yes he did! I hate him! Look at my dress! It's ruined!

She turns and runs o.s., calling out for her mother. Hilda looks after her in distress, then turns and goes INTO the house.

77 INT. LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Tony has picked up his camera and is taking a snapshot of the dog, as Hilda comes IN.

HILDA

Suzy says you turned the sprinklers on her.

TONY

I didn't.

HILDA

You must have done...and you were pleased. Oh, Tony...that's terrible. Terrible!

CONTINUED

77

CONTINUED

As Tony shakes his head:

HILDA

I don't know why you do these things, Tony. But it's bad. To hurt people. It's bad. Darling, I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise me that you won't go on behaving like this. You're making me very unhappy -- and your father, too.

TONY

(too easily)

I promise.

HILDA

No, Tony -- you must mean it.

TONY

Mom, you don't understand anything.

HILDA

I know what's right -- and what's wrong.

TONY

You don't want me to be able to do things.

HILDA

What things?

TONY

(defensively)

Just games. Fun.

HILDA

Breaking things? Causing accidents? Hurting people? Is that your idea of fun? Tony, we don't seem to be able to talk to you these days. Don't you realize everyone in the neighborhood is beginning to hate you? If Mrs. Webb can prove you purposely hurt her boy, she might even report it to the police -- and they could take you away from us.

TONY

Just let 'em try it!

Hilda and Steven realize it is no good arguing with him anymore.

DISSOLVE TO

78  
and  
79

OMITTED

80 EXT. GRAINGER HOUSE - DAY

It must be a Saturday or a Sunday. Steven sits peacefully in a deck chair smoking, wearing an old sweater and pants, and surrounded by many sections of the Sunday paper. Nearby, Hilda is planting some small plants. O.s. we HEAR fathers of families clipping hedges, mowing lawns, etc.

HILDA

I think you ought to give the garden a good soaking today, dear.

STEVEN

Sure.

He makes no attempt to move, however. SOUND: o.s., loud BARKING and GROWLING: a shout of fury from across the road, then an abrupt silence. Hilda and Steven look at each other.

STEVEN

Adams?

As Hilda nods:

STEVEN

Where's Tony?

HILDA

Upstairs in his room.

STEVEN

And the dog?

HILDA

I thought he was there, too. I don't know.

STEVEN

(indicating o.s.)

It was Adams, all right. Here he comes.

He gets to his feet.

81 REVERSE ANGLE

SHOOTING PAST Hilda and Steven in f.g., as Adams approaches. He is dressed in shirtsleeves and work pants. He is obviously suffering from shock. He carries a hoe, which he uses to support himself.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

HILDA

What is it, Mr. Adams?

As Adams appears too upset to reply.

STEVEN

Let's get him inside.

82 INT. GRAINGER LIVING ROOM

Steven and Hilda help Adams IN.

STEVEN

Would you like a drink?

ADAMS

Thank you.

Steven crosses to get him one.

HILDA

What happened? Was it the dog again?

As Adams nods:

HILDA

Oh dear.

(to Steven)

We're going to have to get rid of it.

STEVEN

(to Adams)

Soda or water?

ADAMS

Just straight, thanks.

Steven hands Adams the glass, and turns to his wife with a sigh.

STEVEN

You're right. The dog will have to go.

HILDA

(miserably)

Tony's going to be so upset.

Adams downs his drink in one, then:

ADAMS

Mrs. Grainger...your dog did attack me again in the leg. But that's not all, I'm afraid.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

STEVEN --

He bit you somewhere else?

ADAMS

No. But...I had this hoe in my hand --  
(showing the hoe)  
I had to defend myself. I let him  
have it. With this.

83 ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing that Tony has come down to the foot of the stairway,  
and is listening intently.

STEVEN

Well, if he's hurt, we'd better get  
him to the Vet at once.

ADAMS

(slowly)  
Mr. Grainger, there's not very much  
you could get.

As Steven and Hilda stare at him:

ADAMS

I hit hard. It killed him.

84 CLOSE SHOT - TONY

listening. His face pale with fury.

85 GROUP SHOT - TO INCLUDE ADAMS, STEVEN AND HILDA

ADAMS

(bewildered)  
And then he...sort of rotted away...  
into little pieces. In no time at  
all.

TONY'S VOICE

He was mine.

They all three turn.

85-A REVERSE ANGLE

Tony speaks from the stairway, in a small intensely cold voice.

TONY

Mine. And you killed him. It  
doesn't matter. He'd taught me  
everything. So you're too late.  
But he was mine.

86 CLOSE GROUP SHOT

The shocked faces of Steven, Hilda and Adams as they look back at him.

TONY

And you won't get away with it.

DISSOLVE TO

87 CLOSE SHOT - TONY'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN F.G. - NIGHT

He is standing at a window, silhouetted against the night outside. The dim silhouette of a model boat or truck on the window-sill suggests that this is Tony's bedroom. Beyond Tony, across the street, we can see Adams' house.

88 CLOSE ANGLE - TONY

He whispers something under his breath, tracing at the same time the pentagram on his window pane. (He may use spit for this purpose.)

89 ANGLE SHOOTING THROUGH THE SPACE HE HAS OUTLINED ON THE WINDOW

WE SEE a little red spark appear in one of the dark windows of Adams' house. After a moment, a tiny flame springs up. Then other tiny flames become visible through other windows, and then the fire starts to creep up along the edges of the roof and up the corners of the walls.

DISSOLVE TO

90 EXT. GRAINGER FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

SOUND of fire engines approaching. Steven and Hilda -- he in pajamas and dressing gown, she in a housecoat that she is still zipping up -- come running OUT of the house across toward Adams' house.

STEVEN

(as they run)

Adams' house!

HILDA

I hope he's not inside.

91 CLOSE SHOT - TONY AT HIS WINDOW

He pale, handsome cold little face is lit by the red glare of the fire.

92 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ADAMS' HOUSE  
and  
93

Neighbors have already congregated as the first fire engine draws up and Steven and Hilda RUN INTO SHOT. Two or three firemen are coupling a hose, obviously without much hope of saving anything. Steven grabs the arm of one of the firemen.

STEVEN

(urgently)

The man who lives there -- he's  
our friend. Did he get out?

The fireman turns and points, indicating the tremendous blaze, o.s., and says sarcastically but not brutally:

FIREMAN

Out of that?

Steven and Hilda seem to collapse from within. They turn and move blindly back through the ring of spectators.

94 TRUCKING SHOT - STEVEN AND HILDA

walking with dragging feet towards their own house. As they reach the edge of the front lawn, they simultaneously look up.

95 MED. LONG SHOT - SHOOTING UP AT TONY'S WINDOW

The upper half of him in his white pajamas is clearly visible. So is his face, lurid with the flames.

96 EXT. HOUSE - TWO SHOT - STEVEN AND HILDA

STEVEN

We've got to talk to him.

HILDA

But he couldn't have had anything  
to do with this.

STEVEN

Couldn't he?....

They move together into the house.

96-A EXT. TONY'S BEDROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT - TONY

He stares at the flames, then turns away from the window.

97 INT. TONY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony has left the window, and is now seated at a table littered with snapshots. On the table, also, the camera his mother gave him, inexpensive flashbulb equipment, and a photo album to contain snapshots. The room is eerily lit by flames from the house on fire next door and a lamp on the table at which Tony is seated. Tony has his back to the door, and is working with his snaps as Steven and Hilda ENTER.

STEVEN

Tony....

Tony does not turn.

STEVEN

(advancing into  
room)

You did it! You set the fire,  
didn't you?

Still no reply from Tony.

STEVEN

I didn't hear you leave the house.  
I was sure you were here in your  
room. When did you go out?

Still no reply from Tony.

HILDA

(suddenly noticing)  
Your cheek, Steven! It's bleeding!

97-A ANOTHER ANGLE - STEVEN AND TONY

He is now standing just behind Tony. He puts his hand to his cheek -- sure enough, there is a slight cut.

STEVEN

How on earth -- ?

He stops abruptly as he sees what Tony is doing.

97-B INSERT - STEVEN'S POINT OF VIEW - SHOOTING DOWN OVER TONY'S SHOULDER

Tony holds a snapshot of his father, and with a knife (or pin) has slashed the cheek in the snapshot.

97-C CLOSE SHOT - STEVEN

as he stares down in bewildered horror.

97-D WIDER ANGLE

as Hilda comes INTO SCENE and she, too, sees the snapshot. She turns and looks up at her husband. As they gaze at each other in fright:

DISSOLVE TO

98 INT. GRAINGER LIVING ROOM - DAY - GROUP SHOT

Tony and his parents are grouped in the dining area as they were in the opening of the film. Only this time Tony is seated in his father's place at the head of the table, and is flanked by his parents.

STEVEN'S VOICE

That night seems a long time ago.  
But it isn't. Only a few years.  
Since then our son holds us in  
the hollow of his hand. Parents  
without power. Only fear. Of  
their child. That's our position  
today: that's the world in which  
we live. What will happen we  
don't know and dare not think.  
We can't see any way out. We're  
the prisoners of Anthony Richard  
Grainger....

During this speech, CAMERA HAS STARTED TO CREEP IN ON Tony until, by the end, we are holding just his handsome, calm little face in a big head.

FADE OUT

THE END