

MANDERLY BY GEORGE ISHERWOOD

A COMEDY FOR TWO GAY MEN

(BASED ROUGHLY ON THE SAME NOVEL BY REBECCA DU MAURIER
AND EVEN MORE ON THE 1940 MOVIE BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK)

FOR SYBYLL- SO YOUNG, SO FETCHING, SO ALIVE, IF ONLY SHE COULD
ACT.

"WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE MANDERLY"

Characters-

Clive- Very English bar hopping city boy, who loves going out, after long intensive hours of shopping. He is in his late thirties. He dyes his already graying hair. Yes, he worries. Clive loves Steve very much, but finds him a tiny bit boring.

Clive will play Max de Winter, Frith the Butler, Mrs. Danvers, Hortense de Winter, Old Ben, Favell and the Doctor and Manderly House Staff.

Steve- A very American IT boy. He comes from New York and earns well in the English capital. He is attractive, cut and around 25. He has the Clark Kent look and he resembles a hair gel model when he takes off his glasses. He is Clive's second great love, after Roberto and knows it. Steve doubts that Clive loves him as much as he once loved Roberto.

Steve will play our timid protagonist, Daphne and Colonel Julyan, the local constable.

Setting -

A small one room flat in one of the side streets of Soho not to far from the coffee shops and bars. The flat has a hip modern decor. There is an elaborate metal bedstead in the middle of the room with railings at the top and bottom . Tasteful more than expensive. As lights rise Clive is finishing his dressing while Steve is working on his computer at the side of a bed (stage right). On the other side of the bed is the door to the bathroom(stage left) It is from this door that Clive first enters.

Scene One- Friday night in Soho

Clive- If you don't hurry up we'll miss out. The doormen said he could let us, in if we got there before twelve. We used to always go dancing there.

Steve-Not with me. That was ten years ago. I hate that club. .. full of pseuds. Twinkle Gate! Queens quoting Newsnight

Review as their visually unzip you. "Now there's a post modern basket, for you."

Clive- Oh, it's not that bad.

Steve- What's worse?

Clive -That club in back of St Pancras where I lost you for a couple of hours in the dark shadows.

Steve- Yeah, if you hadn't been chatting up that Italian guy.

Clive- I was just trying to be sociable. Some of us can speak Italian, you know.

Steve- Yeah, good body language, Clive, with your hand on his butt. You always fall for that "Ciao Bello" type. They

make love one or two nights to get their greasy hooks into you and then throw Maria Callas jealousy shit

fits until you can't take anymore of their crap. Even gay Quakers have taken them down with machine guns

Clive- They are not all not like that, Steve.

Steve- Maybe way down in Sicily, outside Palermo, there is one exception, but he hasn't hit the scene yet.

Clive (*turning strangely serious for moment*) Carlo wasn't like that.

Steve- Sorry.

Clive- It's ok. It's been ten years now. I can talk about it.

Steve- I didn't mean to bring it up.

Clive- I know, it's just some men are harder to forget than others.

Steve- Please, don't cry.

Clive- I won't, but now we will never get to the club before twelve. I don't feel like paying ten pounds to get in, do you?

Steve- I wouldn't like to go into that place for free. Crotch Watch!

Clive-That only rhymes in American.

Steve- I am an American.

Clive- And don't we all know it! Let's not fight. Let's do something!

Steve- Play computer games? Laura Croft, Kill Zone or Cyber Strip Poker?

Clive- We could play Rebecca?

Steve- It's the third time this week and the apartment always smells of smoke afterwards.

Clive- Look what I got from that cute little tech from Hammersmith? A smoke machine, hardly used, only 20 quid!

(Clive shows Steve the nifty their new smoke machine)

Steve-Only twenty? I'm not going to ask you how you got a discount.

Clive- Steve! Love is based on mutual trust.

Steve-Sure it is. But Rebecca. Not again.

Clive- Please, please, please! You know I studied six weeks at Lamda, if they hadn't been so homophobic...

Steve- Hamophobic!

Clive- Please, Stevey.

Steve-Alright, on two conditions. First you take that old photo of Roberto down from your night table.

Clive-Right after we're finished. "Thou shall have no other Gods before me."

Steve- You don't have to burn it, just take it down and put it away under you dirty

gym socks or something.

Clive- It's all I have from our last holiday in Sitges,

Steve- It goes. You can even put up one of us from Brighton, if you want to.

Clive- Ok, I'd rather not, but for Rebecca, I'll do it.

(Clive lifts up the photo of Roberto)

Steve-Still the evil twinkle in the eye after all these years?

Clive-In a bathing suit, that man could stop traffic, as you Yanks say. Ahh, well. What's the second condition?

Steve- Tonight, I get to play the Joan Fontaine part.

Clive- But I thought I did her quite convincingly on Thursday evening.

Steve- Yeah, in a kind of Dame Judy sort of way.

Clive-*(Very Judy Dench)* And what do you mean by that young man?

Steve- I mean like heavy, real fucking heavy like a brontosaurus in stomping through Cornwall.

Clive- I thought I gave the character a little more substance than poor lost Miss Fontaine.

Steve-That's pretty clear. Lagers for lunch. Vinegar chips. Bacon sandwiches with lots of brown sauce. A
shepherds pie or two, sure add to the substance, dramatic or otherwise.

Clive- You don't know what it's like in the city.

Steve- You're perfect for Mrs Van Hopper.

(Clive pulls his stomach in)

Clive- Thanks. It's the stress of the office that puts
this weight on me. I've gained only five pounds since Christmas.

Steve- We got stress at Compuware too.

(Steve lifts his shirt to show his six pack.)

Clive-Ok, ok, don't gloat, child. I get the message. I hope I am not too fat at least to play Danny?

Steve- For her, you're just right, if you hold your stomach in.

Clive- Thanks, awfully

Steve- I thought I would do the new Mrs De Winter light and lovely tonight, like Keira

Knighly in Atonement. I'm feeling very Keira tonight.

Clive- Anorexia isn't a Russian acting school it's an eating disorder and there are no pirates in Miss Du

Maurier's Cornwall.

Steve- So I can play De Winter Two?

Clive- If you must, but please don't clobber the English language. I have sensitive ears

Steve- We Americans have been speaking English for over for almost four hundred years.

Clive- One would think by now, you would have had learned how to pronounce it .

Steve- Don't get snotty on me or I won't play.

Clive- Get ready. I'll turn on the music. I suppose Cigar smoke will have suffice as fog.

Steve- Your cigar smoke is so CGI, Clive.

(Clive lights up a cigar and starts to puff smoke in Steve's direction. Steve puts on a sweater and a pert blonde wig and recites in front of their bed)

Scene Two - Going back to Manderly

Daphne-(*With much melancholy*) LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WENT BACK TO MANDERLY AGAIN...

Clive-Not bad, but there is no 'back' in the original text.

Steve -What about artistic freedom

Clive-What about it? Stick to the fucking text as written

Daphne- LAST NIGHT I DREAMT I WENT TO MANDERLY AGAIN. IT SEEMED
TO ME I STOOD BY THE IRON GATE
LEADING TO THE DRIVE, AND FOR A WHILE I COULD NOT ENTER...

(Steve puts his head by the rails of the bedstead)

Clive- Don't bang your pretty head against the bed now, we aren't in New Jersey.

Steve- If you keep interrupting me at every line, I'll never get into the role

Clive- Pardon me for breathing, Ms. Knightly.

Daphne- THEN LIKE ALL DREAMERS, I PASSED LIKE SPIRIT THROUGH THE
BARRIER BEFORE ME.

Clive- The original text runs- THEN LIKE ALL DREAMERS, I WAS POSSESSED
WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS
AND PASSED THROUGH THE BARRIER BEFORE ME

Steve- One more interruption and I am going out to that bar in St Pancras.

Clive- You wouldn't dare!

Steve- Don't push me.

*(Clive begins to throw out dirty clothes from the hamper around the flat.
Calvin Kleins, jockstraps and tee shirts)*

Daphne-NATURE HAD COME INTO HER OWN AGAIN AND LITTLE BY
LITTLE, IN HER STEALTHY INSIDEOUS WAY
HAD ENCROACHED UPON THE DRIVE IN LONG TENACIOUS
FINGERS. THE WOODS, ALWAYS A MENACE
IN THE PAST, HAD TRIUMPHED..

*(Steve notices one of his favorite Calvin Kleins. He raises them up to his
face)*

Hey Clive, did you borrow these?

Clive- I ran out of clean shorts last week

Steve- You could have at least asked first, before you took them.

Clive- Sorry, love. What's mine is yours.

Steve -And vice versa

Clive- Let's pick it up at -TORTURED ELMS..

Daphne- TORTURED ELMS THAT STRAGGLED CHEEK BY JOWL WITH BEECHES, AND HAD THRUST THEMSELVES
OUT OF THE QUIET EARTH, ALONG WITH MONSTER SHRUBS
AND PLANTS...

Hey Clive, I never really understood what 'cheek and jowl' meant.

Clive -I'll tell you when you get thirty. Now go on.

(Steve does some stupid dramatic mime walking through the overgrown underbrush)

Clive- Cut the Marcel Merceau! It's basically a voice over.

Steve- But...

Clive- A voice over.

Daphne- THERE WAS MANDERLY. TIME COULD NOT WRECK THE PERFECT SYMMETRY OF THOSE WALLS...

(Clive arranges some cans and wine bottles over the wide screen to resemble a stately English country house)

Daphne- OUR MANDERLY, SECRETIVE.... My Manderly looked alot better, it kind of suggested the New York skyline as seen from
Brooklyn Heights.

Clive- Neo-gothic beer cans! I had to make do. This, however, is real art.
English art.

(Clive makes a gesture and knocks the TV. The bottles and cans over

*the widescreen come tumbling
down. Crash!)*

Daphne- AND SILENT AS IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN.

Clive- Bugger it!

Daphne- AND SILENT AS IT HAD ALWAYS BEEN... MANDERLY WAS NO MORE. WE CAN NEVER GO BACK, THAT MUCH IS CERTAIN. I THINK IT ALL BEGAN IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE....

Clive- You can tidy things up, while I play Max on the cliff.

(Steve cleans up the bottles, cans and clothes while Clive in black hat and a moustache climbs Steve's office chair and contemplates jumping down an imaginary cliff. Steve plays the raging sea with a sheet and some sea gulls and creeches and caws)

Clive-Sweet Christ, Steve, we're not doing Jonathan Livingston Seagull! I am Max de Winter, debonair but tormented English aristocrat and I am preparing to end my life up here.

Steve- Sorry. I just saw a doc on Discovery about baby seagulls and..

Clive- Shhh!

(Clive moves a foot to the edge of the office chair, looks down and gulps. Max is just about to jump to his death.

Dramatic music.

Enter Steve as Daphne with a drawing pad. She sees what is about to happen and screams)

Daphne-No, stop!

Max- What the devil are you screaming about? And who are you?

Daphne- I only thought...(Very embarrassed)

Max- Oh you did, did you!

Daphne- I didn't mean to inter..

Max- What are you doing up here? Cruising French boys?

Steve- I'll ignore that line, assuming that Ms du Maurier never wrote it.

Clive- Perhaps she should have.

Daphne-No, I was just sketching.

Max- Well, get along with what ever it was you were doing and stop your screaming.

(Max looks at Daphne running away and then looks back at the sea. Dramatic music.)

Scene 3 Mrs Van Hopper

(Clive jumps down from the chair and frantically seeks his next costume)

Clive- Where's my bleeding frock?

Daphne- I WONDER WHAT MY LIFE WOULD HAVE BEEN TODAY, IF MRS. VAN HOPPER HADN'T BEEN A SNOB.

(While Steve describes Mrs Van Hopper, Clive dresses up for the role)

Daphne-SHE WOULD PRECEDE ME INTO LUNCH, HER SHORT BODY ILL
BALANCED, TOTTERING UPON HIGH
HEELS

(Clive put on high heels and tries to walk in them)

Daphne- HER LARGE BOSOMS AND SWINGING HIPS

(Clive stuffs his cleavage and swings his hips)

Daphne- HER NEW HAT PIERCED WITH A MONSTER QUILL ASLANT UPON
HER HEAD

(Clive sets a dowdy feathered hat on his head)

Daphne- ONE HAND CARRIED A GIGANTIC BAG, THE KIND THAT HOLDS
PASSPORTS, ENGAGEMENT DIARIES,
AND BRIDGE SCORES.

(Clive pulls various sex toys out of a plastic Tesco bag)

Daphne- WHILE THE OTHER TOYED WITH THAT INEVITABLE LORGNETTE,
THE ENEMY OF OTHER'S PEOPLE'S
PRIVACY

(Clive scans the audience through a lorgnette)

Clive-Ugghh!

Daphne-AND I FOLLOWED LIKE A SHY, UNEASY COLT

Mrs. Van Hopper - Come along child!

Daphne- Yes, Mrs. Van Hopper.

(Mrs. Van Hopper is a direct American descendant of the much feared Lady Bracknell. Daphne follows la Grande Dame into an imaginary hotel. They sit down and again the rich snob (MVH) scans the audience)

Mrs. Van Hopper- Not a single well-known personality here, I shall tell the management they must make a reduction in my bill What do they think I come her for ? to look at the page boys?

(Steve nods maliciously "yes")

Daphne- Mrs. Van Hopper, shall we finish our card game of yesterday?

Mrs. Van Hopper- That would be most agreeable. You know, I was the state champion in Old Maids back in Schenectady.

Daphne- I do believe you mentioned that once before.

Mrs. Van Hopper- Did I? Deal, child.

Daphne- Yes, Mrs. Van Hopper.

(Daphne deals out the cards. The two start playing "Old Maids." Mrs Van Hopper has two cards left in her hand and Daphne only one. Mrs. Van Hopper looks up vulture eyed in amazement through her lorgnette)

Mrs. Van Hopper-It's Max de Winter, the man who owns Manderly!

Daphne- Manderly?

Mrs. Van Hopper- Manderly, girl, the stateliest of English homes! You've heard of it, of course. He looks ill, doesn't he?

They say he can't get over the death of his wife, the lovely Rebecca.

(Mrs. Van Hopper hails Max over to her. Mrs. Van Hopper converses with an imaginary Max)

Mr. de Winter, I may call you Max, I hope. We met one evening at Simpson's on the Strand. Yes, I am the woman who asked your advice on the Yorkshire pudding. Ahh, yes, now it comes back to you. It was indeed delicious. Thank you ever so much.

Down here at Monte for the winter? What, you don't play anymore. The fun's gone quite out of it. I can imagine. If I had a home like Manderly, I wouldn't want to play around Monte either.

So sorry to hear about your dear wife. Exquisitely turned out and brilliant in every way We all loved her like a sister, although I never met her personally.

(Mrs. Van Hopper glares at Daphne when Max directs a question to her)

Daphne- And what do I think of Monte Carlo or don't I think of it at all? To be quite honest, Mr. de Winter. I don't know what I think.

Mrs. Van Hopper- She's spoilt, Mr. de Winter, that's her trouble. Most girls would give their eyes to see Monte.

Daphne- The sea is quite charming.

Mrs. Van Hopper- You see what an accomplished conversationalist she is.

(Daphne looks terribly embarrassed)

Now that I have broken the ice, I hope we shall be seeing you for drinks in my suite. What the family motto? Who travels fastest, travels alone.

(Mrs. Van Hopper hides her bitter disappointment with a smile)

Well then, good evening to you too, Mr de Winter.

(The two women watch Max go and resume their game of Old Maids)

Daphne- It's my draw, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- What a funny thing! Do you suppose his sudden departure was a form of male humor? Men do such extraordinary things. I remember a well-known writer once who used to dart down the back staircase, whenever he saw me coming. I suppose he had a crush on me and wasn't sure of himself. However, I was younger and thinner back then.

Daphne- It's still my draw, Mrs. Van Hopper.

(Daphne selects a card and makes a match, Mrs. Van Hopper is left holding the Old Maid)

Mrs. Van Hopper- Old maid! Now I am stuck with that card again! A good travelling companion always let's her patroness win at cards.

Daphne- So sorry, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- By the way, dear, don't think I mean to be unkind, but you put yourself a tiny bit forward this afternoon.

Your efforts to monopolize the conversation with Mr. de Winter quite embarassed me, and I'm sure it did him. Men loathe that sort of thing.

Daphne- So sorry, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- As long as it shan't happen again.

Daphne-It shan't, Mrs. Van Hopper. I promise.

Mrs. Van Hopper- Good girl. Don't sulk.

Daphne- Yes, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- After all, I am responsible for your behavior here, and surely you can take advice from an old woman
almost old enough to be your mother

Daphne-Surely, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- They say he quite adored her. An appalling tragedy not far from Manderly. Rebecca's boat never
returned. How that poor man must be suffering. Oh dear, I do fear another migraine coming on. Do
you have the key to the room?

Daphne- Yes, Mrs. Van Hopper

Scene 4 Courtship and Whirlwind Marriage on La Coted'Azur

(We see Joan coming through the Hotel restaurant. Gay violin music. As she sits down she clumsily knocks over a vase with flowers in it.)

Daphne- Oh, how awkward of me. I'm so sorry.

(As she tries to clean up the mess, Max comes over to her.)

Max- Now you'll have to have breakfast with me.

Daphne- I couldn't possibly. Please don't try to be polite.

Max- I wasn't being polite, I should have asked you to breakfast with me, even if you
hadn't knocked the flowers over so clumsily. Mademoiselle, will have
breakfast
with me

(Max escorts Daphne to his table)

Well, what will you have?

Daphne- Scrambled eggs, please.

Max- Garcon, Oefs Scrambley, si vous plait!

Daphne- Your French is almost perfect.

Max- I come from an old Norman family, been in England since the Conquest.

Daphne- I see.

Max- Your friend, Mrs. Van Hopper, she is very much older than you.

Daphne- She's not a friend ; she's an employer. I am what they called a paid companion.

Max- I didn't know one could buy companionship.

Daphne- I looked the word "companion " up once in the dictionary and it said "a companion is a friend of the bosom."

(Steve lifts up his shirt Proudly to reveal a pierced nipple)

Clive- What did you do that for?

Steve- For only ninety pounds.

Max- Haven't you any family?

Daphne- Only a father and he's passed away.

Max- A father. tell me about him.

Daphne- My father was a lovely and unusual person. He was a painter of trees, one tree really. He painted the same tree
over and over again.

Max- Wasn't that a bit odd?

Daphne- He thought if you found one beautiful thing in life, you should hold it to your heart and stay by it.

Max- And now you're father's gone.

Daphne- Yes, pneumonia, last year.

Max- So we're both alone in the wide world. I do have a sister I see from time to time, but basically, I am also alone.

Daphne- I have my books and my sketches.

Max- I have Manderly. A great house can be as lonely as a crowded hotel. What are your plans for today?

Daphne- I thought I would go out drawing. It's lovely country.

Max- I'll drive you out to a stupendous view.

(They turn their chairs and at once they are driving through the twisting mountainous roads of the French Riviera)

Daphne- I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed our excursions. If poor ill Mrs. Van Hopper ever knew.

Max- I've enjoyed driving with you more than I've enjoyed anything in a long time.

Daphne- Really? If only there could be an invention that bottled up memory, like a perfume and it never got stale. And then when one wanted it, the bottle could be uncorked and one could re-that lovely moment all over again.

Max- But some of those bottles contain little demons, better left enclosed.

Daphne- Perhaps.

Max- What particular moments in your young life do you wish uncorked?

Daphne- I'm not too sure, but I'd like to keep this moment and never forget it.

Max- Is that a compliment to the day or my driving?

(Daphne nervously laughs)

Daphne- I wish I was a woman of 36 dressed in black satin and pearls

Max- If you were, you wouldn't be in this car!

(Max jams on the brakes)

Daphne- Mr. de Winter!

Max- Promise me you'll never wear black satin or pearls...or ever be 36

(They almost kiss, then Max starts up the car)

Daphne- You may think me impertinent and rude, but I would like to know why you ask me out in your Bentley, day after day. You are being kind obviously, but why do you choose me for your charity?

(Max breaks again)

Max- I ask you because you are not 36 and don't wear black satin and pearls and if you think I am only being kind, you can leave the car right now and find your own way home.

(They drive on silently.)

Daphne- It is all very well for you. You know all about me, but I know nothing about you or rather nothing more than I did the first day we met.

Max- And what did you know when we first met?

Daphne- Why, that you lived in a big house called Manderly and had lost your wife.

(Scene change- Hotel. Inner monologue if needed while Clive changes to Mrs. Van Hopper)

There, I had said it at last, the word that had hovered on my my tongue for days. Your wife. it came out with ease, without reluctance, as though the mere mention of of her must be the most casual thing in all the world....

Clive-Ready.

Daphne- Ahh, Mrs. Van Hopper, fit again.

Mrs. Van Hopper- Fit as a fiddle and we are sailing to New York tomorrow.

Daphne- Tomorrow?

Mrs. Van Hopper- Book us two tickets on the Aquitania. My son, Cyrus is getting married to an Astor girl. Where's my gurtle?

(The women hustle and bustle and pack, Daphne tries to call Max on the phone)

Daphne- Mr. de Winter is out?

Mrs. Van Hopper- Do you have the passports?

Daphne- I'm sure they are on the table by your bed, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- Well, just don't stand there, bring them to me. Did you pack that French brassiere? It cost me 40 francs you know.

Daphne- Yes, Mrs. Van Hopper.

(Again Daphne tries to call Max as Mrs. Van Hopper looks for her expensive French lingerie)

Mr de Winter's room, si vousz plait. What! He doesn't answer?

Mrs. Van Hopper- I shall go down to the taxi. Please hurry. The train for Marseilles leaves in an hour. Get the lead out,
girl!

(Mrs. Van Hopper goes through the bathroom door. Daphne moves the luggage wildly around, then mimes going up to Max's room and stands before the bathroom door which is now slightly open and from within we hear Max singing a tune from HMS Pinafore)

Daphne- Mr de Winter, we are leaving. Sailing to New York. I just came by to say good bye

(From within we hear Max's voice)

Max- Leaving? Well, what's it to be? New York or Manderly?

(Daphne is flabbergasted)

Daphne- Manderly? I'm not the kind of woman men marry. Do you mean secretary or the like?

(Max appears dashing in a bathrobe)

Max- I'm proposing to you, you little fool. You do love me, don't you?

Daphne- Oh yes, I love you dreadfully. I've been crying all morning because I thought I would never see you again.

Max- So it's Manderly. Now go down and tell that old Battle-axe, you are now my "companion of the bosom."

Daphne- Oh, I just couldn't. Please. You tell her.

(Max picks up the phone)

Max- Could you ask Mrs Van Hopper, if she would be so kind as to come up to my room. Merci.

(Max goes to the Bathroom door. Daphne hides to one side. Max talks to a woman(MVH) can see)

Max- Ahh, Mrs. Van Hopper. Yes, it seems marriage is in the air. I myself am getting married again... to your companion.

No thank you, that won't be necessary, we are planning a very quiet ceremony. Your place is by your son in New

York. It's not every day one marries an Astor. If you will excuse me, I must bring up my fiance's bags.

(To Daphne who is trembling)

Now that wasn't so terribly difficult, was it

(Max goes through the door and out comes Mrs. Van Hopper smoking a cigarette. She stares Daphne down)

Mrs. Van Hopper- Well, you're a fast worker. All this happened during my illness, I suppose, when you were taking

imaginary tennis lessons. The grass doesn't grow under your feet, girl. You haven't been doing something you shouldn't?

Daphne- Oh no, Mrs. Van Hopper.

Mrs. Van Hopper- Oh well, it doesn't really matter now. Of course, you know why he is marrying you, don't you? You

haven't flattered yourself he's in love with you. The fact is that empty house got on his nerves.

(Mrs. Van Hopper looks at Daphne disgustedly from head to toe)

You, the mistress of Manderly? I just don't think you're up to

it

Daphne- You may go now Mrs. Van Hopper.

(Mrs. Van Hopper goes sourly shaking her head. Max and Daphne get into the car)

Daphne- Where are we going, Mr de Winter?

Max- If we are going to get married, at least you can call me by christian name, Maxim

Daphne-Where are we going, Maxim?

Max- To a drive through chapel, the French call it "Marriage a Renault"

Daphne- Tres moderne!

Max- Nothing like it in England!

(They drive into the auto chapel. Max mumbles some bad French)

Daphne- Oui!

(Daphne mumbles bad French)

Max- Oui!

(Max puts a ring on her finger and kisses her)

Daphne- Where now Maxim?

Max- To Manderly!

Steve- Hey, Clive, this was all 50 years before the Channel tunnel.

Clive- Cinematic license! Shut up and keep playing!

(Cornwall thunder)

Daphne- Oh, it's starting to rain!

Max - Here, put this over your head.

(Joan lifts the raincoat from over her head and sees the great ancestral home of the de Winters with wide eyes of wonder)

Daphne- Manderly! Maxim! It is so much grander than anything I read in Jane Austin! Manderly!

Scene 5 The New Mistress of Manderly

Max- I suppose we will have to greet the whole staff

(Clive will now play all the servants and Daphne will greet them all politely, but nervously)

Frith- I am Frith the East wing butler

Daphne- How do you do, Frith.

Frith- Awfully glad the master has come home.

(Daphne will smile and shake each servants hand then turn as Clive becomes another servant)

Daphne- Thank you, Frith. may I ask you a personal question, Frith?

Frith-Indeed, Madame.

Daphne- What was she like the former Mrs, de Winter?

Frith- She was quite the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

(Daphne's social smile drops)

Daphne- Thank you, Frith

Robert- I am Robert, the West Wing butler

(Daphne smiles again)

Daphne- So glad to make your acquaintance, Robert

Robert-Pardon my saying it M'am, but you're not a bit what we had been expecting.

Daphne- And what had you all been expecting, Robert.

Robert- Pardon my saying it M'am, but a French chorus girl from the Moulin Rouge or worse.

Daphne- So sorry, if I disappointed you, Robert

Rupert- I am Rupert, the gardener and if you ever have a hankering for parsnips in the middle of the night, I'm your man.

Daphne- Nice to meet you, Rupert.

Reggie- I am Reggie the game keeper. We've got pheasants, badgers and wild pigs on Manderly.

Daphne- What a pleasure, Reggie.

Pierre- I am Pierre the French cook.

Daphne- Enchante.

Pierre- Madame speaks French as well as the old Mrs de Winter.

Daphne- Vouz etes tres gentil, Pierre.

Anges- (*Agnes curtsies*) I am Agnes your downstairs maid

Daphne- Hello, Agnes

Mildred- (*Mildred curtsies*) I am Mildred, your upstairs maid.

Daphne-How do you do, Mildred.

Clarice- and I am Clarice your personal maid.

Daphne-What a pleasure, Clarice.

Mrs. Danvers- And I am Mrs Danvers, the house keeper. If you find anything not to your liking, I hope Madame will tell me at once.

Daphne- Mrs. Danvers, I hope we shall be friends

Mrs. Danvers- I hope I shall do everything to your satisfaction.

Daphne- I know I can leave all the housekeeping arrangements to you.

Mrs. Danvers- If Mr de Winter asks for his big wardrobe, you must tell him it was impossible to move. We tried but we could not get it through the narrow doorways. It was difficult to furnish the East Wing rooms.

Daphne- Please don't worry, Mrs. Danvers. I 'm sure he will be pleased with everything. i had no idea this wing was being decorated just for us.
I would have been just as happy on the West Wing.

Mrs. Danvers- Mr. de Winter said you would prefer to be on this side. The rooms in the West Wing are very old. The bedroom in the big suite is twice the size of yours. A very beautiful room it is too with a scrolled ceiling. The tapestry chairs are very valuable and so is the carved mantelpiece. It's the most beautiful room in the house with bay windows looking down to the sea.

Daphne-I suppose Mr. de Winter keeps the most beautiful room to show the public.

Mrs. Danvers-The bedrooms are never shown to the public. They used to live in the West Wing and that room was Mrs. de Winter's when she was alive.

(Strange music. Mrs. Danvers bows and goes. Daphne talks to herself)

Daphne-When Rebecca was alive...carved mantelpiece...the most beautiful room in the house.

(Enter Max)

Max- How is it? All right? Do you think you'll like it? Mrs. Danvers made a great success of the redecorating. I give her full marks. How did you get on with Old Danvers?

Daphne- She seems a bit stiff.

Max- Don't mind her. She's an extraordinary character in many ways, and possibly not very easy for another woman to get on with. You mustn't worry about her. If she really makes herself a nuisance, we'll get rid of her.

Daphne-I expect we shall get on very well when she knows me better. After all it's natural enough she should resent me a bit a first.

Max- What the Devil do you mean?

Daphne- I mean it is much easier for a housekeeper to look after a man alone

Max- Let's forget about Mrs. Danvers and let me show you Manderly before the Old Hor gets here.

Daphne- Old Whore?

Max- Hortense de Winter, my sister. She's just dying to meet you. She captain of the first Cornish Womens Polo Team and rides better than most men down here. I know you'll get along.

(Max takes Daphne through an imaginary tour of the great house)

Here's the banqueting hall, we use it now only for fancy balls and harvest festivals

And here is the room where Guy de Vere was murdered by his wife Ethelbard the Devious

Daphne- I hope he didn't suffer long.

Max- He bled to death rather quickly, I believe.

Here is the library with 15,000 first editions, many in English.

Here is the chapel where they found Father Witherspoon before he was hanged, drawn and quartered.

Daphne- The poor, poor man!

Max- His misfortune was to have been a Catholic in a defiantly Protestant age. Here is the Morning Room with original stained glass windows from the 14th century

(We hear the clopping of horse's hooves and a neigh)

That must be Hor now. I'll let you girls get to it.

(Max goes)

Daphne- But Maxim, what if she doesn't like me? What if she thinks...?

(From off)

Max- Hor's a good egg. Just be yourself and she will love you.

(Hortense de Winter enters. She is an incredibly horsey big toothed countrywoman in a riding costume and hat. She carries a riding crop in her hand)

Daphne- Your must be Max's sister, Hortense

Hor- Call me Hor, everyone does.

Daphne- How do you do, Hor.

Hor- So you're Max's new filly. Not at all what I imagined.

Daphne-What did you imagine?

Hor- Broader hips, I guess, or a chorus girl with good legs. You ride?

Steve- Not Bareback!

Clive- I've heard otherwise, but back to our play.

Hor- Rebecca did, jumped, chased fox too . When she wasn't out sailing, of course. A smashing sportswoman! What do you do?

Daphne-I draw.

Hor- "De gustibus non est disputandum and never look a gift horse in the mouth," I always say. Haw, haw, haw!

Daphne- I generally sketch in the late afternoons

Hor- And why shouldn't you, the light's better then. What brought you two come back to Manderly so soon? It would have been better to canter around Italy until the summer pastures turn green. Would have done Max a world of good.

Daphne- Do you think so?

Hor- Tell me about yourself. Max says you were a paid companion to some appalling American woman down in the south of France.

Daphne- Oh yes, Mrs. Van Hopper and then your brother came along and swept

me quite off my feet.

Hor- My little brother can have that effect on the opposite sex. He gets his good looks from our mother. I look more like Papa...more like Papa's stallion,
actually

Daphne-Oh Hortense, how charmingly modest.

Hor- Horses teach one to be honest, my dear. It all happened very suddenly. But of course we are all quite delighted. And my dear, I do hope do
hope you will be happy.

Daphne-Thank you Hor, thank you very much.

Hor- Poor Max has been through a ghastly time and let's hope you have made him forget about it. He's feeling his oats again. Of course, he adores Manderly.

Daphne-Who wouldn't?

Hor- I can tell by the way you dress, you don't give a hoot what you wear. I like that in a woman.

Daphne-I'm very fond of nice things. I've never had much money to spend on clothes up till now.

Hor- I'm sure Max loves the way you look, or he wouldn't have married you, would he? Haw, haw! How you getting on with Mrs. Danvers?

Daphne-She scares me a little.

Hor- That woman would scare my horses. Haw, haw. If you're frightened of her, don't let her see it. I shouldn't have more to do with her than you can
help.

Daphne-She runs the house very efficiently.

Hor-I know she must resent you.

Daphne-Why should she resent me?

Hor- I thought my brother would have told you. She simply adored Rebecca.

Daphne- Oh, I see.

(We hear horses' neighing)

Hor- Can't keep my pony waiting. He's the only manly thing that will carry me these days. Haw, haw.

Daphne-You must come often.

Hor- You've done our Max a world of good and if you'd like to sketch on a foxhunt, call Old Hor. Haw, haw.

(They embrace and Hor goes)

Daphne-Good bye!

Hor- Toodleloo, I always wanted a sister instead of a moody little brother.

(The sound of a galloping horse. From off)

Hor- Giddy-up!

(She notices she has absolutely nothing to do now that her guest is gone. Daphne goes to a writing desk and sits down. She tries to look busy. The phone rings. She picks up the phone nervously.)

Daphne- No, I 'm sorry, Mrs de Winter passed away last year.

(She realizes her mistake.)

Oh, it is Mrs Danvers on the house telephone. Please excuse me and come to the morning room at once.

(Weird music)

Mrs. Danvers- Yes, Madame, you rang.

Daphne- I would like you to burn all these old letters.

Mrs. Danvers-But they are Mrs. de Winter's correspondence.

Daphne-Burn them.

Mrs. Danvers- Yes, Madame, as you wish. If I need further instruction...

Daphne- I shall be out walking Jasper with Mr de Winter.

Mrs. Danvers-Yes, Madame.

(Mrs. Danvers bows her head and gathers up the old letters)

Scene 6 Rebecca's Beach House

(We see Daphne and Max walking an imaginary dog (Jasper) through the parks of Manderly)

Daphne- Oh Maxim, One feels one could walk all day and not reach the edge of Manderly.

(Daphne stops to let Jasper finish his business)

Jasper, must you mark every tree?

Max- Yes, the estate extends all the way up to County Devon.

Daphne- Come along, Jasper.

Max- My grand father de Winter was a friend of Darwin and a botanist. So we have elms, oaks, maples, California Redwoods and Tahitian bread fruit growing in abundance.

Daphne- Oh no, Jasper has escaped and gone down that path to the sea. Come back, Jasper! Naughty dog!

Max- Don't go down there!

Daphne-Jasper!

Max- I forbid you!

Daphne-Jasper! Bad boy!

Max-No!

(Daphne follows the dog down to the beach. Sound of waves. Alone she looks for her lost dog. Weird music.)

Daphne- What have we here? A boathouse. Jasper! I had no idea. Come, Jasper, Come!

(At the door Daphne sees a strange retarded man- Old Ben)

Ben-No shell here, been digging all day, just came in here to warm me bones.

Daphne-I'm looking for a small frisky cocker spaniel.

Ben- I know that dog. It's hers.

Daphne- Have you seen him?

Ben-The dog is inside the boathouse. I wanted to take him back up to the house, but forgot.

Daphne-Thank you so much for finding him.

Ben- You won't tell anyone Ol' Ben was lurking in here?

Daphne-No Ben. I'm sure Mr. de Winter won't mind.

Ben- She's gone, ain't she? The old Mrs de Winter?

Daphne-Yes, she will never come back.

Ben- I never said nothing, did I?

Daphne-No, of course not, don't worry, Ben.

Ben- She won't come back no more.

(Ben goes. Daphne surveys the boathouse. Weird music. She spies Jasper lying at the foot of what must have been Rebecca's favorite chair)

Daphne- There you are, you naughty, naughty dog. Still faithfully waiting before Rebecca's favorite chair, waiting for her to return. Well, she's not coming back, Jasper.

She must have stayed down here quite alot, before her accident. This is no ordinary boathouse, more like a boudoir. A mildewed boudoir. Come along, Jasper. The dog food is back at the house and Maxim is waiting for us.

(She climbs up from the sea with Jasper in tow and meets Max)

Max- Where the devil have you been?

Daphne-I'm sorry I was such a long time, It was Jasper's fault he ran into the boat house.

Max- Was the door open?

Daphne-Yes, and the strangest man standing in the doorway.

Max- Only Ben. He's quite harmless, poor devil.

Daphne-He did seem so.

Max- That cottage is supposed to be locked, the door has no reason to be open.

Daphne-The place looked quite deserted. Dust everywhere, and no footmarks. It was terribly damp. I'm afraid the books will be spoiled and the chairs and sofa. There are rats there too. They have eaten away some of the slip covers.

Max- Well, now that you have seen it, you are never to go down there again.

Daphne-But the dog...

Max- Jasper be damned! Never again!

Daphne-All right, I'll never go there again. Let's just have an end to it. Maxim, let's not argue. Please, Maxim, please!

Max-What's the matter?

Daphne-I don't want you to look like that. It hurts too much.

(They embrace. Music)

Max- We ought never have come back to Manderly.

Daphne-Maxim, darling.

Max- God, what a fool I was ever to come back.

Scene 7 Danny's Intrigues

(Daphne reads a note from Max)

Daphne-"Dearest, I have gone up to London for the day. I know you will enjoy the day more without my gloomy presence. I am sorry i ever brought you to Manderly. Can you begin to forgive me? Your Maxim" Oh Maxim, we are happy aren't we?

(Daphne begins to cry. From off we hear Agnes the maid and the clinking of china)

Agnes- Will Madame be taking tea in the morning room?

Daphne-Not now please, Agnes, perhaps later.

Agnes- Yes, Mum.

(Again Daphne breaks down crying. She dries with one of Rebecca monogrammed handkerchieves, she sees the embroidered "R" and cries even more. Then she hears two people whispering from off)

Mrs. Danvers-I expect she has gone to the library so you will be able to go through the hall without her seeing you.

(From off we hear Jasper's barking and Favell's voice)

Favell- Shhh, little tyke,

(Daphne notices Favell sneaking out of Manderly.)

Favell- I hope I haven't startled you.

Daphne- No, I heard voices. I did not expect any callers this afternoon.

Favell- I hope you'll forgive me. I just popped in to see old Danny, she's a very old friend of mine.

Daphne- Of course, it is quite all right.

Favell- Dear Old Danny, she's so anxious, God bless her, not to disturb anyone.

Daphne- That is most thoughtful of her.

(Favell pulls a cigarette out of his case)

Favell- Have one?

Daphne- I don't smoke.

Favell- Don't you really? How's old Max?

Daphne-He's very well, thank you. He's gone up to London

Favell- And left his young bride all alone? Why, that's too bad. Isn't he afraid someone will come and carry you off.

Daphne- Aren't you going to introduce yourself?

Favell- I'm Jack Favell, Rebecca's cousin, Rebecca's *favorite* cousin.

Daphne-How do you do, Mr. Favell. Won't you stay for tea?

Favell- What a charming invitation! I have half a mind to take you up on it, but I had better be on my way. You see Max and I never really got along.

Good bye.

Daphne- Good Day then, Mr Favell.

Favell- By the way, it would be very sporting of you, if you didn't mention this little visit of mine to Max. He never really approved of me. Called me the black sheep of the family. I don't know why. It might get poor Danny in trouble

Daphne-No, all right.

Favell- That's very sporting of you. Tootle loo.

(Favell goes. She rushes through the house to find Mrs. Danvers in the West Wing)

Daphne- Mrs Danvers, who was that man?

Mrs. Danvers- A dear friend of Mrs. de Winter.

Daphne-I am now Mrs. de Winter!

Mrs. Danvers- Of course, you are, Madame.

Daphne- It's like a museum in here.

Mrs. Danvers-I like to think of it as the resting place of a graceful spirit. You always wanted to see this room. Why did you never ask me to show it to you? I was ready to show it to you every day. You had only to ask me.

Daphne- It's like an Egyptian tomb in here.

Mrs. Danvers- Oh, it's lovelier than that. It's the loveliest room you've ever seen.

(Mrs. Danvers takes Daphne by the arm and shows her Rebecca's bedroom. Weird music.)

That was her bed. It's a beautiful bed, isn't it? I keep the golden coverlet on it always, it was her favorite. Here is the night dress she wore on the night before she died. Have you ever seen anything like it? Feel it, how soft and light. You can see your hand through it.

(Daphne feels the fine silk. Then she directs Daphne to the night table. A photo of Roberto is standing there with brushes, gels and assorted male toiletries)

The night before she was drowned. She took off her gown and put on the slippers I had set out for her. I did everything for her. You've seen her conditioners and gels and brushes, haven't you?

She'd come back from some party. "Come on Danny, hair drill," she would say, and I stood behind her and brushed away for twenty minutes. She only wore it short in the last few years. Mr de Winter liked it that way. He was always laughing and gay then. Would you like to see her clothes?

(Mrs. Danvers opens a closet and pulls out a mink coat)

I keep her furs in here. The moths have not got them yet, and I doubt they ever will. Put your face against it. Feel how soft and warm.

Mr. de Winter was always buying her expensive gift from Harrod's.

Daphne-Quite lovely.

(Mrs. Danvers opens some drawers and shows Daphne designer tee shirts and Calvin Kleins)

Mrs. Danvers- Her underclothes are in this drawer. The pink ones she never wore. She had her intimate lingerie embroidered by the Nuns of St Claire.

She was wearing slacks and shirt when she died. They were torn from her in the waves, just her naked body was found, all those weeks afterwards.

The rocks had battered her to bits, her beautiful face unrecognizable.

Daphne-How horrible it must have been for you.

Mrs, Danvers-I shall always blame myself for the accident. It was my fault for going out to that evening.

Hitchcock is my only vice. I think it was THE LADY VANISHES. I remember there was a wild wind that night when I left the cinema.

Daphne- Surely, no one is to blame for such a tragedy, but the sea.

Mrs, Danvers-Perhaps Madame is right, but they were such happy days. Manderly was filled with laughter then, cocktail parties with the Prime Minister, garden parties with Anna Nagel and the summer costume party with Mr Coward singing ever so wittily. " Oh to be in a double decka with the lovely Rebecca"

(Mrs. Danvers closes a curtain)

Mr de Winter has not used these rooms since the night she was drowned. Do you believe the dead come back?

Daphne- Not really.

Mrs, Danvers-Sometimes I wonder if she comes back here to Manderly and watches you and Mr. de Winter together.

Daphne-I sincerely hope not.

Mrs. Danvers-If madame will excuse me. I must attend to the breakfast menu.

(Mrs. Danvers goes. Music. Daphne throws herself on the bed and cries in jealous misery. Then she sees the "R" monogrammed pillow case and cries even harder)

Scene 8 the Costume Party

Daphne- Maxim, can we have a costume party like in the old days?

Max - I don't see why not.

Daphne-Oh thank you darling.

Max- What costume will you wear?

Daphne- I am going to surprise you.

(Max goes)

What shall I wear? Shall I appear as Queen Elizabeth, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, Alice in Wonderland or perhaps Florence Nightingale? I will look rather alluring with a lamp.

(Enter Mrs. Danvers)

Mrs. Danvers- If I might be so bold, Madame, why not go as Mr de Winter's beautiful ancestor, Lady Caroline de Winter? The Belle of Brighton. The loveliest lady in George the IV's court.

(Mrs. Danvers shows Daphne a picture of Lady Caroline)

Daphne- She's gorgeous! Do you think he would like it?

Mrs. Danvers- I'm sure your costume would make him open his eyes and think twice.

(Mrs. Danvers disappears behind Daphne)

Daphne- What a smashing idea! The notorious Lady Caroline de Winter, the woman who smoked opium with De Quincy, the woman who said Beau Brummel still looked fat in his Oxford Street red satin breeches, the woman who rode across Hampstead Heath one midnight with no undergarments on, the woman who broke Lord Byron's heart twice and Shelley's once , the woman who....

Clive- *(under his breath)*-Ready! How the devil can you say all that?

Steve- *(whispering)* I was an English major before I changed to computer science. Let's get on with it.

(Clive appears on his knees as Clarice, the personal maid appears from Daphne's other side with a white Regency shepherdess gown)

Clarice- It's handsome, Madame.

(Clarice dresses Daphne in the great white gown)

Daphne-Oh, Clarice, what will Mr. de Winter say? Go down and tell Mr de Winter not to come in.

(Clarice goes. Daphne put on a broad rim hat. Daphne looks at herself in an imaginary mirror.)

Rather fetching, if I do say so myself. But will dear Maxim think of it?

(Enter Hortense de Winter in long Johns and Wellies and long braided blonde hair as Lady Godiva)

Hor- It's far too chilly to make the ultimate sacrifice for my costume. No matter what Lord Godiva has done his female serfs . Haw, haw. Ahh. Lovely!

This is like old times. The flowers are exquisite. Old Danny's work, I expect

(Hortense clomps upstairs and knocks at an imaginary door)

Daphne-Who's there?

Hor- It's me, Hor, don't alarm yourself. How far have you got? I want to look at you.

Daphne-No you can't come in. I'm not ready . Go down and tell Maxim I shall come down presently.

Hor- Well, don't be too long or you'll miss your first party. Haw, haw.

(Hor goes. Clomp, clomp, clomp)

Daphne- There perfect.

(Daphne sets her broad hat aslant and picks up her pink ribboned staff and looks one last time at herself in the mirror.)

Lady Caroline lives again! Unlock the door. I'm coming down.

(Music. Daphne for the first time in her life feels stylish and beautiful.

She savors every second as she walks down the steps to show her lovely self to her husband who has his back turned to her)

Mr. de Winter.

(She taps him gently with her staff on the shoulder. Max turns around and begins to laugh)

Clive-You look like Little Boo Peep! Lost you sheep, have you, dear?

Steve-Shut up! I'm dressed like Lady Caroline de Winter.

(Clive can't stop laughing)

Clive- In a regency sort of way, that frock really suits you. It shows off your tattoos quite well.

Steve- Clive!

(Clive sings merrily)

Clive-Baah, baah! Black sheep have you any wool?

Steve- I know I look stupid, but you're supposed to get angry. I got angry at you last night.

Clive- All right , if you insist, but I'm fighting back the tears...of laughter.

Steve- Real Heterosexual male rage.

(Clive is giggling)

Clive- I'm trying, but I'm gayer than Boy George and all Culture Club put together!

Steve- Please, come on Clive, an angry alpha male, you can do it.

Clive-I'll do my best for you, Steve, I mean for Rebecca.

(Clive finally stops canning and gets into the role. Max is furious)

Max-What the hell do you think you're doing? Go and change.

Daphne-But why? Maxim, why?

Max- Don't you know, you silly thing?

Daphne-Know what, darling?

Max- Rebecca wore the same costume a week before she drowned!

Daphne-Oh no. no no!

(Daphne runs upstairs to find Mrs. Danvers)

Daphne-Mrs. Danvers! Mrs. Danvers!

Mrs. Danvers- You called, Madame? I hope your charming costume achieved the desired effect.

Daphne- It certainly didn't. Mr. de Winter hated it.

Mrs. Danvers- How could that possibly be ? I saw you go down the stairway in white crinolin like the mistress of an age.

Daphne-Take that triumphant look off your face. You've done what you wanted, haven't you.

Mrs. Danvers- I don't quite understand, Madame. I made a mere suggestion.

Daphne-You meant for this to happen, didn't you?

Mrs Danvers- Madame couldn't possibly think that I.....

Daphne-Yes, Madame could.

Mrs Danvers- Madame is overwrought.

Daphne- Madame has good reason to be so. Are you pleased now? Are you happy?

Mrs Danvers- Happy about what?

Daphne -My total humiliation.

(Daphne throws herself on the bed weeping. Mrs. Danvers looks down on the crying little girl)

Mrs. Danvers-This is but the last of long series of embarassments for you, isn't it, Madame?

Daphne- What do you mean?

Mrs. Danvers- You've lowered the tone of the house from the day you first set foot here. Why did you ever come to Manderly? Nobody wanted you here.

(Daphne lifts her head)

Daphne-You seem to forget I love Mr. de Winter.

Mrs. Danvers- You might have made him happy on his honeymoon, you , a young ignorant girl who knows nothing. What do you know about life?
What do you know about men?

Daphne-Why do you hate me?

Mrs. Danvers- You tried to take Mrs. de Winter's place. It's no use, is it? You'll never get the better of her. She's still the mistress of Manderly, even if she's dead. It's you that's the shadow and ghost. It's you that should be laying in the church crypt, not her.

Daphne--How dare you speak to me like that!

Mrs. Danvers-Why don't you go? We none of us want you. He doesn't want you and never did. He can't forget her.

Daphne-Maxim needs me.

Mrs. Danvers- Mr de Winter has no need of a woman who doesn't even know how to dress.

Daphne-But..

Mrs. Danvers- You're not happy. Mr. de Winter doesn't love you. He still loves Rebecca. Come to the window, Madame.

(Mrs. Danvers leads Daphne by the arm to a window facing the audience. She opens it and stands behind her. Dramatic music)

Mrs. Danvers- Why don't you jump? Why don't you at least try?

Daphne- Jump?

Mrs. Danvers- Don't be afraid I won't push you. You can jump of your own accord. What's the use of staying here at Manderly. You're not happy

Daphne- No, I'm not happy (*sniff*)

Mrs. Danvers- Just jump and you won't be unhappy anymore. Go on. Don't be afraid.

(Daphne is just about to jump. At the highest point of the tension, Clive brings a sparkler before Steve's face)

Daphne--What is that ?

Mrs. Danvers- It's a flare. A ship must have run ashore.

Daphne-I must run and find Maxim!

(The two women run down to the fog filled beach)

Scene 9 The Sunken Boat

(We hear sirens, fog horns, voices in the fog)

Voices- She hit the reef. We'll have to send down a diver. They'll never shift her with these tides!

Mrs. Danvers- When you see Mr de Winter, Madam, will you tell him it will be quite all right if he wants to bring the men back from the ship. There will a hot meal

waiting for them

Daphne-Yes, Mrs. Danvers.

(Mrs Danvers disappears into the fog. Weird music. Enter Old Ben)

Ben- You're kind. Not like the other one. You won't put me in the asylum

Daphne-No, Ben

Ben-Seen the steamer? She's hit the reef.

Daphne-Yes, she'd run aground. I expect she has a hole in her bottom.

Ben- She's down there, all right. She'll not come back again. The fishes have eaten her by now.

Daphne-Who?

Ben- The other one.

Daphne-Fishes don't eat steamers, Ben.

Ben- Eh?

Daphne-Ben, have you perhaps seen Mr. de Winter?

Ben- I saw him running toward the boathouse. Maybe he saw her and tried to get away.

Daphne-Saw whom, away from whom?

Ben- The other one.

(Ben disappears in the fog. Daphne struggles through the fog to the boathouse and finds Max shivering on the floor)

Daphne-Maxim! I suppose you are are still furious at me. Can you forgive me?

Max- Forgive you, what have I to forgive you for?

Daphne- Last night, the costume

Max- Ahh, that I'd forgotten.

Daphne- Do you still love me?

Max- It's too late, my darling, too late.

Daphne-No, Maxim, no!

Max- The thing has happened.

Daphne-What has happened?

Max- Rebecca has won. She knew she would in the end.

Daphne-No, she hasn't.

Max-Her shadow has been between us all the time.

Daphne-What are you trying to say, Maxim?

Max-When they sent a diver down to look at the steamer, they found another boat, Rebecca's boat. and Rebecca's body was found on the cabin floor.

Daphne- She was so lovely, so accomplished, so amusing. I know you don't love me in the same way.

(They embrace)

But we could still be happy together. I know you still love him and have always loved him.

Max- I loved him, you thought that? I hated Roberto, I mean Rebecca!

(Daphne can't help smiling)

Our whole marriage was a farce from the very first. After three days on the Riviera she told me the sordid truth. She promised to play the charming Chatelaine of

Manderly if I let her live her own life. And I was very proud and agreed to the whole thing.

She was clever, damnably so. This is where she brought her lovers. The last one was Jack Favell. I forbid him to come down her, but she said, "What's it to you, Max?"

Daphne- Favell? He was in the house the other day. I forgot to tell you.

Max-That last night she was waiting for him and I surprised her. She was already drunk. She told me she was carrying Jack Favell's baby and that his child would be

the one to inherit your beloved Manderly and no one would be the wiser.

"Well, now that I've mortally wounded your pride, aren't you going to kill me, Max?" Then she came toward me and threw a gin and tonic in my face. I hit her and she went down and hit her head on an anchor. She was dead.

Daphne-But Maxim, it was an accident. You didn't mean to kill her. No one need know.

Max- Then I carried her body out to the boat and sailed her out the bay.

I made holes in the bottom boards, opened the sea cocks and and got away on the dingy just as her boat heeled over and went down. But she sank too close

in. I almost believe she could control the tides.

Daphne-Oh, my poor Maxim.

Max- Now you must despise me, a common murderer.

(She kisses him passionately)

Daphne-They can't prove anything against you. Nobody saw you that night. You had gone to bed that night. No one knows but you and I. They will think the wind pushed

the boat over and she was trapped. That's what they will think won't they?

Max- I don't know. I don't know

Scene 10 The Coroner's Inquest

(Ben stands at a table at the other end presiding, sits Colonel Julyan)

Old Ben- I didn't see nothing, nothing at all. You're not going to send me away to the asylum are you. Old Ben ain't seen nothing.

Col. Julyan- The witness is dismissed.

Old Ben- Please don't send me to the asylum, sir

(Old Ben goes)

Col. Julyan- Of course not, Ben. Just be on your way with you and stay out of trouble. The court calls Maximilian de Winter.

(Max takes a seat at the table)

Col. Julyan- There has been some suspicion of foul play concerning the death of the former Mrs. de Winter. The body found at sea you once identified

as Mrs de Winter is that of a stranger; the body found in the boat is that your real former wife.

Max-I made a dreadful mistake, Colonel Julyan.

Col. Julyan- Mr de Winter, I want you to believe we all feel quite deeply for you in this matter. No doubt you suffered a shock, a very severe shock, in learning that your late wife was drowned in her own cabin. And I am inquiring into this matter for you. I want , for your sake, to find out exactly how and why she died. I don't conduct this inquiry for my own amusement.

Max-That's rather obvious, isn't it?

(During this line of questioning, Max gets testier and testier.)

Col. Julyan- The court has been told that the boat containing the remains of the late Mrs. de Winter had holes hammered in her bottom and the sea cocks were open. Do you doubt this statement?

Max- Of course not.

Col. Julyan- who looked after mrs. de Winter's boat/

Max-She looked after it herself

Col. Julyan- She employed no hand?

Max- No, nobody at all.

Col. Julyan- It is more than logical to believe that a boat with such holes and with open sea cocks could not have remained afloat for more than ten minutes, therefore we must assume that whoever took out the boat that evening must have done the damage to her. Scuttled her so to speak. It looks more than likely a suicide.

Max- I suppose so.

Col. Julyan- We have been told already that the door of the cabin was shut, the port-holes closed and your wife's remains were on the floor. Does, this not strike you, Mr. de Winter , as being very strange?

Max- Certainly.

Col. Julyan- You have no suggestion to make?

Max- No, none at all!

Col. Julyan- Mr. de Winter, as painful as it may be, it is my duty to ask you a very personal question.

Max- Yes.

Col. Julyan- We're relations between you and the late Mrs. de Winter perfectly happy?

(Max is just about to explode with anger, when we hear a swoon)

Max- Will some one take my wife outside?

Col. Julyan- Mrs de Winter has fainted. Court adjourned until tomorrow at the same time!

(We see Daphne and Max picnicking in the back seat of their Bentley)

Max- I was nearly a goner there, if you hadn't fainted at the right moment, there's no telling what I might have said. Thank you, darling.

Daphne- You must learn to control that temper, Maxim. Colonel Julyan thinks it is suicide. Smoked Salmon sandwich?

Max- Thank you, darling.

Daphne- A deviled egg, darling?

Max- Thank you. I shall fetch some bubbly now that you are better.

(Max goes and Favell taps at the car window. Daphne rolls down the window)

Favell- How's the faint little wife doing?

Daphne - The air was so stiffling in that courtroom.

Favell- A nifty manouvre, I'm sure, Ma'm. You saved Max's neck again, but when the court reads this note Rebecca wrote me the night before the accident, things won't look so rosey anymore.

(Favell gives Daphne a letter that Rebecca wrote to him)

Daphne - "MY DARLING JACK, I WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU TOMORROW NIGHT AS USUAL IN THE BOATHOUSE, I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU. I HAVE PLANTY OF CHIANTI. LOVE, REBECCA.

Favell- It doesn't sound like the note of a woman about to commit suicide does it? If Max could see his way to setting me up so I wouldn't have to sell automobiles any more, I might be inclined to loose this note.

Daphne -But that's blackmail!

Favell- I prefer to call it helping out ones former in-laws. Supposing the the coroner this afternoon had read this note, it would have made it all a bit trickier for dear old Max, wouldn't it?

Daphne -Please leave. I know Maxim, he will never give in to Blackmail.

Favell- Well, I've laid all my cards out on the table. I'm not a rich man. I sure we can come to an agreement. Toodle-loo.

Why should they both be living the life of Reilly in Manderly and every day I have to dress up in a coat and tie for the showroom. "Yes, Madame, it gets up to four miles to the gallon, the gears are incredibly easy to shift, even for a lady and can exceed speeds of forty miles an hour."

(Steve changes quickly to Colonel Julyan)

Col. Julyan- Your face seems familiar.

Favell- Rebecca's cousin Jack Favell. Colonel Julyan, I'm not satisfied verdict of suicide that you well may give tomorrow afternoon.

Col. Julyan- Isn't that for Mr de Winter to say and not you.

Favell- No, I don't think it is. I have a right to speak, not only as Rebecca's cousin, but as her perspective husband, had she lived.

Col. Julyan- Oh, I see. That makes everything rather different.

Favell- This note was written a few hours before Rebecca was supposed to se out on her suicidal last sail.

(Colonel Julyan reads the note to himself)

Col. Julyan- I don't see what this note has to do with the case at hand.

(Colonel Julyan hands the note back to Favell)

Favell- You and Old Max are in this thing together. You even play golf together!

Col. Julyan-My dear fellow, it's not the slightest use your losing your temper with me. You refuse to believe your cousin committed suicide, but how else are we to explain the open sea cocks and the holes in the boats bottom?

Favell- Haven't you ever read an Agatha Christie, haven't you once considered homicide? The murderer is eating lunch in the back of his Bentley.

Yes, good old Max de Winter. Take a good look at him. He'd look well hanging, wouldn't he?

(Favell goes out laughing bitterly)

Col. Julyan- The man's drunk. He doesn't know what he is saying. There hasn't been a murder here in Cornwall since 1843.

Mrs. Danvers- Good day, Colonel Juliyan.

Col. Julyan- Attending the inquest?

Mrs. Danvers- I continue to be devoted to my old mistress.

Col. Julyan- Good ol' Danny. Can you think of any reason however remote, why Mrs de Winter could have taken her own life

Mrs. Danvers- No.

Col. Julyan- It has been stated in court that the day before the accident she went up to London. Do you have any idea what she might have been doing up there?

Mrs. Danvers- Most likely a hair appointment. She always had her hair done in Knightsbridge. I always carry her diary around with me. When I am alone I go through all the happy days. Let's see that would have been October the 22nd. Ahh, here it is. it seems she had an appointment with a Doctor Baker of Hammersmith, 14 Brackenbury Lane at 2:00 in the afternoon... odd... she never spoke to me of it.

Col. Julyan--Thank you Mrs Danvers.

Mrs. Danvers- No human hand could kill Rebecca, she was too strong. Finally it was the sea that took her down.

Col. Julyan- Poor Old Danny.

Mrs. Danvers- The sea, the sea!

Col. Julyan- Quite right, Mrs. Danvers. Please tell Mr de Winter I have to rush up to London on official business with Mr Favell. He and his wife can join at the Lord Russel Hotel later .

(We see Colonell Julyan knocking on a door)

Col. Julyan- You can wait in the car, Favell. Is this the practice of Dr Baker?

Doctor-Indeed, it is. Won't you come in, sir?

Col. Julyan- Doctor, did you have a patient on October 22 of the last year, around two in the afternoon?

Doctor- I'll have to check my appointment book from last year.

(The doctor checks his appointment book)

Yes did have a patient that day around 2:00, but her name was Mrs Danvers.

Col. Julyan- That must be her! She used an assumed name.

Doctor-The woman visited me thinking she was pregnant, but the x-rays revealed a malignant growth. The tumor had spread. It was just a matter of months and she would have been on morphine.

Col. Julyan- We'll be getting in touch with you.

Doctor- Before she left, she said something quite strange, I told her it would be a matter of months and she said no, doctor, not that long.

Col. Julyan--Well, thank you doctor.

Doctor- Glad to be of service. it never occurred to me that Mrs Danvers could really be Mrs, de Winter

(Favell is waiting outside the doctor's office)

Favell- I told you she was pregnant , colonel. Not a woman about to commit suicide.

Col. Julyan- You're wrong Favell, these x-rays reveal a tumor the size of a cricket ball.

Favell- But she told me...

Col. Julyan- Even Rebecca de Winter could be wrong. And Favell, we look on attempted black mail very seriously down in Cornwall, if you ever show up down there again, it will be my pleasure to lock you up and throw away the key.

Favell-I shan't visit Cornwall again. I assure you, Colonel

Col. Julyan- Now I must tell Max and his young wife we've found a suicide motive. Yes , you can use the phone afterwards.

(Colonel Julyan calls Max)

Mr. de Winter, room 46, please. Max, I have some terrible news for you. Rebecca was mortally ill. Cancer...metastasis...I'm awfully sorry, but it looks like she committed suicide.

(Colonel Julyan gives the telephone to Favell and goes)

Here, Favell and good evening to you.

Favell- Danny, Rebecca held out on both of us. She wasn't carrying my child. She was sick. Cancer. Fatal. She committed suicide out on that boat. Now, Max and his scared rabbit wife can live in Manderly happily ever after.

Scene 11 The Burning of Manderly

(We see Max and Daphne driving home to Manderly)

Max- Colonel Julyan said the inquest is sure to rule Rebecca's death was a suicide. It seems she was deathly ill.

Daphne- Poor Rebecca. Maxim, You're free, free of her at last.

Max- I do hope so. if we keep driving, we'll be at Manderly before sunrise.

Daphne- Maxim, the whole sky is lit up and it's too late for the Northern lights

Max-That's not the Northern Lights. That's Manderly

(Dramatic music. They rush out of the car. Manderly is burning.)

Daphne- Jasper, Jasper, here boy! Oh no, there in the West wing. She must have gone quite mad. She is brushing the flames. Poor Mrs Danvers is trying to burn the house down!

(We see Mrs. Danvers Madly walking through the flames)

Mrs. Danvers- Rebecca, Rebecca, Danny is there! good Old Danny.

Daphne- Oh no , the beams in the West Wing are falling!

(Mrs Danvers goes down in flames. This is Clive's finest moment)

Steve- So it is over.

Clive- For tonight at least. In those days there was no Rebecca Two-Danny Strikes Back.

Steve- Thank God for small favors.

Clive- Although I have often thought of writing a sequel. I sure we could get Daniel Craig, Emma Thompson as Danvers and Gwyneth Paltrow.

Steve- Anybody can get Gwyneth Paltrow. Remember what you promised?

(Clive takes the picture of Roberto away and replaces it with one of Steve and him at Brighton)

Clive- The weather was awful down there. Remember?

Steve- We still had fun in that B&B where that old lady served pilchards for breakfast. I thought I would chuck before lunch.

(Clive looks at the new photo)

Clive- It was one of the best weekends I ever had.

Steve- Really.

Clive- Really.

(Clive looks at the old photo of Roberto)

"His shadow was always between us."

Steve- Let's go to bed, Maxim.

Clive- My boyfriends call me Clive.

LIGHTS OUT

END

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