6-2014

Julius: A Study of Hitchcockian Film

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Julius: A Study of Hitchcockian Film

By

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An Honors Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for Graduation from the Western Oregon University Honors Program

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June 2014
Acknowledgements

This project was largely independent, but I would like to thank my thesis advisor, Dr. Shaun Huston, for his feedback on both my screenplay and my expository statement. His patience as I assembled drafts and his comments along the way were very helpful and much appreciated. Thanks also to Dr. Gavin Keulks for directing me to Dr. Huston as a thesis advisor.

I would also like to thank my roommates, Emily Aalbers and Laura Killip, for tolerating any long-winded plot explanations or film analyses I may have subjected them to over the course of completing this project.
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Abstract

Alfred Hitchcock was a massively influential director in the horror and suspense genres of film, and much of his work is still today considered iconic. His style of directing is easily recognizable by his fans and has often been imitated in other films. I became intrigued by Hitchcock while I was studying abroad in England, where I took film classes that introduced me to some of his work. I watched many of his films on my own, outside of class, and began to recognize similar elements between his different films.

In an attempt to create an homage of sorts to Hitchcock and to learn more about filmmaking and screenwriting, I wrote a “Hitchcockian” screenplay adaption of Daphne du Maurier’s 1933 novel, *Julius*. Hitchcock already adapted three of du Maurier’s works to film: *Jamaica Inn*, *Rebecca*, and *The Birds*. *Julius* runs much in the same vein as *Rebecca*, a period piece with a dark mood and constant tension lurking behind every action and line of dialogue. Neither *Julius* nor *Rebecca* is much of a thriller, but instead a suspenseful mystery as a secret or truth is slowly revealed.

My hope for this project is that it carries on Hitchcock’s legacy, as other writers and directors have done, in today's world. I want to remind audiences of a time when fear could be invoked through the subtlety of dialogue and simple images, rather than through gore or loud noises. Overall, I hope to pay tribute to Hitchcock, in a way, by writing a script for a film he might have directed.
Expository Statement

Personal Connection

I’ve wanted to be some kind of artist for as long as I can remember. My earliest memory of a career goal was to be a painter or a sculptor—I couldn’t decide which—though I had no experience in either area. By the time I was 10, I had decided with absolute certainty that I was destined to be a writer. I had already been writing songs and poems that I would proudly recite for my parents, and after 10 years of life experience I realized it was high time I wrote a novel. This “novel,” which I think I wrote over the course of a couple months, spanned about 30 pages, and represented the longest work I had ever created. It essentially amounted to an allegorical piece of Christian propaganda and it reads awkwardly, but then again, it was written by a 10-year-old homeschooled kid.

It was a sad day when, nearing the end of my first year of college, I finally accepted that a career as a novelist was not in my future—which I did by way of changing my major from English/writing to communication studies. For most of my life, I believed that because I was interested in writing, I would have to write novels to be a writer (because only novelists are successful writers, obviously). When I kept finding that I hated writing novels, I was massively disappointed; I felt like I was failing at my passion. It was an incredible insight, as well as a relief, to realize that I didn’t have to keep trying something I didn’t enjoy. I could be content with writing short stories—my favorite genre—and even branch out into other types of writing.
Filmmaking was an interest I discovered a little later in life – I got a video camera for Christmas when I was 15, and at first I used it only for what I called “video scrapbooking.” I filmed moments of everyday life, usually when I was spending time with my family; the camera was a way to preserve seemingly trivial moments that would be precious to me later. As time went by I began to branch out into other types of film, particularly short films. Perhaps because my dad is a movie buff and I watched a lot of films growing up, I had a knack for cinematography, editing style/etiquette, and story. Filming came easy to me, maybe even easier than writing. Once I had let go of a destiny as a world-famous novelist, I was shocked to find film becoming a more and more attractive line of work. I’d never, before college, imagined what I thought was only a hobby turning into a lifelong pursuit – not for lack of interest, but maybe just a lack of imagination.

I declared a minor in film studies and began to think seriously about possible applications for my interests. “Well, I like writing and making movies,” I’d tell people who asked me what I wanted to do after college. “Maybe I’ll be a screenwriter.” It was a joke I started to take seriously after a couple years of repeating it. I started helping people with videos they were making, filming or editing, and my sophomore year of college I got a job with Digital Production Services. For the first time I got to work with high-end equipment and software, and it was a wonderful opportunity to experience working with film at a professional level. I kept the job there, filming interviews, athletic events, awards ceremonies, speeches, etc. for the rest of my
time at Western.

In the middle of all this, I went to England as an exchange student fall term of my junior year. I had just passed the halfway mark of my college career; I was on “the other side” and my post-college future seemed nearer and more full of potential than ever. While in England I took three different film classes, two of which were theory-based and the other hands-on. These classes helped me to learn about the technical aspects of filmmaking (such as camera operation and editing), as well as the more abstract ones (such as the use of sound and lighting to represent themes in film, or the role of editing in a film’s portrayal of reality). These classes also introduced me to a countless number of films I had never seen before or would have thought to watch. Specifically, these classes were what got me interested in Alfred Hitchcock’s work. After being shown clips in class, I began to check out his films from the school library to watch on my own. While I was learning in class to view films through the lens of academia, I was also exploring the films of a director whose style I could connect with and who renewed my interest in directing and editing.

**Why Hitchcock Matters**

Alfred Hitchcock was a hugely impactful director in his time. He challenged the standards of film and tested the limits of acceptability and appropriateness. His film, *Psycho*, helped to define horror and suspense as genres, and many others—such as *Rear Window, Vertigo, Strangers on a Train*, and *The Birds*—are still
remembered today for iconic scenes and filmmaking styles. Many directors since Hitchcock have tried to imitate his style or even adapt plotlines: in March 2013 A&E premiered a TV series called *Bates Motel*, a modern-day prequel to *Psycho*, and director Park Chan-wook released a film called *Stoker*, a different take on Hitchcock’s *Shadow of a Doubt*. Hitchcock obviously still has relevance today, and I wanted to add my voice to the writers and directors finding inspiration in his films.

The target audience of this project is anyone who enjoyed Hitchcock’s films; the plot direction and characterization should, for readers/viewers, have an apparent link to his work. I want this project to carry on Hitchcock’s legacy, as other writers and directors have done, in today's world. I want to remind audiences of a time when fear could be invoked through the subtlety of dialogue and simple images, rather than through gore or loud noises. Overall, I hope to pay tribute to Hitchcock, in a way, by writing a script for a film he might have directed.

**Screenwriting vs. Shooting**

My first instinct, when attempting to emulate Hitchcock, is as a cinematographer rather than as a writer. I would have been most comfortable undertaking this project with a completed screenplay in hand and going on to film and edit it. There were, however, several problems with this. First, the novel I wanted to “Hitchcockize”—*Julius*, by Daphne du Maurier—had never been adapted to the screen before and, to my knowledge, no public screenplay exists. To film it, I would also have to write it. Second, filming *Julius* would be a massive undertaking. I
researched past Western honors theses dealing with film, and the most relevant to my project that I could find was Kirk Lemmon’s *The Creation of a Film: From Script to Finish* (2001). In addition to creating a screenplay, shooting script, and storyboard, Lemmon also cast, shot, and edited his film. The difference between his project and mine was that his is based on a short story (his screenplay runs about 20 pages) and has a small-scale setting and twenty-something characters. *Julius* is a full-length film (120-page screenplay) based on a novel that spans countries and decades and presents a huge variety of characters; not only did I not have time to both write and film *Julius*, but I knew that, with my resources, I could never do it justice. Third, I considered the possibility that I am perhaps too comfortable with filming and editing. I’d never tried screenwriting before (beyond working up rough scripts for a few of my short films) and I decided that I should use this project as an opportunity to educate myself about other areas of filmmaking. I told myself that this was my chance to find out if I had an actual interest in screenwriting—after all, I’d been joking about it for years. Furthermore, a screenplay is the first step of filmmaking; because the process begins with screenwriting I, as filmmaker, should be adept at or at least familiar with this step.

In order to write a Hitchcockian screenplay—as opposed to shooting a Hitchcockian film—I had to figure out what made Hitchcock unique as a writer, rather than as a director. Though there are some iconic technical aspects (such as the "Hitchcock zoom" seen in *Vertigo* and *Marnie*, and imitated in Steven Spielberg's
Jaws) to Hitchcock’s films, I had to focus on elements of plot and dialogue—things that could “Hitchcockize” the screenplay without having to film it. I did some research before I began to see what other people thought about Hitchcock’s style, but my vision for the project developed largely as I read through du Maurier’s novel.

Hitchcock and I are somewhat different in our directing styles in that he didn’t like to look through the camera when shooting a film. Hitchcock preferred to plan every scene out in detail ahead of time and trusted the camera operator to do as directed (LaValley 24). I do some preplanning but I relish more the actual shooting process: I have to see myself how the scene is framed (though perhaps this would be different if I were working with a crew and directing a trained and capable camera operator). Hitchcock, on the other hand, said, in an interview with Budge Crawley, Fletcher Markle, and Gerald Pratley, that shooting is his least favorite part of the filmmaking process:

I wish I didn’t have to shoot the picture. When I’ve gone through the script and created the picture on paper, for me the creative job is done and the rest is just a bore. ... I think, to me, the great art of the motion picture is by means of imagery and montage to create an emotion in the audience and therefore, the content is a means to an end. In other words, I would choose a story that would help toward that end rather than just photograph a story without any technique. (LaValley 25)
By “content,” Hitchcock was referring to visuals as well as narrative; though he never looked through the camera himself, he believed that the art of filmmaking is found in its purest and most basic form, montage. This art of putting pieces of film together to create ideas is an underappreciated art form, Hitchcock argued, one that is “so little practiced today. We see so many films that are merely an extension of the theater: They are photographs of people saying lines” (LaValley 27). Hitchcock repeatedly emphasized the importance of using visual content and technique to tell the story.

Hitchcock valued the screenwriting process in its contribution to the visual aspect. Nick James wrote in *Sight & Sound* magazine that “Hitchcock defined the screenwriting process as the space where all fundamental directorial decisions have already been made—he did not conceive of ‘writing’ apart from the work he planned for the camera to do” (38). Screenwriting, in Hitchcock’s view, was a monumental task that encompassed scriptwriting and storyboarding/framing; essentially, the most important parts of “directing” had already been done by the time he got to the set.

These statements from and about Hitchcock seem to send mixed messages about Hitchcock’s views on filmmaking. Did he value the actual script over the visuals, or was it the other way around? On the one hand, Hitchcock said that he didn’t care to look through the lens while they were filming, but, on the other hand, he insisted that the story of the film be told purely through montage—the visuals.
Did Hitchcock believe, then the script is insignificant and dialogue should be minimal? Hitchcock resolved this issue in an interview with François Truffaut, clarifying that he doesn’t care about literary style:

I don’t like literature that is flowery and where the main attraction is the turn of a phrase. My mind is strictly visual, and when I read an elaborate description of a city of the countryside, I’m impatient with it. I’d rather show it myself with a camera. (239)

He does not believe that dialogue is pointless or superfluous, therefore, but that it is not the focus of the film. Films should not “read” like a classic novel. This comes back to Hitchcock’s statement that “content is a means to an end” of manipulating the emotions of audiences. This idea is reinforced by James in his analysis of the intersection between visual and verbal modes of communication in *Psycho*; he wrote that, overall, Hitchcock favors suspense over shock as a storytelling method. This can be achieved through both visual and verbal means:

What’s always at work in Hitchcock’s exploitation of suspense is his rigorous and conscious manipulation of the difference between two kinds of consciousness—that of the characters and what they know about their narrative situation, as opposed to the consciousness of the audience. Hitchcock ... has next to no interest in the destinies of fully rounded characters in their
own right—he is interested in character only as a means of altering the perception of the audience. (44)

Above all, character and dialogue are used to further suspense and to manipulate the emotions of the audience, not to develop a character for its own sake. The script should by no means be neglected; every word and every action must serve a specific function in the film: that of reaching out to the audience members and implicating them in the story.

Hitchcock went on to say that the “the most enjoyable part of making a picture is in that little office, with the writer” (LaValley 26). Hitchcock put so much value on the actual writing and storyline that he tried to involve the writer as much as possible in the filmmaking process. He worked with the screenwriter, rather than interpreting a script written without his input. The writer “becomes more than a writer,” Hitchcock said, “he becomes part maker of the picture” (LaValley 27).

It is appropriate then, to focus on the screenwriting process for a Hitchcockian film, because Hitchcock placed as much emphasis—if not more—on screenwriting and “discovery” of plot and storylines than on the actual shooting and cinematography (even though these aspects are the ones traditionally studied for Hitchcock’s trademarks). It can also be concluded, then, that if visuals are important and the writer is meant to take part in the making of a film, that the screenplay should have some indications of what is on the screen. Hitchcock wanted the entire film to be planned out in detail before he even got to the set, but for this project, I
only had time to focus most of my attention on dialogue and stage directions. I indicated throughout the screenplay what should be on the screen when I felt it was especially important, which was often, but I didn’t go as far as creating storyboards and a frame-by-frame plan. This was in part because of the limited time I had to finish this project, but also because this step is usually done by a storyboard artist.

**Choosing the Subject**

I chose Daphne du Maurier’s *Julius* (originally called *The Progress of Julius*) as the source for my screenplay primarily because Hitchcock had already adapted three of du Maurier’s works to film; *Jamaica Inn* (1939), *Rebecca* (1940), and *The Birds* (1963) were all adapted from du Maurier’s novels (“The Birds” being a “novelette”) of the same names. Also of note, her short story, “Don’t Look Now,” was adapted to film in 1973—it made for a suspenseful thriller, though it was not directed by Alfred Hitchcock. I thought it was interesting that Hitchcock had apparently been so inspired by her work, and I was curious if there was anything else she had written that would make a good Hitchcockian film. When I read a synopsis of *Julius*, I felt that it fit the bill.

*Julius* follows Julius Lévy, born to a Jewish Algerian father and French mother in the slums of 1860 Paris, and trails him in *Citizen-Kane*-esque fashion from birth to death. Julius’ life is filled with death and horror: his grandfather is shot by Prussian soldiers as his family flees Paris, he watches his father kill his mother with his bare hands, his father become ill and dies, and, near the end of his life, Julius kills his own
daughter. The coldness with which Julius views these events blinds the reader to their raw horror, and it is only at the end that Julius’ psychopathy is fully realized.

Read with Alfred Hitchcock in mind, *Julius* is a good fit because of its dark and disturbing theme and multiple murders. Du Maurier also, much like Hitchcock, keeps the reader in suspense and writes the way that Hitchcock shoots—her fast-paced writing and inclusion of details during a murder scene is reminiscent of Hitchcock’s fast cuts during the shower scene in *Psycho*. Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, Julius’ character development has the potential to confuse readers/viewers and bring about the unexpected. For the first half of the book, Julius behaves most of the time like an innocent, well-rounded child. He loves his father and mother, though his loyalty is torn between their two cultures, and he is hurt by the disdain in which his mother holds his father.

Julius is relatable—readers can understand the pain and desire to please he feels when his mother mocks his father’s Jewish heritage, a heritage that Julius is not yet sure he holds dear. And yet, there is a darkness within Julius that peeks through suddenly when, as they are fleeing Paris, he ties a stone to the neck of his beloved cat and drops her into the Seine because he cannot take her with them. “She is my own cat,” Julius says as he wipes his tears away. “No one will ever have her but me” (Du Maurier 28).

This character development throughout the book, as Julius becomes more and more disturbed, can be used to manipulate the two types of consciousness that
James wrote of: what the characters know and what the audience knows. The audience may forget more quickly than the characters that Julius meets, for example, how disturbed and dangerous Julius really is. The darker moments in Julius’ life are usually immediately followed by a change in locale or circumstances, and Julius himself seems so quickly to forget the tragedies in his life that readers/viewers want to as well.

Furthermore, because Julius is the main character and there is no other viable protagonist, readers/viewers are that much more likely to want to forgive him. Even at the very end, after all the despicable things he has done, there is something pitiful—rather than satisfying—about his death. He lies alone in bed with his hand outstretched to the sky, the same pose he found himself in when he was born, and dies still searching for meaning, a purpose to his life.

**Inspiration and Similar Hitchcock Films**

As I read through the novel, I kept coming back to a select few of Hitchcock’s films, particularly *Rebecca*, *Strangers on a Train*, *Shadow of a Doubt*, and *Rope*. These ended up being the films I envisioned most while crafting the screenplay and deciding which Hitchcockian elements fit best, as these are the films of his with themes most similar to those in *Julius*. *Rebecca* has a similar mood to that of Julius: the film is dark, gothic, and tense, and has a central character with a secret and perhaps dark past. It is also a period piece—though the exact dates of *Rebecca* are never explicitly stated, the fashion and culture are indicative of the 1920s or 30s, and
the film also makes a point of moving through time (as opposed to other Hitchcock films that may span a shorter timeframe).

Strangers on a Train features a psychopathic character with a murderous streak, and he favored strangulation as a modus operandi. Julius shows evidence of psychopathy throughout the novel, and strangles his daughter in the same way that his father strangled his mother years earlier. Strangers on a Train also made use of flashbacks (the murderer had visions of his victim whenever he saw eyeglasses), and Julius occasionally has sudden memories of something his grandfather said, or of times when he would play with his cat as a child.

In Shadow of a Doubt, a girl begins to suspect that her beloved uncle is a murderer. Her uncle seems charming and pleasant, but he has a dark secret that is slowly revealed throughout the film. This also occurs in other Hitchcock films, notably Rope and Rear Window—the slow realization (with the characters realizing at the same time as the audience) that something is amiss. In Julius, the audience slowly realizes that Julius has a dark center, often as characters in the novel/screenplay begin to realize the same thing—Julius’ mother realizes when he drops his cat into the Seine, and others get rare glimpses of Julius’ narcissism and lacking emotionality.

All of these films feature murder as a centerpiece, a secret around which the narrative revolves. Though no one ever finds out that Julius kills his daughter, his father’s actions follow this theme—his father kills his mother and instantly becomes
afraid, realizing he has to flee the country. Julius witnesses the murder and sides with his father, assuring his father that his mother deserves to die. He agrees without complaint to go with his father, and the suspense of wondering if they will be found out follows them until Julius’ father’s death. The suspense continues to build as Julius makes his way in the world with similar callousness; the audience can’t help but wonder when Julius will snap.

**Julius’ Resistance to Adaptation**

The main problem I had with adapting *Julius* to the screen was the sheer length of time that it spanned: Julius’ entire life. My goal was to keep the screenplay below 120 pages as possible, since each page translates to about a minute of screen-time. Hitchcock didn’t make movies much longer than his—*Topaz*, his longest film, ran 143 minutes. *Julius* (the novel) featured many minor characters that wandered in and out of Julius’ life without incident, and du Maurier went into fantastic detail describing all aspects of Julius’ life, including his childhood, his parents’ and grandfather’s lives, his business, and his love life. There was too much to fit into a two-hour film.

The other problem was that, as it stands, Daphne du Maurier’s *Julius* just isn’t a typical Hitchcock story. Julius has questionable morals and often acts as an antagonist to supporting characters, but no one else is around long enough to take the role of protagonist or to stop Julius’ antagonistic efforts. In the end, essentially, the bad guy wins: Julius murders his daughter and gets away with it. The audience
can understand his motivations—he didn’t want to share her, as he didn’t want to share his cat—but it is hard to sympathize with him. Throughout the novel, Julius is callous, cold, and frightening at times, but he can also be charming and loving at times. His scrappiness and ability to survive in the worst of times is also admirable; I rooted for him as he was escaping from France with his father, as he struggled to find food, and as he sought to win over his future wife. As in Gone with the Wind, the audience can support the main character at times, but the protagonist is overall an unlikeable person.

To address these issues, I had to cut out several plot points and characters present in the novel. Perhaps the hardest creative decision I had to make was cutting out a character named Elsa, a little French girl that Julius met in Paris. She worked as a dancer—she grew up poor, as Julius did, and followed Julius around during his childhood in Paris. She admired him and looked up to him as a mentor, even though Julius was physically and psychologically abusive to her. Julius found pleasure in tormenting her, and Elsa continued to make herself vulnerable to him: “He had discovered a new thing, of hurting people he liked. It gave him an extraordinary sensation to see Elsa cry after she had been smiling, and to know that he had caused her tears” (du Maurier 91). But Julius also liked to have her around because she made him feel important—she was young and naïve and relied on Julius for everything:

There was but one person in the whole of Alger who mattered
at all, and she was scarcely more than a child, but she listened
with wide eyes and open mouth of wonder when she was
spoken to; she was quick, too, in her way; she wasn’t a fool, she
understood things. (Du Maurier 90)

Elsa ended up following Julius to England, and he took care of her, though he
continued to abuse her and eventually grew to resent her. Elsa, overworked in Julius’
shop, eventually became sick and died, and Julius barely batted an eye. Elsa was an
important character to *Julius* because she showed just how sick Julius was, and
provided an example of the ways in which he related to women. It was a difficult
decision to cut her out but, in the end, it came down to time: there was no room for
her in the plot. To make up for Elsa’s loss, I bulked up the character of Nanette, a
washerwoman that Julius had an affair with in Paris. She was an older woman and
refused to take any abuse from Julius; their relationship was almost purely sexual,
though at times Julius seemed to regard her as a somewhat matronly figure. As
there were so few characters to whom Julius conceded dominance or superiority, I
thought it was important to include Nanette more in the screenplay. Julius lost his
mother early in his life, and Nanette represented both a new motherly figure in his
life as well as his first experience with romance and sexuality. She provided another
and perhaps stronger example of how he interacted with and regarded women, as
well as of the rare occasion that Julius allowed a woman to tell him what to do.

There were three significant characters whose roles in the screenplay I cut
down: the Rabbin, Hartmann, and Rachel. In the novel, the Rabbin was more present in Julius’ life—once Julius brought his sick father to the temple, the Rabbin tried to raise him after his father’s death and tried to encourage him to join the temple and embrace his Jewish heritage. I significantly downplayed Julius’ Jewishness, limiting it to a basis for abuse from his mother and grandfather as a child. His mother and grandfather, though they loved him, mocked him and his father for being Jewish. In the novel, Julius briefly explored his Jewish heritage and considered becoming a rabbi, but quickly abandoned it. I decided to skip over most of this, both because of time issues and because it didn’t fit well with the darker Hitchcockian themes.

Hartmann, Julius’ business friend who introduced him to the family of his future wife, played a larger role in the novel as Julius’ friend and mentor. He introduced Julius to high society in London, but also expressed concern when Julius did something out of turn. He tried to keep Julius’ inappropriate behavior in check, but Julius paid him no heed. I kept some of these aspects of his character in the screenplay, though I drastically reduced his screen-time. Rachel, Julius’ wife, also received some cutback in the screenplay. Julius met her, they married, and she gave birth to a daughter, but after that she mostly disappeared from the screenplay. In the novel, Rachel continued to be around, growing distant from Julius and trying to discourage the inappropriate behavior that Julius was passing on to their daughter. In the novel, both Hartmann and Rachel eventually died, but I did not address this explicitly in the screenplay, choosing instead to remove them as focuses of the story.
I also left out most of Julius’ business dealings, which are discussed at great length in novel, in an attempt to speed up the plot and make it more suspenseful. I had to skip through several years of Julius’ life to focus on the highlights, usually death or murder. In order to cover up the gaps, I tried to provide some exposition through brief dialogue. The most notable example of this is a scene (in the screenplay) when two women are shouting across the street at each other from their windows. They are gossiping about the latest news in London, and they discuss Julius’ recent rise to fame and riches. As I had skipped over most of Julius’ climbing of the business ladder, I briefly provided a summary in the women’s dialogue.

Because the novel was slow and meandering and had so many characters, I had to focus on how maintain tension and suspense without compromising character development (particularly Julius’) and leaving actions unexplained. I wanted to make Julius’ descent into darkness justifiable, so I had to consider which events could be left out without making Julius’ actions seem random. His progression was the most important element in writing the screenplay, but I didn’t want to make it too obvious. There had to be some suspense; the audience had to be left wondering what was going to happen to Julius. Hitchcock expressed this idea well in his interview with François Truffaut:

I don’t want to film a “slice of life” because people can get that at home, in the street, or even in front of the movie theater. They don’t have to pay money to see a slice of life. And I avoid
out-and-out fantasy because people should be able to identify with the characters. Making a film means, first of all, to tell a story. That story can be an improbable one, but it should never be banal. It must be dramatic and human. What is drama, after all, but life with the dull bits cut out. (Truffaut 71)

It was difficult to cut of parts of Julius’ life but, because I was adapting the novel to film and especially because I was adapting it to a *Hitchcock* film, I had to sacrifice perfect continuity for suspense and drama.

Another element of adaption worth mentioning was the setting of *Julius*. When I first began this project, I had some thought of modernizing *Julius* or changing the location. Julius is born in 1860, and I was worried that a period piece didn’t exactly fit Hitchcock’s style. Two of Hitchcock’s earlier films, however, *Under Capricorn* and *Rebecca*, are set in times before they were made. The culture and fashion of *Rebecca*, as I said before, are indicative of a setting in the 1920s or 1930s. *Under Capricorn* is explicitly set in the early 1800s in colonial Australia. This particular film, like *Julius*, is set in a different country and a different time, and is not as much of a thriller of some of Hitchcock’s better-known films.

With this in mind, and after realizing that changing the setting of *Julius* would disrupt the plot too much, I decided to leave *Julius* as is. This included leaving in some of the French language that du Maurier used in the novel. I was unsure at first whether or not to include the use of French language, as a French character
speaking English most of the time but occasionally using French words can be awkward. I decided that I wanted to stay true to du Maurier’s work in that regard, and I felt that it would also maintain Julius’ cultural and national heritage. The French language was not excessive—I limited it to a few words such as “mère,” “père,” and two French songs, one sung by Julius’ grandfather and one that makes a reappearance throughout the film.

Conclusion

Like other Hitchcock films, I tried to adapt Julius to be a film about identity and mystery. There is a dark secret that threads through the entire narrative of Julius, and I can only hope that viewers/readers will sense this darkness in the adapted screenplay. It is difficult to read a long novel and try to make a film out of only the most exciting parts—these parts need connections, but how many connections? How much effort should be put into making the film cohesive and how much effort should be put into making it dramatic? Hitchcock obviously, judging by his films and his interviews, placed more value on the latter, but none of his films cover a period of 80 years. I had to make a compromise, and I did the best I could to keep the film dark and suspenseful and make sure that the important connecting events in Julius’ life were included or sufficiently explained.

Overall, I am pleased with how the project turned out, and I think it was a good opportunity to practice the screenwriting form, to learn about book-to-film adaption, and to study Hitchcock as an auteur. Alfred Hitchcock is generally seen as
an auteur, a director with a particular style, trademark, and genre. Hitchcock had a marked visual style, but aspects of his plots are sometimes more difficult to pinpoint and generalize.

I have made it the aim of this project to get a glimpse of Hitchcock’s personal creative vision, but I know that I have not and could not capture it fully—indeed, perhaps do so would be to simplify and limit Hitchcock as an artist. Some, I know, would argue that Hitchcock’s films were repetitive and hackneyed, but I view the links between Hitchcock’s films merely as evidence of a strong and persistent vision. Hitchcock liked to try things again and, though it isn’t to some people’s taste, I think that the similarities between his films provide a basis for analysis. Hitchcock’s genius is in his use of similar narrative elements between films while maintaining the ability to enthrall and surprise an audience. By and large, people kept going to see Hitchcock’s movies, they kept wanting to find out what happened, and they kept waiting until the end to see the story resolved. Hitchcock captivated audiences for half a century, and I imitate him not to trivialize him, but to carry on his legacy for audiences who may have forgotten him.
JULIUS

by
Marissa J. Thompson

Based on the novel by Daphne du Maurier
FADE IN:

EXT. SEINE RIVER IN PUTEAUX – DAY

It is a sunny April day in Puteaux, circa late 1860s. People are out and about, walking along the Seine, shopping, chatting, eating and drinking. Businessmen are coming home for lunch. People bustle to and fro; it is a busy environment. Along the river’s edge stands a row of fairly rundown, but not completely decrepit, houses, where JULIUS LÉVY and his family live.

NEW ANGLE

The houses are small and packed closely together, and the only people out in this part of the neighborhood are mostly children. They are skinny, their clothes tattered and their faces dirty, and they run to and fro in the street, playing games. At the end of the street is a garbage heap where some of them gather, digging and scavenging food and trinkets.

PAUL LÉVY, a tall thin man with dark hair and pale skin, walks down the street among the children. The children ignore him, running past or around him. With cheese and sausage in hand, Paul walks all the way down to the last house, at the end of the street, and climbs the steps.

INT. JULIUS’S HOME, UPSTAIRS BEDROOM – FAVORING JULIUS

In a bedroom with one double bed and a basin, infant Julius is lying in his crib, staring out the window. The sky is brilliant blue, with only a few clouds passing slowly by. Julius smiles and reaches toward the sky, as if to try to catch the single cloud in his vision. When the cloud passes, Julius’ hand remains aloft for a moment, but drops as he begins to cry.

WIDE ANGLE
Julius continues to CRY LOUDLY, lying in his crib in an otherwise empty room. No one comes to comfort him, though FAINT SOUNDS can be heard coming from another room. A man and a woman converse in low tones, a door opens and shuts, and someone chops food downstairs, off-screen.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS

JEAN BLANÇARD, a large, red-faced old man sits smoking a pipe at the table, where his daughter, LOUISE BLANÇARD-LÉVY, is chopping vegetables. Both are fair-haired and blue-eyed. Julius can be heard CRYING upstairs, and they have been talking over him for some time.

LOUISE
The little brat.

JEAN
He is a miserable Jew like his father.

LOUISE
Some days he is alright, and I see that he is a happy child, that he is my son. But most days he is crying, miserable, and there is nothing I can do to appease him. I do not know what he wants.

JEAN
What do you expect? This is what you get for marrying a Jew: a miserable Jew son.

LOUISE
(beat)
He is my son.

JEAN
(shrugs)
He has his father’s face, his father’s eyes, his father’s hair. You must see to it that he does not have his father’s spirit as well. We cannot survive two Lévys in this house.
Jean Blançard begins to laugh, leaning back in his chair and roaring until he begins to choke. At this, Louise begins to laugh as well, the same deep, hearty laugh. She reaches over and smacks Jean on the back until he stops coughing.

LOUISE
(returning to her cutting board, still laughing)
You’re nothing but a filthy old man.

Jean wheezes and clears his throat. He looks up at her with watery eyes and grins wickedly.

JEAN
I am a Blançard, after all.

Louise nods vigorously, and they both begin to laugh together again.

This is how Paul Lévy finds them when he returns home, cackling in a cloud of smoke at the table. He says nothing, only setting the meat and cheese on the table next to his wife.

LOUISE
(without turning to look at him)
Finally he returns. Your son is crying, probably hungry. Bring him to me.

Paul, dark hair falling in his eyes, does not pause or speak. He continues on his way through the room and up the stairs. Jean watches him go.

JEAN
(waits until Paul is gone)
Miserable Jew.

Louise and Jean once more break into coarse laughter.

INT. UPSTAIRS — STAIRCASE
Paul slowly and quietly climbs the stairs, as JULIUS’ CRYING grows louder. He seems apprehensive, as if Julius is a caged beast that might escape and attack if he makes the wrong move. He walks almost on his tiptoes, and freezes when the top step CREAKS.

When Julius keeps crying, Paul seems to realize that his behavior is ridiculous, and he pushes open the bedroom door. He sees the crib and quickly crosses the distance between them, the trance broken.

Julius has not noticed his presence, and is still looking out the window. His crying has not diminished since his father entered the room. Paul stands over the crib, looking down contemplatively at his son, as if he can’t decide whether or not he will pick him up.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING PAUL

Finally, Paul lifts his son from the crib. Julius continues to cry and keep his eyes fixed on the sky as Paul begins to speak.

PAUL
You are not like your mother. She will never be able to stamp you down into that mold, though doubtless she will try. Oh, she will try, and you will be miserable.
(chuckles and bounces Julius a couple times)
Indeed, it seems misery is your lot in life.

At this, Julius abruptly stops crying and seems to notice his father for the first time. He does not smile, and neither does Paul.

PAUL
Yes, I am your father, Julius Lévy. And you will always be miserable if you want what you cannot have.
(pauses)
But come. The fools downstairs want to feed you. At least they will give you that.

Paul leaves the room with Julius in his arms.

FADE TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Paul emerges at the bottom of the stairs with Julius walking behind him. Julius is now about seven years old, though he is small for his age.

Jean and Louise are already seated at the table and eating and laughing. AD LIB chatting away. Paul seats himself in the corner, slightly further away from the table than the rest of the group, and apparently settles down to ignore them for the evening. Julius hangs back briefly at the bottom of the stairs, as if trying to decide where to sit.

JEAN

Julius! Come here, my little Blançard!

Julius grins and runs to his grandfather, who picks Julius up and seats him in his lap. Louise places a bowl of soup in front of him, beside Jean’s bowl. Jean offers Julius pieces of sausage from the end of his fork.

As Paul watches stoically from the corner, apparently not eating, Jean pushes a glass of wine into Julius’ small hands. Jean and Louise laugh loudly as Julius gulps from the glass. This seems to stir something in Paul, and finally he speaks.

PAUL

(quietly)

You want to make a glutton of him?

The noise abruptly dies down, a spoon clattering against an empty soup bowl. Jean stares at Paul with open mouth, holding a fork aloft, but Louise doesn’t look at him. She stares resentfully at the wall opposite her, picking food from her teeth with a brooch.

PAUL
Do you? You wish to make a brute of him, a little pig? You wish to teach him to live like a brute?

Paul waits, having said his piece. Julius appears to have taken no notice, still eating soup from his bowl. After a pause, Louise huffs scornfully and turns to look at Paul.

LOUISE
What do you think you’re doing, mixing yourself in matters that don’t concern you? Can’t he enjoy himself? Doesn’t he have the right to eat? Who pays for his food? Is it you?

JEAN
Stay quiet in your corner and leave your brat alone. Aren’t we all beasts? Weren’t you a beast when you laid with his mother?
(begins laughing)
Would this child have been born but for that? Let him enjoy his belly and other things, like his father before him.

Jean resumes feeding Julius, while Louise cackles at Jean’s remarks.

LOUISE
You filthy old man.

Jean grins and shrugs, spearing another piece of sausage on his fork. He catches Paul’s eye and waves the fork scornfully in his direction.

JEAN

Paul sighs and looks away, stretching out his legs and saying nothing.

Julius looks around at his family, seeing the sneers on the faces of his mother and grandfather, and he puffs out his chest in mimicry of his grandfather.

JULIUS
(jerks his thumb to
his nose)
Jew. You Jew!

Jean’s and Louise’s eyebrows raise and jaws drop in shock. For a brief moment there is complete silence, Julius gazing up in anticipation, and then Jean and Louise break out in loud laughter again. Jean slaps Julius on the back and picks him up under his arms, standing him up in his lap. Louise laughs and shakes her head as she eats.

Paul says nothing and doesn’t even look up. He pulls a flute from his sleeve and begins to play a slow plaintive tune.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius looks up, the grin still on his face, and watches his father in the corner. As his father continues to play, Paul’s eyes raise from his flute to contemplate Julius, staring at him from the dark corner. The smile fades from Julius’ face and he squirms in his grandfather’s arms.

JULIUS
(quietly)
Let me down, Grandpère. I’m tired.
I don’t want to play anymore.

Jean frowns but puts Julius down. Julius moves around the table as Jean and Louise continue to laugh and talk, and sits in the chair next to Paul in the corner.

Paul doesn’t look at Julius, but continues playing. Eventually he finishes the tune and returns the flute to his sleeve. He watches Jean and Louise at the other end of the table, as Jean lights his pipe and begins to smoke. Paul reaches down and absently strokes Julius’ hair, and Julius clasps his father’s knee. Together they watch Jean and Louise across the table, two separate worlds.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM — EARLY MORNING

Julius is sleeping on the bed with his mother. She holds him close to her, their bodies barely visible in the light of the early morning. Julius wakes up, raising his head to
look out the window, and squirms out from his mother’s arms.

LOUISE
Hush, little one. Go to sleep.

JULIUS
No, Mère! Père and Grandpère are already at the Halles! We must go!

Julius slips from bed as his mother stirs.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIUS’ HOME

Julius and Louise emerge from the house. It is gray and cold, and their breath emerges in clouds from their mouths. Louise is wearing a woolen dress and thick shawl, while Julius wears a scarf and a woolen cap pulled over his ears, though his legs are bare from the knees down. Both wear wooden clogs.

THE STREET

Julius holds his mother’s hand and eats a piece of bread with the other hand as they walk down the Rue Jean-Jacques, a twisting cobbled street that leads from their home to the high road to Paris. They cross the bridge across the Seine, and walk until they reach the Avenue de Neuilly, where stalls and carts are ranged along the sidewalk all the way down the street.

EXT. BLANÇARD STALL ON THE AVENUE DE NEUILLY

They soon reach Jean and Paul’s stall. Julius lets go of Louise’s hand to run and pet the horse, and Jean appears from behind the stall with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

JEAN
(chuckles)
So it’s you, is it,
you mischievous imp?
Jean lifts Julius up so he can reach to pet the horse’s ears.

NEW ANGLE – FAVORING PAUL AND LOUISE AT THE STALL

Paul, wearing an apron, is setting up the stall, but when Louise arrives she pushes him aside and begins to rearrange the produce.

LOUISE (muttering)
Is this how you would sell food?
Is that how you would have it?

When Paul says nothing in reply, she raises her voice.

LOUISE (shouting)
You lump of stupidity, you would say nothing? Do I have to show you how to do everything, you rat?

She continues to move produce around and Paul lets her scream.

He moves around, stone-faced and fists clenched, and picks up Julius from the mud and seats him on a barrel beside the stall. Paul lays his coat over Julius’ knees and, for a moment, the corners of Paul’s mouth twitch in the shadow of a smile as he looks at Julius. Then he returns to the stall, leaving Julius to watch as people trickle in from around the city.

JEAN (addressing passersby)
Come on, messieurs and mesdames!
Come and empty your purses and fill your bellies! The good times are just ahead!

LOUISE (to Jean)
It is no good – the fault of these louse-ridden Prussians, to be sure.

(crosses her arms)
No one will put his hand in his pocket because of this stinking war.

JEAN
Let all governments go to the devil. The war makes no difference to stomachs.

Jean reaches out to touch the shoulder of a passing YOUNG WOMAN. She is pretty and wears a red petticoat.

JEAN
Come and see, come and see. What would you like, my flower?

Julius, sitting on a barrel beside the stall, is watching his grandfather work, enraptured.

JEAN (O.S.)
Cheese, is it? I’ll sell cheaper to you because of your smile.

JULIUS’ POV – JEAN

Jean is weighing cheese on a scale for the woman.

JEAN
Here are you, then, half a pound and no more. Anything else today?

JULIUS

JEAN (O.S.)
(laughs pleasantly, not like his coarse laughter at dinner)
Then have a fine day, my beauty.

There is a JINGLE OF COINS.

JULIUS’ POV – JEAN

The woman giggles and leaves, blushing and confused. Jean stands confidently with arms folded, grinning.
JEAN
(shouting across the street to the BUTCHER)
They’re all the same, aren’t they?

The butcher laughs and shakes his head.

JULIUS

Julius mimics the butcher’s laugh and head shake, though no one takes notice of him.

JULIUS’ POV — JEAN

Jean passes a couple coins to Paul, who seems to be almost hiding in the shadows of the corner of the stall. Paul steps forward for a moment to take the coins and drop them in a small purse that he keeps in his sleeve, and then retreats to the corner.

JULIUS

Julius, after watching this exchange, jumps down from the barrel. He steps over to TWO YOUNG WOMEN, possibly sisters in their late 20s, who have paused a short distance from the stall.

JULIUS

Come on, mademoiselles. It costs nothing to throw an eye over the stall. Fresh clean butter, the best quality butter in the whole of Paris. The cheaper stuff elsewhere is not butter at all, it is vomit. Don’t you want value for your money, mademoiselles?

NEW ANGLE

The women giggle together, amused by his cheekiness, and edge forward. AD LIB transaction, the details of which are lost in the hubbub of the stalls. The woman leave with a package, and Julius is left holding coins in his hand.
Jean comes back from selling to someone else and claps Julius on the shoulder.

JEAN
Well done, my boy. You’re a Blançard after all! And you’ll be a man in no time.

Jean takes the money and Julius watches him hand it to his father. Julius then crosses his arms and stands tall like his grandfather.

JULIUS
I’m not a child. I know how to get something for nothing.
(laughs loudly like his grandfather)
Of course I am a Blançard!

Jean, forever amused by his grandson, laughs again as he wanders off to sell to someone else. Louise is on the opposite side of the stall speaking to an older man. Paul remains in the corner, watching Julius silently.

FADE TO:

EXT. JULIUS’ HOME — EARLY MORNING

In the dim light, Jean and Paul come clattering up to the house in a horse and cart, which is empty of produce.

Julius comes running out the front door while Louise, pulling a shawl over her shoulders, sticks her head out the window.

LOUISE
What is it? What in the world are you doing here at this time?

JEAN
The Halles are guarded – everywhere there are soldiers, nothing but soldiers. People in all the villages are leaving their homes, fleeing from the Prussians. That was all the soldiers would tell us. The barriers are guarded
and soon no one will be allowed in or out.

Julius has come to stand beside the cart, petting the horse’s leg.

JEAN
(continuing)
Can’t they leave us in peace? What have we do to do with their dirty bloody wars? What is going to happen to us, to Julius?

LOUISE
Still I don’t understand. The baker’s wife told me yesterday the government were going to send the Prussians away.

Paul climbs down from the cart then, ignoring Jean and Julius, and stands beside Louise at the window.

PAUL
(puts his hand on Louise’s shoulder, speaking softly)
Don’t be afraid. We must none of us be afraid. It can’t do any good. The baker’s wife was wrong. Paris is being barricaded everywhere -
(beat)
- and the Prussians are marching to Versailles.

For a moment the family stands in silence, half in and half out of the house. For a moment they are united in their desperation and their recognition of a common enemy.

Jean breaks the silence with his loud, rough voice.

JEAN
I was born in Puteaux, and my father was born in Puteaux, and not all the louse-ridden Prussians in the world will turn me from my own house and my own village.
Julius stays by the horse, watching his grandfather.

JULIUS’ POV - JEAN

Jean pulls a cigarette from his coat pocket and puts it between his lips.

JEAN
I have a gun. It belonged to my uncle who fought at Austerlitz. I can damn well use it if the Prussians come to Puteaux.

(lights cigarette)
They shan’t take my home, not a stone. Not a brick.

A CIGARETTE

is dangling from Jean’s lips.

MATCH CUT:

A CIGARETTE

is shown again, still between Jean’s lips, but shorter, burnt down.

INT. MOVING CART – AFTERNOON

Jean is driving the cart with Julius beside him. The cart is otherwise empty. It is brighter outside now – the sun is high in the sky and many people are out. They pass a group of people – adults and children – carrying bags and bundles across the bridge over the Seine.

JEAN
(shouting as they pass)
Go on, you cowards, you crawling fools! Go on and shut yourselves up behind the barriers of Paris!

Julius looks at his grandfather but says nothing. He is embarrassed.
Suddenly, a CANNON booms nearby. Julius is startled but Jean only smiles and takes the cigarette from his mouth.

JEAN
Do you hear the fortress? They’re ready up there to send the vandals back to hell.
(nudges Julius)
We’re ready, aren’t we?

Julius tries to smile at his grandfather but says nothing.

JEAN
(turning back to look at the road)
Let ’em come. Let ’em all come — every stinking Prussian mother’s son.

The cart splashes through a puddle, and Jean is snapped from his trance. He grins and flicks the cigarette butt to the side of the road and grasps the reins firmly with both hands.

JEAN
(singing)
Bismarck, si tu continues, de tous tes Prussiens il n’en restera guère. Bismarck, si tu continues, de tous tes Prussiens il n’en restera plus.

They pass more people on the road, and the sun moves from behind a cloud to shine on Jean and Julius.

JEAN
It’s days like this that are good, Julius. Open your lungs, boy, and breathe. That father of yours is a strange fellow now, just sitting with his thoughts and his music. He doesn’t care for this. You must learn to laugh and sing, and fill yourself and take everything you want.

(beat)
But don’t be a dreamer.
Julius nods hastily, worriedly.

JEAN
(continuing)
One day you’ll stretch yourself and wink an eye at the sky, and you’ll do someone down for a hundred sous, and you’ll pocket the money and walk out and have a woman. That’s life, Julius. And you can tap your nose and say, “Grandpère Blançard, he knew me. He understood.”

Julius finally breaks into a genuine smile.

JULIUS
(laughing)
Shall I do that then, indeed?

JEAN
(nodding in feigned earnestness)
Indeed, you shall, my boy. When this war is over, I’ll show you things. You won’t forget me when I’m old and good-for-nothing?

JULIUS
(laughing, unfazed)
No, Grandpère, I would never.

Jean nods, pleased, and passes the reins to Julius.

JEAN
Hold these for a moment, my boy.

Jean produces a pipe from his jacket pocket and proceeds to load and light it. Julius holds the reins lightly in both hands, nonchalantly.

JULIUS’ POV – ROAD AHEAD

The cart is cresting a hill, and as it comes down, a small white cloud of dust can be seen far ahead. A DISTANT MURMUR can be heard, the tramping of feet and movement of a mass of people.
Jean, clasping the lit pipe between his teeth, hurriedly retrieves the reins from Julius. Jean moves with a sudden urgency that makes Julius afraid, though he doesn’t understand.

JULIUS
What is it?

Jean is backing the cart up, turning the horse back in the direction of Puteaux.

JEAN
If they have seen us—

One of the wheels gets stuck in the muddy ditch as the cart turns; Jean cracks a whip on the horse’s back and the cart lurches forward. Jean keeps his eyes fixed forward, on Puteaux, but Julius keeps looking over his shoulder at the cloud of dust behind them, while Jean keeps his eyes fixed forward.

JULIUS
They’re coming, Grandpère.

JULIUS’ POV — ROAD BEHIND

The cloud of dust is coming closer; figures are now visible. It is a dozen soldiers on horseback, and the leader is SHOUTING and waving an arm in the air.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius is wide-eyed and terrified, constantly looking behind him. Jean’s arms are locked in front of him, fists clenched around the reins, and suddenly he smiles.

JEAN
Go on, my boy, go on!
(hands the reins to Julius)
Drive straight, keep in the middle of the road! Don’t look to the right or left!
Julius takes the reins, but does not hold them so easily as he did before. His palms are sweating and he struggles to get control of the reins. Meanwhile, Jean has turned in his seat to reach into the cart behind him.

JULIUS
What are you going to do?

JEAN
I’m going to have a shot at them.

Jean produces the musket he has been looking for. It is already loaded, and he turns further in his seat, preparing to aim.

The SOUNDS OF HOOVES and MEN SHOUTING draws nearer; they are almost at their backs. Julius drives the horse on, breathing hard.

SOLDIER
Halt! Halt!

JEAN
(to Julius, laughing)
Drive, my darling. Drive like the devil.

Jean raises the musket to his shoulder and FIRES. The noise frightens the horse, and Julius is not strong enough to hold the reins. The horse bolts, and the cart rocks wildly from side to side.

JULIUS
Grandpère!

JEAN
Take no notice of me, little fool!
Keep in the middle of the road!

Jean raises his musket and FIRES again.

JEAN
Got him, the stinking vandal! Got him!

Immediately a third SHOT rings out, but from further away. Julius spins around in his seat, almost letting go of the reins completely.
NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JEAN

Jean’s face is bleeding profusely; he has been hit in the eye. Julius gasps in horror and reaches for his grandfather.

JULIUS
(whispering hoarsely)
You’re hurt.

JEAN
(gasping)
Drive, you silly idiot. Get home, get back to Puteaux.

Julius can’t focus; all he can see is his grandfather’s face — unrecognizable, inhuman flesh and blood, horrific.

Jean somehow raises himself up in his seat. He is still holding onto his musket, and he raises it once more.

JEAN
(in a loud, strong voice)
Go on! Try and split my guts, you louse-ridden Prussian bastards!

Jean fires the gun at the soldiers behind them, but Julius does not see if it hit anyone.

For an impossible moment, Jean hovers there, balancing between refuge and doom. And then, as Julius watches, Jean tips forward over the side of the cart, falling on his face in the ditch.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius is stricken with horror, white-faced and hands white-knuckled around the reins. The horse continues to speed forward, and the cart rocks wildly from side to side. Stones fly up around the wheels and dust rises. The soldiers are falling behind, and raindrops begin to fall on Julius. There is blood on his shirt and sleeves.

JULIUS
(barely audible)
They’re coming. The Prussians are coming. The Prussians . . .
EXT. MOVING CART

The cart carries on down the road toward Puteaux as it begins to rain. Julius huddles, frozen and silent, over the reins and the horse careens wildly through puddles. Jean has been left behind, dead on the side of the road where the soldiers have stopped.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. JULIUS’ HOME — DAY

It is starting to get dark as the cart, with Julius still driving, lurches up to the horse. The horse is breathing hard but seems to have calmed somewhat; Julius has regained control. He stays in his seat as Louise barrels out the door toward him and Paul follows.

AD LIB interrogation — Louise shakes Julius’ shoulder, asking in a high pitch what happened, while Paul whispers softly and tries to look into Julius’ eyes. One question rises above the rest.

LOUISE
(frantically)
But where is Grandpère? Julius! Julius, tell us! Where is Grandpère?

Julius pushes them away. He cannot speak, he can only cry and mumble broken sentences; he is falling apart.

JULIUS
(pointing back down the road)
The Prussians . . . the Prussians . . .

As Paul and Louise, bewildered, look down the road in the direction of his finger, Julius turns and runs into the house.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS AS HE RUNS INSIDE

Julius runs through the house and straight up the stairs, falling in the corner of the bedroom. A cat approaches from the other side of the room and Julius gathers her to him,
burying his face in the cat’s fur and curling into a ball in the corner. He does not cry.

    JULIUS
    (muttering)
    The Prussians, Mimitte. The Prussians . . .

Suddenly, Paul is in the room, touching Julius lightly on the head.

    PAUL
    (flatly)
    Julius.

Julius looks up, his face emotionless and his eyes dry.

    PAUL
    Come.

    JULIUS
    Where are we going?

    PAUL
    We’re crossing over the bridge to Paris.

Julius stands up, still holding the cat in his arms.

    JULIUS
    But all the gates are shut.

    PAUL
    They will let us in.

Paul leaves, and Julius follows without hesitation. At the bottom of the stairs, Julius pauses to look around the room.

    JULIUS
    Where shall we live?

    PAUL
    (holding the front door open)
    We will find somewhere.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS
Julius takes one last look around the room.

JULIUS’ POV – DOWNSTAIRS

There is still a low fire smoldering in the fireplace, and a pair of clogs sits abandoned on the hearth. A twin mattress lays on its side against the wall. The floor is bare and dirty, and the table has a large wine stain covering one half. There is a bowl of congealed soup on the table.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius sighs and, holding the cat in his arms, walks outside. Paul follows him, leaving the door open.

The small cart is stacked with bundles, a pillow, a sack of potatoes, a stack of firewood. Louise is already sitting on the front bench, waiting. Julius climbs into the cart to sit next to her.

LOUISE
(touching Julius’ arm)
But you cannot take the cat with you. You must leave her behind. She’ll be alright.

JULIUS
(holding the cat closer to him)
I won’t leave Mimitte to the Prussians! They will hurt her.

Paul has climbed into the cart on the other side of Julius and has taken the reins. Louise looks at him for help but he says nothing. She turns back to Julius.

LOUISE
They won’t touch her, Julius. Why should they harm an animal? Leave her. Madame Nevil next door is staying. She will look after Mimitte.

JULIUS
(shaking head stubbornly)
No. No, she is mine. No one else will have her.

With that, Paul drives the cart away from the house, starting down the road toward Paris. Louise shakes her head but says nothing, and Julius holds the cat close to him. All three sit stiffly and look straight ahead with grim expressions in the drizzling rain.

As before, they pass groups of people walking the same direction. When the bridge across the Seine comes into sight, Julius pulls on Paul’s sleeve.

**JULIUS**
Will Mimitte starve in Paris?

**PAUL**
I don’t know. Cats are never happy in strange places.
(beat)
You ought to have left her behind. Someone would take care of her.

**JULIUS**
No. No, Père, never anyone but me.
(beat)
What is mine cannot belong to another person.
(beat)
Père . . .

He looks up at Paul with a pained expression on his face. Paul for a moment looks back down at his son, shivering in the rain.

**PAUL**
I understand.

Paul stops the cart. Julius, holding the cat, climbs over him and gets out. Louise, who has not been listening to the conversation, looks up now and watches Julius.

**NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS**
Julius squats before the bridge and picks up a large rock from the gutter. Squeezing the small cat against him with one arm, he pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and lays
it on the ground. Julius sets the rock on top of it and rolls the handkerchief around it. He stands up again and ties the handkerchief around the cat’s neck.

Julius buries his face in the cat’s fur again, closing his eyes as the cat purrs. After a moment, he opens his eyes and runs to the rail of the bridge, where he drops the cat over into the river.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius stares down at the river.

LOUISE (O.S.)
(screams)
How could you? You cruel, hard-hearted child, someone would have fed her. Poor Mimitte, poor creature.

Julius returns to the cart and climbs over his father. He says nothing to Louise and Paul says nothing to Julius. He drives the horses on, continuing on to Paris.

Julius silently stares straight ahead, and as it continues to rain, a tear rolls down his face. His shirt is still stained with his grandfather’s blood.

FADE TO:

EXT. TALL OLD HOUSE ON A NARROW STREET — DAY

A row of tall brick houses stands on a narrow street, the Rue des Petits Champs, in Paris.

SEVENTH FLOOR WINDOW

INT. HOUSE — SAME DAY

A dirty room with a table and five chairs. WIND WHISTLES through the crack in the window. Two mattresses lean against the wall.

Louise sits at the table cutting a piece of cheese, and Julius sits beside her. Across the table sits a young man,
JACQUES TRIPET, in his early twenties. He is red-haired, tall and brawny. An old woman, MADAME TRIPET, stands at the door, buttoning her jacket and wrapping a scarf around her neck.

MADAME TRIPET
I am going to the butcher’s.

JACQUES
(dismissively)
Alright, Mother.

LOUISE
(glancing over her shoulder)
Thank you, Madame Tripet.

Madame Tripet leaves without another word. As the door closes, Jacques stands from the table and walks to the window, where he slips a flask from his jacket pocket and takes a swig. Louise returns to cutting the piece of cheese, taking her time. Both Jacques and Julius watch her intently.

Louise gives them two small pieces each, Jacques wandering back to the table, and wraps the rest up in a cloth.

JULIUS
Can I have another piece, Mère?
Just a little piece. I’m hungry.

LOUISE
No, my darling boy, there will be none left for tonight . . . though tonight you will be hungry again.

Jacques is standing directly behind Louise, and now he brings his face down to speak into her ear.

JACQUES
Why are you such a devil to me?

LOUISE
(shrugs)
Go on with you. I haven’t the mood for silliness.

JACQUES
I bet you’re a hot one when you feel like it, eh?
(drops his voice)
With those eyes and that body . . .

Jacques lays his hands on her shoulders, and Louise tries halfheartedly to shrug him away. Julius is eating cheese and seems oblivious to what is happening.

LOUISE
Don’t breathe at me and keep your hands to yourself, little boy. When a woman’s limbs are cold and her stomach is empty she does not want to be bothered with men.

JACQUES
You’re a devil, you are. You’re playing with me. I’ve seen you smile at me as you do.
(beat)
I know a fine way to warm those limbs. Don’t you want it?

LOUISE
(sweeping the bundle of cheese to the side)
No, you fool. Leave me alone.

JACQUES
(tightens his grip on her shoulders, whispers)
You didn’t say that before, did you?

Louise stands up suddenly, pushing Jacques away. She lays a hand on Julius’ head and leans down to look at him.

LOUISE
Are you still hungry?

JULIUS
(nodding)
Yes, Mère.

LOUISE
Poor boy.
   (gives him a coin)
Here’s a sous. Go buy some bread
and enjoy the fresh air.

Julius carefully takes the coin in his fist and runs out the door, slamming it behind him, without another look at Jacques or his mother. He has already been wearing his shoes, jacket, and scarf.

EXT. HOUSE ON RUE DES PETITS CHAMP – DAY

Julius practically runs from the house, clearly glad (despite his emotionless face) to be outside and out of the house. He wanders through a maze of narrow streets until he reaches a wider, more populated street leading to a bridge across the Seine. Quays reach out into the water, and there are boats at the end of most of them.

He reaches a line of stalls by the river, and quickly exchanges the coin for a bun. He devours it as he leaves the stalls.

He continues walking along the river, looking continuously from side to side, searching for something. He stops briefly at a small garbage heap by one of the quays, kicking object around with one foot, until he sees and seizes on a bread crust.

He crosses to a sewer pipe, which he sets the bread crust inside. Stepping up and over, he crouches behind the opening of the pipe, and waits.

NEW ANGLE

Julius does not look around him, does not watch as boats come and go, as people pass by, visiting the stalls, buying and selling, begging for food. He waits by the pipe, staring down at the opening, at the crust of bread.

NEW ANGLE – OPENING OF SEWER PIPE

Eventually, there are SCRABBLING and SQUEAKING noises, and a rat cautiously emerges from the sewer pipe. Only its nose and whiskers are visible at first, sniffing at the crust of bread.
Julius’ watches this intently, breathing deeply.

The rat emerges further from the pipe, until it begins to nibble at the crust of bread.

Now Julius lifts his hands, fingers clasped tightly around a large rock. Now he brings his hands down, down, and with all his strength hurls the rock at the rat.

He jumps down from his perch above the pipe and peers cautiously at his handiwork. He slowly lifts the rock to peek underneath, and nods — his hope has been confirmed.

FADE TO:

EXT. MARKET STALLS — EVENING

Julius is walking toward the center of the marketplace, holding four dead rats by their tails. Lots of people are standing in line at the stalls. Their clothes are ragged and dirty, and many are begging by the side of the road. It is getting dark, the evening is quiet and still, and the people are cold and hungry.

Julius comes to the center of the road, and looks around him momentarily before raising his hand, the rats swinging from his fist.

JULIUS

Fresh rats, mesdames and messieurs, forty sous a rat! Forty sous a rat!

The volume in the street rises suddenly, and people begin to clamor around him.

Julius SMILES.

MATCH CUT:

Julius SMILES again as he walks home with sausage, cheese, and bread in his arms.

INT. SEVENTH FLOOR HALLWAY OF HOME — NIGHT
Julius reaches the top of the stairs to the seventh floor, and he enters the hallway with his shoulders squared and head held high; he has earned his own money and bought food for his family. He walks to the end of the hall proudly, looking down several times at his purchases.

When he reaches the door at the end of the hall, he stops and shifts the food to one arm so he can open the door. The knob rattles uselessly, however; the door is locked. He shakes the door, trying to rattle it loose, and starts to kick at the door.

    LOUISE (O.S.)
    Be quiet, Julius. I don’t feel very well and I am resting. Run and play a little longer and watch for Père to come home.

    JULIUS
    (stops kicking)
    Mère, I’m cold. It’s dark and horrid out in the streets. I want to come in and warm myself.

    LOUISE (O.S.)
    After standing in line for four hours to get food for you can’t I rest one moment? Run and meet Père. I’m not ready for you to come in yet.

Julius lets go of the doorknob and angrily drops the food on the floor. He crosses his arms and stares at the door for a moment, sulking, refusing to leave.

After a moment he seems to give up, and he pushes open the window on the wall beside the door. He leans on the windowsill and looks out, watching the people pass by in the dark below. He pulls himself and balances on his hands on the windowsill, kicking the wall beneath. He is impatient.

Just then he hears LOUISE’S VOICE, speaking softly, from inside the room. Julius drops from the windowsill and steps back to the door, pressing his ear against it. JACQUES’ VOICE joins hers, but both speak too quietly to be intelligible. Their voices drift through a grate above the door.
Julius looks around quickly, and climbs onto the windowsill to reach a ladder that goes up the side of the building. Climbing up a couple rungs, he leans back in through the window, one foot on the ladder, and stretches to get a glimpse through the grate.

It takes him a second to process what he sees, but when he does, his jaw drops and his brow furrows in anger. He jumps down, back in through the window, and runs down the hall toward the stairs.

EXT./INT. HOUSE ON RUE DE PETITS CHAMP – NIGHT

It is dark and raining. Julius runs from the door at the bottom of the house, nearly crashing into his father as he arrives home. Paul is dressed in the uniform of the Garde Nationale; he is mud-splattered, sweating, and exhausted. He grasps Julius by the shoulders to stop him.

JULIUS
(frantically)
Père, come up at once, come quickly!
(pulls at Paul’s sleeve)
Be quick, be quick! Mère is lying with Jacques Tripet on the mattress.

Paul lifts his head, staring at Julius with tired eyes sunk in a white face. He does not understand.

JULIUS
(in exasperation)
Quickly, Père! They are lying together on the mattress. I saw them through the grating.

Paul looks up toward the seventh floor, his face expressionless. Suddenly he walks with long strides, almost leaps, toward the door, and Julius goes after him. Paul runs up the stairs, but Julius can barely keep up. Paul gets out of view, but he can be heard CLATTERING up the stairs.

When Julius reaches the seventh floor, Paul is at the end of the hall, almost to the door. Jacques is standing,
almost crouched, in the corner at the end of the hallway. His face is white and his eyes wild and afraid. Paul does not look at him, but strides straight into the room.

Julius runs down the hall after his father, and Jacques flees down the hall toward the stairs as Julius steps into the room.

Louise is standing by the mattress, holding a blanket in her hand as though she had been making the bed. Her face is red and blotched and her hair messy. Paul stands facing her, with his back to Julius, looking at her.

JULIUS
(takes Paul’s hand)
She can’t pretend, she was lying there with him. I saw, I saw.

Louise’s eyes widen, horrified, as she looks at Paul.

Paul pushes Julius away and moves toward Louise. She steps back rapidly, almost falling, toward the wall.

LOUISE
(holding her hands out
to defend herself)
No, no. No . . .

Paul grabs her around the throat, pulling her away from the wall and pushing her down. Louise bends slightly backward as his hands tighten around her throat. She COUGHS and CHOKES and her face turns purple.

JULIUS
(shouting)
It serves her right! Go on, it serves her right!

Paul continues to choke her, swinging her back and forth and pushing her against the wall again. Her shoes fall off and she kicks the floor.

JULIUS
(shouting)
Go on, go on!
Paul drops her then. She falls to the floor with a THUD, her legs apart and her lips parted over her teeth. Her eyes are open and stare blankly up at Paul.

Paul stands over her, breathing heavily. He wipes the sweat from his forehead. He and Julius stand in silence, staring at Louise. After a moment, Paul goes to the basin and pours water in. He dips his face and then his whole head. Water runs down his face and under his clothes.

Julius crosses the floor to his mother, and nudges her with his foot.

JULIUS
Is she dead?

PAUL
(takes a drink of water)
Yes.

JULIUS
(gazing contemplatively at his mother)
I suppose it’s a good thing that she’s dead, isn’t it?

PAUL
Yes.

JULIUS
I mean, you couldn’t have gone with her again, could you?

PAUL
No.

JULIUS
(nods, still looking down)
Her face looks awful — shall I cover it up?

PAUL
(sits down heavily in a chair)
Yes, put the blanket over her.
Julius picks up the blanket from the mattress where Louise dropped it and drags it over his mother. He circles the body, carefully pulling at the corners to make it even. He looks up at his father, still sitting in the chair and staring blankly.

**JULIUS**
Why don’t you lie down on the mattress and go to sleep? After I threw my little Mimitte in the Seine, I was glad to go to sleep.

**PAUL**
(quietly, evenly)
I’m alright.

Julius sits on the floor next to his father and leans against his leg.

**JULIUS**
(matter-of-factly)
You’re bound to feel sad at first. I still miss stroking her warm fur and feeling her paws on my face.

(beat)
I expect you will miss going with Mère, but it can’t be helped, can it? It is better for her to bead than for other people to have her.

(softly, in a more sympathetic tone)
I shall miss her badly, too. When I’ve stopped being angry, I shall cry.

Paul pulls Julius up and hugs him tightly, pressing Julius’ face to his chest and kissing his head.

**PAUL**
You’re my own little thing, aren’t you?

**JULIUS**
(pulls his face away)
Yes.

(looks around)
It’s not very cheerful having Mère lie there in the middle of the floor, is it?
    (beat)
It’s going to be cold, too, sleeping tonight without the blanket.

Paul stands up and begins changing from his uniform back into his normal clothes.

    PAUL
    We won’t be staying tonight. We’re leaving now. You had better put a warm scarf under your coat and make a bundle of your clothes.

    JULIUS
    (looks up from the floor)
Where are we going?

    PAUL
    (shakes head)
I don’t know. It doesn’t matter.

    JULIUS
    (stands)
Can we go home to Puteaux?

    PAUL
    No.

    JULIUS
    But why not? I’m not afraid of the Prussians.

Paul begins gathering together clothes from the floor.

    PAUL
    Paris has surrendered. Tomorrow it will be official.

    JULIUS
    (hesitantly)
Then the siege is over and the Prussians have won?
PAUL
Yes. Go on and pack your things.

Julius, frustrated, crosses to the opposite side of the room where he has a small pile of folded clothes. He begins to put them into a bag.

JULIUS
Why can’t we go home then?

PAUL
(stands, bag in hand)
Because Puteaux isn’t our home. It belonged to Grandpère and Mère. You and I — Paris is not our city, and France is not our country. We’re Lévys, Jews.

Julius says nothing, but finishes packing. He stands and joins his father, who is waiting for him.

JULIUS
I suppose someone will bury Mère. Jacques will certainly get a fright when he comes back, anyway.

Paul doesn’t answer, instead going to the door and looking out. He listens to see if anyone is coming, but there is no sound.

PAUL
(looking back)
Are you ready?

JULIUS
Mère had a purse tied around her waist — shall we take it.

Paul has a sudden fit of COUGHING and grabs onto the door for support, but it quickly subsides.

PAUL
(choking out the words)
No, don’t bother with that. I have enough money for now.
Paul exits, his BOOTS CREAKING as he walks down the hall. Julius hesitates, and then goes back to his mother’s body on the floor. He lifts the edge of the blanket and reaches under, fumbling around until he finds the purse. He pulls it out, COINS JINGLING, and puts it in his pocket.

Before he goes, he lifts the blanket from his mother’s face and kisses her on the cheek. Julius drops the blanket again and runs after his father, leaving the door open.

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS — NIGHT

It is still raining. Paul and Julius, each with a bundle of clothes over their shoulders, hurry through the streets.

JULIUS
Where do we want to go, Père?

PAUL
(breathing hard)
South.

Julius looks up at his father.

JULIUS’ POV — PAUL

Paul is thin and exhausted — he no longer seems powerful as he did up in the room. His eyes and cheeks are sunken, and he hunches over slightly. Paul begins to cough raggedly.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius frowns, and returns his gaze to the road, disgusted or disenchanted. Paul stops coughing, but continues to breathe raggedly. They keep moving until they reach the train station. There is a line of cars on the tracks, which they run toward.

A WHISTLE BLAST sounds in the distance, and an engine comes around the bend toward the cars. Paul drags Julius toward the cars, hoisting him and throwing him into the nearest one. He climbs in after Julius, and they both lie on their sides against the wall. The car is full of stones, and Paul and Julius burrow in and try to get comfortable.
There are VOICES as men approach the cars, and Paul and Julius duck down, waiting for them to pass. The voices move up the line and GROW FAINTER.

PAUL  
(whispering)  
Lie still. We will leave soon.

Julius says nothing, and in a moment there is a CLANK and a jolt, and the train begins the move.

The train has only gone a short way when it grinds to a stop again.

MAN (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
I told you we have the necessary authority! This train goes through to Dijon by way of Orléans. They would not let us go the shorter route; it is not our fault.

SECOND MAN (O.S.)  
Nix, nix — pass passer.

JULIUS  
(looks up at Paul)  
What is he saying?

PAUL  
He is not going to let us pass.

FOOTSTEPS crunch in the gravel outside the cars as people walk back and forth. Voices are YELLING and ARGUING outside, distant and unintelligible. After a while the voices fade.

Julius shifts in the pile of stones. The only sound is the PATTERING RAIN on the roof.

JULIUS  
Père, I’m hungry.

PAUL  
Shh, little one. Try to sleep.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS
Julius closes his eyes, breathing heavily. He is afraid, clenching his eyes as if hiding rather than trying to sleep. As his head finally begins to sink and his eyes relax, FOOTSTEPS start coming back up the line, and Julius’ eyes snap open.

MAN (O.S.)
(grumbling)
At last, the idiots — damn Prussians. They cannot understand a word you say. Now finally . . .

The man moves up the line, and soon there is another WHISTLE and the train begins to move again. Julius hears Paul whispering, praying in Hebrew, and he closes his eyes again and falls asleep.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOCK IN ALGIERS — DAY

It is a sunny morning in Algiers, and a cargo boat has just landed at the dock. Paul and Julius disembark and walk slowly up the dock.

Paul pauses on the dock, closing his eyes and turning his face to the sun. He breathes in deeply. He keeps one hand firmly on Julius’ shoulder, almost leaning on him. Julius waits, looking out at the city.

PAUL
(breathes out and opens his eyes)
This is the end. I cannot go any further.

Julius looks up at his father, waiting.

PAUL
(looking out at the city)
I was born here, in Algeria. I do not remember it.

JULIUS
(follows his father’s gaze)
Alger seems a big place. Most likely there is good trade to be done here.

WIDE ANGLE

Paul and Julius follow the road up a hill toward the city. At the top of the hill, Paul reels suddenly and begins COUGHING violently, clutching at Julius’ shoulder. Julius almost falls trying to hold him up. Paul stops coughing momentarily, gasping. He tries to take a step forward and falls to the ground, unconscious.

NEW ANGLE

Julius bends over him, helpless. He looks up and sees a synagogue a short distance away. Leaving his father on the side of the road, he runs to the synagogue and knocks on the door. RABBIN MOÏSE METZGER, an old man with a long black beard streaked with silver, answers the door and smiles kindly down at Julius.

    JULIUS
    (tearfully)
    Please, my father . . . my father is very ill.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM IN SYNAGOGUE — DAY

Paul is sleeping by a window in a small room. Julius and the rabbi sit in chairs beside the bed, talking quietly.

    JULIUS
    (distraught)
    When will Père be well enough to move?

    RABBIN
    He is not going to move. Have you not understood, my son? This is your home now. You and your father are children of the Temple.

    JULIUS
(sighs and looks at his father)
But for how long?

RABBIN
(chuckles softly and strokes his beard)
Until your father is strong enough to move the Atlas mountains. Now, there is a problem for you.

JULIUS
(frowns, keeps looking at Paul)
Père will never a mountain. We are going to live here for good.

FADE TO:

INT. ENTRANCE OF SYNAGOGUE — NIGHT

The sun is setting outside, and Julius is returning to the synagogue. JINGLING COINS together in his hand, he takes his mother’s purse from his sleeve and drops them in. He draws the string on the bag and returns it to his pocket.

Just then A SERVANT runs up to Julius from another room and grasps his sleeve.

SERVANT
(whispering)
All day Monsieur le Rabbin has waited for you. No one could say where you had gone.
(beat)
Your father is dying.

Julius looks at him for a moment, expressionless, before running across the room and up the stairs to the room where his father is. Julius slowly turns the handle and creeps into the room.

Outside, the sun has dropped behind the roofs of the houses and the muezzin is sounding the call to prayer. The rabbi kneels by the bed, praying softly in Hebrew. Paul is staring with glazed eyes at the golden sky.
Julius stands behind the rabbi, looking down at his father. Suddenly Paul makes fumbled movements with his hands, reaching for the window. His flute sits on the windowsill, and he picks it up and lifts it to his lips. Never taking his eyes from the sky, he begins to play, the same tune he played the night in Puteaux when they were all together and happy. The sad tune rises higher and higher, the notes trembling on Paul’s breath.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius watches this without expression, realizing his father is going from him and not knowing how to react. He is completely focused on Paul and on the song he plays.

WIDE ANGLE

The call to prayer has ceased, and as the last note of Paul’s tune escapes from his flute, a smile flashes across his face. With his face still turned to the window, Paul’s hands, holding the flute, sink to his chest.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAFÉ IN ALGIERS — DAY

It is a hot and noisy day in Algiers. People are walking to and fro past the café, bargaining, haggling, buying and selling, pulling mules, sheep, cattle and horses. The people wear loose garments and cloaks, and some of the men wear fezzes. A few people sit at tables outside the café, eating and drinking. AD LIB chatter around the café.

INT. CAFÉ — DAY

It is just as hot and noisy inside the café, though there are fewer animal sounds and the light is not as bright. People sit at tables eating and drinking. Four teenage boys lean against the bar, pounding on the wood and shouting for drinks.

Around the corner, in the washroom where the noise is slightly muffled, is another teenage boy. His clothes are dusty, and he dunks his whole head in the basin. He stands and shakes his head, and water flies out and runs down his
shoulders and under his shirt. It is Julius, now eighteen years old. He looks like his father, pale, dark eyes, quiet and grim. Julius lights a cigarette and takes a drag. After exhaling, he secures the cigarette between his lips, wets a handkerchief in the basin, and ties it around his head.

Julius leaves the washroom and joins the boys at the bar, pushing his way into the middle of them. He slaps a coin on the bar and shouts at the servers.

**JULIUS**
(shouting)
Come on, we’ve got to sell half a dozen animals in the cattle market before sundown. Be sharp or we’ll take our custom elsewhere!

The boys around him cheer as drinks are set in front of them.

**JULIUS**
And give us something to eat, for the love of Allah!

As the boys around him throw back their glasses of wine, the server sets of plate of chicken curry and rice in front of Julius. He grins, and begins to eat.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. ROW OF HOUSES IN ALGIERS – NIGHT**

Julius is walking down a quiet street, drunk and swaying slightly. ARABIC MUSIC is playing in a building nearby, the MUFFLED DRUMBEATS throbbing through the walls. PEOPLE CHEER in the distance, but there is no one else in the street besides Julius.

He stops at one of the houses and glances up before picking a small rock from the ground and throwing it at the shutters on the second floor.

While he waits, Julius steps back to get a better view of the window, CRUNCHING GRAVEL with his feet. After a moment, NANETTE, a dark-haired Algerian woman in her early thirties, wearing a nightgown, opens the window. She
stretches her arms and yawns, then looks at Julius expectantly, smiling.

JULIUS
(in a hoarse whisper)
Have you got anyone with you?

NANETTE
(gazing down at him sleepily)
No, baby.
(beat)
What are you doing here? Why aren’t you in bed?

JULIUS
(grins)
I’ve had a glorious day. I’ve sold six mules at the cattle market. Stole ‘em off an old merchant. I made the boys drunk, too.

NANETTE
(laughs, showing her teeth)
Come on then and tell Nanette about it.

She turns and goes back inside.

Throwing a glance over his shoulder, Julius runs and jumps, catching the edge of the railing around her window. He pulls himself up by his hands and climbs over the railing.

INT. NANETTE’S HOUSE — NIGHT

Julius walks in through the open window. Nanette had been ready for bed—a candle is lit and her sheets are turned down. A crucifix hangs on the wall above her bed.

Nanette is sitting in an armchair in the corner, yawning, and Julius, after carefully shutting the window, sits in her lap. She holds up an open box of candy, offering it to him, and he takes one.

JULIUS
Well —
(puts the candy in his mouth) - it was all owing to me. The fellows were scared stiff. They hid in the trees and I waited in the ditch for the old merchant to come.

Nanette puts a piece of candy in her mouth and nods, murmuring in encouragement.

JULIUS
(continuing enthusiastically)
“Hello, you old flapdoodle,” I said, and I stung him one in the eye with a stone. Down he fell like a wounded turkey, and off we galloped on the mules, thundering down the road for dear life, and when we came to the top of the hill everyone fell off except me.
(laughs) We were thirsty as troopers, and the boys got roaring drunk. I’d put away twice as much as they had, but it didn’t make a bit of difference to me.

NANETTE
(chuckles) Oh, I’m sure it didn’t, little chatterbox.

JULIUS
You don’t believe me? (places a hand on his chest and looks up) May I be struck dead if I’m not speaking the truth!

When nothing happens, Julius shrugs, much to Nanette’s amusement, and he continues with his story. Nanette gives him her attention — she is charmed, if not persuaded, by Julius.

JULIUS
Well, I took the beasts myself to the cattle market and, seizing the hammer from the auctioneer, I sold every mule for ten francs apiece. I went and swallowed another drink, took some hashish, and spent the rest of the evening with the dancing girls.

NANETTE
(scoffs)
No doubt, but isn’t it time you were in bed? What would it look like if Monsieur le Rabbin comes over to fetch you?

JULIUS
(squirms impatiently
in her lap and reaches for the box of candy in her hand)
Moïse Metzger is asleep in bed. Nobody is coming to fetch me.

Julius settles himself more comfortably in her lap, sucking on a candy, and lays his head on her shoulder.

JULIUS
(in a soft, low tone)
Let me stay, Nounounne.

NANETTE
(sighs and tries to push him off)
No, baby, go home.

JULIUS
Please, please, Nounounne, I want to so badly. You let me last time.
(closes his eyes and snuggles close to her)

NANETTE
Oh, you’re a pest, aren’t you?

JULIUS
(not indignant, just
takes the joke in
stride)
No, I’m not. I’m a man.

Nanette looks down at him, holding onto her so tightly, and she begins to stroke his hair.

NANETTE
(sleepily)
You’re bad.

JULIUS
(rubs his face against hers)
Please, Nounounne.

NANETTE
(sighs)
Go on, then.

Nanette leans over and blows out the candle, covering the room in darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. NANETTE’S HOUSE — DAY

It is morning — birds are chirping and the sunshine is streaming in through the shutter slats. Nanette and Julius are asleep on the bed, Julius’ legs are tangled up in the sheets and his face resting between Nanette’s bare shoulder blades.

Julius opens his eyes and raises his head to look over Nanette at the window. The light shining between the slats falls across his eyes, but he doesn’t seem to mind. He disentangles himself from the sheets and climbs out of bed, wearing only drawstring drawers. Stepping to the window, he throws open the shutters to stand in the sunlight. He breathes it in, closing his eyes and letting the light fall on him, wake him up, and rejuvenate him.

Nanette is stirring in the bed as the room gets warmer. She opens her eyes to see Julius standing tall in front of the open window.

NANETTE
(groaning)
Someone will see you, baby.

Julius spins around at the sound of her voice, grinning, excited that she has awoken to join him in this day.

JULIUS
And what will they do?
(when Nanette says nothing)
Devil take them.

Nanette laughs and stretches her legs under the sheets, watching him.

JULIUS
(smiling, happy that she is happy)
It’s days like this that are good.

NEW ANGLE – FAVORING JULIUS

This seems to trigger something in Julius, a memory, an idea. The smile freezes on his face and slackens as he stares straight ahead, lost in thought.

NANETTE (O.S.)
Julius?

Julius blinks, and the natural smile returns in full to his face.

BACK TO SCENE

Nanette is propped up with her elbow on the pillow. A smile pulls at the corner of her mouth.

JULIUS
Do you have a cigarette?

Nanette blinks in surprise, then laughs. She reaches to get a cigarette from the nightstand and holds it out to Julius.

Julius walks over to her from the window and takes the cigarette. She takes a matchbook from the nightstand and puts it in Julius’ already outstretched hand. He takes one
match and returns the rest to her, flashing a close-lipped smile at her.

Julius returns to his place at the window. Staring out, he lights the cigarette between his lips and flicks the match out into the street. He takes a slow drag, savoring, while Nanette watches silently.

JULIUS
(exhales a long stream of smoke and pauses, looking down at the street)
I’m going to England.

Nanette SCOFFS O.S.

JULIUS
(continuing)
I have what I need out of Alger. There is no more to be gained here.

WIDE ANGLE

NANETTE
(standing in a nightgown beside the bed, unimpressed)
Hmm.

JULIUS
(turns to face her)
You don’t believe me?

NANETTE
(begins making the bed and waves a hand at him dismissively)
Oh, don’t go on praying to be struck dead again. Go to England.

JULIUS
(indignant, stands up straighter)
I will. I’m going to England tomorrow.
(begins to pace the room)
I’ve gotten all I can from the mind of Moïse Metzger. The old fool has taught me enough. And the boys . . . the boys are dull. They have vacant minds — they won’t get anywhere. There’s nothing here for me. Now I must go to England and make my fortune.

Nanette has finished making the bed and now she stands still with hands on her hips, watching him as a mother might watch her child, smiling at his ambition. Now she clicks her tongue softly and crosses the room to him. She lays her hands on his shoulders and kisses his hair softly.

NANETTE
(softly, slightly muffled in his hair)
Go home, baby.

Julius is hurt by her dismissiveness, and responds with anger.

JULIUS
(pushing her away)
I’m going to England! There’s nothing here to stay for. Not you! You’re only a lazy, good-for-nothing washerwoman, and you’re getting too fat.

NANETTE
(backs away, shaking her head and laughing wryly)
Go on then, baby. Go on to England.

Nanette leaves the room without another look back, and Julius is left alone. He stands frozen by the bed, lost in thought again. After a moment, he touches the side of his nose and smiles.

FADE TO:
EXT. CLIFFORD STREET IN LONDON - NIGHT

A row of five-story brick townhouses line the street, with wrought-iron gates around the front and marble pillars in front of the doors. Gas lamps are built into the side of the building, casting a dim yellow glow over the pavement.

A cabriolet pulls up in front of one of the doors. There is a faint JINGLING OF COINS, a transaction, and Julius steps out. He is wearing a suit and carries only a small suitcase. As the cab pulls away, Julius stands, looking at the building for a moment, before stepping up to the door and going inside.

INT. CLIFFORD STREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Julius unlocks and steps through the door of no. 33. After turning on a gas lamp, he closes the door behind him and sets his suitcase on the floor. Looking around, he sees that the inside is not as nice as the outside looked. Drab lace curtains hang in the window, and the walls and carpeted floor are dingy. The hearth is coated with soot, as is the shabby armchair in front of the fireplace.

Going to the window, Julius pushes aside the lace and tries to open it. The window, lined with mildew, creaks but does not budge. Julius cups his hands around his face and tries to see out. Apparently seeing nothing interesting, he turns back to the room.

Julius spots his suitcase still sitting by the door, and he crosses the room to get it. Laying the suitcase on the bed, he opens it and begins to remove its contents: a small pile of clothes, a pair of shoes, a metal toiletry case. He takes these items one at a time around the room, putting them in their proper place. He returns to the suitcase and pulls out one last item: his father’s flute. For a moment he holds it balanced between two fingers, gazing at it, remembering. After some contemplation, he crosses the room and sets it on the windowsill.

Standing by the window, Julius gives the room another glance-over. He nods almost imperceptibly, accepting the room and granting it his approval. Moving quickly, he slips out of his clothes and turns the lamp off. By the dim light coming in through the lace curtains, Julius can be seen climbing into bed and settling almost instantly.
EXT. CLIFFORD STREET — DAY

The next morning, Julius, wearing his suit, is walking down the street. Two women stand on railed balconies on opposite sides of the street, shouting across at each other in shrieking voices.

WOMAN #1
(in rough northern English accent)
Well, where’s your Harry these days?

WOMAN #2
(in the same accent)
Devil take him, I haven’t seen him for ages. Most likely he’s run off with that Ruth, from the pub.

WOMAN #1
Aye, I always told you your Harry was a right bastard.

WOMAN #2
That you did, and I should’ve believed you. Then I might have run off with your Edwin!

The two women cackle hysterically at this, and Julius looks up at them, disgusted. Still laughing, one of the women notices him.

WOMAN #2
(to Julius)
Oy, where’re you off to, little lad?

WOMAN #1
(to Julius)
Don’t pay her no heed now, boy. She hasn’t been with a man in ages.

WOMAN #2
Aye, come up here, lad. We’ll show you a good time, better than you’re headed off to in such a hurry.
The women begin to laugh again, their shrieks echoing through the street. Julius glares at them and continues on his way without a word. They don’t mind him going — they’re oblivious in their self-amusement. As Julius reaches the end of the street, a coach passes, the horse’s hooves drowning out the women’s laughter.

Julius turns the corner onto a busy street lined with small businesses. Weaving through people on the pavement, he turns into the first one.

SERIES OF SHOTS — JULIUS’ POV

A) A man behind the counter of a drugstore

DRUGSTORE CLERK
No, we never employ aliens; there are too many of our own people out of work.

B) A man standing in front of a printing press

NEWSPAPER EDITOR
(looking Julius over skeptically)
You’re Jewish, aren’t you?
(beat)
No, I’m afraid I have nothing for you.

C) A man standing behind a podium at the entrance of a restaurant

MAÎTRE D’
No, I’m sorry, there’s no work here for foreigners.

D) A man behind a register at the front of a shoe store

SHOE STORE CLERK
(sympathetically)
Times are very hard these days. I expect you’ll find it nearly impossible to make a living here. Why didn’t you stay in your own country?
END SERIES OF SHOTS

Julius exits the shoe store, hands in his pockets and head low, and crosses the street to stand in line at a soup cart. The line is fairly short, only stretching the length of two or three storefronts, and Julius moves through the queue fairly quickly.

WIDE ANGLE

Returning his bowl to a bin at the side of the soup cart, Julius crosses the street to another business, a bakery.

INT. BAKERY — DAY

Julius steps into the bakery, pausing to inhale deeply, and steps up to the counter. MR. GRUNDY, a red-faced man in his sixties, wearing a white shirt and apron, is standing behind the counter helping a woman.

When the woman leaves with a loaf of bread, Julius steps confidently up to the counter to address Mr. Grundy.

    JULIUS
    Good day, sir. My name is Julius Lévy and I’m in need of work — are you perchance in need of a good worker?

    GRUNDY
    (rolls his eyes)
    You a Jew?

    JULIUS
    (swallows)
    Yes, sir, I am. I’m a credit to my race, sir, I can assure you, an honest and hard worker. I helped my grandfather sell his wares and I’ve got a keen eye for a bargain —

    GRUNDY
    (coughs violently into his apron, interrupting Julius)
I don’t care about all that. Can you sweep the floor and buy flour from the grocer every week?

JULIUS
(blinks, momentarily caught off guard)
Yes, sir, I can do that. I can do whatever you ask of me.

GRUNDY
(nodding, already moving away)
Very good. You can start tomorrow, Lévy.

Grundy disappears into the back room, and Julius is left alone. He allows a slight smile to tug at his lips before leaving.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFFORD STREET - DAY

The two women, now with a few wrinkles and some gray in their hair, are leaning over the wrought-iron balconies and shouting at each other across the street.

WOMAN #1
You been hearing of this fellow, Julius Lévy?

WOMAN #2
No, who’s that?

WOMAN #1
He’s a Jew –

WOMAN #2
.places a hand on her chest and raises her eyebrows.
Oh, a Jew, you say! Well, now I understand everything!

WOMAN #1
No, let me finish now, you lazy blower. He’s making a name for
himself, suddenly owns two big cafés, one in Holborn and one in the Strand. He up and bought ’em off the owners!

WOMAN #2
Oh, a fancy Jew!

WOMAN #1
(continues, unfazed by her comments)
They say he burst on London out of nowhere — no one knows where he comes from, but he speaks perfect English. And now all these folks with money to spend have seized on him.

WOMAN #2
(watching people pass on the street below)
Well, it sounds like he’s a right don now.

WOMAN #1
(stunned)
Can you imagine it? A Jew from nowhere made his way up on the fly?

WOMAN #2
(looking up at her now)
Well, you’re certainly taken with this whole notion! Why haven’t you gone and moved up by now?

WOMAN #1
What are you talking about?
Haven’t I told you I’m a real honest Rothschild?

The two women burst into shrieking laughter, and move on to a new topic of conversation.

EXT. JULIUS’ TOWNHOUSE ON CLIFFORD STREET
RUPERT HARTMANN, a mustached man in his late fifties wearing a suit and top hat, is approaching the row of townhouses. Glancing up at the windows, he jogs up the steps and into Julius’ house.

INT. JULIUS’ TOWNHOUSE — DAY

Julius, now thirty years old, is sitting at a table in his room, writing something in a notebook, when there is a KNOCK at the door. Julius stands up and answers the door to Hartmann.

Hartmann grabs Julius’ hand and enthusiastically shakes it as he steps into the room.

    HARTMANN
    Rupert Hartmann, my man, a pleasure to meet you.
    (looks around)
    What’s the idea in this? Are you trying to be eccentric or something?

    JULIUS
    (holding the door open, frowns)
    Excuse me?

    HARTMANN
    (gestures vaguely around the room)
    A common shoeblack would be ashamed to live here. I shouldn’t think a penny has been spent on this room for years.

    JULIUS
    (still frowning in confusion)
    I can’t afford to live anywhere else.

    HARTMANN
    (raises his eyebrows)
    Can’t afford it? Good heavens, man, you must be making about
twenty thousand a year since you opened the Strand café.

Julius is still holding the door open, staring blankly at Hartmann. Hartmann seems to suddenly become aware of the awkward situation in which he has placed himself, and he steps closer to Julius and takes off his hat.

**HARTMANN**
So sorry, my man, to burst in on you like this. I’m the director of Central Bank and I had my eye on the Strand site for some time before you swooped in.
(chuckles)
I’ve been hearing about you for some time, Lévy, and I wanted to see for myself. I must say, you’re not at all what I expected.

Julius nods distractedly and says nothing. He seems, rather, to be waiting for Hartmann to continue.

**HARTMANN**
(chuckles nervously and goes to seat himself at the table)
So what are you going to do with your money?

**NEW ANGLE – VIEW OF THE TABLE**

Julius shrugs and, after a moment of consideration, closes the door and resumes his position at the table, across from Hartmann.

**HARTMANN**
(leaning in confidingly)
Well, I suppose you’ve got everything all planned out ahead?

**JULIUS**
Yes.

**HARTMANN**
(laughs wryly)
You’re a bit of a fanatic, Lévy, that’s what’s the matter with you. I’m not sure whether you are a devil or a saint.

(beat)
Tell me, to satisfy an old man’s curiosity, did you have all this in your mind as a youngster?

JULIUS
(laughs genuinely, pleasantly)
No. As a boy I lived for some time in a temple. I thought I wanted to be a Rabbin. I wanted to make music.

Julius stands up and goes to the window, where he set his father’s flute years ago. He picks up the flute and returns with it to the table.

JULIUS
My father used to play this. He never had a sous in his pocket but I think he was happy.
(chuckles)
I tried to play it, too, but I can’t. I haven’t the gift. So I built cafés instead.

After admiring the flute for a moment, he stands up again and returns it to the windowsill.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING HARTMANN

As Julius returns to his seat at the table, Hartmann swallows and shifts in his seat. Something about that story made him uncomfortable, made him feel out of place. He looks around the room and then toward the door. As Julius sits down again, Hartmann starts making movements to leave, shifting his feet, leaning forward and sitting on the edge of his seat.

HARTMANN
This isn’t the time or the place to talk business, but I think we can be useful to one another in
many ways. If you’ve nothing
better to do, I’d be pleased if
you’d have luncheon with me
tomorrow, 1:30 at the Langham.

WIDE ANGLE — TABLE

Julius eyes Hartmann, deciding, weighing him and his offer.
Just as the tension in the room begins to build again,
Julius offers his hand to Hartmann and nods once in
affirmation. Hartmann smiles and shakes his hand firmly.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROW OF HOUSES ON ADELPHI TERRACE — DAY

Julius and Hartmann walk down the grand row of terrace
houses, and when they reach the middle of the row, Hartmann
stops and looks up. Julius follows his example.

HARTMANN
(gesturing upward)
This is the kind of place you
need. This hermit nonsense of
yours has got to be stopped.

Julius looks up at the houses skeptically and says nothing.
Hartmann, still admiring the building, notices that Julius
is silent and looks back down at him.

HARTMANN
You’ve been allowed to go your own
way too long, Lévy.
(claps him on the
shoulder)
You can’t conquer the world unless
you live in it.

Julius, with a thinly veiled expression of disgust on his
face, shrugs noncommittally.

HARTMANN
(laughs and starts
walking again)
You’ll see, Lévy. One you get used
to this sort of thing you won’t
want to go back—it will get into your blood and keep you.
    (puts an arm around
    Julius’ shoulder to
    pull him along)
We’re going to the opera tonight
and you’ll meet some charming
people—pretty women, interesting
men.

    JULIUS
    (further disgusted)
Why the opera? I detest the
English aristocracy—they’re
snobs, and they bore me.
    (reluctantly)
If you want me to have an amusing
evening, let’s go to my Strand
café, drink a great deal more than
we need, and then go find a couple
of women at the Empire.
    (beat)
That’s good enough for me, though
in truth, I should be perfectly
content to stay here and do some
work.

Hartmann stops dead in the road, feigning shock.

    HARTMANN
Work? Making money doesn’t amount
to much in the long run.
    (shakes his head)
No, come with me to the opera and
to Lady Foulke’s party afterward.
    (in a friendlier tone,
pulling Julius along
again)
People are excited about you and
want to meet you. I promise you
won’t be bored.

Julius smiles despite himself, amused at Hartmann’s efforts
to give him a good time, and casts one last look up at the
Adelphi terrace houses before following Hartmann down the
street.

    FADE TO:
INT. OPERA HOUSE — NIGHT

Julius is sitting in a balcony seat with Hartmann, watching the opera, a PERFORMANCE OF PARSIFAL. Julius is bored, and begins to look around at the other people in the opera house. Suddenly, something catches his eye, and he stares across the opera house, transfixed.

JULIUS’ POV — RACHEL DREYFUS

Rachel, a dark-haired plain young woman in her early to mid-twenties, is sitting in a balcony beside Julius’, watching the opera. She doesn’t take her eyes from the stage, but her expression is aloof, distant, as if she’s thinking about something else. She has a serious face, and her mouth naturally settles into a slight frown.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius is still staring, fascinated by her. As he watches her, a faint smirk creeps over his face — he seems to be deciding something.

JULIUS’ POV — RACHEL

Rachel is still looking straight ahead, but something seems to distract her — she becomes aware of Julius’ stare and throws a glance in his direction.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius, having been waiting for her to look his way, grins wildly at her, raising an eyebrow and contorting his face.

JULIUS’ POV — RACHEL

Rachel is confused and embarrassed. She frowns and blinks at Julius and quickly looks away, blushing.

WIDE ANGLE

The smile is still on Julius’ face, but for himself now — he is pleased by the effect he has on her. He turns his
attention back to the opera briefly, and though he looks back at her several times, she keeps her eyes firmly fixed on the stage below.

FADE TO:

INT. OPERA HOUSE LOBBY — NIGHT

After the performance, the attendees linger in the lobby, meeting and talking to each other. They are all high-society and well-dressed. Julius wanders alone through the crowd, his eyes on the ceiling, admiring the architecture.

Hartmann, shouldering his way through the crowd, comes up behind Julius and takes him by the shoulder.

HARTMANN
Lévy, come speak to WALTER DREYFUS. He wants to meet you.

JULIUS
(confused)
Dreyfus?

HARTMANN
(nods, pulling at his arm)
Yes. Lives in Portland Place with a charming wife.
(moving through the crowd)
I don’t know the children.
(glances back at Julius)
You’ll like him. He’s diamonds, you know, but he’s lost some money lately, what with things being difficult in South Africa, and of course he’s a regular Boer.

Julius listens to all this silently, and nods in bewilderment at the end of Hartmann’s speech. He either doesn’t understand or doesn’t care what Dreyfus is.

Hartmann and Julius reach a small clearing in the crowd, where Dreyfus and his family stand. Dreyfus is a small
bearded man with a soft voice, and his manners and speech suggest he is old money.

Dreyfus smiles pleasantly at Hartmann and Julius as they emerge from the crowd, and he obligingly crosses the remaining distance between them, holding out a hand.

WALTER DREYFUS
(to Hartmann)
Dear Rupert, so good of you to turn up.
(turns to Julius and clasps his hand warmly)
And this is Julius Lévy of course. I’ve heard a lot about you. (chuckles) You’re a very brilliant fellow and the envy of many of us.

WIDE ANGLE

JULIUS
Thank you, sir.

WALTER DREYFUS
(releases Julius’ hand)
Let me introduce my wife, my sons Andrew and Walter, and my daughter Rachel.

Julius shakes hands with MRS. DREYFUS and with the boys each in turn — AD LIB murmured pleasantries — but when he turns to Rachel, he pauses.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING RACHEL

Rachel looks up and recognizes him from the performance, and she suddenly appears flustered, blinking and looking down.

BACK TO SCENE
Julius smiles, amused by her discomfort, but resumes a sober expression when she glances up at him again. He offers her his hand.

**JULIUS**

(gravely)
I think we have met before.

**RACHEL**

(courteously, shaking his hand)
I think not.

The rest of the party has not noticed this interaction, already talking together amongst themselves, and Rachel turns her back on Julius and move away to join her father and Hartmann.

Julius is initially startled by her quick dismissal, but looking at the back of her as she listens to a story Hartmann is telling, he smiles to himself and pushes himself into the circle next to her.

As he begins to speak to her, the conversation of the group around them carries on — they pay Julius and Rachel no notice.

**JULIUS**

Do you make a point of glaring at strangers?

**RACHEL**

(looks over at him in surprise, but recovers quickly)
Only when they show themselves to be as absolutely rude as you.

**JULIUS**

(beat – continues thoughtfully)
I suppose I behaved rather badly, but you see, I know nothing about manners.

Rachel, who is making a show of trying to listen to a different conversation, casts Julius a discreet sideways glance.
JULIUS
(continuing, sincerely)
I’ve lived in the south a good deal, and in that part of the world to stare at a very pretty woman is considered a compliment. That was the reason I stared at you, but you didn’t seem to understand.

(beat — he notices her show of inattention)
You seem to be looking about you rather vaguely; are you looking for someone?

RACHEL
(acting startled, turns to him)
I beg your pardon. I was trying to catch what Mr. Hartmann was telling my father. What were you saying, Mr. Lévy?

JULIUS
(suppressing a smile)
I was talking nonsense, and incidentally apologizing for causing you any annoyance earlier tonight. The fact of the matter is, I don’t care whether you were annoyed or not. I never bother about other people’s feelings.

RACHEL
(smiles wryly at him)
How lucky that we can agree about that. Neither do I bother. In that way we can both of us be perfectly happy standing here silently, and you will not be offended if I listen to Mr. Hartmann, whose conversation is always so brilliant.

NEW ANGLE
At this, she turns away from Julius back to the group. Julius opens his mouth to say something but is interrupted by Hartmann, who has moved next to him to clap him on the shoulder.

HARTMANN
Julius shall tell us what he thinks; I’ve been taking him to the opera lately.

Julius looks up, bewildered, and Rachel smiles to see him caught off guard.

RACHEL
Yes, Mr. Lévy, I’m sure your reaction to Parsifal must be extremely interesting. You must be astonished at such serious romanticism.

A wave of coldness washes over Julius’ face and for a moment, as he looks at her, he seems to despise her. The expression passes quickly, though, and he resumes a polite composure and addresses the group.

JULIUS
(humbly, chuckling to himself)
I only understand two kinds of music. One, the songs without words or melody that my father used to play on his flute. He was a wretched fellow who couldn’t sell a kilo of cheese without muddling the change, but he played like a god. The other is the music thumped on drums in the native quarter of Algiers and danced to by little naked prostitutes of twelve years old.

He says all this without pause or sign of embarrassment, and with the same manner and charm with which he addressed Rachel.

Everyone at the group stares at him in shock. Hartmann is embarrassed of Julius and fumbles with his watch. Dreyfus’ sons look at each with raised eyebrows, and Mrs. Dreyfus
has to collect herself before turning to speak to someone else in the group. Walter Dreyfus is speaking to someone else a short distance away and didn’t hear Julius.

Rachel is looking at the floor, pretending to be occupied with picking at her handkerchief. Julius’ attention is focused on her, and without being aware of it, a smirk rises to his lips and his eyebrow arches slightly in a display of smugness.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON — NIGHT

It is late, and only a few cabs are moving through the streets. In the foreground, one of the cabs slows at an intersection before carrying on.

HARTMANN (V.O.)
The point is that you must accept these people’s standards.

INT. MOVING CAB — NIGHT

Hartmann and Julius are sharing a cab. Hartmann is speaking earnestly but delicately to Julius, who is staring indifferently out the window.

HARTMANN
(continuing)
When in Rome, do as the Romans do. It is permissible to use certain words in front of married women — Mrs. Dreyfus is an excellent creature, and very large-minded — but not before a girl.
(beat)
It is, amongst men and women of birth and breeding, quite unforgivable. They’ll forgive you because you’re a foreigner, and that will be the only reason.

JULIUS
(yawns and turns to Hartmann)
My dear Hartmann, Rachel Dreyfus is nearly twenty-five. Has she never heard of prostitutes?

HARTMANN
(frowns)
That is hardly the question. Never mind if she passes them in the street every day of her life.
(emphasizing)
These things are not mentioned. It isn’t done.

JULIUS
(softly, gazing out the window)
Extraordinary, the hypocrisy that goes on amongst these people. Girls like Rachel Dreyfus marry and do exactly what the girls in Algiers do, only they don’t do it so well.

Hartmann is offended by this and opens his mouth, about to make a rebuttal, when Julius turns from the window and cuts him off.

JULIUS
(continuing, looking directly at Hartmann)
When I was a child I slept in the same bed as my father and mother and watched them as a matter of course.
(beat)
I found it rather boring.

HARTMANN
(grimaces – a beat while he recovers)
I can believe any nauseating story about your childhood. But this is different.
(beat)
I mean it. English girls are brought up very strictly. Their parents believe in sheltering them from the coarser aspects of life.
(laughs despite himself)
Wait until you have daughters of your own.

This seems to trigger an idea in Julius’ mind, and he gazes straight ahead, thinking.

JULIUS
(dreamily)
I suppose that a girl like Rachel Dreyfus would never allow herself to be seduced?

HARTMANN
(shocked again)
For God’s sake! Haven’t you been listening? The girls of the Dreyfus class are different — one doesn’t make love to that sort of women; one marries them.

JULIUS
(almost to himself)
What a nuisance it all is. Makes things so much more complicated.

HARTMANN
(doesn’t seem to notice that last comment)
Were you attracted by Walter’s girl? It seemed to me that you were, if anything, abominably rude.

(beat)
She’s a nice-looking girl, you know, intelligent, too.

The cab slows and pulls up the curb. Julius opens the door to get out.

JULIUS
(matter-of-factly)
Didn’t bother over her intelligence. And she’s pretty enough, as you say, but she’ll
probably run to fat like her mother.
(puts a leg out of the cab)
Can’t take a joke at the moment, but she’ll have to learn. I’m going to marry her.

EXT. CAB STOPPED OUTSIDE OF ADELPHI TERRACE - NIGHT

Julius steps out of the cab completely, and Hartmann leans over in astonishment, bending down to catch Julius’ eye.

HARTMANN
Good heavens!
(beat — continues in an upbeat tone)
Well, all I can say is that you have made up your mind rather quickly. My congratulations. When is the wedding to be?

Hartmann thinks it is a joke, and speaks over-excitely as if to go along with Julius.

JULIUS
(leans on the cab door, thinking)
September, I thought. That will give me time to fix up the Kensington deal.

HARTMANN
(crosses his arms and settles into his seat)
I see, I see. Four months’ engagement. Rather short, perhaps, but quite correct. I am delighted to think of you settling down. (leans back to Julian) Is she very much in love with you?

NEW ANGLE – FAVORING JULIUS
Julius has made it up the steps to the door of his house, and his face is eerily lit by the gas lamp on the wall above him. He smiles to himself, as if at a private joke.

HARTMANN (O.S.)
Do you honestly mean it?

NEW ANGLE — HARTMANN IN THE CAB

HARTMANN
(leaning to see out of the cab)
My dear fellow, I’ll doubt if she’ll have you.

NEW ANGLE — JULIUS ON THE STEPS

JULIUS
(laughs, feels for the key in his pocket)
I haven’t asked her yet, but she’ll come to me of course.

With that, Julius waves goodbye to Hartmann and steps inside, closing the door behind him.

FADE TO:

INT. DREYFUS RESIDENCE AT PORTLAND PLACE — DAY

The Dreyfus family is sitting around the table, eating breakfast. Walter sits at the head, with Rachel and Mrs. Dreyfus sitting on either side of him, and the two boys sitting opposite each other at the end.

MRS. DREYFUS
(to no one in particular)
Well, we’ve certainly been seeing more of that Julius Lévy around.

Rachel continues eating without looking up.

WALTER DREYFUS
(to Rachel)
You know, darling, I’ve taken a great liking to him. There was some talk in the beginning of him having vulgar inclinations, but he certainly seems to have adapted to polite society.

(laughs pleasantly)
He is a foreigner after all — he probably didn’t know any better. Those French . . .

(continues laughing to himself)

MRS. DREYFUS
(eyes her husband skeptically, then turns to Rachel)
You know, darling, he’s very well-off, and he’s made quite a name for himself now in London. He’s a respectable man, whatever his previous inclinations.

Rachel nods noncommittally, seeming to have little interest in the topic of conversation.

MRS. DREYFUS
(watches her daughter; irritated by Rachel’s apparent disinterest)
Has he made you a proposal?
(addresses her husband when Rachel doesn’t answer)
She’s always so serious. She’s wrapped up in her music and her books, and doesn’t bother much with young people. Admirers are generally frightened off very quickly — she snubs them unmercifully.

(laughs)

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING RACHEL

This is the breaking point — Rachel drops her fork on her plate with a CLATTER and looks up.
RACHEL
(emphatically)
As it happens, I can laugh and chatter nonsense perfectly well when I choose, and -
(pausing to pick up her fork and spear a piece of egg)
- as for frightening away admirers . . . well, I don’t know about that.

Rachel continues eating. For a moment the family sits in shocked silence before resuming conversation without her. Rachel smiles secretly to herself as she eats, thinking.

RACHEL’S LEFT HAND
rests on the table beside her, fiddling with the corner of the tablecloth.

MATCH CUT:

RACHEL’S LEFT HAND
is PLAYING THE PIANO - Louis van Waefelghem’s arrangement of “Plaisir d’amour”.

INT. DRAWING ROOM OF DREYFUS RESIDENCE - DAY
While she is playing, a SERVANT enters the room to announce a guest.

SERVANT
Mr. Julius Lévy.

Rachel abruptly stops playing, startled, and stands up. She quickly runs her fingers through her hair and tries to pat it into place – she was not prepared to receive guests.

Julius enters the room, glancing around as he does so, and quickly approaches Rachel. Rachel, meanwhile, is nervously attempting to greet him and make excuses for her appearance.

RACHEL
(rushed)
Good afternoon, Julius. Nobody appears to be in but me. I was just practicing —
(tries to usher him to a seat)
come and sit down — what a lovely day!

Julius, responding automatically to her offer, starts to sit down, but just as he touches the chair he stands up again and begins to pace the room impatiently, distractedly.

JULIUS
I was over at the new building in Kensington, and I suddenly realized it was the tenth of May.
(shakes his head in irritation)
I’ve been so infernally busy this last week that the date has passed me by, confound it!

RACHEL
(standing by the piano)
Why should it matter? Is it anybody’s birthday?

JULIUS
(stops to look out the window)
No, but it as a month ago on the seventh that I first met you at dinner. That makes two days over the four weeks.
(hits the windowsill)
Damn! Hartmann will win his bet.

RACHEL
(beat)
I’m not sure I know what this is all about.

JULIUS
I tell you what.
(turns from the window and walks toward her)
Will you pretend that it was arranged on the seventh, only we kept it a secret? That’s easy enough.
(sits on the piano bench, facing out)
I’m damned if I’m going to lose that bet.

Rachel stares down at him in confusion, and he takes this for agreement.

JULIUS
(standing up again)
Splendid. What an idea. You’ll do that for me, then?

RACHEL
(exasperated)
Do what? I wish you’d explain yourself.

Rachel sits down on the end of the piano bench, making sure to keep some distance between them.

JULIUS
(matter-of-factly)
Tell Hartmann that I asked you on Tuesday instead of today. It’s perfectly fair. I would have asked you Tuesday, but this business has been holding me up.
(stands up impatiently)
I bought the ring days ago, anyway. Here — see if it fits.

Julius tosses a small box into her lap and continues pacing the room.

JULIUS
(hurriedly, hardly taking a breath)
What time will your father be back? I don’t think I can wait if he’s not home by five.
NEW ANGLE - FAVORING RACHEL

Rachel is staring at the box in her lap, and finally opens it. She pulls out a large diamond ring and holds it between two fingers, staring at it in shock. Julius is still talking:

    JULIUS (O.S.)
    I suppose it wouldn’t be the thing
    if you told him. Ridiculous red
    tape over these affairs always.
    Well –

WIDE ANGLE

    JULIUS
    (continuing, standing
    in front of her)
    – what do you think of the stone?
    I had to get a good one; your
    father knows too much about
    diamonds.

Rachel stares at the ring in her hand for a moment longer, then drops it back in the box. She stands up and looks at Julius, her expression changed from shock to haughty indignation.

    RACHEL
    (stiffly)
    You’re taking me very much for
    granted, aren’t you? I’ve never
    said I would marry you.

    JULIUS
    (laughs and puts a
    hand under her chin)
    My dear, I wish to God I’d taken
    you earlier on. It would have
    saved me a great deal of trouble
    (lets go of her)
    Don’t be absurd, though, and
    unnecessarily English. I’ve
    decided we’ll be married in
    September.
    (beat)
What are you looking so prim about, with your lips pursed? Give me a kiss.

Julius laughs again and bends his head down to her, but Rachel pushes him away.

RACHEL
(firmly)
No.

JULIUS
(in disbelief)
What on earth’s the matter?

RACHEL
(confidently, holding her head high)
I hate you. So overbearing and conceited, treating everything as settled. There’s heaps to be discussed, and you behave to me as though I were anyone — the sort of girl to be kissed.

Julius listens to this with his hands in his pockets, and a smirk has begun to creep over his face. When she finishes, he waits a moment and tilts his head slightly to one side.

JULIUS
Ever been kissed before?

RACHEL
(beat — her face flushes)
No. A cousin tried once, very impertinently.
(beat)
I — I hate all that.

JULIUS
(amused)
Do you? Then you can take it from me you’re wrong.
Julius puts his arms around her and kisses her, holding it for a long time. After a pause, Rachel closes her eyes and embraces him.

While he’s still kissing her, Julius holds up his arm behind Rachel’s head to look at his watch. When he sees the time, he breaks away.

   JULIUS
   You need a lot of that sort of thing, but you must wait until September. I’m going to be late for my appointment.
   (starts to walk out, but stops at the door and turns around)
By the way, that’s all settled, isn’t it? We’ll be married the second week, roughly the fifteenth. I can’t manage it before. Alright?

Rachel is standing by the piano in a daze, her face flushed and hair disheveled.

   RACHEL
   (dreamily)
   Yes.

   JULIUS
   (nods once)
   Happy?

   RACHEL
   (looks down in embarrassment)
   Yes.

   JULIUS
   (beat — he looks her over and raises an eyebrow)
   So you damn well ought to be.

With that, Julius leaves and runs down the stairs, leaving Rachel frozen in the middle of the drawing room.

   FADE TO:
EXT. HANS CRESCENT APARTMENTS, LONDON – DAY

A cab pulls up in front of a row of large luxury apartments, a brick building with white trim, wrought-iron gates, and marble pillars. Julius steps out and jogs up the steps of the house, disappearing inside.

INT. HANS CRESCENT – DAY

Julius comes up the stairs and bursts into the drawing-room. Rachel is lying on the sofa, reading a book. She glances up when he comes in.

   JULIUS
   (in disappointment)
   No sign yet? Look here, Rachel, how long is this going on for?

Rachel shakes her head hopelessly and puts her book aside, revealing her swollen stomach.

   RACHEL
   (sighs)
   Good gracious. How am I to know? It’s much worse for me, having to wait here all day.

Julius sighs in exasperation and begins to stroll around the room. He removes a cigar from his jacket and pauses at the table beside the sofa to light it. He blows smoke into the air and continues walking. Rachel stays on the sofa, holding her book in one hand and waving smoke away with the other. Julius does notice.

   JULIUS
   (pacing and grumbling)
   What a curse it is. If I’d known there was going to be all this trouble, I’d never have let you start this baby.

Rachel is shocked but says nothing. She opens her book and starts to read again.

   JULIUS
   (reaches the wall and turns around)
Can’t you do something to make it arrive?
(gestures vaguely)
Move about, go for a ride in an omnibus — I don’t know.

**RACHEL**
(closes her book again and raises her eyebrows at him)
Of course not. What a dreadful suggestion. I should probably hurt myself, and the poor little baby.

**JULIUS**
(stops pacing and looks her up and down)
No particularly little, judging by your size.

Julius laughs, but Rachel only reddens. She suddenly seems embarrassed.

**RACHEL**
Anyway, I can’t do anything. We must just go on waiting.

She closes her eyes and rubs her temple with her fingers, wincing slightly in pain.

**JULIUS**
(pacing again)
Well, I’ve got to go up to Manchester on the fifteenth. Can’t put it off again. You’ll be alright, of course.
(shakes his head and chuckles to himself)
It’ll be Christmas if this hangs on much longer. The child’ll be born with long hair and a complete set of teeth.

Julius laughs again and leaves the room without another word to Rachel.

**RACHEL**
(looks up as he leaves)
Don’t bang the door, dear!

He doesn’t hear her or it is too late – he slams the door behind him and she winces, continuing to massage her temple.

FADE TO:

INT. HANS CRESCENT – NIGHT

Julius is pacing the drawing room alone. He sits down for a moment on the sofa and quickly gets up again. He checks his watch and waits by the side-door.

After a moment, Mrs. Dreyfus comes out, pale and with tears in her eyes. She takes Julius’ hand in hers.

MRS. DREYFUS
Rachel is being very brave. She is struggling all the time.
(sniffs)
The doctor says that, because of the baby’s position, it’s not likely to be born before twenty-four hours.

NEW ANGLE – FAVORING JULIUS

Julius clicks his tongue in displeasure.

MRS. DREYFUS (O.S.)
(continuing)
You must be brave, as well, Julius dear. Try and get a little rest now, because tomorrow will be a long anxious day.

JULIUS
(freeing his hand)
I know. You’ll have to wire me every few hours at Manchester.

JULIUS’ POV – MRS. DREYFUS
MRS. DREYFUS
(beat - she blinks)
Manchester? But surely you won’t
be going now? Don’t you understand
Rachel is desperately ill?

BACK TO SCENE

JULIUS
Yes, you have just explained what
the doctor said.

MRS. DREYFUS
Well – then you . . .

Mrs. Dreyfus trails off, waiting for him to explain. She is
baffled by his indifference.

JULIUS
(impatiently
explaining)
The train leaves at nine-thirty.
You’re right about getting some
rest while I can.
   (glances at his watch
again)
Tell them to let me know if
there’s any change during the next
few hours.
   (beat)
Good night.

Julius abruptly turns and leaves the room. Seeming to think
better of arguing with him, Mrs. Dreyfus returns to the
side door to rejoin her daughter.

FADE TO:

EXT. MANCHESTER TRAIN STATION – DAY

Julius emerges from the train, his jacket draped over his
arm and briefcase in hand. He walks only a few yards before
a group of three men meet him. Two of the men are in their
thirties, and the third, MR. DRAXWELL, is in his late
fifties or early sixties.

MR. DRAXWELL
(shaking Julius’ hand)
A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Lévy.
I’m Draxwell. Are you in any immediate hurry?

JULIUS
(beat – thinks for a moment)
No, I don’t think so. I would prefer to see all I can today.

MR. DRAXWELL
(grins and claps him on the back)
Excellent. We’ll go take a look at the building and we can talk about plans. Oh —

Draxwell turns to one of the other men in the group and takes a piece of paper from him. He turns back to Julius, holding the paper out to him.

MR. DRAXWELL
(continuing)
— I just remembered. A telegram came arrived ahead of you at the office, so we just brought it along to meet you.

Julius takes the telegram and opens it, reading it while they stand there.

JULIUS’ POV – TELEGRAM

The telegram reads: RACHEL WEAKER STOP STRAIN PROVING TOO MUCH STOP OPERATION IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE OF HEART STOP SITUATION SERIOUS STOP PLEASE RETURN AT ONCE (signed) MARTHA DREYFUS

NEW ANGLE – FAVORING JULIUS

Julius is reading the message calmly, no emotion or concern showing on his face.

MR. DRAXWELL (O.S.)
(chuckling)
No family emergencies, I presume?
Julius looks up, smiling politely at Draxwell’s joke. He crushes the telegram in his hand and stuffs it in his pocket.

JULIUS
Look here, Draxwell, why don’t we go on to the building and you can try to get ahold of the architect you mentioned before? I’d miss my train but I can catch the midnight express instead.

MR. DRAXWELL (O.S.)
(sounding slightly concerned)
You sure that’ll be alright for you?

There seems to be no emotion on Julius’ face—he is not quite looking at Draxwell, but in a slightly different direction, lost in thought.

JULIUS
(in a reassuring tone of voice)
Yes, yes, that’ll suit me fine.
(blinks and looks at Draxwell)
Let’s go have a look at that ground floor.

WIDE ANGLE
Julius and the men, who have been easily reassured, leave the train station.

FADE TO:

INT. HANS CRESCENT – NIGHT

Julius comes in through the front door—it is late, and the house is quiet. He closes the front door and looks up to see Mrs. Dreyfus waiting anxiously at the top of the stairs.

JULIUS
(moving toward the stairs)
Well?

MRS. DREYFUS  
(shakes her head)
It’s still the same. They can’t do anything.
  (chokes on a sob)
She’s so tired, she doesn’t seem to be able to struggle. Oh, Julius!

She stretches out her hand for Julius as he reaches the top of the stairs, but he ignores it, walking past her.

JULIUS  
(passing her)
Alright. I’ll go to her.

MRS. DREYFUS  
(calling after him)
The doctors are coming back at seven. They said it was no use waiting up — nothing can happen before then. Nurse and I are waiting for any change.

MOVING SHOT
Julius walks at a normal pace to his wife’s bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT
Rachel is lying motionless on the bed, and a NURSE is bending over her wiping sweat from her forehead.

JULIUS  
(standing in the doorway)
Will they give her an anesthetic?

WIDE ANGLE

NURSE
(jumps — she did not
hear him come in)
I suppose so, sir.

JULIUS
(approaches the bed,
shaking his head)
I don’t believe that’s right. It
will make her weaker and take away
her fighting sense.
(beat — he stands by
the bed, looking down)
She ought to struggle.

NURSE
The doctors are afraid of the
strain, sir.

JULIUS
They don’t know. Rachel isn’t
delicate. She’s made well; she’s
built for this. I know her body
better than they do.
(beat — watching
Rachel)
Rachel. Rachel, look at me.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING RACHEL
Rachel’s eyelids flutter open, and she looks at Julius
dully, seemingly without recognition.

NEW ANGLE — THE BED — JULIUS AND RACHEL

JULIUS
Rachel, I’m going to help you.
Give me your hands.

Not waiting for her to offer them, he takes her hands and
holds them tightly.

JULIUS
(continuing)
Keep your feet against the rail.

NURSE
(touching his arm)
You’ll kill her. She won’t stand it.

JULIUS
(keeping his eyes on Rachel)
Get out of here.

NURSE
(beat—she is shocked)
I’m in charge, sir. The doctors left me in charge—

JULIUS
(loser, turns to look at her)
Get out of here, I say!

Julius refocuses his attention on Rachel, and the nurse can be HEARD leaving the room. He is still tightly grasping her hands in his.

NEW ANGLE – JULIUS

JULIUS
(vehemently)
Fight, Rachel. Go on, fight. Fight like the devil. Scream yourself crazy, it doesn’t matter. It’ll help. I’m here.

(beat)
I won’t let you go.

INT. OUTSIDE BEDROOM – NIGHT

Mrs. Dreyfus is waiting with the nurse just outside the door, listening for any sign. The nurse stands with her arms folded, her expression sullen. Mrs. Dreyfus is on the verge of tears, wringing her hands together.

As they wait, two doctors come bustling up the stairs. Mrs. Dreyfus rushes over to show them to the stairs.

MRS. DREYFUS
Oh, thank God! Julius— her husband—
She doesn’t know what to say, and she doesn’t have time to figure it out before the doctors have already made their way to the bedroom door.

DOCTORS’ POV – THE BEDROOM

The doctors push open the door to reveal Julius standing by the bed holding his newborn daughter. In the background, Rachel is stretched out, exhausted and still, on the bed. There is only one lamp in the room, shining on Julius’ face, and his hair falls in his eyes as he looks down at the baby in his hands.

NEW ANGLE – JULIUS

He doesn’t cradle the baby, but holds it outstretched before him, and is laughing to himself as she kicks and cries in his hands.

  JULIUS (smiling)
  Gabriel. She is Gabriel.

JULIUS’ FACE

as he laughs at the prospect of just having brought his daughter into the world.

MATCH CUT:

JULIUS’ FACE

staring absently, dejectedly. He is older – there are some silver streaks in his dark hair and wrinkles in his forehead. He seems tired and less vivacious.

INT. LARGE EXTRAVAGENT OFFICE – DAY

  BUSINESS EXECUTIVE (O.S.)
  Mr. Lévy?
  (beat)
  Mr. Lévy?
Julius blinks and comes out of his reverie, refocusing his attention on the man in front of him.

WIDE ANGLE

Julius and another man, a well-dressed business executive, are sitting together in an office. The executive is sitting behind a desk, and Julius in a plush armchair across from him. There is a spread of papers on the desk, and the executive’s hand, holding a fountain pen, hovers expectantly over the papers.

    JULIUS
    (beat)
    Yes? Excuse me.

    BUSINESS EXECUTIVE
    It’s quite alright. I asked if you understand and are ready to sign the necessary papers.

    JULIUS
    (nods)
    Yes. With this contract, every provincial town in England will henceforth boast a Lévy café.

    BUSINESS EXECUTIVE
    (chuckles)
    Well, yes, you could put it that way.
    (sliding a paper out and signing it)
    Lévy has practically become a household name.

NEW ANGLE – FAVORING JULIUS

Julius still seems distracted, looking out the window at the city below. His only response is a slight nod.

    BUSINESS EXECUTIVE
    (O.S.)
    Well, that’s everything on my part. If you could just sign these papers …
After a moment, Julius comes to again, turning back toward the executive. Julius realizes what he has said and smiles politely, leaning forward to sign the papers.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE — DAY

Julius climbs into a cab that is waiting for him, his face expressionless. The cab begins moving even before he’s closed the door completely.

INT. MOVING CAB — DAY

Julius seems very pensive, distant, even for someone sitting alone in a cab. He glances out the window briefly but mostly stares straight forward at nothing, blinking infrequently, lost in thought. He doesn’t frown, doesn’t furrow his brows, but has a completely blank expression. He is reflecting on his life, on recent events, and he seems troubled. He seems lost, as if he doesn’t know what happens next. This could be the end, as far as we know.

Finally, the cab stops — he is home. He blinks once as if coming out of a trance. Looking out the window and noticing his surroundings, he steps out of the cab.

INT. HOUSE AT GROSVENOR SQUARE — DAY

Julius walks in through the front door. The house, a much larger place than Hans Crescent, is quiet and still. It seems that no one is home. After closing the door, Julius stands for a moment inside, looking around him, reflecting, taking in the house.

Finally, he walks away from the front door, turning to take a side passage through the drawing room. The high ceilings make his footsteps echo on the hard floor.

MOVING SHOT

As Julius moves through the house, as if to explore each of the rooms in turn, the SOUND OF A FLUTE slowly becomes audible. It trickles in from a distant room, but Julius perceives it immediately. He stops in the middle of a
parlor of sorts and his head snaps up. He listens intently, trying to determine the source of the sound.

He moves into a different room and the sound becomes louder—a high, piercing note that turns into a sad, flowing tune. It is a rendition of “Plaisir d’amour,” the song that Rachel played on the piano.

NEW ANGLE – JULIUS

Julius almost runs toward the sound, keeping his composure but moving at a fast pace out of the room.

He stops outside of a closed door, pausing and putting his ear close to confirm the source of the sound. Then, without further hesitation, he turns the handle and looks inside.

JULIUS’ POV – DRAWING ROOM

Inside the room, standing in front of a large window, is GABRIEL. She looks about fifteen years old, and she has dark curly hair drawn up high on her head in early 1900s fashion. She is playing the flute, Paul Lévy’s flute, as she looks out the window, standing on tiptoes and swaying with the music.

Julius sees this all for a brief moment, but when the door opens she turns toward him, caught off guard. She continues with the song, however, as it ends, and the last notes fade into the air as she looks at him. She lowers the flute and smiles.

NEW ANGLE – JULIUS

Julius is dumbstruck, in awe, as he looks at her. He seems to be seeing her for the first time. Julius swallows once as he stares at her, and finally opens his mouth to speak.

JULIUS
(softly, sounding surprised)
Gabriel.

GABRIEL
(unable to contain her excitement any longer)
Gabriel runs to him and embraces him. Julius stands stiffly, almost thrown off balance.

JULIUS
(softly, in a daze)
Gabriel.

GABRIEL
(muffled against his chest)
I haven’t seen you in ages.

Looking up, she notices his uncomfortable expression. She releases him and takes a step back.

GABRIEL
I’m sorry. Maybe it’s isn’t proper. I hardly remember you at all.

Julius continues to stare at her, but his surprised expression is not angry or displeased.

JULIUS
I didn’t know you were coming back.

GABRIEL
I expect you’ve been busy with your work. I wrote all the time from school but Mummy said that you’ve been busy.

JULIUS
(beat)
Yes.

Finally, Julius moves, taking a step forward. He touches the top of her head hesitantly, and eventually pats her on the head.

JULIUS
(softly)
You’re back. My Gabriel.

Gabriel hugs him again then, bending slightly to throw her arms around his stomach. Julius is not caught off guard.
JULIUS
(softly)
You’re my own little thing, aren’t you.

GABRIEL
(muffled)
Yes, Papa.

JULIUS
And you won’t ever leave me?

GABRIEL
No, Papa. Never.

Julius continues to stroke her hair as he looks down at her, and begins to speak as if to himself.

JULIUS
(slowly)
We’ll go to Venice. A tour ... Venice, and the Greek islands, and the Dalmatian coast, and Central Europe, and the Mediterranean ... we could go on a tour in the autumn, and winter down south in the house at Hove ... you have all the education you need, certainly.

(beat)
We’ll go riding together. Would you like that?

GABRIEL
(looking up at him)
Oh, yes, Papa. I’ve already been to Venice, and to Rome—
(taking a step back and twirling)
that’s where I got this dress—
(stops twirling)
Oh, you’d be wonderful in Venice, Papa! But don’t tell Mummy any of this; she’ll say it’s nonsense.

JULIUS
No, of course not.
(from a moment longer, admiringly)
No, of course not, my Gabriel.

INT. HOUSE AT GROSVENOR SQUARE – NIGHT

Julius, wearing a dressing gown, is pacing back and forth in front a large second-floor window. The room is completely dark; Julius is only visible by the dim light of outside street lamps. After a couple passes, he stops and stares down at the street below.

NEW ANGLE – STREET BELOW

It’s late. The streets are dark and deserted, lit only by a couple streetlamps.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius resumes his pacing, looking occasionally at his watch. As a clock somewhere in the house strikes four, a light and the SOUND OF AN ENGINE approaches the house. Julius strides to the window and looks down.

NEW ANGLE – STREET BELOW

A small car has pulled up in front of the house, idling with its lights on. It sits for a long time as Julius watches.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius licks his lips. His face is expressionless and his fingers twitch anxiously against the window curtain.

NEW ANGLE – STREET BELOW
After another moment, the door finally opens, and Gabriel (dressed a little older, now possibly in her early twenties) steps out of the car. She is wearing an evening dress and a white cloak. A man steps out of the car just after her. They walk together toward the house, and at the bottom of the steps the man catches Gabriel’s hand to stop her. She twirls around, her cape flowing, and he takes her face with both hands and kisses her.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius’ eyes widen slightly, but his face remains expressionless as he stares intently down below.

NEW ANGLE — STREET BELOW

The two separate and Gabriel smiles at the man. She laughs, and together they walk up the steps onto the porch, no longer visible to Julius.

BACK TO SCENE

Julius steps soundlessly away from the window and leaves the room.

INT. MAIN STAIRS AND ENTRYWAY — NIGHT

Julius appears at the top of the stairs, barely visible in the dark. He looks down at the front door, waiting for Gabriel to come in.

There is the SOUND OF A KEY in the lock of the front door. Julius licks his lips again. Gabriel comes in alone, silently, and the DOOR SLAMS. Outside, the CAR STARTS.

NEW ANGLE

Julius takes a few quick steps to the side and flips a switch, flooding the entryway with light. Gabriel looks up, startled, digging for something in her bag. Her hair is somewhat messy and her cloak is slipping off one shoulder.

GABRIEL
(beat — staring up at Julius)
Oh hello! It’s you.
(smiles)
Why such a scene with the lights?
You gave me a shock.

Julius does not answer her. He stays at the top of the stairs staring down at her, white and trembling.

GABRIEL
(beat — frowns)
Papa, are you ill? You look terrible; what’s wrong? Why aren’t you in bed?

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius is standing completely still, shaking and breathing erratically. He seems on the verge of snapping. After staring at her a moment longer, finally he speaks.

JULIUS
(whispering)
You bitch.
(a little louder)
You bitch.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
(beat)
What on earth—

JULIUS
(interrupting)
I saw you!
(begins walking down the stairs)
I saw you from the window! Out in the square with some fellow. You were in that car eight minutes. I timed you, eight whole minutes, and then you got out and I saw him kiss you, you bitch.

Julius is now at the bottom of the steps, staring at her with hatred in his eyes.
NEW ANGLE

Gabriel, however, is unfazed. After a second, she bursts out laughing and takes a step toward him.

GABRIEL
(laughing)
Good god, was that all? I thought you were in terrible pain. Your silly face is grey, Papa.
(waves him away)
Go along to bed and don’t be so absurd.

JULIUS
(eyes widening)
You can’t make a fool of me …

Julius reaches out and grabs her by the arm, but she shakes him off and takes a step back.

GABRIEL
Don’t do that. Are you drunk or what? I’ve never heard such bloody nonsense in my life.

JULIUS
(still holding out his hand)
Come here. I’m serious.

GABRIEL
(turns around and starts walking away)
I’m tired. I’ve been dancing since ten this evening. I’m not going to stay.

NEW ANGLE

Julius storms after her, quickly crossing the distance between them. He grabs her by the arm and turns her around, pressing her against a wall in the entryway.

JULIUS
(intensely, close to her face)
How long has this been going on?

GABRIEL
(unafr aid)
What the devil do you mean by “this”? Why so melodramatic?

Their interaction is quick-paced—an intense back-and-forth between an interrogator and a suspect.

JULIUS
Don’t talk like that to me.

GABRIEL
I shall talk as I damn well please.

JULIUS
(grabs her wrists)
Why did you let that fellow kiss you?

GABRIEL
Because I like it.

JULIUS
Has he done it before?

GABRIEL
No, as a matter of fact. I only met him tonight.

JULIUS
You let him do that, and you’ve not met him before?

GABRIEL
Yes.

JULIUS
Do other men kiss you?

GABRIEL
Yes. If I’m attracted by them.

JULIUS
On the mouths?

GABRIEL
(rolls her eyes)
Good heavens. Where else do you suggest?

NEW ANGLE

JULIUS
(points an accusing finger in her face)
Don’t play with me. How long have you let men kiss you?

GABRIEL
Oh, Papa, I really can’t remember. I want to go to bed.

JULIUS
Do they only kiss you, or do you let them do other things?

GABRIEL
What do you mean by “other things”?

JULIUS
(without pause)
You know.

GABRIEL
I don’t sleep with them, if that’s what you’re getting at.

JULIUS
Do you expect me to believe you?

GABRIEL
Yes.

JULIUS
How can I?

GABRIEL
Because I wouldn’t lie to you. If I ever want anyone I’ll tell you.
(beat)
And as it happens, I’ve never felt like wanting anyone thus far.
Julius abruptly slaps her across the face. She does not respond, only stares at him obstinately and without emotion.

NEW ANGLE

Julius passes a hand over his mouth and falls into a chair beside them. He is visibly shaken. Gabriel looks down at him thoughtfully.

GABRIEL
(beat)
Why should you mind, anyway?

JULIUS
(beat — sighs)
How do you think I’m going to live if I’m never to be certain of you, day or night?

GABRIEL
(shrugs)
It’s not my affair if you choose to make a fool of yourself.
(beat — her expression softens)
You might have known this would happen. I’m nearly twenty-four. My life’s my own, after all.

JULIUS
No.
(slowly shakes his head, looks up at her)
No, that’s not true. You have no right to say that. You’re part of my life.

Gabriel shakes her head and picks up her bag from the table beside his chair.

GABRIEL
I’m going to bed. You’ve probably had a tiring day and will feel better tomorrow.
She walks away, and Julius looks up as she passes through the door.

    JULIUS
    Gabriel. Gabriel ...

    GABRIEL
    (looks over her shoulder and shakes her head)
      No.

    JULIUS
    (beat — he stares at her sullenly)
      I’ll stop you going to places. I’ll have you watched. I’ll see that you aren’t left alone with anyone. You needn’t imagine you can fool me. No one has ever fooled me yet.

Gabriel stands sideways in the doorway, looking back at him. She narrows her eyes and seems to study Julius — his disheveled gray hair and his dressing gown.

    GABRIEL
    (decidedly)
      You know what’s the matter with you, you’re getting old.

With that she leaves the room, turning the light off as she goes.

WIDE ANGLE

Julius is left alone in the dark room, Gabriel’s departing footsteps echoing softly off the high ceiling. He stays in the chair and looks around him at the dark corners and empty shadows — he seems too weary to either follow Gabriel or to go to bed.

    FADE TO:

EXT. CANNES ISLANDS — DAY
A white yacht, the *Gabriel*, is docked on the coast of the Cannes island St. Marguerite. A crowd of forty to fifty people in swimwear or summer clothing are disembarking and dispersing on the beach into small groups. Some bask and tan in the sand and others wade in the shallows. The sun is high in the sky, and the only sounds are those of PEOPLE CHATTING and BIRDS CHIRPING.

**NEW ANGLE**

Julius stands in the shade, leaning against a tree and watching the people from a distance. His age is now more visible in the light of day — he is in his sixties. Julius is wearing a suit, and appears sullen and disgusted with the people on the beach.

Gabriel, who is talking with a couple friends, spots Julius standing alone and walks toward him, smiling. She seems to have forgiven him for the previous interaction. Upon reaching Julius, she hugs him warmly.

**GABRIEL**

Happy birthday, Papa.

**JULIUS**

(shrugs and looks back toward the beach)

Why aren’t you with your friends?

**GABRIEL**

(wrinkles her nose and sighs)

I’m bored of them.

(turns and follows his gaze)

I’m not sure I have anything to do with them.

(beat)

You might be the only one who understands me, Papa.

Julius casts a glance down at the back of her head but says nothing. Gabriel doesn’t seem to mind, and continues to survey the beach.

**GABRIEL**

(pointing)
There’s some deep water there. I want to dive.
(looks back at him)
Will you take me out, Papa?

Julius finally looks down at her and, after a moment, smiles faintly in consent.

WIDE ANGLE

Gabriel, leading Julius by the hand, walks across the beach to a rowboat, half-buried in a shaded area in the sand. They pull the boat out together, and Gabriel climbs in while Julius pushes it out.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING ROWBOAT — DAY

Julius rows the boat across the channel with slow, methodical strokes. He watches Gabriel, who is lying back in the stern and looking at the sky. Julius seems content now, sitting in the sun with his daughter and the only sound the QUIET SPLASH OF OAR STROKES.

EXT. ÎLE DE LA TRADELIÈRE — DAY

Rowing the boat into the shallows, Julius climbs out and pulls the boat to shore. He sits down in the sand and Gabriel jumps out of the boat. She stands beside the boat for a moment, hands on her hips as she looks down at him, and she laughs.

    GABRIEL
    Are you going to stand to the side all day? This is your party after all.

Julius, sitting cross-legged in the sand, shrugs and tries to smile, but he is obviously distracted.

    GABRIEL
    (shrugs)
    Well, I’m going to swim.
She starts to take off her shoes and jewelry, dropping them in the boat one by one.

JULIUS
(softly)
Gabriel ...

GABRIEL
(stretching her arms above her head — she does not hear him)
Oh, Papa, I’m so happy.

She glances back at him, but he makes no answer now.

GABRIEL
(turning back to face the ocean)
I have a new thing about living.
It’s not going to be the same anymore. It’s going to be more wonderful than anything has ever been.
(laughs)
I’m so happy.

JULIUS
(blinks)
What do you mean?

GABRIEL
(sits on the edge of the boat)
Oh, you can guess it, can’t you? You know everything there is to know about me, and I said I’d tell you if I ever wanted anyone.
(laughs)
Well, it’s happened at last. I’m not going to be me anymore. I’m going to be somebody else, and Gabriel will go forever.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius looks up at her, perched on the edge of the boat in her swimsuit, but he looks more bewildered than angry.
BACK TO SCENE

GABRIEL
(beat—continues
dreamily)
This will hurt you, of course, but
I can’t help that. I can’t think
of anyone but myself when I’m
happy.
(beat—looks down,
squinting, at Julius)
You understand that.

She doesn’t seem to mind that Julius has said nothing so far, and after a moment of silent contemplation she hops down from the boat and plops down opposite him, also cross-legged.

GABRIEL
(continuing)
I shan’t tell you who it is yet
because that would spoil it.
(grins)
I’ve been clever, haven’t I?
Nobody would know! It’s made me
feel all young again, but you
won’t recognize me soon. I’ll be
domesticated and subservient and
humble, and talking about chintz
curtains and servants and babies’
napkins.

NEW ANGLE—FAVORING JULIUS

Julius is no longer looking at her, but past her, out at
the ocean. He doesn’t seem to be listening, but is lost in
thought, as if he is remembering something and watching a
different scene play out in front of him.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
Can’t you see? I’m sick of my old
self. I want just to get away
silently and be lost and nobody to
find out. Do you understand? Say
you understand. It’s going to
spoil everything if you’re against
me.
Don’t sit like that — say something!

Julius continues to look out at the ocean with a cold expression, but he wipes at his eye with a handkerchief as if he had been crying.

JULIUS
(to himself, with a grim expression)
Père was not a clever man. He left traces, and he to run away.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
What are you talking about?
Haven’t you been listening?

JULIUS
Yes, I heard you.
(looks at her)
Aren’t you going to swim?

WIDE ANGLE

GABRIEL
(beat)
Yes, of course. But what’s the matter with you? Are you angry with me?

Julius stands up and walks to the water’s edge, looking out across the channel to where the yacht is docked.

JULIUS
(sighs and shakes his head)
Not with you. With myself for bringing you into the world.
(beat — holds his hands up and looks at them)
With these.

GABRIEL
(smiles)
You’re never yourself for a moment. I’ll talk to you later.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING GABRIEL

Gabriel walks past him and wades into the ocean, headed for deeper water. She swims with slow, lazy strokes, taking in and enjoying the cool water and the hot sun.

There is a quiet SWISH OF WATER and a SMALL SPLASH behind her, and she turns quickly onto her back to see what it is.

NEW ANGLE

It is Julius, still in all his clothes. He has swam up silently behind her, and now he is on her before she can move. He grabs her throat in his right hand, which has a handkerchief tied around it, and pushes her down under the water.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING GABRIEL

Gabriel fights in his grasp and manages to pull her head above the water, gasping and spluttering.

    GABRIEL
    (choking)
    Papa. Papa …

NEW ANGLE

Julius pushes her under again, squeezing her throat tightly and standing on her knees to keep her down. He bends her backward, her feet kicking beneath him and her hands grasping at his wrists.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING GABRIEL

Gabriel’s eyes flash up at him from underneath the water, latching onto him in a brief moment of recognition and accusation. She thrashes in the water and her mouth opens and closes beneath the surface, sending up a stream of bubbles.
NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS

Julius continues to hold her under the water, pinning her down with both his hands and his feet. It takes some effort to keep her under, but his face is cold and expressionless, and he continues to stare down at her even after the SPLASHING SUBSIDES.

FADE TO:

EXT. AVENUE DE NEUILLY — DAY

It is a sunny day in Puteaux. Children and dogs run in the streets, and well-dressed men and women leisurely to and fro, enjoying the day and seeing the sights of the city. Vendors have set up their stalls on the sidewalk. They announce their wares loudly to passersby, and some stop to look and make purchases.

EXT. LAVISH APARTMENT BUILDING BEHIND STALLS — DAY

FADE TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING — DAY

In a large upstairs bedroom, Julius is asleep in bed. He is old, now in his seventies, and he is sickly and overweight. His mouth is open, and he snores softly.

In the corner, two nurses stand close to each other, whispering. One, NURSE #1, is older, perhaps in her mid-forties, and the other, NURSE #2, is in her earlier twenties. Both seem to be purposely distancing themselves from Julius, as if they are afraid of him.

NURSE #2
(whispering)
I thought he was rich. Why has he come to Puteaux?

NURSE #1
(whispering)
A terrible accident — his daughter drowned some years ago at his birthday party. A terrible, terrible accident. He lived here
in Puteaux as a child, and so he’s come back now that he’s alone.

NURSE #2
He has no wife?

NURSE #1
(shakes her head)
No, his dear wife died of cancer a few years before. I heard they were madly in love.

NURSE #2
(eyeing Julius skeptically)
I could never love that man.

NURSE #1
(mockingly)
Well, no one ever said anything about you. I heard he was quite a charmer.
(beat)
And now a stroke. There’s no telling how long he has left.

NURSE #2
(wrinkles her nose)
I don’t much care how long he has left. I heard he was a nasty, cruel old man.

NURSE #1
(tuts softly)
That’s not your right to say. You don’t know him at all.
(beat — glances over toward the bed)
Look, he’s waking up. Go, run to the kitchen and get his dinner.

The younger nurse leaves the room without another word, her hands clasped in front of her. The older nurse walks to the bed and stands beside Julius.

NEW ANGLE — FAVORING JULIUS
Julius’ eyes are open, and his hands, lying on either side of him, are opening and closing repeatedly.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
(softly)
Mr. Lévy? Mr. Lévy, your dinner will up here in just a moment. Did you sleep well?

Julius’ eyes latch onto her, and he smiles pleasantly, innocently, as a baby might. The afternoon sun shines through the window, casting light on the side of his face, and after a moment his eyes move toward the light.

NEW ANGLE

Julius looks out the window, hearing the PEOPLE BELOW ANNOUNCE THEIR WARES, the BIRDS CHIRPING, the DOGS BARKING and CHILDREN SHOUTING. He looks up and sees the clouds moving slowly in a blue sky.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
It’s days like this that are good, Mr. Lévy. Just like this.

Julius doesn’t seem to hear her — his attention is completely taken by the clouds outside. He lifts a hand slightly, trying to reach toward the window, but he can barely lift it from the bed.

NEW ANGLE — THE SKY

Clouds are moving slowly through the sky, white and whispy against a bright blue backdrop. Julius is BREATHING RAGGEDLY O.S.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
(singing softly)
Tante que cette eau coulera doucement vers ce ruisseau, qui borde la prairie, je t’aimerai, me répétait Sylvie. L’eau coule encore. Elle a change pourtant. Plaisir d’amour ne dure qu’un moment. Chagrin d’amour dure toute la vie.
As the nurse finishes the song, the last cloud passes, leaving the sky a clear blue. Julius’ breathing can no longer be heard.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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Bibliography and Annotations


I kept this book on hand during the entire process of writing the screenplay for *Julius*. Argentini’s book was an absolutely essential reference for formatting and screenwriting etiquette; he provided an extensive list of terms and corresponding examples. I used this book as my primary on-hand source for learning how to write and format a screenplay.


There are limits to both verbal and visual modes of storytelling, and some stories or story elements lend themselves better to one mode than the other. Bluestone discusses the advantages and limitations of both novels and film to tell a story, and provides examples of ways in which classic novels were adapted to film.


Du Maurier’s novel, first published in 1933 as *The Progress of Julius*, spans the life of French-Algerian Julius Lévy, who suffers through constant hardship and tragedy until he finally snaps. This novel served as the basis for my screenplay; the script stays fairly true to the storyline (though some characters and plot points are necessarily cut out). It has never been adapted to film before, and has many plot elements that I think are common to many Hitchcock films, as discussed in my expository statement.


This book provided an in-depth outline of the process of screenwriting, from choosing the subject to creating characters and constructing scenes. Field also provided some formatting tips, as well as excerpts from example screenplays.

This special issue of *Sight & Sound* focused entirely on Alfred Hitchcock and his work. It features interviews with contemporary directors who describe how Hitchcock has influenced their films, and also has an extremely helpful section that discussed Hitchcock as a screenwriter. Hitchcock put his mark on a film not only by directing it, but by working directly with the screenwriter to create a uniquely “Hitchcockian” picture.


This book contains interviews with Hitchcock that reveal details of his filmmaking style and strategies. Specifically, he discusses plot development, planning, shooting, and editing. The book also contains other writers' analyses of Hitchcock's work, which was useful in considering what makes a film “Hitchcockian”.


This is the actual screenplay for Hitchcock’s film, *North by Northwest*. Though this particular film was not a significant inspiration for the adaptation of *Julius*, this gave me the chance to see the actual product of Hitchcock’s collaboration with a screenwriter. It also provided a template for scene headings and descriptions, stage directions, and shots and angles.


Among the archived theses at Western, Lemmon’s was the most similar to my particular project. Though his project also differed from mine in many ways, it was helpful to see how a previous Western student had worked with a creative film project. Lemmon’s project provided me with a basic model to start from, as well as some ideas of how to order my expository statement.


Various authors and essays in this text support the idea that, though many of
Hitchcock’s films were adapted from literary works, he did not consider himself a literary filmmaker or promote his films as adaptations. Rather, Hitchcock reworked the source material into popular drama or thrillers—a slightly lower form of suspenseful entertainment for the masses—and he attempted to place his own signature as an auteur upon each film he wrote and directed.


This film is iconic in the horror genre and in Hitchcock’s repertoire. It was one of the films I considered in attempting to imitation his style, particularly in the portrayal of murder and violence.


Like *Julius*, *Rear Window* features murder (though in *Julius*, the initial murder quickly fades into the past and is mostly forgotten until Julius attacks his daughter) and a slow realization that something is amiss. In *Rear Window*, this realization occurs for both the characters and the audience; the audience realizes at the same time as the main characters that a murder has been committed. In *Julius*, the audience realizes sooner than the characters the danger that Julius poses, and by the time that Julius’ daughter realizes, it is too late.

While writing the screenplay for Julius, I was constantly reminded of Rebecca. Another film based on one of Daphne du Maurier’s literary works, Rebecca is also a period piece with a dark mood and constant tension lurking behind every action and line of dialogue. Neither Julius nor Rebecca is much of a thriller, but instead a suspenseful mystery as a secret or truth is slowly revealed.


This film is one of my favorites of Hitchcock’s because of its use of long takes. Though the actual filming process will not be part of my current project, I hope to incorporate long takes into a few of the scenes in the storyboard for my screenplay.


Seger describes why literary works resist adaption to film, and she points out the differences between experiencing a narrative in the form of a novel and experiencing it in the form of a film. She also points out the necessity of speeding up a story in order to adapt it to film; since a novel provides story through words and a film provides it through images, a film moves much faster.


The strongest connections between Julius and Shadow of a Doubt is that they both feature a seemingly normal and adjusted character with a dark secret. Uncle Charlie in Shadow of a Doubt is charismatic and friendly but, unbeknownst to his admiring niece, he is a murderer.

Both stories also include a character who is suspicious, who gets a glimpse of the darkness as it is slowly revealed. Charlie’s niece eventually begins to suspect, and her struggle with him leads to his downfall. In Julius, however, the villain is not stopped—the only character who ever suspected Julius’ true nature, his mother, is killed early in the story.

This particular film, like *Julius*, centers on a psychopathic murderer who favors strangulation as a modus operandi. With these in parallels in mind, I also made use of flashback in the screenplay for *Julius*—just as Bruno suffered from flashbacks whenever he saw a pair of eyeglasses, Julius had occasional flashbacks to his childhood, particularly his grandfather’s sayings and his mother’s murder.


In this 50-minute interview, Alfred Hitchcock characterized his work and discussed his ideology of filmmaking. He first became directly involved in filmmaking when he volunteered to write the script for a project for which he was assistant director, and since then, screenwriting has been a central part of his filmmaking. Hitchcock also described montage and different cinematic approaches, particularly in terms of his treatment of *Psycho*.


This book was invaluable, in the earliest stages of this project, in helping me to recognize Hitchcockian elements in *Psycho* and many of his other films. Thomson revealed many details about the filming and plot development of *Psycho* that allowed me to apply his analysis to other Hitchcock films and creating my own Hitchcockian screenplay.


I took this film into consideration when deciding how long Julius should be; *Topaz* was Hitchcock’s longest film at 143 minutes, and I knew I shouldn’t go any longer than that. Most of Hitchcock’s other films run considerably shorter, closer to two hours or less.


This book contains a thorough and extensive interview with Alfred Hitchcock. In it, Hitchcock and Truffaut discuss topics such as simple storytelling,
maintaining suspense, creating narrative through images, and the intersection of screenwriting, shooting, and editing. Hitchcock also states that all films don’t need to have happy endings, and explains that if audiences follow the reasoning of the narrative, they will engage with and accept any conclusion. This was helpful for my project, as I had originally considered *Julius* to have an uncharacteristically (for a Hitchcock film) unhappy ending.


This film is a period piece, set in colonial Australia, and is a more emotional and dramatic piece than some of Hitchcock’s more popular films. Along with *Rebecca, Under Capricorn* provided a model for adapting *Julius* into a film that was less of a traditional Hitchcockian thriller and more of an emotionally tense drama set against a backdrop of class conflict in an older time.