

The Campbell Playhouse
Rebecca
Dec 09 1938

CAST:

ERNEST CHAPPELL, announcer
EDWIN C. HILL, host
DAPHNE DU MAURIER, guest
CBS ANNCR (1 line)

"I" / MARGARET SULLAVAN
MAX / ORSON WELLES
MRS. VAN HOPPER, obnoxious American
JASPER, the dog
FRITH, the butler
MRS. DANVERS, sinister housekeeper
IDIOT
FRANK CRAWLEY, Max's friend
VOICE 1
VOICE 2
VOICE 3
VOICE 4
CAPTAIN
CORONER (2 lines)
FOREMAN (2 lines)
and a CROWD

MUSIC: FANFARE ... THEN THEME (FROM TCHAIKOVSKY'S PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1) ...
THEN BEHIND ANNOUNCER--

CHAPPELL: The makers of Campbell's Soups present the Campbell Playhouse; Orson Welles, producer.

MUSIC: THEME UP AND OUT

HILL: Good evening, everyone. This is Edwin C. Hill, and I bring you exciting news. Tonight Orson Welles takes over the direction of the Campbell Playhouse and offers you as his first production America's bestseller, Daphne du Maurier's "Rebecca," with a great star, Margaret Sullavan. Exciting news, indeed, for I am here to welcome the white hope of the American stage as the director and star of the Campbell Playhouse, who writes his own radio scripts and directs them, and makes them live and breathe with the warmth of his genius. There is no time to adventure into the story of his life and that's too bad, because it is a tale that combines the best features of Baron Munchausen and Alice in Wonderland. If ever a boy was born for an actor, he was. At thirteen, he was directing the Troupers in the Todd School for Boys at Woodstock, Illinois, where he produced thirty plays. At sixteen, he was playing leading parts in Dublin, at the famous Gate and Peacock and Abbey Theatres. His American career is really too recent and too well-known to recount here. He's been the leading man with Katharine Cornell. With John

Houseman, he founded the Mercury Theatre and has operated it with magical success. He had four hits last year on Broadway, which beats Noël Coward's record from here to Kalamazoo. And he's generally recognized today as being the most gifted stage director and actor of our time. His radio productions have attracted universal attention. His broadcast of "The War of the Worlds" last month, which I dare say you remember, made radio history and a national sensation. Why did a fantastic story of an utterly imaginary invasion from Mars produce this totally unexpected result -- a result, Mr. Welles, of course, greatly regretted? It was because, as in all his radio productions, Orson Welles is a master of realism over the air, on radio; unique, exciting. He shocked you. He sent the cold shivers racing up your spine. But that is not the thing he does best, or best likes to do. He loves to tell a story -- a great human story welling up from the heart, brimming with deep and sincere emotion and lively with comedy. Such are the stories -- thrilling, delightful, amusing -- he will bring to the Campbell Playhouse. Because of all his gifts -- his genius at playwriting, his ambition, his dynamic direction, his amazing character acting -- he has been selected by Campbell's as the ideal man to conduct the Campbell Playhouse. And so tonight Orson Welles makes his bow as the outstanding program director of the air. And I have the very great pleasure of presenting him now; Mr. Orson Welles.

WELLES: Thank you, Mr. Hill. It's a great big chance for me and a great big challenge. I have faith in radio, and the makers of Campbell's Soups have enough confidence in me to give me the direction of the Campbell Playhouse. Let's hope nobody is mistaken.

HILL: Mr. Welles, could you tell us something of your aims, perhaps something of the kind of thing you hope to do with the Campbell Playhouse?

WELLES: Well, everybody likes a good story and I think radio is just about the best storyteller there is. The Campbell Playhouse is dedicated to the radio production of good stories -- stories from everywhere, from the stage, from moving pictures, and from literature. Next week, for example, we're doing a comedy, "Call It a Day," and then -- and then Campbell's annual Christmas present to America, Lionel Barrymore in Dickens' immortal "A Christmas Carol." And after that, there'll be "Counsellor-at-Law," a very human portrait of present-day people; "Arrowsmith" by Sinclair Lewis with Helen Hayes; William Archer's "The Green Goddess"; Hecht and MacArthur's hilarious "Twentieth Century." In other words, all kinds of stories, mostly modern, and all of them chosen for their suitability to this medium. That's about all, except I'm going to try to tell them just as well as I know how.

HILL: Well, I know you'll ring the bell.

WELLES: Do you know, the makers of Campbell's Soups don't believe in all this talk about the radio audience having the average mentality of an eight-year-old child? They think the radio listeners are the same people that go to the pictures, and the theater, and read books. They reason that even the most popular radio entertainment should be addressed to the adult citizenry of America. I can only hope that what I do with the Campbell Playhouse will prove how much they mean it, and how right they are.

HILL: I know it will. And now, just before you ring up the curtain on the first act, will you give us a word or two about the play?

WELLES: Gladly, Mr. Hill, but if you'll pardon me, it's not a play, it's a story. You see, I think that radio broadcasting is different from motion pictures and the theater and I'd like to keep it that way. The Campbell Playhouse is situated in a regular studio, not a theater. We have no curtain, real or imaginary, and, as you see, no audience. There's only one illusion I'd like to create -- the illusion of the story.

HILL: But the star, too, is important, Mr. Welles, is that not so?

WELLES: Oh, yes, indeed. And I'd like to say how very fortunate I am in having with me tonight the loveliness and the magic gift of Miss Margaret Sullavan, for Miss Sullavan is my first choice for a great part -- and a great part it is, too -- the most coveted this season, the Scarlett O'Hara of Nineteen Thirty-Eight, the heroine of Daphne du Maurier's bestselling novel "Rebecca."

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN BEHIND WELLES ... OUT GENTLY AT [X]

WELLES: "Rebecca" is going to be made into a movie by David Selznick. It ought to be one of the ten best. It's this year's contender for "the five-foot shelf," your best bet for anything from a weekend to a desert island, and it's a book you should read, the ideal Christmas gift to yourself. Miss du Maurier has flattered me with her confidence in permitting the Campbell Playhouse the great privilege of making for radio the first dramatization of her book. [X] I'm meeting her for the first time tonight before this broadcast is over by special shortwave communication. She'll speak to us from London. So, ladies and gentlemen -- and Miss du Maurier -- the Campbell Playhouse is obediently yours.

MUSIC: FANFARE

HILL: The Campbell Playhouse presents "Rebecca," starring Margaret Sullavan and Orson Welles.

MUSIC: WISTFUL ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) We can never go back to Manderley again. The past is still too close to us. The things we've tried to forget and put behind us would stir once more. But sometimes in my dreams I go to Manderley again. I see the house: the gray stone shining in the moonlight of my dream; the terrace slopes to the lawn, and the lawn stretched to the sea, like a sheet of silver under the moon. Light comes from the windows, the curtains blow softly in the night air. And there in the library, the door stands half open, as if we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn roses and the charred embers of our log fire still smoldering against the morning.

MUSIC: CHANGES TO SOMETHING LIGHTER, FOR RESTAURANT DINING ... CONTINUES IN BG

"I": (NARRATES) I wonder what my life would be today if Mrs. Van Hopper hadn't been a snob.

MRS. VAN HOPPER: (FADES IN) Manderley? Manderley, my dear? Why, even you must have heard of Manderley. That's Max de Winter at the table next to us, the man

who owns Manderley. They say he can't get over his wife's death; an appalling tragedy. The papers were full of it, of course. They say he never talks about it, never mentions her name. She was drowned, you know, in a bay near Manderley.

"I": (WORRIED) Oh, Mrs. Van Hopper, I know he can hear you.

MRS. VAN HOPPER: Nonsense, my dear. Go up to my room quickly and find that letter from my nephew. You know, the one written on his honeymoon with the snapshot? Bring it down to me right away.

"I": Mrs. Van Hopper, I don't really--

MRS. VAN HOPPER: Go on, my dear, do as you're told. Don't argue. Hurry!

MUSIC: UP, FOR VERY BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) When I came down, she had him sitting beside her on the sofa. He looked like no other man I'd ever seen, a man out of a long distant past.

MRS. VAN HOPPER: Oh, there you are, my dear. This is Mr. de Winter. Mr. de Winter's having coffee with us.

MAX: How do you do?

"I": How do you do?

MRS. VAN HOPPER: You know, I recognized you, Mr. de Winter, just as soon as you walked into the restaurant and I thought, "Why, there's Mr. de Winter, Billy's friend. I simply must show him those snapshots of Billy and his bride taken on their honeymoon." Look, here are the snaps. Here they are sunbathing at Palm Beach. He met her at that party, where I first met you, at Claridge's in London. (CHUCKLES) But I dare say you don't remember an old woman like me.

MAX: On the contrary, I remember you very well. Excellent snapshots; the bride's very pretty. I don't think I should care for Palm Beach.

MRS. VAN HOPPER: Well, of course, if one had a home like Manderley-- I'm told Manderley's like fairyland; there's no other word for it. I wonder you can ever bear to leave it. (TO "I") Mr. de Winter is so modest, he won't admit it, but he has one of the loveliest homes in England. They say that the minstrels' gallery at Manderley is a gem, and the gardens are simply the most perfect in the whole world. (FADES OUT)

MUSIC: MELANCHOLY ... THEN LIGHTER, FOR RESTAURANT DINING, IN BG

"I": (NARRATES) The next morning, Mrs. Van Hopper woke up with a sore throat and a temperature. At noon, I went down to the restaurant alone. I expected it to be empty; nobody lunched generally before one o'clock. He was sitting at the table next to ours. I sat down looking straight before me. I unfolded my napkin and knocked over the vase of flowers on my table.

MAX: (INSISTENT) Oh, you can't sit at a wet tablecloth; come on, get up.

(CALLS) Waiter! This lady'll have lunch with me.

"I": (EXHALES NERVOUSLY) No, no, I couldn't possibly.

MAX: Why not?

"I": Well, you're being polite, but really--

MAX: I'm not being polite. I'd like you to have lunch with me.

"I": Oh, you're very kind.

MAX: (SURPRISED) You don't believe me. (CASUAL) Well, never mind; come on, sit down. We needn't talk to each other unless we feel like it. What's happened to your friend? She seems a good deal older than you. What is she, a - a relation? Have you known her long?

"I": Oh, she isn't really a friend. She's an employer. You see, I'm what's called a companion. She pays me ninety pounds a year.

MAX: I didn't know one could buy companionship. What do you do it for?

"I": Ninety pounds is a lot of money.

MAX: How old are you?

"I": Nineteen.

MAX: And you're not afraid of the future?

"I": No.

MAX: Haven't you any family?

"I": No, they're dead.

MAX: Well then, we've got a bond in common, you and I. We're both alone in the world. I have no companion. I shall have to congratulate Mrs. Van Hopper. You're cheap at ninety pounds a year.

"I": You forget -- you have a home. And I have none.

MAX: An empty house, my dear, can be as lonely as a full hotel. The trouble is that it's less impersonal.

MUSIC: UP, FOR TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO INTERIOR, CONTINUES IN BG

"I": (NARRATES) I remember the feel of the leather seats in his car as we drove in the afternoons along the Mediterranean. I remember still my ill-fitting flannel suit, and how the skirt was lighter than the coat. I remember now, glancing at my watch, I would think to myself, (FERVENT) "This moment now

-- now at twenty minutes past three -- this must never be lost. Never!"

MAX: You're a very silent companion. What are you thinking?

"I": I wish-- (EXHALES, MERRILY) I wish I were a woman of about thirty-six dressed in black satin with a string of pearls.

MAX: You wouldn't be in this car with me if you were.

"I": (CHUCKLES) Mr. de Winter, you're going to think me impertinent and rude, I dare say, but I would like to know why you ask me to come out in the car day after day. You're being kind, that's obvious, but why do you choose me for your charity?

MAX: Because you're not dressed in black satin with a string of pearls, nor are you thirty-six.

"I": (CHUCKLES) You know, it's not fair. You know everything there is to know about me. That's not much, I admit, because I haven't been alive very long and nothing very much has happened to me, except people dying. But you--! I know nothing more about you than I did when we met.

MAX: And what'd you know then?

"I": Well, that you lived at Manderley and - that you'd lost your wife.

MAX: (BEAT, DARKLY) Yes. My memories are bitter. I prefer to ignore them. Something happened to me a year ago that altered my whole life and I want to forget my existence up to that time. But those days are finished, they're blotted out. I - I want to begin living all over again.

"I": Oh, I'm so sorry. You've been so kind to me; I didn't mean to remind you--
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MAX: (SHARP AND ANGRY) Curse your puritanical, tight-lipped little speeches and your talk about kindness and charity! I ask you to come with me because I want you and your company, and if you don't believe me, you can leave the car now and find your own way home! Go on!

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, AUTO SCREECHES TO A STOP

MAX: (SULLEN) Well, open the door and get out. (NO RESPONSE) Well? What are you going to do about it?

"I": (AFRAID) Please, drive me home?

SOUND: AUTO STARTS UP AND CONTINUES

MAX: (MORE REASONABLE) Well, I suppose you're young enough to be my daughter. I don't know how to deal with you. (BEAT) You can forget all I said to you just now, that's all finished and done with. Don't let's ever think of it again. (LIGHTER) My family used to call me Maxim. I'd like you to do the same. You've been formal long enough.

MUSIC: LOVELY WALTZ ... FOR A BRIEF TRANSITION

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR, WHICH OPENS

MAX: What do you want? Something the matter?

"I": I've come to say goodbye. We're going this morning.

MAX: Come in; shut the door.

SOUND: HER STEPS IN ... DOOR CLOSES

MAX: What are you talking about?

"I": (BREATHLESS, NERVOUS) It's true. We're leaving today. I - I was afraid I wouldn't see you. I thought I must see you again to thank you.

MAX: Why didn't you tell me this before?

"I": Well, Mrs. Van Hopper only decided today. Her daughter sails for New York on Saturday and we're going with her.

MAX: She's taking you with her to New York?

"I": Yes! And I don't want to go. I shall hate it. I shall be miserable.

MAX: Well then, why in heaven's name go? Sit down with me while I eat my breakfast. Have you had yours?

"I": Yes. Oh, I really haven't time; I ought to be downstairs now getting the tickets.

MAX: You can sit with me for five minutes.

"I": Oh, I shouldn't.

MAX: So Mrs. Van Hopper's had enough of Monte Carlo and now she wants to go home. Well, so do I. She to New York, I to Manderley. Which would you prefer? Take your choice.

"I": (MISERABLE) Please don't make a joke about it; it's unfair.

MAX: If you think I'm one of those people who tries to be funny before breakfast, you're wrong. I repeat: the choice is open to you. Either you go to America with Mrs. Van Hopper or you come home to Manderley with me.

"I": (CONFUSED) Do you mean you want a secretary or something?

MAX: No! (BEAT, GENTLY) I'm asking you to marry me, you little fool.

"I": (SLOW AND QUIET) I don't understand. I'm not the sort of person men marry.

MAX: What the devil do you mean?

"I": I'm not sure. I - I don't think I know how to explain. I - I don't belong to your sort of world!

MAX: (AMUSED) What is my world?

"I": Well, Manderley. You know what I mean.

MAX: (REALIZES) You think I'm asking you to marry me for the same reason you thought I took you out in the car -- to be kind, don't you?

"I": (MISERABLE) Yes.

MAX: One day you may realize that philanthropy is not one of my strongest qualities. (BEAT) Are you going to marry me? (NO ANSWER, AMUSED) My suggestion doesn't seem to have gone too well. I'm sorry. I rather thought you loved me.

"I": I do love you! I love you dreadfully! I've been crying all morning because thought I should never see you again.

MAX: Oh, so that's settled then! Instead of being companion to Mrs. Van Hopper, you become mine. And your duties will be almost exactly the same: I also like new library books and flowers in the drawing room and someone to pour my tea and-- (CHANGES TONE) Oh, I'm being rather a brute to you, aren't I? This isn't your idea of a proposal. We ought to be in a conservatory, with you in a white frock with a rose in your hand and a violin playing a waltz in the distance. Poor darling, what a shame. Never mind. I'll take you to Venice for our honeymoon and we'll hold hands in a gondola. But we won't stay too long because -- I want to show you Manderley.

"I": (READY TO CRY) Manderley.

MAX: Now then, am I going to break the news to Mrs. Van Hopper, or are you?

"I": (AFRAID) Oh, no, you tell her. She'll be so angry!

MAX: (CHUCKLES) I'll tell her. I'm not afraid. You wait for me here.

MUSIC: WISTFUL ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) When he'd gone, I looked around his room. There was a book on the table near his bed. I picked it up. On the title page was a dedication -- "Max, From Rebecca, May Seventeen" -- written in a curious slanting hand. The ink had run too thick, so that the name Rebecca stood out black and strong: "Rebecca." (HUSHED, TREMULOUS) Rebecca.

MUSIC: UP, FOR OMINOUS CURTAIN

HILL: We pause now in our Campbell Playhouse presentation of "Rebecca." In just a moment, we will resume the story. But first, here is my associate of long standing, Ernest Chappell, with an important message.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hill. The time was, and it was not so long ago, when chicken was a rare and special treat. What magic the words "chicken for dinner" conjured up in our young minds, and how we looked forward to these great events. With proud gusto, Father would dexterously separate wings and legs and then carve tender white slices from the breast while each of us silently prayed to be granted his special favorite part. And then, on the second day, there came another treat. The remaining meat and the carcass went into Mother's soup kettle, to be simmered slowly, seasoned gently, and served forth as a suppertime delight. Today, if you have wistful memories of that glorious old home chicken soup, then Campbell's Chicken Soup is just made for you. Because Campbell's chefs follow faithfully the good home recipe, only changing it to make an even better soup. They use, for example, all the good meat of the chickens. Fine, plump chickens they are, too, such as you'd choose proudly for your own table. Such chicken soup with snowy rice and tender chicken pieces is a special treat indeed, but one you may enjoy on any day. Your grocer has Campbell's Chicken Soup and it's yours for the asking. Remember, Campbell's Chicken Soup!

HILL: Now, we return to the Campbell Playhouse presentation of "Rebecca" with Margaret Sullavan and Orson Welles.

MUSIC: SHIMMERING INTRO ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) We came to Manderley in early May. There it was, the Manderley I had expected, lovelier than I had ever dreamed, built in its hollow of smooth grassland and mossy lawns, the terraces sloping to the gardens, and the gardens to the sea. A servant was standing on the steps waiting, an old man with a kind face.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, AUTO APPROACHES AND PULLS TO A STOP ... JASPER THE DOG BARKS HIS GREETINGS, IN BG

MAX: Well, here we are, Frith! Everyone well?

FRITH: Yes, thank you, sir. Glad to see you home, sir, and hope you've been keeping well. And madam, too.

"I": Thank you.

MAX: Yes, we're both well, thank you, Frith -- although tired from the drive, wanting our tea. (TO DOG) Hello, Jasper, old man.

JASPER: (BARKS, THEN QUIETS BEHIND--)

MAX: Frith, who are all these people? All the servants? I didn't expect this.

FRITH: Mrs. Danvers' orders, sir.

MAX: Mrs. Danvers -- I might have guessed it. (TO "I") Come on, darling. Mrs. Danvers was Rebecca's housekeeper; she simply adored her. They're all curious to see what you're like. You won't mind, will you? It'll soon be over.

"I": No.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, THEIR STEPS TO THE SERVANTS ... THEN STOP

MAX: (A TRIFLE PORTENTOUS) My dear, this is Mrs. Danvers.

MUSIC: UNEASY ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) Mrs. Danvers took me to my room. She was a tall, gaunt woman, dressed in black, with prominent cheekbones and great hollow eyes that gave her a skull's face, parchment white, set on a skeleton's frame. Her eyes never left mine.

MRS. DANVERS: Manderley is a big place, madam. Not so big as some, of course, but big enough. And a showplace -- Mr. de Winter lets the public in to see it once a month.

"I": You can't see the sea from here, can you?

MRS. DANVERS: No, not from this room. You can't even hear it. You'd not know the sea was anywhere near, not from this room.

"I": I'm sorry about that. I like the sea.

MRS. DANVERS: Mr. de Winter gave special orders in his letter that you would have this room, madam.

"I": Oh, then this was not his room originally?

MRS. DANVERS: No, madam. He's never used the rooms in this wing before.

"I": Oh, he didn't tell me that. I - I suppose you've been at Manderley for many years, Mrs. Danvers, longer than anyone else?

MRS. DANVERS: I came here when the first Mrs. de Winter was a bride.

"I": Mrs. Danvers, you - you must have patience with me because this sort of life is new to me. You must just go on running things as they always have been run. I shan't want to make any changes.

MRS. DANVERS: I'm here to carry out your orders, madam. I hope I shall do everything to your satisfaction. Can I do anything more for you now?

"I": Oh, no, thank you, no, I - I'm sure I have everything. I shall be very comfortable here. You've made the room so charming.

MRS. DANVERS: I only followed out Mr. de Winter's instructions. Of course, the most beautiful rooms are in the west wing, overlooking the sea. Bedroom is twice as large as this and the windows look down across the lawns into the sea.

"I": I suppose Mr. de Winter keeps the most beautiful rooms to show to the public.

MRS. DANVERS: Those rooms are never shown to the public. They used to live in those rooms when Mrs. de Winter was alive. That big room I was telling you about that looks down to the sea, that was Mrs. de Winter's room.

MUSIC: UNEASY ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) Next morning, there was a heavy mist. It poured in through the open window. When I came down to breakfast, Maxim had already gone out.

FRITH: (CLEARS THROAT) Uh, Mrs. de Winter?

"I": Yes, Frith?

FRITH: Mr. de Winter told me to tell you, madam, that he'd gone out with Mr. Crawley. Mr. Frank Crawley is Mr. de Winter's friend who manages the estate. Mr. de Winter said to tell you they'd be back for luncheon at one.

"I": Thank you. Oh, Frith?

FRITH: Yes, madam?

"I": It seems rather cold this morning. I wonder if you'd please light the fire in the library for me.

FRITH: The fire in the library is not usually lit until the afternoon, madam. Mrs. de Winter always used the morning room. She always did her telephoning and correspondence in there after breakfast. There's a good fire in there. If you should wish to have a fire in the library as well--

"I": No, no, I wouldn't dream of it. I'll go into the morning room. Thank you, Frith.

FRITH: If you will allow me, madam, I will show you the way.

MUSIC: WISTFUL ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

"I": (NARRATES) This was a woman's room, graceful, fragile; the room of someone who had chosen every particle of furniture with great care. It had a strange and startling kind of perfection. I opened a drawer at hazard and there was a letter addressed to Mrs. M. de Winter.

SOUND: BUZZ! OF PHONE ... RECEIVER UP

MRS. DANVERS: (FILTER) Mrs. de Winter? (NO ANSWER) Mrs. de Winter?

"I": (UNNERVED, INTO PHONE) Who is it? What do you want?

MRS. DANVERS: (FILTER) Mrs. de Winter?

"I": (NERVOUS, INTO PHONE) I'm afraid you've made a mistake. Mrs. de Winter has been dead for over a year.

MRS. DANVERS: (FILTER, A BIT SCORNFUL, AS IF TO A CHILD) It's Mrs. Danvers,

madam. Mrs. Danvers. I'm speaking to you on the house telephone. It's about the menu. It's Mrs. Danvers speaking, madam.

MUSIC: BRIEF MELANCHOLY TRANSITION ... THEN OUT

"I": (NARRATES) After lunch, it was still raining. Frank Crawley and Maxim were in the library working. I got a raincoat out of the flower room and started out across the garden, down towards the sea. Soon I was in the woods. The dog ran on ahead.

JASPER: (BARKS A FEW TIMES)

"I": (NARRATES) The woods came right down to the water. At the fringe was a long, low building, half cottage, half boathouse.

JASPER: (BARKS A FEW TIMES ... THEN AGAIN AT [X])

SOUND: OCCASIONAL LAP OF WATER AND SLOW, STEADY ROLL OF WAVES ON SHORE, IN BG-
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"I": (NARRATES) There was a buoy anchored there in the cove, but no boat. And there was Jasper wagging his tail at a solitary figure on the beach. [X] As I drew near, I saw that the figure on the beach was a man with the small, slit eyes of an idiot and a red, wet mouth.

IDIOT: Good day. Dirty, ain't it?

"I": (NERVOUS, POLITE) I'm afraid it's not very nice weather. (CALLS) Jasper! Jasper, come here!

JASPER: (WHIMPERS ... THEN INTERMITTENTLY, IN BG)

IDIOT: Diggin' for shell. No shell here. Been diggin' all day.

"I": I'm sorry you can't find any.

IDIOT: That's right. No shell here.

"I": (CALLS) Come on, Jasper! Good dog, come on.

IDIOT: He won't go.

"I": Why not?

IDIOT: He ain't your dog.

"I": No, he's Mr. de Winter's dog. I want to take him back to the house. (CALLS) Come on, Jasper. Come along, good dog.

IDIOT: She ain't been here lately.

"I": What do you mean?

IDIOT: The other one. You're not like the other one.

"I": What do you mean? What other one?

IDIOT: Tall and dark, she was. She give you the feelin' of a snake. By night, she'd come down to the cove; I seen her. I looked in on her once here in the boathouse and she turned on me, she did. "If I catch you lookin' at me through the windows, I'll have you put in asylum," she said. "I won't say nothin', ma'am," I said to her. Touched my cap like this here. She's gone now, ain't she?

JASPER: (WHIMPERS)

"I": I don't know what you mean.

IDIOT: She's gone in the sea, ain't she? She won't come back no more.

"I": No, she'll not come back.

IDIOT: (INCREASINGLY AGITATED) You won't put me in asylum, will you? I never said nothing, did I? I never said nothing, ma'am. I never said nothin'! I never said nothin'!

JASPER: (WAILS MOURNFULLY)

MUSIC: UNEASY BRIDGE

MAX: (UPSET, SHARPLY) Where did you get that piece of string?

"I": (DEFENSIVE) I got it for Jasper; he ran away. I found it in the cottage on the beach.

MAX: Was the door open?

"I": I pushed it open. The string was in the other room where the sails were.

MAX: (STILL UPSET) Oh, I see. That cottage is supposed to be locked. The door has no business to be open. Did Ben tell you the door was open?

"I": Ben?

MAX: Oh, never mind.

"I": (BEAT) Maxim--?

MAX: Yes, what is it?

"I": (GENTLY) I'm sorry I went down to the cove, if you didn't want me to go.

MAX: (SNAPS) What makes you think I didn't want you to go down there?

"I": Maxim, how should I know? I'm not a thought reader. I know you didn't want me to go, that's all; I can see it in your face.

MAX: See what in my face?!

"I": I've already told you! I can see that you didn't want me to go.

MAX: You're quite right. I did not want you to go down to the cove. Will that please you? I never go near the place. If you had my memories, you wouldn't want to go there either, or talk about it, or even think about it. There! I hope that satisfies you.

"I": Please, Maxim, please--

MAX: What's the matter?

"I": I don't want you to look like that. Please, Maxim, let's forget all we said. I'm sorry, darling. Please let everything be all right.

MAX: (MOROSE) We ought to have stayed in Italy. We ought never to have come back to Manderley. I was a fool to come back.

MUSIC: GRIM ... THEN BEHIND "I"--

SOUND: WAVES ON SHORE BRIEFLY BEHIND--

"I": (NARRATES) The weather that May was wet and cold. From the terrace I could hear the murmur of the sea below me, low and sullen. And every morning a heavy fog would come rolling in from the sea. I could not forget that cottage on the beach, and the white, lost look in Maxim's eyes. Somewhere at the back of my mind, a frightened furtive seed of curiosity grew slowly and stealthily.

MUSIC: OUT

"I": (NARRATES) Frank Crawley was in the library taking tea with me, waiting for Maxim to get home. There were things that I had to know.

FRANK: You've, uh-- You've been down to the cove, then?

"I": Yes, Frank. Frank, in that cottage down there, are those all Rebecca's things?

FRANK: Yes.

"I": Hmm, I wondered. Why is the buoy there in the little harbor place?

FRANK: Er, the boat used to be moored there.

"I": What boat?

FRANK: Her boat.

"I": Oh. What happened to it? Oh, was that the boat she was sailing when she was drowned?

FRANK: Yes. It capsized and sank. She was washed overboard.

"I": Couldn't someone have got out to her?

FRANK: Nobody saw the accident. Nobody knew she'd gone. She often sailed alone at night.

"I": How long afterwards was it they found her?

FRANK: Oh, about two months.

"I": Where did they find her?

FRANK: Near Edgecombe. 'Bout forty miles up channel.

"I": How did they know it was she, after two months? How could they tell?

FRANK: Maxim went up to Edgecombe to identify her.

"I": Oh. (INCREASINGLY OVERWROUGHT) Frank, I know what you're thinking. You can't understand why I ask all these questions just now. You think I'm being morbid and curious. But it's not that, I promise you! Only, when I go to call on all these people, his friends, I know they're looking me up and down and thinking, "What on earth does Maxim see in her?" Always I know that whenever I meet anyone new they say, "How different she is from Rebecca." (BEAT) Frank?

FRANK: Yes?

"I": (TENSE) There's just one more thing, one question I must ask you. Will you promise to answer it quite truthfully?

FRANK: I'll do my best.

"I": (SLOWLY) Tell me, was Rebecca very beautiful?

FRANK: (BEAT, DEEPLY FELT) Yes. Yes, I suppose she was the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life.

MUSIC: MELANCHOLY BRIDGE

MRS. DANVERS: Here it is, madam; this is it. One moment while I turn on the light. (BEAT) Come in, madam.

"I": Was this her room, Mrs. Danvers?

MRS. DANVERS: Yes, ma'am, this is her room. (BEAT) Now you're here, let me show you everything. I know you want to see it all. You've wanted to for a long time. It's a lovely room, isn't it? The loveliest room you've ever seen. I haven't touched a thing. There are flowers on the dressing table and that's her bed. A beautiful bed, isn't it? Here is her night dress. This was the night dress she was wearing for the last time before she died. Would you like to touch it? Feel it, hold it! (BEAT, POINTEDLY) I did everything for her, you know. "You look after me better than anyone, Danny," she used to say. "I wouldn't have anyone but you." See? Here's her wardrobe. What's the matter,

madam, aren't you feeling well?

"I": (EXHALES, BREATHY) I'm all right, I just-- I didn't expect to see all of her things this way.

MRS. DANVERS: I believe Mr. de Winter liked her to wear silver, mostly. But, of course, she could wear anything. She looked beautiful in this velvet. Put it against your face. It's soft, isn't it? Scent is still as fresh as though she'd just taken it off. These are her slippers. Put your hands inside the slippers. They're quite small and narrow, aren't they? When they found her, the rocks had battered her to bits so no one could recognize her.

"I": (GROANS) Oh--

MRS. DANVERS: You know now why Mr. de Winter doesn't use these rooms anymore. He hasn't used these rooms since the night she was drowned. I come up every day and dust them myself. If you want to come again, you have only to tell me. Sometimes, when Mr. de Winter is away and you feel lonely, you might like to come up to these rooms and sit here. They're such beautiful rooms. You wouldn't think she'd been gone now for so long, would you? You'd think she'd just gone out for a little while and would be back in the evening. Do you think she can see us talking to one another now? Do you think the dead come back and watch the living?

"I": (NERVOUS) I don't know, I - I don't know--

MRS. DANVERS: Sometimes I wonder -- if she comes back to Manderley and watches you and Mr. de Winter. You, sitting in her chair in the library before the fire, stroking her dog, talking to her husband--

"I": Stop it! Stop it!

MUSIC: UNEASY, UNEARTHLY ... IN WITH ABOVE LINE ... THEN IN BG

MRS. DANVERS: It's no use, is it? You can't do it. You'll never get the better of her. She's still mistress here, even if she is dead. She's the real Mrs. de Winter, not you. It's you that's the shadow and the ghost; it's you that's forgotten and not wanted and pushed aside. Well, why don't you leave Manderley to her? Why don't you go?

"I": What do you mean?

MRS. DANVERS: Why don't you go? We none of us want you. He doesn't want you; he never did. He can't forget her. He wants to be alone in the house again with her. It's you who ought to be dead, and not Mrs. de Winter. Come here now to the window; let me show you something.

SOUND: THUMP! WINDOW OPENS ... THEN HEAVY ROLL OF WAVES ON SHORE, WHICH CONTINUES IN BG

MRS. DANVERS: When the window's open, you can hear the sea down there. Look down there, look.

"I": (TERRIFIED) Let me go!

MRS. DANVERS: Don't be afraid, I won't push you. But there's not much for you to live for here at Manderley. Why don't you jump now and have done with it? Then you won't be unhappy anymore. Why don't you try? Go on. Go on, don't be afraid, go on. Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on--

MUSIC: UP ... TOPS THE SCENE ... FOR TENSE CURTAIN, WHICH FADES OUT

HILL: And so we end the second part of our presentation of Daphne du Maurier's bestselling book "Rebecca," with Margaret Sullavan and Orson Welles. In a few moments, we shall return you to the Campbell Playhouse.

CHAPPELL: This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: GRACEFULLY FILLS A PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION ... THEN OUT BEHIND--

HILL: This is Edwin C. Hill again, bidding you welcome to the Campbell Playhouse on behalf of the makers of those fine Campbell Soups. In a moment or two, we shall resume our presentation of "Rebecca," the bestselling novel by Daphne du Maurier and starring, as I've said, Margaret Sullavan and Orson Welles, and also we shall hear from Miss du Maurier herself, direct by shortwave from London. But first I bring you a message:

For many years I've been interested in the human side of the news. As a newspaper reporter for all those years, I have found that there's a very human side to business. And that is what I want to speak about for just a moment or so. All of us are familiar with businesses which provide us with something to eat or drink or wear, or we buy a radio or a suit of clothes or a can of soup. But the actual thing we buy is about the only contact we ever have with the people who make such goods. But the character of those people is of vital importance. If the manufacturer of a product is honorable in the conduct of his business, his product will be as trustworthy as his word. For, in business, as in every walk of life, honesty pays real dividends. Honest enterprise is the only kind which has a chance to win and to hold the patronage of intelligent and discriminating buyers, whether it's a matter of a piano or a spool of thread or a trip to Europe or a can of soup. And that, as I see it, is the human side of business, of the products that last over the years, that serve you well and merit your confidence. I know the Campbell kitchens, the Campbell men, the Campbell soup. And the fact that these soups are used more and more every year in most homes and are sold in more than four hundred and sixty thousand grocery stores throughout the land is no accident, believe me. It's due to the human side of this business; its aims, its policies, and its character.

And now to the Campbell Playhouse, where we resume our story, "Rebecca."

MUSIC: FADE IN TENSE INTRODUCTION, WHICH PICKS UP WHERE LAST SCENE ENDED ... THEN IN BG

SOUND: CRASH OF WAVES, IN BG

MRS. DANVERS: Go on, go on, go on. Why don't you jump now and have done with it? Why don't you try? Go on. Go on, don't be afraid; jump, go on, go on.

"I": (NARRATES, WITH DREAD) Mrs. Danvers was close behind me now, her hand on my arm. And before me was the open window and the white mist coming in from the sea.

MRS. DANVERS: Go on.

"I": (NARRATES) I shut my eyes. The mist lay upon my lips, rank and sour. My head began to swim.

MUSIC: OUT WITH--

SOUND: CRACK! AND HISS! EXTREMELY LOUD EXPLOSION OF ROCKET

"I": (NARRATES) Then suddenly, the mist had parted! There was a flash in the sky!

SOUND: ANOTHER ROCKET! ... THEN ANOTHER!

VOICE 1: (SHOUTING, FROM OFF) Hey, there! Ship ashore!

SOUND: ANOTHER ROCKET!

VOICE 2: The rocket, the rocket!

SOUND: ANOTHER ROCKET!

VOICE 2: Ship ashore, ship ashore, ship ashore!

SOUND: A FINAL ROCKET

MUSIC: GRIM TRANSITION ... THEN MELANCHOLY, IN BG

"I": (NARRATES) Later I went down to the beach. There was a large ship on the reef, half a mile off shore, with her bows pointed toward the cliffs. There were a number of small boats around her, and the coast-guard cutter lying alongside.

SOUND: SHORE BACKGROUND

VOICE 1: I hear the rockets [?]; 'most broke the windows.

VOICE 3: Looked like a Dutchman, I'd say.

VOICE 2: German or Dutch.

VOICE 4: Good thing there's no sea running. That's shallow water she's in.

VOICE 3: Is she fast?

VOICE 4: I don't know yet.

VOICE 1: There's a diver come over from Kerrith.

VOICE 3: He'd be going down to see if she's broken her back.

VOICE 4: She's on a reef; she's a goner.

"I": Have you seen Mr. de Winter?

VOICE 2: Not today, ma'am.

"I": Have you seen Mr. de Winter?

VOICE 1: Mr. de Winter? Ah, yes, ma'am. He was one of the first down here after the rockets went.

VOICE 4: He were down by the cove. Had the dog with him.

"I": Do you know where he is now?

VOICE 3: He went off to Kerrith twenty minutes ago with one of the crew that were injured.

"I": Oh, thank you, good day.

VOICE 3: Good day, mum.

VOICE 1: Good day, mum.

SOUND: SHORE SCENE FADES OUT

MUSIC: STILL MELANCHOLY ... FILLS PAUSE ... CONTINUES IN BG

"I": (NARRATES) I went back to Manderley the long way through the woods. The fog had cleared. I looked down and saw the stranded ship offshore. The diver must have come up, for I saw a little group of people on the deck of the boat alongside, leaning over, staring into the water.

MUSIC: FILLS PAUSE FOR TRANSITION ... THEN FADES OUT BEHIND--

FRITH: There's a man waiting to see you, madam. He says it's important. He asked for Mr. de Winter first, and then for you. He's in the library.

"I": Who is it, Frith?

FRITH: He says his name's Captain Searle, madam; the harbor master from Kerrith.

"I": Oh, yes, I'll go in and talk to him.

FRITH: Yes, madam.

SOUND: HER FOOTSTEPS TO LIBRARY DOOR, WHICH OPENS AND SHUTS

CAPTAIN: Mrs. de Winter?

"I": I'm sorry my husband isn't back yet.

CAPTAIN: I know; I can't get hold of Mr. Crawley, either. The fact is, I've got some news for Mr. de Winter and I hardly know how to break it to him.

"I": What sort of news, Captain Searle?

CAPTAIN: Well, Mrs. de Winter, it - it isn't very pleasant for me to tell you, either. We're all very fond of Mr. de Winter around here. It's hard on him and hard on you that we can't let the past lie quiet.

"I": Yes, go on.

CAPTAIN: Well, you know, we sent the diver down to inspect that ship there on the reef. Well, while he was down there, he came across something else. The hull of a little sailing boat, lying on her side, not broken up at all. He recognized it at once. That boat belonged to the late Mrs. de Winter.

"I": Oh, I'm so sorry. Is it necessary to tell Mr. de Winter? Couldn't the boat be left there as it is? It's not doing anybody any harm, is it?

CAPTAIN: The cabin door was tightly closed and the ports were closed, too. The diver broke one of the windows with a stone from the sea bed and looked into the cabin. And then he got the fright of his life. There was a body in there, lying on the cabin floor. (BEAT) Now you understand why I have to see your husband, Mrs. de Winter.

MUSIC: OMINOUS BRIDGE

MAX: (GLOOMY) It's all over, now. The thing has happened.

"I": What thing?

MAX: The thing I've always foreseen. The thing I've dreamt about -- day after day, night after night. We're not meant for happiness, you and I.

"I": What are you trying to tell me?

MAX: Rebecca has won. I remember her eyes as she looked at me before she died. I remember that slow, treacherous smile. She knew this would happen, even then. She knew she'd win in the end.

"I": Maxim, what are you saying? What are you trying to tell me?

MAX: Her boat, they found it; the diver found it this afternoon.

"I": I know. Captain Searle was here and he told me. You're thinking about the body, the body the diver found in the cabin.

MAX: Yes.

"I": It means she wasn't alone. It means there was someone out sailing with

Rebecca at the time. And you have to find out who it was.

MAX: There was no one with Rebecca. She was alone. It's Rebecca's body lying there on the cabin floor.

"I": (WHISPERS) No.

MAX: The woman I identified wasn't Rebecca. There never was an accident. Rebecca was not drowned at all. I killed her.

"I": (QUIET GASP)

MAX: I shot Rebecca in the cottage down in the cove. I carried her body to the cabin and took the boat -- and sunk it there, where they found it today. It's Rebecca who's lying dead there on the cabin floor. (BEAT) Will you look into my eyes and tell me that you love me now?

MUSIC: MOURNFUL ... THEN IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING, IN BG

"I": Oh, darling, we can't lose each other now. We've got to be together always, with no secrets, no shadows. Please, darling, please.

MAX: There's no time. We may have a few hours, a few days. How can we be together now that this has happened? I've told you they found the boat; they found Rebecca.

"I": What will you do?

MAX: I don't know; I don't know.

"I": Does anyone know? Anyone at all?

MAX: No.

"I": No one but you and me?

MAX: No one but you and me.

"I": Oh, why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me? The time we wasted when we might have been together, all these weeks, all these days.

MAX: You were so aloof. You never came to me like this. You were strange with me, awkward, shy.

"I": How could I come to you when I knew you were thinking about Rebecca? How could I ask you to love me when I knew you loved Rebecca still? Whenever you spoke to me or looked at me, I thought you were saying to yourself, "This I did with Rebecca. And this, and this."

MAX: What are you talking about? What do you mean?

"I": It was true, wasn't it?

MAX: (SURPRISED) You thought I loved Rebecca? You thought I killed her, loving her? I tell you, I hated her! Our marriage was a farce from the very first. She was vicious, damnable, rotten through and through. We never loved each other; we never had one moment of happiness together. Rebecca was incapable of love, of tenderness, of - of decency. She knew how I loved Manderley. She knew how to hurt me most. She stood there that night in the cottage in the cove, smiling at me. "I'm going to have a child," she said. "It will grow up here at Manderley bearing your name. That's a joke, isn't it? And when you die, Manderley will be his. You can't prevent it. Have you ever thought how hard it would be for you to make a case against me -- in a court of law, I mean -- if you wanted to divorce me? We've acted the parts of a loving husband and wife rather too well, haven't we? They'll be happy, won't they, all those smug friends of yours, all your blasted tenants, thinking it's your child? 'It's what we've always hoped for, Mrs. de Winter,' they'll say. I'll be the perfect mother, Max, just as I've never been the perfect wife. And none of them will ever guess, none of them will ever know." She turned and faced me, smiling. Then I killed her. She was smiling still. I fired at her heart. She didn't fall at once. She stood there, looking at me, that slow smile on her face, her eyes wide open.

MUSIC: UP, FOR BRIEF TRANSITION

SOUND: COURTROOM CROWD MURMURS ... GAVEL BANGS TWICE ... CROWD QUIETS FOR--

CORONER: You have heard all the testimony in this case, gentlemen. You have heard how the body of the deceased was found in the cabin of her boat. You have heard the testimony of the boat builder. You have heard Mr. de Winter's story. You have heard how, on the night of the tragedy, Mrs. de Winter went down to the cottage where she was in the habit of-- (VOICE FADES OUT ... THEN FADES BACK IN AGAIN) Gentlemen, how do you find?

FOREMAN: The verdict is suicide.

SOUND: CROWD MURMURS ... THEN IN BG--

FOREMAN: Suicide without sufficient evidence that shows the state of mind of the deceased.

SOUND: GAVEL BANGS TWICE

CORONER: Court is adjourned.

MUSIC: WARM BRIDGE ... THEN BEHIND "I" ... OUT AT [X]

SOUND: RUNNING AUTO BACKGROUND

"I": (NARRATES) It was almost dark when we started for Manderley. He held my hand in his. We didn't speak for a long time. [X] I must have dozed for I woke suddenly with a start and heard the first sound of thunder in the air. The air was hot against my face. No rain fell.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, QUIET ROLL OF THUNDER ... THEN LOUDER AND INTERMITTENTLY, IN BG

MAX: What is it, darling?

"I": Maxim! Maxim, don't drive so fast!

MAX: I want to get home. I'm worried. I have a premonition of disaster.

"I": When everything's over? I don't understand.

MAX: I want to get home. I want to get back to Manderley.

"I": What time is it?

MAX: Almost nine.

"I": That's funny. Looks almost as though the sun were still setting over there beyond those hills. Can't be, though, it's too late.

MAX: It's the wrong direction. You're looking east.

"I": Why, yes. That's funny, isn't it? It's in winter you see the northern lights, isn't it, not in summer?

MAX: (REALIZES) That's not the northern lights you're looking at -- that's Manderley!

"I": (WHISPERED HORROR) Maxim! Maxim, what is it?

MAX: I don't know.

SOUND: AUTO SPEEDS UP

"I": (ASTONISHED) Maxim, look -- a fire. Maxim, it's Manderley. It's burning! Manderley is burning!

MUSIC: INTENSE BRIDGE ... FOR THE BURNING OF MANDERLEY ... THEN ABRUPTLY OUT

"I": (NARRATES) We have both known fear and loneliness and very great distress, but we have come through our crisis. Of course, we have our moments of depression, but there are other moments, too, when time, unmeasured by the clock, runs on into eternity. And catching Maxim's smile, I know we are together at last -- no barrier between us.

MUSIC: WISTFUL ... THEN IN BG--

"I": (NARRATES) We can never go back to Manderley again. The past is still too close to us. But sometimes, in my dreams, I go to Manderley. I see the gray stone shining in the moonlight. Light comes from the windows. The curtains blow softly in the night air. And in the library, the door stands half open as if we had left it, with my handkerchief on the table beside the bowl of autumn roses, and the charred embers of our log fire still smoldering against the morning.

MUSIC: UP, FOR CURTAIN

HILL: So ends our story, the Campbell Playhouse presentation of Daphne du Maurier's novel "Rebecca." In a moment, I shall bring you Margaret Sullavan and Orson Welles in person, and Daphne du Maurier on the long distance phone from London. In the meantime, here's a man with a message worth hearing -- a man who keeps one eye on the dining table and the other on the pantry. Ladies and gentlemen, my friend, Ernest Chappell.

CHAPPELL: Thank you, Mr. Hill. May I remind you once again of that grand dish, Campbell's Chicken Soup? Remember what I told you about it and make it a point to try it soon. Because until you taste your first glorious spoonful, you're really missing something. Imagine a rich, golden broth slowly simmered from plump and perfect chickens, simmered with all the patience and skill of the most particular home cook. And imagine an abundance of selective rice, white and fluffy, drifting all through the broth, every grain saturated with its delicious flavor. Then add tender pieces of chicken meat, each a delight to your taste, and you have a picture of Campbell's Chicken Soup. But only tasting can really tell you how good it is. Why not plan to have Campbell's Chicken Soup tomorrow? You'll please the family and, incidentally, make a busy day a little easier for yourself.

MUSIC: GRACEFUL TAG

HILL: And now, here's Orson Welles.

WELLES: Ladies and gentlemen, the star of "Rebecca" is standing beside me at the microphone. I'd like to tell her that one of my favorite characters in modern fiction was tonight forever endowed with the personality of Miss Margaret Sullavan.

SULLAVAN: Oh, thank you, Mr. Welles. I hope that the novelist approved of me, too. I want you to know how much I've appreciated playing once more with the Campbell Playhouse tonight, especially in this story, which is one of my favorites.

WELLES: Yes, it is a grand story and I do believe the most important factor of radio entertainment is a good story.

SULLAVAN: I quite agree, too. You know, two things I like very much are good stories and good soup. And when I tell you my idea of a great soup is Campbell's Chicken Soup, that, Mr. Welles, is no story.

WELLES: I'm glad you feel that way. Nice of you to say so.

SULLAVAN: Oh, by the way, Mr. Welles, I'd like to ask you a question!

WELLES: That's very kind of you.

SULLAVAN: Can you tell me the name of the character?

WELLES: Will you repeat that question?

SULLAVAN: What is the name of the character I just played?

WELLES: Well, that's the major literary mystery of the year. Seriously, she hasn't any name. And our audience, Miss Sullavan, is probably just as curious as you are. And I haven't the answer.

SULLAVAN: Well, Miss du Maurier must know it. She's phoning us from London in a few minutes, so we'll ask her.

WELLES: You know, Miss Sullavan, there's a question I'd like to ask you.

SULLAVAN: Yes, Mr. Welles?

WELLES: Until rehearsals started for tonight's performance, I had never, to put it very bluntly, had the pleasure of your acquaintance, and, uh--

SULLAVAN: Yes?

WELLES: Well, now, in six-and-one-half minutes, Miss Sullavan, you will have gone out of my life. The point is-- Point is, I am the director of a theater, the, um--

SULLAVAN: The Mercury Theatre.

WELLES: The Mercury Theatre, thanks. What I started to say was that I'd like to know you better. What are you doing next year?

SULLAVAN: Are you speaking as a director?

WELLES: Yes, Mrs. Hayward, as a theater director, if you can be tempted.

SULLAVAN: Have you a script for me?

WELLES: I'll bring it to you tomorrow.

SULLAVAN: (CHUCKLES)

WELLES: Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure you'll forgive me for trying to date up one of the nation's most gifted and attractive young actresses. I'm sure you sympathize and I hope Miss Sullavan understands.

CHAPPELL: We are ready with London, Mr. Welles.

WELLES: Thanks. (CALLS) Are you ready, London?

DU MAURIER: Good evening, Mr. Welles.

WELLES: Good evening, Miss du Maurier.

DU MAURIER: It's nearly three o'clock here in London. It's not often that an author has the chance of hearing the voices of her own characters speaking to her from across the Atlantic Ocean. I've enjoyed it enormously.

WELLES: Thank you. And, Miss du Maurier, may I present Miss Sullavan?

DU MAURIER: How do you do, Miss Sullavan? I'd like to thank you and Mr. Welles for your splendid interpretation of Mr. and Mrs. de Winter.

SULLAVAN: Ah, thank you, it's been a great privilege. Miss du Maurier, there are two questions I'd like to ask you. Your descriptions of Manderley are so vivid that America is curious to know if there is, anywhere in England, a house or an estate like Manderley?

DU MAURIER: When you next come to London, Miss Sullavan, get into a train at Paddington Station and travel west. When you've been two hundred and fifty miles, get out of that train and walk southeast for half an hour. You'll come to some iron gates, a lodge, and a narrow twisting drive. If you ever find your way to the end of that drive, you may discover Manderley.

SULLAVAN: (CHUCKLES) One thing more, Miss du Maurier! Can you tell us the name of the heroine of "Rebecca"? You haven't named her in the book.

DU MAURIER: (POLITELY IGNORES THE QUESTION) Thank you very much, Miss Sullavan, and thank you, Mr. Welles, for your production of "Rebecca." It's been very nice speaking to you both.

WELLES: Well, Miss Sullavan, I'm afraid that doesn't answer your question. (CALLS) Uh, hello, Miss du Maurier? Miss du Maurier? (NO ANSWER) Miss du Maurier? (NO ANSWER) Is London off the air, Mr. Chappell?

CHAPPELL: Yes, it is, Mr. Welles.

WELLES: Pardon me, Miss Sullavan, but all we can salvage from the silence overseas is this cryptogram just brought in to Mr. Chappell by carrier pigeon. Would you care to read it?

SULLAVAN: (READS) "Interoffice Memo from Daphne du Maurier to Margaret Sullavan. The name of the heroine of 'Rebecca' -- is Mrs. Max de Winter."

WELLES: Thank you, Miss Sullavan.

SULLAVAN: (CHUCKLES) Thank you, Mr. Welles.

WELLES: Next week, Miss Beatrice Lillie interrupts her rehearsals of Noël Coward's new musical to be my wife in "Call It a Day." This is a discreet account by Miss Dodie Smith of some indiscretions committed one bonny day in April by a nice family who might just as well be living next door to you, and you, and you. It is a composite case history, in three stages and six symptoms, of that perilous and delightful malady known so well to you, and you, and you, and me as "spring fever." Until then, my sponsor, and I, and all of us in the Campbell Playhouse, remain obediently yours.

MUSIC: WALTZ ... FOR TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG

CHAPPELL: Tonight's broadcast was "Rebecca" by Daphne du Maurier, starring Margaret Sullavan and Orson Welles. Featured were Mildred Natwick as Mrs. Danvers, Ray Collins as Frank Crawley, and George Coulouris as Captain Searle.

Frank Readick was heard as the Idiot, Alfred Shirley as Frith, Eustace Wyatt as the Coroner, and Agnes Moorehead as Mrs. Van Hopper. Music for the Campbell Playhouse is composed and conducted by Bernard Herrmann.

MUSIC: UP, TO FILL PAUSE ... THEN OUT BEHIND--

HILL: The makers of Campbell's Soups invite you to join us again next Friday evening at this same time, when Orson Welles will present his production of Dodie Smith's delightful excursion into the private lives of a typical suburban family, "Call It a Day," one of the most successful comedies of its type, which was originally presented on Broadway by the Theatre Guild. Our guest on this program will be the always charming and amusing Beatrice Lillie, with Jane Wyatt, a young lady who's marching quite swiftly along the road to motion picture fame out in Hollywood, and Jeanne Dante, who created the part of Ann in the original New York production of "Call It a Day." This is Edwin C. Hill speaking for Campbell's Soups. I thank you and goodnight.

MUSIC: THEME (FROM TCHAIKOVSKY'S PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1) ... UNTIL END

CBS ANNCR: This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.