

CITIZEN KANE

She looks at him, with no lessening of her passion.

KANE

You're talking an incredible amount
of nonsense, Susan.

(quietly)

Whatever I do - I do - because I
love you.

SUSAN

Love! You don't love anybody! Me
or anybody else! You want to be
loved - that's all you want! I'm
Charles Foster Kane. Whatever you
want - just name it and it's yours!
Only love me! Don't expect me to
love you -

Without a word, Kane slaps her across the face. They look at each other.

SUSAN

You - you hit me.

Kane continues to look at her.

SUSAN

You'll never have another chance to
hit me again.

(pauses)

I never knew till this minute -

KANE

Susan, it seems to me -

SUSAN

Don't tell me you're sorry.

KANE

I'm not sorry.

SUSAN

I'm going to leave you.

KANE

No, you're not.

SUSAN

(nods)

Yes.

They look at each other, fixedly, but she doesn't give way. In fact, the camera on Kane's face shows the beginning of a startled look, as of one who sees something unfamiliar and unbelievable

INT. SUSAN'S ROOM - XANADU - DAY - 1929

Packed suitcases are on the floor, Susan is completely dressed for travelling. Kane bursts into the room.

SUSAN

Tell Arnold I'm ready, Marie. He
can get the bags.

MARIE

Yes, Mrs. Kane.

She leaves. Kane closes the door behind her.

KANE

Have you gone completely crazy?

Susan looks at him.

KANE

Don't you realize that everybody
here is going to know about this?
That you've packed your bags and
ordered the car and -

SUSAN

- And left? Of course they'll
hear. I'm not saying goodbye -
except to you - but I never
imagined that people wouldn't know.

Kane is standing against the door as if physically barring her way.

KANE

I won't let you go.

SUSAN

You can't stop me.

Kane keeps looking at her. Susan reaches out her hand.

SUSAN

Goodbye, Charlie.

KANE

(suddenly)

Don't go, Susan.

SUSAN

Let's not start all over again,
Charlie. We've said everything
that can be said.

KANE

Susan, don't go! Susan, please!

He has lost all pride. Susan stops. She is affected by this.

KANE

You mustn't go, Susan. Everything'll
be exactly the way you want it. Not
the way I think you want it - by your
way. Please, Susan - Susan!

She is staring at him. She might weaken.

KANE

Don't go, Susan! You mustn't go!

(almost blubbering)

You - you can't do this to me,

Susan -

It's as if he had thrown ice water into her face. She freezes.

SUSAN

I see - it's you that this is
being done to! It's not me at
all. Not how I feel. Not what
it means to me.

(she laughs)

I can't do this to you!

(she looks at him)

Oh, yes I can.

She walks out, past Kane, who turns to watch her go, like a very tired old man.

INT. SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1929

Kane, in a truly terrible and absolutely silent rage, is literally breaking up the room - yanking pictures, hooks and all off the wall, smashing them to bits - ugly, gaudy pictures - Susie's pictures in Susie's bad taste. Off of occasional tables, bureaus, he sweeps Susie's whorish accumulation of bric-a-brac.

Raymond stands in the doorway watching him. Kane says nothing. He continues with tremendous speed and surprising strength, still wordlessly, tearing the room to bits. The curtains (too frilly - overly pretty) are pulled off the windows in a single gesture, and from the bookshelves he pulls down double armloads of cheap novels - discovers a half-empty bottle of liquor and dashes it across the room. Finally he stops. Susie's cozy little chamber is an incredible shambles all around him.

He stands for a minute breathing heavily, and his eye lights on a hanging what-not in a corner which had escaped his notice. Prominent on its center shelf is the little glass ball with the snowstorm in it. He yanks it down. Something made of china breaks, but not the glass ball. It bounces on the carpet and rolls to his feet, the snow in a flurry. His eye follows it. He stoops to pick it up - can't make it. Raymond

picks it up for him; hands it to him. Kane takes it sheepishly - looks at it - moves painfully out of the room into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SUSAN'S BEDROOM - XANADU - 1929

Kane comes out of the door. Mrs. Tinsdall has been joined now by a fairly sizable turnout of servants. They move back away from Kane, staring at him. Raymond is in the doorway behind Kane. Kane looks at the glass ball.

KANE

(without turning)

Close the door, Raymond.

RAYMOND

Yes, sir.

(he closes it)

KANE

Lock it - and keep it locked.

Raymond locks the door and comes to his side. There is a long pause - servants staring in silence. Kane gives the glass ball a gentle shake and starts another snowstorm.

KANE

Raymond -

(he is almost in a trance)

RAYMOND

Yes, sir -

One of the younger servants giggles and is hushed up. Kane shakes the ball again. Another flurry of snow. He watches the flakes settle - then looks up. Finally, taking in the pack of servants and something of the situations, he puts the glass ball in his coat pocket. He speaks very quietly to Raymond, so quietly it only seems he's talking to himself.

KANE

Keep it locked.

He slowly walks off down the corridor, the servants giving way to let him pass, and watching him as he goes. He is an old, old man!