

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LAST SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

by

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Note

THE SHADOWS is a real place, well-documented in historic depictions from paintings done in 1832 and photographs from the end of the 19th century to the present day.

Note

THE SHADOWS is an antebellum plantation house of red brick fronted by 6 white Corinthian columns, a LOGGIA in the front, a BALCONY above, an outside stairway gains access to BEDCHAMBERS. A comfortable and small PARLOR below and a artist's STUDIO with a tiny PANTRY.

Note

An evocative GARDEN surrounds the house. Over a dozen hundred year-old live oak trees grow on the acre and a half garden.

Note

A BAYOU runs by the rear yard.

FADE IN

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

In a shaded corner of the Garden, HENRY MILLER, a middle-aged balding man wearing glasses and dressed in a Yankee's idea of a southerner's linen suit without quite going overboard. He is finishing a cigarette.

TITLE: "HENRY MILLER, NOVELIST"

HENRY MILLER

It was in Paris that I first began to dream of visiting that part of America called ... The South. It was Abe Rattner, the artist, who put the bug in my head. We had been discussing camouflage when by some strange transition, he began talking about his friend and fellow artist, Weeks Hall, who he said lived in this strange part of the world, a place called, Louisiana. His description of Weeks Hall and the house he lived in and the garden he created was so vivid, so out of this world, that I resolved to go to this, Louisiana, one day, and see with my own eyes the wonders he described.

(he lights another
cigarette)

This was that day.

TITLE: "MARCH, 1941 NEW IBERIA, LOUISIANA"

Miller fades into the shadows as we move away and toward the house, the rear of which is mostly obscured by overhanging moss-draped branches of live oaks.

A man's voice, WEEKS HALL, from within the lower story of the house, pierces the solitude.

WEEKS HALL (O.C.)

Inez! ... Inez! --- INEZ!

INT. THE SHADOWS. PARLOR. DAY

Alone in a deep, old cushy chair, a burned-out cigarette in his left hand. Nearly-empty decanter and glass nearby, WEEKS HALL, has roused himself from slumber.

WEEKS HALL

INEZ---!

He is in his late 40's. He wears a blue denim shirt, loosely knotted white tie, a leather brace on his right hand and wrist. His glasses are pop-bottle thick.

INEZ enters, a smallish woman in her late 20's and properly secretarial.

INEZ

Yes, Mr. Hall. More dictation?

WEEKS HALL

Am I dead?

Inez hesitates.

WEEKS HALL

Ah-ha!

INEZ

You're not dead, Mr. Hall.

WEEKS HALL

You'd better check just the same.

INEZ

But---

WEEKS HALL

---go out into the garden, to the family cemetery, and see if I'm there.

INEZ

But...

WEEKS HALL

---I want to know if I'm buried there.

This is the sort of thing Inez deals with on a regular basis so it has become almost a sort of game with her.

She turns, stops, returns.

INEZ

And what if you are?

WEEKS HALL

You can have the rest of the week
off. Now go!

She turns, stops, returns, handing him an envelope.

INEZ

Oh, this just arrived.

WEEKS HALL

And leave the door open.

She leaves.

WEEKS HALL

Spot! Here girl---!

And an unimpressive cur, rather seedy, obediently enters and curls up next to the chair, which is low enough for Weeks to reach down to pat Spot's head.

Weeks opens the envelope and extracts the letter with some difficulty.

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)

(to Spot)

As you well know, I am the last of my family, as you are of yours, sorry about that old girl. My great-grandfather built this house almost 30 years before the Civil War. I have spent the entirety of my adult life seeking a means of preserving this house for posterity and have thus far failed utterly... This letter is from the American Institute of Architects. Some years ago I offered to give them this place.

With some hesitation he unfolds and scans the letter.

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)

Well! Looks like the place is still ours, Spot.

He reaches behind the chair, producing a full bottle and pours a glass.

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)

Curious thing about wine. It works just as well on disappointment.

(toasting)

To Spot ...

(drinks - toasts)

and my ancestors who built this house. But it is I who have created it.

(MORE)

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 (drinks - toasts)
 To myself --- who, since 1922,
 along with his house, have
 constituted the..."local ruins".

Inez returns.

WEEKS
 ---Well?

INEZ
 ---You're alive.

WEEKS HALL
 That calls for another toast!
 (drinks - toasts)
 And --- To Inez Hebert --- whose
 fear of this arthritic, partially
 blind, crippled, and still
 pathetically sober body is far
 greater than her desire for "the
 rest of the week off"!

INEZ
 Oh, Mr. Hall --- there are several,
 ladies --- outside.

WEEKS HALL
 (excited)
 Gawking?

INEZ
 What else?

As much as is possible, Weeks is energized out of the chair.

INEZ
 Mr. Hall, not...

WEEKS HALL
 ---this is precisely why I keep him
 around. He must earn his keep and,
 besides, it's not proper to keep
 one's idiot twin brother locked
 away in the attic all the time.

Weeks goes out leaving Inez to sigh and file away the letter
 into a fat file.

She urges Spot out the same door Weeks used.

INT/EXT. THE SHADOWS. LOGGIA/BALCONY/GARDEN. DAY.

Spot doesn't get too far before laying down near a chair and
 table on the front Loggia.

Examining the Garden and flashing pictures of the house are
 SEVERAL LADIES, rather matronly.

Weeks appears on the Balcony above, slobbering and wearing a grotesque pop-eyed mardi-Gras mask.

WEEKS HALL

Are you loo-loo-looking for
We-We-Weeks Hall? Do-do-do
you-you-you wi-wi-wish to go
through this house?

Weeks comes slobbering down the stairs as the Ladies react with horror and revulsion and flee before Weeks can finish his speech, one of the Ladies, though, having the wherewithal to flash a parting photograph.

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)

We-we-Weeks Ha-ha-Hall is
indis-indis-po-po-posed but I will
gladly show you everything! ...
ladies? Ladies? Don't go away. STAY
AWAY!

The Ladies, now safely torn through the thick bamboo fronting the house, Weeks tears off his mask, delighted.

He sees Spot near the table, which is set with drink and cigarettes.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

In the shaded corner, Henry Miller continues.

HENRY MILLER

Weeks Hall has a dog with whom he
communes. There is a sort of unhold
bond between them. This dog looks
at you with the soulful eyes of
some departed human.

EXT. LOGGIA. DAY.

WEEKS HALL

(to Spot)

Eighteen years ago, in 1923, your
predecessor was but a pup, the
great moving picture director, D.W.
Griffith, stood there on the lawn
with me after a delightful evening
of wine and coffee and cigarettes.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH OF WEEKS HALL AND D.W. GRIFFITH IN FRONT OF THE SHADOWS.

WEEKS HALL (O.C.)

By then he had made his great
pictures, epics they were,
"Intolerance", "The Birth of A
Nation", and now he was making
smaller films. He used this place

(MORE)

WEEKS HALL (O.C.) (cont'd)
 as the setting for "The White Rose"
 which he confessed would not amount
 to much.

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)
 It was sadly true. He confessed
 that he would be much happier at
 anything else than directing
 pictures. He was caught in a net of
 circumstances, you see. Some of
 them of his own making. Some not.
 Yet his brain roiled with grand
 ideas. His next picture would
 undertake nothing less than our
 revolution and would be called
 "America". But now, today, the
 entire art form which he helped to
 create ignores and spurns him...
 And here we are, Spot, you and me.
 I find myself now where he was
 then.

INT. THE SHADOWS.PARLOR. NIGHT. THE SHADOWS

It is evening and Weeks is back in his cushy chair watching
 the flickering film of "The White Rose", Inez standing not
 so patiently by, tending the projector.

WEEKS HALL
 See how Griffith captures, in this
 one sweeping shot, the grandeur of
 both my garden and this house. No
 one's done better.

Inez checks her watch. The movie ends. Inez turns on a lamp.
 Checks her watch.

WEEKS HALL
 Sit down, Inez.

Inez sits, steno pad at the ready.

INEZ
 More dictation?

WEEKS HALL
 No. . .

INEZ
 Mr. Weeks, it's getting late and...
 Dino's waiting for me.

WEEKS HALL
 You couldn't stay just a bit?

INEZ
 ---sure.

WEEKS HALL

So --- what do you think?

INEZ

About the movie---?

WEEKS HALL

About ... things.

INEZ

Oh.

WEEKS HALL

About what I say. When you take my dictation.

INEZ

I'm just a little country Cajun, Mr. Weeks. Oh, I get it all down. You know I can take it all down good but... but it don't usually mean a thing to me. . . I'm sorry.

WEEKS HALL

"...doesn't usually mean a thing---"?

INEZ

(opens her pad)

Oh, like this --- "Art is food. Sometimes I hunger for Stein... Stein...

WEEKS HALL

---Steinlen

INEZ

"...sometimes the feast of Michael...Michael..."

WEEKS HALL

(instantly absorbed)

---angelo. Michaelangelo --- then seasoned Vermeer. Perhaps the dripping fruit of Rubens, the strong rawness of Van Gogh, the heady wine of Renoir! ... Art IS food! ... What? You think I'm talking about eating paintings?

INEZ

(a bit frightened)

I don't know what to think! If I repeated this to Dino he'd think it was... smutty!

She has gotten up and moved toward the door. This has hurt Weeks and she regrets it immediately.

INEZ

Oh, Mr. Weeks, all your books and things you say I don't follow 'em but oh I could listen to you and it all sounds so wonderful---!

WEEKS HALL

Could you...? Could you just pretend you know what I'm talking about?

Inez retakes her seat.

The phone rings. She answers.

INEZ

Yes? ... Oh, honey, a little longer. Well, yes. Good-bye. You too.

She replaces the receiver. Pause.

WEEKS HALL

Why don't you go home now.

INEZ

(rises)

Will you be all right?

WEEKS HALL

I'm fine. You go on. . . Someone's coming tomorrow.

Inez gets her coat and leaves. Weeks lights a cigarette. The phone rings.

WEEKS HALL

She's on her way!

He settles back into his cushy chair, pours a drink and lights a cigarette.

He lifts the receiver and dials "0".

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)

Operator? ...- Get me Berlin --- I wish to speak to Adolph Hitler.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. THE SHADOWS. PARLOR. DAY.

Weeks has fallen asleep in the chair. He is roused by a car horn sounding in the distance.

He quickly pours two glasses of wine and heads out into the garden.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Parked in front of the bamboo hedge which fronts The Shadows is a black Buick. Henry Miller stands aside the driver's side. He reaches in to honk the horn.

Weeks opens the gate and approaches, handing Miller a glass of wine.

WEEKS HALL

Weeks Hall. Local ruin.

HENRY MILLER

Henry Miller. Writer of dirty books.

They touch glasses and drink deeply.

HENRY MILLER

So where's the wonder that our friend Abe Rattner so vividly described? That inheritance. That burden of the past you bear upon your back? ... That house of yours---

Weeks opens the gate and grandly gestures Miller in, closing and locking the gate behind them.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

They have entered from a street in full sunshine into a shaded and shadowy world.

HENRY MILLER

(slowly)

It's alive. Sensuous. As mellow as a great tree. So full of dignity and simplicity. So organic. As much of this piece of land as --- the trees---

We see for the first time the full front of The Shadows

WEEKS HALL

--- one-hundred year-old live oak trees---

HENRY MILLER

---there is something dismal and forbidding in them, I shuddered when I walked through the gate---

WEEKS HALL

---I find them unchanging and protecting---

Miller parts some moss as they approach the house.

HENRY MILLER

---spanish moss---?

WEEKS HALL

---yes, that peculiar spawn of the south---

HENRY MILLER

---and this---?

WEEKS HALL

---aspidistra ... cast iron plant
... it perseveres and persists. You
can't kill it.

Weeks finds yet another bottle and pours another round.

As they survey the House and Garden, a rustling through the foliage ahead is accompanied by a feminine voice calling out.

YOUNG LADY (O.S.)

Mr. Hall!! MR. HALL!!

A YOUNG LADY bursts through the shrubs.

WEEKS HALL

How did you---?

YOUNG LADY

Oh, Mr. Hall! Don't you remember me? Oh, how silly! How could you remember me? We've never met.

(to Miller)

He's never met me.

(to Weeks)

I wrote to you and you wrote to me!

WEEKS

Miss---

YOUNG LADY

Ever since I saw the picture of this place in Miss Emily Post's book I have been desiring to come here. I said "desiring" on purpose, Mr. Hall.

WEEKS

My dear young---

YOUNG LADY

---I've read all about you.

(to Miller)

I've read all about him.

(to Weeks)

Does your house really obsess you?

(MORE)

YOUNG LADY (cont'd)

(to Miller)

Are you famous? Are you a writer?
Because he invites them here and
they write about his house. Do you
know he puts cardboard dummies in
the window just to confuse
unfortunates like me who pilgrimage
here just to stand and stare at
this wonder!

She dashes away, stands and stares.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)

(pointing to a dormer
window)

There's one of them now!

And indeed there's a seductive cut-out standing in the
dormer window.

The Young Lady returns.

YOUNG LADY (CONT'D)

(to Miller)

I have a picture of this house
pinned up on the ceiling above my
bed!

(flops to the ground)

It's the last thing I see at night
and the first thing...

WEEKS HALL

I'll take this arm and you take the
other and we'll drag...

The Young Lady springs to her feet.

YOUNG LADY

That's okay! I was locked out!

She scampers away and disappears as suddenly as she
appeared.

In the interval Weeks pours another round.

WEEKS HALL

That, sir, is the ugly side of
publicity. This place attracts the
lunatic and the tourists, those
beastly souls who have a mania for
seeing the world---

HENRY MILLER

---like me?

WEEKS HALL

No. Because you will understand.
Come! I want to show you my Door.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

As before, Miller smokes in a sheltered corner of the Garden.

HENRY MILLER

He took me to a tiny pantry. There hung a simple, white, and remarkable door. It was his guest register. And it was a chronicle of contemporary culture.

INT. THE SHADOWS. PANTRY. DAY.

In the tiny and dark Pantry, housing ancient shelves and an old beaten table supporting antique cooking implements, Miller surveys the Door, Weeks proudly smoking.

HENRY MILLER

Walt Disney?

WEEKS HALL

Oh yes ---

HENRY MILLER

---and he's written, "To Weeks Hall, the best friend a house ever had." Signed Walt Disney --- and Mickey Mouse.

WEEKS HALL

---traveled everywhere together. Subject of much gossip in town.

HENRY MILLER

---D.W. Griffith, Cecil B. DeMille
--- Mrs. Edward G. Robinson---

WEEKS HALL

That --- will be your place.

Miller studies his "place" as Weeks goes to the window.

HENRY MILLER

Quite the responsibility.

WEEKS HALL

What will happen to this place when I die? Sometimes I am tempted to walk away, to free myself from the chains of my ancestors---

Weeks takes Miller by the elbow through the door and into the garden.

EXT. GARDEN. DUSK.

They walk a distance to where a full view of the house can be taken in.

WEEKS HALL

The people in town think I'm hiding here, turning the place into a mausoleum, where I live buried alive in the shadows of squandered dreams ... I used to paint, you see....

HENRY MILLER

Rattner says you were good---

WEEKS HALL

---Rattner is different. He has to paint. He's born to it. Me? I've mortgaged everything, including my soul, for this place. It is a remnant---

HENRY MILLER

---built before the, Civil War---?

WEEKS HALL

---ah! There! We come to it. There it sits, a relict of that vast unspoken horror. Yes! Slaves created the very bricks of those walls. It is built upon a great column of blood---

HENRY MILLER

--- I was hesitant to ask---

WEEKS HALL

---you've not the first. I am attacked for preserving this house. Pilloried for restoring it---

HENRY MILLER

---because it is a symbol of slavery---

WEEKS HALL

---because it offends people.

HENRY MILLER

Can you deny that it does?

WEEKS HALL

---and so this magnificence, this link with the past should be obliterated? Very well! Bring in the wrecking ball! But what about photographs of it? Is the image of the thing as potent a force for evil as the thing itself? What about words written about it?

(MORE)

WEEKS HALL (cont'd)
 (stops. Calmly lights a
 cigarette)

It's pure animism, isn't it?
 Primitive thought. My God, we're
 going backward. Fear of an
 inanimate thing hurting the soul.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

As at the beginning, Miller stands in a secluded place, an
 unlit cigarette between his lips.

HENRY MILLER

He continued on through the night.
 He wanted to say a lot of things.
 Everything. He was restless,
 longing to express himself surely
 and completely. He was a
 self-convicted prisoner inhabiting
 the aura of his own creation... At
 three in the morning, when I
 finally begged leave to retire...

EXT. THE SHADOWS. LOGGIA. NIGHT

Weeks settles down at his "station" on the Loggia. He pours
 some coffee into a saucer, blows on it, and places it down
 on the brick floor for Spot.

HENRY MILLER (V.O.)

---he was wide-awake, making
 himself a fresh cup of black
 coffee, which he shares with his
 dog.

INT. THE SHADOWS. BEDCHAMBER. NIGHT.

Miller, still dressed, lays propped up on the bed, a glass
 of wine in his hand, a decanter at the bedside, a smoking
 cigarette in an ashtray.

HENRY MILLER (V.O.)

---the stillness of this place is
 not the stillness of an empty house
 but one in which a great family is
 sleeping the profound and peaceful
 sleep of the dead. Past and present
 have become one.

Miller rises from the bed and goes to the window, which
 overlooks a formal portion of the Garden, bathed in
 moonlight, illuminating statues.

HENRY MILLER (V.O.)

The whole world seems floating in a
 nebular mist.

(MORE)

HENRY MILLER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (speaking)
 I can scarcely believe I am in
 America---

Weeks appears, unseen by Miller, standing in the doorway.

WEEKS HALL
 ---damned right this isn't America.
 It's Louisiana.

EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

Weeks and Miller walk through the garden, the setting full moon piercing the canopy of huge oaks.

Weeks suddenly stops. His gestures encompass the moon, the trees, the Garden.

WEEKS HALL
 I should like to do a garden which would not be a seed catalog by daylight, but strange sculptural blossoms by night, things hanging in trees and moving like metronomes, transparent plastics in geometrical shapes, silhouettes lit by lights and changing with the changing hours. A garden is a show. Why not make one enormous garden, one big, changing show?

This burst has only energized Weeks, though he pauses to light a cigarette and guide Miller into another direction.

WEEKS HALL (CONT'D)
 I've been pestering my doctors to let me watch next time they're inside somebody's brain ---

HENRY MILLER
 Heaven's why?

WEEKS HALL
 ---I want to find the soul. Why haven't doctors seen it? They're not looking for it. But I would. My own doctor, quite a good surgeon, looks at me over the top of his glasses, lights a cigarette, and tells me to go away and give up drinking ... But it finally happened last year --- I saw them bore into a man's skull---

HENRY MILLER
 Was it there?

WEEKS HALL

The soul? No. There was no soul in that pulpy mess.

HENRY MILLER

There are other places to look---

WEEKS HALL

Where?

HENRY MILLER

The heart.

WEEKS HALL

Not likely---

HENRY MILLER

Why?

WEEKS HALL

---too loud. The soul, if there be one, would seem to require repose.

HENRY MILLER

The pancreas?

WEEKS HALL

People have them removed.

HENRY MILLER

So we return to the heart and the brain ---

WEEKS HALL

---what if it doesn't reside. It, is, but it is not any particular, where---

HENRY MILLER

---suppose it's residence varies with each person---

Weeks examines his braced right hand and wrist.

WEEKS HALL

Then it could just as well be here.

They have reached the Bayouside, yellow-orange in the setting moonlight.

HENRY MILLER

Weeks, it's late. It's --- 4 a.m.---

WEEKS HALL

----it's early. I'll make some coffee----

Weeks heads toward the house.

HENRY MILLER

What about sleep?!

WEEKS HALL

Daytime's for sleeping---!

Weeks disappears into the blackness and shadows.

Miller turns toward the bayou. He lights a cigarette.

HENRY MILLER

I am beginning to feel what it might be like to be a minor character in some great Southern tragedy acted out on this grand living garden of a stage framed by this magnificent house ... Rattner had prepared me for his exuberance and vitality but not for his hunger, his loneliness.

INT. THE SHADOWS.PANTRY. NIGHT.

Tucked away in a corner is a tiny stove. Weeks is patiently ladling boiling water, a tablespoon at a time, into an old french biggin, waiting for the water to drip through the grounds before adding yet another tablespoon.

Miller sits across the room, smoking.

WEEKS HALL

Some years ago I was offered 35 thousand dollars for this place. It was a fair offer at the time and I needed every one of those dollars, you see, but there are people with a good deal of money who buy houses like this, and embellish them: put them back to what they think was the time of Gone With The Wind, you see, and most of them end up looking like the sets of Gone With The Wind ... I just couldn't sell...

(he looks at his braced hand)

Perhaps the really great artist is like a savage possessing nothing but a jewel of fabulous value which would vanish into thin air the moment it was bought. It is something you can give away but that you cannot sell. . . .

INT. THE SHADOWS. STUDIO. NIGHT.

In another small room, an artist's studio, with paints and brushes and half or less-completed canvasses everywhere, Weeks pours coffee from the biggin, handing Miller his.

Miller explores the room as Weeks fiddles with boxes of slides and a projector and begins flashing the slides, some abstract and some realistic, all exploding in vibrant color. Weeks and the show take on a performance worthy of Dr. Calagari himself---

The room goes pitch black then an explosion of color as Weeks projects vivid slides of photographs of fruit, paintings, mardi-gras floats, distorting, enlarging, over-lapping them in an hallucinogenic flurry as he speaks.

WEEKS HALL

Look at this---! Why should one paint when one can perform these miracles with film? ... Look this arm! Smashed. Smashed for good. A terrible thing. One moment you have a working hand there, the next it's a pulpy mess... You see, I stopped painting deliberately. It isn't the hand at all... Can one change one's nature? Well, eventually this arm may act as the pole does for the tight-rope walker. The balance. If we don't have it within we've got to find it without... here I am living alone in a big house, a place which overwhelms me. I want to live in one room somewhere, without all the responsibilities which I have assumed from my forebears---

Weeks stops as suddenly as he started. Goes to the window.

WEEKS HALL

It's getting light. I've kept you up all night.

Weeks switches off the projector and leaves the room.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

The sheltered corner. Miller straightens his tie and puts on his jacket and walks through the Garden toward the house.

HENRY MILLER

Weeks Hall has already created his great work. He has transformed this house and garden, through his passion for creation, into one of the most distinctive pieces of art America can boast of... He is living and breathing in his own masterpiece, not knowing the extent and sufficiency of it.

Miller has reached the house.

INT. THE SHADOWS. BEDCHAMBER. DAY.

Weeks stands at the window.

WEEKS HALL

I cannot understand the pious who
fear death.

(he turns)

Nobody seems to like St. Peter any
more than they do the currently
fashionable embalmer. I don't know
anything about it pro or con, but I
don't see much saving of time in
listening to some REVEREND who has
spent years in the business and
then tells YOU all about what is
going to happen to YOU in a place
HE KNOWS AS LITTLE ABOUT, as you.
It is as plain as the nose on your
face that nature has certain rules
of right and wrong and to violate
them brings inevitable penalties
HERE and NOW---

(he puts a cigarette in
his mouth)

This is enough for me to contend
with without combining HARPS and
HOOVES with...

(he lights the cigarette)

---embalming fluid.

INT. THE SHADOWS.PANTRY. DAY.

Miller walks in and studies the door. He takes a deep breath
and removes a pencil from his jacket pocket and squats down
to write ---

HENRY MILLER

(writing)

"Dear Weeks --- Keep the
aspidistras flying! I expect to be
back and write a book here ... the
book of camellias and
hallucinations. Henry Miller."

He rises, takes up his suitcase and leaves.

EXT. GARDEN. DAY.

Henry Miller walks though the Garden and out the front gate.

TITLE: "HENRY MILLER NEVER RETURNED"

We see, from a distance and moving in, Weeks standing in an
upper window, smoking.

INSERT: Clip of Weeks Hall on the "Today" show:

WEEKS HALL

It gave me a great deal of pleasure to save this place for people --- because there are certain people who have something in them which they need --- people need music --- people need literature --- people need things like that and certain people need the very best architecture --- the very best. It's like a --- vitamin --- they need this thing --- you might need it --- four or five hundred people might not --- but when they get it --- they eat it up.

INSERT: VARIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SHADOWS AND WEEKS HALL THROUGH THE YEARS.

TITLE: "FOR THE NEXT 17 YEARS WEEKS HALL TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO GIVE HIS HOUSE, 'THE SHADOWS', AWAY, UNTIL ON JUNE 26, 1958 HE RECEIVED WORD THAT THE NATIONAL TRUST FOR HISTORIC PRESERVATION WOULD ACCEPT HIS BEQUEST."

TITLE: "THE NEXT DAY WEEKS HALL PASSED AWAY AT AGE 64."

FADE OUT