

1. **Opening.** *The whole first chapter is a long and precise description of Oldenburg, nature and architecture.*
2. **First meeting.** *Doesn't exist in the novel. The first meeting is when he sits down briefly for a tea with Van Hopper. He would leave a note for the heroine asking to be excused for being impolite.*
3. **Party.**
4. **Breakfast scene.** *No father being a painter.*
5. **Drawing.** *No drawing scene but a first car ride upon the sea.*

The wind was too high for sketching it tore in cheerful gusts around the corner of my cobbled square and back to the car we went and drove I know not where. The long road climbed the hills, and the car climbed with it, and we circled in the heights like a bird in the air. How different his car to Mrs Van Hopper's hiring for the season, a square old-fashioned Daimler that took us to Mentone on placid afternoons, when I, sitting, on the little seat with my back to the driver, must crane my neck to see the view. This car had the wings of Mercury, I thought, for higher yet we climbed, and dangerously fast, and the danger pleased me because it was new to me, because I was young.

I remembered laughing aloud, and the laugh being carried by the wind away from me; and looking at him, I realized he laughed no longer, he was once more silent and detached, the man of yesterday wrapped in his secret self.

The car could climb no more, we had reached the summit, and below us stretched the way that we had come, precipitous and hollow. He stopped the car, and I could see the edge of the road bordered a vertical slope that crumbled into vacancy, a fall of perhaps two thousand feet. We got out of the car and looked beneath us. The sea, like, a crinkled chart, spread to the horizon, and lapped the sharp outline of the coast, while the houses were white shells in a rounded grotto, pricked here and there by a great orange sun. The wind dropped, and it suddenly grew cold. He began to talk about Oldenburg.

6. Car ride.

7. Departure & proposal.

This was the end then. No last half-hour on the terrace, not even ten minutes perhaps to say good-bye. I slammed the door of the sitting-room and rang along the passage. I did not wait for the lift, I climbed the stairs, there at a time, up to the third floor. I knew the number of his room, 148, and I hammered at the door, very flushed in the face and breathless.

"Come in", he shouted.

I opened the door, repenting already, my nerve failing me; for perhaps he had only just woken up, having been late last night, and would be still in bed, tousled in the head and irritable.

He was shaving by the open window, a camel-hair jacket over his pyjamas, and I in my flannel suit and heavy shoes felt clumsy and over dressed. I was merely foolish, when I had felt myself dramatic.

Hello. What are you doing here ?

Anything the matter ?

I've come to say good-bye.

We're going away.

He stared at me, then put his razor down on the washstand. "Shut the door" he said.

I closed it behind me, and stood there, rather self-conscious, my hands hanging by my side.

- What on earth are you talking about ?

- It's true. We're going now, and I was afraid I wouldn't see you again.

New York. I don't want to go.

I shall hate it.

I shall be miserable.

They tumbled out, the idiotic words, just as I had imagined them. I was stiff and awkward; in a moment I should say he had been ripping.

He picked up his razor again, and took the soap off his face. "Sit down", he said. "I shan't be long. I'll dress in the bathroom and be ready in five minutes". He took his clothes off the chair and threw them

on the bathroom floor, and went inside, slamming the door. I sat down on the bed and began biting my nails. The situation was unreal, and I felt like a lay-figure. I wondered what I was thinking, what he was going to do. I glanced round the room, it was the room of any man, untidy and impersonal. Lots of shoes, more than ever were needed, and strings of ties. The dressing-table was bare, except for a large bottle of hair-wash and a pair of ivory hair-brushes. No photographs, no snapshots. Nothing like that. Instinctively I had looked for them, thinking there would be mantelpiece. One large one, in a leather frame. There were only books though, and a box of cigarettes. He was ready, as he promised, in five minutes.

Which would you prefer,
New York or Oldenburg?

Oh, please don't joke about it.
and I-I'd better say good-bye now.

I repeat what I said.
Either you go to America
or you come home to Oldenburg with me.

You mean you want
a secretary or something ?

I'm asking you to marry me.

Oh, but you don't understand. It's that I'm not the sort of person men marry.

What on earth do you mean ?

I don't belong in your sort of world, for one thing.

What is my sort of world ?

Oh, well, Oldenburg.
You know what I mean.

Well, I'm the best judge
of whether you belong there or not.

I don't believe, even in my fiercest moments, I had considered this possibility. I had once, when driving with him and we had been silent for many miles, started to rambling story in my head about him being very ill, delirious I think, and sending for me and I having to nurse him. I had reached the point in my story where I was putting eau-de-Cologne on his head when we arrived at the hotel, and so it finished here. And another time I had imagined living in a lodge in the grounds of Oldenburg, and how he would visit me sometimes, and sit in front of the fire. This sudden talk of marriage bewildered me, even shocked me. It did not ring true. And he went on eating his marmalade as though everything were natural. In books, men knelt to women, and it would be moonlight. Not at breakfast, not like this.

Of course, if you don't love me, then it's a different thing.
Fine blow to my conceit, that's all.

Oh, I do love you.
I love you most dreadfully.
I've been crying all morning because
I thought I'd never see you again.

Bless you for that.
I'll remind you of this one day,
and you won't believe me.
It's a pity you have to grow up.
Well, now that's settled,

you may pour me out some coffee.

[Laughing] This isn't at all
your idea of a proposal, is it ?

It should be in a conservatory,
you in a white frock
with a red rose in your hand...
and a violin playing in the distance,
and I should be making violent
love to you behind a palm tree.

And suddenly I realized that it would all happen; I would be his wife, we would walk in the garden together, we would stroll down that path in the valley to the shingle beach. I would be Mrs de Finster. I saw the polished table in the dinning-room, and the long candles. Raymond sitting at the end. A party of twenty-four. I had a flower in my hair. Everyone looked toward me, holding up his glass. "We must drink the health of the bride", and Raymond saying afterwards, "I have never seen you look so lovely". I would be Mrs de Finster.

8. **Wedding.** *Doesn't exist in the novel.*

9. **Arriving at Oldenburg/Mrs Danvers.**

The road curved, and before us, on the left, were two high iron gates beside a lodge, open wide to the long drive beyond. As we drove through I saw faces peering through the dark window of the lodge, and a child ran round from the back, staring curiously. I shrank back against the seat, my heart beating quickly. The gates had shut to with a crash behind us. The drive twisted and turned as a serpent, scarce wider in places than a path, and above our heads was a great colonnade of trees, whose branches nodded and intermingled with one another, making an archway for us, like the roof of a church. Even the midday sun would not penetrate the interlacing of these green leaves, they were too tickly entwined, one with another, and only little flickering patches of warm light would come in intermittent waves to dapple the drive with gold. It was very silent, very still. As the drive descended to the valley so the trees came in upon us, great beeches with lovely smooth white stems, lifting their myriad branches to one another, and other trees, trees I could not name, coming close, so close that I could touch them with my hands. On we went, and still this drive that was no drive twisted and turned like and enchanted ribbon through the dark and silent woods, penetrating even deeper to the very heart surely of the forest itself, and still there was no clearing, no space to hold a house. The length of it began to nag at my nerves; it must be this turn, I thought, or round that further bend. But there was no house, no field, no broad and friendly garden, nothing but silence and deeps woods. Suddenly I saw a clearing in the dark drive ahead, and a patch of sky, and in a moment the dark trees had thinned, the nameless shrubs had disappeared, and on either side of us, was a wall of colour, blood-red, reaching far above our heads. We were amongst the rhododendrons. There was something bewildering about the suddenness of their discovery. The woods had not prepared me for them. They startled me with their crimson faces, massed one upon the other in incredible profusion, showing no leaf, no twig, nothing but the slaughterhouse red, luscious and fantastic. They were monsters, rearing to the sky, massed like a battalion, too beautiful, too powerful.

From the sea of faces, open mouthed and curious, gazing at me as though they were the watching crowd about the block and I the victim with my hands behind my back, someone advanced, someone tall and gaunt, dressed in deep black, whose prominent cheek-bones and great, hollow eyes gave her a skull's face, parchment-white, set on a skeleton's frame. She came towards me, and I held out my hand, envying her for her dignity and her composure, but when she took my hand hers was limp and heavy, deathly cold, and it lay in mine like a lifeless thing.

10. **Visit to the beach cabine.**

a. The happy valley.

We stood on a slope of a wooded hill, and the path wound away before us to a valley, by the side of a running stream. There were no dark trees here, no tangled undergrowth, but on either side of the narrow path stood azaleas and rhododendrons, not blood-coloured like the giants in the drive, but salmon, white, and gold, things of beauty and of grace, drooping their lovely, delicate heads in the soft summer rain. The air was full of their scent, sweet and heady, and it seemed to me as though their very essence had mingled with the running waters of the stream, and become one with the falling rain and the dank rich moss beneath our feet. There was no sound here but the tumbling of the little

stream, and the quiet rain. When Raymond spoke, his voice was hushed too, gentle and low, as if he had no wish to break upon the silence. Then the birds began. First a blackbird, his note clear and cool above the running stream, and after a moment he had answer from his fellow hidden in the woods behind us, and soon the still air about us was made turbulent with song, pursuing us as we wandered down into the valley, and the fragrance of the white petals followed us too. It was disturbing, like an enchanted place.

b. The boat-house.

I walked up the beach towards the boat-house. There must have been a garden once, but now the grass was long and overgrown, crowded with nettles. The windows were boarded up. No doubt the door was locked and I lifted the latch without much hope. To my surprise it opened after the first stiffness, and I went inside, bending my head because of the low door. I expected to find an usual boat store, dirty and dusty with disuses, ropes and blocks and oars upon the floor. The dust was there, and the dirt too in places, but there were no ropes and blocks. The room was furnished, and ran the whole length of the cottage. There was a desk in the corner, a table, and chairs, and a bed-sofa pushed against the wall. There was a dresser too, with cups and plates. Bookshelves, the books inside them, and models of ships standing on the top of the shelves. For a moment I thought it must be inhabited but I looked around me again and saw no sign of recent occupation. That rusted grate knew no fire, this dusty floor no footsteps, and the china there on the dresser was blue-stopped with the damp. There was a queer musty smell about the place. Cobwebs spun threads upon the ships' models, making their own ghostly rigging. No one lived here. No one came here. The door had creaked on its hinges when I opened it. The rain pattered on the roof with a hollow sound, and tapped upon the boarded windows. The fabric of the sofa-bed had been nibbled by mice or rats. I could see the jagged holes and the frayed edges. It was damp in the cottage, damp and chill. Dark, and oppressive. I did not like it. I had no wish to stay here. I hated the hollow sound of the rain pattering the roof. It seemed to echo the room itself and I heard the water dripping too into the rusted grate.

c. Handkerchief.

I felt in my pocket for a handkerchief. I drew it out, a tiny scrap of a thing, lace-edged. I stared at it, frowning, for it was not mine. I remembered then that Robert had picked it up from the stone floor of the hall. It must have fallen out of the pocket in the mackintosh. I turned it over in my hand. It was grubby; little bits of fluff from the pocket clung to it. It must have been in the mackintosh pocket for a long time. There was a monogram in the corner. A tall sloping R, with the letters de W interlaced. The R dwarfed the other letters, the tail of it ran down into the cambric, away from the laced edge. It was only a small handkerchief, quite a scrap of a thing. It had been rolled in a ball and put away in the pocket and forgotten. I must have been the first person to put on the mackintosh since the handkerchief was used. She who had worn the coat then was tall, slim and broader than me about the shoulders, for I had found it big and overlong, and the sleeves had become below my wrist. Some of the buttons were missing. She had not bothered then to do it up. She had thrown it over her shoulders like a cape, or worn it loose, hanging open, her hands deep in the pockets. There was a pink mark upon the handkerchief. The mark of lip-stick. She had rubbed her lips with the handkerchief, and then rolled it in a ball, and left it in the pocket. I wiped my fingers with the handkerchief, and as I did so I noticed that a dull scent clung about it still. A scent I recognized, a scent I knew. I shut my eyes and tried to remember. It was something elusive, something faint and fragrant that I could not name. I had breathed it before, touched it surely, that very afternoon. And then I knew that the vanished scent upon the handkerchief was the same as the crushed white petals of the azaleas in the Happy Valley.

11. West wing/Mrs Georgia.

There was no sound at all. I was aware of the same musty, unused smell that had been before. I turned the handle of the door and went inside. It was dark of course, because of the shutters. I felt for the electric light switch on the wall and turned it on. I was standing in a little ante-room, a dressing-room I judged, with big wardrobes round the wall, and at the end of this room was another door, open, leading to a larger room. I went through this room and turned on the light. My first impression was one of shock because the room was fully furnished, as though in use.

I had expected to see chairs and tables swathed in dust-sheets, and dust-sheets too over the great double bed against the wall. Nothing covered up. There were brushes and combs on the dressing-table, scent, and powder. The bed was made-up, I saw the gleam of white linen on the pillow-case, and the tip of a blanket beneath the quilted coverlet. There were flowers on the dressing-table and on the table beside the bed. Flowers too on the carved mantelpiece. A satin dressing-gown lay on a chair, and a pair of bedroom slippers beneath. For one desperate moment I thought that something had happened to my brain, that I was seeing back into Time, and looking upon

the room at it used to be, before she died... In a minute Rebecca herself would come back into the room, sit down before the looking-glass at her dressing-table, humming a tune, reach for her comb and run it through her hair. If she sat there I should see her reflection in the glass and she would see me too, standing like this by the door.

I went to the window and swung back to the shutter. The long shaft of daylight made the electric light look false and yellow. I opened the shutter a little more. The daylight cast a white beam upon the bed. It shone on the glass top of the dressing-table, on the brushes, and on the scent bottles. The daylight gave an even greater air of reality to the room. When the shutter was closed and it had been lit by electricity the room had more the appearance of a setting on the stage. The scene set between performances. The curtain having fallen for the night, the evening over, and the first act set for tomorrow's matinée. But the daylight made the room vivid and alive. I forgot the musty smell and the drawn curtains of the other windows. I was a guest again. An uninvited guest. I had strolled into my hostess's bedroom by mistake.

I realized for the first time since I had come into the room that my legs were trembling, weak as straw. I sat down on the stool by the dressing-table. My heart no longer beat in a strange excited way. I felt as heavy as lead. I looked about me in the room with a sort of dumb stupidity. How white and thin my face looked in the glass, my hair hanging lank and straight. Did I always look like this? Surely I had more colour as a rule? The reflection stared back at me, sallow and plain.

I got up from the stool and went and touched the dressing-gown on the chair. I picked up the slippers and held them in my hand. I was aware of a growing sense of horror, of horror turning to despair. I touched the quilt on the bed, traced with my fingers the monogram on the nightdress case, R de W, interwoven and interlaced. The letters were corded and strong against the golden satin material. The nightdress was inside the case, thin as gossamer, apricot in colour. I touched it, drew it out from the case, put it against my face. It was cold, quite cold. But there was a dim mustiness about it still where the scent had been. The scent of the white azaleas. I opened one of the wardrobes. There were evening dresses here, I caught the shimmer of silver over the top of the white bags that enfolded them. There was a piece of gold brocade. There, next to it, was velvet, wine-coloured and soft. There was a train of white satin, dripping on the floor of the wardrobe. Peeking out from a piece of tissue paper on a shelf above was an ostrich feather fan. The wardrobe smelt stuffy, queer. The azalea scent, so fragrant and delicate in the air, had turned stale inside the wardrobe, tarnishing the silver dresses and the brocade, and the breath of it wafted towards me now from the open doors, faded and old. I shut the doors.

Then I heard a step behind me and turning round I saw Mrs Georgia. I shall never forget the expression of her face. Triumphant, gloating, excited in a strange unhealthy way.

"Is anything the matter, Madam?"

12. Black dress and home video. *Much more concise and less annoying in the movie than in the novel.*

13. Idea about the ball. *Different in the novel: the ball idea is suggested during a tea party by a lady used to the old Manderley.*

14. Guests arrive.

I did not recognize the face that stared at me in the glass. The eyes were larger surely, the mouth narrower, the skin white and clear. The curls stood away from the head in a little cloud. I watched this self that was not me at all and then smiled; a new, slow smile.

I paraded up and down in front of my glass watching my reflection. I peered through the archway at the head of the big staircase, and looked down on the hall below.

There they were. Robert in his white Arab dress, laughing loudly, showing the knife at his side; Bee swathed in an extraordinary green garment and hung about the neck with trailing beads; poor Franck self-conscious and slightly foolish in his striped jersey and sea-boots; Raymond, the only normal one of the party in his evening clothes.

The band were changed, and in the gallery already. One of the men was tuning his fiddle. He played a scale softly and then plucked at a string. The light shone on the picture of Caroline de Finster. My curls were her curls, they stood out from my face as hers did in the picture. I don't think I ever felt so excited before, so happy and proud. I waved my hand at the man with the fiddle, and then put my finger to my lips for silence. He smiled and bowed. He came across the gallery to the archway where I stood.

"Make the drummer announce me" I whispered, "make him beat the drum, and then call out Miss Caroline de Finster".

My heart fluttered absurdly and my cheeks were burning. I picked up my skirt in my hands. Then the sound of the drum echoed in the great hall, startling me for a moment, who had waited for it, who knew that it would come.

"Miss Caroline de Finster" shouted the drummer.

...

I turned and ran blindly through the archway to the corridors beyond. Tears blinded my eyes. The corridor was deserted. I looked about me stunned and stupid like a haunted thing. Then I saw that the door leading to the west wing was open wide, and that someone was standing there. It was Mrs Georgia. I shall never forget the expression on her face, loathsome, triumphant. The face of an exulting devil. She stood there smiling at me. An then I ran from her, down the long narrow passage to my own room, tripping, stumbling over the flounces of my dress.

15. Throw yourself out of the window.

There was nothing but the white mist about me, smelling of sea-weed dank and chill. The only reality was the window-sill beneath my hands and the grip of Mrs Georgia on my left arm. If I jumped I should not see the stones rise up to meet me, the fog would hide them from me. The pain would be sharp and sudden as she said. The fall would break my neck. It would not be slow, like drowning. It would soon be over. And Raymond did not love me. Raymond wanted to be alone again, with Coco.

"Go on", whispered Mrs Georgia. "Go on, don't be afraid".

I shut my eyes. I was giddy from staring down at the terrace and my fingers ached from holding to the ledge. The mist entered my nostrils and lay upon my lips rank and sour. It was stifling, like a blanket, like an anaesthetic. I was beginning to forget about being unhappy, and about loving Raymond. I was beginning to forget Coco. I would not have to think about Coco anymore.

As I relaxed my hands and sighed, the white mist and the silence that was part of it was shattered, was rent in two by an explosion that shook the window where I stood. The glass shivered in its frame. I opened my eyes. I stared at Mrs Georgia. The burst was followed by another, and yet a third and a fourth. The sound of the explosions stung the air and the birds rose unseen from the woods around the house and made an echo with their clamour.

16. The plot in the cabin. *In the novel, Maxim has truly murdered Rebecca.*

17. Kiss at the fireplace

18. Investigation

19. At the doctors

20. Phone call

21. M burning