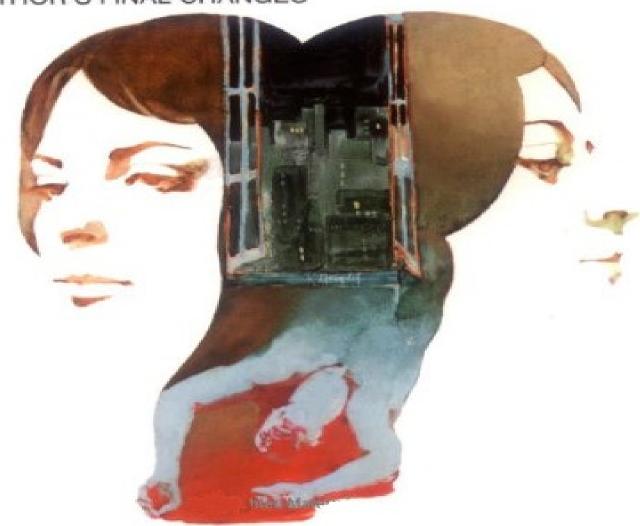
AYN RAND

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH

THE DEFINITIVE EDITION OF RAND'S FAMOUS PLAY, INCORPORATING THE AUTHOR'S FINAL CHANGES



Night of January 16th

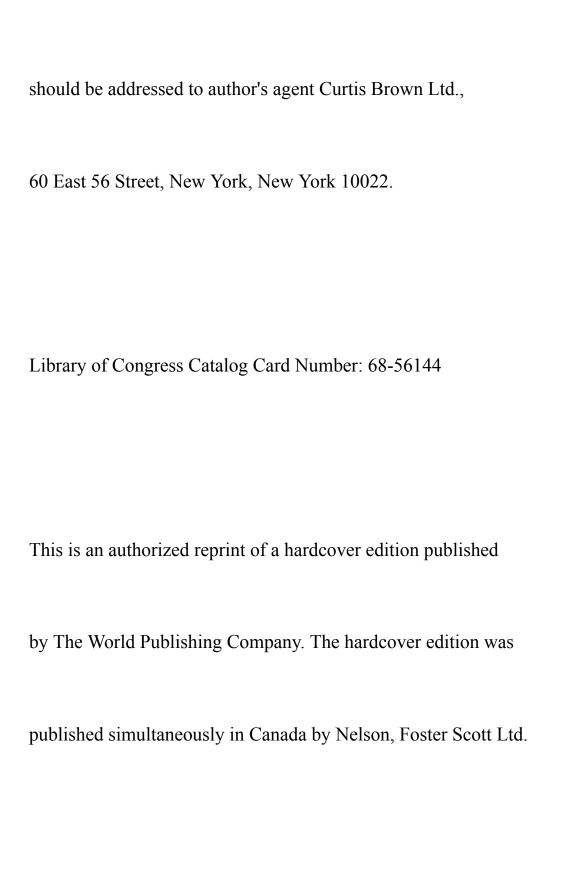
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Introduction

If I were to classify *Night of January 16th* in conventional literary terms, I would say that it represents, not Romantic Realism, but Romantic Symbolism. For those acquainted with Objectivist aesthetics, I can name a more precise classification: *Night of January 16th* is not a philosophical, but a sense-of-life play.

A sense of life is a preconceptual equivalent of metaphysics, an emotional, subconsciously integrated appraisal of *man's relationship to existence*. I emphasize this last because it is a man's attitude toward life that constitutes the core and motor of his subconscious philosophy. Every work of fiction (and wider: every work of art) is the product and expression of its author's sense of life. But it may express that sense of life translated into conceptual, i.e., philosophical, terms, or it may express only an abstract emotional sum. *Night of January 16th* is a pure, untranslated abstraction.

This means that its events are not to be taken *literally*; they dramatize certain fundamental psychological characteristics, deliberately isolated and emphasized in order to convey a single abstraction: the characters' attitude toward life. The events serve to feature the *motives* of the characters' actions, regardless of the particular forms of action -- i.e., the motives, not their specific concretization. The events feature the confrontation of two extremes, two opposite ways of facing existence: passionate self-assertiveness, self-confidence, ambition, audacity, independence -- versus conventionality, servility, envy, hatred, power-lust. I do not think, nor did I think it when I wrote this play, that a swindler is a heroic character or that a respectable banker is a villain. But for the purpose of dramatizing the conflict of independence versus conformity, a

criminal -- a social outcast -- can be an eloquent symbol. This, incidentally, is the reason of the profound appeal of the "noble crook" in fiction. He is the symbol of the rebel as such, regardless of the kind of society he rebels against, the symbol -- for most people -- of their vague, undefined, unrealized groping toward a concept, or a shadowy image, of man's self-esteem.

That a career of crime is not, in fact, the way to implement one's self-esteem, is irrelevant in sense-of-life terms. A sense of life is concerned primarily with consciousness, not with existence -- or rather: with the way a man's consciousness faces existence. It is concerned with a basic frame of mind, not with rules of conduct.

If this play's sense of life were to be verbalized, it would say, in effect: "Your life, your achievement, your happiness, *your person* are of paramount importance. Live up to your highest vision of yourself no matter what the circumstances you might encounter. An exalted view of self-esteem is a man's most admirable quality." How one is to live up to this vision -- how this frame of mind is to be implemented in action and in reality -- is a question that a sense of life cannot answer: *that* is the task of philosophy.*

^{*} For a fuller discussion of the nature and functions of a sense of life, I refer you to my articles, "Philosophy and Sense of Life" and "Art and Sense of Life," in the February and March 1966 issues of *The Objectivist*.

Night of January 16this not a philosophical treatise on morality: that basic frame of mind (and its opposite) is all that I wanted to convey.

This play was written in 1933. It started in my mind with the idea of writing a courtroom drama, a murder trial, in which the jury would be drawn from the audience and would vote on the verdict. Obviously, the factual evidence of the defendant's guilt or innocence had to be evenly balanced in order to make either verdict possible. But a jury's disagreement about inconclusive facts could not be of any possible interest or significance. The issue at stake, therefore, had to be psychological.

The springboard for the story was the collapse of Ivar Kreuger -- or, more precisely, the public reaction to that collapse.

On March 12, 1932, Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "Match King," committed suicide. His death was followed by the crash of the vast financial empire he had created, and by the revelation that that empire was a gigantic fraud. He had been a mysterious figure, a "lone wolf," celebrated as a man of genius, of unswerving determination and spectacular audacity. His fall was like an explosion that threw up a storm of dust and muck -- a storm of peculiarly virulent denunciations.

It was not his shady methods, his ruthlessness, his dishonesty that were being denounced, but his *ambition*. His ability, his self-confidence, the glamorous aura of his life and name were featured, exaggerated, overstressed, to serve as fodder for the hordes of envious mediocrities rejoicing at his downfall. It was a spree of gloating malice. Its leitmotif was not: "How did he fall?" but: "How did he dare to rise?" Had there been a world press at the time of Icarus and

Phaethon, this was the kind of obituary they would have received.

In fact, Ivar Kreuger was a man of unusual ability who had, at first, made a fortune by legitimate means; it was his venture into politics -- mixed-economy politics -- that destroyed him. Seeking a world monopoly for his match industry, he began to give large loans to various European governments in exchange for a monopoly status in their countries -- loans which were not repaid, which he could not collect and which led him to a fantastic juggling of his assets and bookkeeping in order to conceal his losses. In the final analysis, it was not Kreuger who profiteered on the ruin of the investors he had swindled; the profiteers were sundry European governments. (But when governments pursue such policies, it is not called a swindle: it is called "deficit financing.")

At the time of Kreuger's death, it was not the political aspects of his story that interested me, but the nature of those public denunciations. It was not a crook that they were denouncing, but greatness as such; it was greatness as such that I wanted to defend.

This, then, was my assignment in *Night of January 16th:* to dramatize the sense of life that was vaguely symbolized by Ivar Kreuger, and set it against the sense of life blatantly revealed by his attackers.

Bjorn Faulkner, the hero who never appears in the play, is not Ivar Kreuger; he is what Ivar Kreuger might have been or, perhaps, ought to have been. The two sides in the play are represented, on the one hand, by Bjorn Faulkner and Karen Andre, his secretary-mistress who is on trial for his murder - and, on the other, by John Graham Whitfield and his daughter. The factual evidence for and against the accused is (approximately) balanced. The issue rests on the credibility of the witnesses. The jury has to choose which side to believe,

and this depends on every juror's own sense of life.

Or, at least, so I hoped. I was aware, even then, that most people would not see the issue in such terms, that most people are not that consistent, neither in their conscious convictions, nor in their choice of values, nor even in their sense of life. I was aware that they would probably miss the basic antithesis and would judge on the spur or color or drama of the moment, attaching no further significance to their verdict.

I knew also that a sense-of-life issue was not the best way to implement the idea of a trial by an audience-jury, and that some explicit controversial issue would be better, such as birth control or mercy-killing or "trial marriages." But here I truly had no choice. For the life of me, I could not have invented a story dealing with some narrow issue. My own sense of life demanded a theme involving great figures and crucial fundamentals; I could not arouse myself to any interest in anything less -- then or now.

The motive of my writing has always been the presentation of an ideal man. I did not regard Bjorn Faulkner as an ideal. But I was not ready to attempt the portrait of an ideal man; his first appearance in my writing is Howard Roark in *The Fountainhead*, followed by the heroes of *Atlas Shrugged*. What I was ready to write about was a woman's feeling for her ideal man, and this I did in the person of Karen Andre.

Those interested in tracing my personal development will observe the sense-of-life consistency of this play with my subsequent novels. But my novels deal with more than a sense of life: they involve a conscious philosophy, i.e., a conceptually defined view of man and of existence. And, to illustrate the translation of a sense of life into conceptual terms: if Bjorn Faulkner were to

make the same mistakes in terms applicable to actual life, he would become Gail Wynand, the most tragic character in *The Fountainhead;* or, if Bjorn Faulkner were to be an ideal businessman, he would become Francisco d'Anconia of *Atlas Shrugged*.

I am still asked, once in a while -- and it always astonishes me -- whether I intended Karen Andre to be found guilty or not guilty. I did not think that there could be any doubt about *my* verdict: of course, *she is not guilty*. (But this need not deter any prospective viewer or reader from pronouncing his own judgment: in this matter, to each his own sense of life.)

The original title of this play was *Penthouse Legend*.

This is still its best title; it gives some indication of the play's nonrealistic, symbolic nature. But it was changed twice, first to *Woman on Trial*, then to *Night of January 16th*. In both cases, the producers assured me that my original title would be a serious handicap to the play; one of them claimed that the public was antagonized by the word "Legend" and he cited the failure of some movies which had used that word in their titles. I thought that this was nonsense, but I did not want the producers to work under the pressure of doubt or fear in regard to an issue about which they felt very strongly, but which I considered unimportant.

Today, I regret it. *Night of January 16th* is an empty, meaningless title. It was, however, the least offensive one of those suggested to me at the time. I could not change it later: the play had become too famous.

In a way, that title is appropriate to the practical history of the play: for me, it was empty, meaningless -- and very painful.

The play's history began with a series of rejections by New York's theatrical producers. I was living in Hollywood at the time, but I had an agent who kept sending the play to one producer after another. What I regarded as the most original feature of the play was the idea of drawing the jury from the audience. It was precisely because of this idea that the producers rejected the play: the jury gimmick would not work, they said, the public would not go for it, it would "destroy the theatrical illusion."

Then, simultaneously, I received two offers for the play: one from A. H. Woods, a well-known New York producer, the other from E. E. Clive, a British actor who ran a modest stock company at the Hollywood Playhouse. But Woods wanted the right to make changes in my play at his sole discretion. So I rejected his offer and signed a contract with Clive.

The play was produced at the Hollywood Playhouse in the fall of 1934, under the title *Woman on Trial*. The role of Karen Andre was played by Barbara Bedford, a star of the silent movies. E. E. Clive directed it and played a small part; he was a brilliant character actor, who loved my play and seemed to understand it, at least to the extent of knowing that there was something unusual about it. To this day, I deeply appreciate his attitude. But, as a producer, he was

badly handicapped by lack of funds. The production was competent, but somewhat unexciting: unstylized and too naturalistic. The play received good reviews and had a modestly successful run.

At its conclusion, A. H. Woods renewed his offer for a Broadway production. The contract clause regarding script changes was reworded, but in a highly ambiguous manner; my agent assured me that the new clause meant that all changes were to be made by mutual consent. I did not think so; I was fairly certain that it still gave Woods the control he wanted, but I decided to take the chance, relying on nothing but my power of persuasion.

The rest of the play's history was hell.

The entire period before and after the play's opening was a sickening struggle between Woods and me. I managed to prevent the worst of the changes he wanted to introduce, and I managed to preserve the best of the passages he wanted to eliminate, but that was all I could do. So the play became an incongruous mongrel slapdashed out of contradictory elements.

Woods was famous as a producer of melodramas, some of which had been good, some dreadful. Melodrama was the only element of my play that he understood, but he thought that there wasn't enough of it. So, "to liven it up," he introduced, in small touches, a junk heap of worn, irrelevant melodramatic devices that clashed with the style, did not advance the action and served only to confuse the audience -- such as a gun, a heat test to determine its erased serial number, a flashy gun moll, etc. (The gun moll was introduced, in the last act, to throw doubt on the testimony of Guts Regan, which, of course, she did not accomplish. I did not write that bit; it was written by the play's director.) Woods actually believed that only guns, fingerprints and police matters could hold an

audience's attention, but "speeches" could not. To his credit as a showman, I can say only that he thought the jury gimmick was a great idea, which is what made him buy the play.

This was my first (but not last) encounter with the literary manifestation of the mind-body dichotomy that dominates today's culture: the split between the "serious" and the "entertaining" -- the belief that if a literary work is "serious," it must bore people to death; and if it is "entertaining," it must not communicate anything of importance. (Which means that "the good" has to be painful, and that pleasure has to be mindlessly low-grade.) A. H. Woods was a faithful adherent of that school of thought, so that it was useless to mention the word "thought" to him, or "idea" or "philosophy" or "sense of life" in connection with any theatrical matter. It would be inexact to say that he was antagonistic to such concepts: he was completely tone-deaf to them. I was naive enough to be shocked by it. Since then, I have observed the same tone-deafness in regard to this dichotomy (though, usually, on its other side) in men who had less excuse for it than A. H. Woods: in college professors. At the time, I fought against that dogma to the limit of my brain and endurance. I am still fighting that battle today, with the same intensity, but without the painful, incredulous astonishment of youth.

In regard to casting, Woods' judgment was better than his literary views. He gave the part of Karen Andre to a talented unknown, a young actress he had discovered -- Doris Nolan. She was very attractive in the right way, she was an unusually good type for the part and gave an excellent performance. The male lead, the part of Guts Regan, was played by Walter Pidgeon. This was my one contribution to the casting. At that time, which was the period of transition from the silent movies to the talkies, Pidgeon was regarded as through in Hollywood and was playing in a summer stock theater in the East. He had been one of my favorites in the silent movies (where he had played strong, glamorous, aristocratic villains) and I had seen him on the stage in Hollywood, so I suggested that Woods go to see him in summer stock. Woods' first reaction was: "Aw, he's through," but he went. To give him credit, Woods was so impressed

with Pidgeon's performance that he signed him for *Night of January 16th* at once (and told me: "Aw, that guy's great"). Shortly after our opening, Pidgeon signed a long-term movie contract with M-G-M, which was his new start in pictures, the beginning of his rise to stardom. He told me later that he owed that contract to his performance as Guts Regan. (I regret that M-G-M confined him to the homey, "*Mister* Miniver" type of role; he deserved better than that.)

This was one of the few pleasant incidents connected with *Night of January 16th*. By the time the play opened on Broadway (in September of 1935), it was dead, as far as I was concerned. I could feel nothing for it or about it except revulsion and indignation. It was not merely a mangled body, but worse: it was a mangled body with some of its torn limbs still showing a former beauty and underscoring the bloody mess. On opening night, I sat in the back row, yawning -- not out of tension, but out of genuine boredom, since it was an event that had no value-meaning for me any longer.

The play received mixed reviews; it did not become a hit, but what was regarded as a "success." It ran for six months. What made it successful and talked about was, of course, the jury gimmick. On opening night, Woods had arranged in advance for a jury of celebrities (of whom the only one I remember was Jack Dempsey, the former heavyweight champion). For the first couple of weeks thereafter, he kept a jury of stooges on hand backstage, just in case the members of the audience did not volunteer. But he soon found the precaution unnecessary: his office was besieged by requests from celebrities and others who wanted to sit on that jury; there were more volunteers than he could accommodate.

One interesting incident of the play's run was a benefit performance given for the blind. (I did not attend it: I could not bear to see the play again, but I was told about it.) All the members of the jury and most of the audience were blind; the foreman of the jury was Helen Keller. Graham McNamee, a famous

newscaster, acted as a narrator to describe visual information, when needed. The verdict that night was "Guilty."

As to the general record of verdicts during the play's run in New York, they were 3 to 2 in favor of acquittal -- according to the stage manager, who kept a tally.

That winter, Woods launched two road companies (starting out of Chicago and Los Angeles) and a third company in London; all of them did very well.

The Chicago production remains in my mind for the unexpected reason that a drama critic, Ashton Stevens, gave me the only review that pleased me in my entire career. I have received reviews that might be called better and some that I deeply appreciated, but none of them said the things I would have wanted to be said. I learned to expect nothing from reviewers because of the so-called favorable reviews, not because of the illiterate smears. What I liked about Ashton Stevens' piece was that he understood the *technique* of drama, knew what it takes and praised me for the best aspects of the play's structure; he praised me for an attribute which only a viewer in full focus can appreciate: ingenuity. He treated the play as a melodrama, since that is all it had become; I am inclined to believe that his sense of life was probably the opposite of mine, since he wrote: "It is not as close and upclimbing a piece as [The Trial of] Mary Dugan. Nor as heart-tearing. None of the characters is lovable."

But here is what I love *him* for: "But it is the fastest courtroom melo I ever saw. It shoots its stuff from a dozen angles, and every shot is a surprise.

"The biggest and best surprise is when the prisoner -- the tense, Roman-medal-faced Karen Andre -- crashes and crumbles as Gunman ('Guts') Regan rushes up the aisle and into court and informs her that the man she is accused of murdering IS dead. That, ladies and gentlemen of the audience, is a S E C O N D-A C T C U R T A I N. [Typography his.]. . .

"You see, the play flattered the cunning of the audience. It permitted us to anticipate with some success. But it never left us right for more than a jiffy. . . There is a kind of genius in the play." (If there was, in the version he saw, I marvel at his ability to see it.)

The play was unusually successful in summer stock: in its first summer (1936), it was presented by eighteen theaters, and was a leading favorite for many summers thereafter. One bright spot of the summer of 1936 was a week at a theater in Stony Creek, Connecticut, where the part of Guts Regan was played by my husband, Frank O'Connor.

In subsequent years, the play was presented, in various translations, in most European countries. In World War II, it was presented by the U.S.O. for the American troops occupying Berlin. It is still being given occasionally in various parts of the world, with or without my knowledge; at least, I receive unexpected royalties from it, once in a while. And, once in a while, it is still played here, in summer stock. It has been presented on the radio and twice (by two different companies) on television.

The amateur market of this play belongs on the horror side of its history. The amateur rights were sold to a publishing house that issued an adapted, "cleaned up" version. The amateur market, they claimed at the time, consisted of church, school and college groups that worked under a strict kind of censorship

(I do not know who imposed it): these groups were not allowed to mention a love affair or a mistress, or to smoke onstage, or to swear, etc. For instance, they were not allowed to use the word "Guts," so that my character's name was changed to "Larry" Regan. That version of my play was adapted by the publishing house; it was not to be sold in bookstores or to the public, but was to be sold *only* to amateur groups for amateur performances. Once in a while, I hear -- with somewhat helpless indignation -- that some fan of mine has somehow obtained a copy of that version. So I want to state formally, for the record and as a public notice, that the amateur version of *Night of January 16th* is not written by me and is not part of my works.

The movie version of this play is another horror story. I had nothing to do with its screen adaptation. There is nothing of mine in that movie, except the names of some of the characters and the title (which was not mine). The *only* line of dialogue from my play which appears in the movie is: "The court will now adjourn till ten o'clock tomorrow morning." The cheap, trashy vulgarity of that movie is such that no lengthier discussion is possible to me.

Through all those years, while the play was becoming famous, I felt a painfully growing embarrassment: I did not want to be associated with it or to be known as its author. I thought, at the time, that I had merely been unlucky in my producer and in the kind of people I had to deal with. Today, I know better: I know that it could not have been different, granting the nature of my work and of today's cultural trends. But don't let anyone ever approach me about making changes in my work: I learned my lesson the hard way.

For twenty-five years, I never looked at a script of this play, and winced whenever it was mentioned. Then, in 1960, Nathaniel Branden asked me to let him give a reading of the play at Nathaniel Branden Institute, in response to requests from students. I could not let him read the A. H. Woods version, so I had to prepare a definitive version of the play. I compared the original script of

Penthouse Legend, the script of Woman on Trial (which was the same, but with some cuts made by me) and the script of Night of January 16th. I was somewhat astonished by the result: in this final, definitive version, I had to cut out everything that had been contributed by the Woods production (except one line change and the title). I cut out, of course, the gun moll, the gun and all the cruder elements of that sort; but I did not expect to find that even small lines and minor touches were jarringly wrong and had to be discarded.

I felt an odd kind of sadness: my mind went back to a certain argument I had with Woods during the rehearsals. We were sitting in the front row of an empty theater and he was saying indignantly: "How can you be so stubborn? How can you argue with me? This is your first play and I've been in the theater for forty years!" I explained to him that it was not a matter of personalities, age or experience, not a matter of *who* said it, but of *what* was said, and that I would give in to his office boy, if the boy happened to be *right*. Woods did not answer; I knew even then that he did not hear me.

The final, definitive version of *Night of January 16th* is closest, in content, to the script of *Woman on Trial*. I made no changes in story or substance; the additional changes I made were mainly grammatical. That final version is the one now published here, in this book.

I am glad to see it published. Up to now, I had felt as if it were an illegitimate child roaming the world. Now, with this publication, it becomes legitimately mine.

And, although it has played all over the world, I feel as if it were a play that has never been produced.

AYN RAND

New York, June 1968

Note to Producer

This play is a murder trial without a prearranged verdict. The jurors are to be selected from the audience. They are to witness the play as real jurors and bring in a verdict at the end of the last act. Two short endings are written for the play -- to be used according to the verdict.

The play is built in such a way that the evidence of the defendant's guilt or innocence is evenly balanced and the decision will have to be based upon the jurors' own values and characters. The two parties opposed in the trial are as radically antagonistic as will be members of any audience, where some will sympathize with the wife, others with the mistress. Either decision will bring the protest of the opposite side; the case is bound to arouse arguments and discussions, for its underlying conflict is the basic conflict of two different types of humanity. It is really the audience who is thus put on trial. In the words of the defense attorney: "Who is on trial in this case? Karen Andre? No! It's you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, who are here on trial. It is your own souls that will be brought to light when your decision is rendered."

The jurors' seats are to be on the stage, as in a real courtroom. Thus we give the public all the excitement of a murder trial. We heighten the public's interest by leaving the decision in its own hands and add to the suspense by the fact that no audience, at any performance of the play, can be sure of its outcome.

Characters, Time, Place
CHARACTERS:
JUDGE HEATH
DISTRICT ATTORNEY FLINT
DEFENSE ATTORNEY STEVENS
KAREN ANDRE
DR. KIRKLAND

JOHN HUTCHINS

HOMER VAN FLEET
ELMER SWEENEY
MAGDA SVENSON
NANCY LEE FAULKNER
JOHN GRAHAM WHITFIELD
JAMES CHANDLER
SIEGURD JUNGQUIST
"GUTS" REGAN
COURT ATTENDANTS

TIME: Present

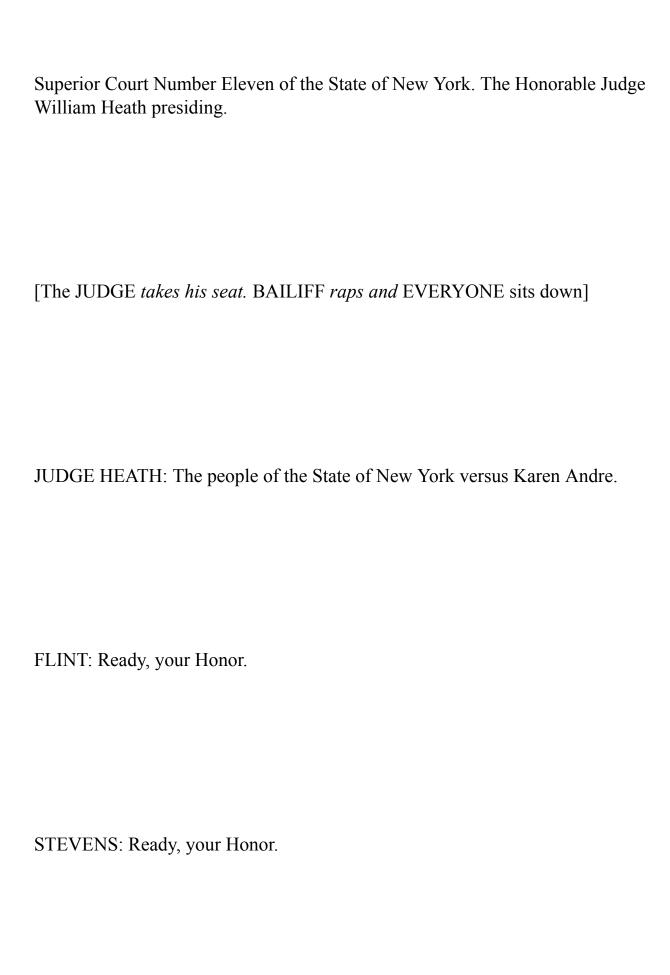
PLACE: New York Courtroom

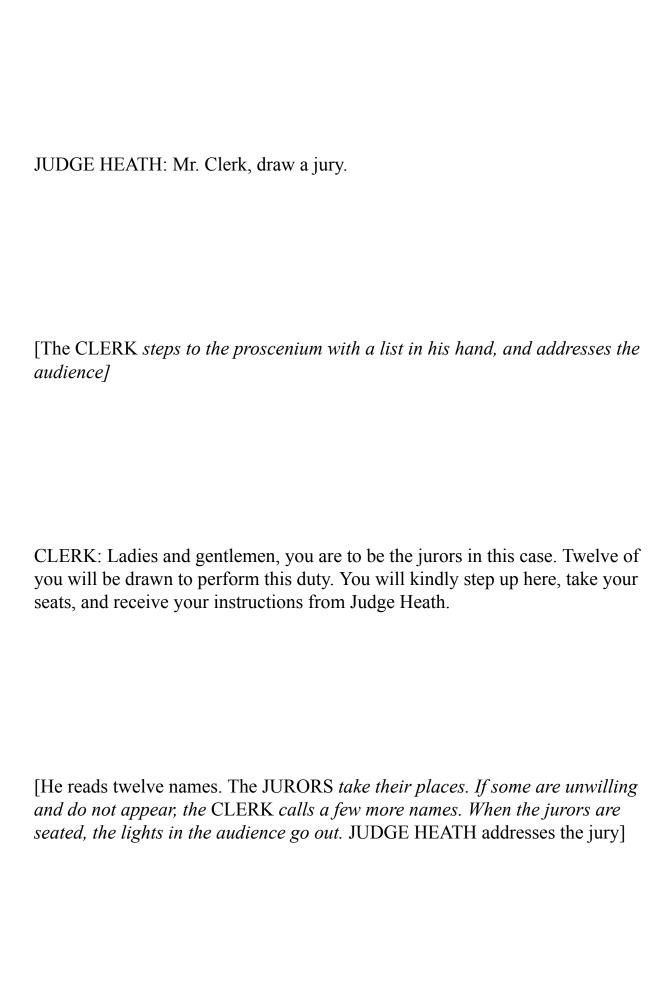
Act One

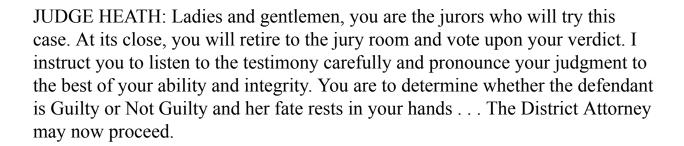
Scene: The stage represents a New York courtroom. It faces the audience, so that the public is in the position of spectators in a real courtroom. In the center of the back is the Judge's desk on a high platform; behind it is the door to the Judge's chambers; by the side of the desk, at left, is the witness stand, facing the audience; behind it is the door to the jury room. In front of the Judge's desk is the desk of the Court Reporter; at right the desk of the Court Clerk. Behind it is the door through which witnesses enter the courtroom. Farther downstage, at right, is a table for the defendant and attorneys; at left another table for the prosecution. At the wall, left, are the twelve seats for the jurors. Farther downstage is a door through which spectators enter the courtroom. At the opposite wall, at right, are a few chairs for spectators. Steps lead down from the stage in the right and left aisles. When the curtain rises the court session is ready to open, but the JUDGE has not yet made his appearance. The prosecution and defense are ready at their respective tables.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY FLINT is a heavy, middle-aged man with the kindly appearance of a respectable father of a family and the shrewd, piercing manner of a pawnbroker. DEFENSE ATTORNEY STEVENS is tall, gray-haired, displaying the grooming and sophisticated grace of a man of the world. He is watching his client, who does not pay any attention to him and, sitting at the defense table, calmly, almost insolently studies the audience. The client, the defendant KAREN ANDRE, is twenty-eight. One's first impression of her is that to handle her would require the services of an animal trainer, not an attorney. Yet there is nothing emotional or rebellious in her countenance; it is one of profound,

inexorable calm; but one feels the tense vitality, the primitive fire, the untamed strength in the defiant immobility of her slender body, the proud line of her head held high, the sweep of her tousled hair. Her clothes are conspicuous by their severe, tailored simplicity; a very costly simplicity, one can notice, but not the elegance of a woman who gives much thought to her clothes; rather that of one who knows she can make any rag attractive and does it unconsciously.				
When the curtain rises the lights in the audience do not go out.				
BAILIFF: Court attention!				
[EVERYONE rises as JUDGE HEATH enters. BAILIFF raps]				







[DISTRICT ATTORNEY FLINT rises and addresses the jury]

FLINT: Your Honor! Ladies and gentlemen of the jury! On the sixteenth of January, near midnight, when the lights of Broadway blazed an electric dawn over the gay crowd below, the body of a man came hurtling through space and crashed -- a disfigured mess -- at the foot of the Faulkner Building. That body had been Sweden's great financier -- Bjorn Faulkner. He fell fifty stories from his luxurious penthouse. *A suicide*, we were told. A great man unwilling to bend before his imminent ruin. A man who found a fall from the roof of a skyscraper shorter and easier than a descent from his tottering throne of the world's financial dictator. Only a few months ago, behind every big transaction of gold in the world, stood that well-known figure: young, tall, with an arrogant smile, with kingdoms and nations in the palm of one hand -- and a whip in the other. If gold is the world's life blood, then Bjorn Faulkner, holding all its dark, hidden

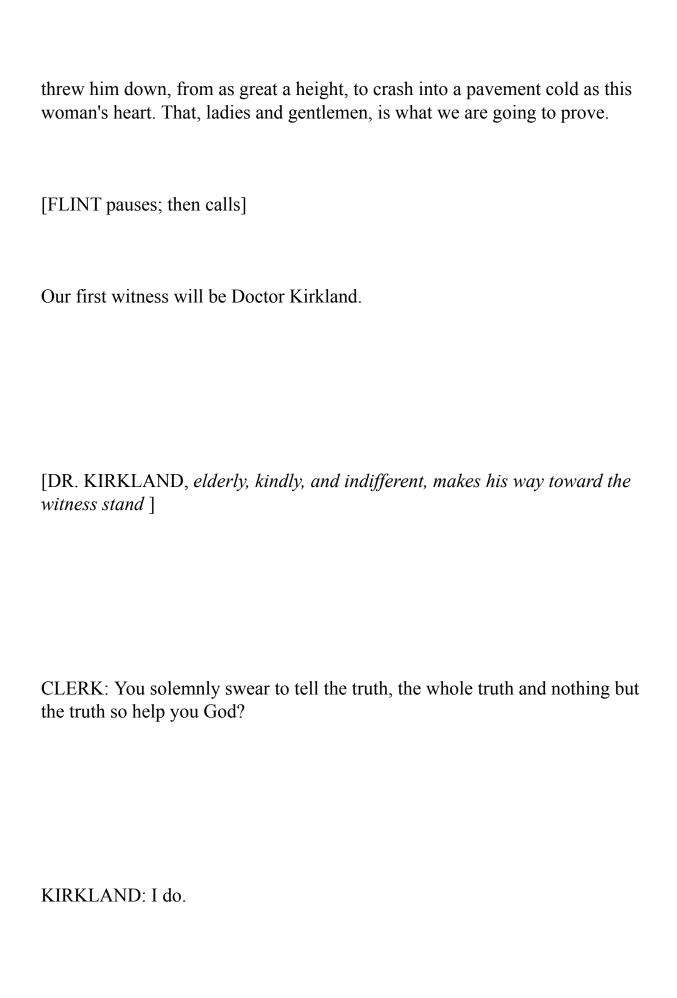
arteries, regulating its ebb and flow, its every pulsation, was the heart of the world. Well, ladies and gentlemen, the world has just had a heart attack. And like all heart attacks, it was rather sudden. No one suspected the gigantic swindle that lay at the foundation of the Faulkner enterprises. A few days after his death, the earth shook from the crash of his business; thousands of investors were stricken with the paralysis which follows an attack, when that monstrous heart stopped beating. Bjorn Faulkner had had a hard struggle facing the world. But he had a much harder struggle to face in his heart, a struggle which this trial will have to uncover. Two women ruled his life -- and death. Here is one of them, ladies and gentlemen.

[Points at KAREN]

Karen Andre, Faulkner's efficient secretary and notorious mistress. But six months ago Faulkner came to America to get a loan and save his fortune. Fate sent him a means to save his own heart -- in the person of the lovely girl who is now his widow, Nancy Lee Faulkner, only daughter of John Graham Whitfield, our great philanthropist. Faulkner thought he had found salvation and a new life in the virtuous innocence of his young bride. And the best proof of it is that two weeks after his wedding he dismissed his secretary -- Karen Andre. He was through with her. But, ladies and gentlemen, one is not easily through with a woman like Karen Andre. We can only guess at what hatred and revenge smouldered in her heart; but they leaped into flame on the *night of January sixteenth*. Bjorn Faulkner *did not* kill himself. He was murdered. Murdered by the very delicate and capable hands which you see here before you.

[He points at KAREN]

The hands that helped to raise Bjorn Faulkner high over the world; the hands that

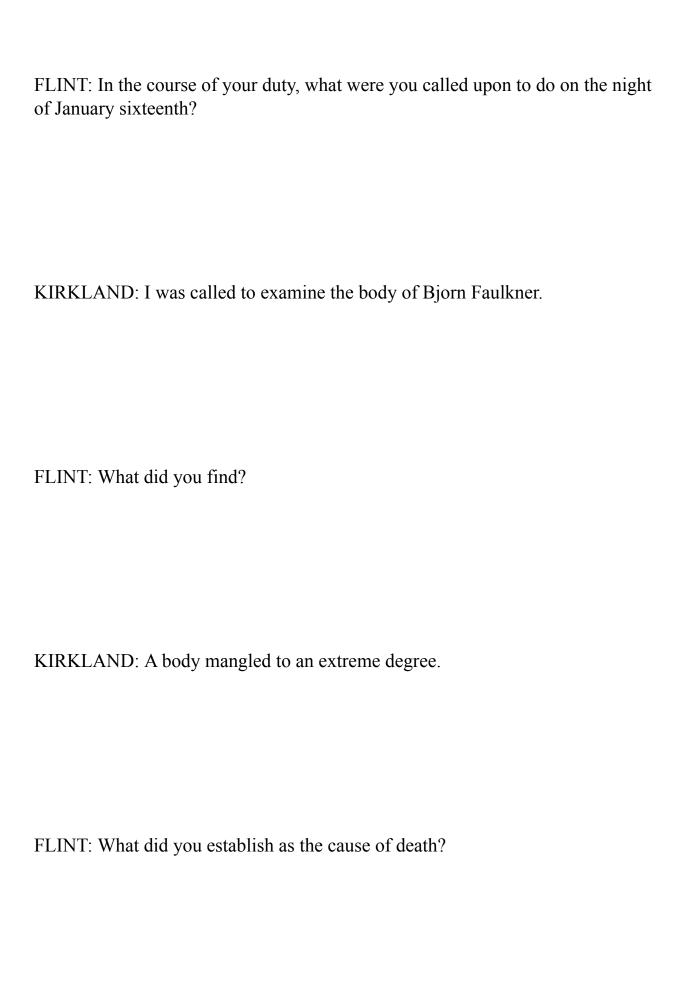


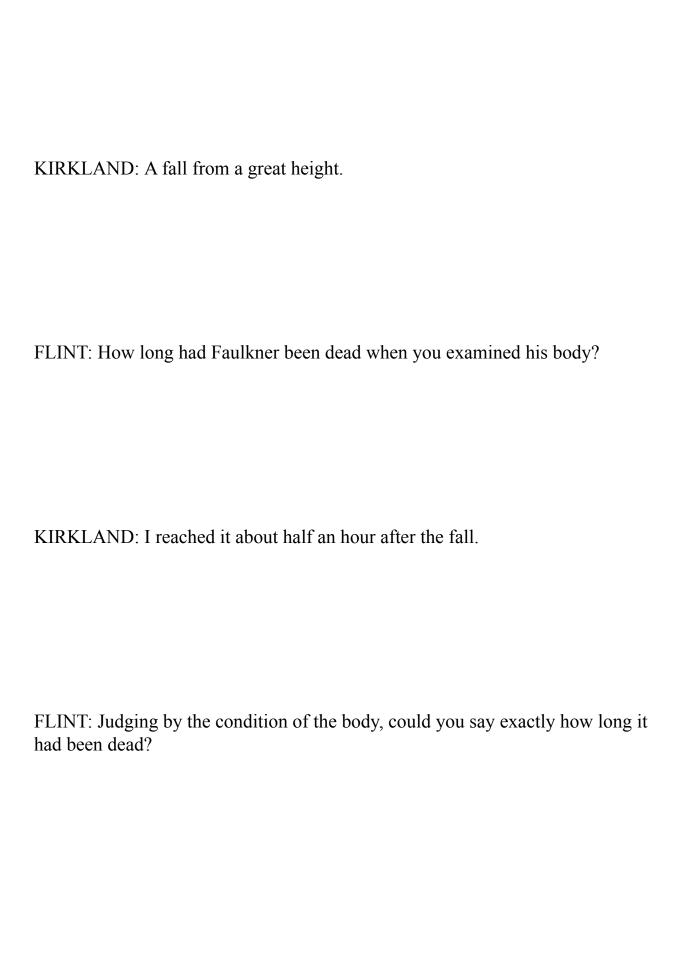
FLINT: Kindly state your name.

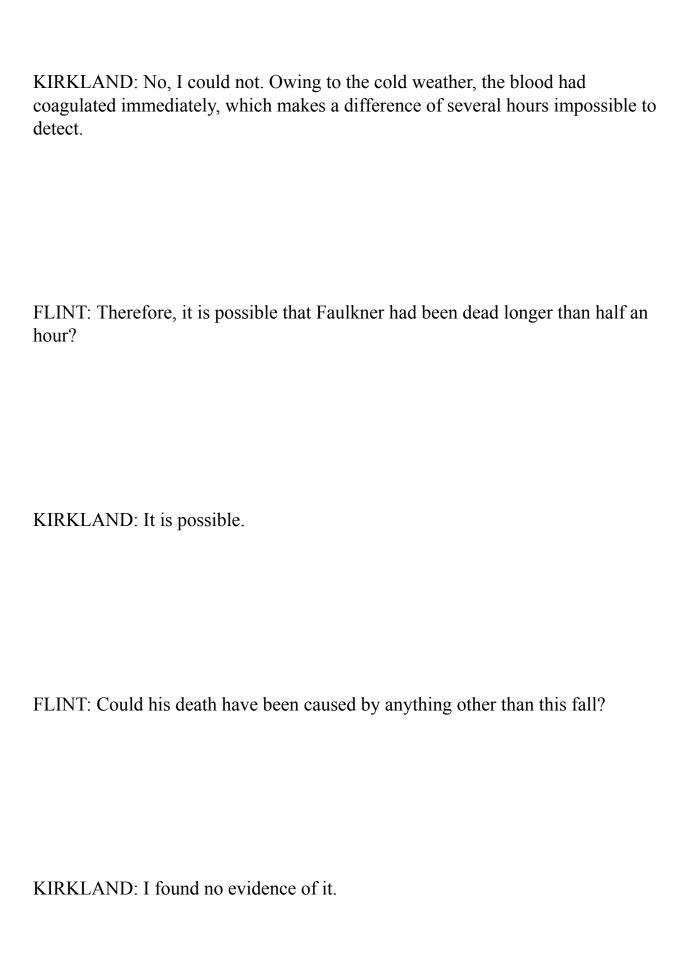
KIRKLAND: Thomas Kirkland.

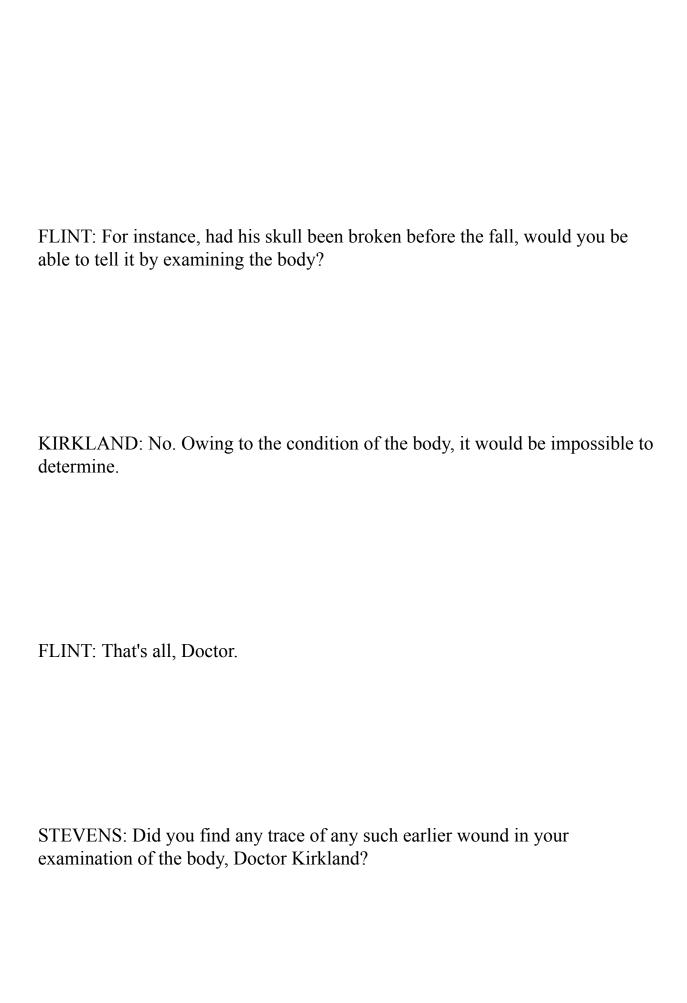
FLINT: What is your occupation?

KIRKLAND: Medical examiner of this county.

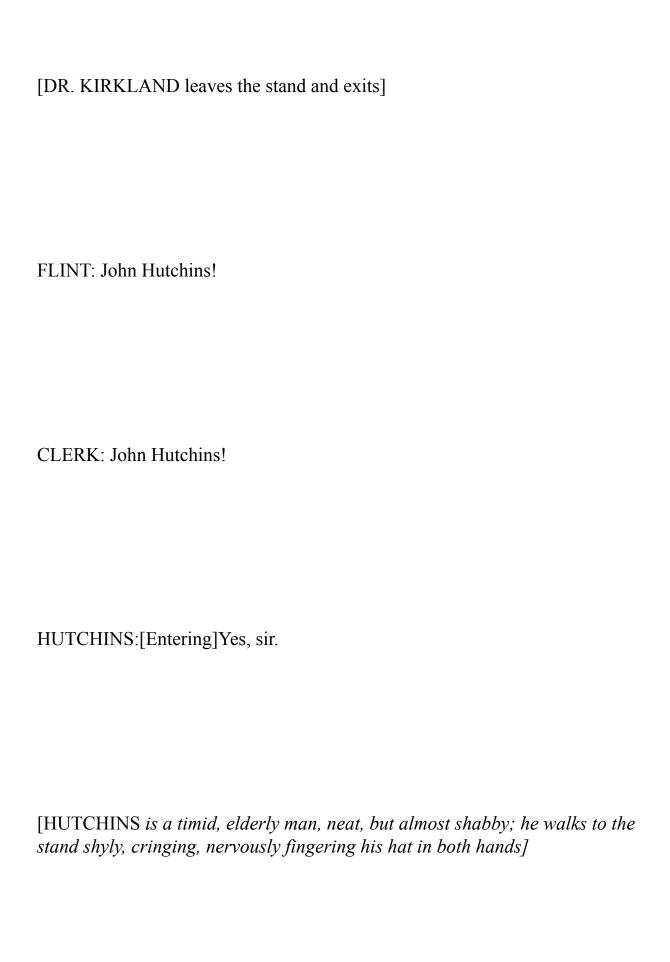




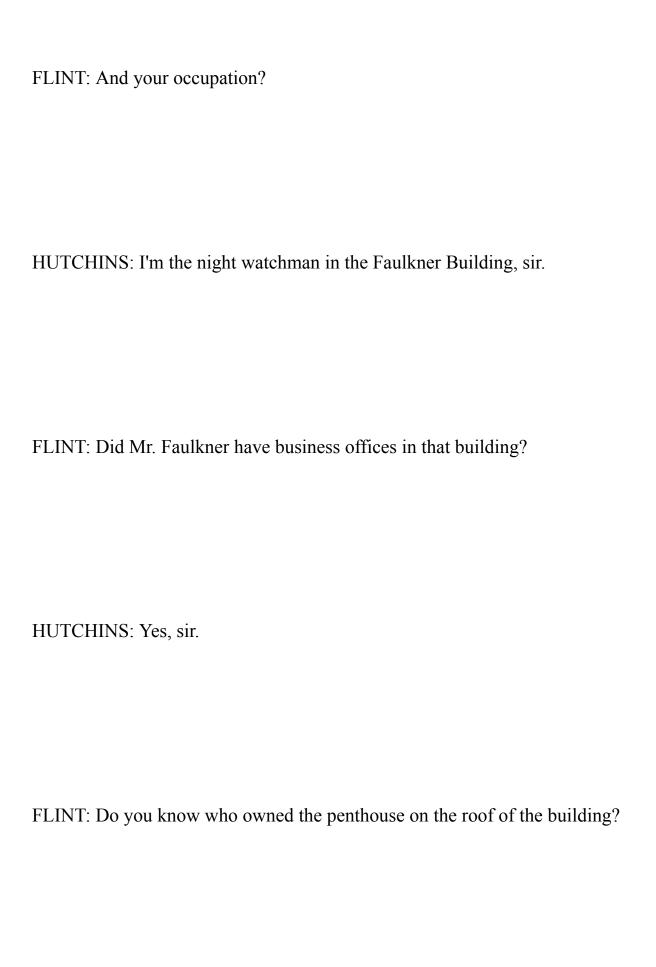


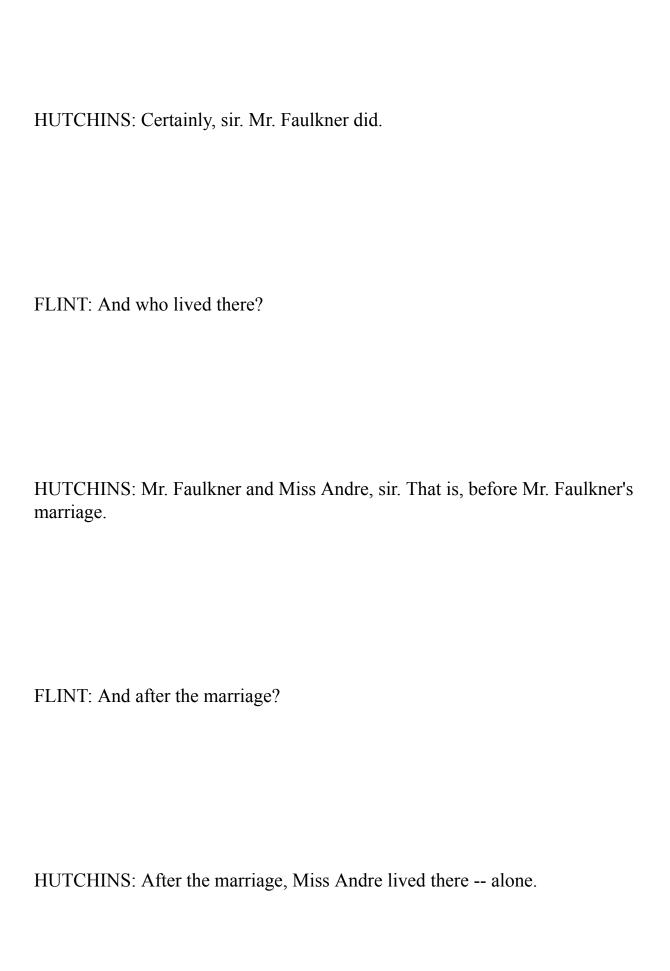


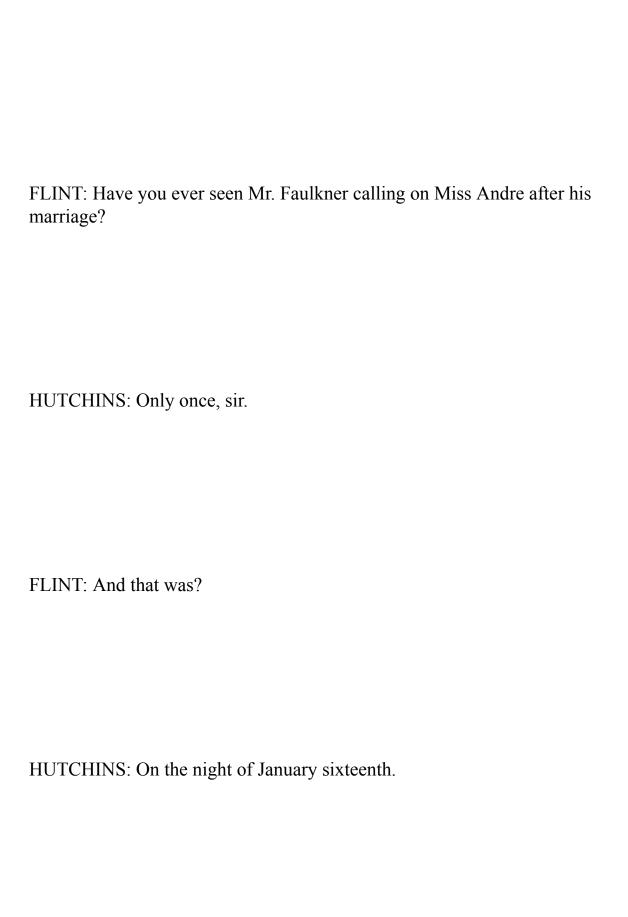
KIRKLAND: No, I did not.
STEVENS: Did you find any indication that death might have been caused by anything other than the fall?
KIRKLAND: No, I did not.
STEVENS: That's all.

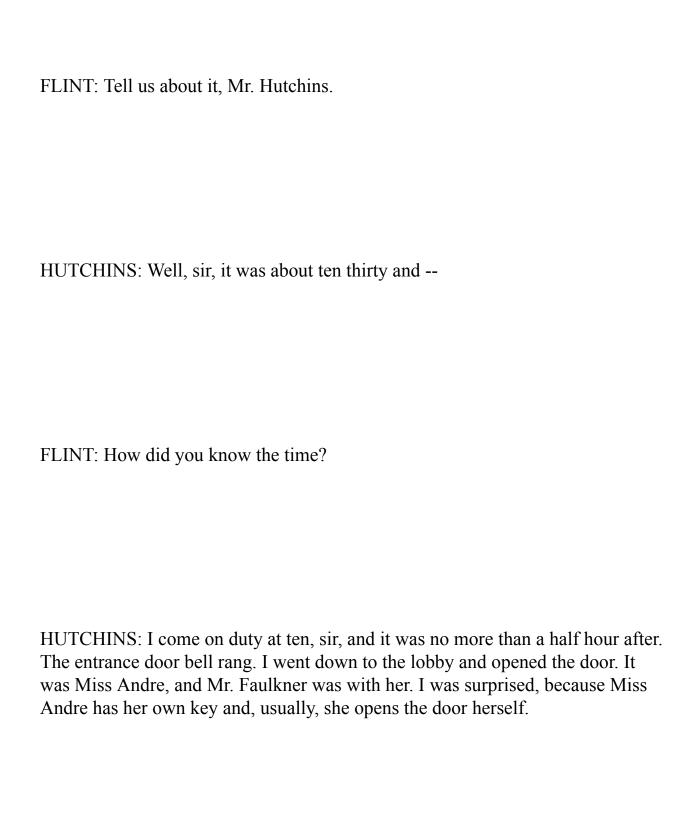


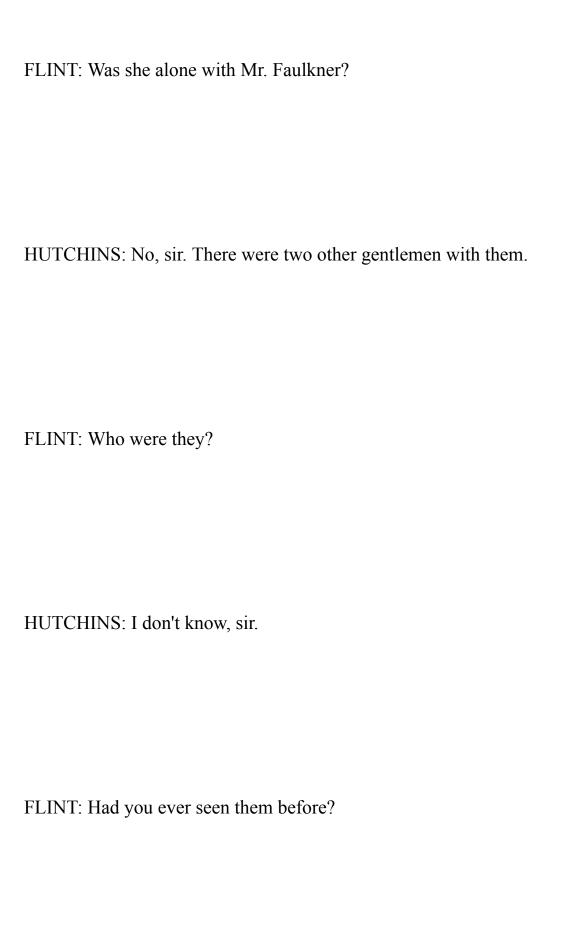
CLERK: You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?	
HUTCHINS: Yes, sir, I do.	
FLINT: What is your name?	
HUTCHINS: [Timidly]John Joseph Hutchins.	

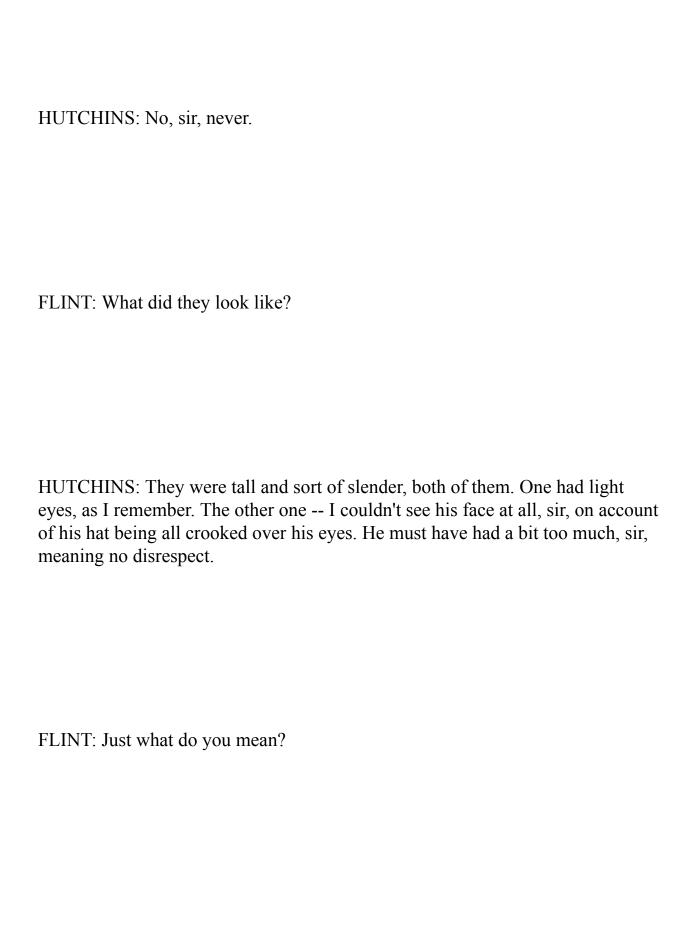




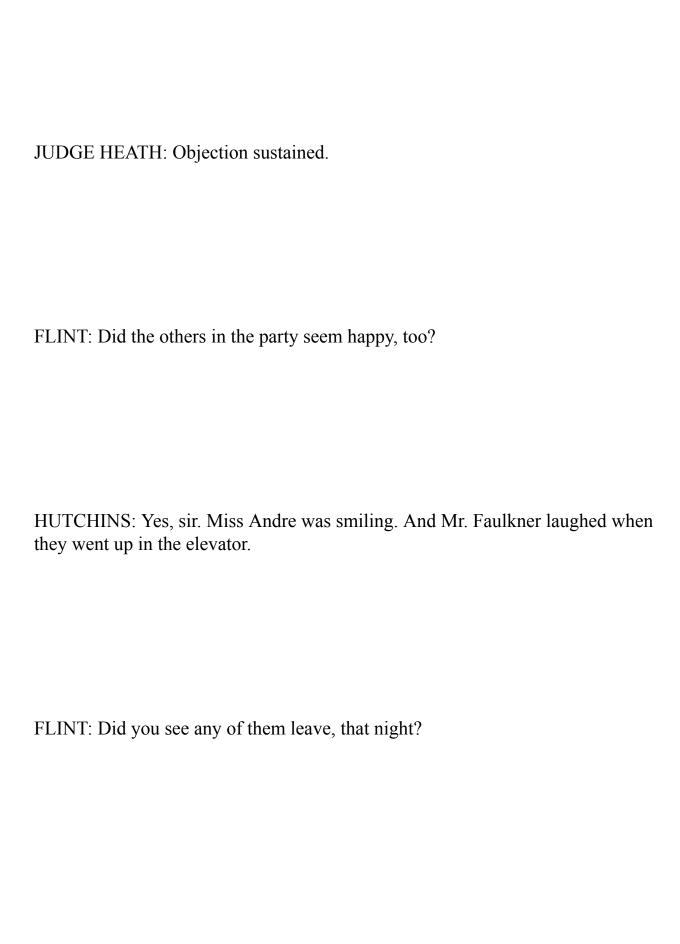


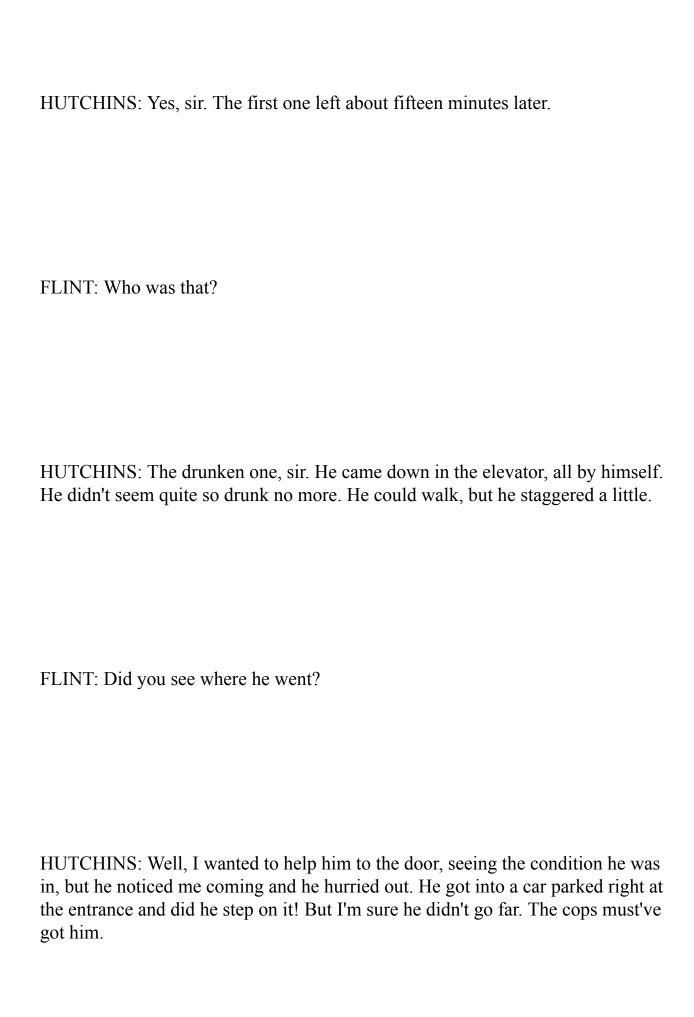


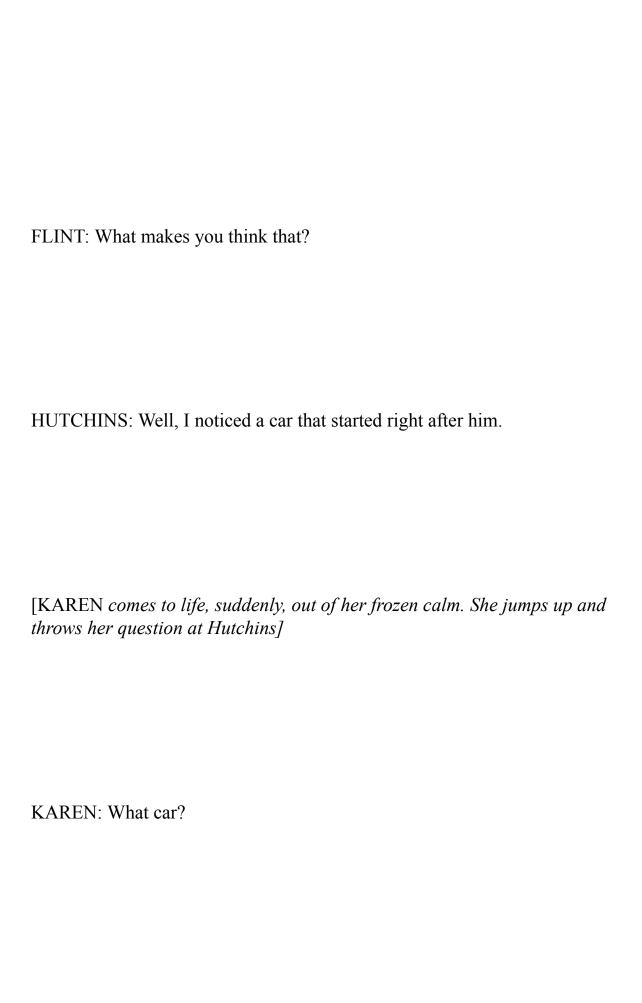


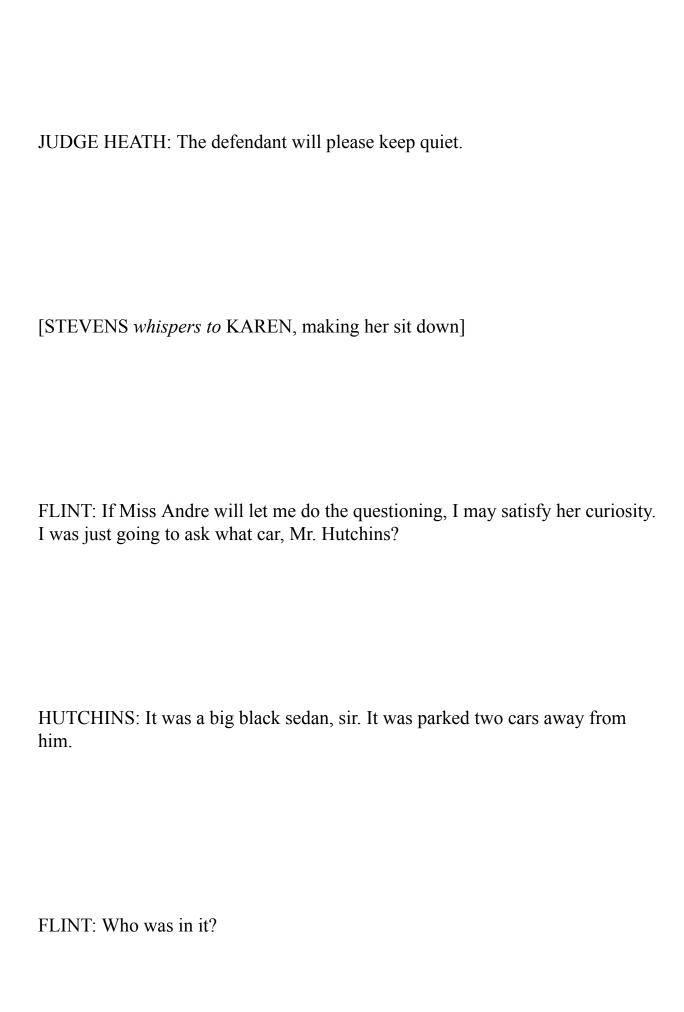


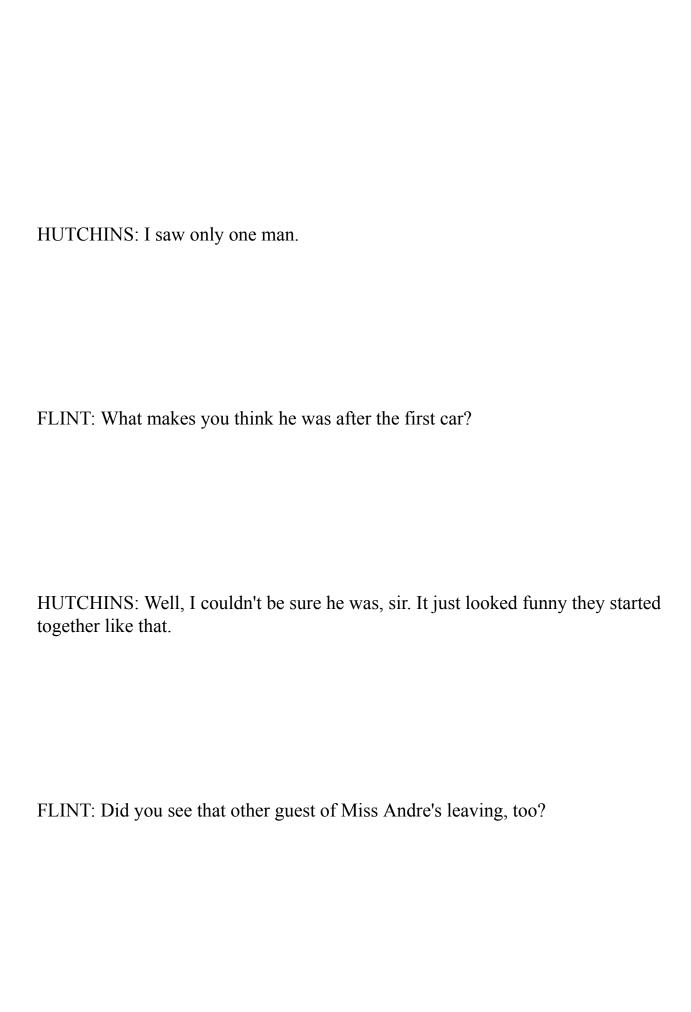
HUTCHINS: Well, he was a bit tight, sir, if I'm permitted to say so. He wasn't very steady on his feet, so that Mr. Faulkner and the other gentleman had to help him. They almost dragged him into the elevator.
FLINT: Did Mr. Faulkner look worried?
HUTCHINS: No, sir. On the contrary, he seemed very happy.
FLINT: Did he look like a man contemplating suicide?
STEVENS: We object, your Honor!

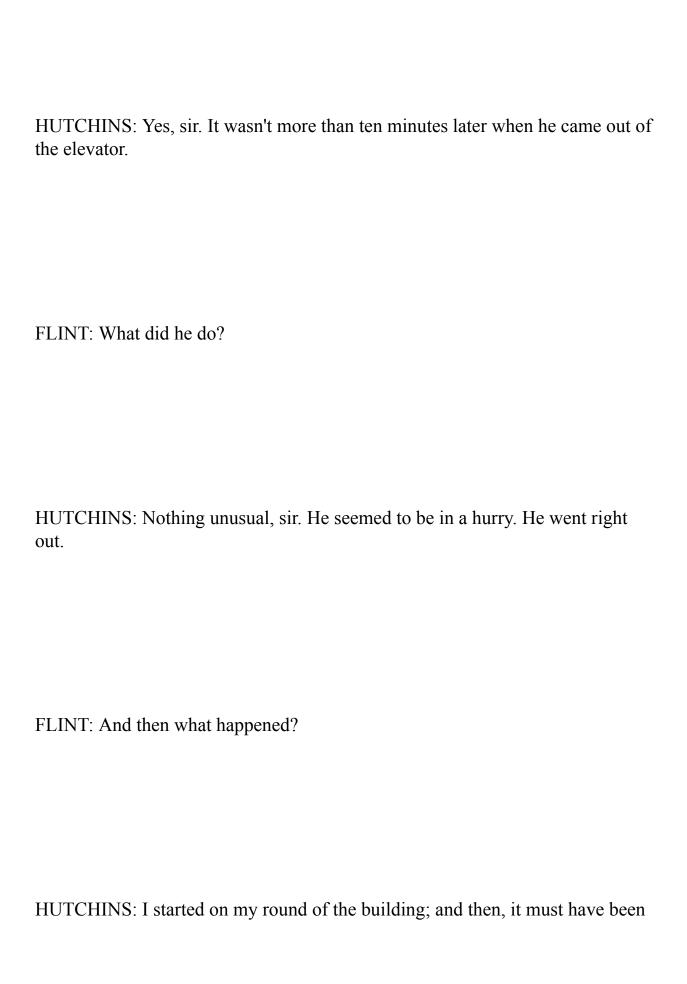


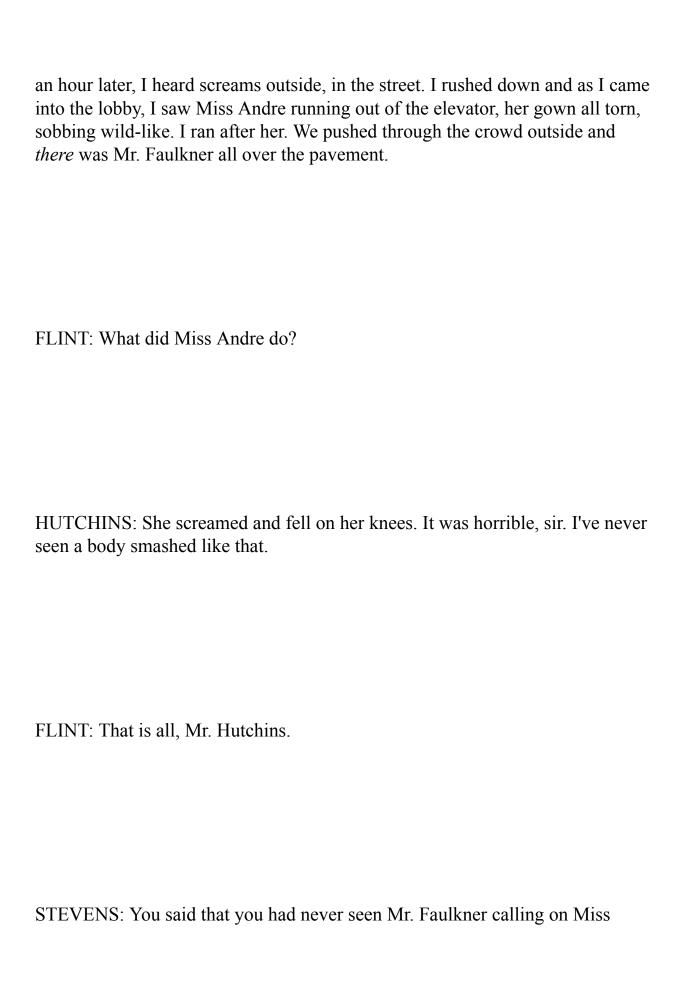


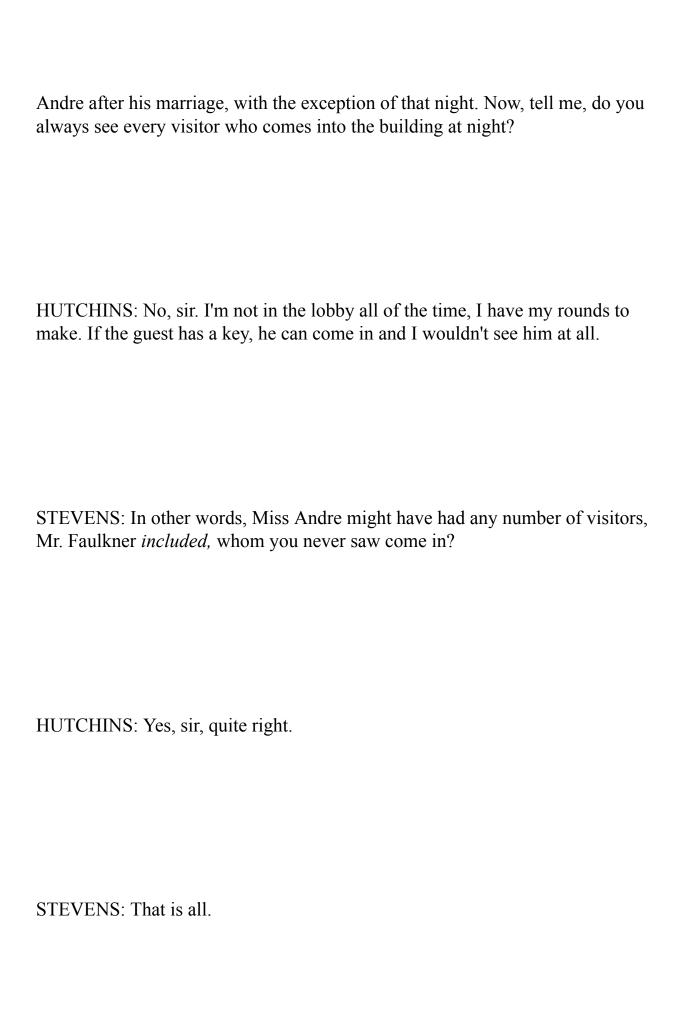


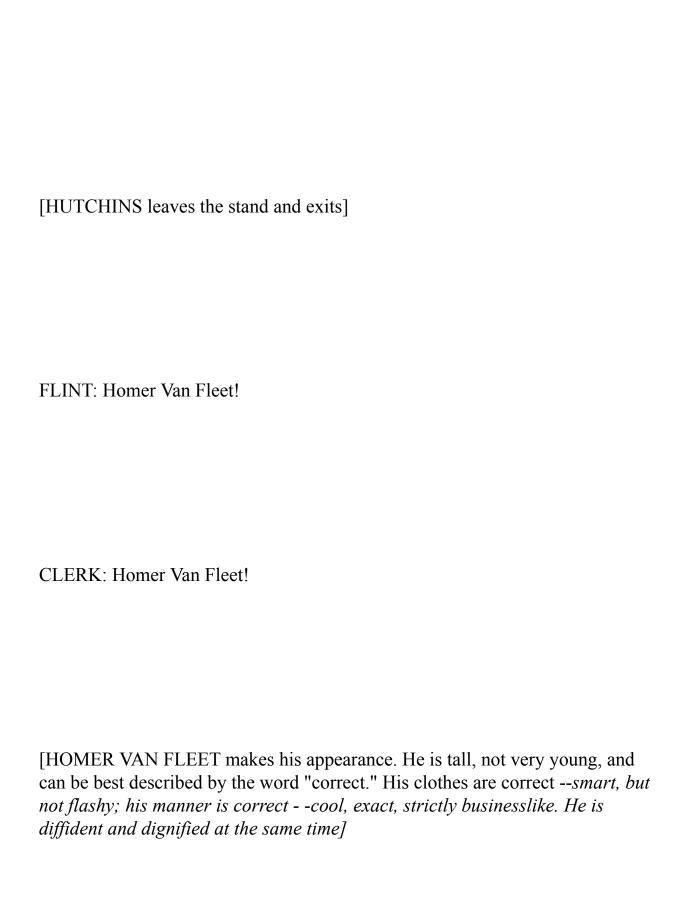




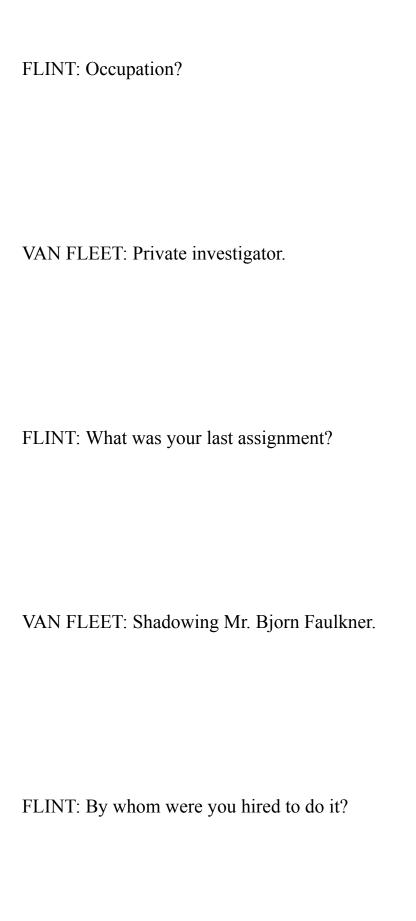


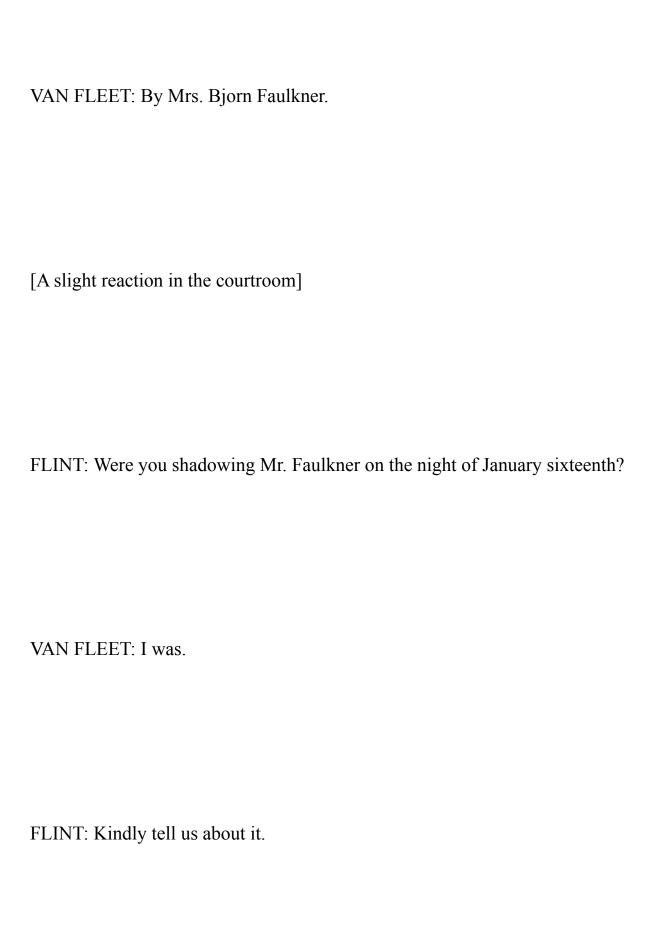


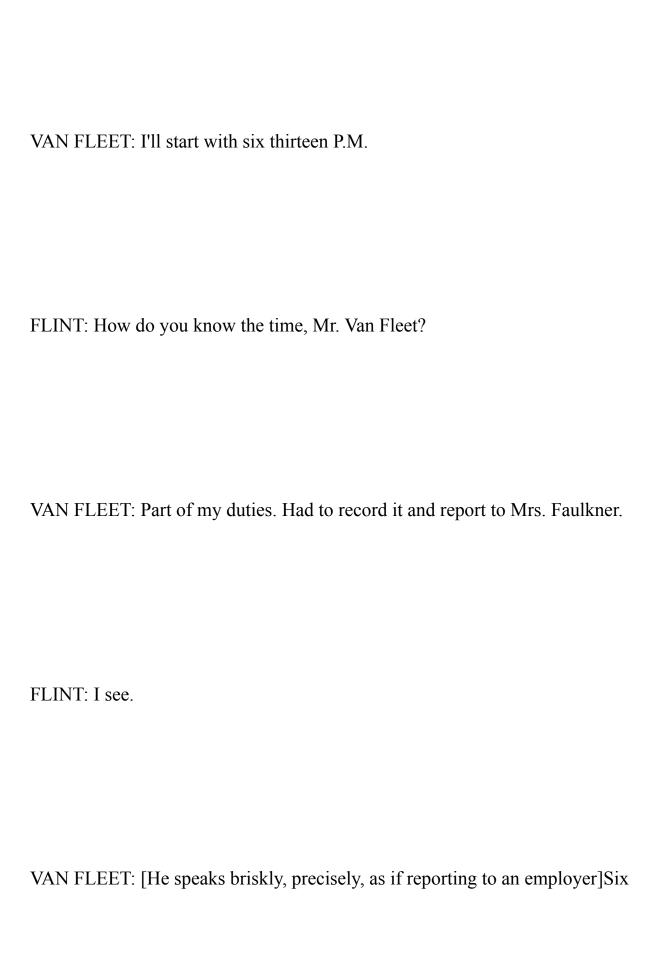


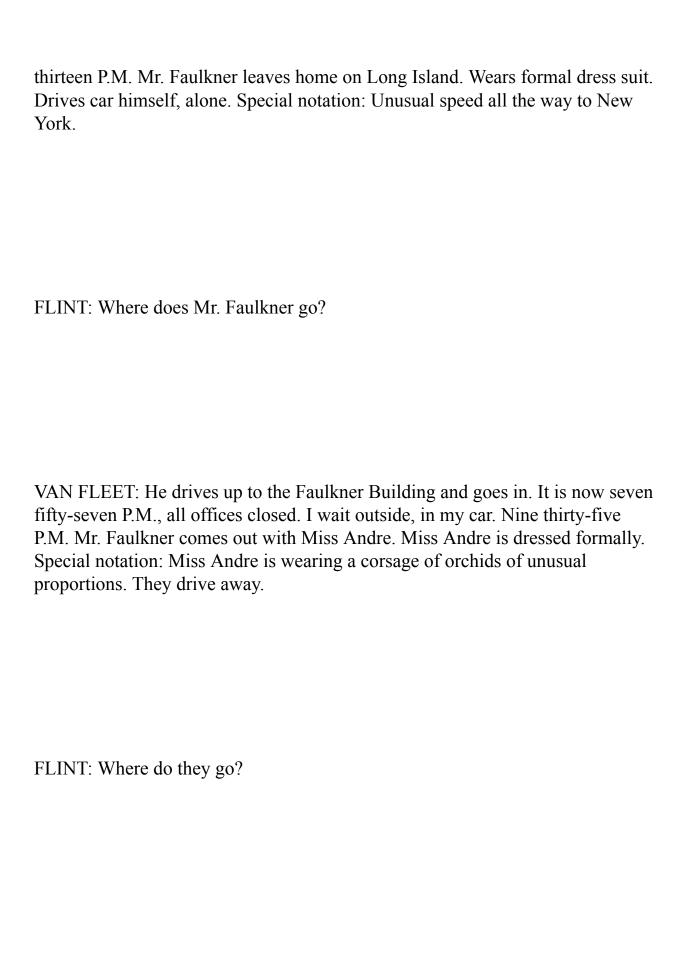


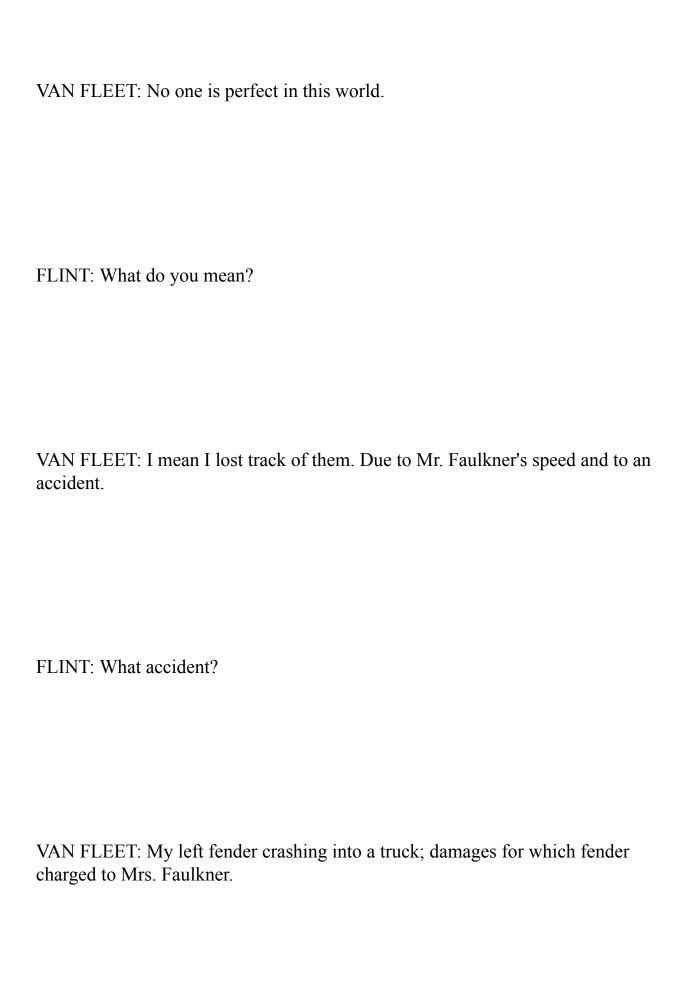
CLERK: You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?	
VAN FLEET: I do.	
FLINT: Your name?	
VAN FLEET: Homer Herbert Van Fleet.	

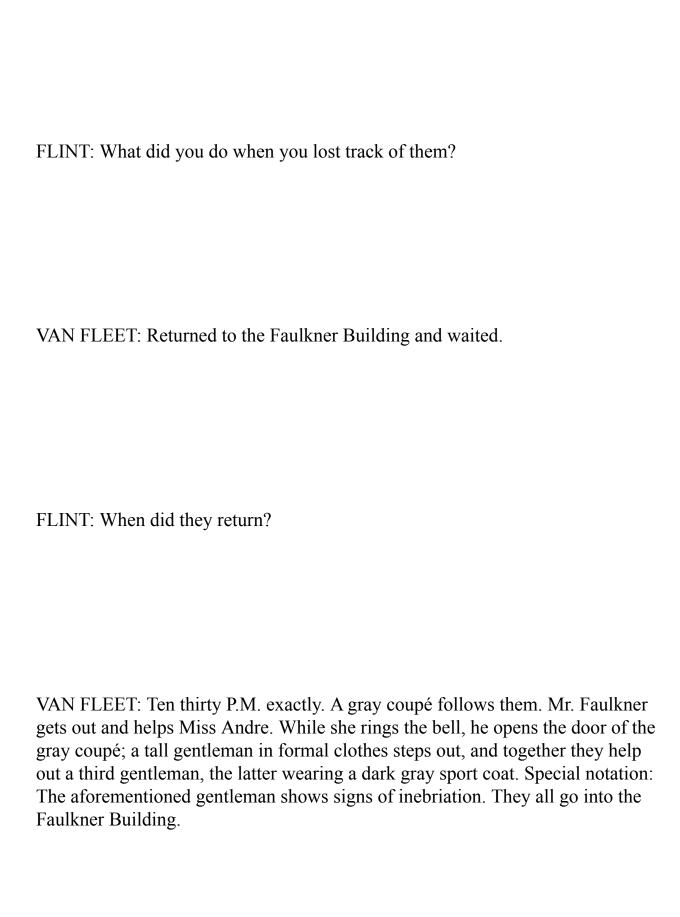


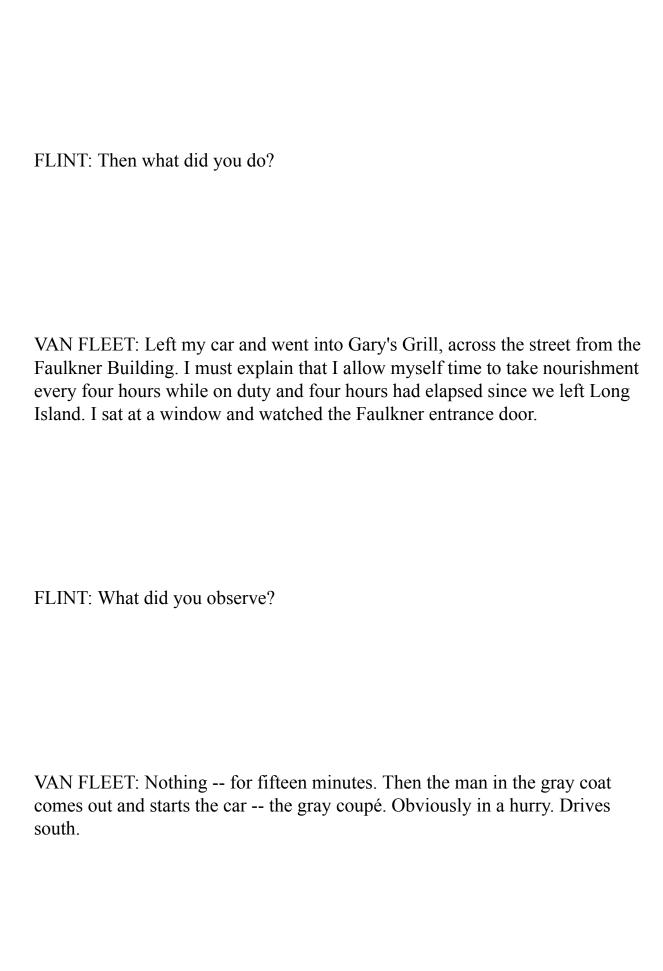


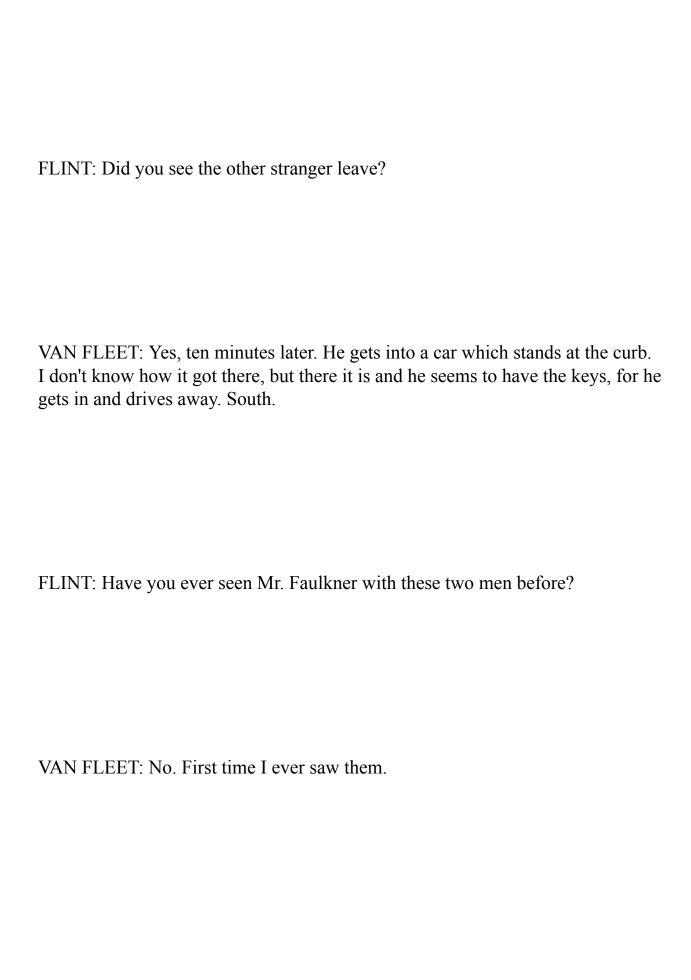


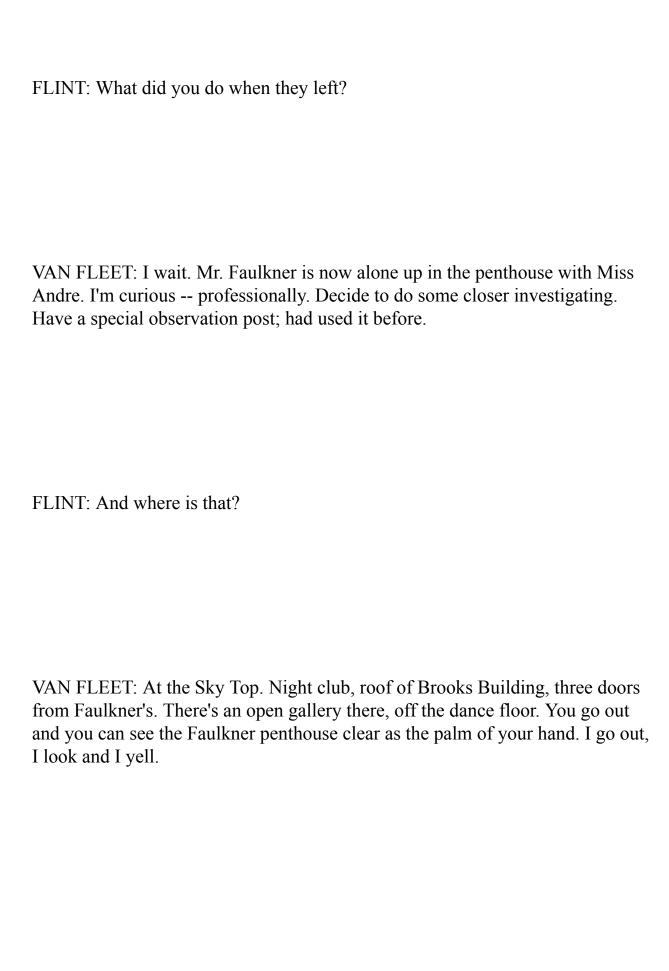


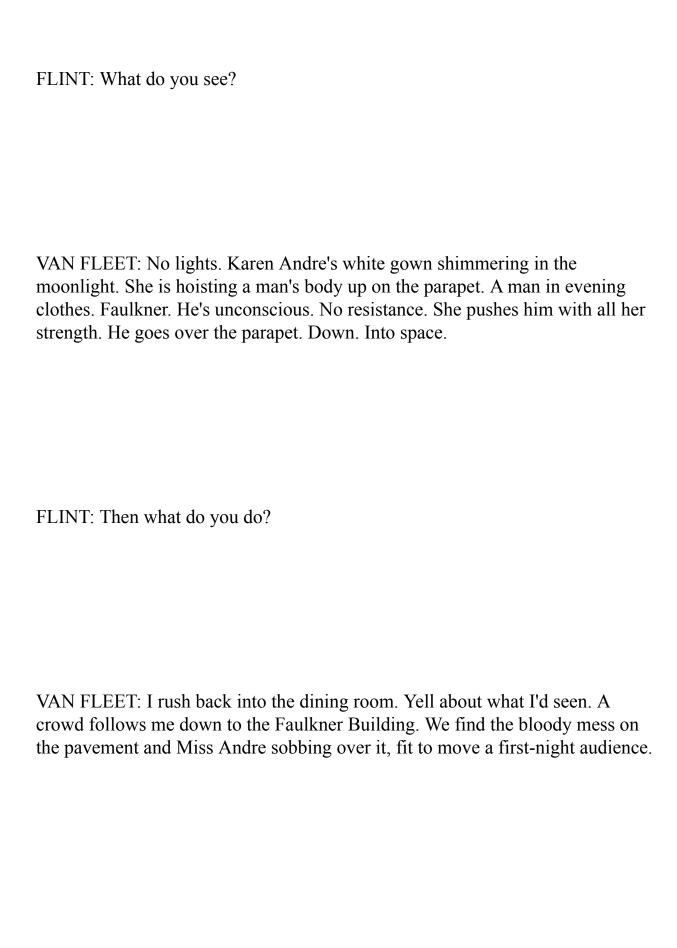


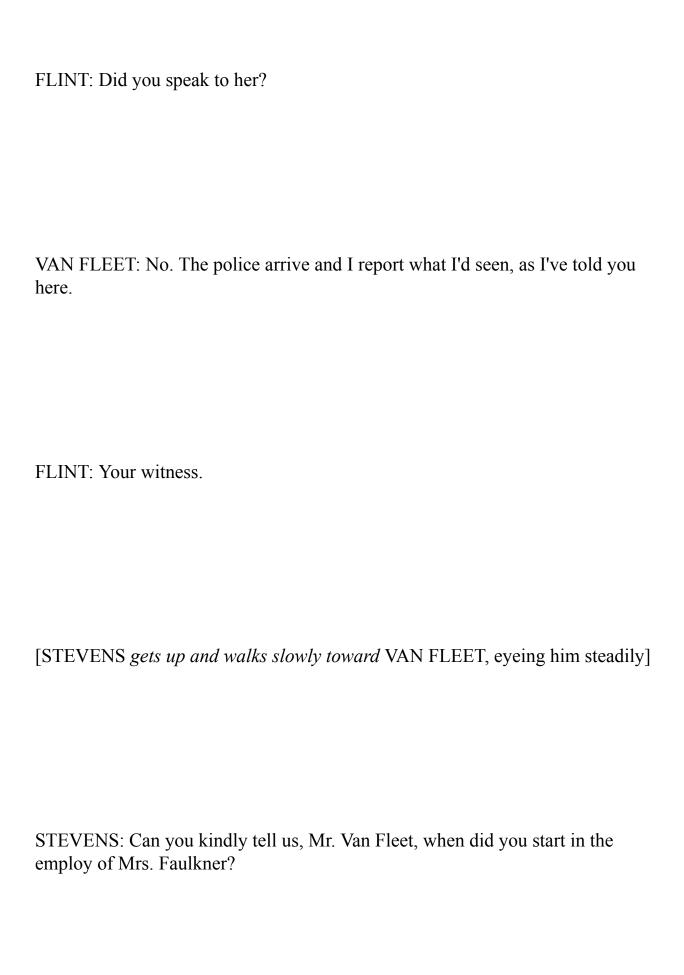


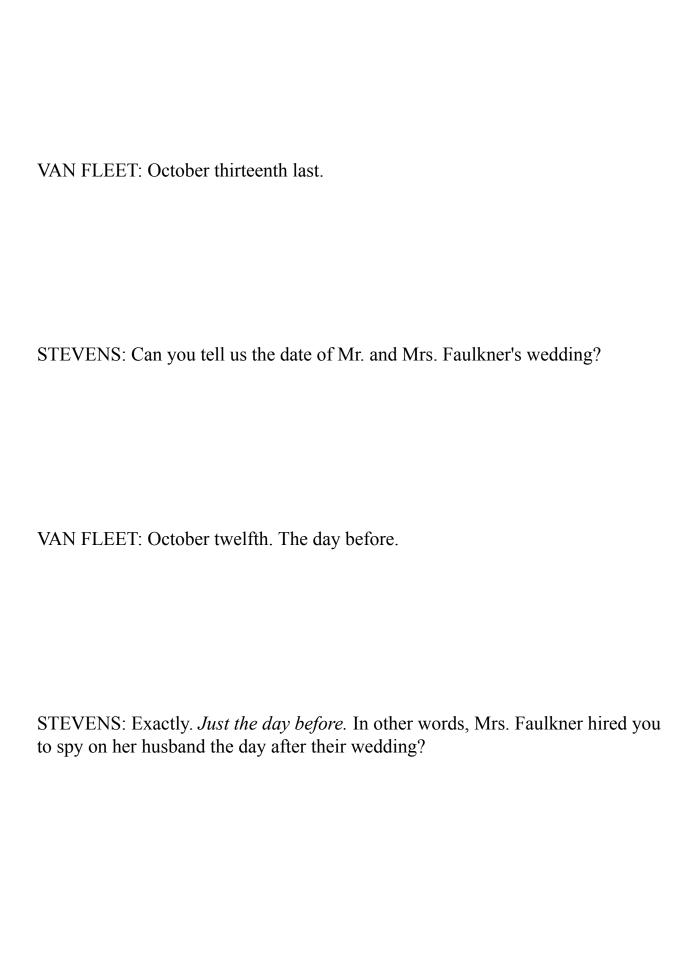


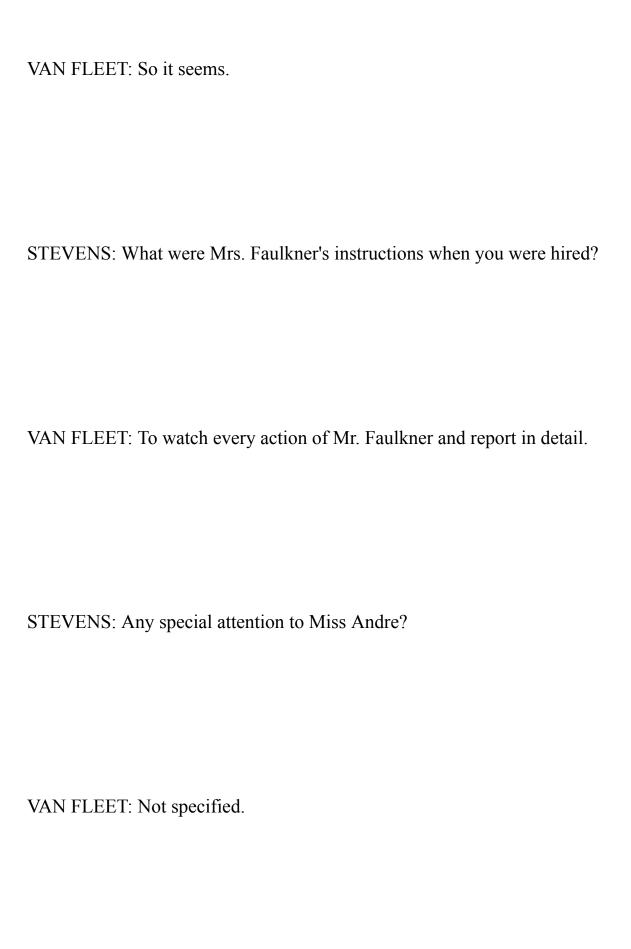




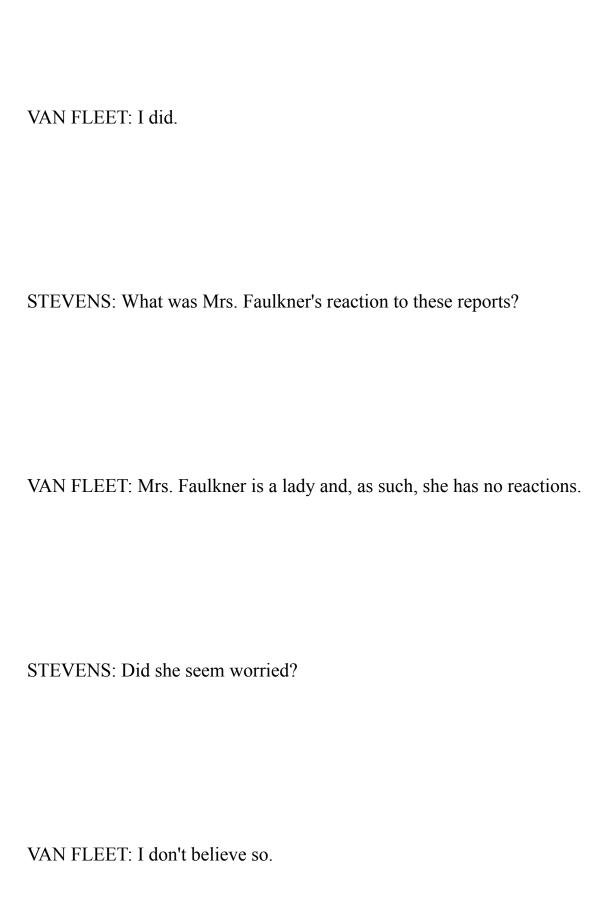




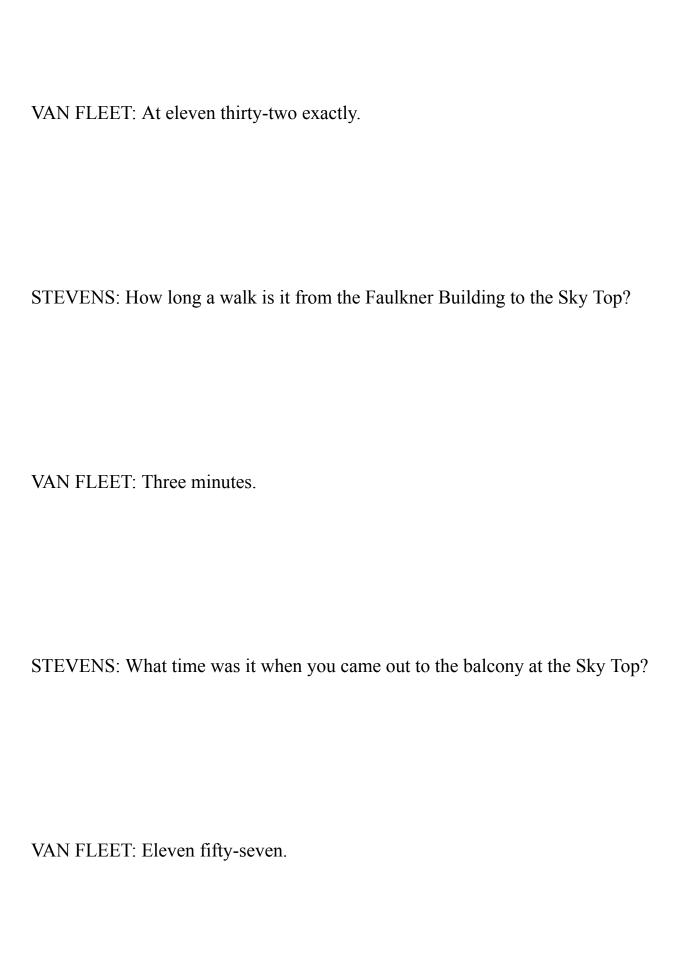


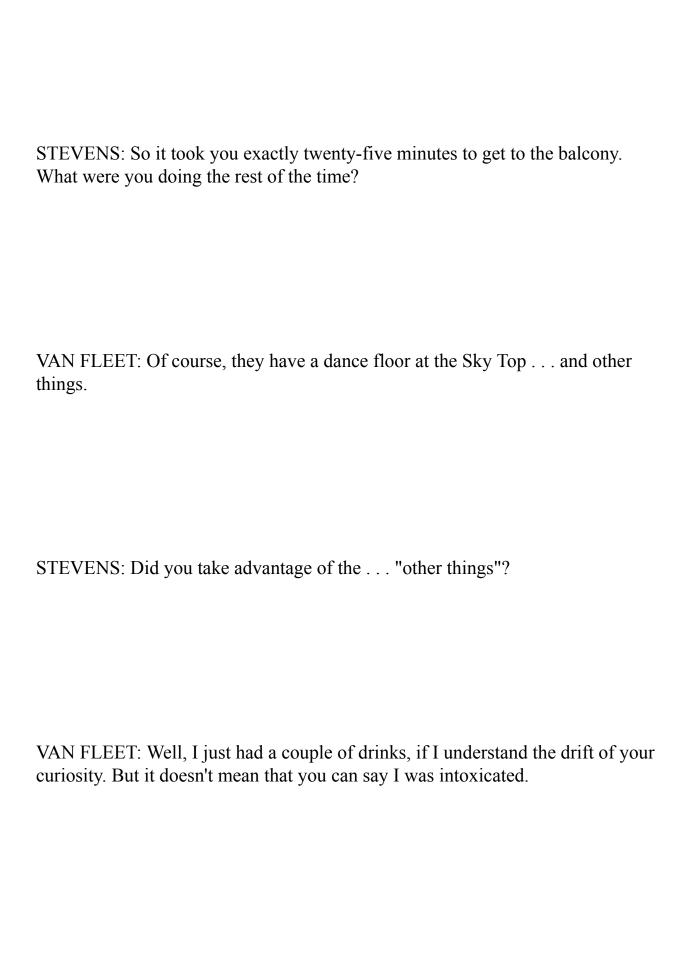


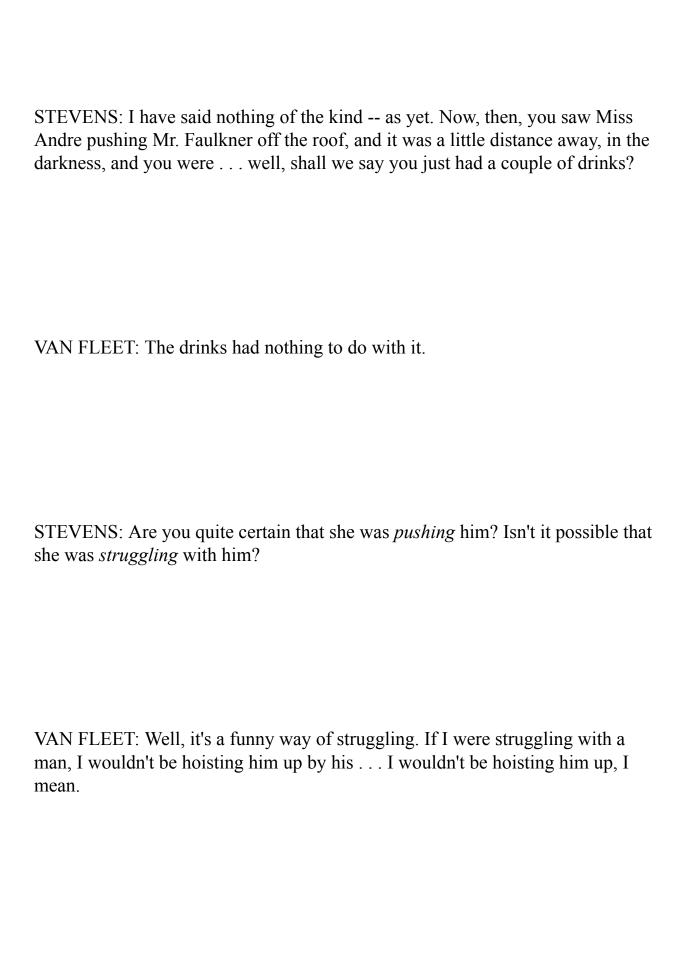
STEVENS: Had Mr. Faulkner been calling on Miss Andre after his marriage?
VAN FLEET: Yes. Frequently.
STEVENS: In the daytime?
VAN FLEET: Seldom.
STEVENS: Did you report that to Mrs. Faulkner?



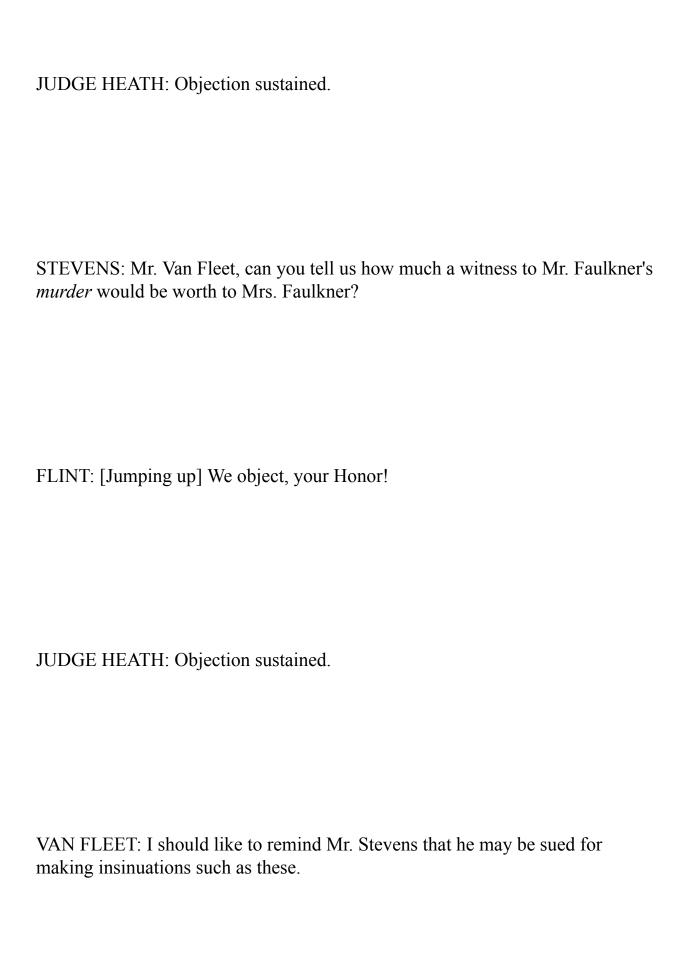
[He declaims in a slightly unnatural manner]
Mr. Faulkner was the most devoted of husbands and he loved his wife dearly.
STEVENS: Just how do you know that?
VAN FLEET: Those are Mrs. Faulkner's own words.
STEVENS: Now, Mr. Van Fleet, can you tell us exactly what time you started for the Sky Top Night Club on the evening of January sixteenth?





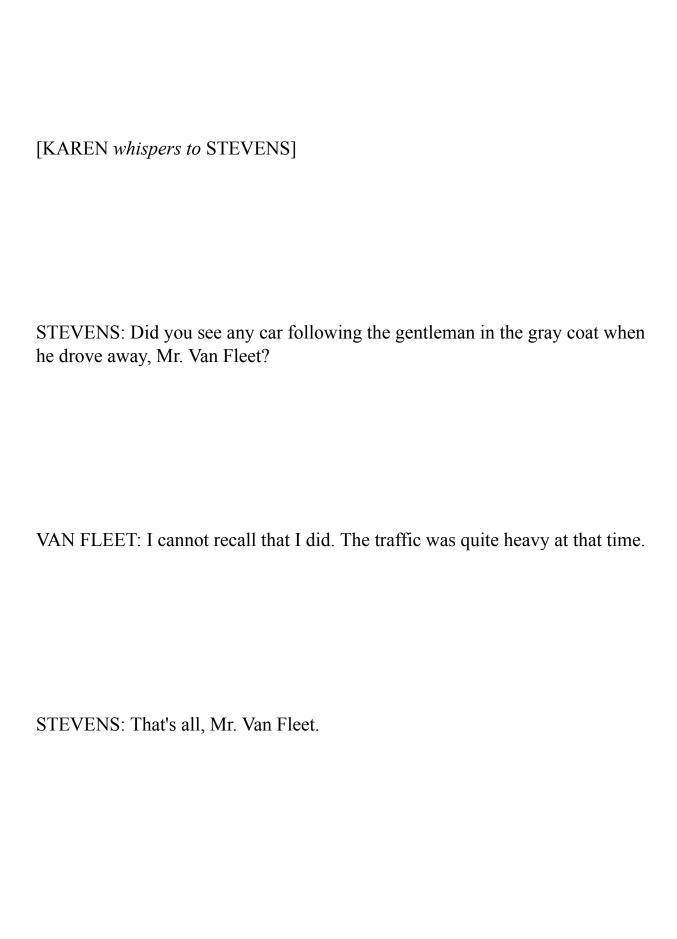


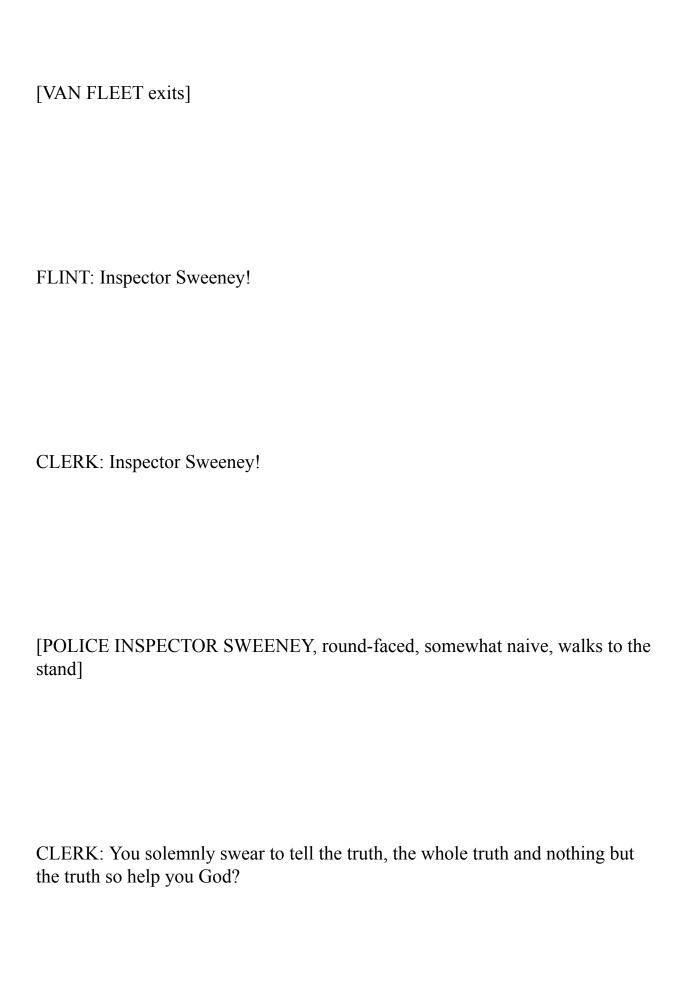
STEVENS: Mr. Van Fleet, what were Mrs. Faulkner's instructions to you before you came here to testify?
VAN FLEET: [With indignation]I received no instructions of any kind. I may inform you that Mrs. Faulkner is not here to instruct me, were she inclined to do so. She has been taken to California by her father to rest her shattered nerves.
STEVENS: Mr. Van Fleet, do you think that Mr. Faulkner's suicide is very flattering to Mrs. Faulkner?
FLINT: We object!



STEVENS: I made no insinuation, Mr. Van Fleet. I merely asked a question in a general way.
VAN FLEET: Well, I would like to inform you in a general way that perjury is not part of a private investigator's duties.
STEVENS: No special notations to the rule?
VAN FLEET: None!

STEVENS: That is all, Mr. Van Fleet.
KAREN: Not quite. I want you to ask him two more questions, Stevens.
STEVENS: Certainly, Miss Andre. What are the questions?
[KAREN whispers to STEVENS; he is astonished]
STEVENS: What kind of a car do you drive, Mr. Van Fleet?
VAN FLEET: [Astonished, too]A brown Buick coupé. Last year's model. Old but serviceable.





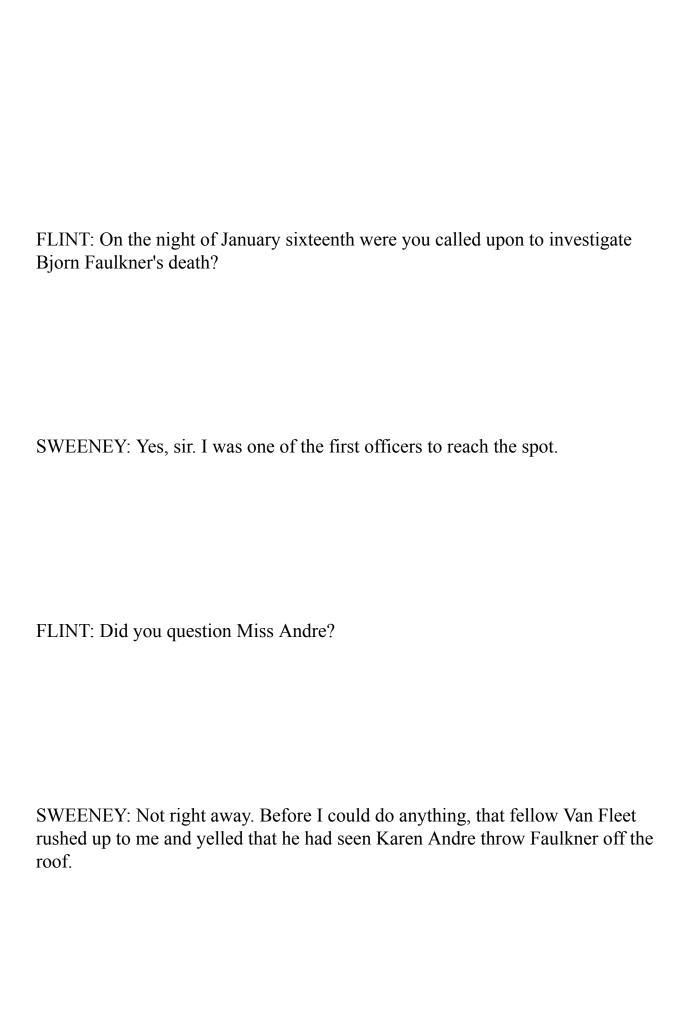
SWEENEY: I do.

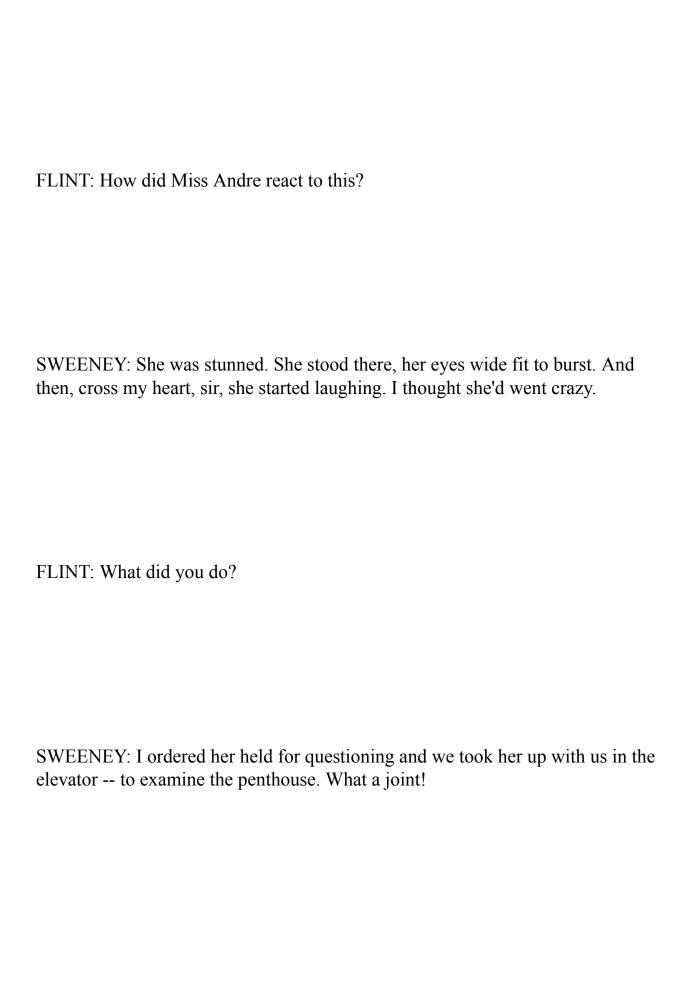
FLINT: Your name?

SWEENEY: Elmer Sweeney.

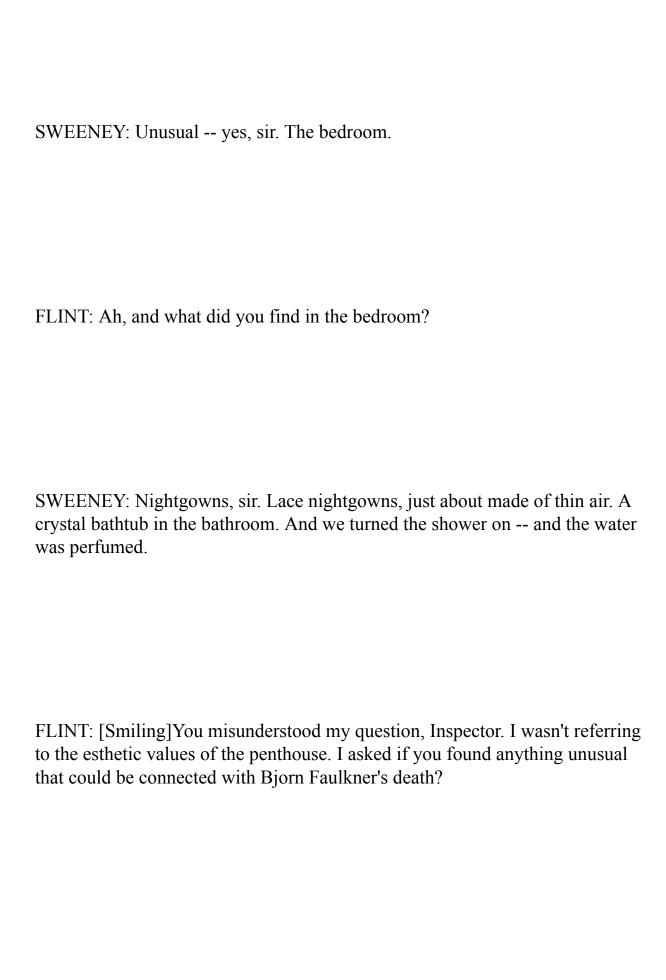
FLINT: Your occupation?

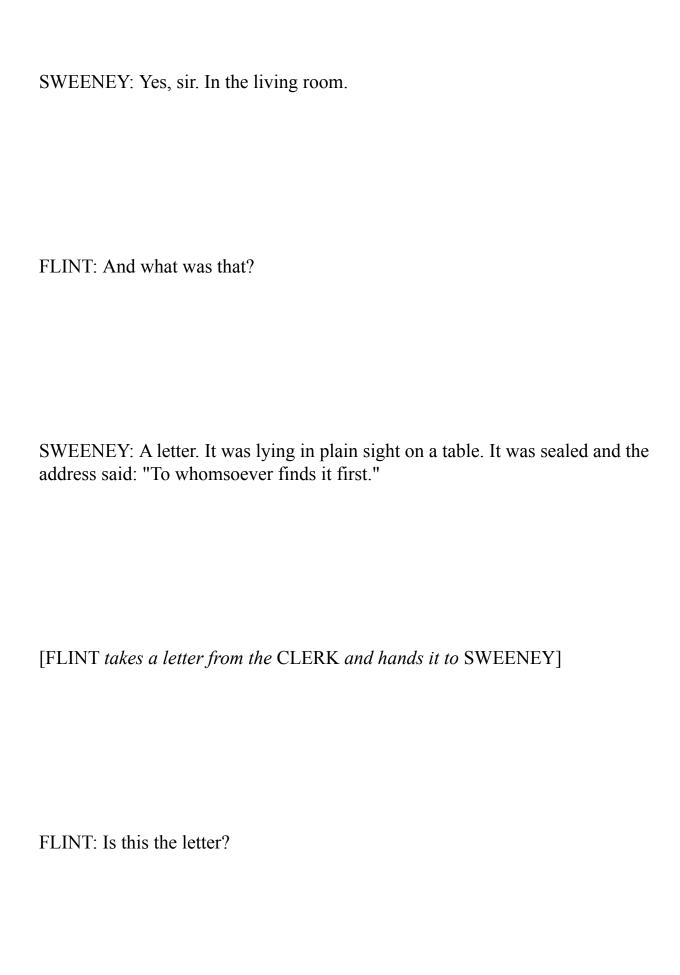
SWEENEY: Inspector of Police.

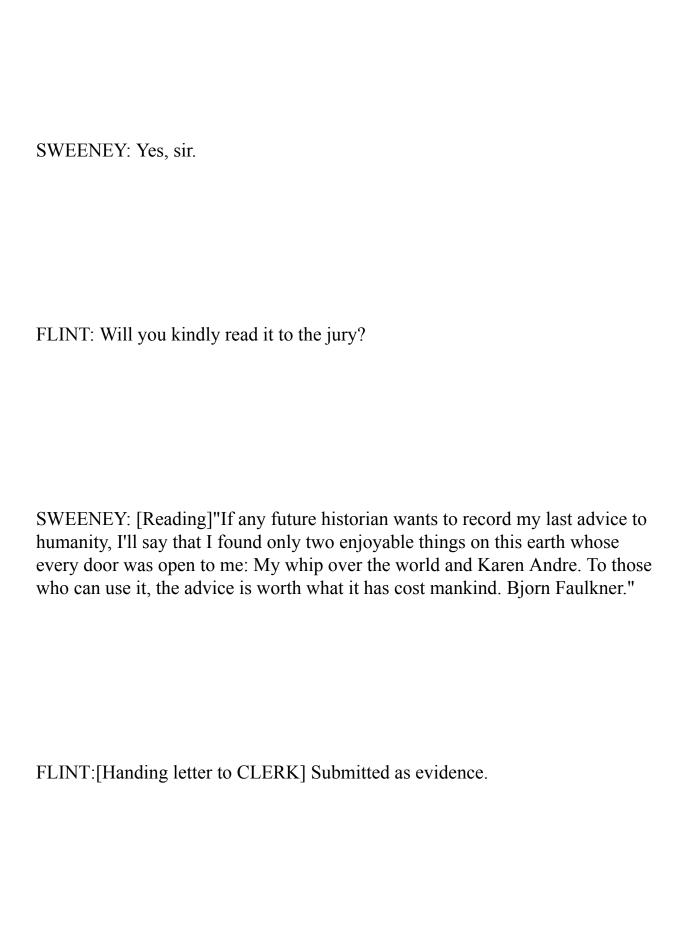


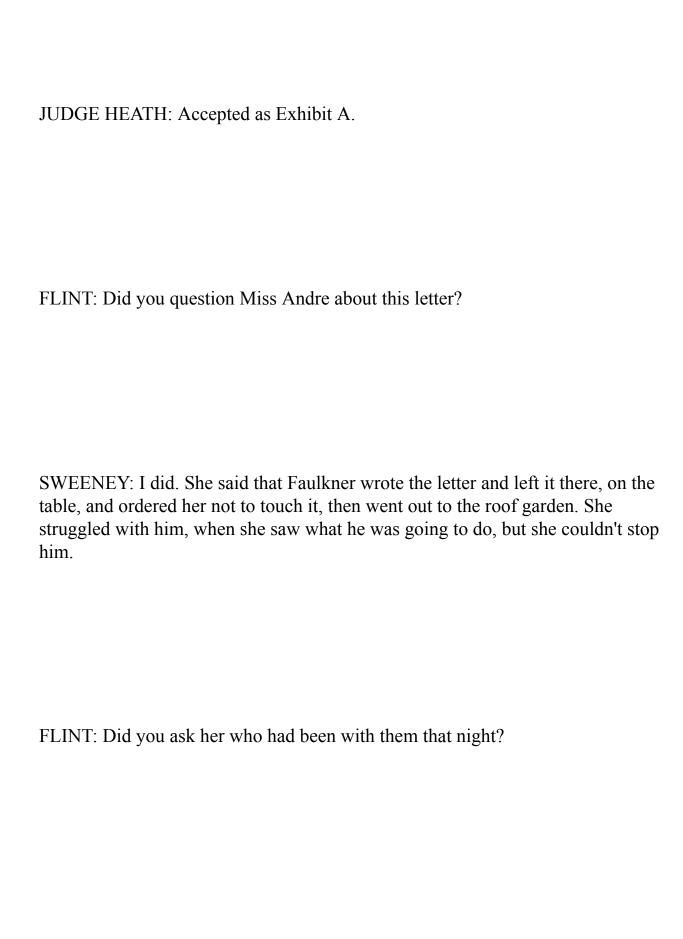


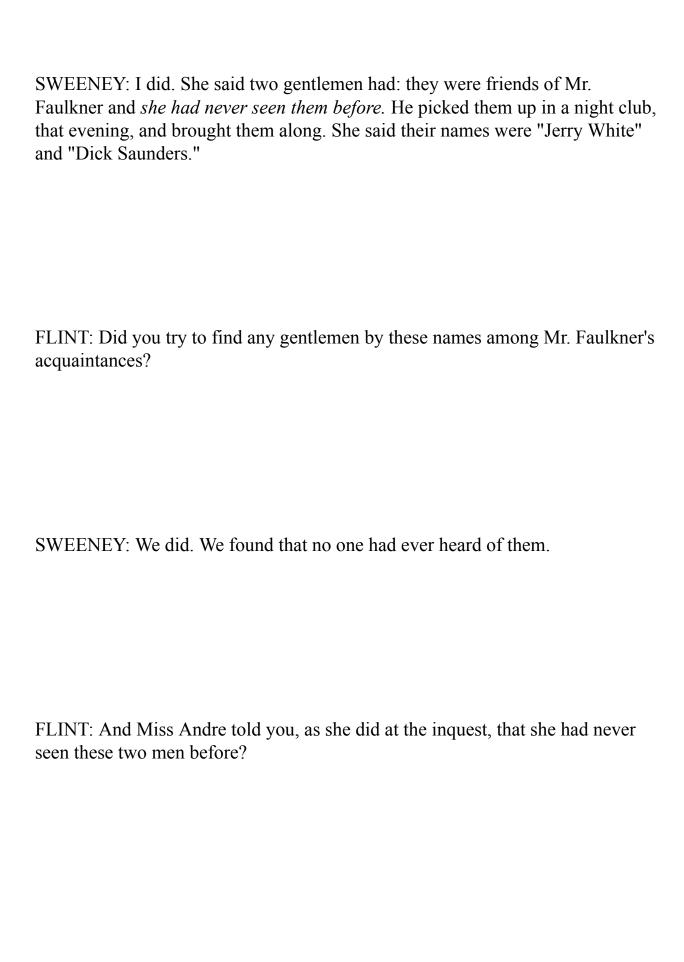
FLINT: Did you find anything unusual?

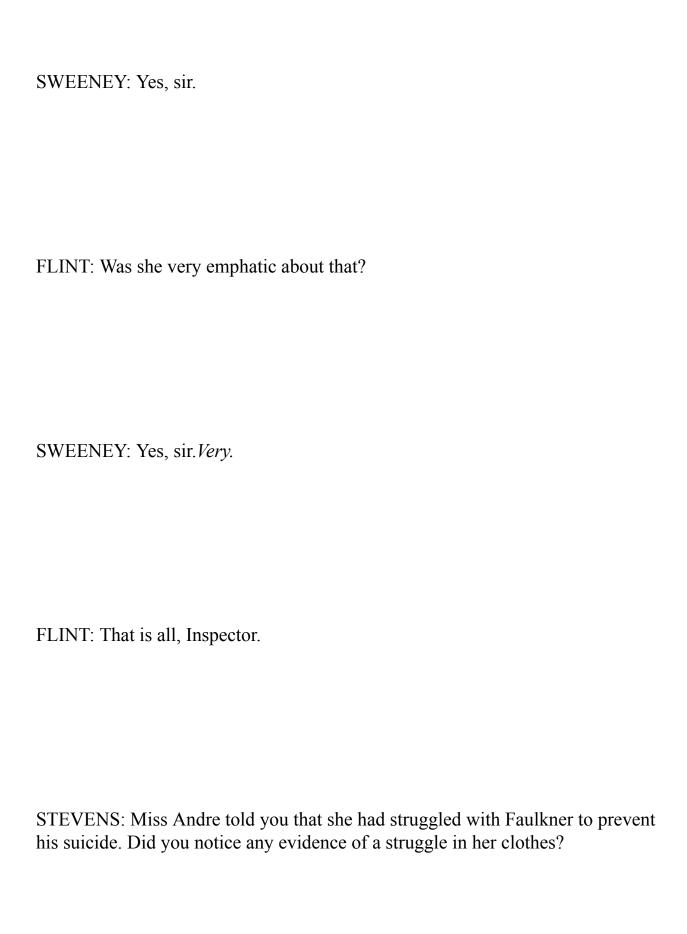




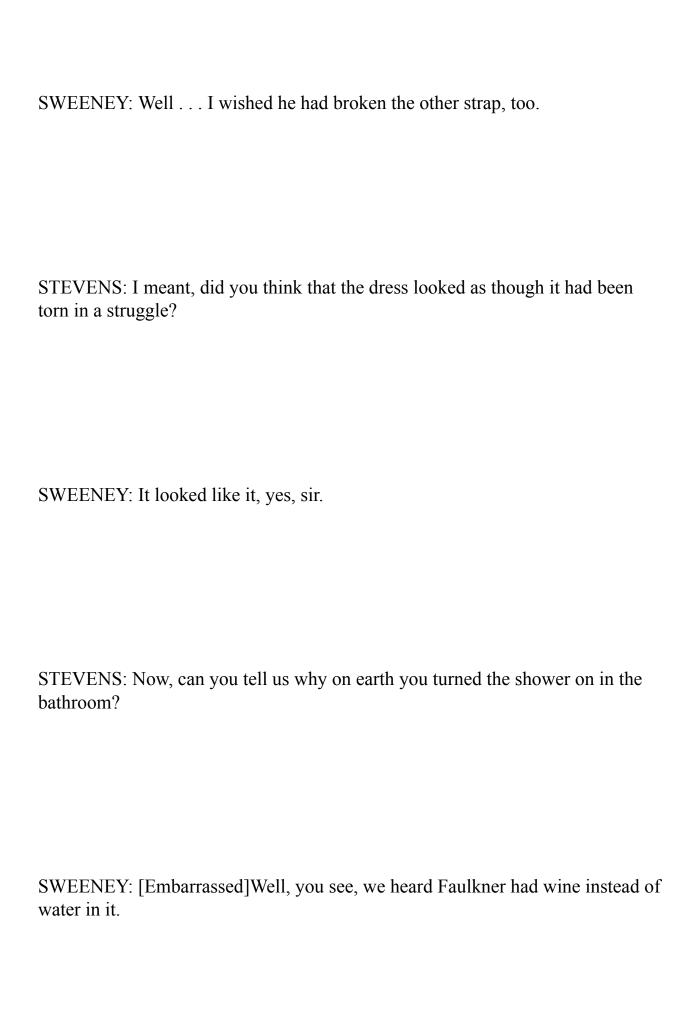






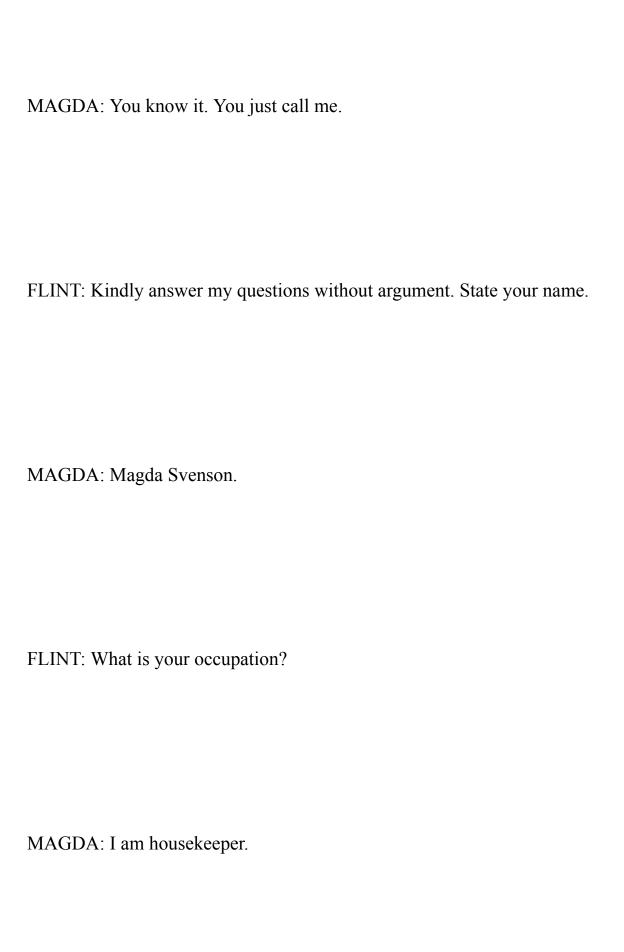


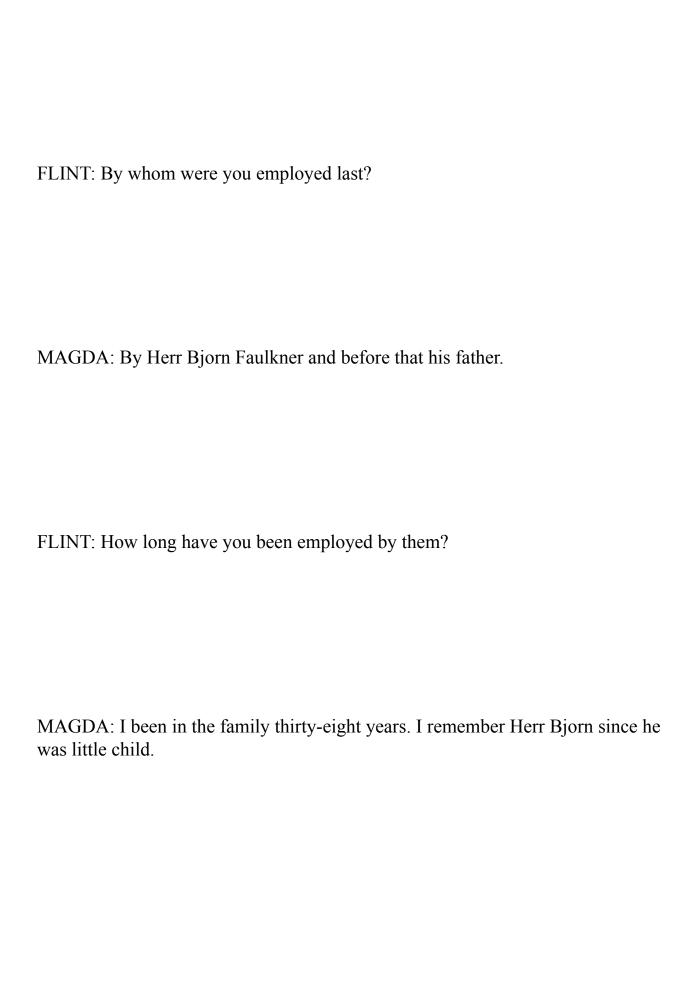
SWEENEY: Yes, sir. Her dress was torn. It had diamond shoulder straps, and one of them was broken, so that she had to hold the dress up with one hand.
STEVENS: What did you think of that?
SWEENEY: [Embarrassed]Do I have to answer?
STEVENS: You certainly do.

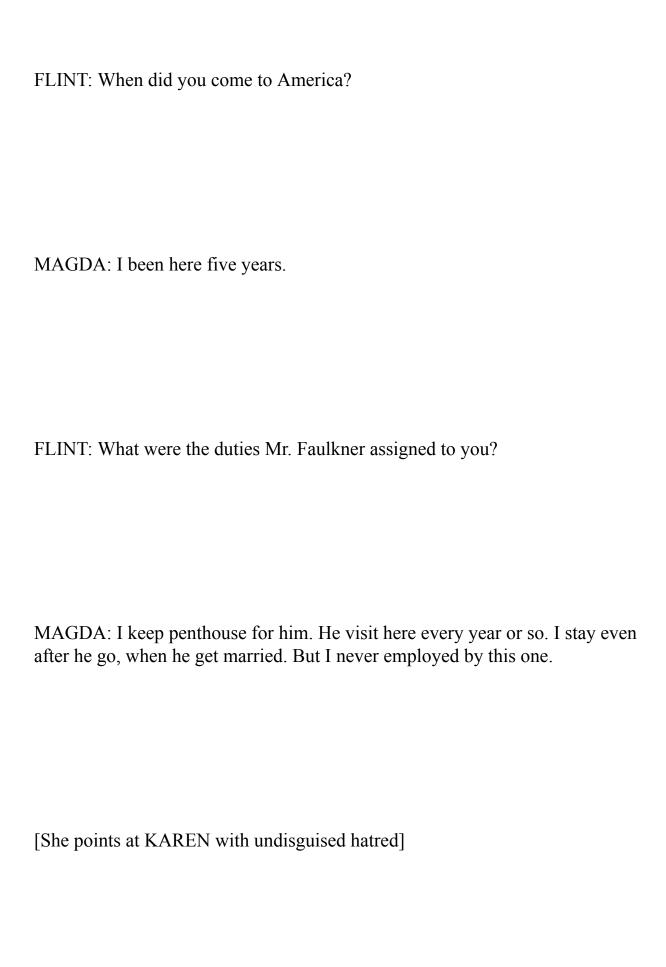


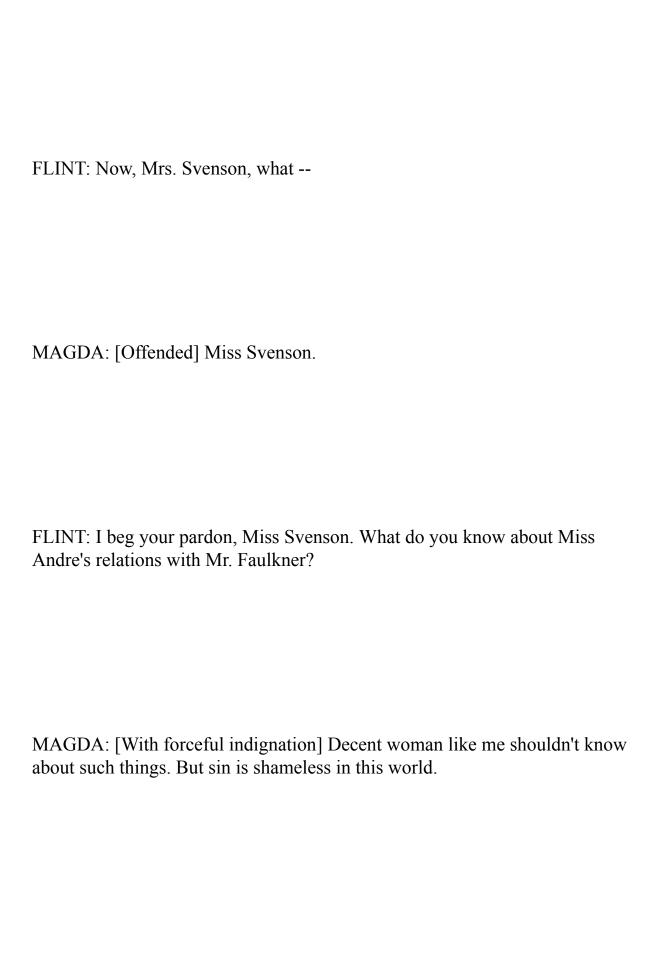
STEVENS: [Laughing] You mustn't believe all the legends you hear about Bjorn Faulkner That's all, Inspector.
[SWEENEY leaves the stand and exits]
FLINT: Magda Svenson!
CLERK: Magda Svenson!

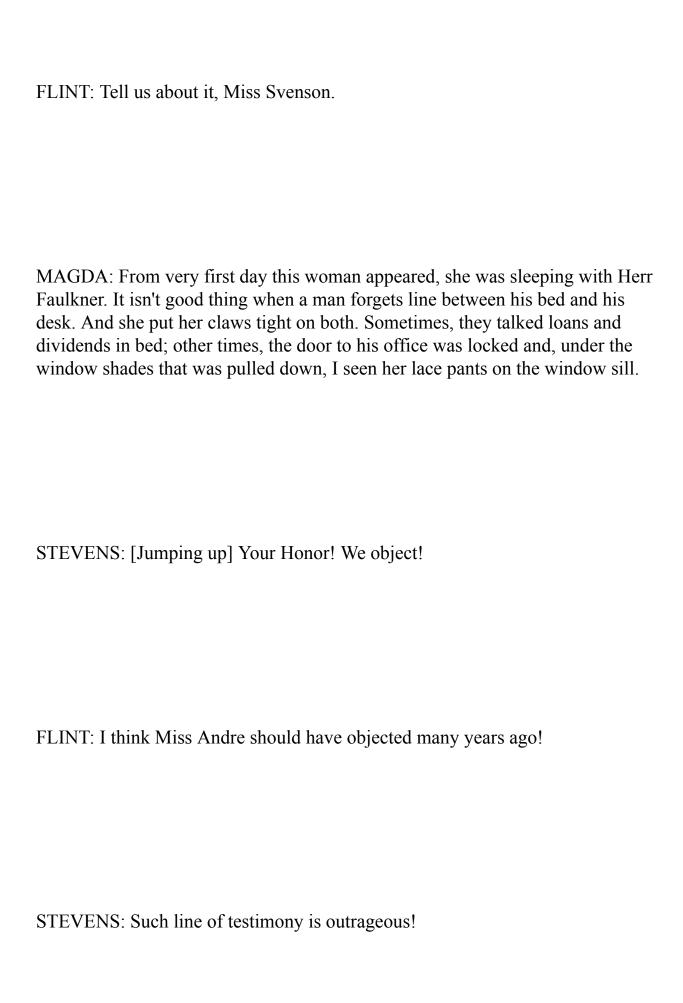
[MAGDA SVENSON enters and waddles toward the witness stand. She is fat, middle-aged, with tight, drawn lips, suspicious eyes, an air of offended righteousness. Her clothes are plain, old-fashioned, meticulously neat]
You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?
MAGDA: [Speaks with a pronounced Swedish accent] I swear. [She takes the Bible, raises it slowly to her lips, kisses it solemnly, and hands it back, taking the whole ceremony with a profound religious seriousness]
FLINT: What is your name?

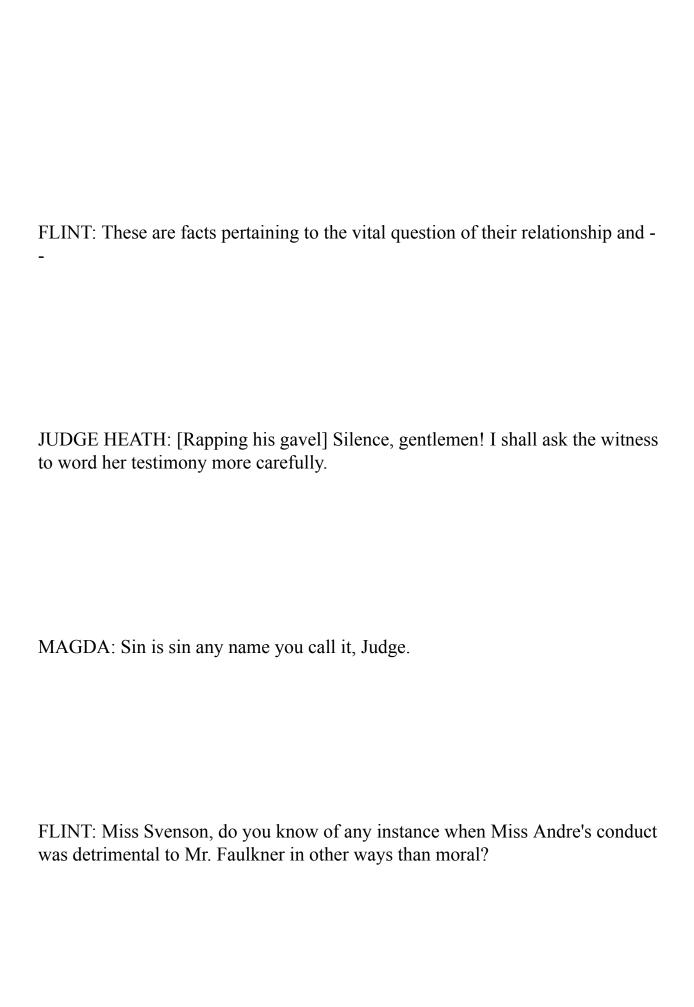


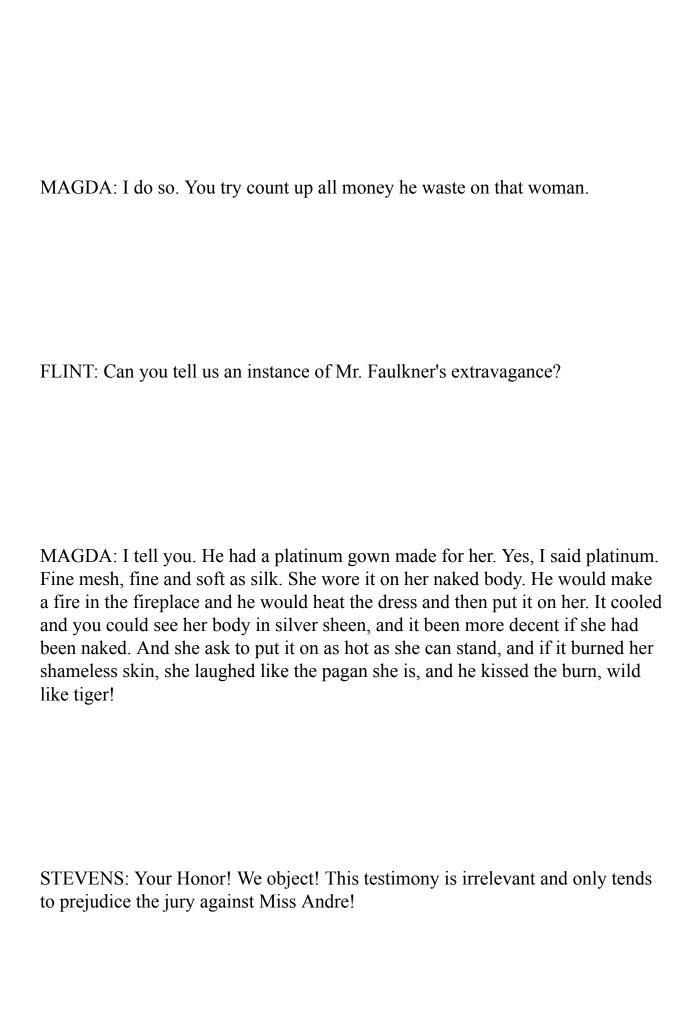


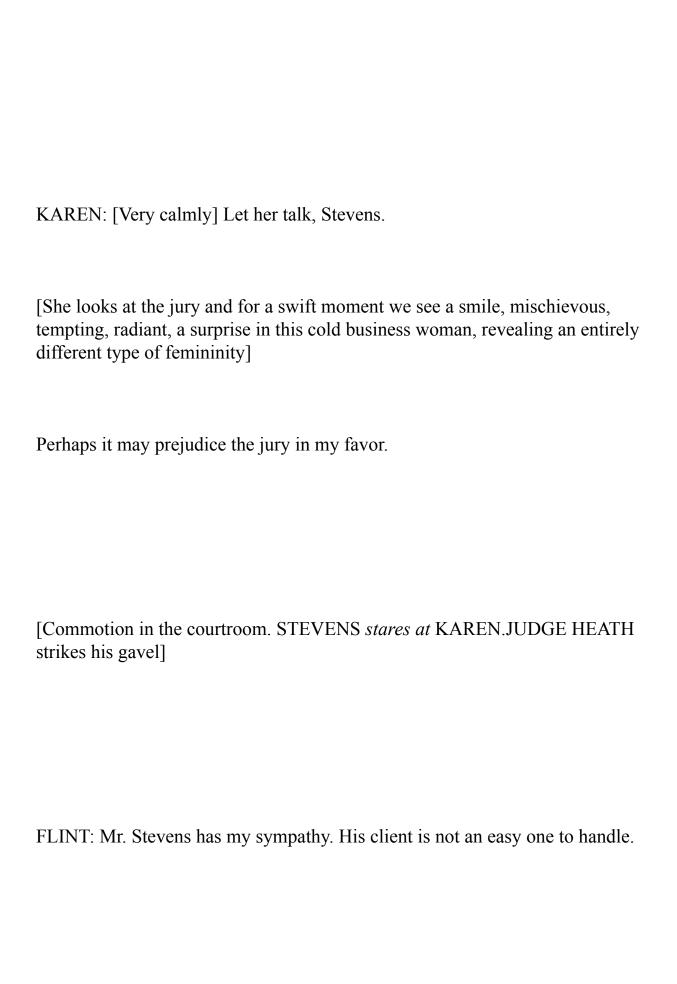


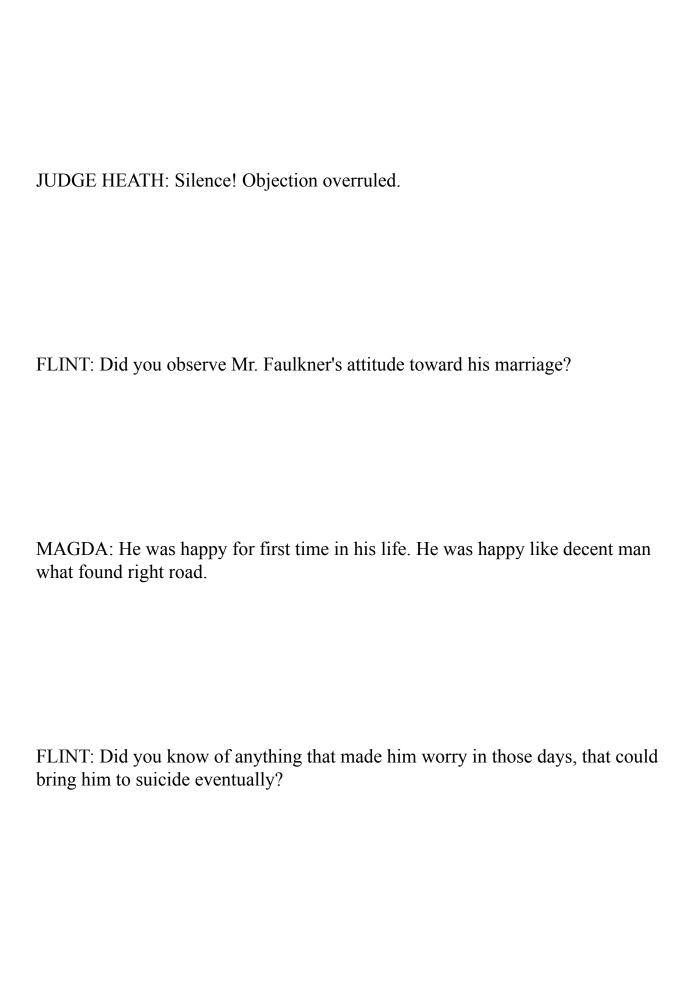


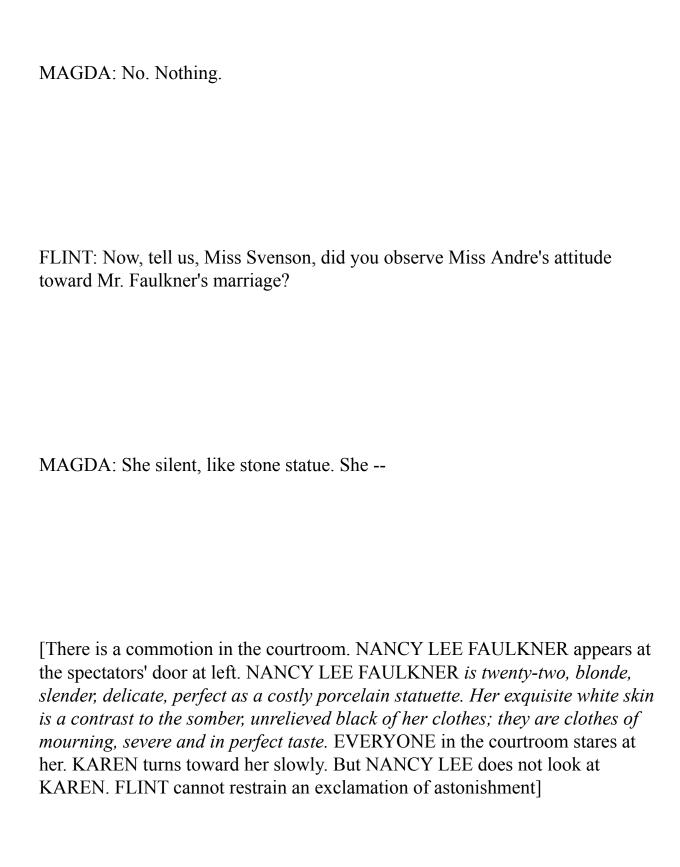


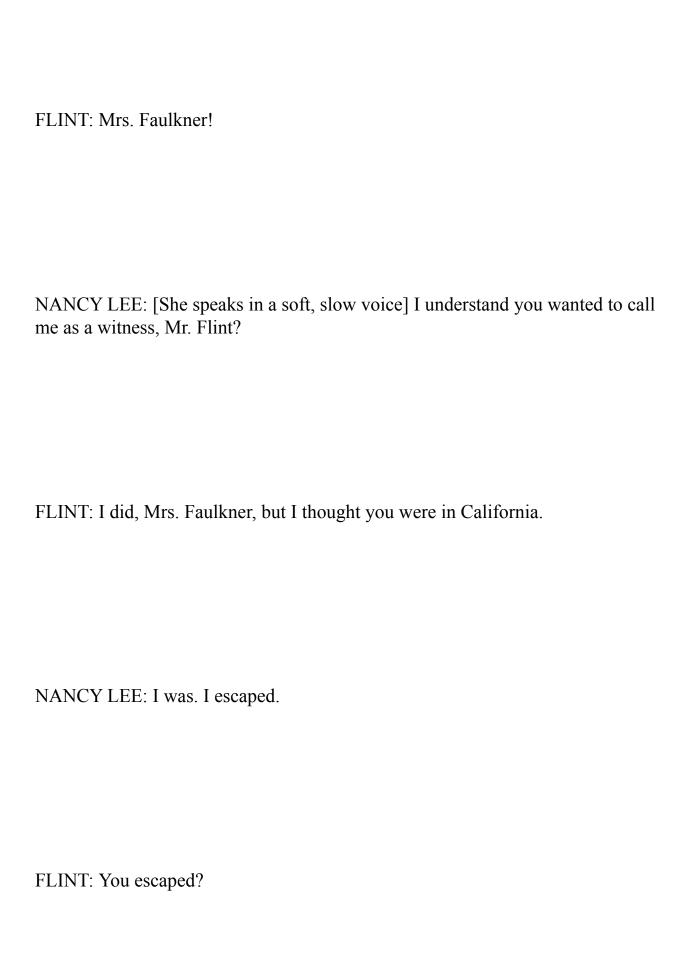


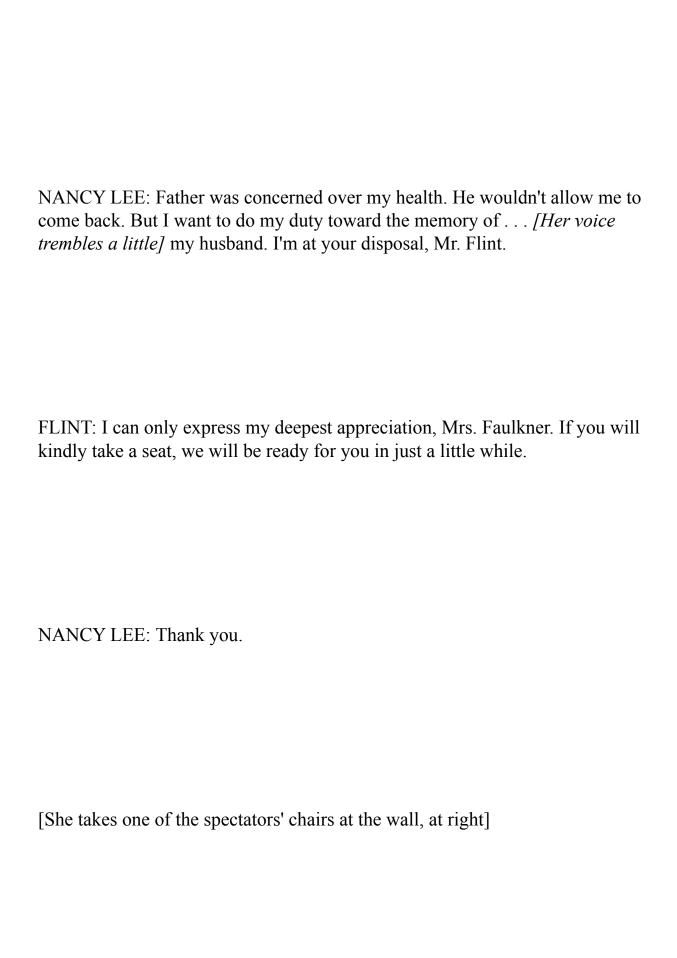


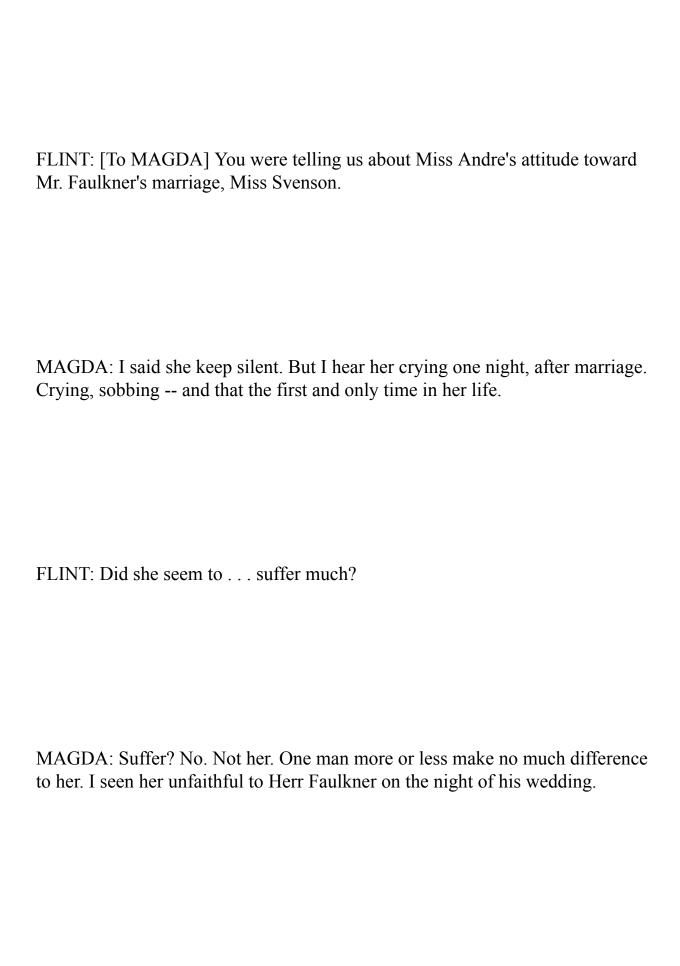


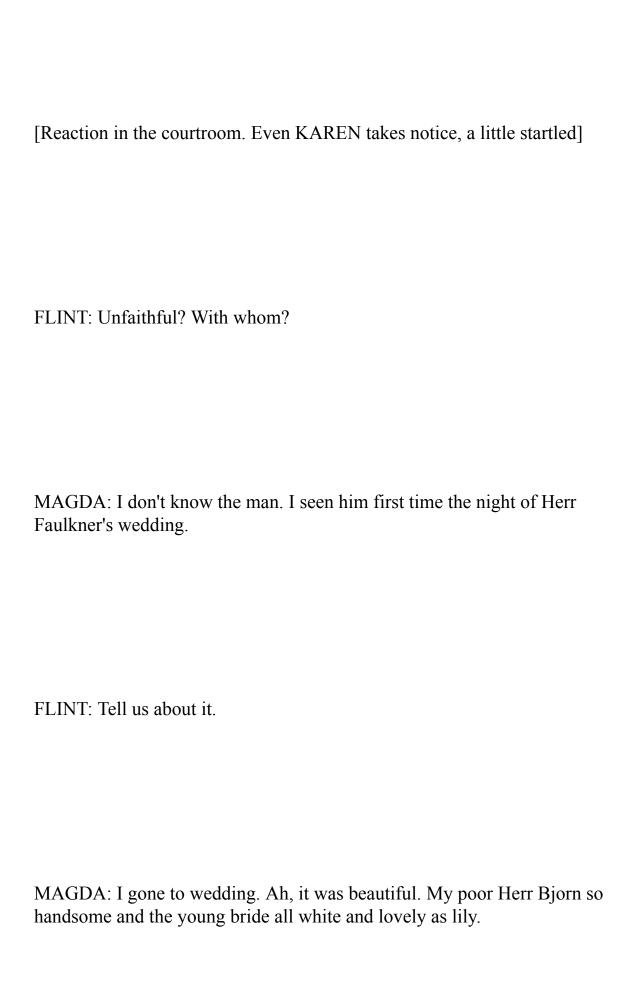


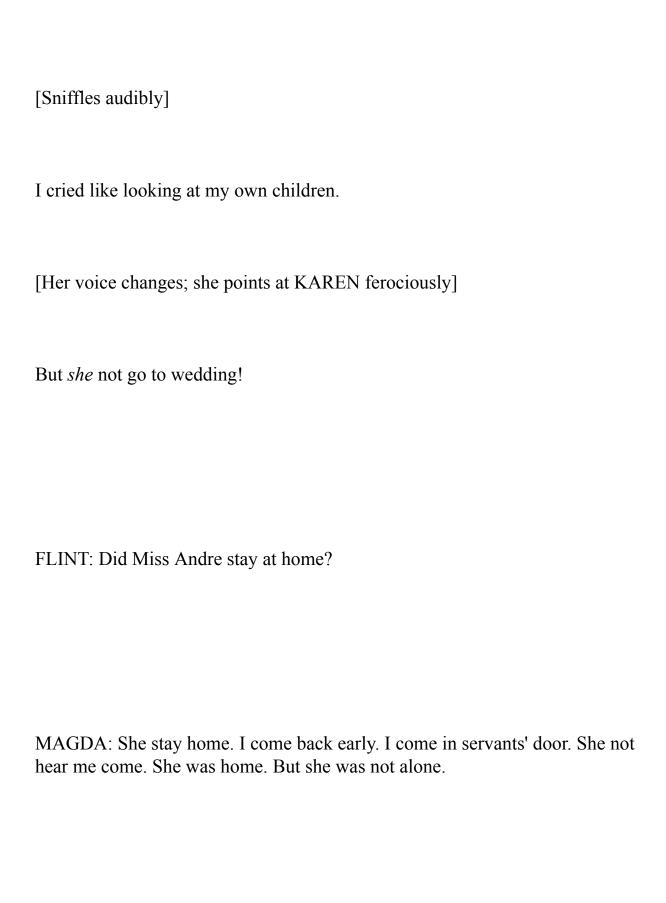








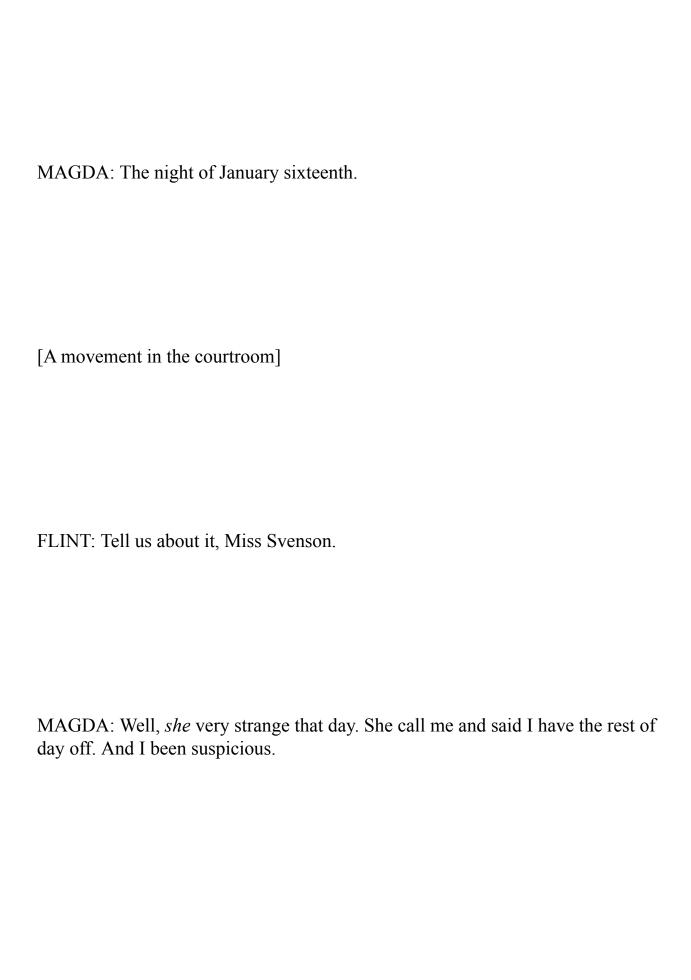




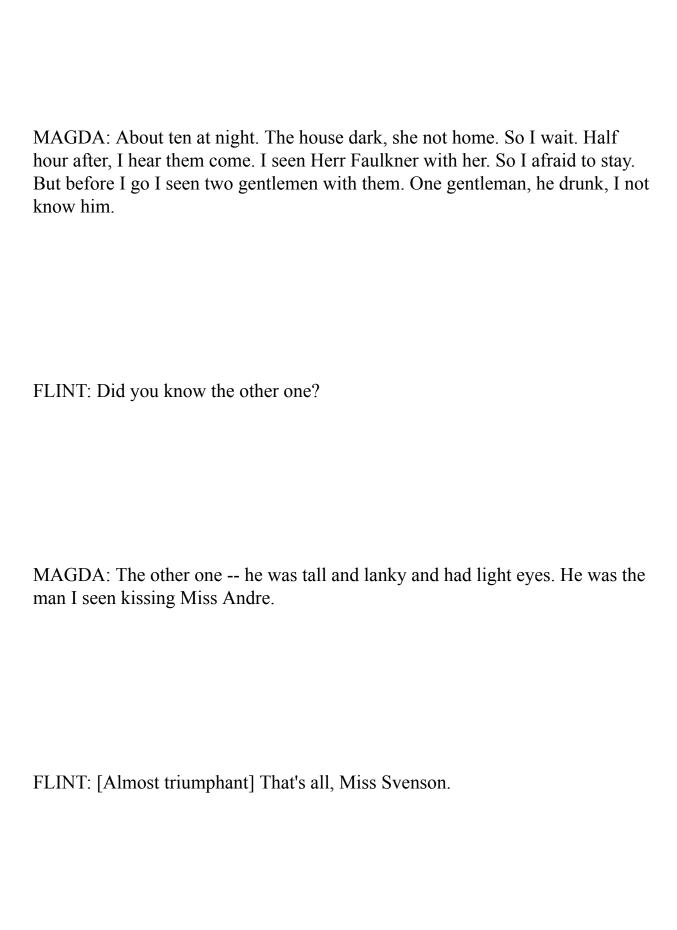
FLINT: Who was with her? MAGDA: He was. The man. Out on the roof, in the garden. It was dark, but I could see. He holding her in his arms and I think he want to crush her bones. He bent her back so far I think she fall into her reflection in the pool. And then he kiss her and I think he never get his lips off hers. FLINT: And then? MAGDA: She step aside and say something. I cannot hear, she speak very soft. He not say word. He just take her hand and kiss it and hold it on his lips so long I get tired waiting and go back to my room.

FLINT: Did you learn the name of that man? MAGDA: No. FLINT: Did you see him again? MAGDA: Yes. Once.

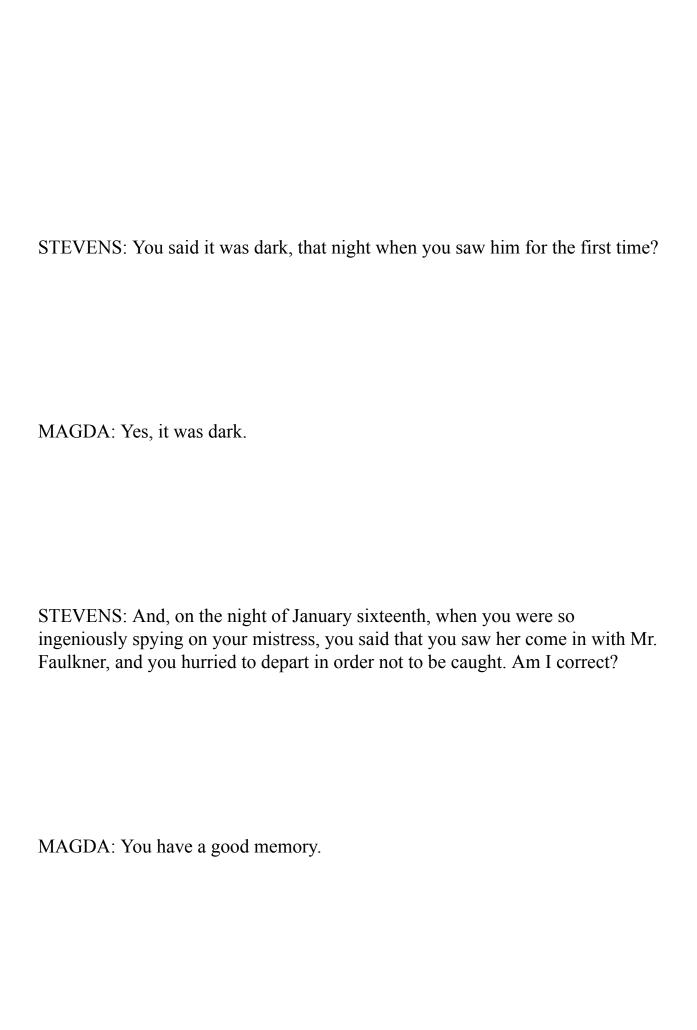
FLINT: And when was that?

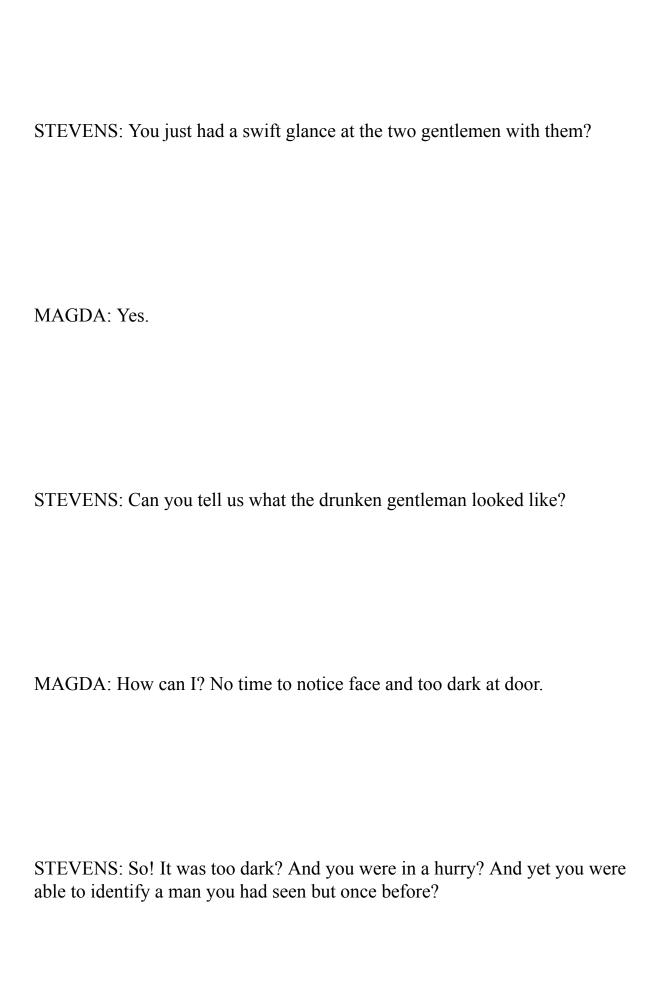


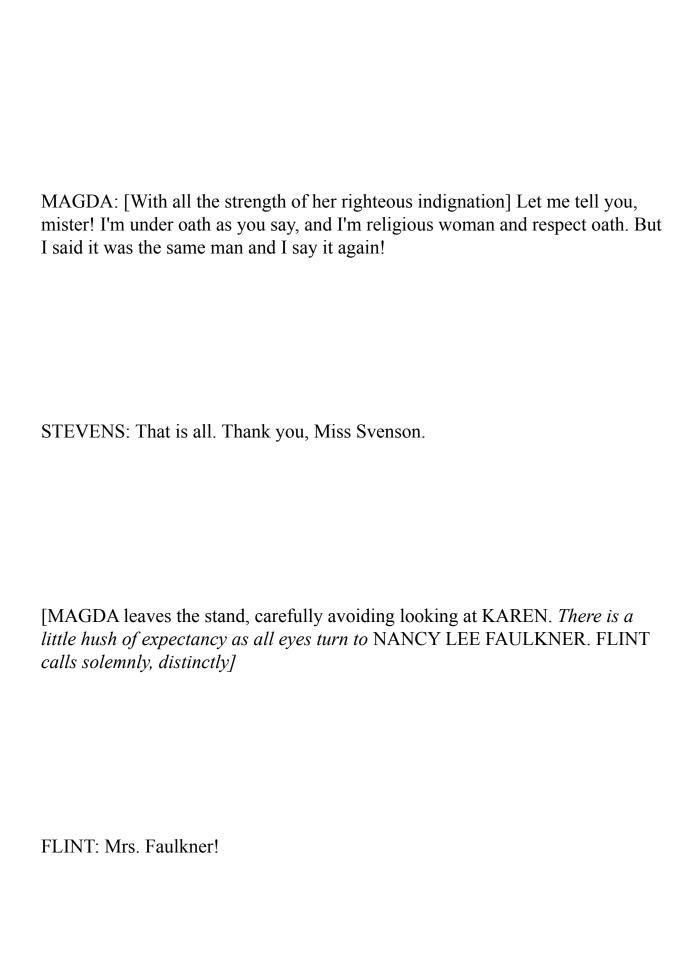
FLINT: Why did that make you suspicious?
MAGDA: My day off is Thursday and I not asked for second day. So I said I not need day off, and she said she not need me. So I go.
FLINT: What time did you go?
MAGDA: About four o'clock. But I want to know secret. I come back.
FLINT: When did you come back?

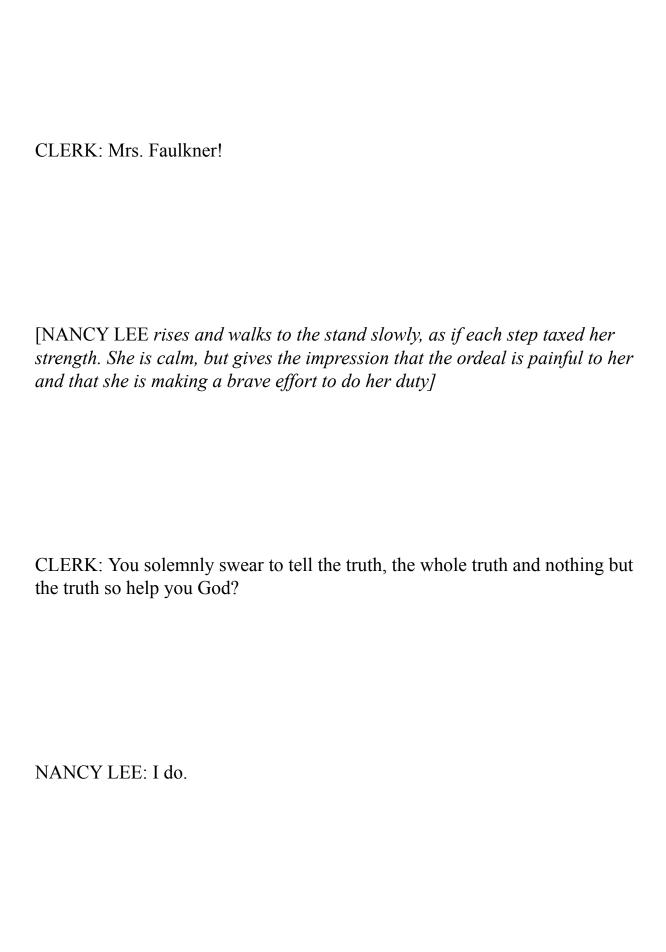


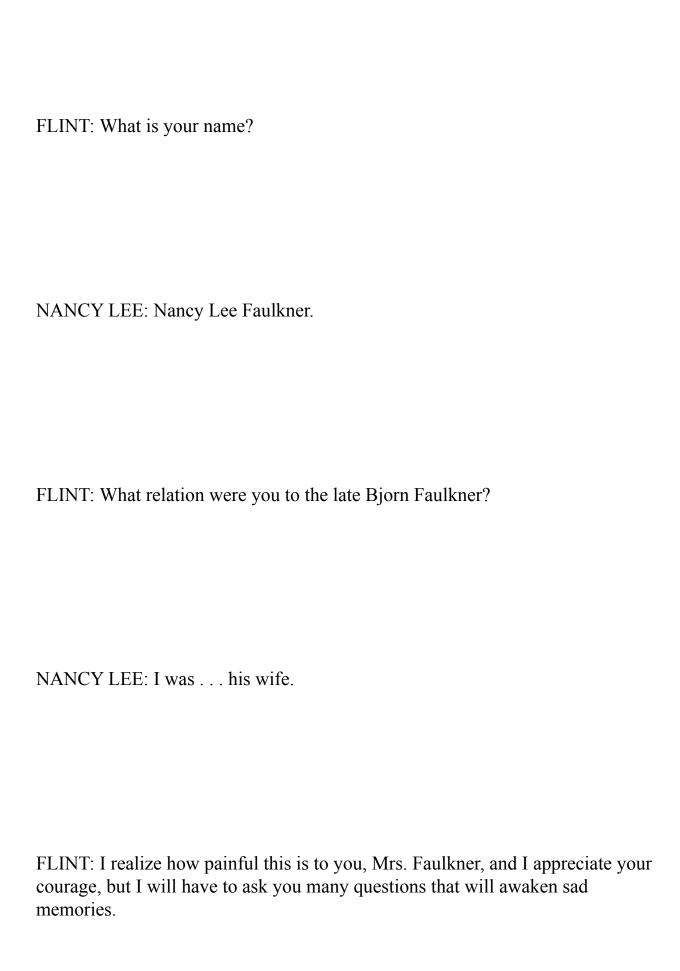
[MAGDA is about to leave the stand. STEVENS stops her]
STEVENS: Just a minute, Miss Svenson. You still have to have a little talk with me.
MAGDA: [Resentfully] For what? I say all I know.
STEVENS: You may know the answers to a few more questions. Now, you said that you had seen that stranger kissing Miss Andre?
MAGDA: Yes, I did.









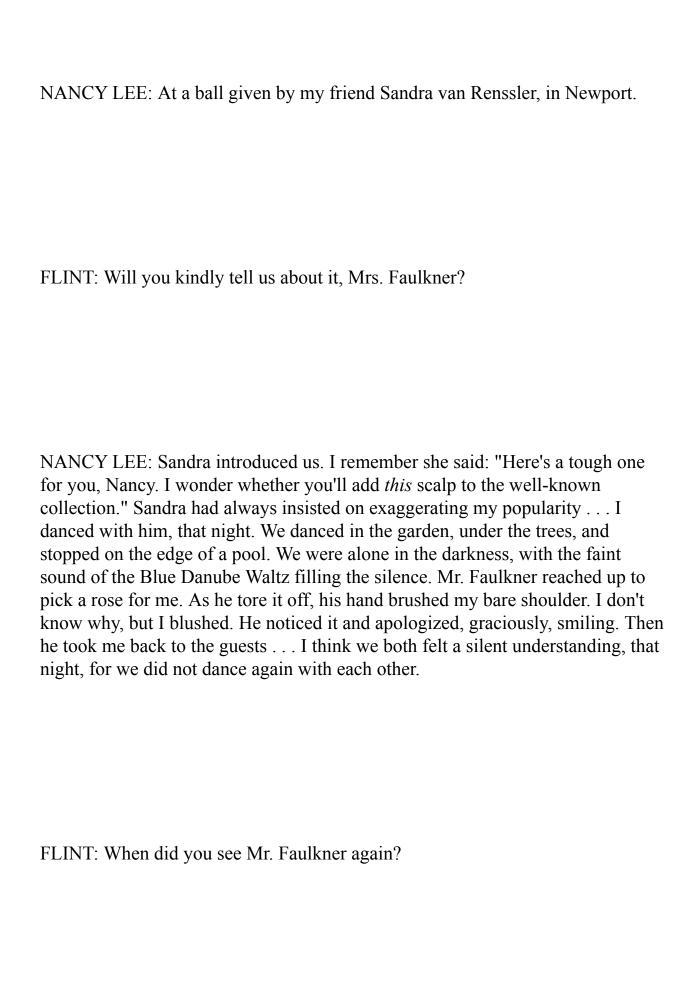


NANCY LEE: I am ready, Mr. Flint.

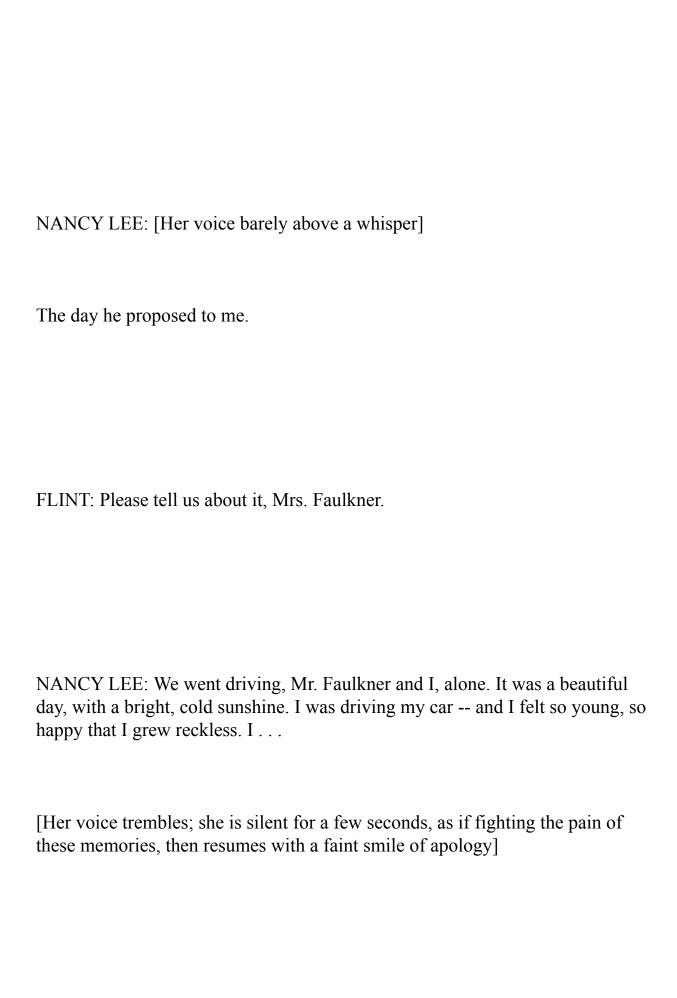
FLINT: When did you first meet Bjorn Faulkner?

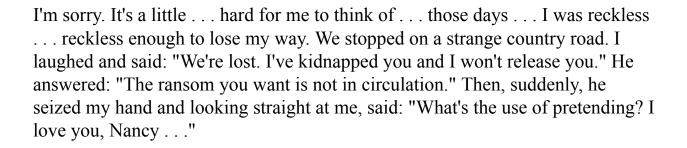
NANCY LEE: In August of last year.

FLINT: Where did you meet him?



NANCY LEE: Three days later. I invited him to dine at my home on Long Island; just an informal little dinner with Father as my chaperon. It was a real Swedish meal and I cooked it myself.
FLINT: Did you see him often after that?
NANCY LEE: Yes, quite often. His visits became more and more frequent until the day
[Her voice breaks]
FLINT: Until the day?

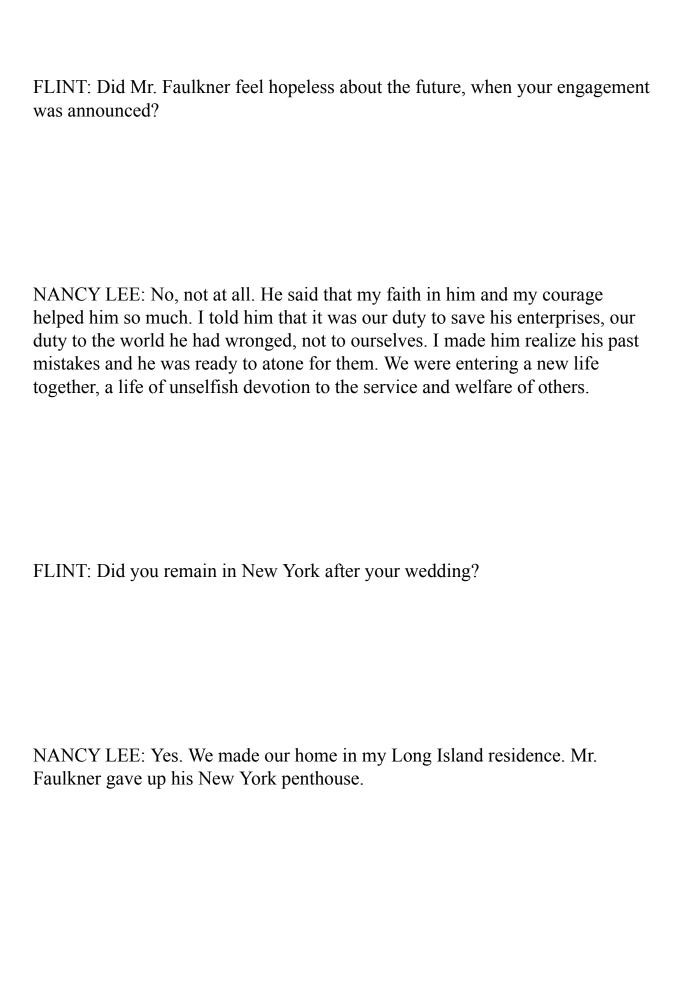




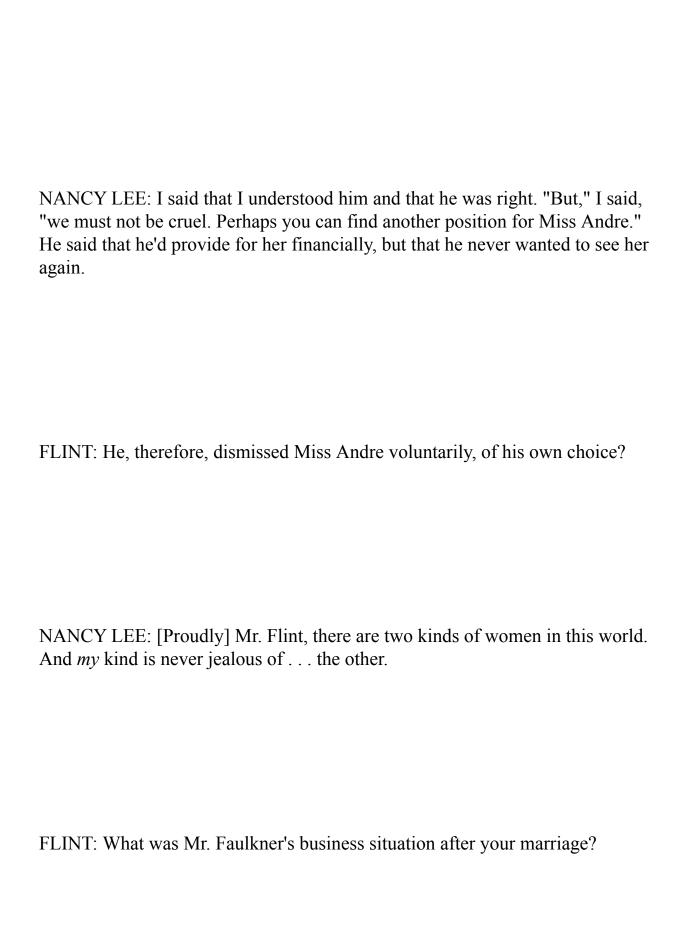
[Her voice breaks into a sob. She buries her face in a lace handkerchief]

FLINT: I'm so sorry, Mrs. Faulkner. If you wish to be dismissed now and continue tomorrow --

NANCY LEE: [Raising her head] Thank you, I'm all right. I can go on . . . It was then that I first learned about the desperate state of Mr. Faulkner's fortune. He said that he had to tell me the truth, that he could not ask me to marry him when he had nothing to offer me. But I . . . I loved him. So I told him that money had never meant anything to me.

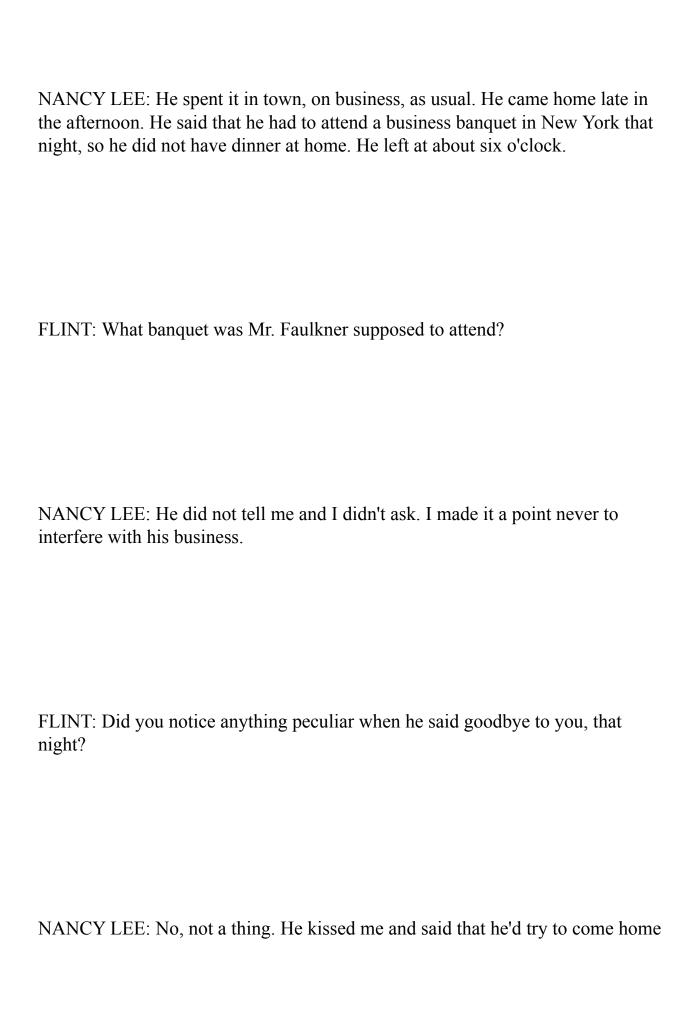


FLINT: Did Mr. Faulkner tell you of his relations with Miss Andre?
NANCY LEE: No, not then. But he did, two weeks after our wedding. He came to me and said: "Dearest, there is a woman – there <i>was</i> a woman and I feel I must tell you about her." I said: "I know it. You don't have to say a word if you'd rather not, dear."
FLINT: And what did Mr. Faulkner tell you?
NANCY LEE: He said: "Karen Andre is the cause and the symbol of my darkest years. I am going to dismiss her."
FLINT: What did you answer?



NANCY LEE: I'm afraid I don't understand much about business. But I know that Father made a loan a very large loan to my husband.
FLINT: Mrs. Faulkner, will you tell us whether you think it possible that your husband had any reason to commit suicide?
NANCY LEE: I think it totally impossible.
FLINT: Did he ever speak of his plans for the future?

NANCY LEE: We used to dream of the future, together. Even even on the evening before his his death. We were sitting by the fire, in his study, talking about the years ahead. We knew that we would not be wealthy for a long time. We were planning to have a modest little home, with a bright kitchen and a little flower garden. We'd be so happy there, just the two of us, until until we had little ones to take care of
FLINT: And this was on the night of January fifteenth, the day before his death?
NANCY LEE: [Feebly] Yes.
FLINT: What did Mr. Faulkner do on the day of January sixteenth?



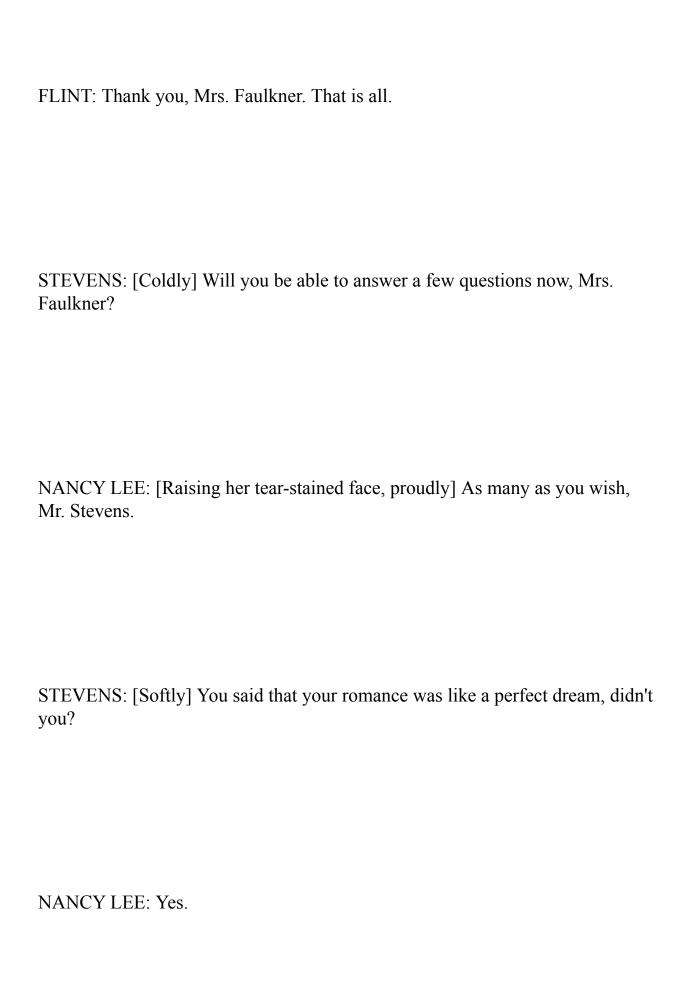
early. I stood at the door and watched him drive away. He waved to me as his car disappeared in the dusk. I stood there for a few minutes, thinking of how happy we were, of what a perfect dream our love had been, like a delicate idyll, like . . . [Her voice trembles]

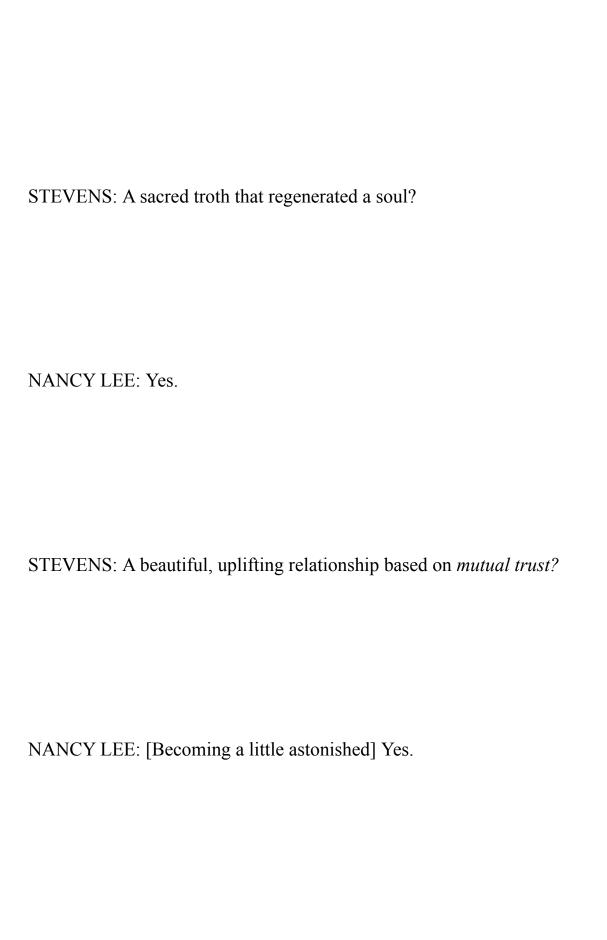
I didn't know that our beautiful romance would . . . indirectly . . . through jealousy . . . bring about his . . . his death.

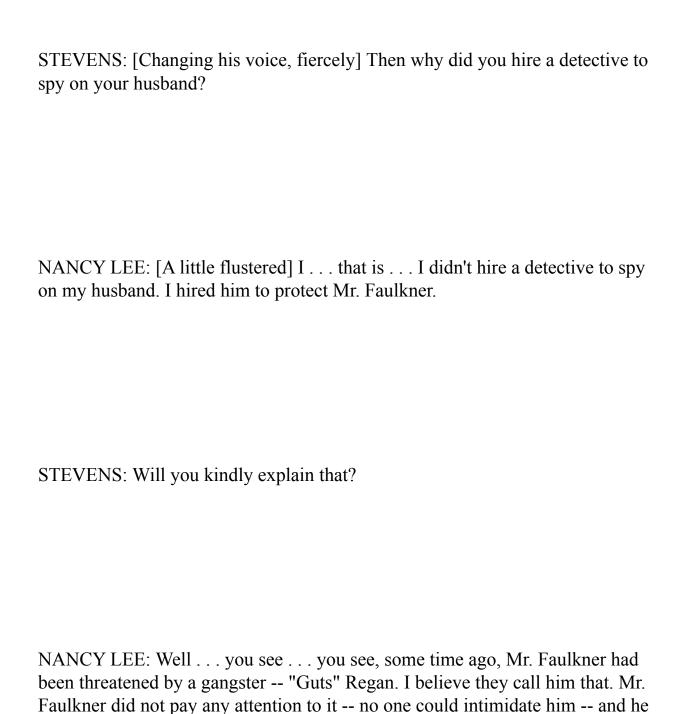
[She drops her head, hiding her face in her hands, sobbing audibly, as STEVENS's *voice booms out*]

STEVENS: Your Honor! We object! Move that that be stricken out!

JUDGE HEATH: The witness's last sentence may go out.





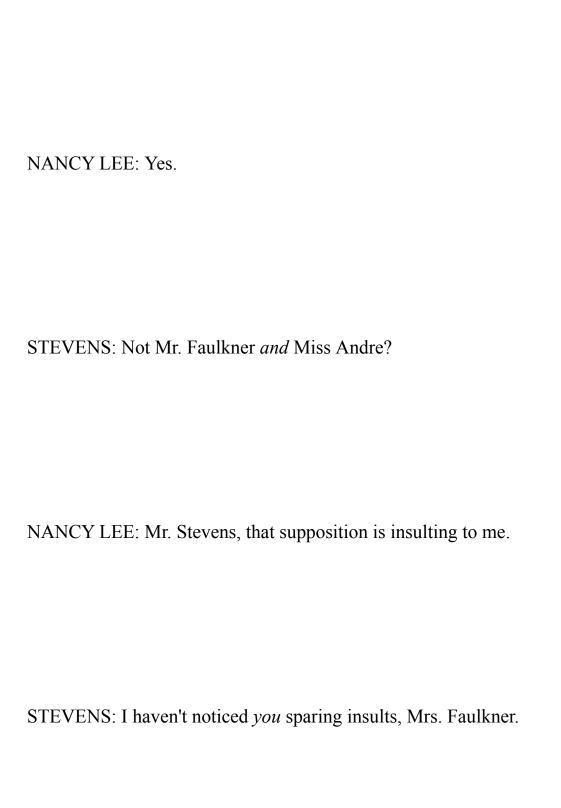


refused to hire a bodyguard. But I was worried . . . so as soon as we were

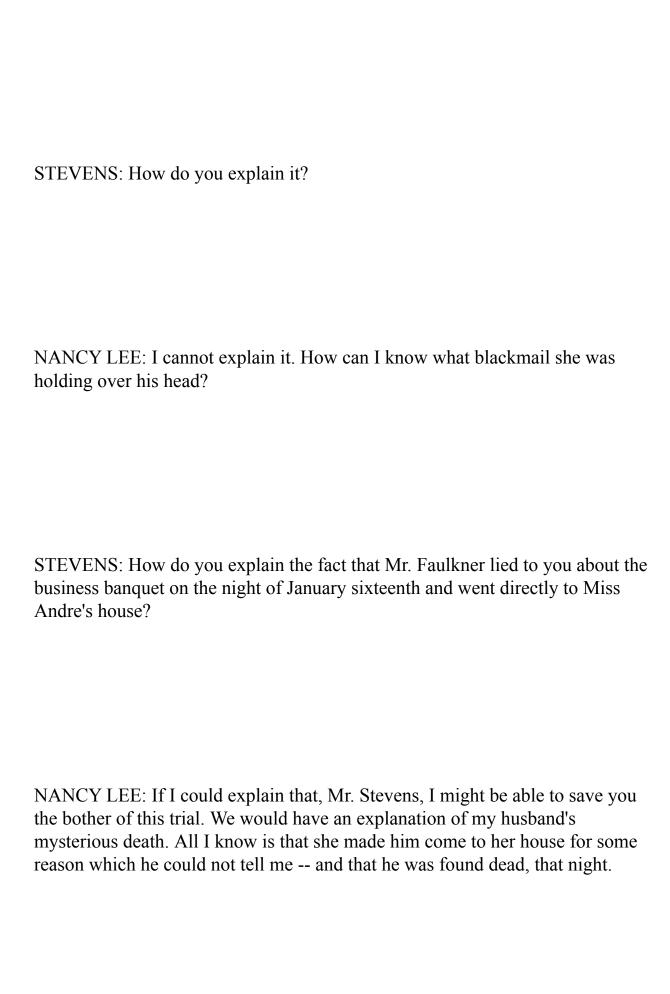
Mr. Faulkner would object.

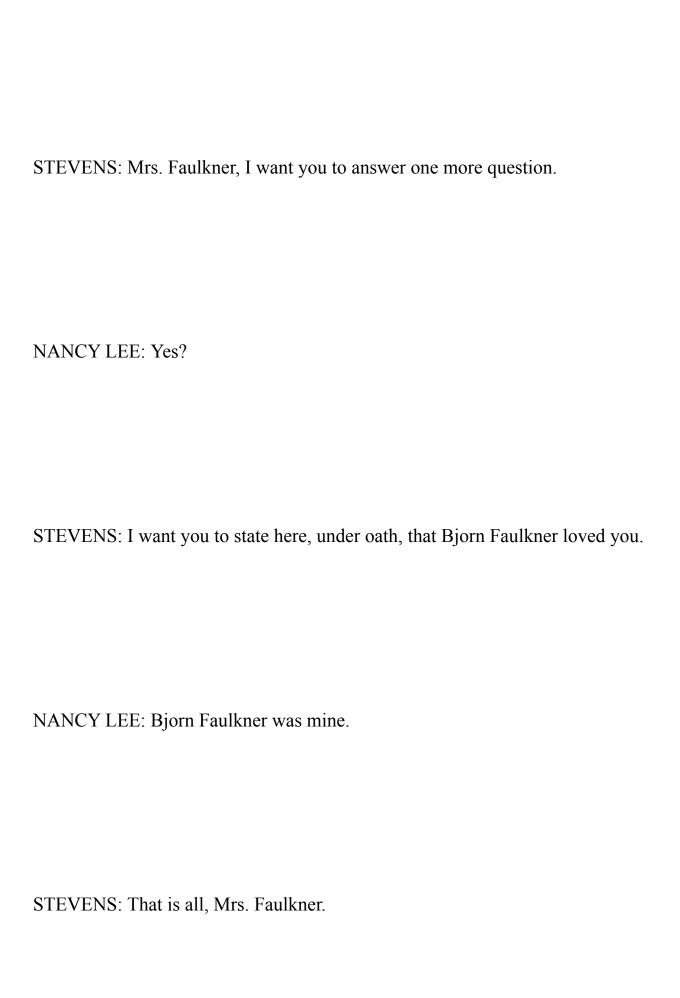
married, I hired Mr. Van Fleet to watch him. I did it secretly, because I knew that

STEVENS: How could a sleuth following at a distance protect Mr. Faulkner?
NANCY LEE: Well, I heard that the underworld has a way of finding out those things and I thought they would not attack a man who was constantly watched.
STEVENS: So all Mr. Van Fleet had to do was to watch Mr. Faulkner?
NANCY LEE: Yes.
STEVENS: Mr. Faulkner alone?



NANCY LEE: I'm sorry, Mr. Stevens. I assure you that was not my intention.
STEVENS: You said that Mr. Faulkner told you he never wanted to see Miss Andre again?
NANCY LEE: Yes, he did.
STEVENS: And yet, he called on her after his marriage, he called on her often and <i>at night</i> . Your detective told you that, didn't he?
NANCY LEE: Yes. I knew it.





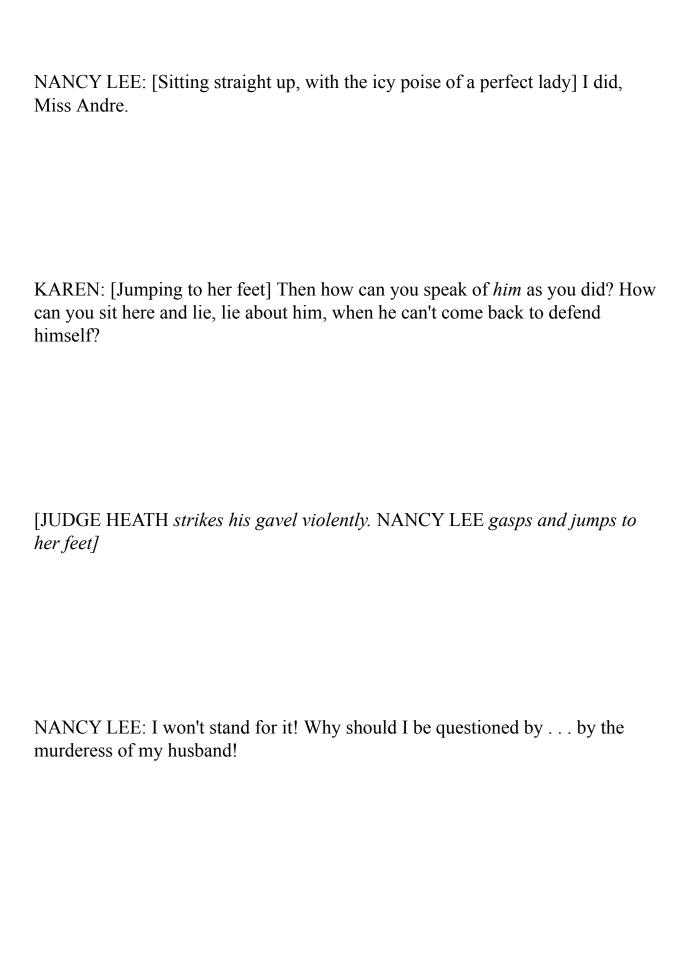
KAREN: [Calmly, distinctly] No. That's not all.

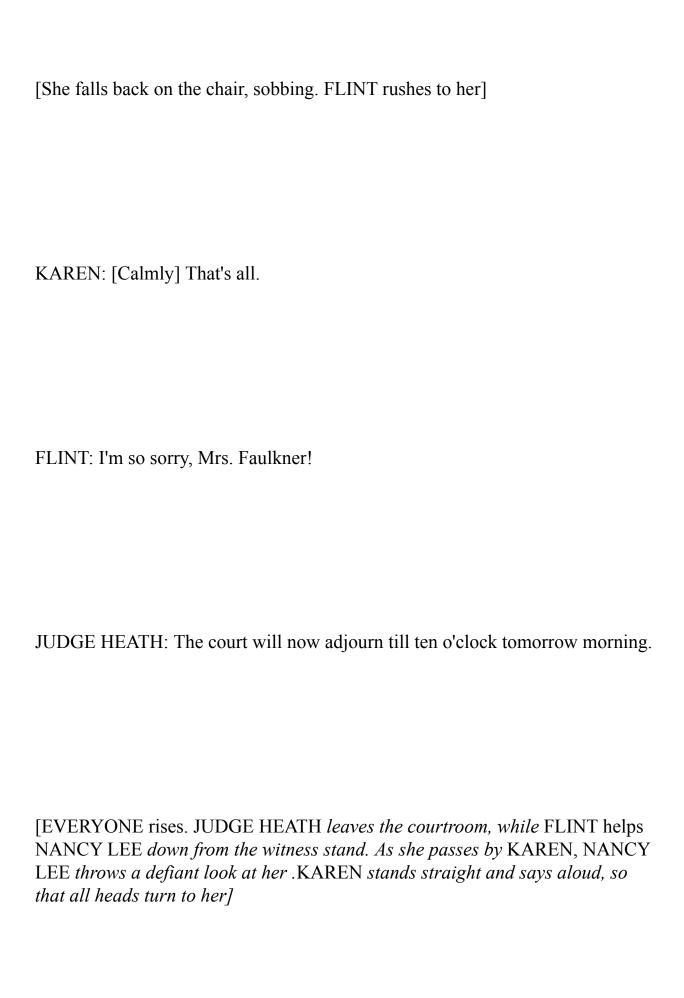
[All eyes turn to her]

Ask her one more question, Stevens.

STEVENS: What is it, Miss Andre?

KAREN: Ask her whether she loved him.



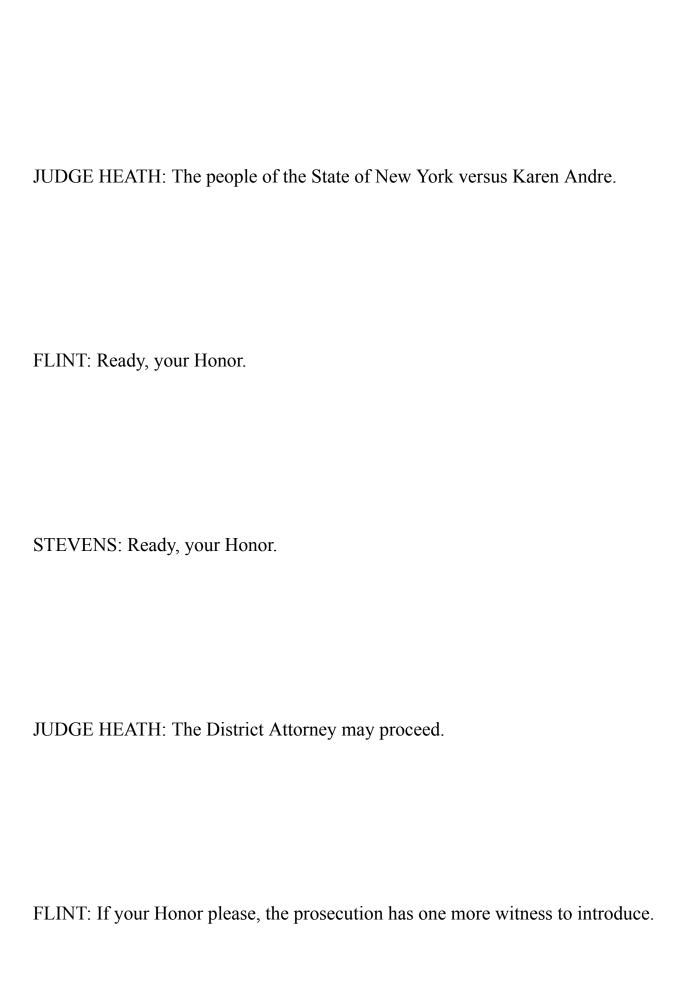


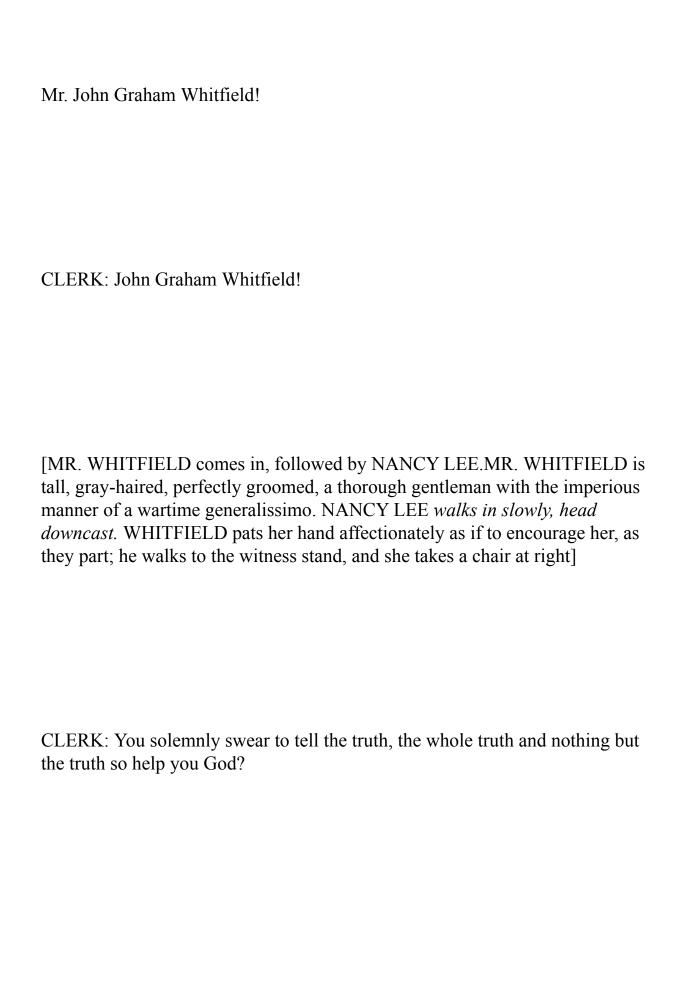
KAREN: One of us is lying. And we both know which one!

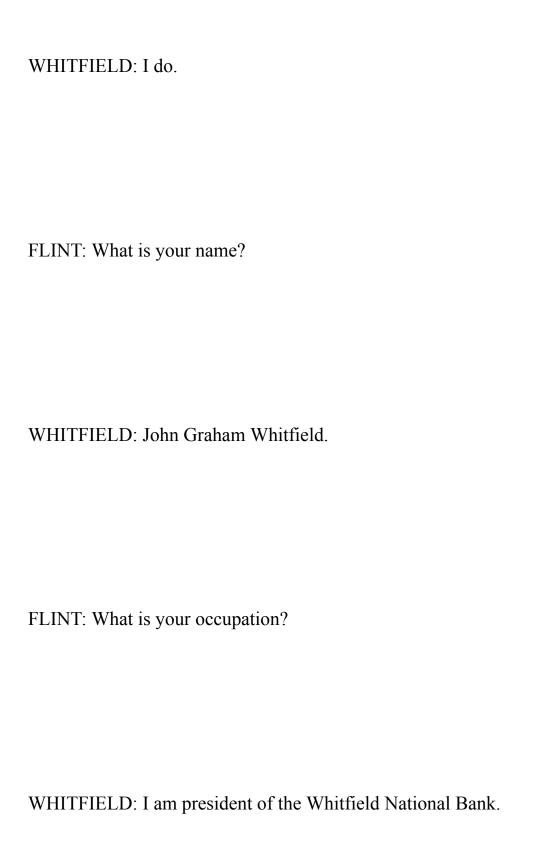
CURTAIN

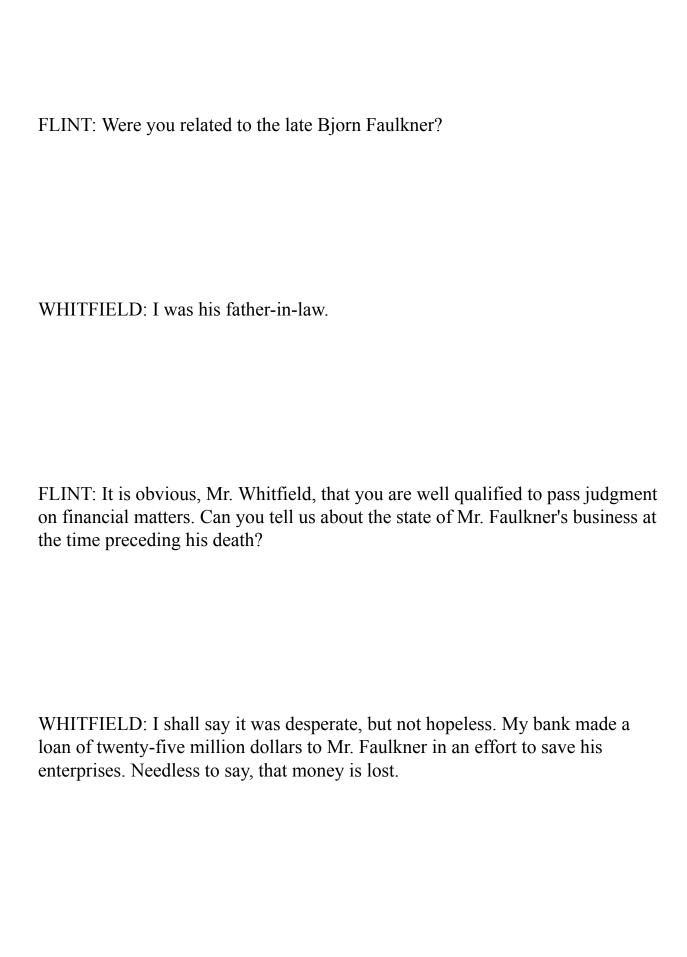
Act Two

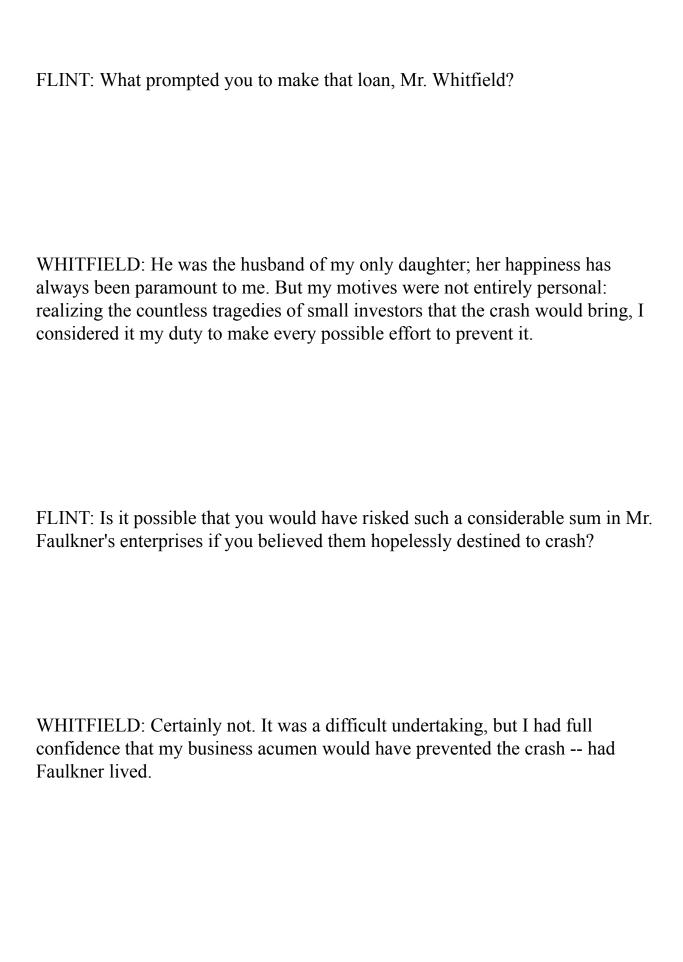
Scene: Same scene as at the opening of Act I. KAREN sitting at the defense table, as proudly calm as ever. When the curtain rises, the BAILIFF raps.
BAILIFF: Court attention!
[JUDGE HEATH enters. EVERYONE rises]
Superior Court Number Eleven of the State of New York. The Honorable Judge William Heath presiding.
[JUDGE HEATH sits down, BAILIFF raps, and EVERYONE resumes his seat]

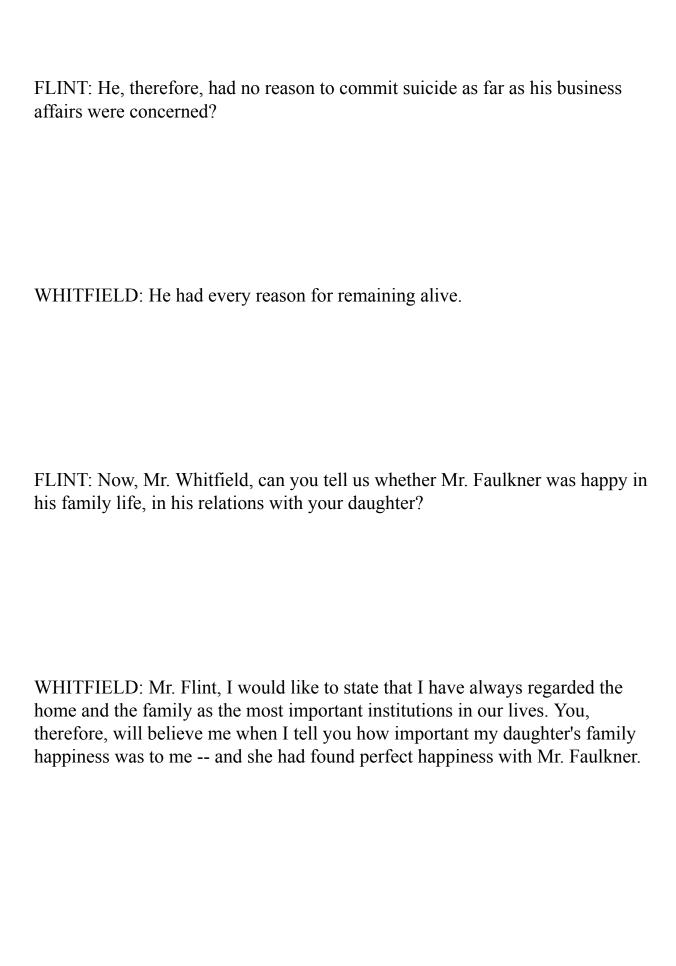




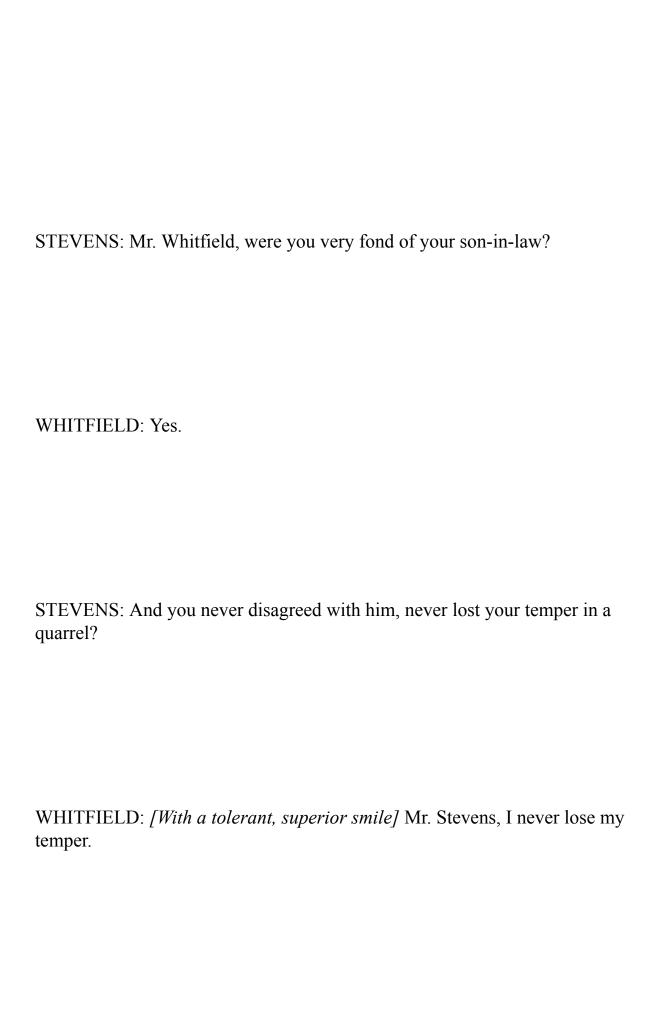


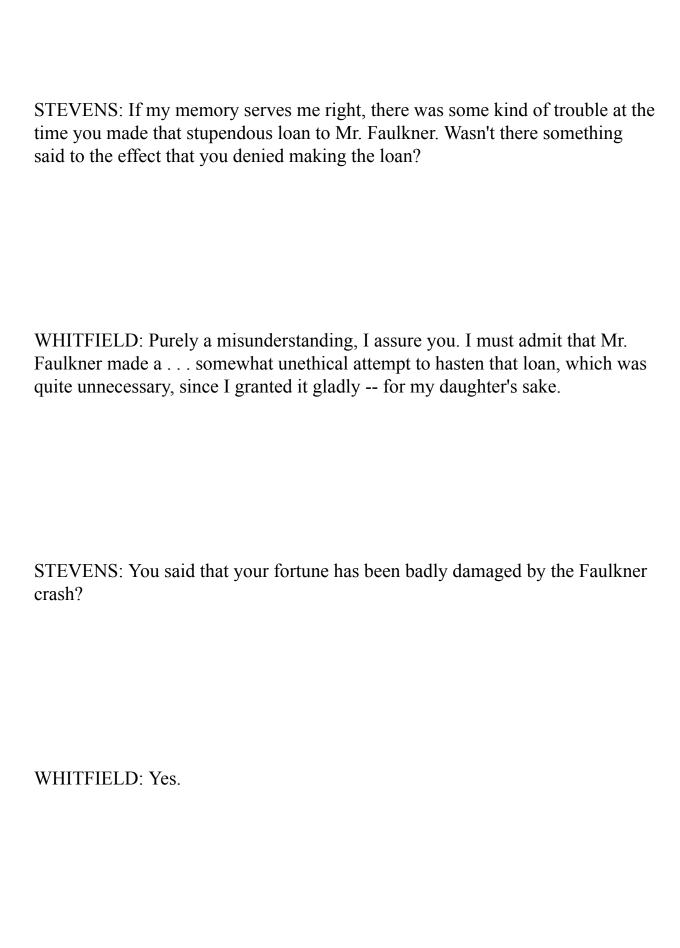


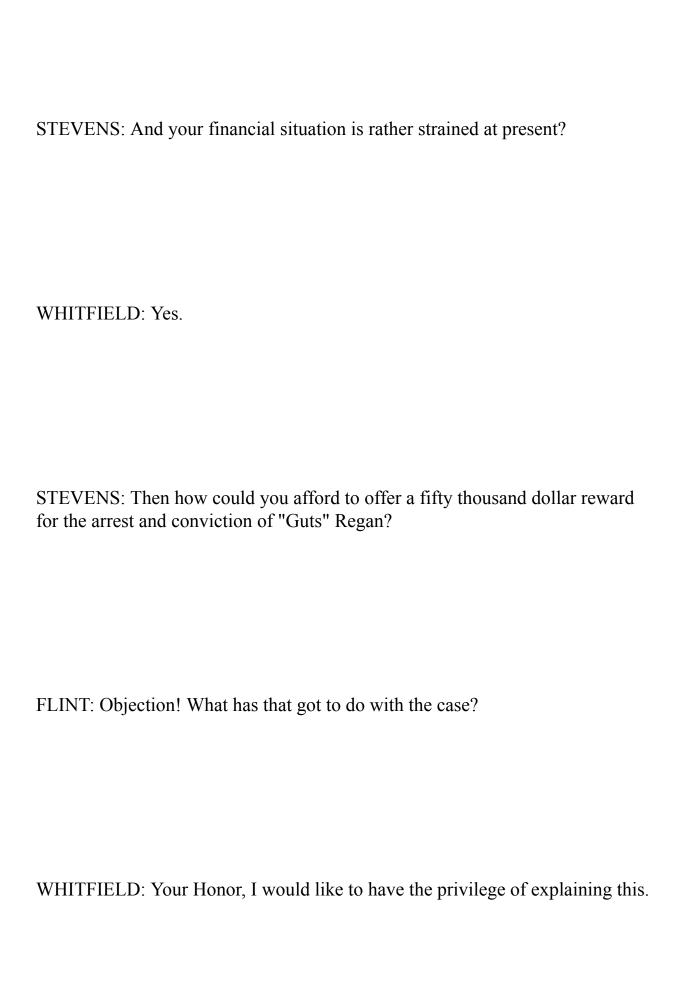


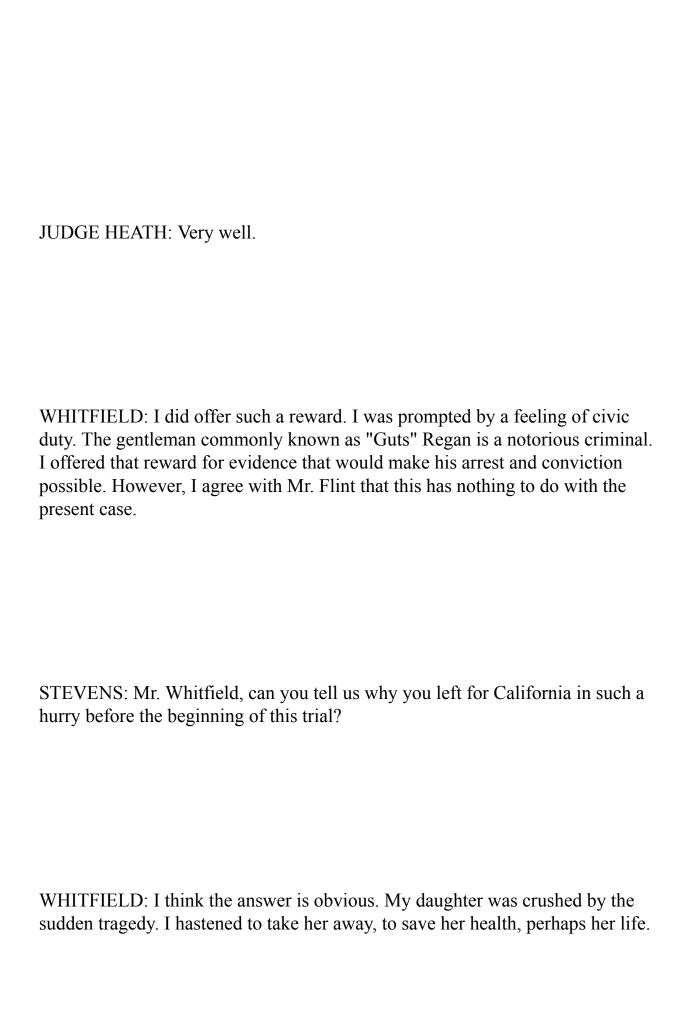


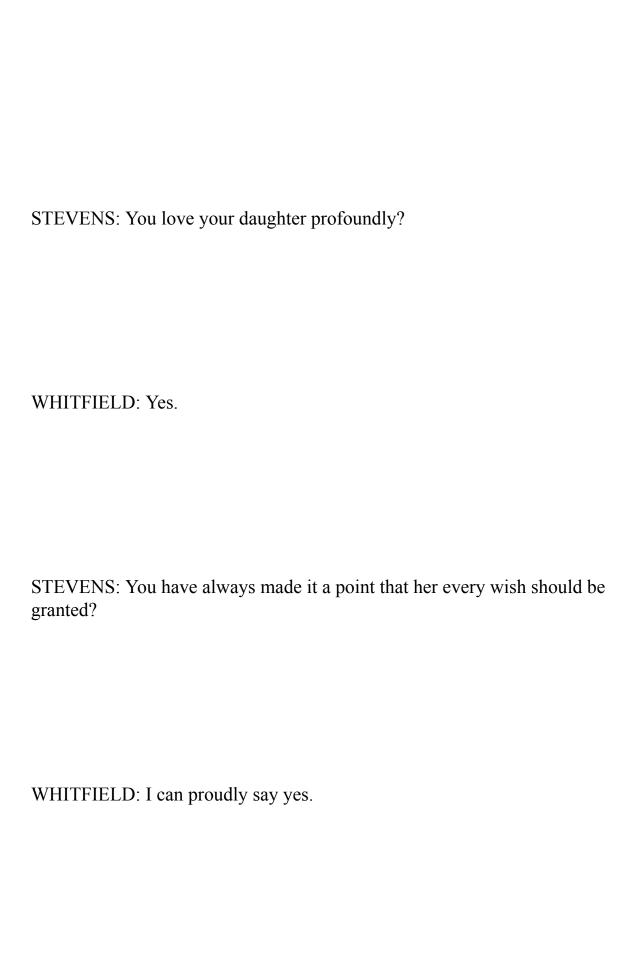
FLINT: Mr. Whitfield, what was your opinion of Mr. Faulkner?
WHITFIELD: It is only fair to admit that he had many qualities of which I did not approve. We were as different as two human beings could be: I believe in one's duty above all; Bjorn Faulkner believed in nothing but his own pleasure.
FLINT: From your knowledge of him, Mr. Whitfield, would you say you consider it possible that Mr. Faulkner committed suicide?
WHITFIELD: I consider it absolutely impossible.
FLINT: Thank you, Mr. Whitfield. That is all.



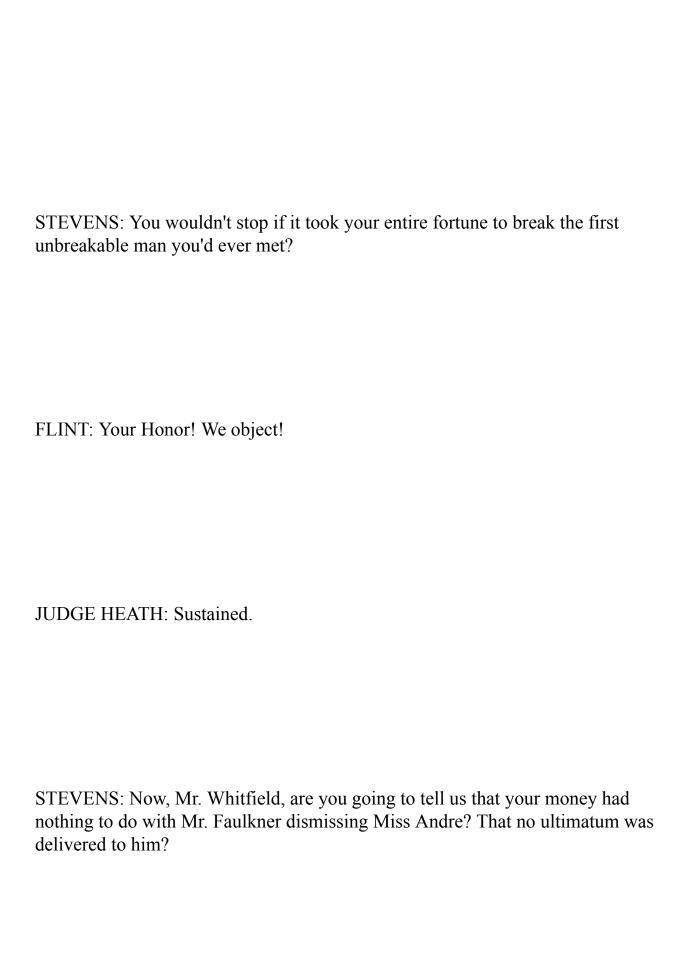


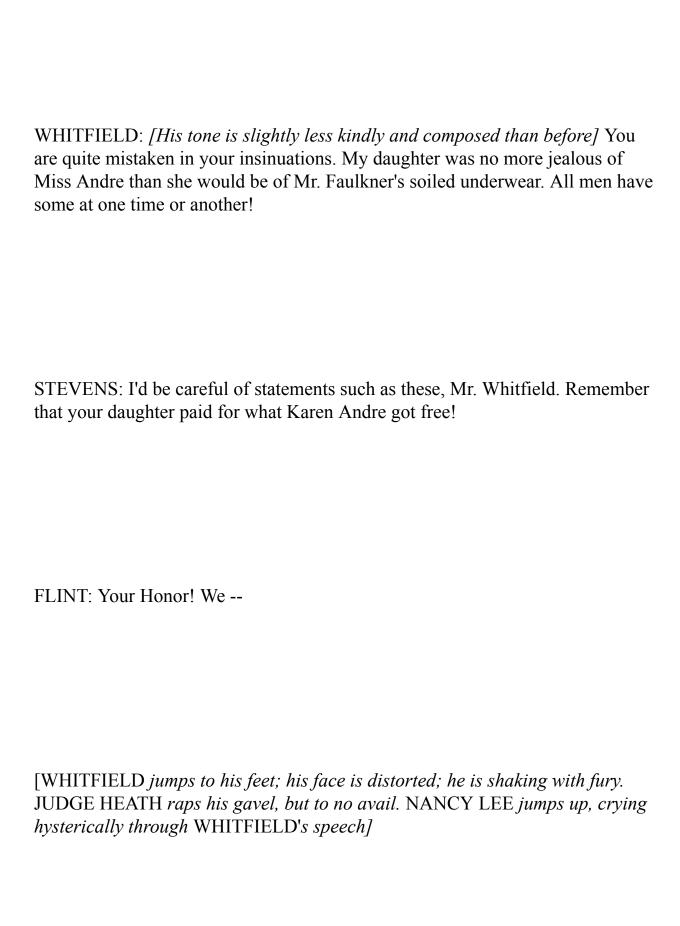


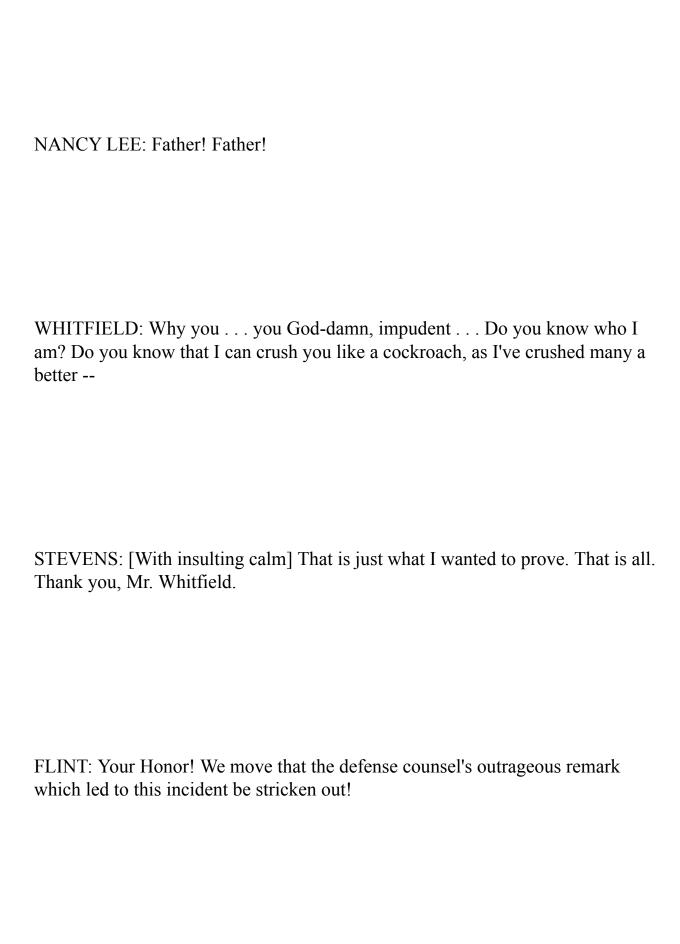


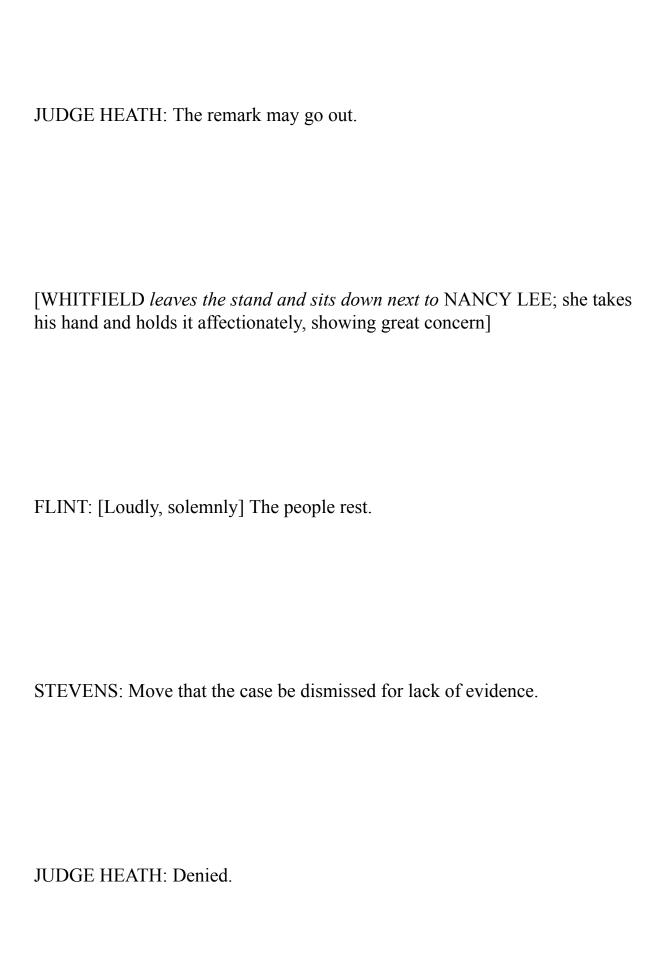


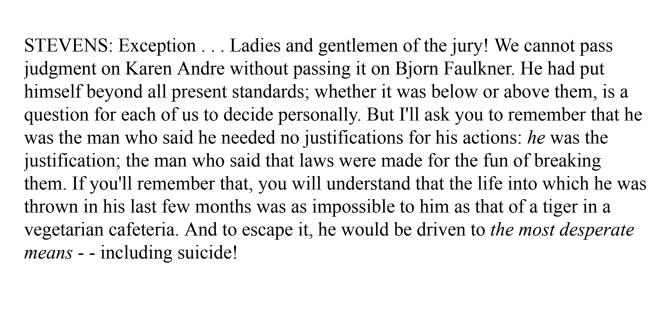
STEVENS: When she or you desire anything, you don't stop at the price, do you?
WHITFIELD: We don't have to.
STEVENS: Then would you refuse to buy her the man she wanted?
FLINT: Your Honor! We
WHITFIELD: Mr. Stevens!











[STEVENS pauses, then calls]

Our first witness will be James Chandler.

CLERK: James Chandler!

[CHANDLER, middle-aged, precise, dignified, enters and takes the stand]

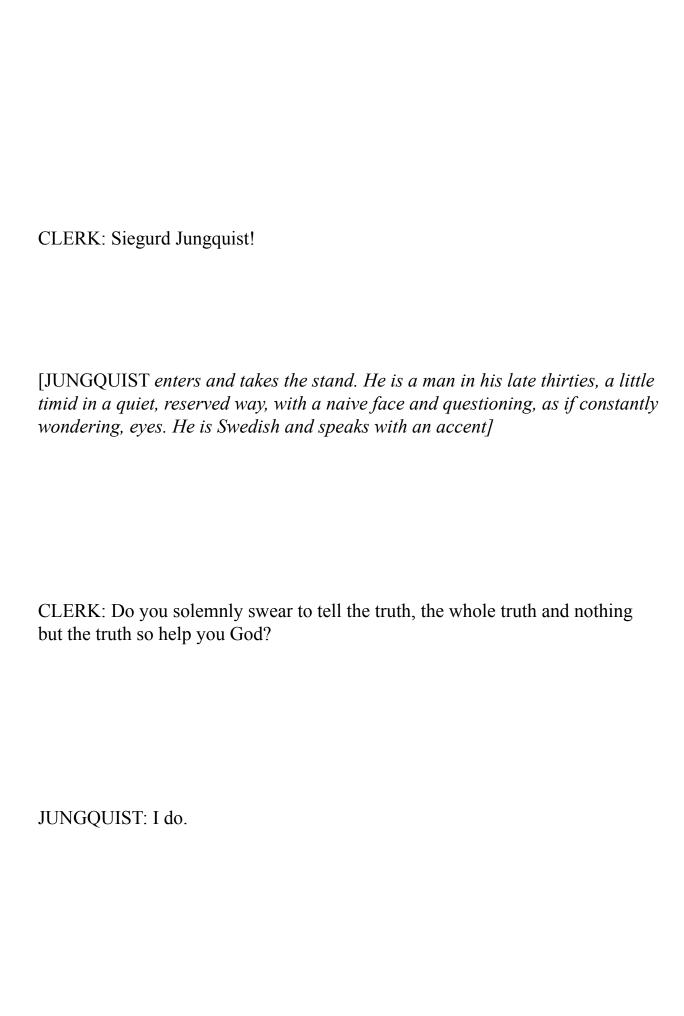
You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?
CHANDLER: I do.
STEVENS: Your name?
CHANDLER: James Chandler.
STEVENS: Your occupation?

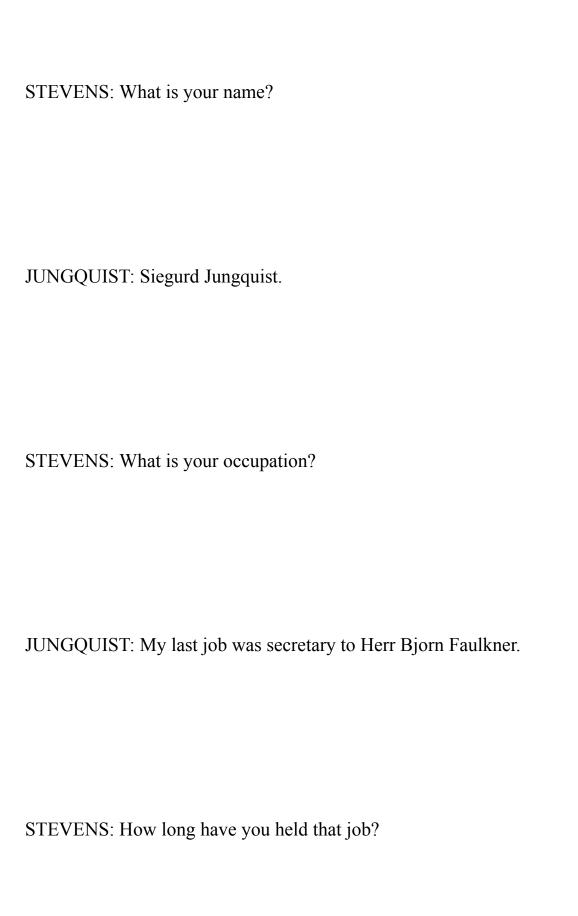
CHANDLER: Handwriting expert of the New York Police Department.
[STEVENS takes the letter read by INSPECTOR SWEENEY and hands it to CHANDLER]
STEVENS: Do you recognize this letter?
CHANDLER: Yes. It is the letter found in Mr. Faulkner's penthouse on the night of his death. I have been called upon to examine it.

STEVENS: What were you asked to determine?
CHANDLER: I was asked to determine whether it was written by Mr. Faulkner.
STEVENS: What is your verdict?
CHANDLER: This letter was written by Bjorn Faulkner.
STEVENS: Your witness.

FLINT: Mr. Chandler, it has been called to your attention during the inquest that Miss Andre was in the habit of signing Faulkner's name to unimportant documents, at the time she was employed as his secretary. Have you compared those signatures with Faulkner's real ones?
CHANDLER: I have.
FLINT: What is your opinion of them?
CHANDLER: I can compliment Miss Andre on her art. The difference is very slight.

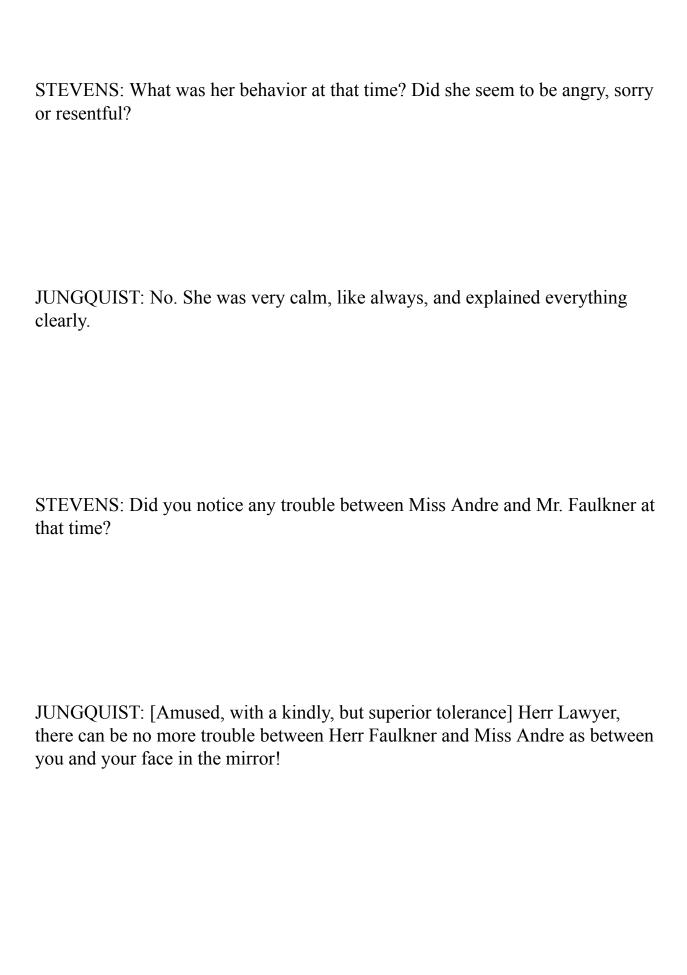
FLINT: With Miss Andre's knowledge of Mr. Faulkner, is it possible that she could have forged this letter so perfectly as to escape detection?
CHANDLER: It is not probable; but it is possible.
FLINT: That is all.
[CHANDLER exits]
STEVENS: Siegurd Jungquist!

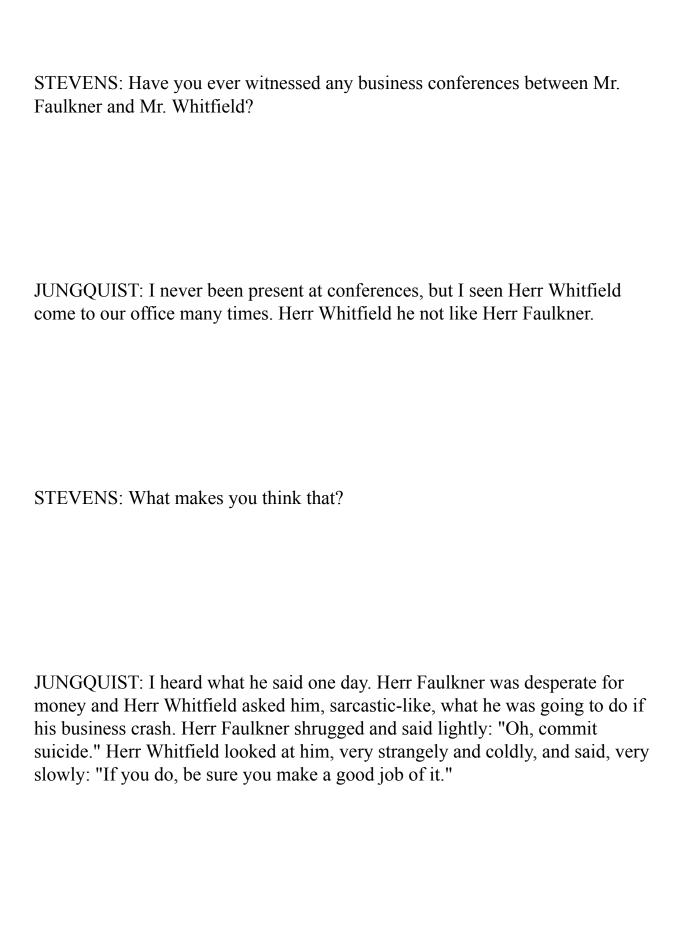




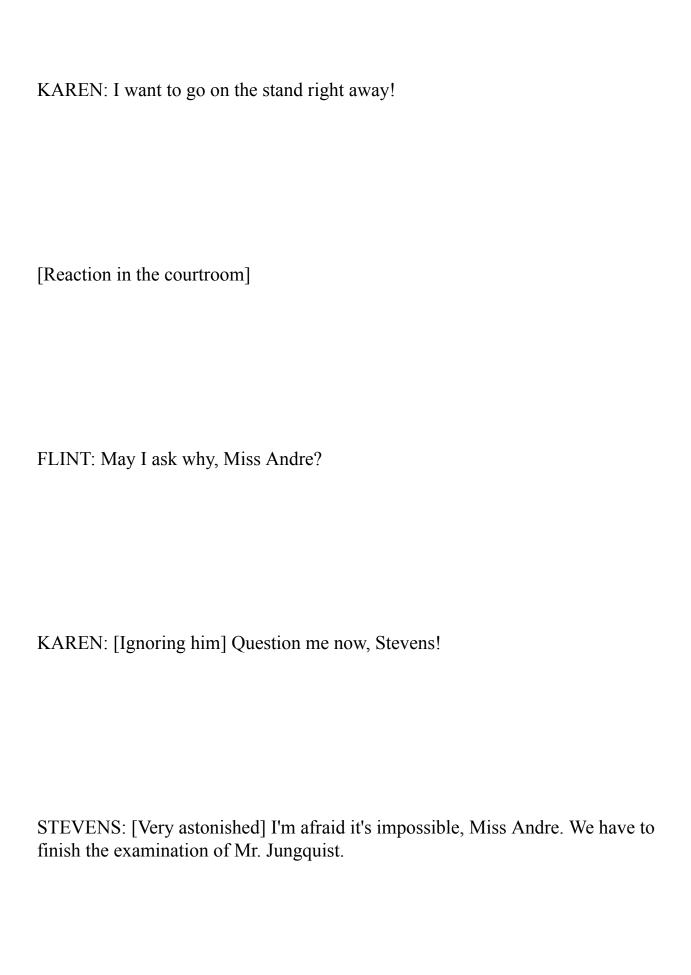
JUNGQUIST: Since beginning of November. Since Miss Andre left. STEVENS: What was your position before that? JUNGQUIST: Bookkeeper for Herr Faulkner. STEVENS: How long did you hold that job? JUNGQUIST: Eight years.

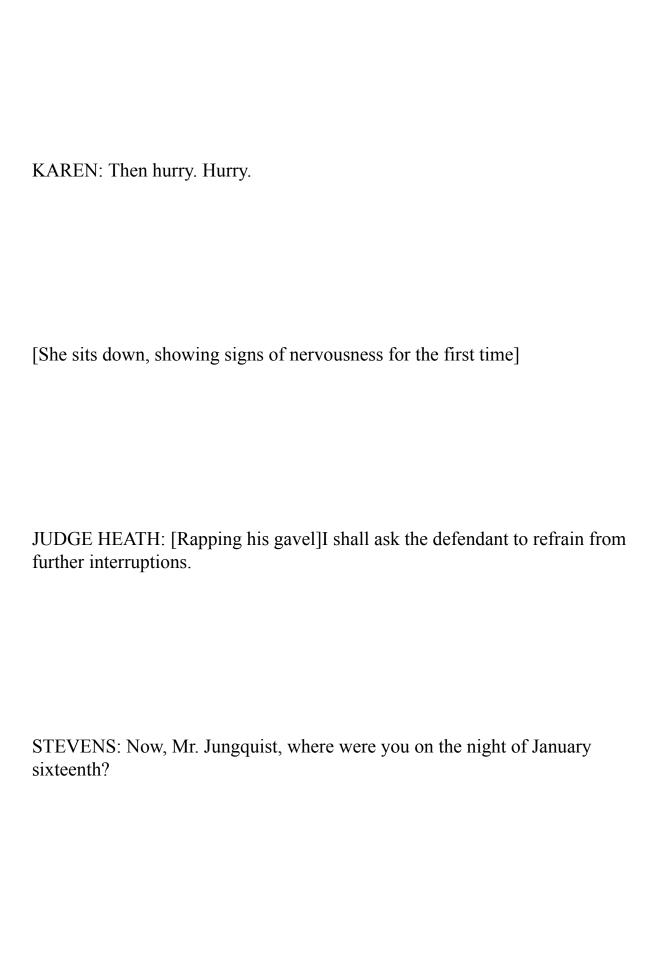
STEVENS: Did Mr. Faulkner give you Miss Andre's position when she was dismissed?
JUNGQUIST: Yes.
STEVENS: Did Miss Andre instruct you in your new duties?
JUNGQUIST: Yes, she did.

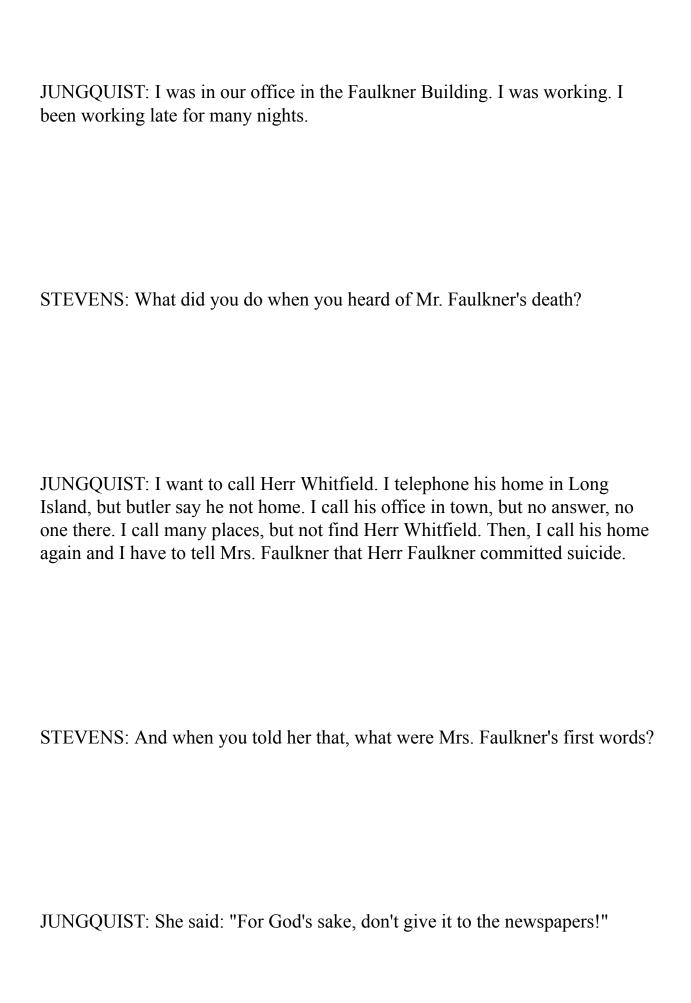


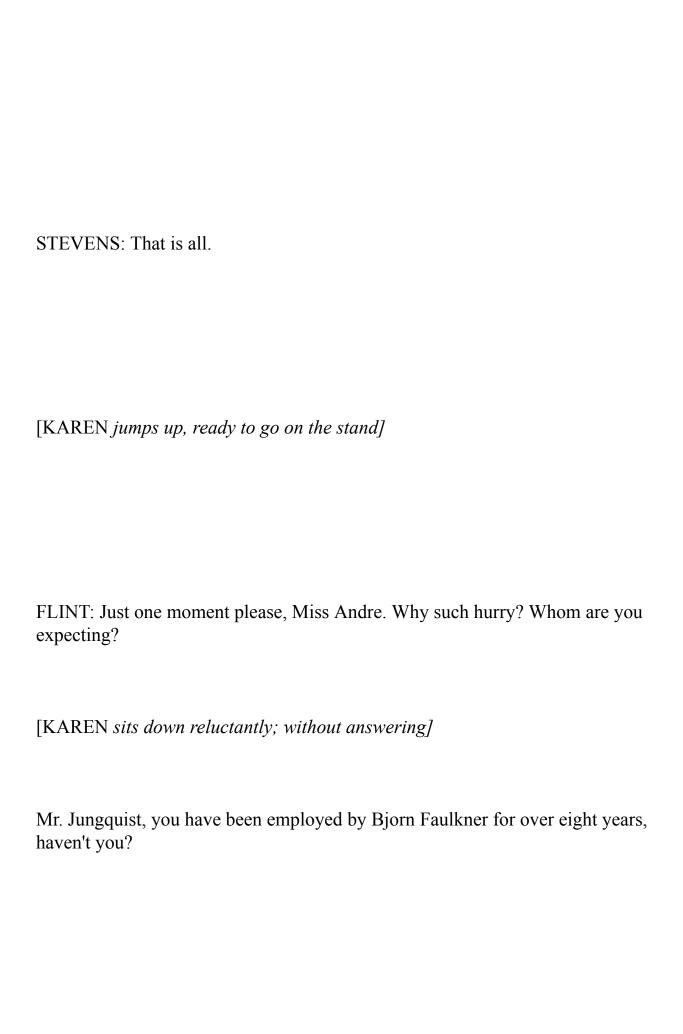


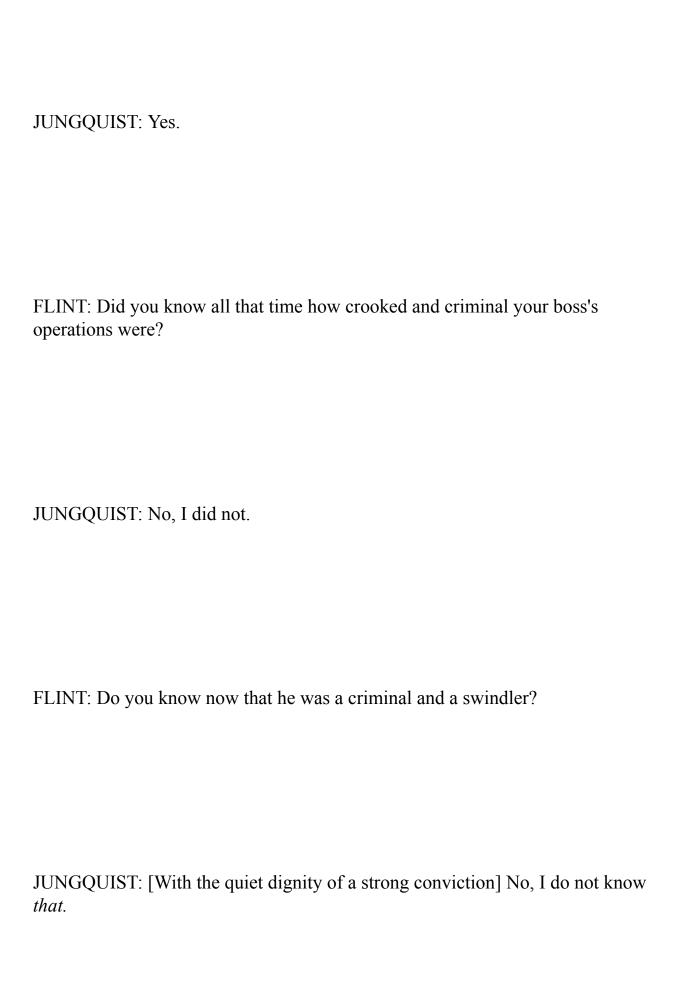
[An ATTENDANT enters and hands a note to STEVENS. STEVENS reads it, shrugs, astonished; then turns to JUDGE HEATH]
STEVENS: If your Honor please, I would like to report this incident which I consider as a hoax and whose purpose I would like to determine. A man has just called on the telephone and insisted on talking to me immediately. When informed that it was impossible, he gave the following message just brought to me.
[Reads note]
"Do not put Karen Andre on the stand until I get there." No signature.
[The crash of her chair pushed back so violently that it falls makes all eyes turn to KAREN. She stands straight, eyes blazing, her calm poise shattered]



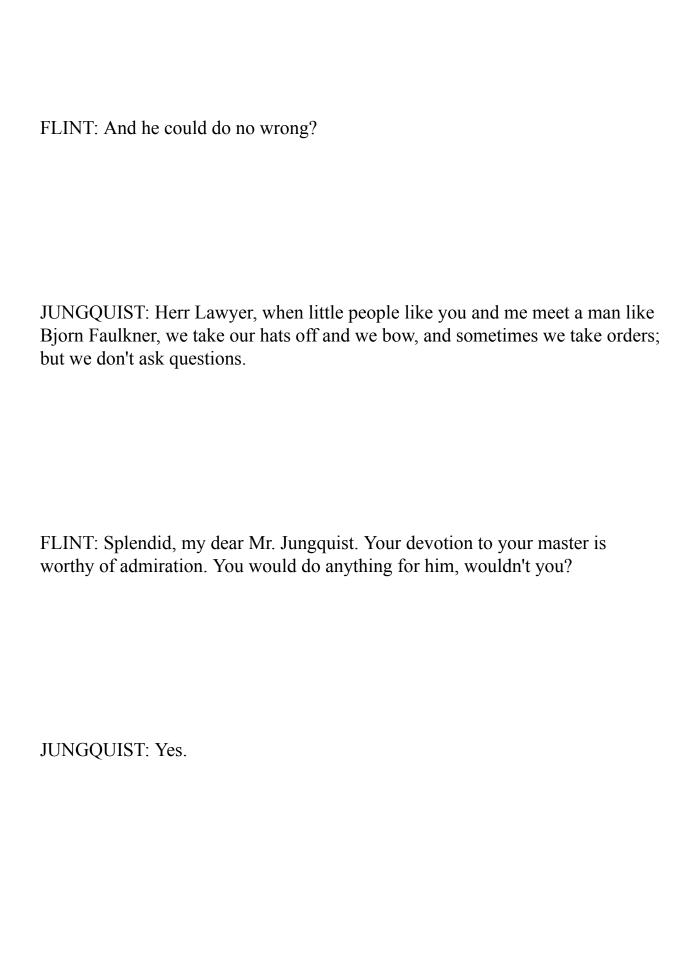


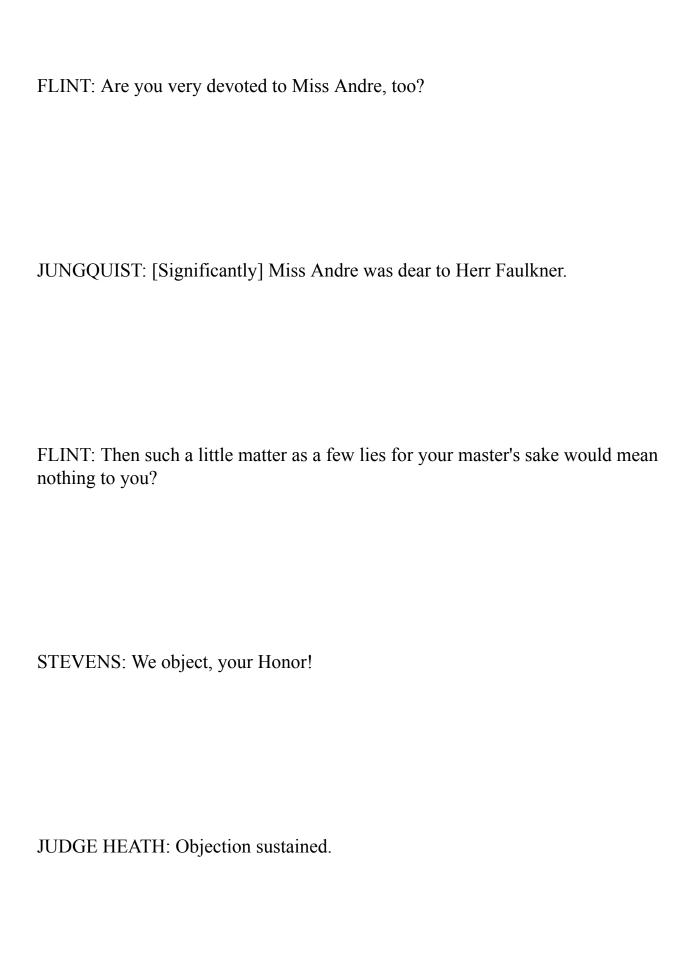






FLINT: You don't, eh? And you didn't know what all those brilliant financial operations of his were?
JUNGQUIST: I knew that Herr Faulkner did what other people not allowed to do. But I never wonder and I never doubt. I know it was not wrong.
FLINT: How did you know that?
JUNGQUIST: Because he was Herr Bjorn Faulkner.





JUNGQUIST: [With quiet indignation] I not lied, Herr Lawyer. Herr Faulkner is dead and cannot tell me to lie. But if I had choice, I lie for Bjorn Faulkner rather than tell truth for you!
FLINT: For which statement I am more grateful than you can guess, Herr Jungquist. That is all.
[JUNGQUIST exits]
STEVENS: [Solemnly] Karen Andre!

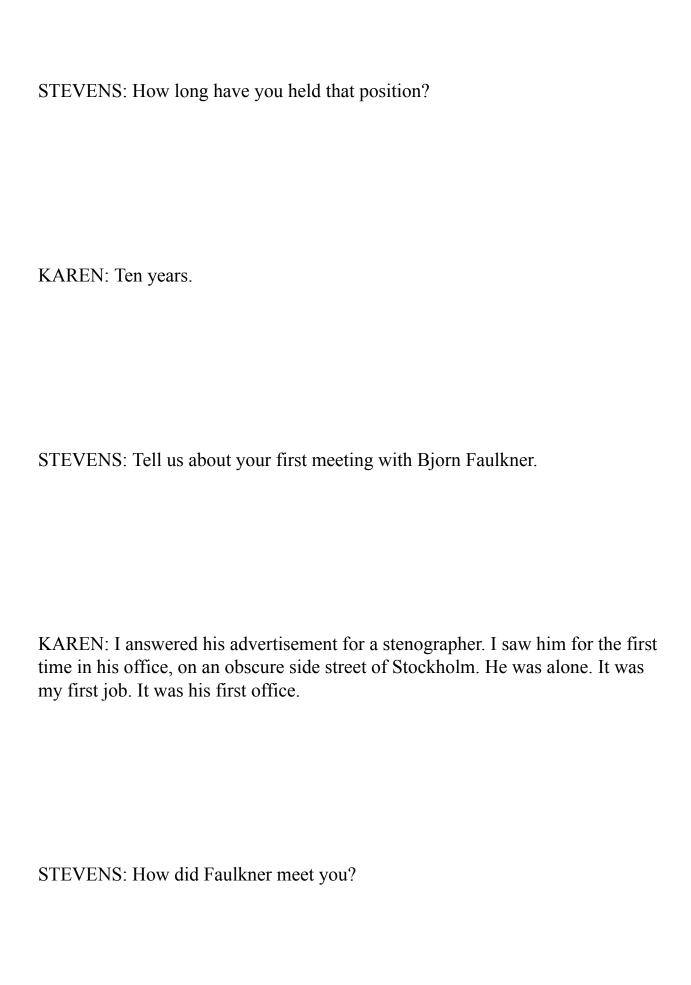
[KAREN rises. She is calm. She steps up to the stand with the poise of a queen mounting a scaffold. The CLERK stops her]
CLERK: You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?
KAREN: [Calmly] That's useless. I'm an atheist.
JUDGE HEATH: The witness has to affirm regardless.
KAREN: [Indifferently] I affirm.

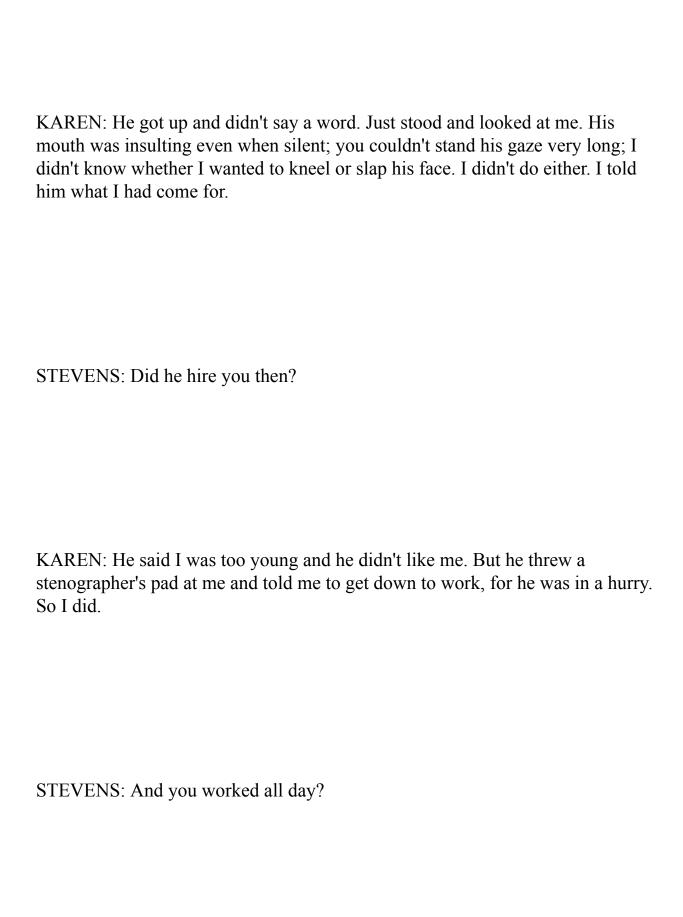
STEVENS: What is your name?

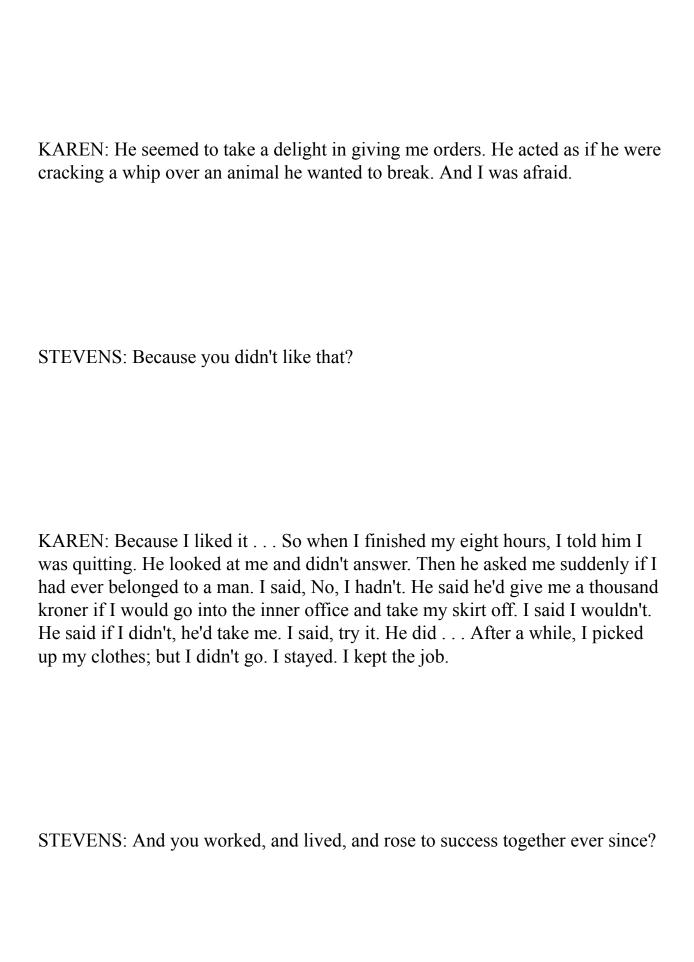
KAREN: Karen Andre.

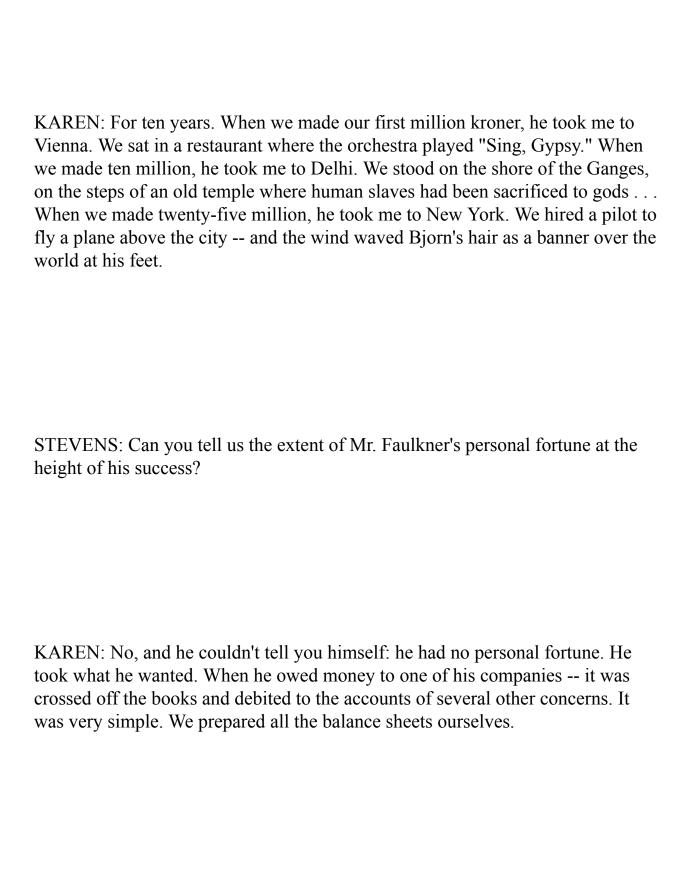
STEVENS: What was your last position?

KAREN: Secretary to Bjorn Faulkner.

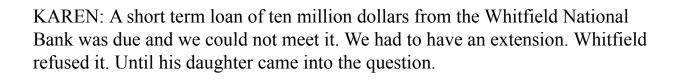








STEVENS: Why did a man of Mr. Faulkner's genius resort to such methods?
KAREN: He wanted to build a gigantic net and to build it fast; a net over the world, held in his own hand. He had to draw unlimited sums of money; he had to establish his credit. So he paid dividends out of his capital, dividends much higher than we actually earned.
STEVENS: When did Mr. Faulkner's business difficulties start?
KAREN: Over a year ago.
STEVENS: What brought Mr. Faulkner to America, this time?



STEVENS: How did that happen?

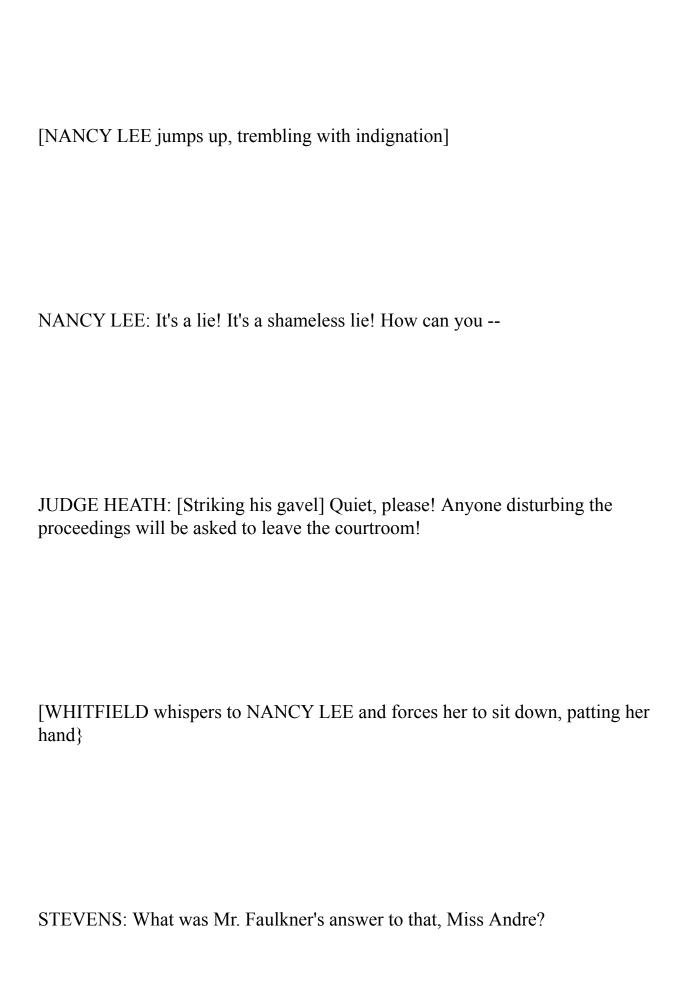
KAREN: Bjorn met her at a party. She made it obvious that she was greatly interested in him . . . Then, one day, he came to me and said: "Karen, we have only one piece of collateral left and you're holding it. You'll have to let me borrow it for a while." I said: "Certainly. What is it?" He said it was himself. I asked: "Nancy Whitfield?" and he nodded. I didn't answer at once -- it wasn't very easy to say -- then, I said: "All right, Bjorn." He asked: "Will that change things between us?" I said: "No."

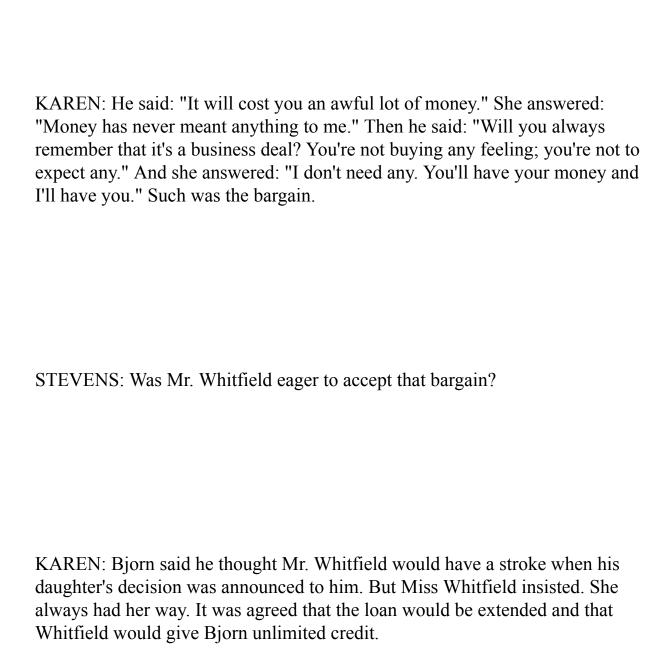
STEVENS: Had Mr. Faulkner proposed to Miss Whitfield?

KAREN: No. She had proposed to him.

STEVENS: How did that happen?

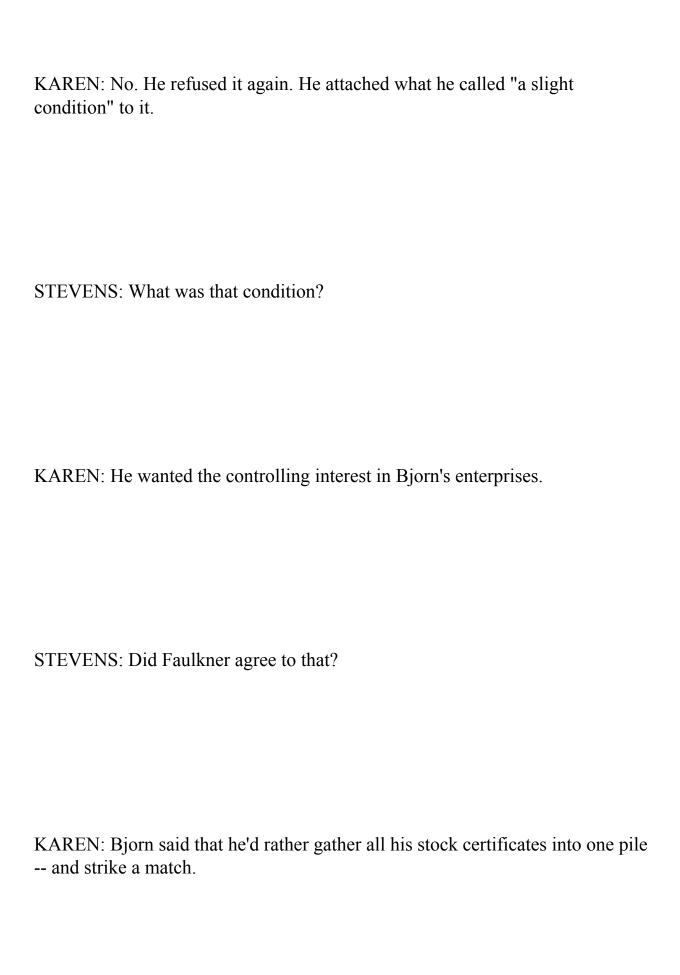
KAREN: He told me about it. She took him for a drive and stopped on a lonely road. She said that they were lost, that she had kidnapped him and wouldn't release him. He answered that the ransom she wanted was not in circulation. Then she turned to him pointblank and said: "What's the use of pretending? I want you and you know it. You don't want me and I know that. But I pay for what I want, and I have the price." He asked: "And what is the price?" She said: "The extension of a certain ten million dollar loan which you'll need to save your business. If you stay out of jail as a swindler, it can be only in the custody of *Mrs. Bjorn Faulkner!*"

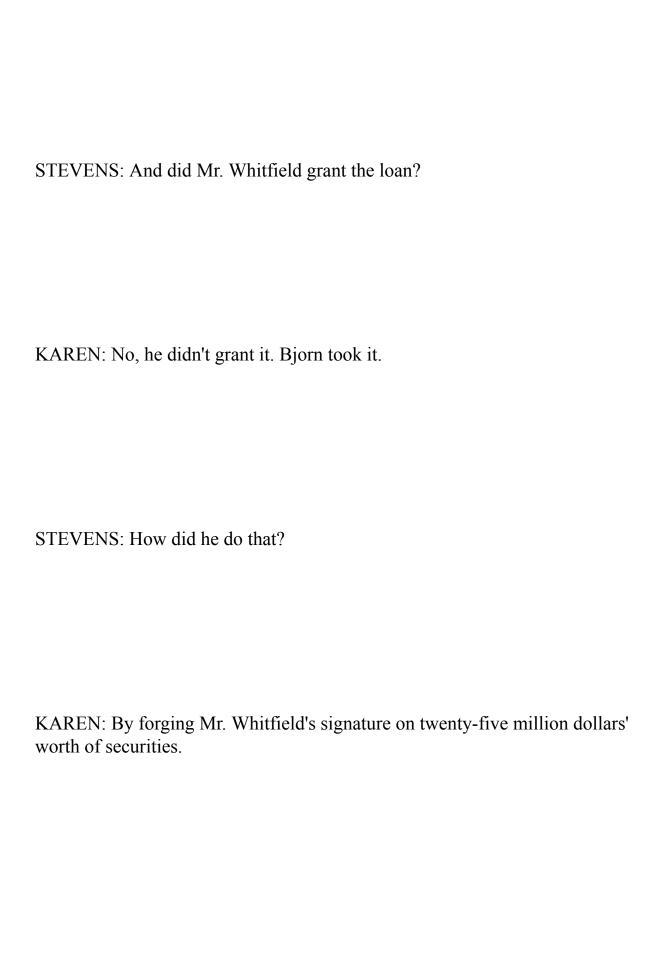


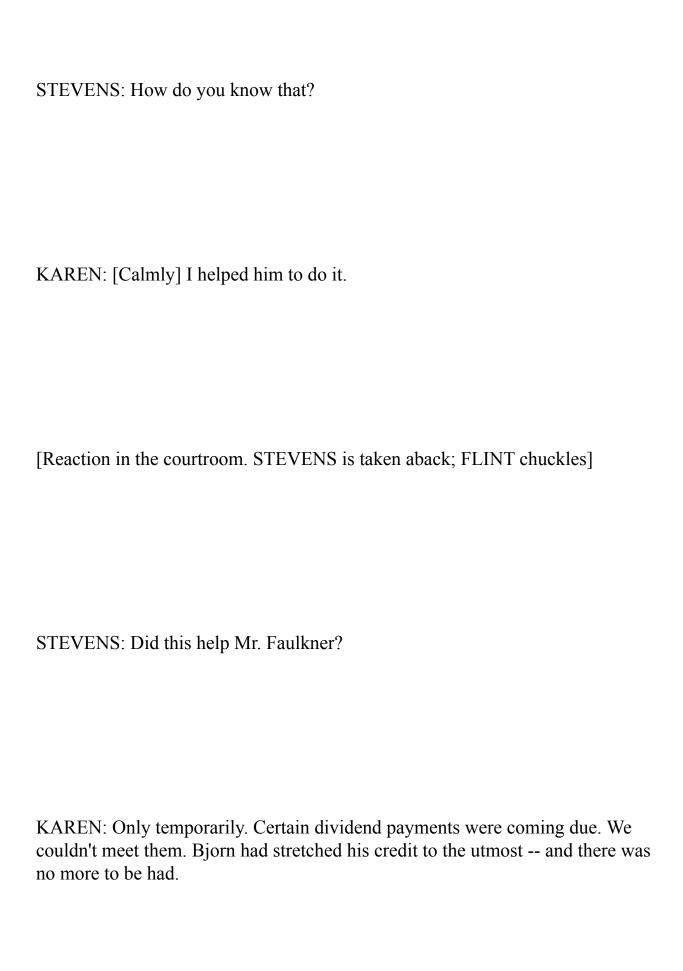


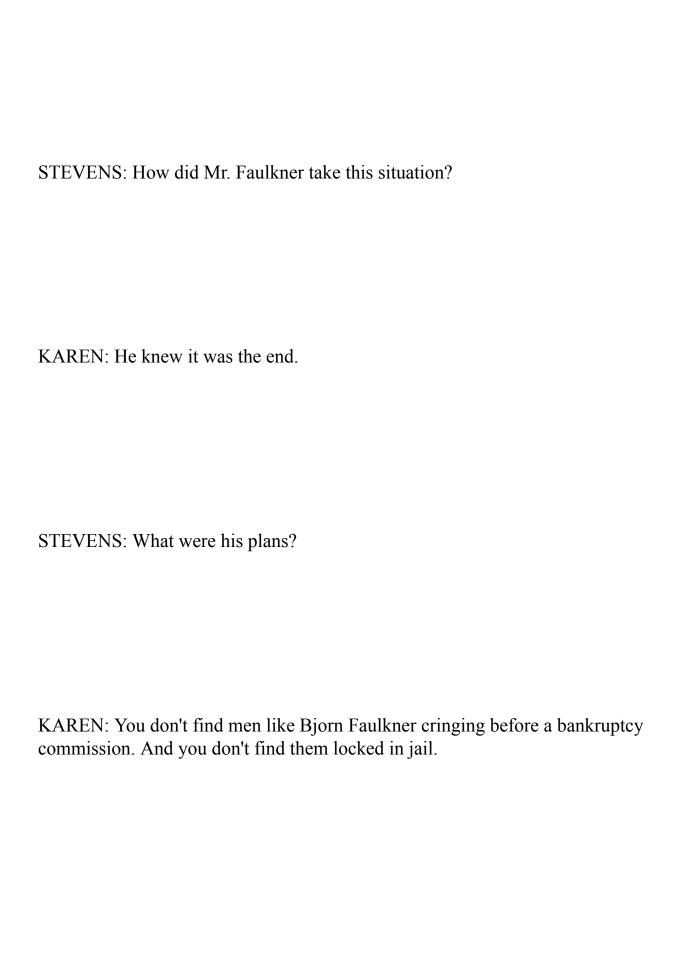
STEVENS: In other words, Faulkner sold himself as his last security?
KAREN: Yes. And like the others, it meant nothing to him.
STEVENS: Did you resent that marriage?
KAREN: No. I didn't. We had always faced our business as a war. We both looked at this as our hardest campaign.
STEVENS: Why did Mr. Faulkner dismiss you two weeks after his wedding?

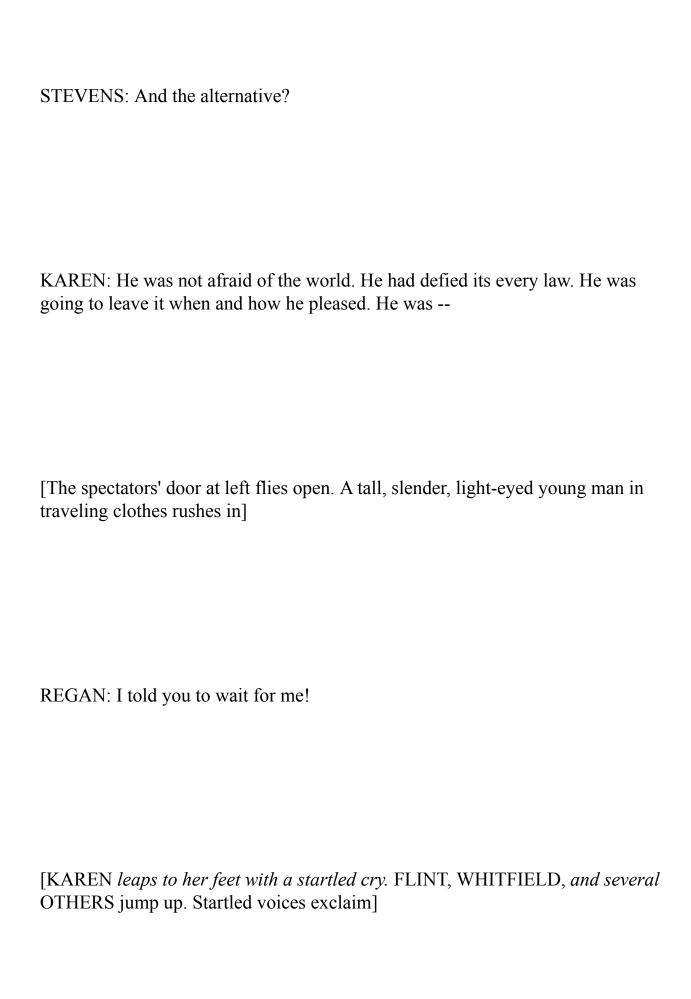
KAREN: He was forced to do that. Whitfield refused to advance the money he had promised.
STEVENS: What reason did he offer for that refusal?
KAREN: The reason that Bjorn was keeping a mistress. It was Miss Whitfield's ultimatum: I had to be dismissed.
STEVENS: And did Mr. Whitfield grant the loan after you were dismissed?

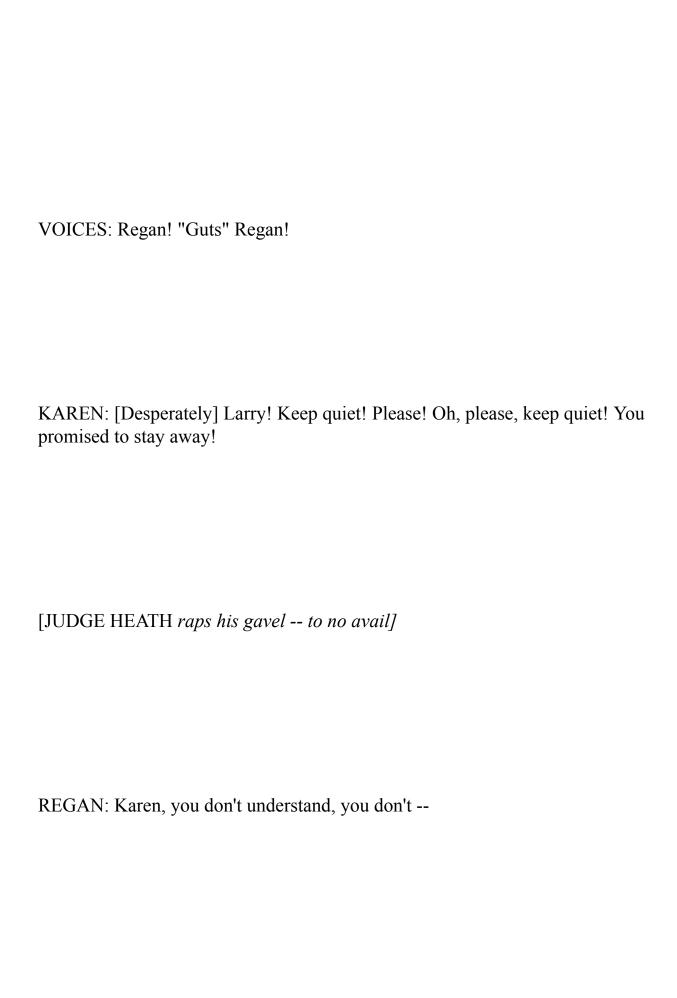




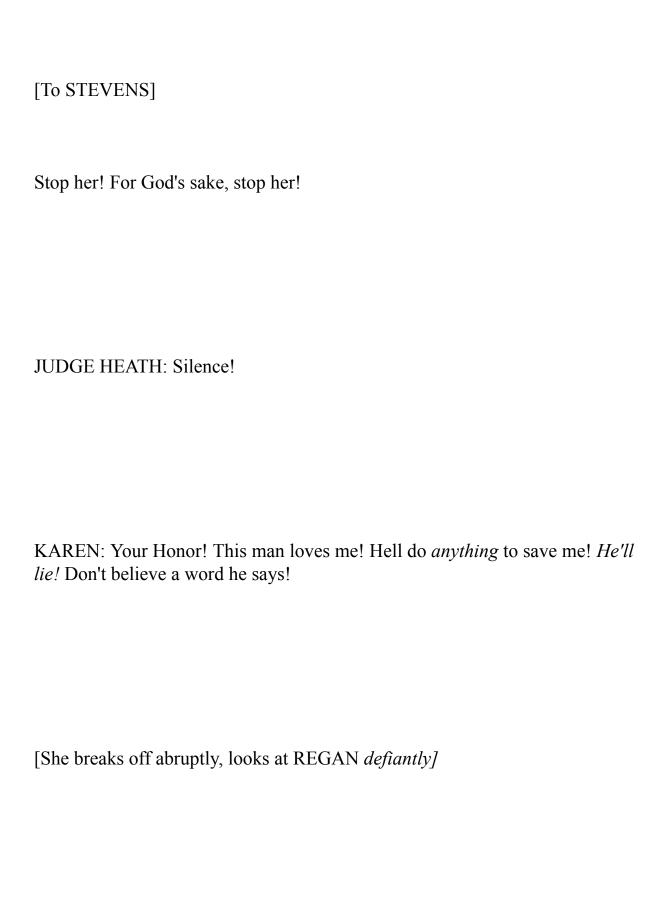








KAREN: [Whirling toward JUDGE HEATH] Your Honor! I demand that this man not be allowed to testify!
FLINT: Why not, Miss Andre?
STEVENS: [Rushing to KAREN] Wait! Don't say a word!
KAREN: [Ignoring him, shouting desperately over the noise] Your Honor !
REGAN: Karen!



REGAN: [Slowly] Karen, your sacrifice is useless: Bjorn Faulkner is dead
KAREN: [It is a wild, incredulous cry] He's dead?
REGAN: Yes.
KAREN: Bjorn dead?
FLINT: Didn't you know it, Miss Andre?

[KAREN does not answer. She sways and falls, unconscious, on the steps of the witness stand. Pandemonium in the courtroom]
CURTAIN

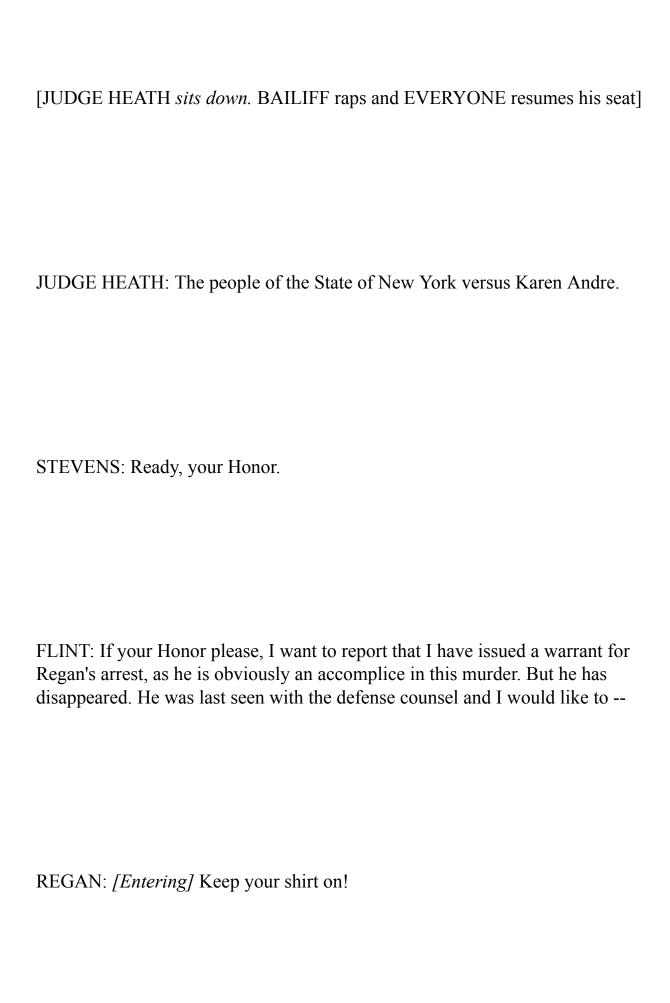
Act Three

Scene: Same scene as at the opening of Acts I and II. Court session ready to open. NANCY LEE, WHITFIELD, and JUNGQUIST occupy the spectators' seats. KAREN sits at the defense table, her head bowed, her arms hanging limply. Her clothes are black. She is calm -- a dead, indifferent calm. When she moves and speaks, her manner is still composed; but it is a broken person that faces us now. The BAILIFF raps.

BAILIFF: Court attention!

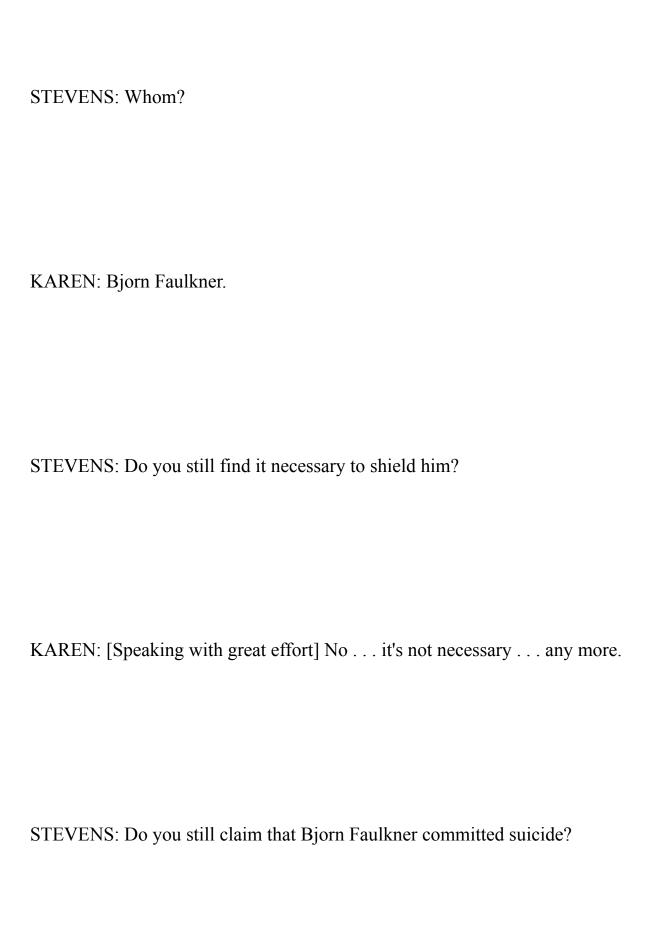
[JUDGE HEATH enters. EVERYONE rises]

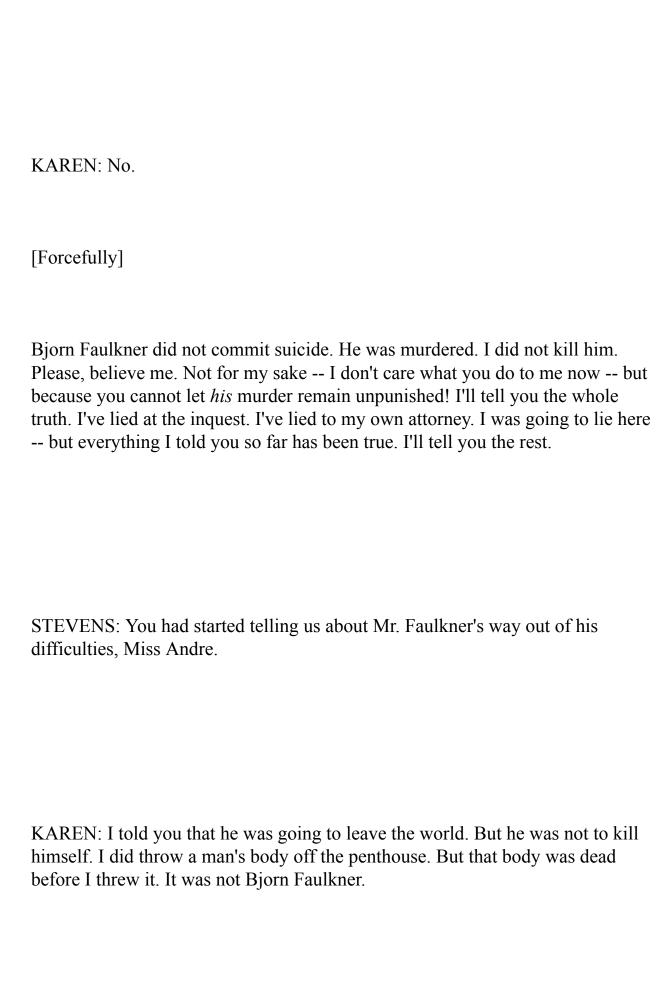
Superior Court Number Eleven of the State of New York. The Honorable Judge William Heath presiding.

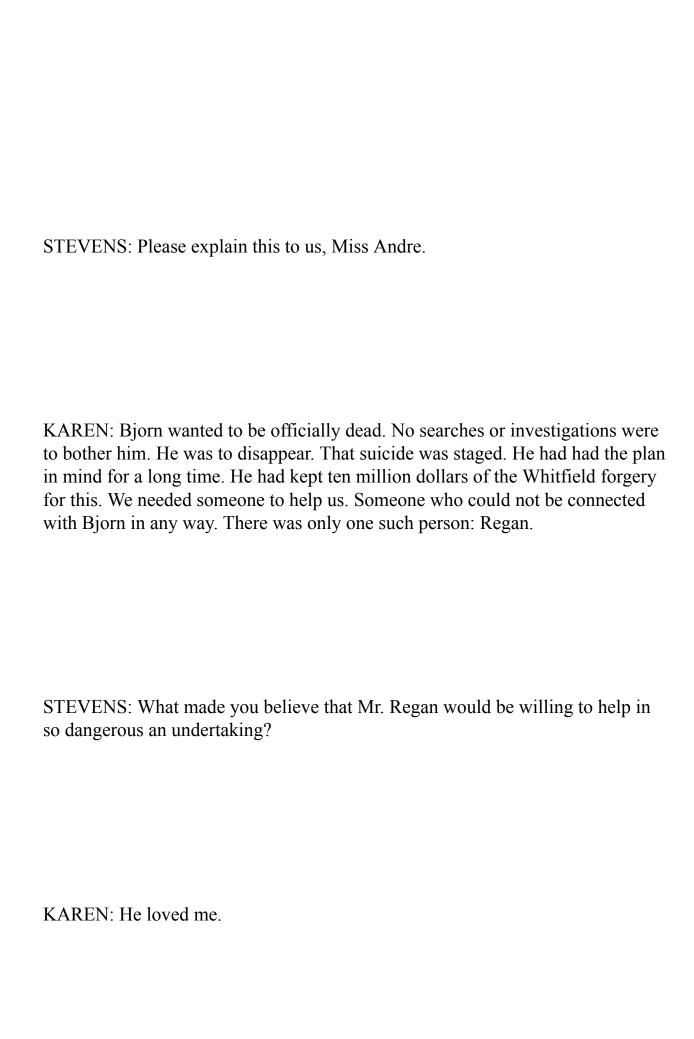


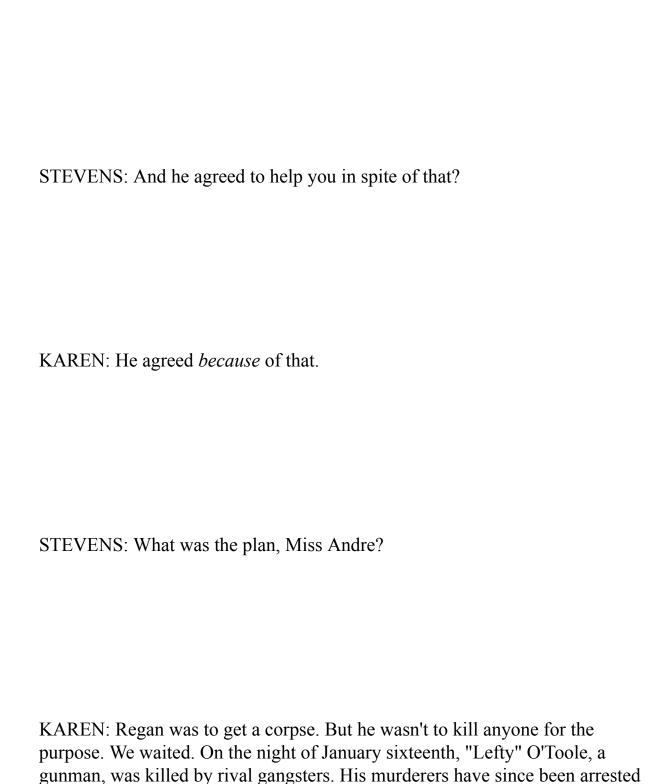
[He walks toward FLINT calmly]
Who's disappeared? What do you suppose I appeared for, just to give you guys a thrill? You don't have to issue any warrants. I'll stay here. If she's guilty, I'm guilty. [He sits down at the defense table]
JUDGE HEATH: The defense may proceed.
STEVENS: Karen Andre.
[KAREN walks to the witness stand. Her grace and poise are gone; she moves with effort]
Miss Andre, when you took the stand yesterday, did you know the whole truth about this case?

KAREN: [Faintly] No.
STEVENS: Do you wish to retract any of your testimony?
KAREN: No.
KAKEN. NO.
STEVENS: When you first took the stand, did you intend to shield anyone?
KAREN: Yes.



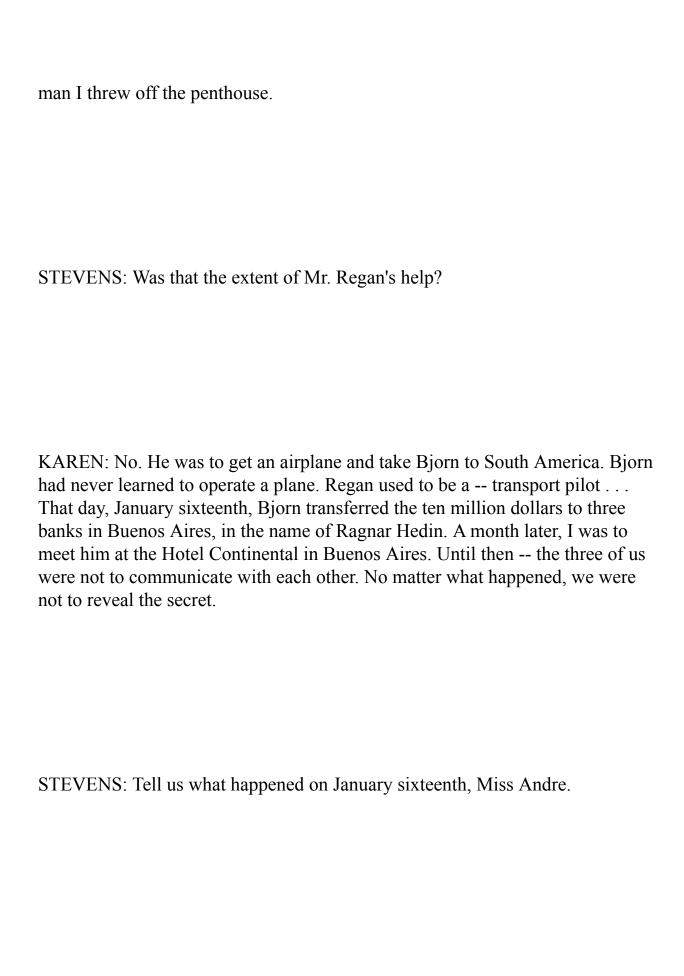


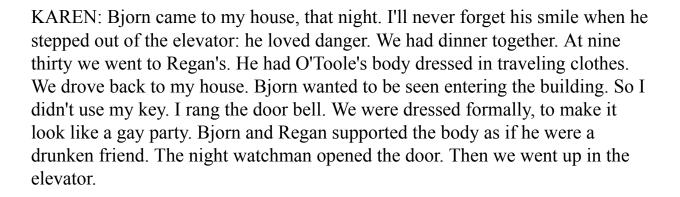




and have confessed, so you can be sure that Regan had nothing to do with the

murder. But you may remember reading in the papers that O'Toole's body disappeared mysteriously from his mother's house. *That* was Regan's work. O'Toole's height, measurements and hair were the same as Bjorn's. He was the





STEVENS: And then what happened?

KAREN: Bjorn exchanged clothes with the corpse. He wrote the letter. Then they carried the body out and left it leaning against the parapet. Then . . . then, we said goodbye.

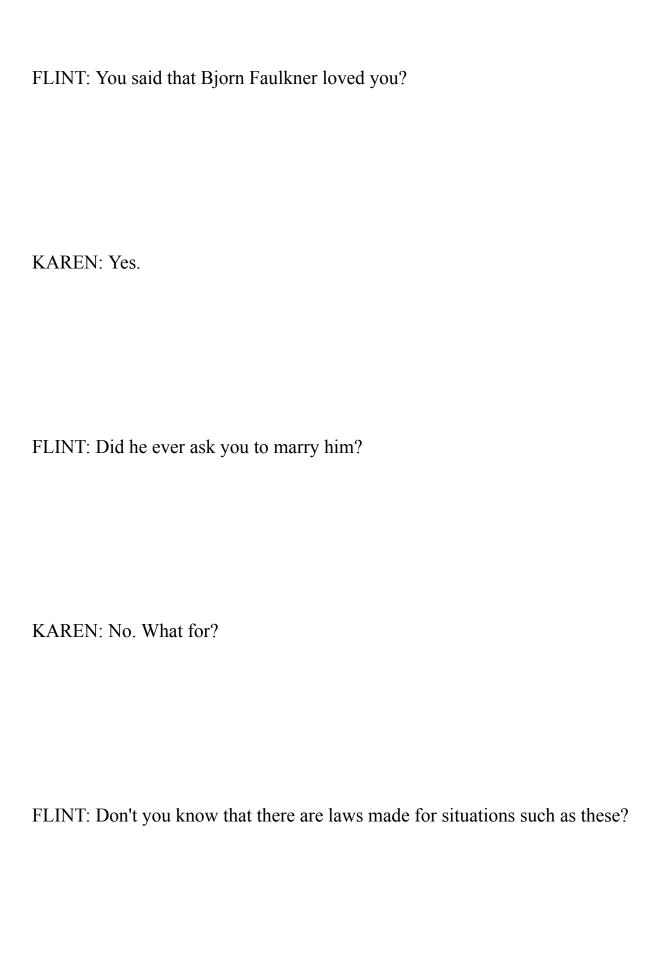
[KAREN's voice is not trembling; she is not playing for sympathy; only the slightest effort in her words betrays the pain of these memories]

Bjorn was to go first. He went down in the elevator. I stood and watched the needle of the indicator moving down, fifty floors down. Then it stopped. He was gone.

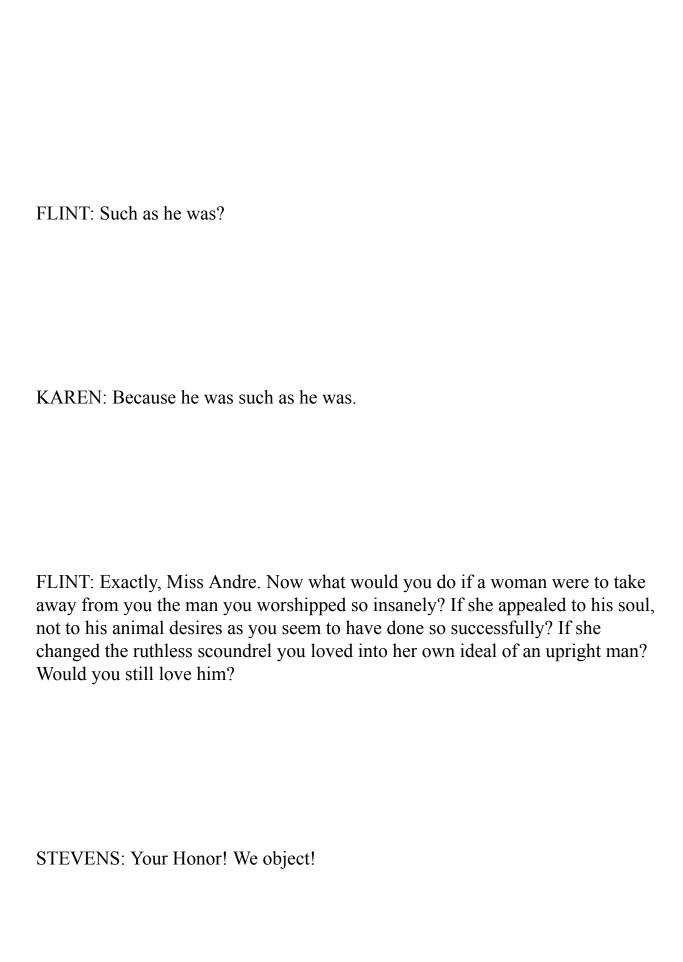
STEVENS: And then?

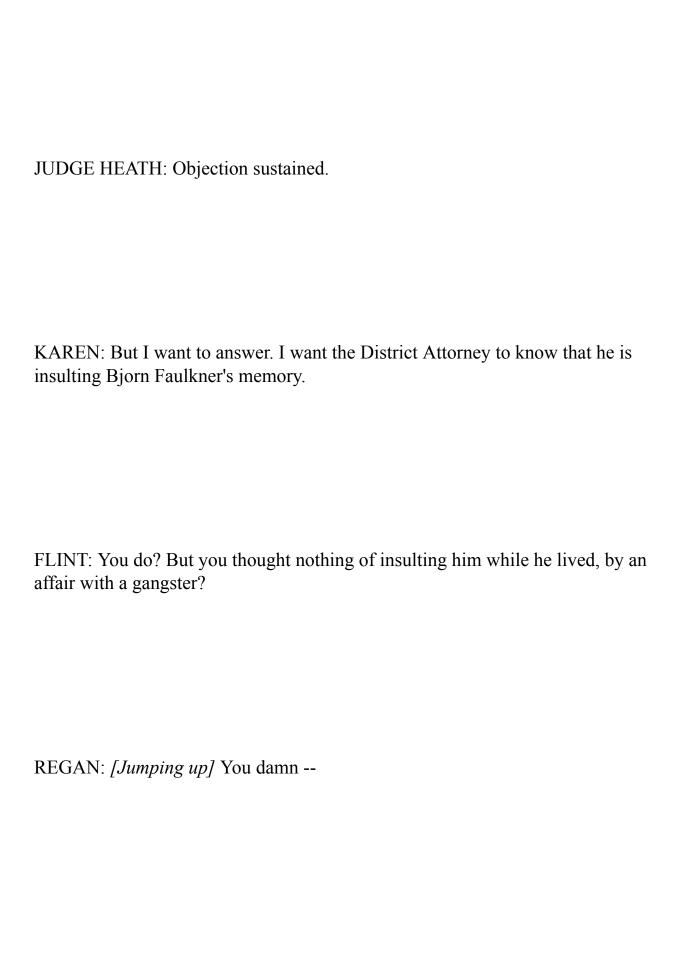
KAREN: Regan followed him a few minutes later. They were to meet ten miles out of the city where Regan had left his plane. I stayed alone for an hour. The penthouse was so silent. I didn't want to wait out in the garden -- with the corpse the dead man that was supposed to be Bjorn. I lay on the bed in my bedroom. I took Bjorn's robe and buried my face in it. I could almost feel the warmth of his body. There was a clock by the bed and it ticked in the darkness. I waited. When an hour passed, I knew that the plane had taken off. I got up. I tore my dress -- to make it look like a struggle. Then, I went to the garden -- to the parapet. I looked down; there were so many lights . . . the world seemed so small, so far away . . . Then, I threw the body over. I watched it fall. I thought all of Bjorn's troubles went with it . . . I didn't know that . . . his life went, too.

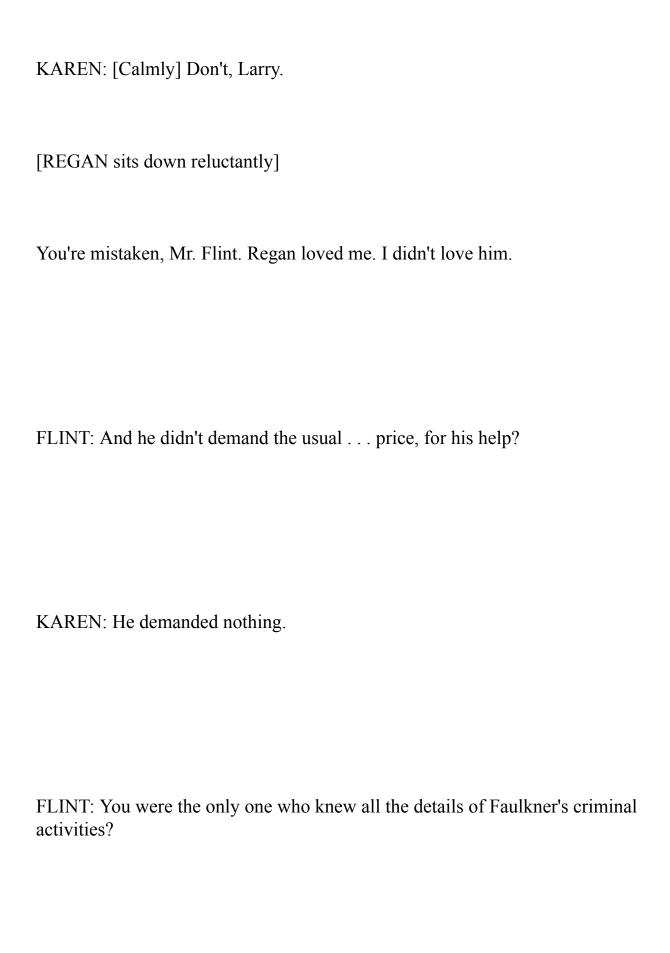
STEVENS: That is all, Miss Andre.

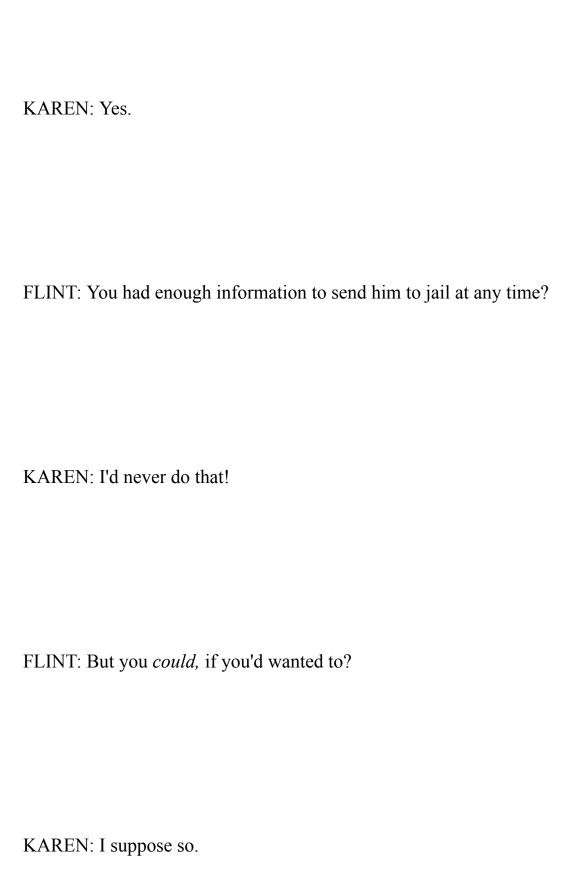


KAREN: Laws made by whom, Mr. Flint? And for whom?
FLINT: Miss Andre, did your attorney warn you that anything you say here may be held against you?
KAREN: I am here to tell the truth.
FLINT: You loved Bjorn Faulkner?
KAREN: Yes.

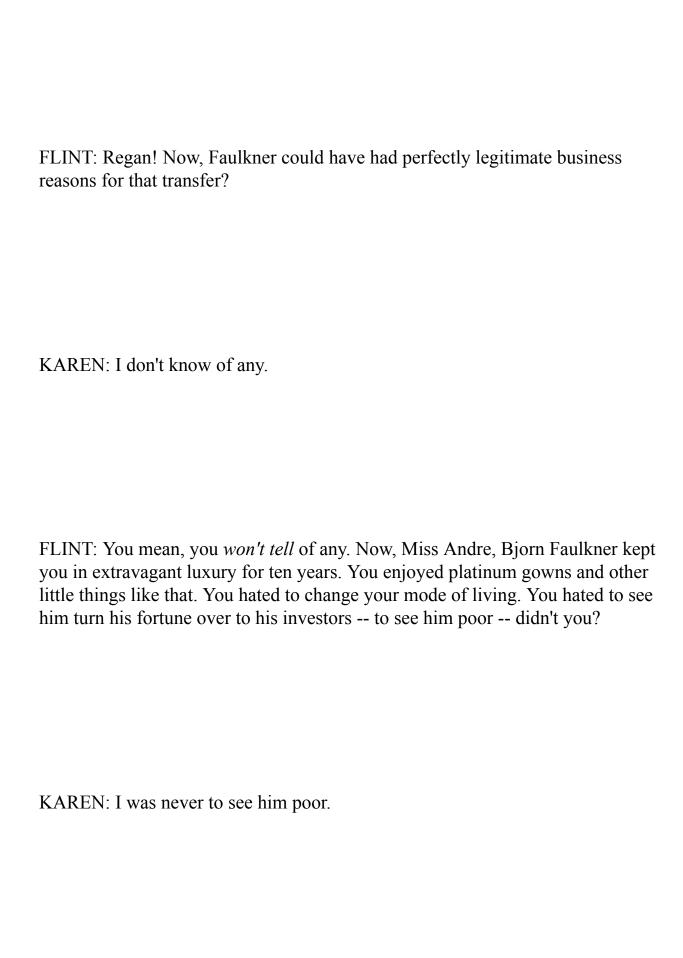




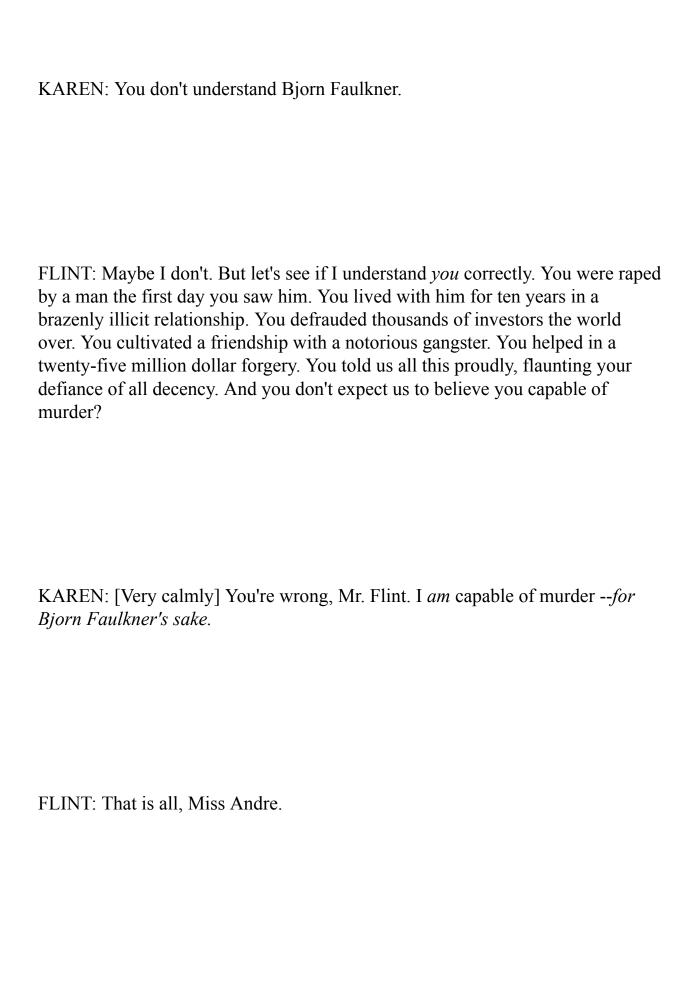




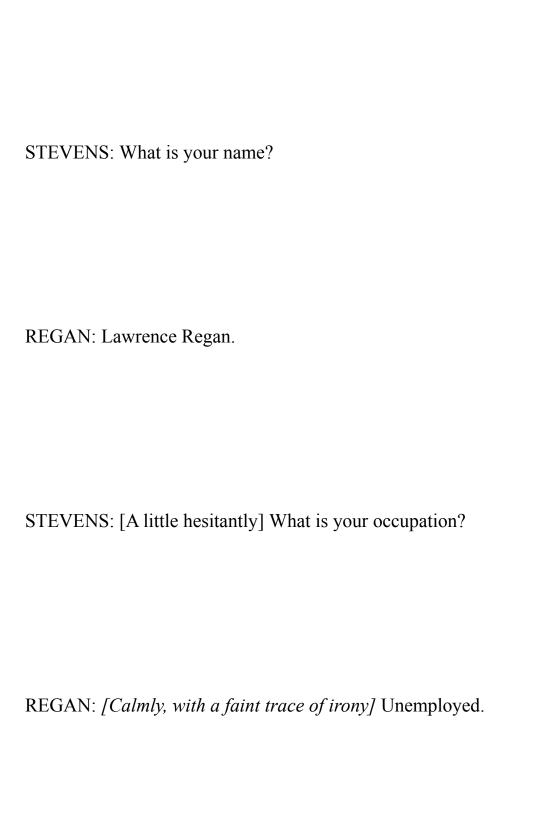
FLINT: Well, Miss Andre, isn't that the explanation of Faulkner's visits to you after his marriage? He had reformed, he wanted to avoid a crash. But <i>you</i> held it over his head. You could ruin his plans and expose him before he had made good for his crimes. Wasn't it fear, not love, that held him in your hands?
KAREN: Bjorn never knew the meaning of the word fear.
FLINT: Miss Andre, who knew about that transfer of ten million dollars to Buenos Aires?
KAREN: Only Bjorn, myself and Regan.

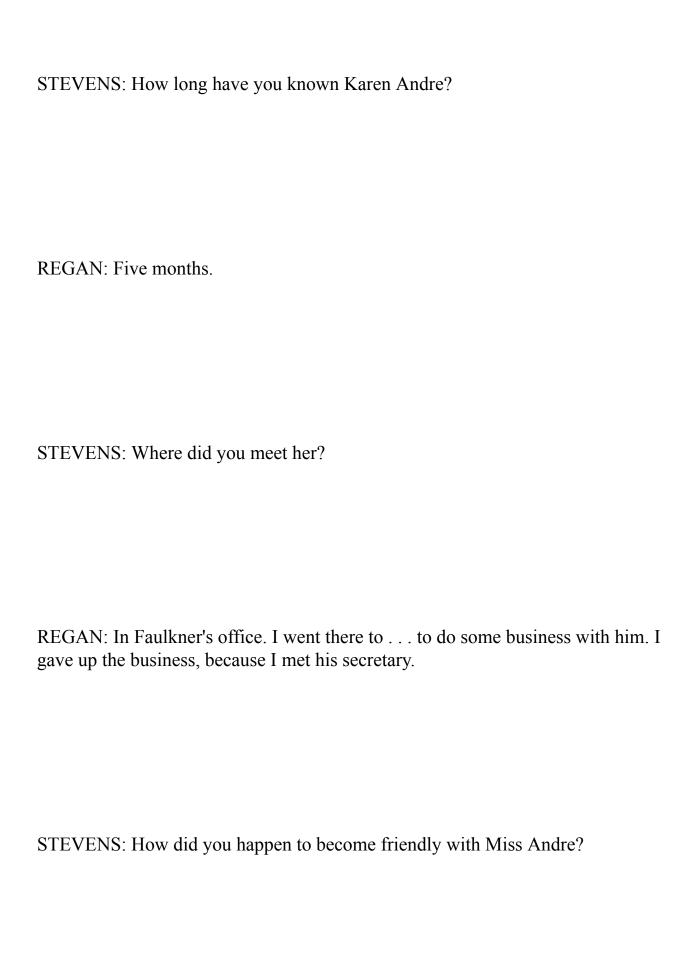


FLINT: No! Of course not! Because you and your gangster lover were going to murder him and get the ten million no one knew about!
STEVENS: Your Honor! We object!
JUDGE HEATH: Sustained.
FLINT: You've heard it testified that Faulkner had no reason to commit suicide. He had no more reason to escape from the first happiness he'd ever known. And you hated him for that happiness! Didn't you?

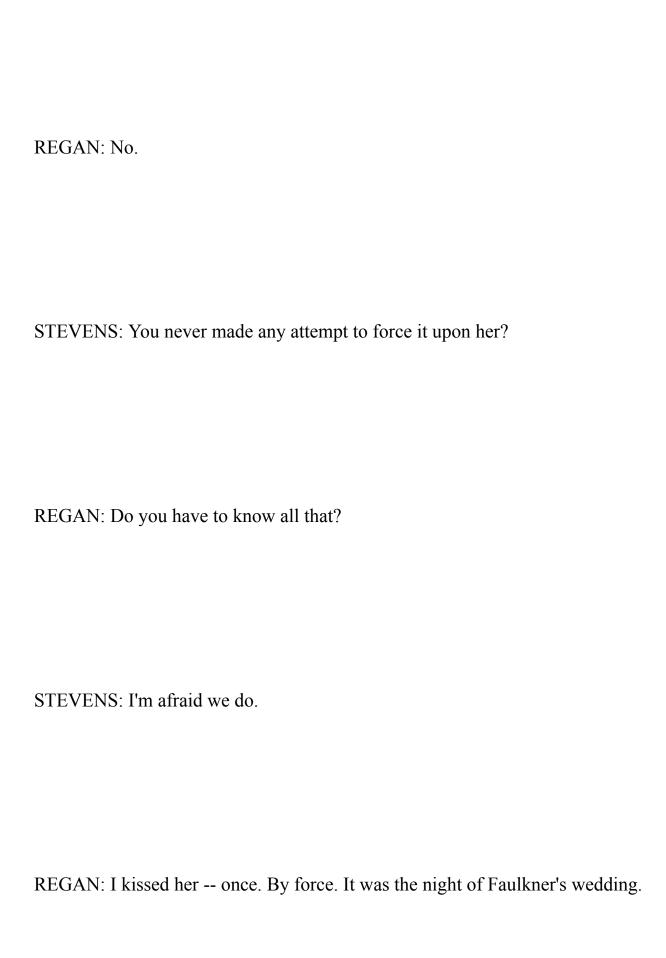


[KAREN back to her seat at the defense table, calmly, indifferently]
STEVENS: Lawrence Regan!
CLERK: Lawrence Regan!
[REGAN takes the stand]
You solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?
REGAN: I do.

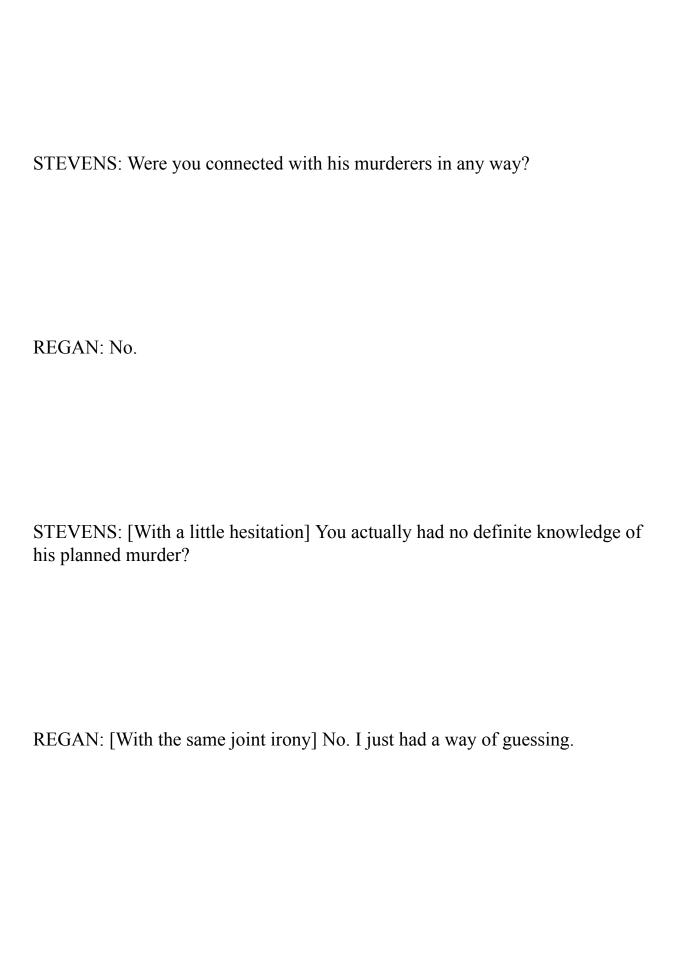




REGAN: Well, that first meeting wasn't exactly friendly. She wouldn't let me in to see Faulkner. She said I had enough money to buy orchids by the pound and I had no business with her boss. I said I'd think it over and went. I thought it over. Only, I didn't think of the business. I thought of her. The next day I sent her a pound of orchids. Ever see how many that makes? That's how it started.
STEVENS: Did you know of Miss Andre's relations with Mr. Faulkner?
REGAN: I knew it before I ever saw her. What of it? I knew it was hopeless. But I couldn't help it.
STEVENS: You never expected Miss Andre to share your feeling?



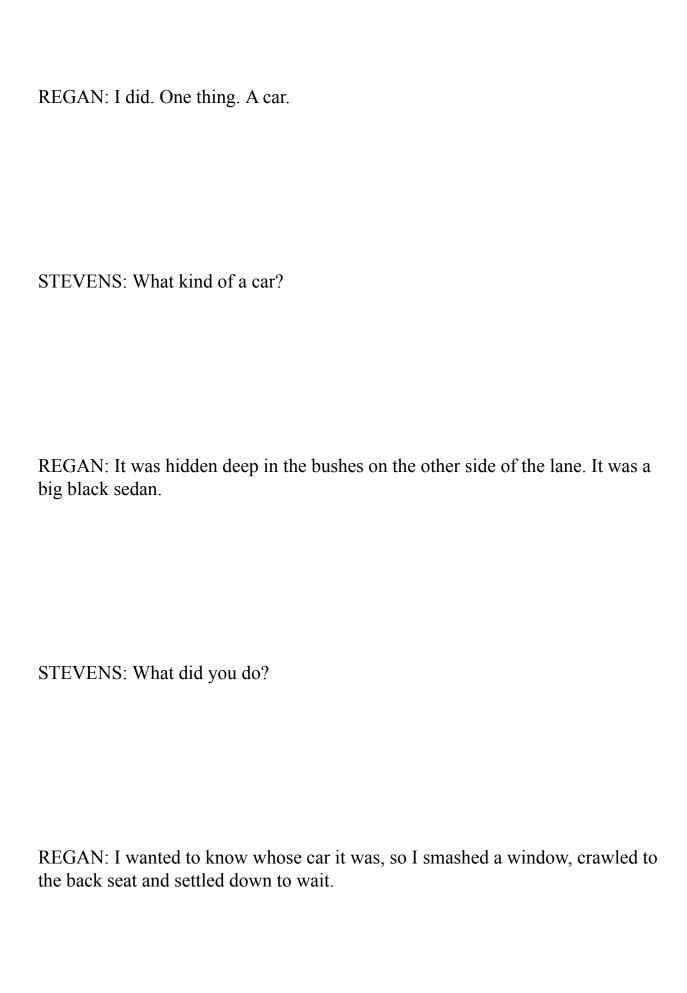
She was alone. She was so unhappy. And I was so crazy about her. She told me it was no use. I never wanted her to know. But she knew. We never mentioned it since.
STEVENS: When did Miss Andre first tell you of Faulkner's planned escape?
REGAN: About two weeks before we pulled it.
STEVENS: Was "Lefty" O'Toole one of your men?
REGAN: No.

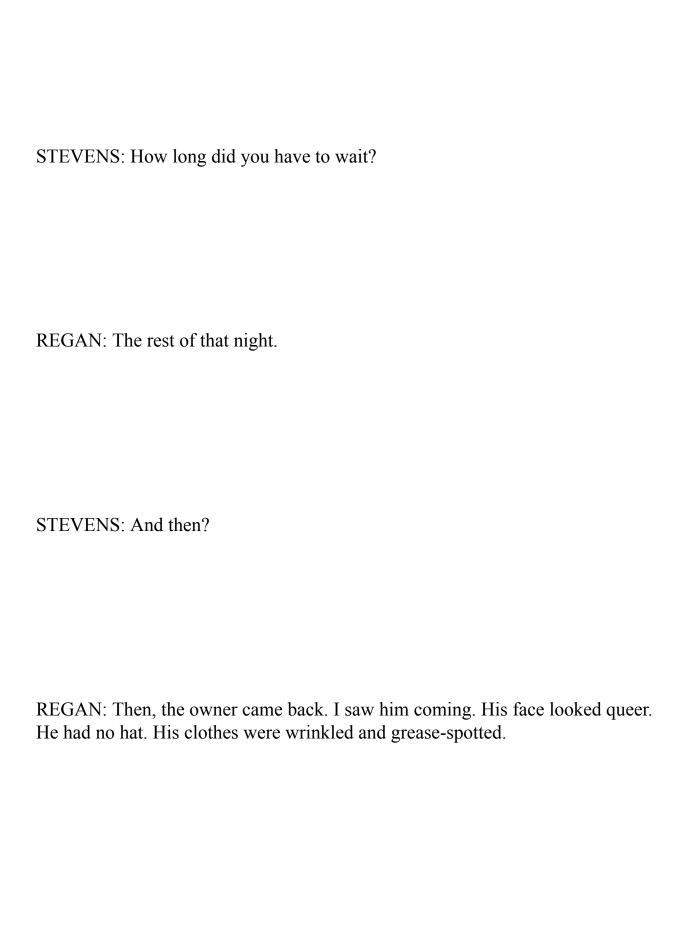


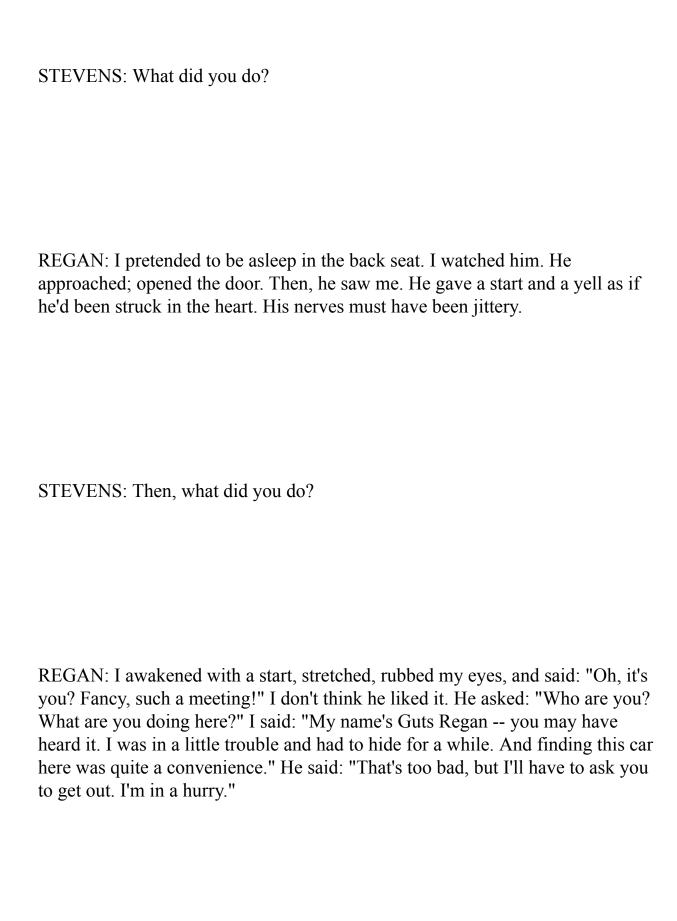
STEVENS: What happened on the night of January sixteenth?
REGAN: It all worked as Miss Andre has told you. But she knows only half the story. I know the rest.
STEVENS: Tell us what happened after you left the penthouse.
REGAN: I left ten minutes after Faulkner. He had taken my car. I had one of my men leave another car for me at the door. I stepped on it full speed.
STEVENS: Where did you go?

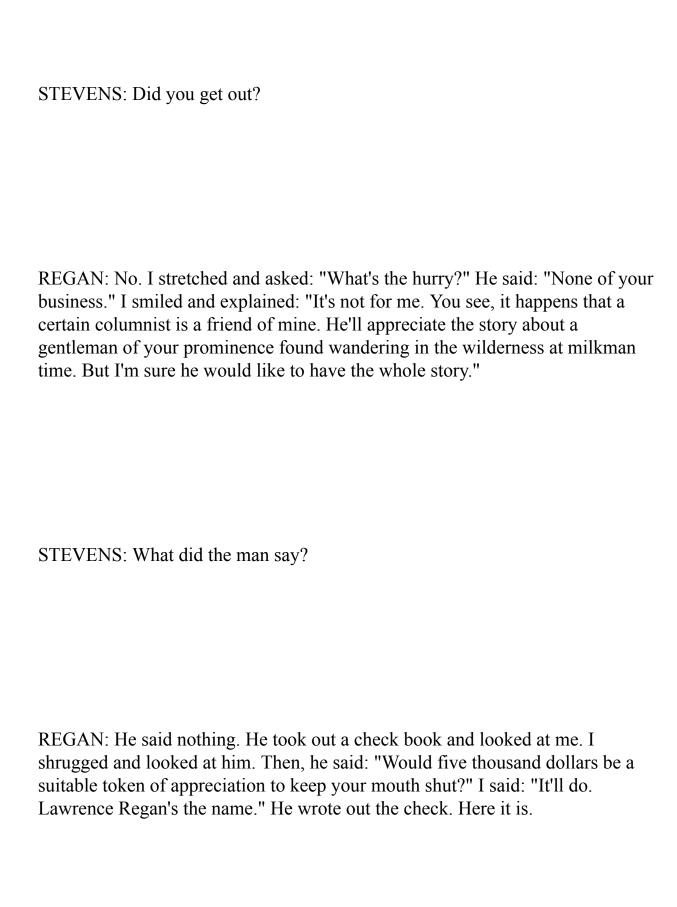
REGAN: To Meadow Lane. Ten miles out, in Kings County. I had left my plane there earlier in the evening. Faulkner was to get there first and wait for me.
STEVENS: What time did you get there?
REGAN: About midnight. There was a bright moon. I turned off the road and I could see tire tracks in the mud where Faulkner's car had passed. I drove out into the lane. Then, I thought I'd lost my mind: the plane was gone.
STEVENS: What did you do?

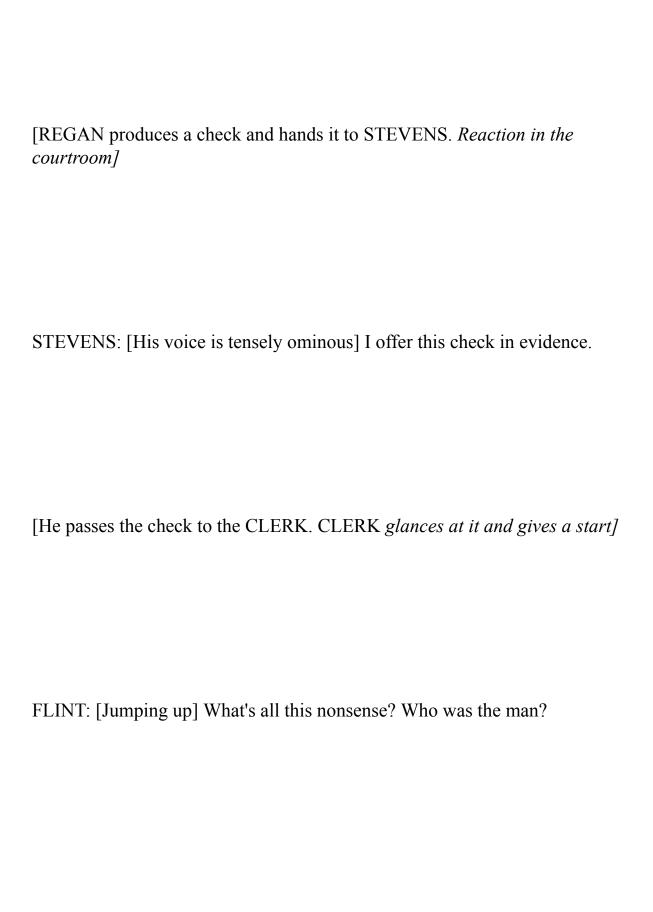
REGAN: I searched around that lane for two hours. Faulkner's car was there where we had agreed to hide it. It was empty, lights turned off, the key in the switch. I saw tracks on the ground where the plane had taken off. But Faulkner couldn't fly it himself.
STEVENS: Did you search for any clues to this mystery?
REGAN: I searched like a bloodhound.
STEVENS: Did you find anything?

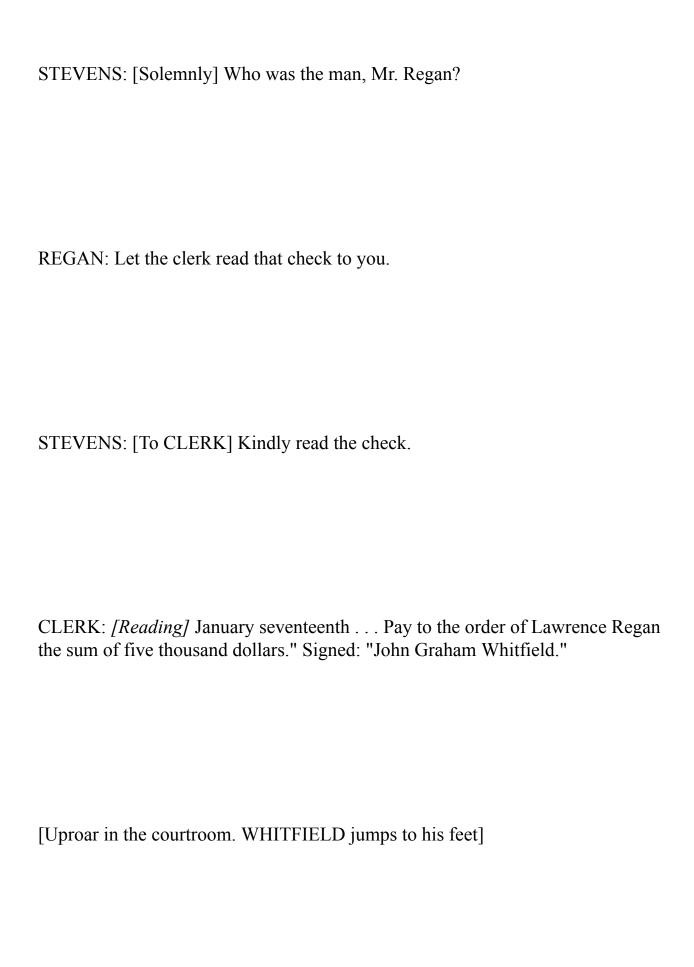


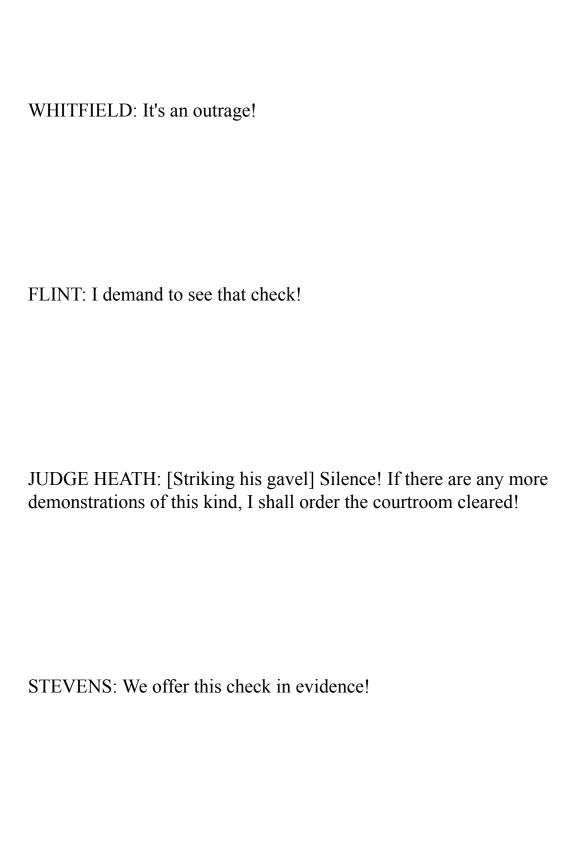


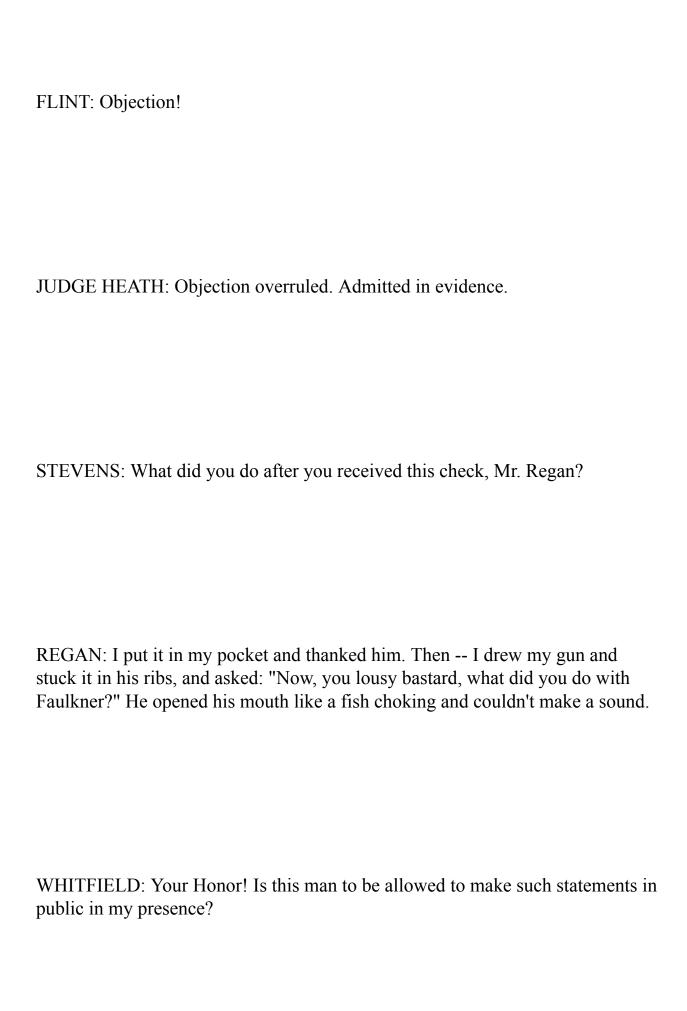


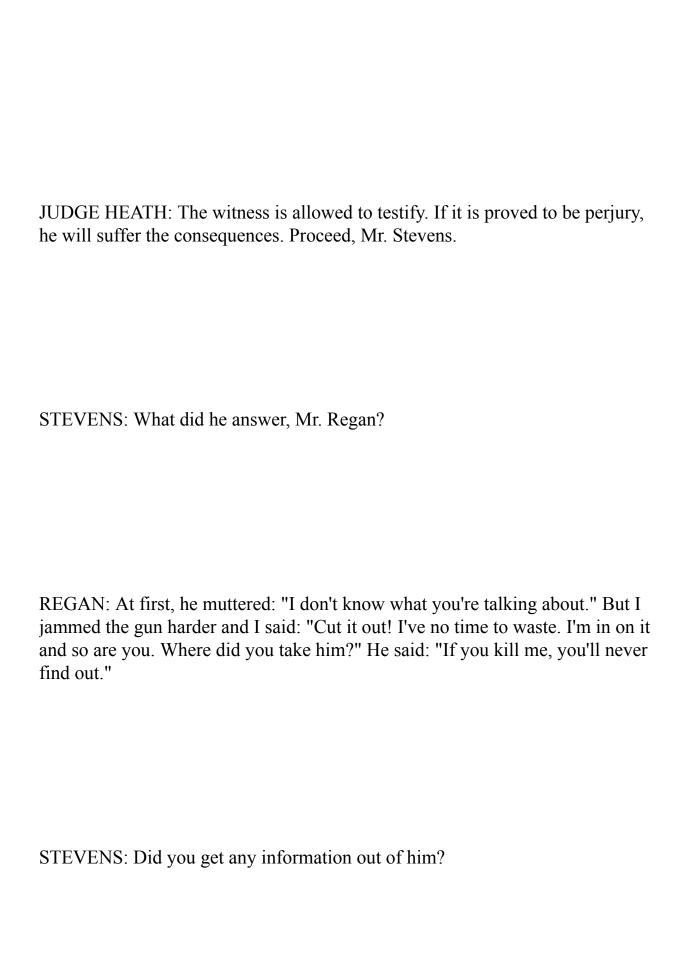


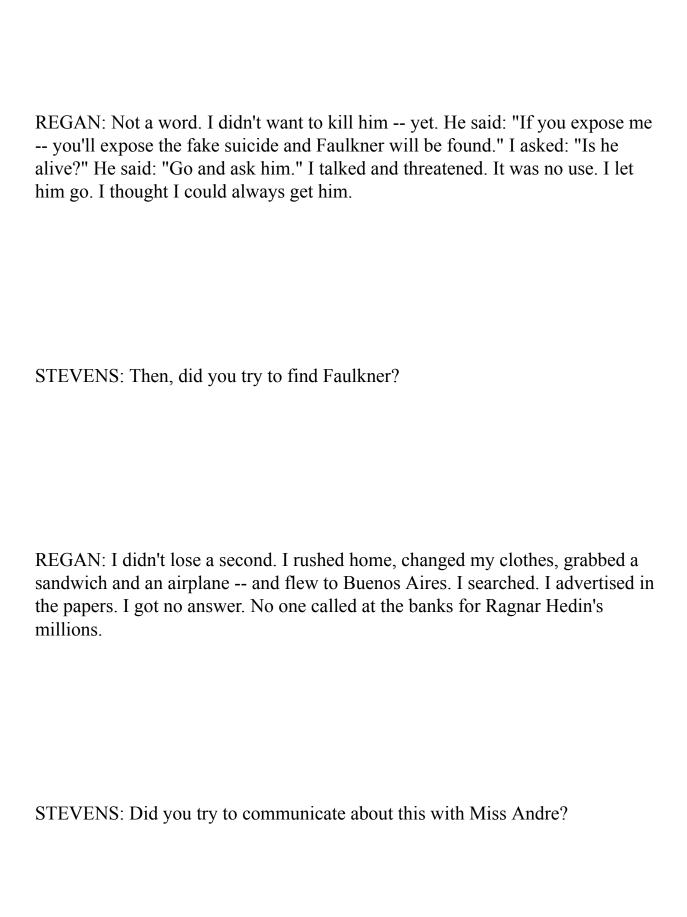




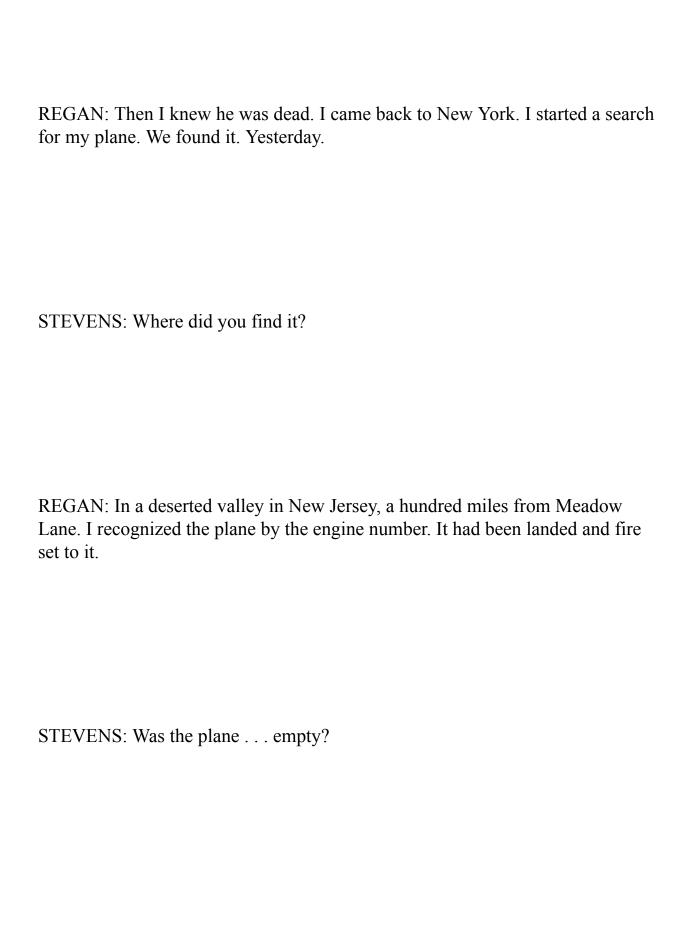


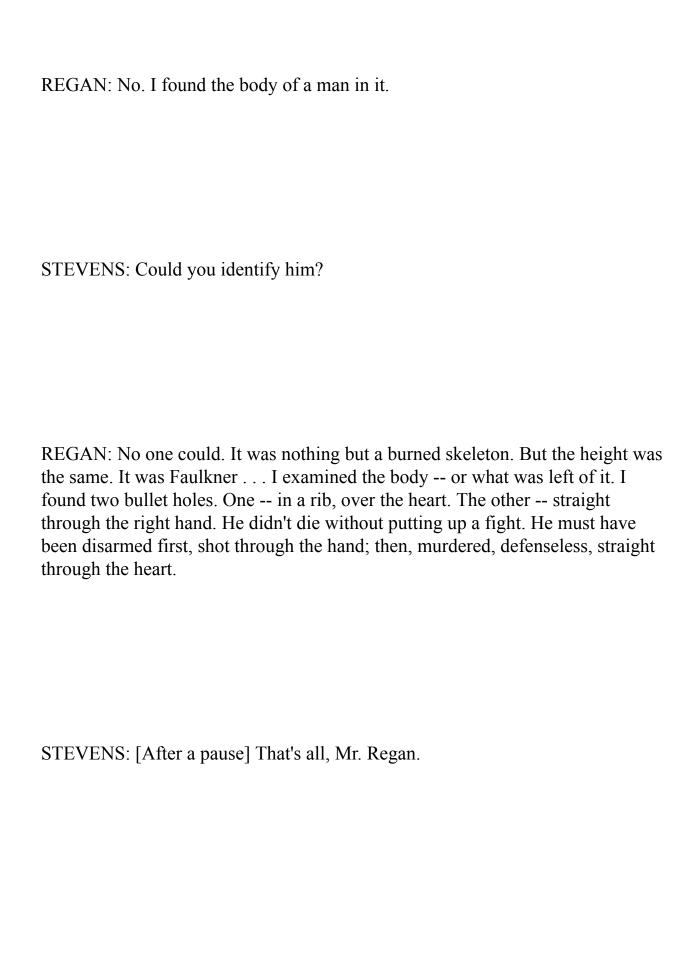


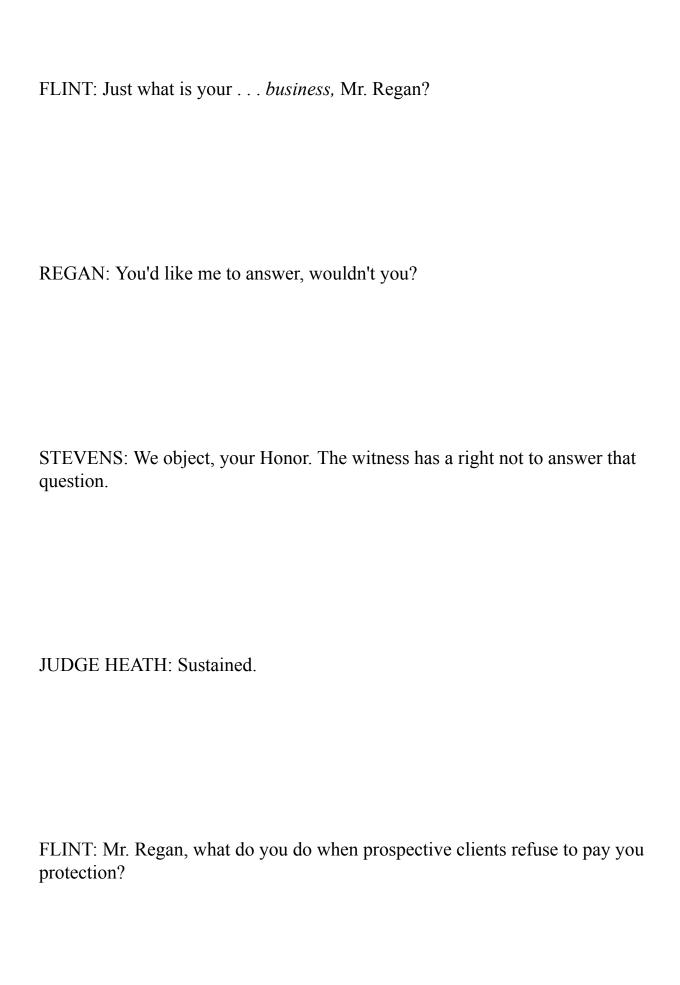




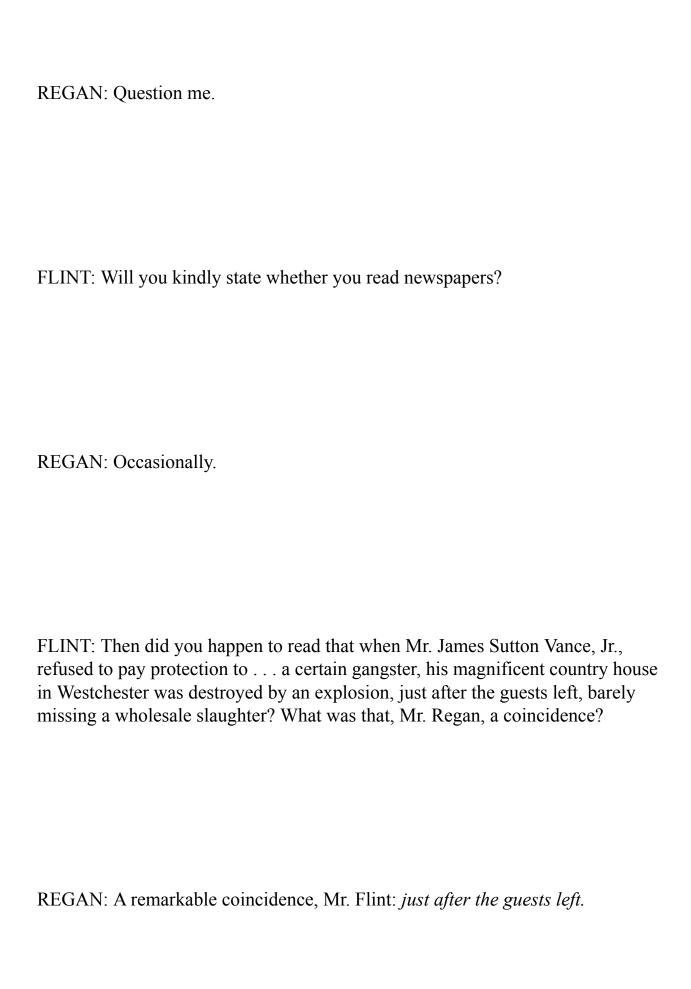
REGAN: No. We had promised to stay away from each other for a month. And she had been arrested for Faulkner's murder. I laughed when I read that. I couldn't say a word not to betray him if he were still alive. I waited.
STEVENS: What were you waiting for?
REGAN: February sixteenth at the Hotel Continental in Buenos Aires. I set my teeth and waited every minute of every hour of that day. He didn't come.
STEVENS: Then?

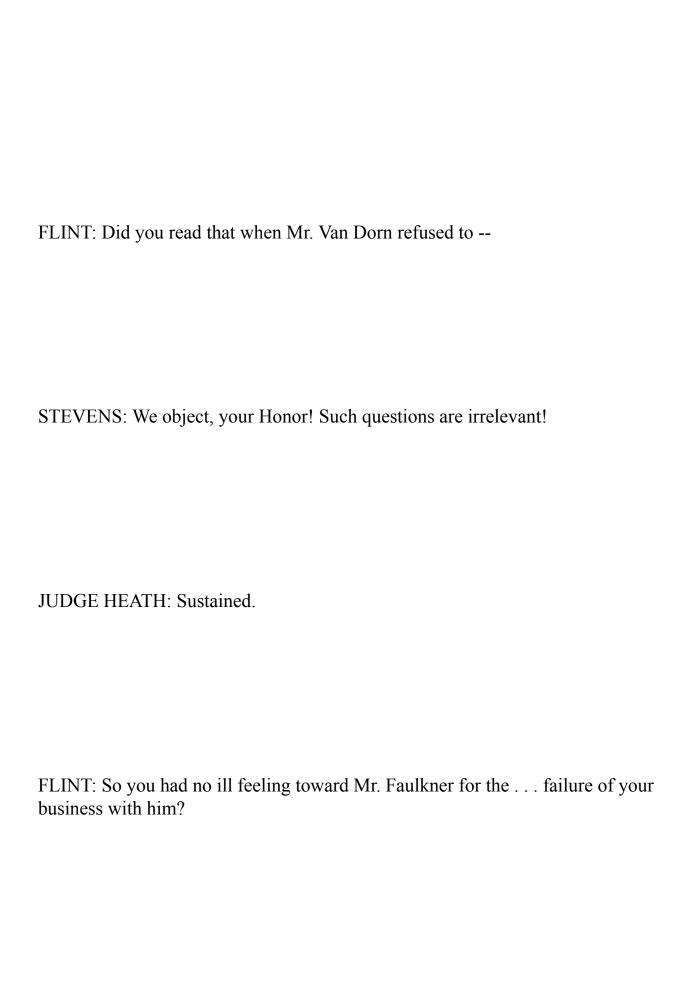


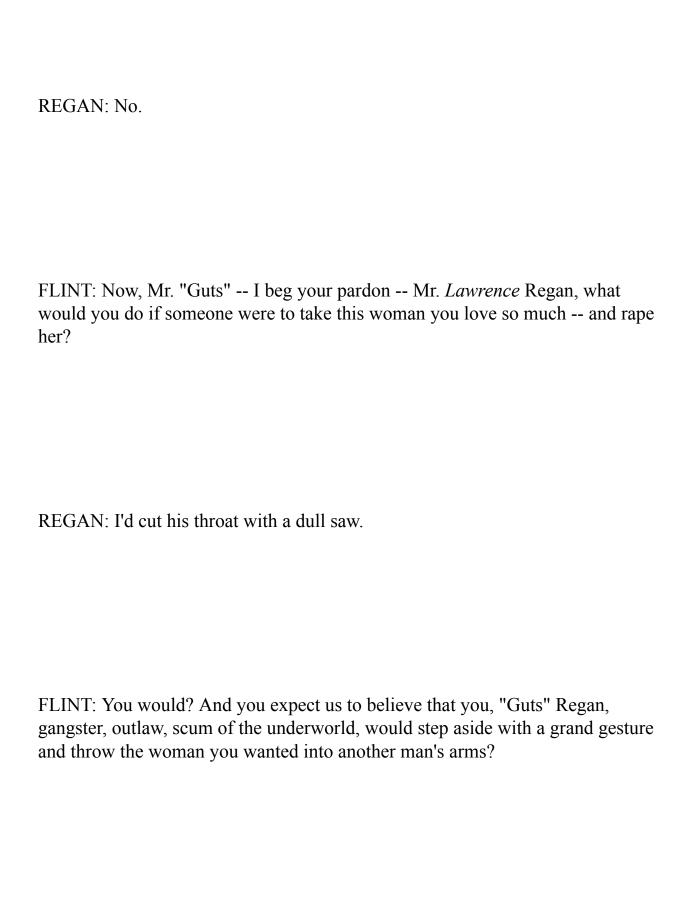




REGAN: I'm legally allowed not to understand what you're talking about.
FLINT: Very well. You don't have to understand. May I question you as to whether you read the newspapers?
REGAN: You may.
FLINT: Well?

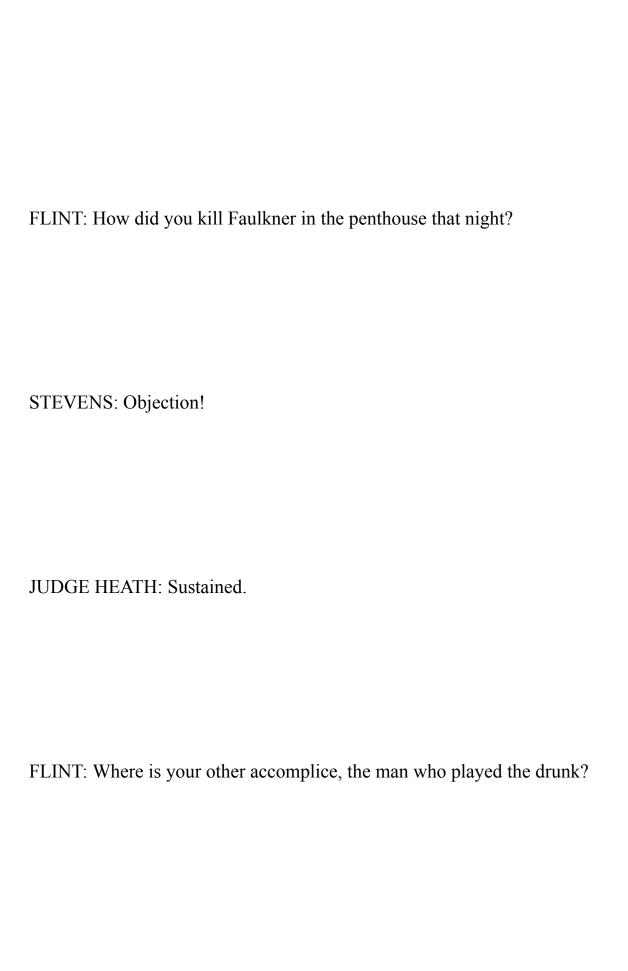


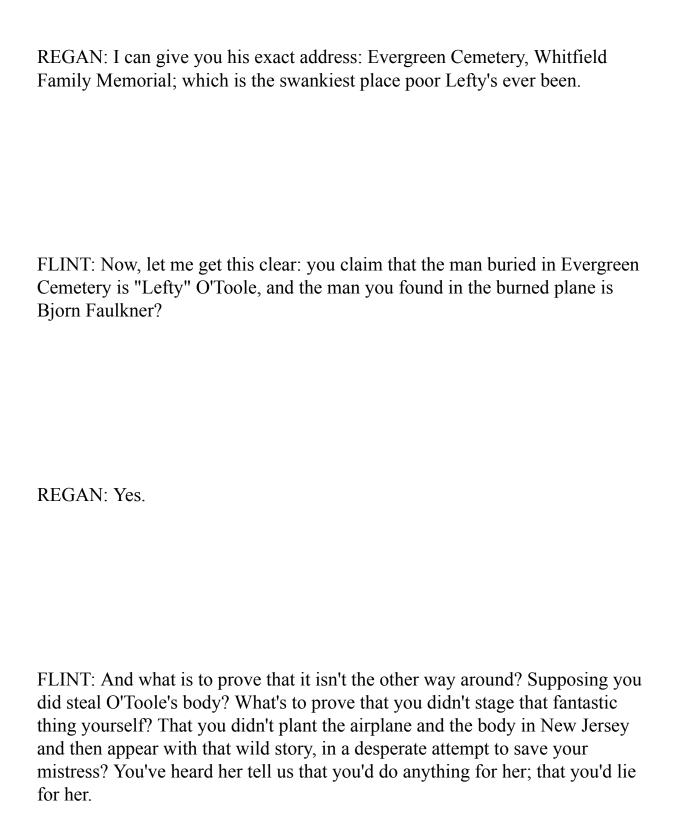


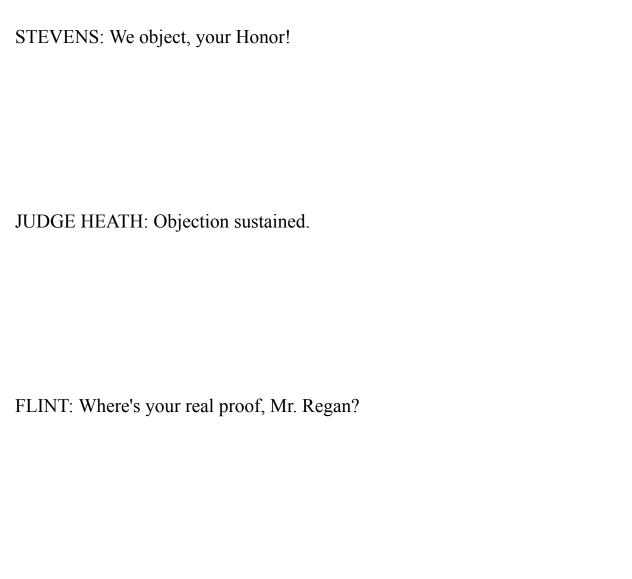


STEVENS: Your Honor! We
[STEVENS is near the witness stand. Calmly and forcefully REGAN pushes him aside. Then, turns to FLINT and says very calmly, very earnestly]
REGAN: I loved her.
FLINT: You did? Why did you allow Faulkner to visit her after his marriage?
REGAN: I had nothing to say about that.

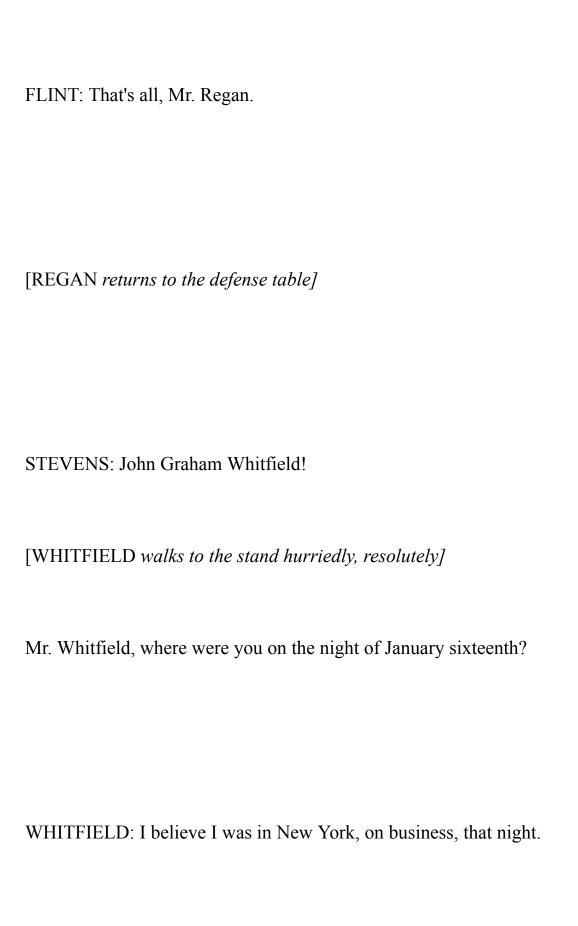
FLINT: No? You two didn't hold a blackmail plot over his head?
REGAN: Got any proof of that?
FLINT: Her association with you is the best proof!
STEVENS: Objection!
JUDGE HEATH: Sustained.



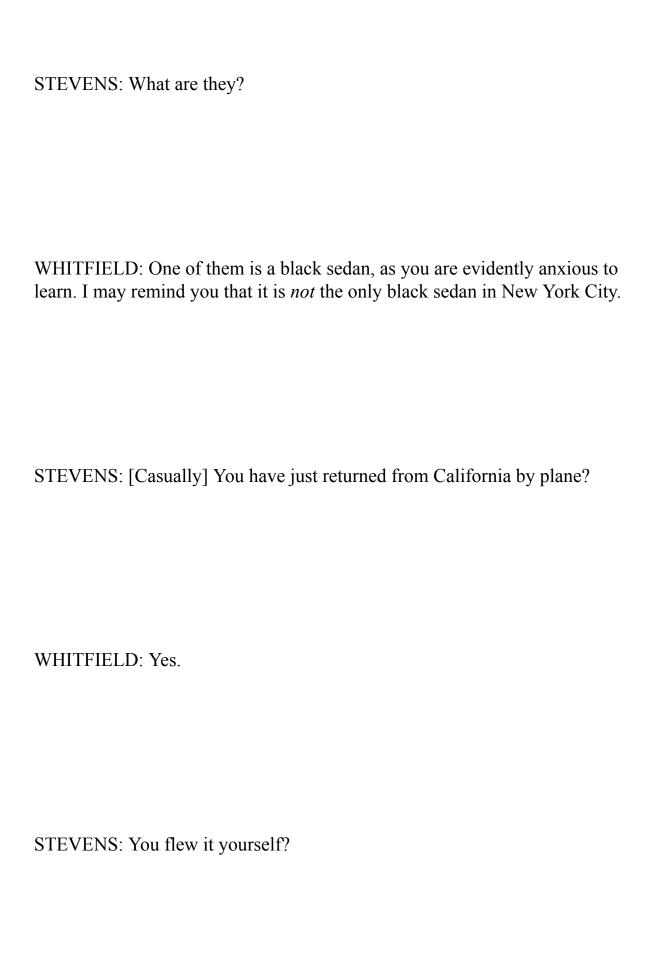


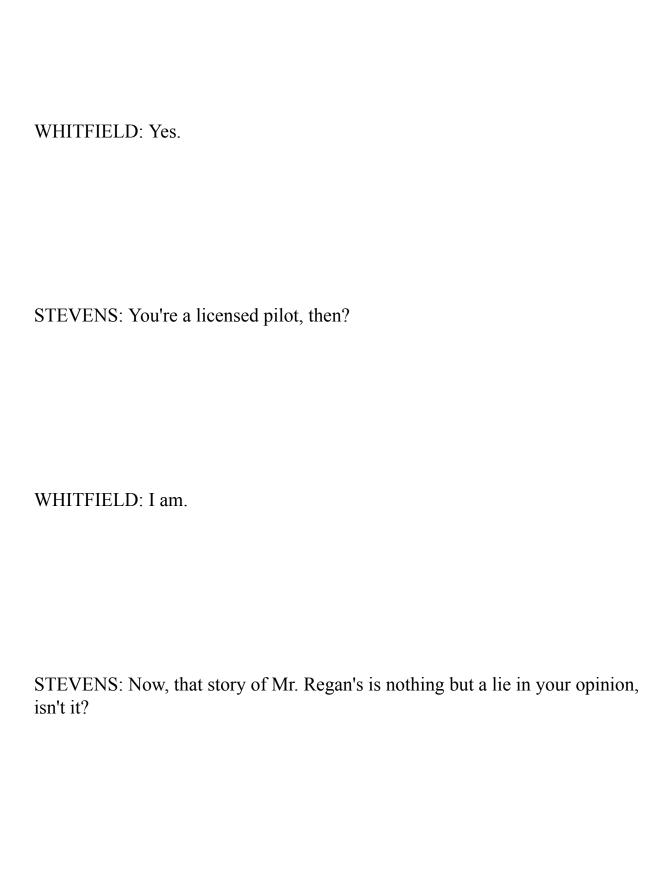


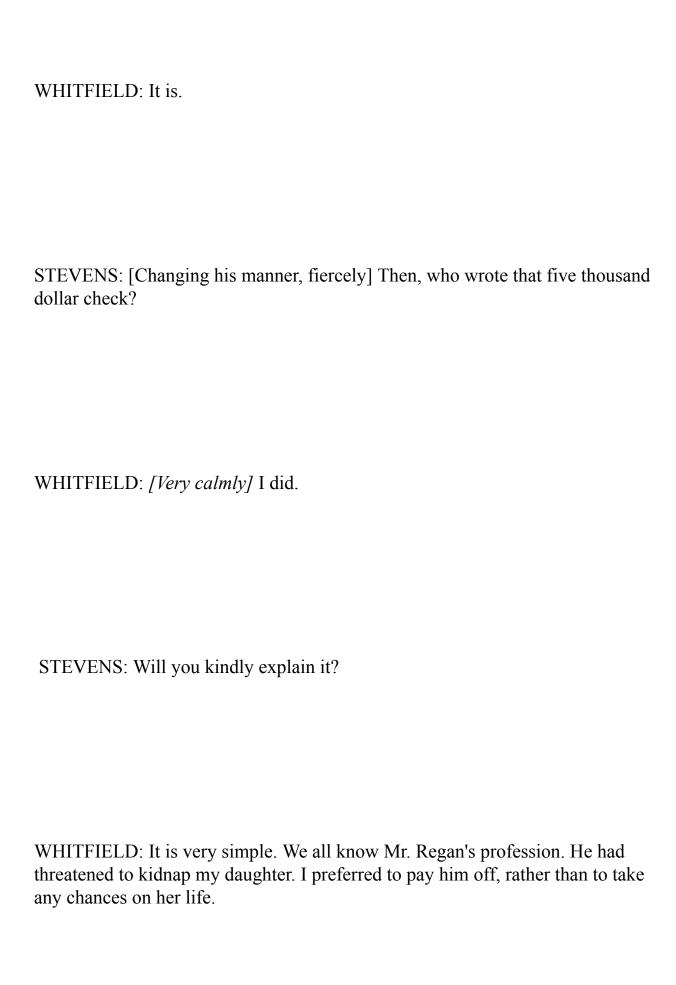
REGAN:[He looks straight at FLINT for a second. When he speaks, his manner is a startling contrast to his former arrogance and irony; it is simple, sincere; it is almost solemn in its earnestness] Mr. Flint, you're a district attorney and I . . . well, you know what I am. We both have a lot of dirty work to do. Such happens to be life -- or most of it. But do you think we're both so low that if something passes us to which one kneels, we no longer have eyes to see it? I loved her; she loved Faulkner. That's our only proof.



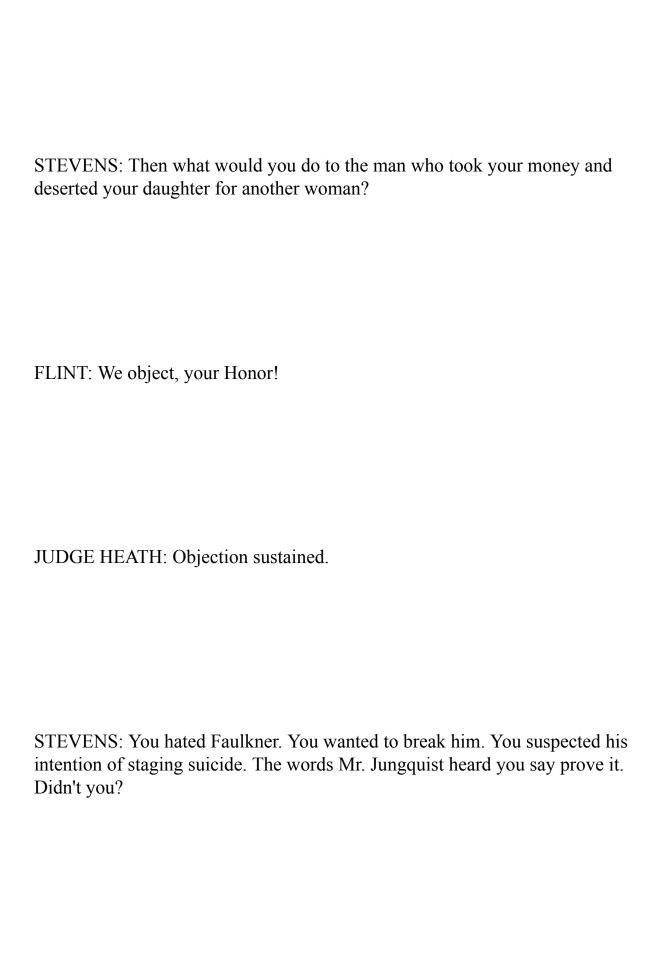
STEVENS: Do you have any witnesses who can prove it?
WHITFIELD: Mr. Stevens, you must realize that I am not in the habit of providing myself with alibis. I've never had reason to keep track of my activities and to secure any witnesses. I would not be able to find them now.
STEVENS: How many cars do you own, Mr. Whitfield?
WHITFIELD: Four.

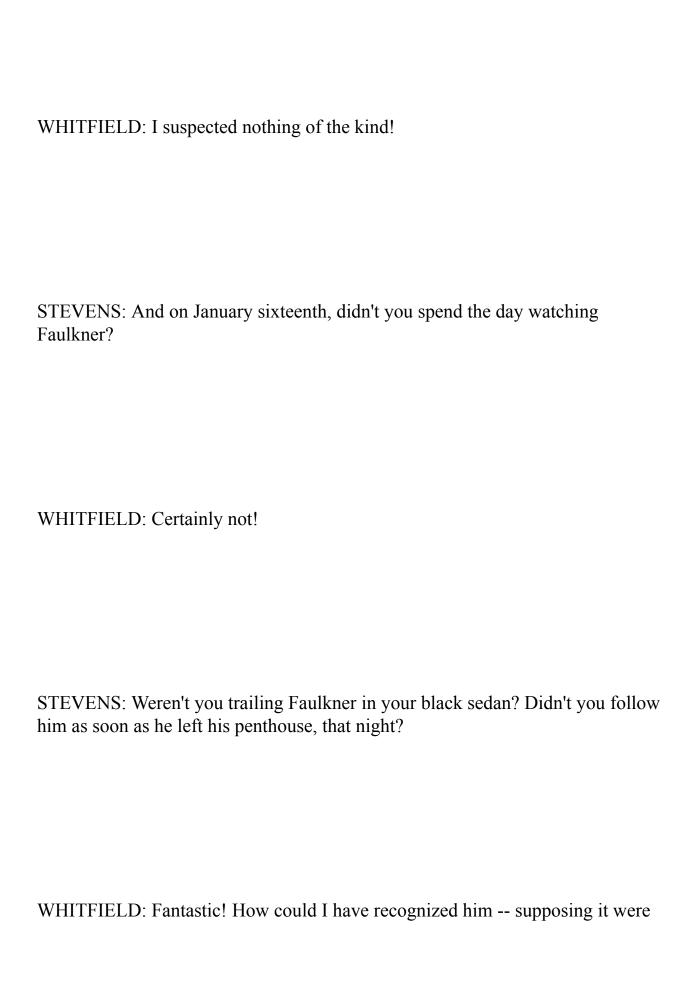




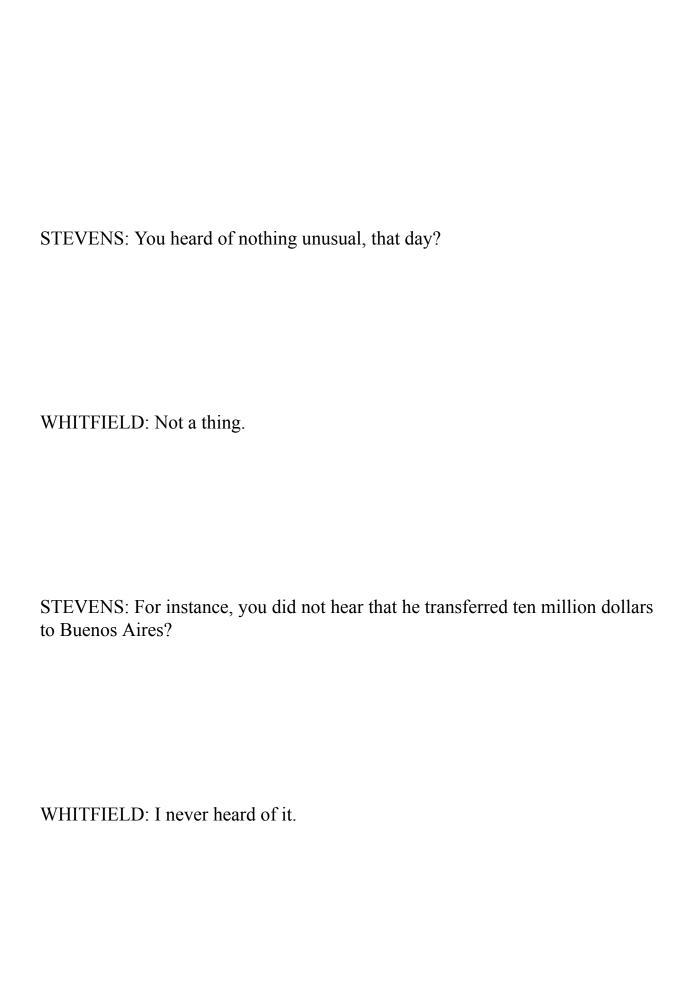


STEVENS: The check is dated January seventeenth. On that same day, you announced your offer of a reward for Regan's arrest, didn't you?
WHITFIELD: Yes. You realize that besides my civic duty, I also had my daughter's safety in mind and I wanted prompt action.
STEVENS: Mr. Whitfield, your daughter and your fortune are your most cherished possessions, aren't they?
WHITFIELD: They are.

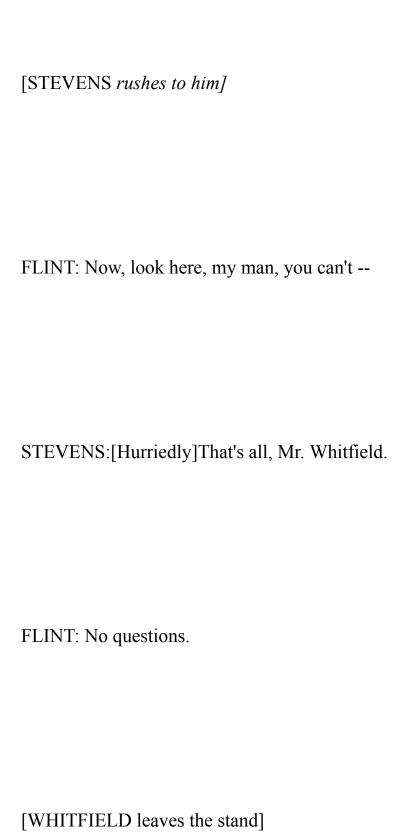


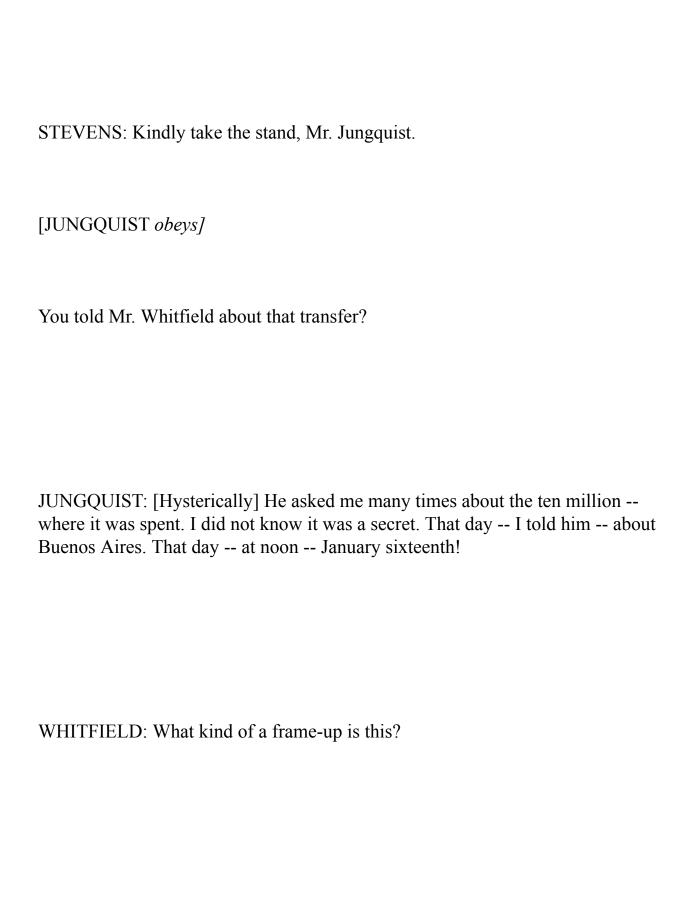


Faulkner leaving? Van Fleet, the detective, didn't.
STEVENS: Van Fleet wasn't watching for a trick. He had no suspicion of the plot. You had.
WHITFIELD: [With magnificent calm] My dear Mr. Stevens, how could I have known about the plot for that night?
STEVENS: Didn't you have any particular information about Faulkner's activities at the time?
WHITFIELD: None.



[There is a scream, a terrifying cry, as of one mortally wounded. JUNGQUIST stands clutching his head, moaning wildly]
JUNGQUIST: I killed him! I killed Bjorn Faulkner, God help me! I helped <i>that</i> man to kill him!
[He points at JUNGQUIST, leaps to the clerk's desk, seizes the Bible and, raising it frantically over his head in a shaking hand, cries as if taking a solemn, hysterical oath]
The whole truth, so help me God! I didn't know! But I see it now!
[He points at WHITFIELD]
He killed Faulkner! Because he lied! He knew about the ten million dollars! I told him!

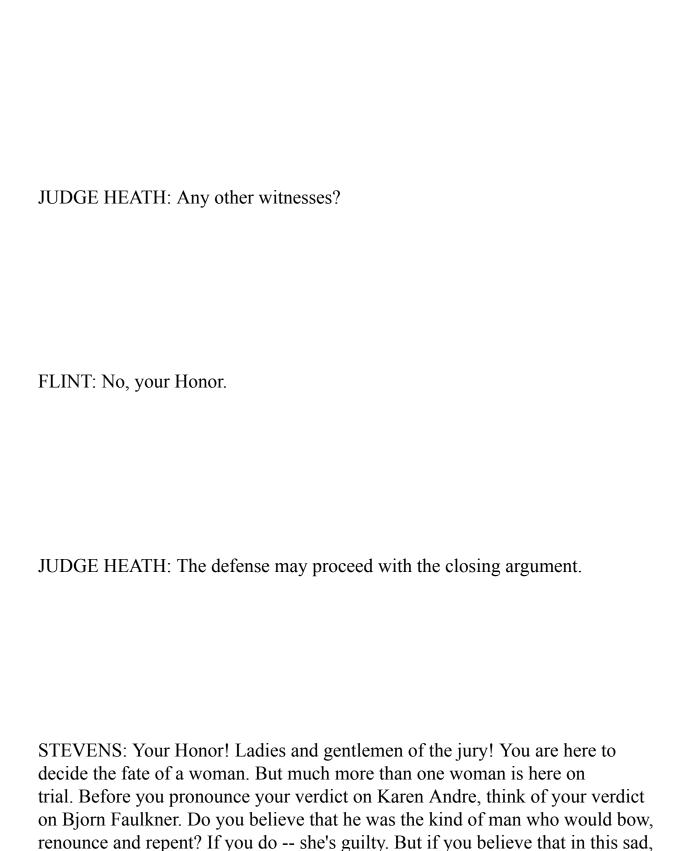




STEVENS: You told Whitfield? At noon?
JUNGQUIST: I did, God have pity on me! I didn't know! I would give my life for Herr Faulkner! And I helped to kill him!
STEVENS: That's all.
FLINT: Were you alone with Mr. Whitfield when you told him?
JUNGQUIST: [Astonished] Yes.

FLINT: Then it's your word against Mr. Whitfield's? JUNGQUIST: [Stunned by the sudden thought, feebly] Yes . . . FLINT: That's all. [JUNGQUIST leaves the stand]

STEVENS: The defense rests.

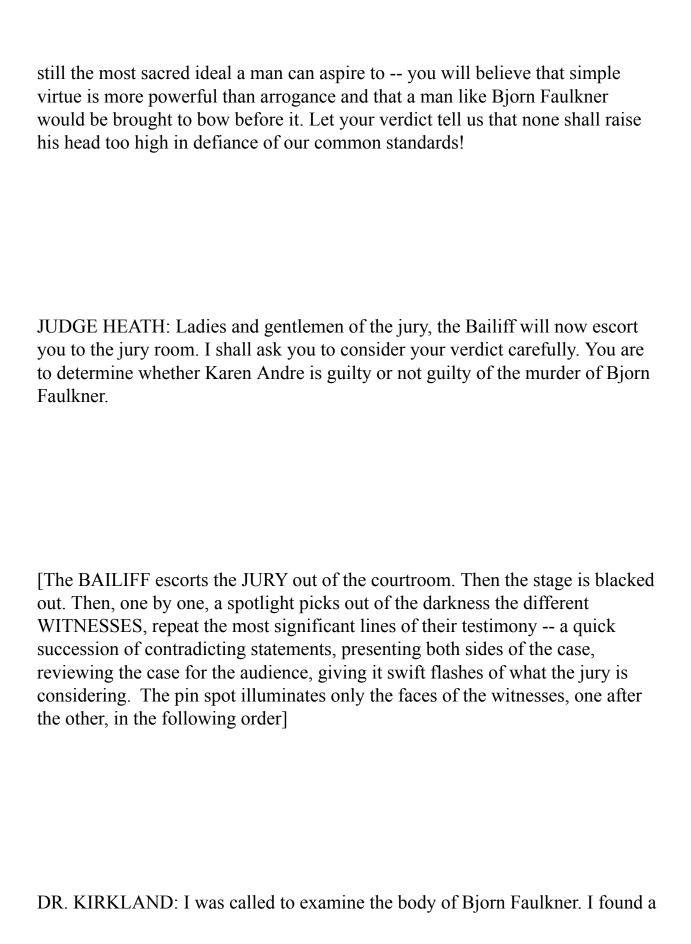


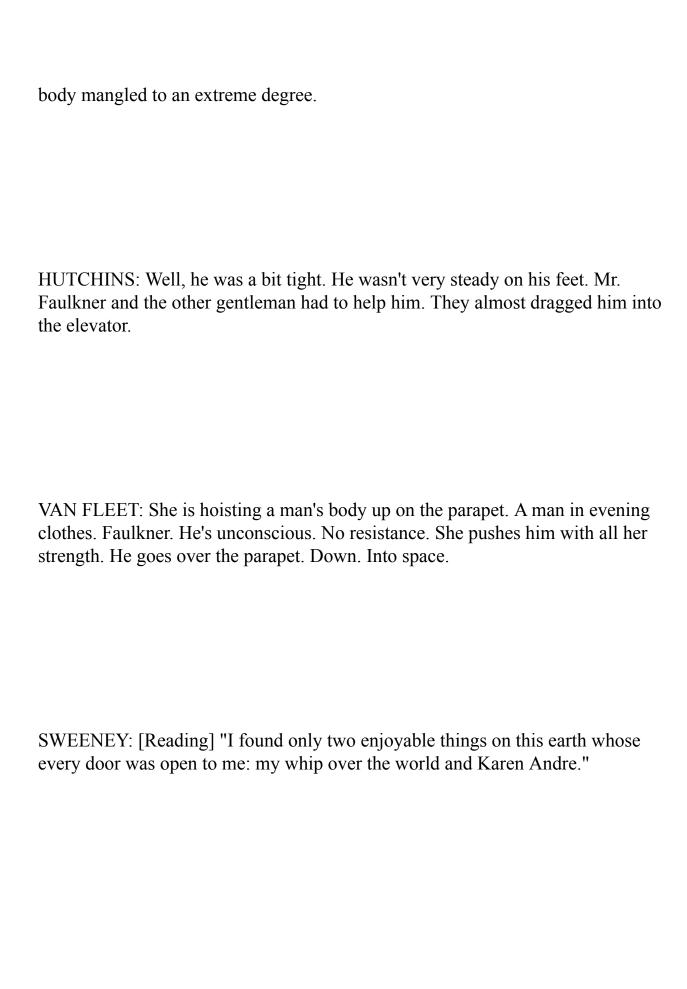
halfhearted world of ours a man can still be born with life singing in his veins; a scoundrel, a swindler, a criminal, call him anything, but still a conqueror -- if

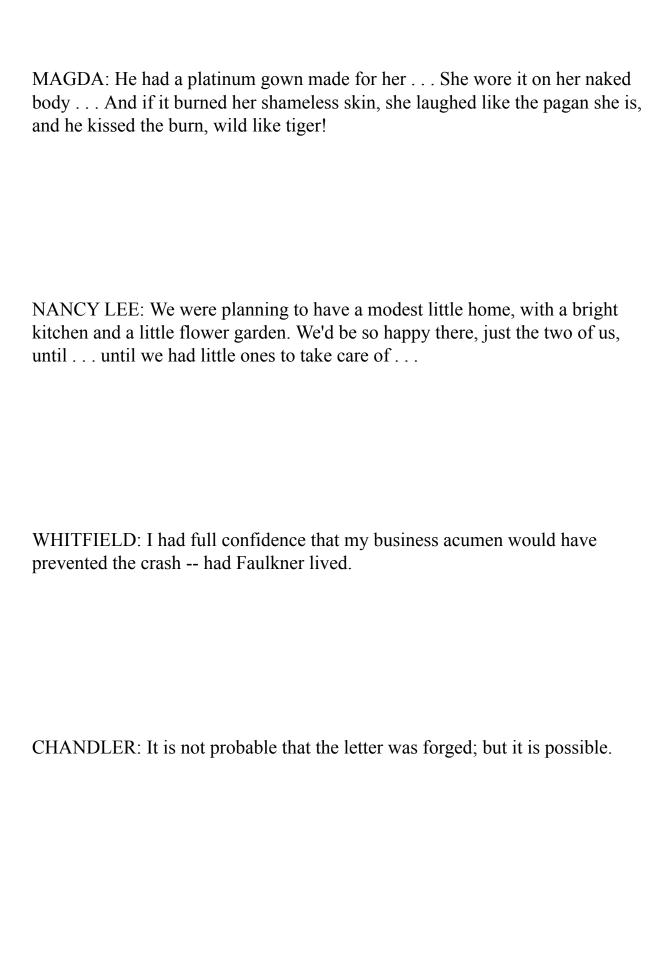
you value a strength that is its own motor, an audacity that is its own law, a spirit that is its own vindication -- if you are able to admire a man who, no matter what mistakes he may have made in form, had never betrayed his essence: his selfesteem -- if, deep in your hearts, you've felt a longing for greatness and for a sense of life beyond the lives around you, if you have known a hunger which gray timidity can't satisfy -- you'll understand Bjorn Faulkner. If you do -- you'll understand the woman who was his priestess . . . Who is on trial in this case? Karen Andre? No! It's you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, who are here on trial. It is your own souls that will be brought to light when your decision is rendered!

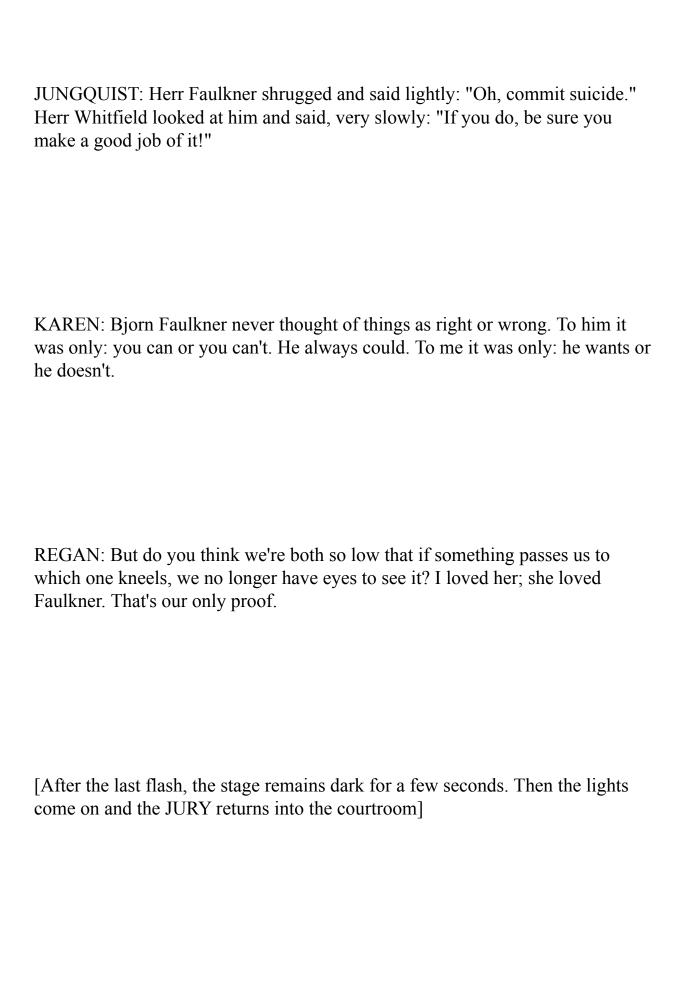
JUDGE HEATH: The District Attorney may now conclude the case.

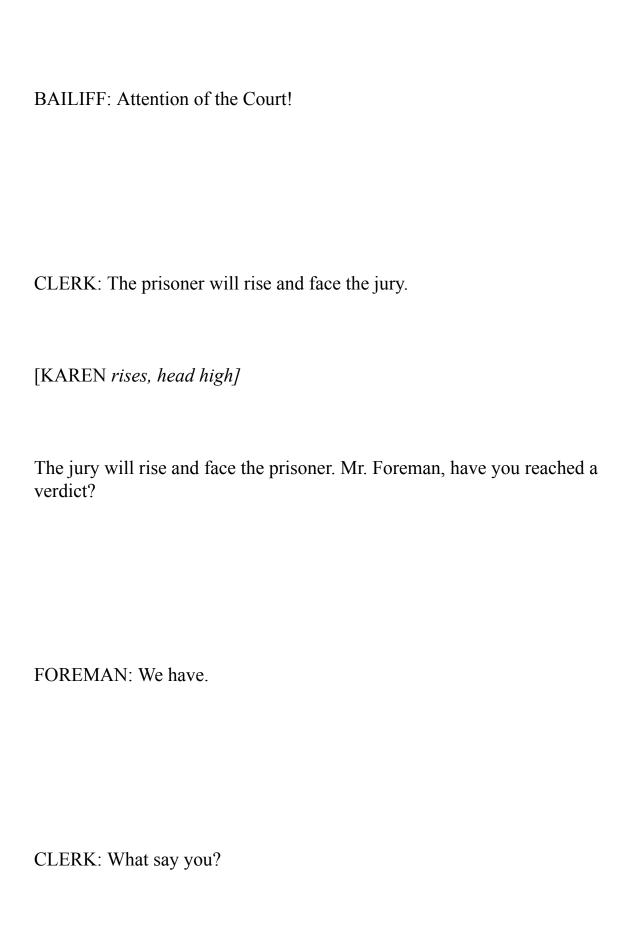
FLINT: Your Honor! Ladies and gentlemen of the jury! For once, I agree with the defense counsel. Two different types of humanity are opposed in this case -- and your verdict will have to depend on which side you choose to believe. You are asked -- by the defense -- to take the side of a swindler, a harlot and a gangster against a man who is a model of social respectability and a woman who is everything the ideal of pure womanhood has been for centuries. On one side, you see a life of service, duty and unselfishness; on the other -- a steamroller of sensual indulgence and egoistic ambition. I agree with the defense counsel that the judgment on this case will be passed deep within your own souls. If you believe that man is placed on earth for a purpose higher than his own enjoyment -- if you believe that love is not all in the bedroom, but also in your parlor, in your kitchen, in your nursery -- if you believe that the cozy fireside of a home is











Ending Of Play If Verdict Is "NOT GUILTY": FOREMAN: Not guilty!

[KAREN receives the verdict calmly. She raises her head a little higher and says slowly, solemnly]
KAREN: Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you in the name of Bjorn Faulkner.
CURTAIN

Ending Of Play If Verdict Is "GUILTY":
FOREMAN: Guilty!
[KAREN shows no reaction; she stands motionless. STEVENS jumps to his feet]
STEVENS: We shall appeal the case!
feet]

KAREN: [Calmly, firmly] There will be no appeal. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you. You have spared me the trouble of committing suicide.

CURTAIN

Back Cover

WHO WAS BJORN FAULKNER?

To the world, he was a startlingly successful international tycoon,	head o	of a	vast
financial empire.			

To his beautiful secretary-mistress, he was a god-like hero to be served with her mind, soul, and body.

To his aristocratic young wife, he was an elemental force of nature to be tamed.

To his millionaire father-in-law, he was a giant whose single error could be used to destroy him.

What kind of man was Bjorn Faulkner? Only you, the reader, can decide.

On one level, NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH is a totally gripping drama about the rise and destruction of a brilliant and ruthless man. On a deeper level, it is a superb dramatic objectification of Ayn Rand's vision of human strength and weakness. Since its original Broadway success, it has achieved vast worldwide popularity and acclaim. Now at last this important work is available for the first time in a paperback edition.

Ayn Rand is the author of ATLAS SHRUGGED, philosophically the most challenging bestseller of its time. Her first novel, WE THE LIVING, was published in 1936. With the publication of THE FOUNTAINHEAD in 1943, she achieved a spectacular and enduring success. Miss Rand's unique philosophy, Objectivism, gained a worldwide audience. The fundamentals of her philosophy are set forth in three non-fiction books: FOR THE NEW INTELLECTUAL, THE VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS and CAPITALISM: THE UNKNOWN IDEAL. Her magnificent statement of her artistic credo, THE ROMANTIC MANIFESTO, has been recently made available in a Signet edition. Miss Rand is editor of the monthly magazine THE OBJECTIVIST, which deals with the application of her philosophy to modern problems and cultural trends.