

"CHARADE"

Screenplay by

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Based on a story by

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FADE IN (BEFORE TITLES)

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE – DUSK

Silence – complete silence for the urbanite, though the oncoming darkness is punctuated by the sounds of farm country – a few birds, a distant rumble of thunder from some heavy clouds on the horizon, a dog's barking.

CAMERA PANS the green, squared-off flatland, lit only by a fine sunset in its final throes. Then, gradually, starting from nothing, a rumble is heard, quickly growing louder and louder until the sound of a train can be recognized.

CAMERA PANS quickly, discovering the railroad line atop a man-made rise of land, and the speeding passenger train is upon us, flashing by with a roar.

Then, as if from nowhere, the figure of a man hits the embankment and rolls crazily down to the bottom into the thick underbrush alongside the tracks.

CLOSE SHOT – BODY

It lies in the bushes, still, unmoving – dead. CAMERA PANS AWAY to the quiet peaceful countryside as the sound of the train fades off until there is silence once more.

TITLE MUSIC begins with a crash.

(MAIN TITLES)

DELETED

FADE IN:

EXT. MEGEVE – DAY

A handsome and elegant hotel perched on the mountain-side overlooking the French resort town. A large, open sun deck – tables, gaily colored parasols, sun bathers.

One of the latter is REGINA LAMPERT, a lovely young girl.

She is, besides taking in the sun, involved in her favorite activity – eating.

Then – a dark, ominous shape intrudes in the f.g. FOCUS CHANGES to bring into sharp relief a revolver – shining, black and ugly in the sunlight.

REGGIE, unaware of her danger, continues to eat.

The finger tightens around the trigger and finally the gun shoots – a stream of water arcs, with unerring aim, straight into REGGIE's face.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Including JEAN-LOUIS, a French boy of six or so. REGGIE looks at him sternly.

JEAN-LOUIS  
(in for trouble)  
Oh, la.

REGGIE  
Don't tell me you didn't know it was  
loaded.  
(calling)  
Sylvie!

WIDER ANGLE

SYLVIE GAUDET, French, attractive, blonde, in her early thirties, comes from the railing of the sun deck to join

REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS.

REGGIE

Isn't there something constructive  
he can do – like start an avalanche?

SYLVIE

(to JEAN-LOUIS)

Va jouer, mon ange.

JEAN-LOUIS scampers off, content to have gotten off so lightly. SYLVIE notices REGGIE's lunch which consists of cold chicken, potato salad, rolls and butter, wine and coffee.

SYLVIE

When you start to eat like this  
something is the matter.

No answer from REGGIE. SYLVIE begins reading a magazine as REGGIE continues eating.

REGGIE

Sylvie – I'm getting a divorce.

SYLVIE

„a alors! From Charles?

REGGIE

He's the only husband I've got. I  
tried to make it work, I really have –  
but –

SYLVIE

But what?

REGGIE

I don't know how to explain it. I'm  
just too miserable.

REGGIE picks up a chicken leg and starts off. SYLVIE regards the devastated table before following.

SYLVIE

It is infuriating that your  
unhappiness does not turn to fat!

INT. SWIMMING POOL – DAY

A magnificent indoor, glass-enclosed pool, the vista of snow-covered mountains seen through the ceiling-high windows beyond. REGGIE and SYLVIE are passing through, their conversation continuing.

SYLVIE

But why do you want a divorce?

REGGIE

Because I don't love him.

SYLVIE

But that is no reason to get a divorce!

EXT. HOTEL TERRACE – DAY

An open balcony running around two sides of the pool, sun-worshippers lying in deck-chairs. REGGIE and SYLVIE appear, their conversation continuing.

SYLVIE

With a rich husband and this year's clothes you will not find it difficult to make some new friends.

REGGIE

(sitting)

I admit I moved to Paris because I was tired of American Provincial,

but that doesn't mean I'm ready for French Traditional. I loathe the idea of divorce, Sylvie, but – if only Charles had been honest with me – that's all I ask of anybody – the simple truth. But with him, everything is secrecy and lies. He's hiding something – something frightening – something terrible – and evil.

She stops as she is aware of a weird figure hovering over her. She wheels, terrified.

#### CLOSE SHOT – PERUVIAN SNOW-MASK

A strange, grotesque knitted mask that completely covers the face except for eyes, nose and mouth. The eyes inside this particular mask stare down at REGGIE.

MAN

Does this belong to you?

CAMERA PANS down to include JEAN-LOUIS, his hand held firmly by the man in the mask.

#### WIDER ANGLE

Including REGGIE, MAN, SYLVIE and JEAN-LOUIS. REGGIE is too terrified to answer. Realizing this, the man, PETER JOSHUA, takes off the snow-mask to reveal a handsome, tanned face.

PETER

Oh, forgive me.

(indicating JEAN-LOUIS)

Is this yours?

REGGIE

(indicating SYLVIE)

It's hers. Where'd you find him, robbing a bank?

PETER

He was throwing snowballs at Baron Rothschild.

(a pause)

We don't know each other, do we?

REGGIE

Why, do you think we're going to?

PETER

I don't know – how would I know?

REGGIE

I'm afraid I already know a great

many people. Until one of them dies  
I couldn't possibly meet anyone else.

PETER

(smiling)

Yes, of course. But you will let me  
know if anyone goes on the critical  
list

(he starts off)

REGGIE

Quitter.

PETER

(turning)

How's that?

REGGIE

You give up awfully easy, don't you?

Eyeing one, then the other, SYLVIE sizes up the situation  
and rises.

SYLVIE

Viens, Jean-Louis, let us take a  
walk. I have never seen a Rothschild  
before.

SYLVIE and JEAN-LOUIS start off, but not before the boy  
squirts PETER with his pistol.

PETER

(drying)

Clever fellow – almost missed me.

REGGIE

I'm afraid you're blocking my view.

PETER

(moving)

Sorry. Which view would you like?

REGGIE

The one you're blocking. This is the  
last chance I have – I'm flying

back to Paris this afternoon. What's your name?

PETER  
Peter Joshua.

REGGIE  
I'm Regina Lampert.

PETER  
Is there a Mr. Lampert?

REGGIE  
Yes.

PETER  
Good for you.

REGGIE  
No, it isn't. I'm getting a divorce.

PETER  
Please, not on my account.

REGGIE  
No, you see, I don't really love him.

PETER  
Well, you're honest, anyway.

REGGIE  
Yes, I am – I'm compulsive about it – dishonesty infuriates me. Like when you go into a drugstore.

PETER  
I'm not sure I –

REGGIE  
Well, you go in and you ask for some toothpaste – the small size – and the man brings you the large size. You tell him you wanted the small size but he says the large size is

the small size. I always thought the large size was the largest size, but he says that the family size, the economy size and the giant size are all larger than the large size – that the large size is the smallest size there is.

PETER

Oh. I guess.

REGGIE

Is there a Mrs. Joshua?

PETER

Yes, but we're divorced.

REGGIE

That wasn't a proposal – I was just curious.

PETER

Is your husband with you?

REGGIE

Oh, Charles is hardly ever with me. First it was separate rooms – now we're trying it with cities. What do people call you – Pete?

PETER

Mr. Joshua.

(turning to go)

Well, I've enjoyed talking with you.

REGGIE

Now you're angry.

PETER

No, I'm not – I've got some packing to do. I'm also going back to Paris today.

REGGIE

Oh. Well, wasn't it Shakespeare who



said: "When strangers do meet they should ere long see one another again"?

PETER

Shakespeare never said that.

REGGIE

How do you know?

PETER

It's terrible – you just made it up.

REGGIE

Well, the idea's right, anyway. Are you going to call me?

PETER

Are you in the book?

REGGIE

Charles is.

PETER

Is there only one Charles Lampert?

DELETED

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

Her face clouding.

REGGIE

Lord, I hope so.

EXT. AVENUE FOCH – LAMPERT APARTMENT HOUSE – DAY

The Arc de Triomphe at the far end of the Avenue. CAMERA PANS to pick up a TAXI as it pulls up before the handsome building. Inside are REGGIE, SYLVIE and JEAN-LOUIS.

MED. SHOT – TAXI – LAMPERT APARTMENT HOUSE

As REGGIE climbs out and the DRIVER begins unloading her suitcases.

REGGIE  
Goodbye, Sylvie, and thanks.  
(She turns toward the  
house)

JEAN-LOUIS sticks his head out of the taxi window.

JEAN-LOUIS  
When you get your divorce will you  
be going back to America?

MED. SHOT – THE TAXI

REGGIE looks at SYLVIE, surprised.

SYLVIE  
He knows everything.

REGGIE  
(to JEAN-LOUIS)  
Don't you want me to stay?

JEAN-LOUIS  
Yes, of course – but if you went  
back and wrote me a letter –

REGGIE  
– you could have the stamps. I'll  
get you some here, okay?

JEAN-LOUIS  
Okay.

REGGIE walks toward the house with the driver, who carries her cases. She presses the button that electrically opens the front door.

DELETED

INT. APARTMENT LANDING – DAY

As the elevator rises REGGIE gets out, followed by the driver. He puts down the bags in front of the apartment door.

REGGIE  
(handing him a tip)  
Merci.

The driver leaves. She goes to the door and presses the minuterie, the button that turns on the time-light, and the lights come on. Then she rings the doorbell. There is no answer. She rings again. Still nothing. Sighing, she digs out her keys and starts to fit it into the lock. At this moment the minuterie expires, plunging the scene into darkness.

REGGIE'S VOICE  
Wonderful.

She finds the button and the light goes on again. She inserts the key and turns it.

INT. LAMPERT APARTMENT – ENTRANCE HALL – DAY

CLOSE SHOT – DOOR as it opens and REGGIE steps into the  
CLOSE SHOT.

She stops, her expression changing.

REVERSE SHOT

From REGGIE's p.o.v. as CAMERA PANS the entrance hall. It is bare – no furniture, no rug, no pictures, no nothing.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

She stares for a moment, then goes back out into the landing.

INT. APARTMENT LANDING – DAY

As REGGIE steps back outside. She looks at the nameplate beside the door.

INSERT NAMEPLATE

It reads "MR. AND MRS. CHARLES LAMPERT."

INT. APARTMENT LANDING – DAY

REGGIE looks at the plate in disbelief, then turns and hurries back into the apartment.

INT. LAMPERT APARTMENT – DAY

As REGGIE hurries into the entrance hall.

REGGIE  
Honorine – !

No answer.

Now, CAMERA FOLLOWING, she goes into the Salon. It is also empty – stripped bare. There are squares of the wall's original color where paintings used to hang, the hooks still in the wall.

She rushes now, going into the bedroom, CAMERA FOLLOWING crazily, lurching and careening behind her. The bedroom, too, is empty. She goes to the built-in wardrobe closets and throws open all the doors. Only some hangers remain.

She pulls open the drawers – nothing!

REGGIE  
Charles – !

She turns, and running now, goes through another door to the library, CAMERA FOLLOWING. The rows of shelves are as empty as the rest of the apartment. She begins to turn in a circle, looking for something, anything. In a panic she turns and runs out, colliding suddenly with a MAN whom she (and we) have not noticed until the moment of impact.

REGGIE screams.

CLOSE SHOT – INSPECTOR GRANDPIERRE

A heavy-set man of no particular age with tobacco-colored hair, and thick glasses.

GRANDPIERRE  
Madame Charles Lampert?

WIDER ANGLE

Including REGGIE, in a state of near-shock.

REGGIE

Yes.

GRANDPIERRE

I am Inspector Edouard Grandpierre  
of the Police Judiciaire. Would you  
be so kind as to come with me, please?

INT. MORGUE – DAY

We see a large metal drawer being opened and an all-too-familiar shape outlined under a damp sheet of muslin.

ANOTHER ANGLE – OVERHEAD

Looking straight down at the tops of REGGIE's, GRANDPIERRE's  
and an ATTENDANT's head and smack into the open drawer.

GRANDPIERRE lifts a corner of the sheet at the bottom and  
reveals a bare foot with a ticket tied to its big toe.

He stoops to read it. Satisfied, he recovers the foot, then  
moves to the other end to uncover the head. As the sheet  
starts to lift:

REVERSE SHOT

REGGIE as she looks down into the CAMERA. She closes her  
eyes for a moment, then looks again.

GRANDPIERRE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Well, Madame – ?

She nods.

GRANDPIERRE'S VOICE (O.S.)

You are positive?

She nods again. GRANDPIERRE moves into the SHOT.

GRANDPIERRE

You loved him?

REGGIE

I'm very cold.

GRANDPIERRE nods as he turns to the unseen ATTENDANT.

CAMERA suddenly moves as the 'drawer' is slid back into the wall. BLACKNESS comes with a loud clang and continues while the echo dies.

INT. GRANDPIERRE'S OFFICE – DAY

CLOSE SHOT – DESK DRAWER (FROM ABOVE) as it is pulled open.

A photograph of Charles Lampert lies face up in the drawer.

A hand reaches in and pulls it out.

WIDER ANGLE

Including GRANDPIERRE sitting behind his desk, and REGGIE, sitting across from him. The office is as bare as most policemen's offices. GRANDPIERRE studies the photo.

GRANDPIERRE

We discovered your husband's body lying next to the tracks of the Paris-Bordeaux railroad line. He was dressed only in his pajamas. Do you know of any reason why he might have wished to leave France?

REGGIE

Leave?

GRANDPIERRE

Your husband possessed a ticket of passage on the 'Maranguape.' It sailed from Bordeaux for Maracaibo this morning at seven.

REGGIE

(a pause)

I'm very confused.

She starts to rummage through her bag. GRANDPIERRE shoves a package of French cigarettes across the desk to her. But she pulls a package of nuts out of her bag. She begins separating the shells with her thumb nail and eating the nuts, depositing the shells in the ashtray. GRANDPIERRE watches this for an instant.

GRANDPIERRE

He was American?

REGGIE

Swiss.

GRANDPIERRE

Oh. Swiss. His profession?

REGGIE

He didn't have one.

GRANDPIERRE

He was a wealthy man?

REGGIE

I don't know. I suppose so.

GRANDPIERRE

About how wealthy would you say?

REGGIE

I don't know.

GRANDPIERRE

Where did he keep his money?

REGGIE

I don't know.

GRANDPIERRE

Besides yourself, who is his nearest relation?

REGGIE

I don't know.

GRANDPIERRE

(exploding)  
C'est absurde, Madame. To-tale-ment  
absurde!

REGGIE

I know.

(pause)

I'm sorry.

GRANDPIERRE

It is all right.

GRANDPIERRE sighs, puts down his pencil and pushes a button on the desk. He removes a cigar from his desk and inserts it into his mouth.

GRANDPIERRE

Is it all right?

REGGIE

I wish you wouldn't.

He rips the cigar out of his mouth and slams it back into the drawer, closing it fiercely. A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN sticks his head in the door.

GRANDPIERRE

Les effets de Lampert.

The POLICEMAN leaves and closes the door.

GRANDPIERRE

On Wednesday last your husband sold the entire contents of the apartment at public auction. Furniture, clothing, kitchenware – everything. The gallery, in complying with his wishes, paid him in cash. One million two hundred and fifty thousand New Francs. In dollars, a quarter of a million. The authorities in Bordeaux have searched his compartment on the train. They have searched it thoroughly. They did not find \$250,000, Madame.



He opens the desk drawer, puts the cigar back in his mouth and lights a match by scratching it against the glass desk-top before he remembers REGGIE's request. He puts it back in the drawer again. The door opens and the POLICEMAN enters again, this time carrying a wicker basket which he deposits on GRANDPIERRE's desk, and leaves. GRANDPIERRE peers into the basket.

GRANDPIERRE

These few things are all that was found in the train compartment. There was no other baggage. Your husband must have been in a great hurry.

He begins to take them out, placing them on the desk, identifying each item as he does.

GRANDPIERRE

One wallet containing four thousand francs – one agenda –  
(pausing, he opens the notebook)  
– his last notation was made yesterday – Thursday –  
(reading)  
"Five p.m. – Jardin des Champs-Elysees"  
(looking up)  
Why there?

REGGIE

I don't know. Perhaps he met somebody.

GRANDPIERRE

(dryly)  
Obviously.  
(returning to the items in the basket)  
One ticket of passage to South America – one letter, stamped but unsealed, addressed to you –

REGGIE

(lighting up)

A letter? May I see it?

GRANDPIERRE hands her the letter and watches her closely as she reads it.

REGGIE

(reading)

"My dear Regina: I hope you are enjoying your holiday. Megeve can be so lovely this time of year. The days pass very slowly and I hope to see you soon. As always, Charles. P.S. Your dentist called yesterday. Your appointment has been changed."

(she looks up, puzzled)

Not very much, is it?

GRANDPIERRE

We took the liberty of calling your dentist – we thought, perhaps, we would learn something.

REGGIE

Did you?

GRANDPIERRE

Yes. Your appointment has been changed.

(he smiles at his little joke, then returns to the basket)

One key to your apartment – one comb – one fountain pen – one toothbrush – one tin of tooth powder

(he looks up)

– that is all.

He slides a sheet of paper and pen across to her, then starts to put the things back into the basket while he speaks:

GRANDPIERRE

If you will sign this list you may take the things with you.

REGGIE

(sighing)  
Is that all? Can I go now?

GRANDPIERRE  
One more question. Is this your  
husband's passport?

He reaches into the desk drawer and pulls out a passport  
which he hands to her.

INSERT – PASSPORT

The cover indicates that it is Swiss. REGGIE's hand opens it  
to a picture of a man – the man we saw in GRANDPIERRE's  
photo. Under it is the name: "CHARLES LAMPERT."

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND GRANDPIERRE

REGGIE  
Of course it is.

GRANDPIERRE  
And this?

He hands her another passport.

INSERT – SECOND PASSPORT

The cover is American. When it is opened, we see the identical  
picture, but the name under it reads: "CHARLES VOSS."

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND GRANDPIERRE

REGGIE  
I don't understand.

GRANDPIERRE  
And this? And this?

He hands her, one at a time, two more passports.

INSERT – THIRD AND FOURTH PASSPORTS

One is Italian which, when opened, shows the same photo with  
the name "CARLO FABRI." The other is Venezuelan, the same

photo, and the name "CARLOS MORENO."

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND GRANDPIERRE

GRANDPIERRE

Have you nothing to say, Madame?

REGGIE looks down at the four passports, then back to GRANDPIERRE.

REGGIE

(hopefully)

It's all right if you want to smoke  
your cigar now.

INT. LAMPERT APARTMENT – DUSK

The house is empty as before. Now it is silent, the late afternoon light coming from outside. REGGIE stands by a window. A canvas airline bag rests on the floor nearby.

Suddenly there is the noise of a DOOR OPENING.

CLOSER SHOT – REGGIE

As her head turns, in alarm, toward the noise. There is a moment of silence, then FOOTSTEPS are heard, coming closer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As PETER enters.

REGGIE

(surprised)

What are you doing here?

PETER

I phoned but nobody answered. I wanted  
to tell you how sorry I am – and to  
find out if there was anything I  
could do.

REGGIE

How did you find out?

PETER  
It's in all the afternoon papers.  
I'm very sorry.

REGGIE  
Thank you.

A silence.

PETER  
I rang the bell but I don't think  
it's working.

REGGIE  
Yes it is – I heard it this morning.

He looks around for the light switch, then goes to it and flicks it on – nothing happens. He flicks it a few more times.

REGGIE  
They must have turned off the  
electricity.

She shakes her head. PETER looks around.

PETER  
Where did everything go?

REGGIE  
Charles sold it all – at auction.

PETER  
Do you know what you're going to do?

REGGIE  
Try and get my old job back at UNESCO,  
I suppose.

PETER  
Doing what?

REGGIE  
I'm a simultaneous translator –  
like Sylvie, only she's English to

French – I'm French to English.  
That's what I did before I married  
Charles. The police probably think I  
killed him.

PETER

Instant divorce you mean?

REGGIE

Something like that. But I'm sorry  
it ended like this – tossed off a  
train like a sack of third-class  
mail.

PETER

(Taking her hand)

Come on. You can't stay here.

REGGIE

I don't know where to go.

PETER

We'll find you a hotel.

REGGIE

Not too expensive – I'm not a lady  
of leisure anymore.

PETER

Something modest but clean – and  
near enough to UNESCO so you can  
take a cab when it rains – okay?

She nods. He picks up the airlines bag and they start out.

REGGIE stops at the door and looks back.

REGGIE

I loved this room – but Charles  
never saw it – only what was in it.  
All those exquisite things –  
(looking around)  
I think I prefer it like this.

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL – DAY

CLOSE SHOT of a phonograph. A hand appears, starts the record on it spinning, then places the arm at the beginning.

An instant later ORGAN MUSIC starts with a roar.

INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL – DAY

CLOSE SHOT of the coffin. It rests on a low platform, with a bouquet or two of flowers near the head, the lid open.

Inside, the face made up to look lifelike (but failing), lie the remnants of Charles Lampert.

CLOSE SHOT – GRANDPIERRE

The INSPECTOR sits quietly, eyes downcast, staring at his hands in a prayer-like attitude. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing row after row of empty wooden bench-like seats in the large, dimly-lit, high-ceilinged room. Finally, in the first row, REGGIE and SYLVIE are discovered. Besides GRANDPIERRE, they are the only ones present. REGGIE turns around to look at the empty room. They speak in whispers.

REGGIE

It's not exactly what I'd call a large turn-out.

SYLVIE

Didn't Charles have any friends?

REGGIE

Don't ask me – I'm only the widow.

(indicating GRANDPIERRE)

If Charles had died in bed we wouldn't even have him.

SYLVIE

At least he knows how to behave at funerals.

CLOSE SHOT – GRANDPIERRE

His eyes still lowered. CAMERA PANS DOWN to feature his hands – he is methodically trimming his nails with a small clipper.

## TWO SHOT – SYLVIE AND REGGIE

SYLVIE

Have you no idea who could have done it?

REGGIE

Until two days ago all I really knew about Charles was his name – now it turns out I didn't even know that.

The front DOOR of the Chapel is heard opening and a shaft of daylight streams in. The WOMEN turn.

## MED. SHOT – CHAPEL DOOR

The short, heavy-set figure of a MAN is outlined against the bright outdoor light. He stands for a moment, then closes the door after him. LEOPOLD GIDEON, short-sighted, bald, in his middle forties, glances around nervously, like a barnyard bird. Then he walks down one of the side aisles of the Chapel.

## CLOSE SHOT – GRANDPIERRE

As he watches GIDEON.

## CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

As she watches him.

## MED. SHOT – THE BIER

GIDEON arrives at the coffin. He stops, looks down at LAMPERT's body for a moment. Then, suddenly, in rapid succession, he sneezes six times. He takes a small bottle from his pocket, shakes a pill from it and swallows it dry.

He turns and walks back up the aisle, looking for a place to sit. He comes face to face with GRANDPIERRE, stops, turns to sit somewhere else.

## TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND SYLVIE

SYLVIE



Do you know him?

REGGIE

I've never seen him before.

SYLVIE

He must have known Charles pretty well.

REGGIE

How can you tell?

SYLVIE

He's allergic to him.

SYLVIE turns and glances at GIDEON. Again, the sound of the DOOR opening interrupts them. They turn to look.

MED. SHOT – CHAPEL DOOR

Again the figure of a MAN is outlined in silhouette against the outside brightness. When he closes the door we can see "TEX" PENTHOLLOW, a slim, rangy man with sandy-colored hair, a weatherbeaten face, washed-out blue-eyes – also in his forties. He wears a velvet-corduroy suit, string tie and a bright yellow flower in his lapel. A bulldurham tag hangs from his outside breast pocket, dangling from its string.

He starts down the aisle toward the bier, CAMERA LEADING him, and we notice his unsteady gait. He turns to look at the others present.

TRAVELING SHOT – TEX'S P.O.V.

MOVING down the aisle. GRANDPIERRE's face, then GIDEON's, then REGGIE's and SYLVIE's – all staring at CAMERA.

MED. SHOT – THE BIER

As TEX arrives. He stands staring at LAMPERT's body, swaying on his feet until he reaches out and grabs the side of the coffin to steady himself. Then he takes the flower from his lapel and throws it into the open box.

CLOSE SHOT – TEX

TEX  
(heavy Texas accent)  
Ariva durchy, Charlie.

WIDER ANGLE

As TEX turns away from the coffin and approaches REGGIE and SYLVIE, addressing the latter – after having first reached for his hat which he discovers he isn't wearing.

TEX  
Miz Lampert, ma'am...

SYLVIE points to REGGIE. Unruffled, TEX starts over, addressing REGGIE this time.

TEX  
Miz Lampert, ma'am...

REGGIE  
Yes?

TEX  
Charlie had no call to handling it  
this-a-way. He sure didn't. No siree.

REGGIE  
I don't understa–

But TEX has nodded his head and moved off to find a seat.

When he spots GIDEON, the two men stare at each other.

Finally, TEX chooses a seat away from him and sits.

MED. SHOT – CHAPEL DOOR

It flies open, this time with a bang, and the large MAN who appears almost fills the frame.

CLOSER SHOT – TEX

As the loud noise awakens him with a snort, mid-snore.

## MED. SHOT – THE DOOR

Closing the door, we see HERMAN SCOBIE, a heavy-weight – tall and wide, but not fat – with black hair combed straight back and heavy bushy eyebrows of a matching color, which meet over his nose and join up. About the same age as the first two men, SCOBIE is dressed in a battered raincoat, his hands thrust deep in the pockets. He marches down the aisle. Looking straight ahead, CAMERA PANNING with him. He stops before the coffin and stares into it.

## CLOSE SHOT – SCOBIE

As he stares down into the coffin, his tongue trying to dislodge a bit of food caught in his teeth. He stares hard at the body, squinting his eyes. Then he removes one hand from his pocket, removes a pin from the inside of his lapel, picks his teeth with it, then slowly lets the hand down, into the coffin.

## CLOSE SHOT – SCOBIE'S HAND

The pin held between thumb and forefinger, he jabs it slowly but positively deep into the back of one of the dead man's hands. There is no reaction.

## CLOSE SHOT – SCOBIE

He watches the dead man carefully, still squinting. Then finally satisfied, he returns the pin to his lapel and walks back up the aisle and out of the door, slamming it after him.

## CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

Having watched SCOBIE exit. Suddenly a hand falls on her shoulder. She jumps in alarm and utters a little cry of fright.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Featuring a funeral ATTENDANT, a cadaverous type (aren't they all) with a black cut-away coat and an over-solicitous, unctuous manner. He is eternally bent at the waist, in a sort of half bow. He offers REGGIE a letter which she takes.

REGGIE  
Merci, Monsieur.

ATTENDANT  
Pas du tout, madame, pardon – pardon –  
pardon.

He backs off and is gone. REGGIE looks at the letter, back and front, then starts to open it.

SYLVIE  
Who is it from?

REGGIE  
The American Embassy.

She pulls out the letter and starts to read it.

INSERT – THE LETTER

It bears the Great Seal as a letterhead and the typed message reads:

"Dear Mrs. Lampert: Please drop by my office tomorrow at noon-thirty. I am anxious to discuss the matter of your late husband's death. Sincerely, (signed) H. Bartholomew."

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND SYLVIE

SYLVIE has been reading over REGGIE's shoulder.

SYLVIE  
What is it about?

REGGIE  
I don't know. But if this is a sample  
of American diplomacy I'm buying a  
fallout shelter.

EXT. THE AMERICAN EMBASSY – ESTABLISHING – DAY

The fine old building in the Rue Gabriel.

DELETED

INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR – DAY

As REGGIE leaves the elevator two young DIPLOMATIC TYPES step in, immersed in conversation.

1ST DIPLOMATIC TYPE

I bluffed the Old Man out of the last pot – with a pair of deuces.

2ND DIPLOMATIC TYPE

What's so depressing about that?

1ST DIPLOMATIC TYPE

If I can do it, what are the Russians doing to him?

The elevator door closes on them. REGGIE reacts to this and starts down the hall, finally stopping at the door.

MED. SHOT – DOOR

It is marked "307-A H. BARTHOLOMEW." REGGIE checks the letter, then opens the door.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S OUTER OFFICE – DAY

The office is empty, the typewriter on the secretary's desk is covered with its plastic shroud. REGGIE enters, looks for somebody, notices that the door to the private office is slightly ajar.

REGGIE

(tentatively)

Hello – ?

(there is no answer)

Hello?

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from the private office)

Is there anything wrong, Miss Tompkins?

REGGIE

Uh – Miss Tompkins isn't here.

BARTHOLOMEW comes to the door and looks in. He is a pale grey-haired man who looks, on first examination, older than his forty-odd years. Sickly would be the word that describes him best – pallid, consumptive-looking. He wears heavy tortoise-framed glasses which fall down his nose and cause him to push them back in place every so often with a quick automatic motion.

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm sorry – my secretary must have gone to lunch. You are – ?

REGGIE

Mrs. Lampert – Mrs. Charles Lampert.

BARTHOLOMEW

(looking at his watch)

Come in, Mrs. Lampert. You're quite late.

He motions for her to enter, standing aside to let her do so.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIVATE OFFICE – DAY

A small cubicle – there is a silver-framed photo of three kids on the desk. BARTHOLOMEW indicates a chair, then goes behind his desk and sits. A can of lighter fluid stands open on the desk and a crumpled hankie beside it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Excuse me for a moment, Mrs. Lampert – it's a stubborn little devil.

He works at a stain on his necktie with lighter fluid and hankie.

BARTHOLOMEW

Dry-cleaningwise, things are all fouled up. I had a good man – an excellent man on the Rue Ponthieu, but H.Q. asked us to use the plant here in the building – to ease the

gold outflow.

REGGIE

Mr. Bartholomew – are you sure you know who I am?

BARTHOLOMEW

(looking up)

Charles Lampert's widow – yes?

(going back to the tie)

Last time I sent out a tie only the spot came back.

He looks up at her, laughs silently, then goes back to his tie.

BARTHOLOMEW

Voil,! As they say.

He puts away the lighter fluid in a desk drawer, smells the hankie, passes on it, then sticks it in his pocket.

He opens another drawer and pulls out various sandwiches wrapped in waxpaper, a salt and pepper shaker, a tube of mustard, a bottle of red wine and two Dixie cups.

BARTHOLOMEW

Have some, please. I've got...

(checking)

...liverwurst – liverwurst – chicken and – liverwurst.

REGGIE

No thanks.

He uncorks the wine, fills a cup and begins eating.

BARTHOLOMEW

Do you know what C.I.A. is, Mrs. Lampert?

REGGIE

I don't suppose it's an airline, is it?

BARTHOLOMEW  
Central Intelligence Agency – C.I.A.

REGGIE  
You mean spies and things like that?

BARTHOLOMEW  
Only we call them agents.

REGGIE  
We? You mean you're –?

BARTHOLOMEW  
Someone has to do it, Mrs. Lampert –

REGGIE  
I'm sorry, it's just that I didn't  
think that you people were supposed  
to admit –

BARTHOLOMEW  
I'm not an agent, Mrs. Lampert –  
I'm an administrator – a desk jockey –  
trying to run a bureau of overworked  
men with under-allocated funds.  
Congress seems to think that all a  
spy needs –

REGGIE  
Agent.

BARTHOLOMEW  
Yes – That all he needs is a code  
book and a cyanide pill and he's in  
business.

REGGIE  
What's all this got to do with me,  
Mr. Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW  
(his mouth full)  
Your husband was wanted by the U. S.  
government.



REGGIE

May I have a sandwich, please?

He hands her a sandwich and fills a wine-cup for her.

BARTHOLOMEW

To be more specific, he was wanted  
by this agency.

REGGIE

(eating)

So that was it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes. We knew him, of course, by his  
real name.

REGGIE

(almost choking)

His – real – ?

BARTHOLOMEW

Voss – Charles Voss. All right,  
Mrs. Voss –

(taking a photo from  
his desk)

– I'd like you to look at this  
photograph, please – by the way,  
you saw this one, didn't you?

(indicating the kids  
on the desk)

Scott, Cathy, and Ham, Jr.

REGGIE

Very sweet.

BARTHOLOMEW

Aren't they? Now look at this one,  
Mrs. Voss, and –

REGGIE

Stop calling me that! Lampert's the  
name on the marriage license.

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes – and tell me if you recognize anyone. Just a moment. Have a good look.

He reaches back into the drawer and pulls out a glass which he gives her.

CLOSE SHOT – PHOTO

FOUR MEN, all in army uniform, sitting behind a table. The glass is held over the first, magnifying the face.

CLOSER SHOT – PHOTO

It's a photo of a young CHARLES LAMPERT.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's Charles!

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

Very good.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

He looks so young – when was this taken?

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

1944. The next face, please.

The glass and CAMERA move to the next man – a young TEX.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's the man who came to the funeral yesterday – I'm sure of it – a tall man in a corduroy suit and string tie.

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

Does the name Tex Penthollow mean anything to you?

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

No.

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

Next, please.

The glass and CAMERA move to the third face – a young GIDEON.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes – and he was there, too – a little fatter now – and less hair – but it's the same one.

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

Do you know him, Mrs. Vo – Mrs. Lampert? Leopold W. Gideon?

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

No.

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

The last one, please.

The glass and CAMERA move to the fourth face – a young SCOBIE.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's a face you don't forget – he was there too –

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)

Herman Scobie. And you've never seen him before, either?

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

No, thank heaven.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND BARTHOLOMEW

BARTHOLOMEW

(a pause, regarding her)

Mrs. Lampert, I'm afraid you're in a great deal of danger.

REGGIE

Danger? Why should I be in any danger?

BARTHOLOMEW

You're Charles Voss's wife – now that he's dead you're their only lead.

REGGIE

Mr. Bartholomew – if you're trying to frighten me you're doing a really first-rate job!

(she takes another sandwich)

BARTHOLOMEW

Please, do what we ask, Mrs. Lampert – it's your only chance.

REGGIE

Gladly, only I don't know what you want! You haven't told me.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh, haven't I? The money – Mrs. Lampert – the money. The \$250,000 Charles Voss received from the auction. Those three men want it, too – they want it very badly.

REGGIE

But it's Charles's money, not theirs.

BARTHOLOMEW

(laughing)

Oh, Mrs. Lampert! I'd love to see you try and convince them of that!

(drying his eyes)

Oh, dear.

REGGIE

Then whose is it? His or theirs?

BARTHOLOMEW

Ours.

REGGIE

(she looks at him for

a moment)  
Oh, I see.

BARTHOLOMEW  
And I'm afraid we want it back.

REGGIE  
But I don't have it.

BARTHOLOMEW  
That's impossible. You're the only  
one who could have it.

REGGIE  
I'm sorry it's impossible. It's the  
truth.

BARTHOLOMEW is silent for a moment, thinking.

BARTHOLOMEW  
I believe you.

REGGIE  
Thanks very much.

BARTHOLOMEW  
Oh, you've got the money all right –  
you just don't know you've got it.

REGGIE  
Mr. Bartholomew – if I had a quarter  
of a million dollars, believe me,  
I'd know it.

BARTHOLOMEW  
Nevertheless, Mrs Lampert – you've  
got it.

REGGIE  
You mean it's just lying around  
someplace – all that cash?

BARTHOLOMEW  
Or a safe deposit key, a certified  
check, a baggage claim – you look

for it, Mrs. Lampert – I'm quite sure you'll find it.

REGGIE

But –

BARTHOLOMEW

Look for it, Mrs. Lampert – look just as hard and as fast as you can. You may not have a great deal of time. Those men know you have it just as surely as we do. You won't be safe until the money's in our hands. Is that clear?

REGGIE nods. He writes something on a pad of paper and tears it off, handing it to her.

BARTHOLOMEW

Here's where you're to call me – day or night. It's a direct line to both my office and my apartment. Don't lose it, Mrs. Lampert – and please don't tell anyone about coming to see me. It could prove fatal for them as well as yourself.

REGGIE

Wait a minute – you think those three men killed Charles, don't you?

BARTHOLOMEW

We've no proof, of course, but we rather think so, yes.

REGGIE

Well, there you are! Charles had the money with him – so whoever killed him has it – they have it!

BARTHOLOMEW shakes his head.

REGGIE

Why not?

BARTHOLOMEW  
(grimly)  
Because they're still here.

REGGIE  
Oh.

BARTHOLOMEW  
Like I said, Mrs Lampert – I'm afraid  
you're in a great deal of danger.  
Remember what happened to Charles.

REGGIE takes the last sandwich and begins eating furiously.

DELETED

EXT. ESPLANADE DES CHAMPS-ELYSEES – DAY

MED. SHOT – GUIGNOL.

One of the French Punch and Judy shows set up on certain days in the small park alongside the broad avenue between the Rond Point and the Place de la Concorde. At the moment, Judy, as always, is beating Punch with a bat. The sound of CHILDREN laughing and screaming can be heard.

VARIOUS CLOSE SHOTS – THE CHILDREN

Sitting on small benches lined up to face the stage. Their attention is fixed on the show, their belief totally suspended by the play as only children's can be – laughing at the slapstick, booing the villain, frightened by the perils.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

Sitting on the last bench, next to some CHILDREN. They are laughing but she isn't – she just watches, her attention caught up but her face void of emotion. The bench is too low for her, forcing her knees up almost under her chin.

After a moment, PETER comes up behind her and, stepping over the benches, sits beside her. She doesn't seem to notice.

[Throughout the following scene the CHILDREN and the ACTORS can be heard in the b.g.]

PETER  
Reggie – ?

She turns and looks at him for a moment.

REGGIE  
(vaguely)  
Hallo, Peter.

PETER  
You telephoned me to meet you. I've  
been standing on the corner back  
there – waiting for you.

REGGIE  
I'm sorry – I heard the children  
laughing.

A ROAR from the CHILDREN. REGGIE and PETER turn toward the  
stage.

MED. SHOT – GUIGNOL

PUNCH and JUDY are arguing loudly.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND PETER

PETER  
What's going on?

REGGIE  
Don't you understand French?

PETER  
I'm still having trouble with English.

REGGIE  
The man and the woman are married –

CLOSE SHOT – GUIGNOL STAGE

PUNCH and JUDY are batting each other on the head.

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)



Yes, I can see that – they're batting each other over the head with clubs.

Finally, JUDY knocks Punch out of sight and a PUPPET wearing a three-cornered hat appears.

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Who's that with the hat?

MED SHOT – GRANDPIERRE

Wearing a hat, he stands off in the background, watching.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
That's the policeman – he wants to arrest Judy for killing Punch.

CLOSE SHOT – GUIGNOL STAGE

JUDY and the POLICEMAN are batting one another.

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What's she saying now?

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
That she's innocent – she didn't do it.

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
She did it, all right – take it from me.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
I believe her.

PUNCH's head appears on the other side of the stage, says something, then ducks out.

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Who was that?

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Punch, of course.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND PETER

PETER

Of course? I thought he was dead.

REGGIE

He's only pretending, to teach her a lesson – only –

(her face clouding)

only he is dead, Peter – I saw him – he's not pretending. Somebody threw him off a train. What am I going to do?

Charles was mixed up in something terrible.

PETER

I wish you'd let me help you. Whatever it is, it doesn't sound like the sort of thing that a woman can handle all by herself.

CLOSE SHOT – GUIGNOL STAGE

JUDY has gotten the upper hand is now batting the POLICEMAN's brains out.

CLOSE SHOT – GRANDPIERRE as he winces.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND PETER

PETER

Have you got a mirror?

(she nods)

Give it to me.

She hands it to him and he holds it in front of her face.

PETER

Right there, between your eyes – see? Worry lines. You're much too young and too pretty to have anything like that. How about making me vice-president in charge of cheering you up?

REGGIE  
(jumping at the  
suggesting)  
Starting tonight?

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NIGHT

MED. SHOT – EMCEE.

He stands on the dance floor in front of a five piece Latin dance band, a spotlight on him, wearing his professional smile as he speaks into a mike.

EMCEE  
Bonsoir mesdames et messieurs, good evening ladies and gentlemen, guten Abend, meine Damen und Herren – ce soir, comme tous les soirs, l'attraction ici, au Black Sheep Club, c'est vous! Venez, mesdames et messieurs, step right up, ladies and gentlemen, kommen Sie her, meine Damen en Herren, avanti, signore e signori – avanti!

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND PETER

At their table. REGGIE is dressed in a lovely Givenchy dress.

PETER  
What was all that?

REGGIE  
Fun and games. Evidently we're the floorshow.

PETER  
You mean you and me?

REGGIE  
No, everyone. Come on – avanti, avanti!

She rises and pulls him along.

## WIDE ANGLE

Including the dance floor as most of the patrons go to it, laughing self-consciously and looking around.

### EMCEE

„coutez bien – les r,gles sont tres  
simples – the rules are very easy –  
deux ,quipes – two teams – each  
with one orange – une orange –  
eine apfelsine – un' arrancia –  
held under the chin, like so –  
(does it)  
comme ,a – and passed to the player  
behind you – sans vous servir de  
vos mains – using nothing but the  
chin – no hands – and keeping the  
orange at all costs from touching  
the floor. Commencez, Mesdames et  
Messieurs – begin, ladies and  
gentlemen – signore e signori,  
comminciate!

The EMCEE now circulates, forming teams, telling the patrons to line up, making sure there is a woman next to every man. REGGIE and PETER are the second couple in their line.

Then the EMCEE picks up a basket of oranges and places one under the chin, held securely against the chest, of each man at the head of the line. Blowing a whistle, a signal for the game to begin and the band to play, the men turn to the women behind them and attempt to transfer the oranges from under their chins to under the chins of the women – without using their hands.

(This maneuver can only be accomplished by embracing one's partner passionately and firmly pressing the orange against the partner's throat until he or she can grip it tightly enough with the chin to turn and offer it to the person next in line, where the process begins anew. However, the slightest miscalculation, which can be brought about by any number of human frailties – haste, modesty, inhibition or lack of co-ordination – will surely result in losing control of the orange so that it either falls to the floor [where it can only be picked up by the chin] or it starts to roll and slide

from its proper place to some other, less proper, spot on the human anatomy, forcing the man or the woman to retrieve it – again, with the chin only. This latter is an activity which can prove extremely satisfying to old friends, or even new friends who wish to become old friends, but can only be a torment for total strangers and/or the English).

## VARIOUS SHOTS – ORANGE GAME

Some of the couples in various states of confusion, entanglement and intimacy – all of them, naturally, hilarious.

## TWO SHOT – PETER AND GIRL

It is his turn to take the orange from a very short, but quite shapely young girl in a strapless dress (held up by an abundance of cantilever). PETER 'takes' when he sees the twin obstacles which might – and probably will – encumber the game but increase his worldly experience.

The contest begins: because of her stature he is forced to move in low, making the ordinary embrace needed for success difficult, if not impossible. Then, inexorably, the orange starts to slip down the GIRL's front. Manfully he goes after it.

## CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

She is enjoying it thoroughly.

## TWO SHOT – PETER AND GIRL

Bending over backwards, in a sort of frontal half-nelson, PETER makes a last valiant effort and voil, grips the orange under his chin – amid much cheering and congratulations from members of his TEAM.

Now he turns to REGGIE and they face one another for a moment.

PETER  
En garde.

REGGIE  
Lay on, MacDuff.

They go at it, working their bodies together to make it all possible. Then, for a moment, the game and the onlookers seem less important than their proximity. But, alas, they are too good despite themselves and the transfer is accomplished – again with appreciative cheers from the TEAM.

REGGIE, with the orange now tucked firmly under her chin, turns to the next team-member in line and is locked in an embrace before she realizes her partner is LEOPOLD GIDEON, the short, fat, balding man seen at the funeral and later in BARTHOLOMEW's photo.

REGGIE starts to draw back but GIDEON holds her tightly.

Putting his chin around the orange he is able to speak quietly in REGGIE's ear.

CLOSE TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND GIDEON

Her eyes show her fright as he whispers:

GIDEON  
Mrs. Lampert –

REGGIE  
What do you want?

GIDEON  
Didn't Charles tell you, Mrs. Lampert?

REGGIE  
Tell me what?

GIDEON  
It doesn't belong to you, Mrs. Lampert –  
you do know that, don't you?

REGGIE  
I don't know anything.

GIDEON  
Mrs. Lampert, any morning now you  
could wake up dead.

REGGIE

Leave me alone –!

GIDEON

Dead, Mrs. Lampert – like last week's  
news – like Charles, Mrs. Lampert –

REGGIE (SHOUTING)

Stop it!

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE'S AND GIDEON'S FEET

As REGGIE hauls off and kicks GIDEON full in the shin.

CLOSE SHOT – GIDEON

He stiffens as the pain registers. Instead of shouting he  
merely closes his eyes.

WIDER ANGLE

Including REGGIE and GIDEON and PETER standing by, as well  
as some spectators. PETER comes quickly forward.

PETER

Reggie – what's the trouble?

REGGIE realizes that GIDEON no longer offers any resistance.

She steps back, leaving GIDEON holding the orange, foolishly,  
under his chin, his eyes still closed. REGGIE stares at him  
for a moment.

REGGIE

He – he was stepping on my foot.

CLOSE SHOT – GIDEON

Slowly, his eyes open and tears stream from them, rolling  
down his cheeks. He speaks while holding the orange.

GIDEON

Forgive me – it was quite  
unintentional, I'm sure.

WIDER ANGLE

GIDEON turns to the woman behind him and the game resumes.

REGGIE  
(starting off)  
Wait for me – I won't be long.

She goes off toward the rear of the club and starts down a flight of stairs.

CLOSE SHOT – PETER

Watching her go, a concerned look on his face.

INT. NIGHTCLUB LOUNGE – NIGHT

A small, dimly lit area with a door to the combination men's-women's room and a 'phone cabin with a solid door.

The music and shouting from upstairs float down. REGGIE comes down the stairs and goes to the 'phone, flicking on the light and closing the door after her.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

REGGIE takes a jeton ('phone token) from her bag and drops it in the slot. Then she takes out a slip of paper (the one given her by BARTHOLOMEW) and dials the number written on it. She listens to it ring, then evidently he answers.

REGGIE  
(into 'phone)  
Mr. Bartholomew – it's me, Reggie  
Lampert – listen Mr. Bartholomew:  
I've seen one of the  
(she stops)  
Mr. Bartholomew? Can you hear me?

She realizes she has not pushed the button which takes her coin and allows the party at the other end to hear her voice.

REGGIE  
Hello – Mr. Bartholomew – it's me,  
Regina Lam...



Suddenly the door of the booth opens and REGGIE wheels to look, slamming the receiver down as she does.

REVERSE SHOT – 'PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

TEX PENTHOLLOW, the second man from the funeral (and photo), the man in the corduroy suit and string tie, stands in the doorway, his face calm, a hand-rolled but unlit cigarette in his mouth. He has put one foot up against the side of the door so she can't leave. REGGIE stares at him, terrified.

TEX  
Howdy, Miz Lampert.

REGGIE  
Wha – what do you want?

TEX takes a book of matches from his pocket.

TEX  
You know what I want, Miz Lampert...

REGGIE  
No – no, I'm don't.

TEX  
Come on now – sure you do. An' you'd better give it to me, Miz Lampert – cuz I ain't foolin'. No sireebob!

He strikes a match and lights his cigarette, holding the burning match in his hand afterward.

REGGIE  
I don't know what –

TEX, without a word, throws the still-lit match into the booth, onto REGGIE's lap. She beats it out frantically.

REGGIE  
What are you doing?

TEX lights another match and throws it into her lap. She beats this one out too.

REGGIE

Stop that!

TEX

Don't make too much noise, Miz Lampert –

He lights another match and reaches out toward her hair with it. She shrinks back.

TEX

It could get a whole lot worse.

Then he throws it into her lap. As he continues to speak he punctuates each phrase or so with another lit match. REGGIE is too busy beating them out to do anything else.

TEX

It belongs to me, Miz Lampert – an'  
if you don't give it to me your life  
ain't gonna be worth the paper it's  
printed on. You savvy what I'm sayin',  
Miz Lampert?

REGGIE

Please stop – please!

TEX

You think on it real careful-like,  
Miz Lampert – y'hear?

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

As she frantically beats out the matches, her eyes on her work.

REGGIE

You're insane, absolutely insane!

She looks up, then blinks her eyes.

INT. 'PHONE BOOTH OVER REGGIE'S SHOULDER

There is no one there. REGGIE rises and steps out of the booth.

INT. NIGHTCLUB LOUNGE – NIGHT

As REGGIE looks around. There is no one there.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

As REGGIE returns, sits and starts to put another jeton into the slot. She notices her hand is shaking. She reaches back into her bag, removes a piece of candy, puts it into her mouth and leans her head back against the wall, closing her eyes.

Suddenly the door opens and REGGIE shrieks – but this time it is PETER.

PETER

What are you doing in here?

REGGIE

(a sigh of relief)

Having a nervous breakdown.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

REGGIE and PETER enter the deserted lobby.

PETER

You haven't said a word since we left the club – what happened back there?

REGGIE

I – I'm not sure if I'm supposed to tell you or not.

PETER

I don't think I follow you.

REGGIE

He said if I told anybody it could prove fatal for them as well as me.

PETER

Who said?

REGGIE

That's what I'm not supposed to say.

PETER

Stop this nonsense! If you're in some sort of trouble I want to know about it.

REGGIE

Stop bullying me. Everybody's bullying me.

PETER

I wasn't –

REGGIE

Yes, you were – you called it nonsense. Being murdered in cold blood isn't nonsense. Wait until it happens to you sometime.

She goes to the desk, followed by PETER, where the NIGHT CLERK greets them sleepily.

NIGHT CLERK

Bonsoir.

REGGIE

Bonsoir. Quarante-deux, s'il vous plait.

The NIGHT CLERK gets the key off a hook and hands it to REGGIE.

NIGHT CLERK

Bonne nuit.

REGGIE

(to PETER)

Would you mind seeing me to the door?

PETER

Of course not.

They go to the elevator where he opens the door for her.

INT. ELEVATOR – NIGHT

As REGGIE and PETER enter the small cage. It is somewhat cramped, forcing them to stand close together.

REGGIE

This is quite a place for making friends, isn't it?

He presses the button and the elevator starts to rise.

PETER

You said this afternoon that your husband was mixed up in something.

REGGIE

(busy examining the cleft in his chin)

How do you shave in there?

PETER

What was it?

REGGIE

What was what?

PETER

What your husband was mixed up in.

REGGIE

Look, I know it's asking you to stretch your imagination, but can't you pretend for a moment that I'm a woman and that you're a –

PETER

Don't you know I could already be arrested for transporting a minor above the first floor?

The elevator stops.

PETER

We're here.

REGGIE  
Where?

PETER  
On the street where you live.

REGGIE  
How about once more around the park?

He reaches across her and opens the door.

PETER  
Out.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE leaves the elevator, followed by PETER. They walk to her door. There is a moment of silence as she looks at him.

REGGIE  
(imitating PETER)  
Him: 'Do you mind if I come in for a nightcap, Reggie?' Her: 'Well – it is awfully late.' Him: 'Just one, all right?' Her: 'Promise you'll behave yourself.' Him: 'Sorry, baby, I never make promises I can't keep.'

PETER  
How would you like a spanking?

REGGIE  
How would you like a punch in the nose? Stop treating me like a child.

PETER  
Then stop acting like one. If you're really in some kind of trouble, I'd like to hear about it. Otherwise, it's late, I'm tired and I'm going home to bed.

REGGIE

Do you know what's wrong with you?

PETER

What?

REGGIE

Nothing. Good night.

PETER

Good night.

He turns and leaves. She smiles slightly, then turns and puts the key into the door and opens it.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

Featuring the door. REGGIE enters, then stops abruptly, the doorknob still in her hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The room has been torn apart. And standing in the center is HERMAN SCOBIE, the large man in the battered raincoat.

He starts slowly advancing toward REGGIE.

SCOBIE

Where is it, lady – where've you got it?

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

REGGIE

(terrified)

I don't know – I don't know! I don't –

She stops as she sees something.

CLOSE SHOT – SCOBIE'S HAND

Instead of a human hand there is a twin-pronged metal one.

WIDER ANGLE

SCOBIE sees where REGGIE is staring; looks down at it himself, then lunges at her, raising the hand to strike.

SCOBIE

I want it – give it to me – it's mine!

The hand is starting to come down. REGGIE, moving quickly, turns and flies out.

REGGIE

(screaming)  
Peter – ! Peter – !

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE runs out, slamming the door after her, the metal hand crashes against the wooden panel inside the door and splinters through it, visible on this side now. Petrified with fear, REGGIE can only stare dumbly at the protruding claw.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As PETER comes running up to her. He sees the metal hand.

REGGIE

A man – he tried to kill me!

Pulling her aside, PETER takes hold of the key (still in the outside lock) and turns it slowly and quietly. Then, using all his weight, he slams the door open as far as it will go, making sure to hold it that way as he steps in.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

Inside, PETER pulls back the door and slugs the startled SCOBIE full on the jaw. His head bangs against the wall but he manages to raise a foot and push PETER violently away, sending him sprawling back, toppling across the bed and over, head first, onto the floor on the other side, where he disappears. Hurrying, SCOBIE puts his foot against the door and pushes it away, ripping his metal hand free.

He then rushes to the open window and climbs out.



INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

REGGIE waits anxiously. When she hears nothing, she gingerly looks into the room.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE  
(entering cautiously)  
Peter – ?  
(alarmed)  
Peter! Where are you?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing the disarranged room, empty of people. Then, slowly PETER's hand appears from behind the bed, shaking groggily.

REGGIE rushes to him and helps him sit on the bed.

REGGIE  
Peter – are you all right?

PETER  
I think I sprained my pride.  
(He looks around)  
Where'd he go?

REGGIE  
Out of the window, I guess – I didn't see him.

PETER goes, unsteady on his feet, to the window and looks out. He then turns back.

PETER  
Lock the door and the window – and don't let anyone in except me. I'll be back in a minute.

REGGIE  
Be careful, Peter.

PETER

(one leg over the  
sill)  
You took the words right out of my  
mouth.

He climbs out.

EXT. HOTEL WINDOW THIRD FLOOR – NIGHT

Outside the window to REGGIE's room is a small, false balcony, consisting mostly of railing, with barely enough room between it and the building's facade for a man to stand. PETER appears and looks down over the railing.

EXT. HOTEL SIDEWALK (FROM ABOVE) – NIGHT

SHOOTING STRAIGHT DOWN; there is no one on the street and it is too far to jump.

MED. SHOT – PETER – BALCONY

He now looks around. REGGIE's is the last such balcony on one side, but there are two or three on the other.

PETER climbs over the railing and, holding on to it with one hand, reaches for the railing on the next balcony.

CLOSE SHOT – PETER'S HAND

As it stretches for the railing; it is several inches short of touching it.

MED. SHOT – PETER

As he straightens up and prepares to jump.

EXT. HOTEL FACADE – NIGHT

From the GROUND. PETER, high above, jumps to the next balcony.

MED. SHOT – PETER

As he climbs over the railing of the second balcony. He sees a light coming through the window and looks in.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh!

PETER leaves the window quickly, climbing over the railing on his way to the next balcony. As he does, the following exchange is heard (in British English).

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

What is it now, Pamela?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

It happened again, Henry – another strange man peered in the window at me and then went away.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bad luck, Pamela.

EXT. HOTEL FACADE – NIGHT

From the GROUND as PETER jumps to the next balcony.

MED. SHOT – PETER

As he climbs over the rail to the third balcony. There is a light coming from this window, too. PETER looks in.

MED. SHOT – WINDOW – OVER PETER'S SHOULDER

Inside the room are GIDEON, TEX, and SCOBIE in the midst of a heated discussion.

GIDEON

That was a dumb move, Herman – a dumb move.

TEX

And then some. If you'd only told us you was goin' to her room we could've kept 'em busy –

INT. GIDEON'S HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

TEX

– but sneakin' in there on your own

that-a-way, why, man, you was bound to get yore tokus kicked. I mean, what'd you think he'd do – walk up 'n' shake you by that hand o' yores?

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's right, Herman – you didn't leave me much choice.

They all turn toward the window.

WIDER ANGLE

As PETER climbs in through the window and joins them.

PETER

(to SCOBIE)

I didn't hurt you, did I?

SCOBIE shakes his head and turns away.

GIDEON

(eagerly)

Never mind that – did you get the money?

PETER

How could I with the three Marx Brothers breathing down my neck? You said you'd let me handle it alone – ! The girl trusts me. If she's got it, I'll find out about it. But you've got to leave me alone.

SCOBIE

(to GIDEON and TEX)

We took all the chances. The money belongs to us, not him!

TEX

Don't be un-neighborly-like, Herman – don't forget he done us a little ol' favor.

SCOBIE

Yeah? What's that?

TEX

He took care of Charlie for us.

GIDEON

(to PETER)

We appreciate it, really we do.

SCOBIE

But who asked him? Three shares are enough – I'd say he's out!

PETER

A third of nothing is nothing, Herman. Make up your minds – she's waiting for me.

GIDEON

(thoughtfully)

I don't see how another twenty-four hours could hurt.

TEX

Shoot no, not after all these years.

SCOBIE

Then he gets it out of your share, not mine! Not mine!

SCOBIE turns and storms out of the door, slamming it.

GIDEON begins sneezing, takes a bottle of pills from his pocket and swallows two white tablets.

GIDEON

I suggest you get about your business – nothing soothes Herman like success.

TEX

(chuckling)

That's right – it's like ticklin' a alligator's belly.

PETER

Who's got the room next to hers?

TEX

Me. How come?

PETER

Get another one, will you? I'm going to need it.

PETER starts for the door.

TEX

If you do find the money – you won't forget t' tell us about it, will you, fella?

PETER

(turning at the door)

Don't worry.

TEX

Oh, I ain't worryin' – but see this pudgy little fella here?

(indicating GIDEON)

He worries – an' he's even meaner'n I am.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

As she waits anxiously, smoking a cigarette. There is a KNOCK at the door.

REGGIE

Who is it?

PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's me. Peter.

REGGIE unlocks the door and opens it. PETER enters and she closes the door again –

PETER

There was no trace of him. All right, Reggie – suppose you tell me what this is all about.

REGGIE

There are three men – he's one of them – they think I have something that belongs to them.

PETER

What?

REGGIE

A quarter of a million dollars.

PETER is silent for a moment.

PETER

Go on.

REGGIE

That's all.

PETER

No, it isn't – where's the money?

REGGIE

I don't know. Those men killed Charles to get it. But he must not have had it with him on the train.

PETER

So they think he left it with you.

REGGIE

But he didn't! I've looked everywhere –  
(tears welling)  
And if I don't find it –  
(wailing)  
Those men going to kill me.

She falls in his arms to be comforted.

PETER

No, they won't – I won't let them.

REGGIE

(sobbing)

Please help me, Peter – you're the only one I can trust.

PETER

Of course I'll help – I told you I would, didn't I? Come on now –

He takes out his handkerchief and dries her eyes.

REGGIE

I'm so hungry I could faint.  
(trying to smile)  
I've – I've gotten your suit all wet.

PETER

That's all right – it's a drip-dry.

REGGIE

Peter, you've got to promise me something. Promise you'll never lie the way Charles did. Why do people have to tell lies?

PETER

Usually it's because they want something – and they're afraid the truth won't get it for them.

REGGIE

Do you tell lies?

A pause. The phone rings. REGGIE answers it.

REGGIE

(into the phone)  
Hello?

INT. OUTDOOR 'PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

SCOBIE holds the receiver in his metal hand.

SCOBIE

Mrs. Lampert? – it's me – the man who was in your room a few minutes



ago –

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE  
(on the phone)  
What do you want?

PETER  
(whispering)  
Who is it?

REGGIE  
(covering the receiver)  
The man you had the fight with.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

SCOBIE  
(on the phone)  
Is Dyle with you?

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

REGGIE  
Who?

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

SCOBIE  
(on the phone)  
The man who hit me, lady – Dyle –  
that's his name. What's wrong – is  
he still there?

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE's back is turned to PETER so he can't see her face.

He watches her.

REGGIE  
(on the phone)

Yes – that's right.

PETER

What is it, Reggie – what's he saying?

She shakes her head.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

SCOBIE

(on the phone)

Don't trust him – don't tell him anything. He's after the money.

He hangs up.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

Slowly, REGGIE lowers the 'phone from her ear and hangs it up. She hesitates a moment.

PETER

What'd he say?

REGGIE

He – he said if I didn't give the money, he'll kill me.

PETER

I wouldn't take that too seriously.

REGGIE

I believe what he said.

PETER

They're only trying to scare you, that's all.

REGGIE

How do you know what they're doing?

PETER

I don't – but as long as they think you have the money, or know where it

is, or have it without knowing where it is, or don't even know you have it –

REGGIE

What are you talking about?

PETER

You mustn't let what he said bother you. It was only words.

REGGIE

(softly)

Words can hurt very much.

PETER

(a pause)

Go to sleep – I'll see you in the morning.

REGGIE

Don't put yourself out.

PETER

Hey – I'm on your side. Remember that.

REGGIE

Yes, I'll remember. Good night.

PETER

Good night.

He starts out, pausing by the door and examining the hole SCOBIE made in it.

PETER

But if you'll take my advice –

(smiling)

You'll undress in the closet. Oh, and if you need me, just bang on the wall. I'll be next door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

As PETER (now called DYLE) leaves REGGIE's room and closes the door. He pauses for a moment, listening, hears nothing, then bends down and starts pulling at a loose thread in one of his socks. As usual, the thread unravels – and unravels – and unravels some more until it seems that the entire sock has come unknit. Now, taking the long thread, he bends down near the door and, taking his tie-pin, attaches one end of the thread to the bottom of REGGIE's door. He then runs the thread along the floor to his door (next door) and works it underneath.

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – NIGHT

As DYLE enters, the thread in his hand. He goes to a nearby table where he attaches the thread to the heavy room key, which he then balances on the extreme edge of the table.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE is on the phone.

REGGIE

(excited)

– But I am calm, Mr. Bartholomew – what I called to tell you was there's someone else – someone who wasn't in that photograph you showed me. He says his name is Peter Joshua – but it isn't – it's Dyle.

(a pause)

Mr. Bartholomew? – are you still there?

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

BARTHOLOMEW on the phone. He is silent for a moment, his face troubled.

BARTHOLOMEW

I don't know who this Mr. Dyle is, but it's just possible we were wrong about who killed your husband.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE

(on the phone)

You mean he might have – Mr. Bartholomew, I'm catching the next plane out of here – I'm not going to sit here and wait for someone to make chopped liver out of me!

DELETED

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

BARTHOLOMEW

(on the phone)

Where are you now – can you meet me? Do you know Les Halles?

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE

(on the phone)

Yes, where?

(a pause)

– in fifteen minutes. I'll be there.

DELETED

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE hangs up the phone, picks up her bag, checks her hair in the mirror, then starts for the door. She stops as she notices the connecting door leading to the room next door, DYLE's room. She goes to it, silently slips out the key and bends to peer through the keyhole.

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – NIGHT (THROUGH KEYHOLE)

DYLE is removing his coat. Before he lays it over a chair, he takes a gun from the inside pocket, checks it, and tucks it into his belt.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE reacts in surprise and fright, jumps quickly away from the door. She hurries to the door leading to the hall

and reaches for the knob.

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT – ROOM KEY. The thread attached to it is pulled (by the action of REGGIE's door opening) and the key falls to the floor with a clatter.

WIDE ANGLE

Including DYLE as he reacts, his head wheeling to look at the key. Snatching his coat, he runs for the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE sneaks past DYLE's door. When she has passed, the door opens and DYLE appears. REGGIE takes off on the run, turning the corner and starting down the stairs.

DYLE  
Reggie – !

He starts after her.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

It is deserted, except for the sleeping NIGHT PORTER, as REGGIE comes running down the stairs.

DYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Reggie... !

She turns, looking back towards the sound of his voice, but does not slacken her speed. She runs out the front door.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE – NIGHT

As REGGIE runs out. She looks up the street, sees a TAXI and hails it.

REGGIE  
Taxi – !

It pulls over to the curb. Looking once more over her shoulder she takes a bill out of her pocket, opens the cab door, slams

it loudly without getting in and hands the bill to the driver.

REGGIE

N'importe o, – vite! Allez-y!

She jumps back into the shadows of a nearby doorway as the TAXI pulls away. At the same time DYLE runs out of the hotel. Another TAXI is coming down the street. DYLE hails it frantically.

DYLE

Taxi – ! Taxi – !

It pulls up and DYLE opens the door.

DYLE

(pointing)

Follow that taxi.

DRIVER

Comment?

DYLE

Taxi! Follow!

DRIVER

Je ne comprends rien.

Desperately, DYLE reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small dictionary and begins flipping through the pages.

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

In the shadows. She lifts her eyes in annoyance.

MED. SHOT – TAXI

DYLE

(finding the word)

Suivre – el taxi!

DRIVER

Ah! Oui, Monsieur.

ANOTHER ANGLE

REGGIE comes out of the shadows, looks after DYLE's taxi, then hails another one which pulls up.

REGGIE  
(to DRIVER)  
Aux Halles – vite!

DELETED

EXT. LES HALLES – NIGHT

REGGIE and BARTHOLOMEW walking. The Central Market is teeming with activity – trucks creeping around other trucks, cases of fruit and vegetables stacked on every inch of sidewalk, WORKERS of all types milling around, unloading trucks and stacking crates, little electric carts scooting in and out – and nearby, one of the huge, high-roofed sheds where the butchers work.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND BARTHOLOMEW

CAMERA LEADING them as they walk.

BARTHOLOMEW  
(looking around)  
Incredible, isn't it? Zola called it  
'le ventre de Paris' – the womb of  
Paris, the belly.

She takes a banana from a nearby stall.

REGGIE  
(peeling it)  
What did you want to see me about,  
Mr. Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW  
(leaves a coin on the  
crate)  
Were you followed?

REGGIE  
Yes, but I lost him. I really did it  
quite brilliantly. I'm beginning to



think women make the best spies.

BARTHOLOMEW

Agents.

REGGIE

He has a gun, Mr. Bartholomew – I saw it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Who?

REGGIE

Dyle, or whatever his name is.

BARTHOLOMEW

What does your Mr. Dyle look like, Mrs. Lampert?

REGGIE

He's hardly my Mr. Dyle.

BARTHOLOMEW

Describe him.

REGGIE

Well – he's tall – over six feet – rather thin – in good physical shape, I'd say – dark eyes – quite handsome, really.

BARTHOLOMEW

(shaking his head)

No.

REGGIE

No, what?

BARTHOLOMEW

That's not Carson Dyle.

REGGIE

(stopping)

Carson?

BARTHOLOMEW

There's only one Dyle connected with this affair, Mrs. Lampert – that's Carson.

REGGIE

You mean you've known about him all along? Why didn't you tell me?

BARTHOLOMEW looks at her for a moment, then glances around; his attention is drawn inside the doorway.

BARTHOLOMEW

It's enough to make you a vegetarian, isn't it?

INT. LES HALLES BUTCHERS' SHED – NIGHT

Almost as far as the eye can see, row upon row of beef sides, hung on hooks.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND BARTHOLOMEW (TRAVELING)

As REGGIE looks at the hanging beef.

REGGIE

It's just lucky that I'm not hanging next to one of those things right now.

She shudders, throws away her banana and turns back to BARTHOLOMEW.

REGGIE

Mr. Bartholomew – why didn't you tell me you knew about Dyle?

BARTHOLOMEW

I didn't see any point. Dyle's dead.

REGGIE

Dead? Mr. Bartholomew – maybe you'd better tell me what this thing's all about.

DELETED

INT. LES HALLES BISTRO – NIGHT

Lined up at a zinc bar are several BUTCHERS, their white smocks stained with blood. REGGIE and BARTHOLOMEW sit at the table.

BARTHOLOMEW

I suppose you're old enough to have heard of World War Two?

REGGIE

Barely, yes.

BARTHOLOMEW

In 1944, five members of the O.S.S. – the military espionage unit – were ordered behind the German lines for the purpose of delivering \$250,000 in gold to the French Underground. The five men –

A WAITER arrives.

WAITER

Vous d,sirez?

REGGIE

(smiling)

They always do that.

BARTHOLOMEW

(to the WAITER)

Caf,.

REGGIE

Gratin,e, choucroute garnie, salade de pommes – et un ballon de rouge.

BARTHOLOMEW

Mrs. Lampert, I really hadn't planned on spending the entire night here.

REGGIE

Can I at least keep the onion soup?

BARTHOLOMEW shrugs.

REGGIE  
(to the WAITER)  
La soupe tout simplement.

The WAITER nods and goes.

REGGIE  
(anxiously)  
Go on, please – five men – \$250,000 –  
the French Underground –

BARTHOLOMEW  
Yes. The five men. They were, of  
course, your husband, Charles, the  
three men who showed up at his funeral  
yesterday, and Carson Dyle. But  
something went wrong and they were  
unable to locate their contact. It  
must have been at that point that  
they decided to steal the money.

REGGIE  
Steal it how?

BARTHOLOMEW  
By burying it, and then reporting  
that the Germans had captured it.  
All they had to do was come back  
after the war, dig it up and split  
it five ways – a quarter of a million  
dollars with no questions asked.

REGGIE  
(fascinated)  
May I have a cigarette, please?

BARTHOLOMEW pulls out a package and she takes one, looks at  
it and rips off the filter tip. He winces.

REGGIE  
I hate these things – it's like

drinking coffee through a veil.

She puts the other end in her mouth, then picks up the matches and lights it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Everything went smoothly enough until after the gold was buried – then, before they could get out, they were ambushed by a German patrol. A machine gun separated Scobie from his right hand – and caught Carson Dyle full in the stomach.

REGGIE takes another cigarette from his pack, rips off the filter (he winces again) and puts it into her mouth.

BARTHOLOMEW

What's wrong with that one?

He points to the cigarette she just lit, still practically brand-new in the ashtray.

REGGIE

Oh. Nothing, I guess. What happened then?

She hands over the newer one to BARTHOLOMEW, who sadly examines its mutilated end while REGGIE returns to the first cigarette.

BARTHOLOMEW

Have you any idea what these things cost over here?

REGGIE

Please go on, Mr. Bartholomew – what happened then?

BARTHOLOMEW

Scobie was able to travel, but Carson Dyle was clearly dying, so they –

The WAITER returns with the coffee and onion soup.

WAITER

La soupe, c'est pour qui?

REGGIE

Pour moi. Go on, Mr. Bartholomew.

The WAITER puts down the cup and bowl and leaves.

BARTHOLOMEW

Carson was dying so they were forced to leave him. They finally got back to the base, made their report, and waited for the war to end. Only Charles couldn't wait quite as long as the others. He beat them back to the gold, took everything for himself and disappeared. It's taken Gideon, Tex and Scobie all this time to catch up with him again.

REGGIE

But if they stole all that money – why can't you arrest them?

BARTHOLOMEW

We know what happened from the bits and pieces we were able to paste together – but we still have no proof.

REGGIE

But what has all this got to do with the C.I.O.?

BARTHOLOMEW

C.I.A., Mrs. Lampert. We're an extension of the wartime O.S.S. It was our money and we want it back.

REGGIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Bartholomew, but nothing you've told me has changed my mind. I still intend leaving Paris – tonight.

BARTHOLOMEW

I wouldn't advise that, Mrs. Lampert. You'd better consider what happened to your husband when he tried to leave. Those men won't be very far away – no matter where you go. In fact, I don't even see any point in your changing hotels. Please help us, Mrs. Lampert. Your government is counting on you.

REGGIE

Well, if I'm going to die, I might as well do it for my country.

BARTHOLOMEW

That's the spirit.

REGGIE

Oh, stop it. What do you want me to do?

BARTHOLOMEW

We're anxious to know who this man is – the one calling himself Dyle.

REGGIE

Maybe he really is Dyle. He could still be alive.

BARTHOLOMEW

No, Mrs. Lampert.

REGGIE

But no one actually saw him die.

BARTHOLOMEW

No, Mrs. Lampert. His death is registered with the War Department in Washington.

REGGIE

Oh. Then who's this one?

BARTHOLOMEW

I don't know – but I think you'd better find out, don't you?

REGGIE  
Me? Why me?

BARTHOLOMEW  
You're in an ideal position – he trusts you.  
(grinning)  
Besides, you said yourself, women make the best spies.

REGGIE  
(resigned)  
Agents.

EXT. HOTEL (PLACE ST. ANDR, DES ARTS) – LATE AFTERNOON

DYLE leaves the hotel and turns into the Place. A moment later, REGGIE comes cautiously from the hotel. As she watches DYLE, a SANDWICH-MAN advertising a driving school passes the hotel. REGGIE falls in behind him, his tall placard hiding her from view.

EXT. PLACE ST. ANDR, DES ARTS – LATE AFTERNOON

First comes DYLE, passing a sidewalk cafe on the corner, then the SANDWICH-MAN and REGGIE. The SANDWICH-MAN turns off, leaving REGGIE out in the open. A moment later, DYLE passes a GIRL painting a canvas, her easel set up in the middle of the sidewalk. He stops when he has passed her and turns to look at her work. REGGIE, not knowing what to do, and afraid she will be seen by DYLE, who is now looking her way, spins and sits at the sidewalk cafe's nearest table, her back to DYLE. It is already occupied by a middle-aged TOURIST.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND TOURIST

The TOURIST, complete with camera, beret and guide book, looks up from his coffee, surprised. He stares at REGGIE and she stares back. Finally, not knowing what else to do, she smiles, then takes a portion of his brioche and eats it.



He smiles back emptily, not knowing what to make of her.

REGGIE turns to look at DYLE.

MED. SHOT – DYLE

He has made his judgment of the painting and now moves on.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND TOURIST

The TOURIST has finally found the courage to speak. As he opens his mouth to make a sound, REGGIE, her eyes on DYLE, rises quickly from the table and goes, leaving a very confused TOURIST with his mouth open. He blinks, then leaves some money on the table and starts after her.

EXT. PLACE ST. ANDR, DES ARTS – LATE AFTERNOON

REGGIE following DYLE. As she passes the GIRL painting, she cannot resist turning to see the work.

CLOSE SHOT – PAINTING

An abstract jumble, nothing recognizable.

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

As she looks from the painting to reality.

EXT. PLACE ST. ANDR, DES ARTS – LATE AFTERNOON

As the scene really looks.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

She shrugs, continues after DYLE. Now we see that the TOURIST, in turn, is following her.

TOURIST  
(calling)  
Fraulein –

REGGIE doesn't stop.

TOURIST

Fraulein –

REGGIE

(turning but continuing)

What are you doing, following me?  
Stop it – we're going to look like  
a parade.

She continues after DYLE. The TOURIST hesitates, then continues after her.

MED. SHOT – DYLE

He goes to the curb and starts to step off, attempting to cross the Rue Danton, but finds the light against him. He turns back in REGGIE's direction.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

Realizing she has to do something before DYLE spots her, she turns and takes the TOURIST's arm and starts walking with him back toward the cafe.

REGGIE

(smiling and rattling  
on)

How are you? When did you arrive in town? Are you enjoying Paris? It's lovely, isn't it? So many wonderful things to see and do, it makes one's head spin to think of it.

She looks back over her shoulder and sees that DYLE is now crossing the Rue Danton, heading for the platform of a bus now stopped at the curb.

TOURIST

(smiling)

Fraulein –

REGGIE pulls away from him.

REGGIE

If you don't stop following me I'll  
call the police.

She leaves him standing there, more confused than ever, as she starts after DYLE again.

DYLE has hopped on the back of the bus as it pulls away.

REGGIE hurries across the street, hailing a taxi.

REGGIE  
Taxi – !

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS – LATE AFTERNOON

DYLE enters. CAMERA PANNING with him to the head of a stairway leading downstairs, a sign indicating that it leads to the "MAIL ROOM & TELEPHONES." CAMERA PANS back to the door as REGGIE enters.

DELETED

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS MAIL ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

DYLE walks to one of several windows. A sign over it reading:

"A - D."

MED. SHOT – STAIRS

REGGIE comes down the stairs. Suddenly she stops.

MED. SHOT – DYLE

CAMERA ZOOMS in to sign on "D."

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

A confused look on her face.

MED. SHOT – DYLE

As his turn comes, he addresses the CLERK

DYLE  
Dyle, please... D - Y - L - E.

CLERK  
Yes, Mr. Dyle. I remember.

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

Watching.

MED. SHOT – MAIL WINDOW

The CLERK takes out a bundle of letters and quickly sorts through it.

CLERK  
I'm sorry, Mr. Dyle – nothing today.

DYLE  
Thanks – see you soon.

He turns and heads out, starting up the stairs where REGGIE was but is no longer. As he reaches the fourth or fifth step, a VOICE is heard over the loudspeaker.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Dyle, please – you're wanted on the telephone – Mr. Dyle. Cabin 4.

DYLE stops in his tracks, pondering what to do.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Dyle. Cabin 4, please.

He stops and comes down the stairs, going to the back of the room and into the cabin marked "4."

DYLE  
(picking up the phone)  
Yes?

CAMERA DOLLIES across an empty cabin to discover REGGIE in the third one, on the phone.

INT. REGGIE'S CABIN

REGGIE on the phone.

INT. DYLE'S CABIN

DYLE on the phone.

REGGIE

Good morning, Mr. Dyle.

DYLE

Reggie?

REGGIE

It's the only name I've got. How about you?

DYLE

No cat and mouse – you've got me. What do you want to know?

REGGIE

Why you lied to me.

DYLE

I had to – for all I knew you could have been in on the whole thing.

REGGIE

Well, you know now, so please tell me who you are.

DYLE

But you know my name – it's Dyle.

REGGIE

Carson Dyle is dead.

DYLE

Yes, he is. He was my brother.

REGGIE

Your –

DYLE

The army thinks he was killed in action by the Germans, but I think they did it – Tex, Gideon and Scobie –

and your husband – because he wouldn't go along with their scheme to steal the gold. I think he threatened to turn them in and they killed him. I'm trying to prove it. They think I'm working with them. But I'm not, and that's the truth. I'm on your side, Reggie – please believe that.

REGGIE

How can I? You lied to me – the way Charles did – and after promising you wouldn't. Oh, I want to believe you, Peter... oh, but I can't call you that anymore, can I? It will take me a while to get used to your new name – which I don't even know yet. What is it?

(pause)

Aren't you going to tell me?

(pause)

Hello – ?

She opens the door of the cabin and starts out.

MED. SHOT – PHONE CABINS

As REGGIE steps out of her cabin and starts looking in the others. They are all occupied except one and she looks inside it.

CLOSE SHOT – EMPTY CABIN

The receiver hangs by its cord, swinging back and forth.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

As she looks at it, confused.

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS – DAY

DYLE and SCOBIE stand together, waiting for the elevator, SCOBIE clearly holding a gun in the pocket of his raincoat.

SCOBIE

(quietly)

If you do anything funny, or try to talk to anyone, I'll kill you, Dyle – here and now. Okay?

DYLE

You'll wreck your raincoat.

The self-service elevator doors open, one or two PASSENGERS come out and DYLE and SCOBIE enter. A young GIRL starts in after them.

SCOBIE

Next car, please.

He reaches out and presses the top button with his metal hand. The doors close.

DELETED

INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING – LATE AFTERNOON

As SCOBIE follows DYLE out of the elevator. SCOBIE looks around – there is an open door at the end of a short hall. He and DYLE go to it, CAMERA FOLLOWING. Through the door, which SCOBIE closes behind them, is a flight of stairs, leading up to a second floor.

SCOBIE

Okay – turn around.

DYLE turns to find SCOBIE's gun out of the pocket and pointing at him. SCOBIE now transfers it to his metal hand and goes to DYLE, where he proceeds to frisk him.

Finding the gun DYLE carries in his inside coat pocket, SCOBIE removes it. During the following conversation he will shake open the revolving magazine and let the bullets fall out onto the floor before handing back the emptied gun to DYLE. Then he will transfer his own gun back to his good hand.

SCOBIE

Sit down.

Shrugging, DYLE sits on the third step.

DYLE  
What now?

SCOBIE  
We wait – with our mouths shut.

INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS – NIGHT

The last EMPLOYEES leave the building as the WATCHMAN locks the front door after them.

INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING – NIGHT

In the semi-darkness, DYLE is still sitting on the third step, SCOBIE still facing him with a gun.

DYLE  
How long do you intend – ?

SCOBIE  
I said with the mouth shut.

DYLE yawns wide.

DYLE  
Sorry about that.

SCOBIE  
Okay – up there.

DYLE gets to his feet and starts up the stairs, followed by SCOBIE. DYLE stops at the door.

DYLE  
Do I knock or something?

SCOBIE  
Open it.

DYLE opens the door. The stairs continue up.

SCOBIE  
Keep going.



DYLE

The view had better be worth it.

EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS – ROOFTOP – NIGHT

A spectacular view of the Paris rooftops and the city lights beyond. DYLE and SCOBIE come out onto a level portion of roof. On the street side, the roof angles down abruptly into a steep, slate-covered pitch, broken only by two widely separated oval-shaped dormer windows.

Below these is a rain gutter, then nothing – for seven stories.

DYLE

Very pretty. Now what?

SCOBIE

I'll give you a chance, Dyle – which is more than you'd give me. Where's the money?

DYLE

Is that why you dragged me all the way up here – to ask me that? She has it – you know that.

SCOBIE

And I say maybe you both have it! One more time, Dyle – where is it?

DYLE

Supposing I did have it – which I don't – do you really think I'd hand it over?

SCOBIE

You're out, Dyle – right now!

SCOBIE aims the gun and starts advancing toward DYLE.

SCOBIE

Step back.

DYLE turns and looks – there is nothing behind him but a sheer drop to the street.

DYLE  
Back where?

SCOBIE  
That's the idea.

Moving quickly, DYLE lashes out and hacks SCOBIE's gun hand with the side of his palm and the gun falls to the roof.

Following through, DYLE punches the large man full in the jaw, but instead of falling, SCOBIE wraps his arm around DYLE, holding on tightly until his head clears.

Then, to his amazement, DYLE is lifted into the air and, unable to break the bear-hold, carried toward the edge of the roof. Working his arms between their two bodies, DYLE suddenly flails them out with all his strength and the hold is broken, but at the price of his coat and the flesh on his back as SCOBIE's metal claw rips through both, a wound extending from the center of DYLE's back to his shoulder.

Both men look around for the gun, spot it simultaneously and leap for it, both landing short of the mark. Now they grapple with one another, each trying to break free and reach for the gun.

CLOSE SHOT – THEIR HANDS

Two hands, one real, one metal, inch toward the gun.

MED. SHOT – DYLE AND SCOBIE

The battle is going to SCOBIE whose weight and strength are beginning to tire DYLE, who is now on his back, trying to stop SCOBIE from crawling over him. He has the large man by both lapels of the raincoat in a last-ditch effort to hold him. But SCOBIE, his face horribly distorted from the strain, continues to inch forward toward the gun.

Suddenly, DYLE releases his hold. With nothing restraining him, SCOBIE lurches forward, tumbling past the gun, his momentum carrying him onto the sloping part of the roof,

where he begins sliding down. SCOBIE beats wildly at the the slate with his claw, trying to gouge a grip.

CLOSE SHOT – SCOBIE'S CLAW

As it slides across the slate, making a hideous scratching sound and causing sparks to fly.

MED. SHOT – SCOBIE

As he slides over the edge and disappears.

CLOSE SHOT – DYLE

As he watches, hypnotized.

CLOSE SHOT – ROOF EDGE

There appears to be no sign of SCOBIE. Then CAMERA ZOOMS IN FOR A TIGHT CLOSE SHOT OF SCOBIE'S metal hand, gripping the rain gutter at the very edge.

MED. SHOT – DYLE

Having seen the claw, he rises and walks to the very edge of the level part of the roof.

DYLE

Herman?

MED. SHOT – SCOBIE

As he hangs, seven stories over the street, by his metal hand.

SCOBIE

Yeah?

MED. SHOT – DYLE

He finds it hard to believe.

DYLE

How are you doing?

SCOBIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

How do you think?

DYLE

If you get bored, try writing 'Love thy neighbor' a hundred times on the side of the building.

DYLE turns and leaves going down the stairs.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

The HOTEL MANAGER is busy taping a piece of cardboard over the hole ripped in REGGIE's door by SCOBIE's metal hand the night before. DYLE leaves the elevator and goes to his own door. The MANAGER eyes him coldly. DYLE "takes" the look.

DYLE

I didn't do it.

MANAGER

The next time madame forgets her key, there is another one at the desk.

DYLE smiles, then enters his room.

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – NIGHT

He closes the door and starts to remove his torn coat, wincing.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE, smoking on the bed, sits up when she hears DYLE moving about in his room. She goes to the connecting door, unlocks her side, tries the knob, finds it still bolted from his side and knocks.

REGGIE

Is that you?

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – NIGHT

DYLE goes to the door, throws back the bolt and opens the

door. REGGIE enters.

REGGIE

Didn't anyone ever tell you it's  
impolite to –

(seeing his injured  
back)

What happened?

DYLE

I met a man with sharp nails.

REGGIE

Scobie?

DYLE

I left him hanging around the American  
Express.

REGGIE

Come on – I've got something that  
stings like crazy.

She leads him into her room.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

As REGGIE and DYLE enter from his room. She leads him to the  
bed.

REGGIE

Take off your shirt and lie down.

As REGGIE goes to the bathroom, DYLE takes off his torn shirt,  
revealing a torn and bloody T-shirt. He lies face downwards  
on the bed. REGGIE returns, carrying cotton, gauze, tape,  
scissors, and disinfectant. She sits next to him and lifts  
up his T-shirt to examine the wound.

DYLE

(wincing)

Listen – all I really want is an  
estimate.

REGGIE

It's not so bad. You may not be able to lie on your back for a few days – but, then, you can lie from any position, can't you?

She wets the cotton with disinfectant and begins cleaning the wound. He winces.

REGGIE  
Does it hurt?

DYLE  
Haven't you got a bullet I can bite?

She continues working on his back, cleaning it, then bandaging it while they talk.

REGGIE  
Are you really Carson Dyle's brother?

DYLE  
Would you like to see my passport?

REGGIE  
Your passport! What kind of a proof is that?

DYLE  
Would you like to see where I was tattooed?

REGGIE  
Sure.

DYLE  
Okay, I'll drive you around there some day.  
(his back stinging)  
Ouch!

REGGIE  
Ha ha. You could at least tell me what your first name is these days.

DYLE

Alexander.

REGGIE  
Is there a Mrs. Dyle?

DYLE  
Yes, but we're divorced.

REGGIE  
I thought that was Peter Joshua.

DYLE  
(smiling)  
I'm no easier to live with than he was.

REGGIE  
(finishing the bandage)  
There – you're a new man.

As they continue talking, he rises from the bed and goes into his own room. REGGIE remains on the bed, watching him through the open door as he puts on a fresh T-shirt and shirt.

DYLE  
I'm sorry I couldn't tell you the truth, but I had to find out your part in all this.

REGGIE  
Alex – how can you tell if someone is lying or not?

DYLE  
You can't.

REGGIE  
There must be some way.

DYLE  
There's an old riddle about two tribes of Indians – the Whitefeet always tell the truth and the Blackfeet always lie. So one day you meet an Indian, you ask him if he's a truthful

Whitefoot or a lying Blackfoot? He tells you he's a truthful Whitefoot, but which one is he?

REGGIE

Why couldn't you just look at his feet?

DYLE

Because he's wearing moccasins.

REGGIE

Oh. Well, then he's a truthful Whitefoot, of course.

DYLE

Why not a lying Blackfoot?

REGGIE

(confused)

Which one are you?

DYLE

(entering, smiling)

Whitefoot, of course.

REGGIE

Come here.

He goes to the bed.

REGGIE

Sit down.

He sits.

REGGIE

I hope it turns out you're a Whitefoot, Alex – I could be very happy hanging around the tepee.

DYLE

Reggie – listen to me –

REGGIE



Oh-oh – here it comes. The fatherly talk. You forget I'm already a widow.

DYLE

So was Juliet – at fifteen.

REGGIE

I'm not fifteen.

DYLE

Well, there's your trouble right there – you're too old for me.

REGGIE

Why can't you be serious?

DYLE

There, you said it.

REGGIE

Said what?

DYLE

Serious. When a man gets to be my age that's the last word he ever wants to hear. I don't want to be serious – and I especially don't want you to be.

REGGIE

Okay – I'll tell you what – we'll just sit around all day long being frivolous – how about that?

She starts kissing him on the neck, on the chin, on the cheek.

DYLE

Now please, Reggie – cut it out.

REGGIE

(pulling back)

Okay.

DYLE

What are you doing?

REGGIE  
Cutting it out.

DYLE  
Who told you to do that?

REGGIE  
You did.

DYLE  
But I'm not through complaining yet.

REGGIE  
Oh.  
(She starts kissing  
him again)

DYLE  
Now please, Reggie – cut it out.

REGGIE  
I think I love you, Alex –

She kisses him on the mouth. The phone rings. He tries to talk as she continues kissing him.

DYLE  
(mumbling)  
The phone's ringing –

REGGIE  
Whoever it is won't give up – and  
neither will I.

The phone continues to ring and she continues to kiss him.

Finally, REGGIE reaches out to the bedstand and takes the phone off the hook. She brings the receiver up to their mouths and mumbles into it.

REGGIE  
(on phone)  
Sorry – I was just – uh – nibbling

on something.

INT. TEX'S ROOM – NIGHT

TEX speaks into the phone.

TEX

Miz Lampert, my buddies 'n me, we'd oblige it mighty highly if you could mosey on across the hall 'n chew the fat with us for a spell.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

DYLE is watching her.

REGGIE

(on the phone)

Can you give me one good reason why I should?

INT. TEX'S ROOM – NIGHT

TEX

(on the phone)

Yes, ma'am. A little one – 'bout seven or eight years old. Th' little tyke keeps callin' you his Aunt Reggie – ain't that cute?

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

She covers the phone and turns to DYLE in alarm.

REGGIE

They've got Jean-Louis!

DYLE

That sounds like their problem.

REGGIE

(into the phone)

I'll be right there.

INT. TEX'S ROOM – NIGHT

TEX  
(on the phone)  
We'll be waitin' in room forty-seven,  
Miz Lampert – so you just wiggle on  
over.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

As REGGIE hangs up.

REGGIE  
What day is it?

DYLE  
Tuesday.

REGGIE  
Lord, I forgot all about it – Sylvie  
works late Tuesday nights – she  
always leaves him with me. They  
wouldn't do anything to a little  
boy, would they?

DYLE  
I don't know – it depends on whether  
or not they've already eaten.

INT. TEX'S ROOM – NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT – JEAN-LOUIS. He looks around, uncertainly, first  
one way, then the other. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show him sitting  
on SCOBIE's knee, the large man holding him with his good  
hand, the metal one in his pocket. TEX sits next to them  
while GIDEON nervously paces the floor. When GIDEON begins  
sneezing he takes the small bottle of pills from his pocket  
and downs one or two, swallowing some water.

SCOBIE  
Hey, Tex – move the kid to the other  
knee or something, will you? My leg's  
going to sleep.

TEX lifts JEAN-LOUIS and puts him down on SCOBIE's other  
knee.

TEX  
Upsy-daisy.

JEAN-LOUIS  
Are you a real cowboy?

TEX  
Sure am.

JEAN-LOUIS  
Then where is your gun?

TEX  
(taking out his gun)  
Right here – see?

GIDEON  
Will you put that thing away!

A KNOCK at the door. GIDEON goes to open it. REGGIE and DYLE enter. She sees JEAN-LOUIS and TEX's gun.

REGGIE  
Jean-Louis!

She snatches him off SCOBIE's lap.

TEX  
Howdy, Miz Lampert.

SCOBIE  
(glaring at DYLE)  
Who invited you?

DYLE  
Hello, Herman, it was a happy landing,  
I see.

REGGIE  
I'd better call Sylvie – she must  
be frantic.

She starts for the door with JEAN-LOUIS. GIDEON blocks her way.

GIDEON

I'm afraid that will have to wait,  
Mrs. Lampert.

REGGIE

But his mother –

GIDEON

She isn't going to be anybody's mother  
unless you answer some questions.

TEX

This ain't no game,  
Miz Lampert.

SCOBIE

We want that money – now!

DYLE

(forcefully)

Be quiet, all of you!

The THREE MEN look at him, surprised by his tone.

DYLE

And stop threatening that boy. He  
doesn't have the money. Mrs. Lampert  
doesn't either.

SCOBIE

Then who does?

DYLE

I don't know, Herman – maybe you  
do.

SCOBIE

Me?

DYLE

(to TEX)

Or you –

(to GIDEON)

Or you –

GIDEON, TEX & SCOBIE

(together)

That's the most ridiculous – !  
You gone loco?  
Listen to the man!

DYLE

Slowly. Suppose one of you found Charles here in Paris, followed him, cornered him on the train, threw him out the window and took the money.

SCOBIE

(after a pause)

That's a crock! If one of us did that he wouldn't hang around here waiting for the other two to wise up.

DYLE

But he'd have to. If he left he'd be admitting his guilt – and the others would know what happened. Whoever it is has to wait here, pretending to look for the money, waiting for the rest of us to give up and go home. That's when he'll be safe and not a minute before.

A pause as the THREE MEN look at one another.

GIDEON

Up till now we always figured she had the money – but you know so much about it, maybe you've got it.

DYLE

Then what am I doing here? You didn't know anything about me – I'm the only one who could have taken it and kept right on going.

SCOBIE

He's just tryin' to throw us off!

They've got it, I tell you! Why don't we search their rooms?

DYLE

(exchanging looks  
with REGGIE)

It's all right with us –

TEX

(rising)

What are we wastin' time for? Let's go.

DYLE

And while we're waiting, we might as well go through yours.

SCOBIE

(stopping)

Not my room!

DYLE

What's wrong, Herman – have you got something to hide?

(a pause, then smiling)

Then I take it there are no objections.

The THREE MEN look at one another unhappily.

DYLE

We'd better exchange keys. Here's mine.

SCOBIE

I'll take that.

He takes DYLE's key and gives DYLE his. GIDEON goes to REGGIE, takes her key and gives her his own.

TEX

Mine's in the door. Ariva durchy, y'all.

The THREE MEN file out. DYLE and REGGIE exchange looks.



DYLE

Come on – let's get busy. Who gets your vote?

REGGIE

Scobie – he's the one that objected.

DYLE

(handing her the boy)

He's all yours. I'll do Tex and Gideon. Take Jean-Louis with you – and make sure you bolt the door from inside.

REGGIE

Viens, Jean-Louis – we're going to have a treasure hunt.

JEAN-LOUIS

(joining them)

Oh, la! If I find the treasure, will I win a prize?

REGGIE

(to DYLE)

What should we give him?

DYLE

How about \$25,000? Or do you think it would spoil him?

She smiles, takes JEAN-LOUIS' hand and leaves. DYLE turns to survey TEX's room.

He goes first to the drawer in the night table – empty; and the bed, looking in it and under it. Then he goes to the desk and opens the drawers – also empty. The bureau is next – he opens all three double drawers and they, too, are completely empty. Frowning, he goes to the armoire and opens it – shelves and hanging bar are likewise bare.

Then, CAMERA PANNING DOWN, he sees the only thing he's found so far in the room – a pair of fine cowboy boots.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT – AIRLINES BAG. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include GIDEON, staring down at it as it lies on the table in the center of the room.

GIDEON  
(eyes on the bag)  
Tex?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Including TEX, busy going through the bureau. He looks up, then joins GIDEON.

TEX  
What's that?

GIDEON empties the contents of the bag on the table, then starts examining the various items. He opens the wallet.

INSERT - WALLET

Inside, the initials "C.L." are printed in gold.

TEX'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Charlie's stuff?

GIDEON'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Looks like it.

MED. SHOT – TEX & GIDEON

TEX  
Mebbe we'd better call Herman.

GIDEON has put the wallet aside and now picks up the letter, removing it from the envelope and reading it.

GIDEON  
What for? If it's not here, why bother him?

TEX  
And if it is?

GIDEON  
(a pause)  
Why bother him?

A broad grin from TEX. They continue going through the items from the bag.

TEX  
You sure nuthin's missin'?

GIDEON  
No. The police have kindly provided us with a list.

TEX takes the list, examines it, then folds it and puts it in his pocket. They finish with the items from the bag.

TEX  
There sure ain't nothin' here worth no quarter of a million.

GIDEON  
Not unless we're blind.

TEX  
(staring at GIDEON)  
You think that mebbe we're fishin' the wrong stream?

GIDEON  
Meaning what?

TEX  
You don't s'pose one o' us has it, like the man said – I mean, that'd be pretty distasteful – us bein' vet'rans o' the same war 'n' all.

GIDEON  
(very sincerely)  
You know I'd tell you if I had it.

TEX  
Nachurly. Jus' like I'd tell you.

GIDEON

Nachurly. And that goes for Herman,  
too.

TEX & GIDEON

(together)

Nachurly!

The TWO MEN look at one another, then smile – then laugh.

DELETED

INT. SCOBIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE on the phone, JEAN-LOUIS standing by.

REGGIE

– He's all right, Sylvie, honestly.  
Just hurry up and get here.

She hangs up and turns to JEAN-LOUIS.

REGGIE

Come on, now – if you wanted to  
hide something, where would you put  
it?

JEAN-LOUIS

I know. I would bury it in the garden.

REGGIE

Swell – only this man doesn't have  
a garden.

JEAN-LOUIS

Oh.

(Afterthought)

Neither do I.

(Seeing something)

Voil,!

REGGIE

Voil, what?

JEAN-LOUIS

(pointing)

Up there! I would put it up there!

REGGIE looks to where JEAN-LOUIS is pointing – to the top of the high armoire.

REGGIE

You know something, cookie? Why not?

Taking one of the straight chairs to the armoire, she stands on it. Although she is still not high enough to see anything, by standing on tip-toes she is able to reach with her hand over the top and grope around blindly.

REGGIE

I hope I don't find any little hairy things living up here – wait! There is something! If I can just – yes, I'm getting it – a case of some sort – it's heavy.

JEAN-LOUIS

(jumping up and down)

I found it! I found it!

REGGIE

If you think you're getting credit for this, you're crazy.

JEAN-LOUIS

(ecstatic)

We won! We won!

REGGIE has finally managed to pull down the case – a rectangular black bag about the size and shape of a trombone case. As he climbs off the chair, JEAN-LOUIS suddenly runs to the door, unbolts it and runs into the hall, CAMERA PANNING with him.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - THIRD LANDING - NIGHT

As JEAN-LOUIS runs out into the hall, shouting.

JEAN-LOUIS

We found it! We found it!

DYLE is the first one to appear, coming out of GIDEON's room.

TEX has also appeared from REGGIE's room, followed by GIDEON.

JEAN-LOUIS

We found it!

The THREE MEN rush by JEAN-LOUIS and squeeze simultaneously into SCOBIE's room.

INT. SCOBIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

As DYLE, TEX and GIDEON enter, REGGIE is placing the little straight black chair to its original position. There is no sign of the black case.

DYLE

Reggie – ? Did you find it?

REGGIE

No.

GIDEON

What do you mean, no?

TEX

The kid said –

JEAN-LOUIS

(pointing atop the  
armoire)

Up there! It is up there!

REGGIE

No, Jean-Louis.

TEX grabs the chair and moves it to the armoire, climbing up on it and grabbing the bag.

REGGIE

It's nothing, I tell you!

He brings it to the table as DYLE and GIDEON crowd around

him, anxious to see.

### CLOSE SHOTS (PANNING)

The ring of faces, one at a time. TEX, his jaw muscles working feverishly; DYLE, his eyes unblinking, a slight smile on his lips; GIDEON, his mouth open greedily.

### GROUP SHOT

As TEX finally springs the latches and opens the lid.

### CLOSE SHOT – CASE

Inside, neatly packed in velvet fittings, like the parts of a musical instrument, are various portions of and attachments for a metal artificial hand.

TEX'S VOICE (O.S.)

Jumpin' frejoles – it's Herman's spare.

### GROUP SHOT – THE THREE MEN

As they stare at the case, surprised and just a little embarrassed. Slowly TEX lowers the lid. The MEN avoid looking at one another.

### WIDER ANGLE

Including REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS by the door.

REGGIE

Where is he?

The MEN look at one another.

TEX

Hey, that's right!

DYLE

(already running)

He's in my room.

The THREE MEN hurry past REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS and out of

the door.

JEAN-LOUIS  
What is the matter?

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

DYLE, TEX, and GIDEON, followed by REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS cross the hall to DYLE's room. DYLE turns the key which is still in the door. He enters, followed by the others.

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – NIGHT

DYLE, TEX and GIDEON stand in the center of the room, looking around. REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS wait in the open doorway. The room looks like a cyclone hit the place, but there is no sign of SCOBIE. The sound of running water can be heard coming from behind the closed door to the bathroom and DYLE is the first to notice the water beginning to leak out from under the door.

DYLE  
Reggie – you and the boy better  
wait here.

INT. BATH – NIGHT

SCOBIE, still dressed in his raincoat, lies face up, his head submerged in the filled tub, the water now pouring over the edge. His face is distorted. DYLE's hand appears and turns off the water.

DELETED

REVERSE SHOT

DYLE, TEX and GIDEON staring at CAMERA.

TEX  
Now who'da done a mean thing like  
that?

DYLE  
(looking carefully at  
both)



I'm not quite sure.

TEX

This ain't my room.

GIDEON

Mine, either.

DYLE

(considering the  
situation)

The police aren't going to like this  
one bit.

GIDEON

(helpful)

We could dry him off and take him  
down the hall to his own room.

(looking at the body)

He really doesn't look so bad.

TEX

We could put him to bed 'n let one  
o' them fem-de-chambers find him in  
the mornin'.

DYLE and GIDEON look at one another.

TEX

Poor ol' Herman – him 'n good luck  
always was strangers. Maybe now he'll  
meet up with his other hand someplace –  
but I sure hope it ain't waitin' for  
him in Heaven.

INT. SCOBIE'S ROOM – DAY

CLOSE SHOT – SCOBIE. The dead man's eyes are open, his jaw  
hanging, his head lying crazily on the pillow.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show him lying in bed, dressed in his  
pajamas. CAMERA WHIRLS for a TIGHT CLOSE SHOT of a MAID, her  
eyes widening as the realization that the man is dead strikes  
her. Then she screams.

INT. GRANDPIERRE'S OFFICE – LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT – GRANDPIERRE. The policeman is apoplectic.

GRANDPIERRE

No! No! No! No!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include, REGGIE, DYLE, TEX and GIDEON, all sitting silently in the INSPECTOR's office.

GRANDPIERRE

A man drowned in his bed –  
impossible! And in his pajamas –  
the second one in his pajamas –  
c'est trop bête! Stop lying to me –

(Tapping the side of  
his nose)

this nose tells me when you are lying –  
it is never mistaken, not in twenty-  
three years – this nose will make  
me commissaire of police.

(Tapping his fingers  
on his desk)

Mr. Dyle or Mr. Joshua – which is  
it?

DYLE

Dyle.

GRANDPIERRE

And yet you registered in Megeve as  
Mr. Joshua. Do you know it is against  
the law to register under an assumed  
name?

DYLE

No, I didn't.

REGGIE

It's done in America all the time.

GRANDPIERRE raps for silence on his desk. During the pause,  
he looks into each face in turn.

GRANDPIERRE

None of you will be permitted to leave Paris – until this matter is cleared up. Only I warn you – I will be watching. We use the guillotine in this country – I have always suspected that the blade coming down causes no more than a slight tickling sensation on the back of the neck. It is only a guess, of course – I hope none of you ever finds out for certain.

DELETED

EXT. QUAI MONTEBELLO – LATE AFTERNOON (TRAVELING)

REGGIE and DYLE walking along the quai, next to the Seine,  
CAMERA LEADING.

REGGIE

Who do you think did it – Gideon?

DYLE

Maybe.

REGGIE

Or Tex?

DYLE

Maybe.

REGGIE

You're a big help. Can I have one of those?

They have passed an ice-cream wagon on the corner of the Pont au Double. DYLE shrugs.

REGGIE

(to the VENDOR)

Vanille-chocolat.

During the following, the VENDOR makes a double-decker cone and hands it to REGGIE. DYLE pays and they resume their walk – all with no break in the dialogue.

REGGIE  
I think Tex did it.

DYLE  
Why?

REGGIE  
Because I really suspect Gideon –  
and it is always the person you don't  
suspect.

DYLE  
Do women think it's feminine to be  
so illogical – or can't they help  
it?

REGGIE  
What's so illogical about that?

DYLE  
A) It's always the person you don't  
suspect; B) that means you think  
it's Tex because you really suspect  
Gideon; therefore C) if you think  
it's Tex, it has to be someone else –  
Gideon.

REGGIE  
Oh. I guess they just can't help it.

DYLE  
Who?

REGGIE  
Women. You know, I can't help feeling  
rather sorry for Scobie.  
(a pause)  
Wouldn't it be nice if we were like  
that?

DYLE  
What – like Scobie?

REGGIE

No – Gene Kelly. Remember the way he danced down there next to the river in 'American in Paris' – without a care in the world? This is good, want some?

She offers him her cone, thrusting it forward with enough force to dislodge the ice-cream. It lands right next to his lapel, over his outside breast pocket.

DYLE  
(frowning)  
I'd love some, thanks.

REGGIE  
I'm sorry.

He pulls open the pocket with two sticky fingers and looks inside, then shakes his head sadly at what he sees. REGGIE still holds the empty cone, not knowing what to do with it.

Seeing this, he takes it and sticks it into his pocket.

DYLE  
No sense messing up the streets.

REGGIE  
Alex –

DYLE  
Hm?

REGGIE  
I'm scared.

DYLE  
Don't worry, I'm not going to hit you.

REGGIE  
No, about Scobie, I mean. I can't think of any reason why he was killed.

They resume walking.

DYLE

Maybe somebody felt that four shares were too many –

REGGIE

What makes you think that this somebody will be satisfied with three? He wants it all, Alex – that means we're in his way, too.

DYLE

Yes, I know.

REGGIE

First your brother, then Charles, now Scobie – we've got to do something! Any minute now we could be assassinated! Would you do anything like that?

DYLE

(surprised)

What? Assassinate somebody?

REGGIE

No –

ANOTHER ANGLE

Including the Cathedral of NOTRE DAME in the background.

REGGIE

– swing down from there on a rope to save the woman you love – like Charles Laughton in 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame'?

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD LANDING – LATE AFTERNOON

As REGGIE and DYLE step from the elevator.

REGGIE

Hurry up and change – I'm starved.

DYLE

Let me know what you want – I'll  
pick a suit that matches.

He goes into his room and she goes into hers.

DELETED

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

She enters, fixes her hair in the mirror, then goes to the door connecting her room with DYLE's. She unlocks it, tries to open it, but finds it locked. Disappointed, she knocks.

DYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What do you want?

REGGIE  
It's the house detective – why  
haven't you got a girl in there?

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

He calls to her through the closed door as he empties his pockets.

DYLE  
Lord, you're a pest.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Can I come in?

DYLE  
I'd like to take a bath.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

REGGIE  
Wouldn't it be better if you did it  
in my room?

DYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
What for?

REGGIE  
I wouldn't want to use that tub.

Besides, I don't want to be alone.  
I'm afraid.

INT. DYLE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

DYLE

I'm only next door – if anything  
happens, holler.

He sits down to take off his shoes, but is interrupted by the sound of REGGIE screaming. He races for the connecting door, pulls back the bolt and rushes in.

DELETED

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

As DYLE enters.

DYLE

Reggie!

He wheels as the door is slammed and REGGIE, who had been standing behind it, locks it and pockets the key.

REGGIE

Got you.

DYLE

Did you ever hear the story of the  
boy who cried wolf?

REGGIE

The shower's in there.

He goes to the door leading to the hall and finds that locked as well. She smiles at him.

DYLE

(warning)

Reggie – open the door.

REGGIE

This is a ludicrous situation. There  
must be dozens of men dying to use



my shower.

DYLE

Then I suggest you call one of them.

REGGIE

I dare you.

DYLE looks at her, then sits down and starts to remove his shoes.

REGGIE

(has she gone too far?)

What are you doing?

DYLE

Have you ever heard of anyone taking a shower with his shoes on?

(to himself)

What a nut.

Shoes off, DYLE starts for the bathroom, humming.

DYLE

I usually sing a medley of old favorites when I bathe – any requests?

REGGIE

Shut the door!

DYLE

I don't think I know that one.

Testing the water with his hand, he now steps in fully dressed. REGGIE can't believe her eyes. She goes to the open door for a closer look.

REGGIE

What on earth are you doing?

INT. BATHROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

MED. SHOT – DYLE

In the shower, making sure his suit gets uniformly soaked.

DYLE  
(explaining pleasantly)  
Drip-dry!

He takes the soap and begins washing as if he were washing himself without the suit.

DYLE  
The suit needs it more than I do,  
anyway.

REGGIE  
How often do you go through this  
little ritual?

As he takes out his handkerchief and rinses it.

DYLE  
Every day. The manufacturer recommends  
it.

REGGIE  
I don't believe it.

He opens his coat and reads a label inside.

DYLE  
"Wearing this suit during washing  
will help protect its shape."

He flicks a little water in her face, then takes the nail-brush and scrubs his watch and watch-band. He holds up his wrist so she can see the watch.

DYLE  
Waterproof.

He begins unbuttoning his suit. She turns and leaves, slamming the door after her.

DELETED

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

As REGGIE goes to the armoire to select a dress. The PHONE rings and she answers it.

REGGIE  
(into phone)  
Yes – ?

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT – BARTHOLOMEW

BARTHOLOMEW  
(on the phone)  
Mrs. Lampert? – Bartholomew. I've  
spoken to Washington, Mrs. Lampert –

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

REGGIE  
(on the phone)  
Go ahead, Mr. Bartholomew – I'm  
listening.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – LATE AFTERNOON

BARTHOLOMEW  
(on the phone)  
I told them what you said – about  
this man being Carson Dyle's brother.  
I asked them what they knew about it  
and they told me – you're not gonna  
like this, Mrs. Lampert – they told  
me Carson Dyle has no brother.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE on the phone, looking like the rug has  
been pulled out from under her.

REGGIE  
(pause, quietly)  
Are you sure there's no mistake?

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – LATE AFTERNOON

BARTHOLOMEW

(on the phone)

None whatsoever. Please, Mrs. Lampert –  
be careful.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

REGGIE slowly lowers the phone to its cradle, a worried expression on her face. Then the bathroom door opens and DYLE appears dressed in a large bath towel. Her back is to him.

DYLE

I left all my drip-dry dripping –  
is it all right?

She doesn't answer.

DYLE

Reggie – is something wrong?

She shakes her head.

DYLE

You're probably weak from hunger.  
You've only had five meals today.  
Hurry up and we'll go out.

She turns and looks at him.

REGGIE

Do you mind if we go someplace  
crowded? I – I feel like lots of  
people tonight.

EXT. SEINE - B, TEAU MOUCHE – DUSK

The large motor launch, moving along the river, gaily ablaze with lights.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND DYLE (PROCESS)

At a table for two by the rail, the city slowly passing in

the b.g.

DYLE

Reggie – you haven't spoken a word in twenty minutes.

REGGIE

I keep thinking about Charles and Scobie – and the one who's going to be next – me?

DYLE

Nothing's going to happen to you while I'm around – I want you to believe that.

REGGIE

How can I believe it when you don't even know who the killer is? I've got that right, haven't I? You don't know who did it.

DYLE

No – not yet.

REGGIE

But then if we sit back and wait, the field should start narrowing down, shouldn't it? Whoever's left alive at the end will pretty well have sewn up the nomination, wouldn't you say so?

DYLE

Are you trying to say that I might have killed Charles and Scobie?

She doesn't answer.

DYLE

What do I have to do to satisfy you – become the next victim?

REGGIE

It's a start, anyway.

DYLE

I don't understand you at all – one minute you're chasing me around the shower room and the next you're accusing me of murder.

REGGIE

Carson Dyle didn't have a brother.

WIDER ANGLE

She rises from the table and walks away. DYLE hesitates a moment, then follows.

DYLE

I can explain if you'll just listen.  
Will you listen?

REGGIE

(looking at the river)

I can't very well leave without a pair of water wings.

DYLE

Okay. Then get set for the story of my life – not that it would ever make the best-seller list.

REGGIE

Fiction or non-fiction?

DYLE

Why don't you shut up!

REGGIE

Well!

DYLE

Are you going to listen?

REGGIE

Go on.

DYLE

After I graduated college I was all set to go into my father business. Umbrella frames – that's what he made. It was a sensible business, I suppose, but I didn't have the sense to be interested in anything sensible.

REGGIE

I suppose all this is leading somewhere?

DYLE

It led me away from umbrella frames, for one thing. But that left me without any honest means of support.

REGGIE

What do you mean?

DYLE

When a man has no profession except the one he loathes, what's left? I began looking for people with more money than they'd ever need – including some they'd barely miss.

REGGIE

(astonished)

You mean, you're a thief?

DYLE

Well, it isn't exactly the term I'd have chosen, but I suppose it captures the spirit of the thing.

REGGIE

I don't believe it.

DYLE

Well, I can't really blame you – not now.

REGGIE

But I do believe it – that's what I don't believe. So it's goodbye

Alexander Dyle – Welcome home Peter Joshua.

DYLE

Sorry, the name's Adam Canfield.

REGGIE

Adam Canfield. Wonderful. Do you realize you've had three names in the past two days? I don't even know who I'm talking to any more.

DYLE

(now called ADAM)

The man's the same, even if the name isn't.

REGGIE

No – he's not the same. Alexander Dyle was interested in clearing up his brother's death. Adam Canfield is a crook. And with all the advantages you've got – brains, charm, education, a handsome face –

ADAM

Oh, come on!

REGGIE

– there has to be a darn good reason for living the way you do. I want to know what it is.

ADAM

It's simple. I like what I do – I enjoy doing it. There aren't many men who love their work as much as I do. Look around some time.

REGGIE

Is there a Mrs. Canfield?

ADAM

Yes, but –



ADAM AND REGGIE  
(together)  
– we're divorced.

ADAM  
Right. Now go eat your dinner.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

They walk back to the table, where a WAITER is busy putting food on it, mostly on REGGIE's side.

REGGIE  
(miserably)  
I could eat a horse.

ADAM  
(looking at all the  
food)  
I think that's what you ordered.

REGGIE  
Don't you dare to be civil with me!  
All this time you were leading me on –

ADAM  
How was I leading you on?

REGGIE  
All that marvelous rejection – you  
knew I couldn't resist it. Now it  
turns out you were only interested  
in the money.

ADAM  
That's right.

REGGIE (HURT)  
Oh!

ADAM  
What would you like me to say –  
that a pretty girl with an outrageous  
manner means more to an old pro like  
me than a quarter of a million

dollars?

REGGIE

No – I guess not.

ADAM

It's a toss-up, I can tell you that.

REGGIE

What?

ADAM

Don't you know I'm having a tough time keeping my eyes off of you?

REGGIE reacts in surprise.

ADAM

Oh, you should see your face.

REGGIE

What about it?

ADAM

(taking her hand,  
nicely)

It's lovely.

She looks at him with happy amazement, then pushes her plate away.

ADAM

What's the matter?

REGGIE

I'm not hungry – isn't it glorious?

The lights go out.

REGGIE

(alarmed)

Adam!

ADAM

It's all right – look.

EXT. SEINE B, TEAU MOUCHE – NIGHT

A searchlight near the boat's bridge has gone on and now begins sweeping the river banks. On benches by the water's edge, lovers are surprised by the bright light which suddenly and without warning discovers them in various attitudes of mutual affection. Some are embarrassed, some are amused and some (the most intimate) damn annoyed. One even shakes his fist at the light.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND ADAM

Who, like everyone else, leave the table and stand together at the rail watching.

REGGIE

You don't look so bad in this light.

ADAM

Why do you think I brought you here?

REGGIE

(indicating the lovers)

I thought maybe you wanted me to see the kind of work the competition was turning out.

ADAM

Pretty good, huh? I taught them everything they do.

REGGIE

Oh? Did they do that sort of thing way back in your day?

ADAM

How do you think I got here?

She rises on tip-toes and kisses him gently; his only reaction is to look at her.

REGGIE

Aren't you allowed to kiss back?

ADAM

No. The doctor said it would be bad  
for my – thermostat.

She kisses him again. He responds a little better.

ADAM

When you come on, you really come  
on.

REGGIE

Well – come on.

She starts to kiss him again, but he stops her.

REGGIE

I know why you're not taken – no  
one can catch up with you.

ADAM

Relax – you're gaining.

DELETED

INT. GIDEON'S ROOM – NIGHT

MED. SHOT – GIDEON. As he sits bolt upright in bed, startled.

The room is dark and the phone is ringing. He switches on  
the lamp, looks at the clock (it reads 3:30) and shakes his  
head before picking up the receiver.

GIDEON

Huh? You must be crazy – it's three-  
thirty in the morning – you mean  
now? – all right – I'll be down  
in a minute.

He hangs up, swings his feet out of bed and spears his  
slippers, reaching for his robe at the same time. Then he  
shuffles sleepily to the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD FLOOR LANDING – NIGHT

As GIDEON comes out of his room and goes to the elevator.

The cage is there. He opens the door and enters.

INT. ELEVATOR – NIGHT

GIDEON closes the sliding grill and presses a button. The cage starts down. GIDEON begins sneezing. Suddenly the elevator stops between floors and the lights go out.

GIDEON

Hey! Turn on the lights!

Just as suddenly the lights go back on and the elevator starts moving down again. GIDEON shakes his head and leans back, whistling again. The cage comes to his floor and starts past it. Seeing this, GIDEON looks confused.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

The NIGHT PORTER is asleep behind the desk. The elevator, GIDEON inside, keeps coming down. It passes the lobby level and keeps right on going, toward the basement.

GIDEON

Hey! How do you stop this thing?

The elevator passes out of sight, still going down. There is a silence as the motor stops, and then a series of sneezes that ends with a terrifying shriek. The NIGHT PORTER, rudely awakened, runs to the elevator shaft, his shoes squeaking horribly. He looks up, sees nothing, then looks down. He presses the call button and the motor starts.

An instant later the cage appears and stops. The NIGHT PORTER opens the gate, pulls back the grill and the CAMERA RUSHES PAST him to pick up GIDEON. His body is sitting on the floor of the cage, its grotesque sprawling attitude resembling a puppet's with its strings cut. Except that GIDEON has no strings to cut – only a throat. From ear to ear.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT – GRANDPIERRE. He is now doubly apoplectic.

GRANDPIERRE

Three of them – all in their pajamas!  
C'est ridicule! What is it, some new  
American fad?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal REGGIE and ADAM, in their bathrobes.

GRANDPIERRE

And now your friend – the one from  
Texas – he has disappeared – checked  
out – pouf! into thin air! Where is  
he?

ADAM

I don't know.

GRANDPIERRE

Madame?

REGGIE shrugs.

GRANDPIERRE

Tell me, Mr. Dyle – where were you  
at three-thirty?

ADAM

In my room, asleep.

GRANDPIERRE

And you, Mrs. Lampert?

REGGIE

I was, too.

GRANDPIERRE

In Mr. Dyle's room?

REGGIE

(bitterly)

No – in my room.

GRANDPIERRE

(pause, lighting cigar)

It stands to reason you are telling  
the truth – for why would you invent

such a ridiculous story?

REGGIE and ADAM exchange looks.

GRANDPIERRE

And if I were you, I would not stay  
in my pajamas. Good night.

GRANDPIERRE turns and leaves. REGGIE and ADAM start down the  
hall toward their own rooms.

ADAM

That wraps it up – Tex has the money.  
Go back to bed – I'll let you know  
when I've found him.

REGGIE

You're going to look for him – now?

ADAM

If the police find him first they're  
not very likely to turn over a quarter  
of a million dollars to us, are they?

REGGIE

Adam –

ADAM

There's no time – I'll call you in  
the morning.

ADAM disappears into his own room.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM – NIGHT

As ADAM enters, going to the closet to remove his suit.

The phone rings. He answers it.

ADAM

Yes?

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT – TEX. As he speaks on the phone.

TEX

Now Dyle, you listen to me – my  
mama didn't raise no stupid children.  
I know who's got the money 'n I ain't  
disappearing till I got my share –  
'n' my share's growin' a whole lot  
bigger ev'ry day.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM – NIGHT

ADAM

(on the phone)

Where are you, ol' buddy?

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

TEX

(on the phone)

(laughs)

I'll tell you what, fella – you  
want t' find me, you jus' turn 'round –  
from now on I'll be right behind  
you.

(hangs up)

INT. ADAM'S ROOM – NIGHT

ADAM, before hanging up, reflects on TEX's words, then looks  
behind him. Smiling softly, he hangs up the phone and starts  
for REGGIE's door.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE slips back into her robe and goes to the connecting  
door.

REGGIE

What is it?

ADAM

Open up.

She undoes the bolt and opens the door. ADAM enters.



ADAM

I think we were wrong about Tex having the money.

REGGIE

Why?

ADAM

I just heard from him – he's still hungry. That means killing Gideon didn't get it for him – so he's narrowed it down to us. You've got it.

REGGIE

I've looked, Adam – you know I have –

ADAM

Where's that airlines bag?

REGGIE

Lord, you're stubborn.

ADAM

I sure am. Get it.

She goes to the closet and gets the bag.

ADAM

Charles must have had the money with him on the train, and Tex missed it.

He takes the bag to the bed where he dumps out the contents.

REGGIE

But everyone and his Aunt Lilian's been through that bag. Somebody would have seen it.

ADAM

Let's look anyway.

REGGIE

Lord, you're stubborn.

ADAM

I mean, it's there, Reggie. If only we could see it. We're looking at it right now.

CLOSE SHOT – BED WITH CHARLES' BELONGINGS

ADAM'S VOICE (O.S.)

Something on that bed is worth a quarter of a million dollars.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, but what?

ADAM'S VOICE (O.S.)

I don't know – I just don't know.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND ADAM

As ADAM begins to examine the items one by one.

ADAM

Electric razor – comb – steamship ticket – fountain pen – four passports – toothbrush – wallet –  
(He goes through the wallet, finds nothing)  
key – what about that?

REGGIE

To the apartment – it matches mine perfectly.

ADAM

The letter –

He takes it out of the envelope and takes out his glasses before reading it.

REGGIE

I'll bet you don't really need those.

He hands her the glasses and she looks through them.

REGGIE

You need them.  
(She hands them back)

ADAM  
(reading the letter)  
It still doesn't make sense, but it  
isn't worth any quarter of a million  
either. Have we forgotten anything?

REGGIE  
The tooth powder. Wait a minute –  
could you recognize heroin just by  
tasting it?

He shakes some powder into his hand and tastes it. REGGIE  
watches expectantly.

ADAM  
Heroin – peppermint-flavored heroin.

REGGIE  
Well, I guess that's it – dead end.

ADAM  
Go to bed. You've got to be at work  
in the morning. There's nothing more  
we can do tonight.

REGGIE  
(pause)  
I love you, Adam.

ADAM  
Yes, you told me.

REGGIE  
No – last time I said "I love you,  
Alex."

EXT. UNESCO BUILDING – ESTABLISHING – DAY

The ultra-modern glass and concrete structure behind the  
Ecole Militaire.

## INT. UNESCO CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

SEVERAL DELEGATES identified by little plaques in front of them listing their respective nations, and their AIDES, sit around the large table. They are all wearing earphones.

The ITALIAN DELEGATE is speaking.

### ITALIAN DELEGATE

– di conseguenza, il Governo Italiano  
decisamente a favore per  
l'incoraggiamento, in accordo con le  
tradizioni etniche rispettive delle  
culture basilari dei passi in via di  
sviluppo. Per esempio, pregare i  
Vietnamiti di aggiungere alle loro  
risaie ed ai loro campi di soja  
tradizionali una raccolta di semola,  
non solo sconvolgerebbe le loro  
secolari tradizioni ma, oltre tutto,  
e questo molto importante per il  
Governo che io ho l'onore di  
rappresentare disturberebbe  
l'esportazione delle derrate farinose  
italiane in questa parte del mondo.  
Signori Delegati vi ringrazio della  
vostra attenzione.

## INT. REGGIE'S BOOTH – DAY

REGGIE, wearing her headset, is talking with SYLVIE.

### REGGIE

I hope Jean-Louis understands about  
last night – it's just not safe for  
him to be around me right now.

### SYLVIE

Don't be silly – he would not do  
anything. He is not yet old enough  
to be interested in girls. He says  
collecting stamps is much more  
satisfying to a man of his age.

### REGGIE

Hold it – Italy just finished.  
They're recognizing Great Britain.

SYLVIE  
Oh la vache!

SYLVIE jumps up and rushes next door into her booth, shutting the door after her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

The BRITISH DELEGATE rises to speak, continuing through the next scene.

BRITISH DELEGATE  
Mr. Chairman, fellow delegates – my distinguished colleague from Italy. Her Majesty's delegation has listened with great patience to the Southern European position on this problem, and while we find it charmingly stated, we cannot possibly agree with its content. In 1937, in the British colonies of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika – and, if I'm not mistaken, more or less in Somaliland – a programme of crop rotation was instituted vis-, -vis arable land which had never before known the plough, beginning before the soil was able to know the sort of fatigue now plaguing most of Western Europe. In 1937, therefore, Her Majesty's Government – at that time His Majesty's Government – was able to properly assay the situation. We therefore oppose the resolution.

INT. REGGIE'S BOOTH – DAY

The door from the hall opens and ADAM enters.

ADAM  
Reggie – I think I've found –  
(stopping)

are you on?

REGGIE

No, it's all right. What's wrong, Adam?

ADAM

Nothing's wrong. I think I found something. I was snooping around Tex's room and I found this in the waste basket. I've stuck it back together.

He hands her a paper.

INSERT – POLICE RECEIPT

The one GRANDPIERRE gave REGGIE. It has been torn in half and scotch-taped back together.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's the receipt Inspector Grandpierre gave me – for Charles's things. I don't see how that's going to –

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND ADAM

ADAM

You didn't look. Last night, when we went through the airlines bag, something was missing. See – ?  
(showing her the list)  
"One agenda." It wasn't there.

REGGIE

You're right. I remember Grandpierre looking through it. But there was nothing in it – at least, nothing that the police thought was very important.

ADAM

Can you remember anything at all?

REGGIE

Grandpierre asked me about an appointment Charles had – on the day he was killed.

ADAM

With whom? Where?

REGGIE

I think it only said where – but I can't –

ADAM

Think, Reggie, you've got to think – it may be what we're looking for.

REGGIE

That money's not ours, Adam – if we keep it, we'll be breaking the law.

ADAM

Nonsense. We didn't steal it. There's no law against stealing stolen money.

REGGIE

Of course there is!

ADAM

There is? Well, I can't say I think very much of a silly law like that. Think, Reggie – please think – what was written in Charles' notebook?

REGGIE

Well – it was a place – a street corner, I think. But I don't –  
(hearing something  
through her earpiece)  
Hold it. I'm on.

She turns back to the conference, flips a switch and starts speaking into her headset.

REGGIE

(translating)

Mr. Chairman, fellow delegates – my

distinguished colleague from Great Britain –

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

The FRENCH DELEGATE is speaking.

FRENCH DELEGATE

Monsieur le Président, Messieurs les délégués – mon distingué collègue de la Grande Bretagne – le problème vu par mon Gouvernement n'est pas aussi simple que nos amis les Anglais voudraient nous le faire croire. Mais leur pays n'est pas, après tout, un pays agricole, n'est-ce pas? La position française, ainsi que nous l'avons souligné dans le rapport numéro trente-neuf bar oblique cinquante-deux de la Conférence de l'hémisphère occidental qui a eu lieu le 22 mars –

INT. REGGIE'S BOOTH – DAY

REGGIE is busy translating.

REGGIE

as outlined in report number three-nine-stroke-five-two of the Western Hemisphere Conference held on March 22 –

(she stops)

no wait! It was last Thursday, five o'clock at the Jardin des Champs-Élysées! Adam – that was it! The garden!

ADAM

It's Thursday today – and it's almost five – come on!

MED. SHOT – CONFERENCE TABLE

From REGGIE'S and ADAM'S ANGLE. All the DELEGATES and their



AIDES suddenly turn, surprised, and look at CAMERA.

REVERSE SHOT – WINDOW

From the DELEGATE'S ANGLE. Inside the booth, REGGIE and ADAM can be seen heading for the door in a hurry.

MED. SHOT – CONFERENCE TABLE

As the DELEGATES look at one another, confused.

EXT. GUIGNOL – LATE AFTERNOON

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND ADAM

By the locked gate.

REGGIE

Now what?

ADAM

Five o'clock – Thursday – the Garden –  
it's got to be something around here.

REGGIE

But Charles' appointment was last  
week, not –

ADAM

I know, but this is all we've got  
left.

REGGIE

Well, you're right there. Ten minutes  
ago I had a job.

ADAM

Stop grousing. If we find the money  
I'll buy you an international  
conference all your own. Now start  
looking. You take this side and I'll  
poke around over there.

VARIOUS SHOTS – WHAT THEY SEE

A quick succession of shots showing:

1. Children's Merry-go-round 2. Rond Point de Champs-Élysées with fountains playing 3. Children's swings 4. Restaurant Laurent 5. Balloon salesman

EXT. FOUNTAIN – LATE AFTERNOON

ADAM stands by the large fountain, staring off at something as REGGIE joins him.

REGGIE

It's hopeless – I don't even know what we're looking for.

ADAM

It's all right – I don't think Tex does, either.

REGGIE

Tex? You mean he's here, too?

ADAM

Look.

MED. SHOT – TEX

He stands near the merry-go-round, looking at something in his hand: Charles' agenda. Now he closes it and moves off, disappearing behind a hedge.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND ADAM

ADAM

I'd better see what he's up to. Stay here – I won't be long.

ADAM starts off.

REGGIE

(concerned)

Be careful, Adam – please. He's already killed three men.

DELETED

EXT. RUE GABRIEL – LATE AFTERNOON

Between the curb and the Jardin, several temporary wooden booths have been set up. They have collected quite a CROWD. Into this area comes TEX, followed at a safe distance by ADAM. Suddenly TEX stops.

DELETED

CLOSE SHOT – TEX

As he stares wide-eyed at something.

CLOSE SHOT – STAMPS

Neatly displayed on a counter of one of the booths.

CLOSE SHOT – TEX

As he wheels to look at another booth.

CLOSE SHOT – MORE STAMPS

In another arrangement.

CLOSE SHOT – TEX

He turns crazily to look at another booth, then another.

CLOSE SHOT – EVEN MORE STAMPS

Various FLASH SHOTS of stamps of all sizes, shapes and colors.

MED. SHOT – TEX

As he understands. He turns to rush off and bumps smack into ADAM. TEX is startled.

TEX  
Sorry, fella –

He rushes off past ADAM, who watches him for a moment, confused, then turns toward the booth, not yet having seen the stamps.

MED. SHOT – BOOTH

From ADAM's angle. There are one or two persons standing at the booth. CAMERA ZOOMS in on the display of stamps.

CLOSE SHOT – ADAM

ADAM  
(amazed)  
The letter.

He quickly turns to find TEX.

MED. SHOT – TEX

As he hops into the back of a TAXI and it pulls away from the curb. ADAM runs toward another TAXI.

ADAM  
Taxi! – Taxi!

DELETED

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD FLOOR LANDING –  
LATE AFTERNOON

As ADAM comes up the stairs and goes to REGGIE's door.

Whipping out his gun, he flings open the door.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

From ADAM's angle. TEX sits in the armchair, staring at CAMERA. Next to him is the airlines bag, its contents dumped on the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Including ADAM as he enters, his gun trained on TEX. Without speaking he goes to the airlines bag, then stoops down to go through the spilled contents, keeping one eye all the time on TEX. But he can't find what he's looking for.

ADAM

(quietly)  
All right – where's the letter?

TEX  
The letter? The letter ain't worth  
nuthin'.

ADAM  
You know what I mean – the envelope  
with the stamps. I want it.

TEX  
(a pause, then  
beginning to laugh)  
You greenhorn – you half-witted,  
thick-skulled, hare-brained,  
greenhorn! They wuz both too smart  
for us!

ADAM  
What are you talking about?

TEX  
First her husband, now her – she  
hoodwinked you! She batted all them  
big eyes and you went 'n fell for it -  
like a egg from a tall chicken!  
Here!  
(holding out the  
envelope)  
You want? Here – it's yours!

ADAM takes it and looks at it.

INSERT – ENVELOPE

The corner containing the stamps is missing, torn off.

MED. SHOT – ADAM AND TEX

TEX sees the expression on ADAM's face and begins laughing,  
hysterically.

TEX  
Look at you! Horn-swoggled by a purty

face 'n all them sweet words! You  
killed all three of 'em for nothin'!  
You greenhorn! You block-headed  
jackass! You clod – you booby –  
you nincompoop – !

EXT. ROND POINT – LATE AFTERNOON

REGGIE is looking around for ADAM. She sees something across  
the street. CAMERA SPINS AROUND to discover SYLVIE, sitting  
alone on a bench near the stamp market, reading a newspaper.

MED. SHOT – SYLVIE

As REGGIE approaches her.

REGGIE

Sylvie – ? What are you doing here?

SYLVIE

(looking up)

Hello, Reggie – I am waiting for  
Jean-Louis.

REGGIE

(looking around)

What's he up to?

SYLVIE

He was so excited – when he got the  
stamps you gave him this morning. He  
said he had never seen any like them.

REGGIE

I'm glad. But what's all this?

SYLVIE

The stamp market, of course – it is  
here every Thursday afternoon. This  
is where Jean-Louis trades his –

REGGIE

(as it dawns)

Good Lord! The stamps! Where is he?  
Sylvie – we've got to find him!

SYLVIE  
What's the matter, chérie?

REGGIE  
Those stamps – they're worth a fortune!

SYLVIE  
(jumping up)  
What?

REGGIE  
A fortune! Hurry – we've got to find him!

They rush off into the market.

TWO SHOT – REGGIE AND SYLVIE

As they stop among the booths, looking around.

REGGIE  
I don't see him.

SYLVIE  
We will separate – you look over there.

They go off in opposite directions.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

As she hurries along a row of stalls, weaving around small groups of MEN standing together, showing each other stamps.

MED. SHOT – SYLVIE

Searching in another section of the market.

SYLVIE  
(calling)  
Jean-Louis – ?

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

Spotting a BOY, she runs to him and spins him around.

REGGIE  
Jean-Louis!

But it isn't.

MED. SHOT – SYLVIE

Looking everywhere. Suddenly she sees something.

CLOSE SHOT – GROUP OF MEN – THEIR LEGS

Only a small boy's elbow and part of his arm show, the rest hidden by all the legs.

MED. SHOT – SYLVIE

She recognizes him from these fragments.

SYLVIE  
Jean-Louis!

She rushes to him, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER. JEAN-LOUIS stands looking at some stamps. SYLVIE grabs him.

SYLVIE  
Jean-Louis – les timbr,s – o, sont-ils?

Smiling, JEAN-LOUIS holds up an enormous sack of assorted stamps – hundreds of them.

SYLVIE  
Oh, zut!  
(calling)  
Reggie – Reggie – !

REGGIE runs up and joins them.

REGGIE  
Jean-Louis – thank heavens! Do you have – !  
(spotting the sack of



stamps)  
What's that?

JEAN-LOUIS  
A man traded with me – all those  
for only four.

REGGIE  
Oh no! What man, Jean-Louis – where?

JEAN-LOUIS looks in one direction, then in the other, trying  
to remember.

SYLVIE  
Vite, mon ange – vite!

JEAN-LOUIS  
L, bas – Monsieur F,lix.

They all run off down the line of booths. JEAN-LOUIS stops  
and points off.

JEAN-LOUIS  
Il est l,!

MED. SHOT – STAMP BOOTH

Closed, deserted, empty.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE, SYLVIE AND JEAN-LOUIS

JEAN-LOUIS  
But he is gone.

REGGIE  
I don't blame him. Jean-Louis – do  
you know where this Monsieur F,lix  
lives?

JEAN-LOUIS  
No – but I will ask.

He goes to the closest booth and shakes the coat sleeve of  
the proprietor.

JEAN-LOUIS  
Monsieur Th<sub>3</sub>ophile –

TH<sub>3</sub>OPHILE  
Oui, jeune homme?

JEAN-LOUIS  
Monsieur F<sub>3</sub>lix, o<sub>3</sub> habite-il?

TH<sub>3</sub>OPHILE  
A Montmartre – demande <sub>3</sub> Monsieur  
August au Bar des Artistes – Place  
Blanche.

JEAN-LOUIS  
Merci, Monsieur Th<sub>3</sub>ophile.  
(returning to REGGIE  
and SYLVIE)  
He says to ask Monsieur August at  
the –

Before he can finish, SYLVIE, who has heard TH<sub>3</sub>OPHILE, has JEAN-LOUIS by the hand, dragging him off at full speed, REGGIE right alongside.

DELETED

INT. F<sub>3</sub>LIX'S ROOM – DUSK

A bare, unkempt little room. F<sub>3</sub>LIX, a man in his sixties, sits at a table, smoking a pipe. There are stamps and albums everywhere. He holds a magnifying glass in his hand, busy studying something on the table. There is a KNOCK. He looks up. Another KNOCK.

F<sub>3</sub>LIX  
Entrez.

The door opens and REGGIE, followed by SYLVIE and JEAN-LOUIS, enters.

REGGIE  
Monsieur F<sub>3</sub>lix – ?

F<sub>3</sub>LIX

(without looking up)  
I was expecting you. You are American  
too, of course.

REGGIE  
(looking at SYLVIE)  
Yes.

F LIX  
The man who bought them last week  
was American. I did not see him but  
I heard. I knew you would come.

He gestures for REGGIE to come closer. Together with SYLVIE  
and JEAN-LOUIS, she goes to the table and looks at the stamps.

F LIX  
Look at them, Madame.

INSERT – STAMPS

Four of them – a red, a yellow, a blue, and a green, still  
attached to the portion of the torn envelope.

F LIX (O.S.)  
Have you ever, in your entire life,  
seen anything so beautiful?

MED. SHOT – REGGIE, F LIX, SYLVIE AND JEAN-LOUIS

REGGIE  
I'm – I'm sorry – I don't know  
anything about stamps.

F LIX  
I know them as one knows his own  
face, even though I have never seen  
them. This yellow one – a Swedish  
four shilling – called 'De Gula  
Fyraskillingen' – issued in 1854.

REGGIE  
How much is it worth?

F LIX

The money is unimportant.

REGGIE

I'm afraid it is important.

F LIX

(shrugging)

In your money, perhaps \$65,000.

REGGIE

Do you mind if I sit down?

(she sits)

What about the blue one?

F LIX

It is called 'The Hawaiian Blue' and there are only seven left. In 1894 the owner of one was murdered by a rival collector who was obsessed to own it.

REGGIE

What's its value today?

F LIX

In human life? In greed? In suffering?

REGGIE

In money.

F LIX

Forty-five thousand.

REGGIE

(to SYLVIE)

Do you have anything to eat?

(to F LIX)

And the orange one – what about the orange one?

F LIX

A two-penny Mauritius – issued in 1856. Not so rare as the others – \$30,000 perhaps.

REGGIE

And the last one?

F, LIX

The best for the last – le chef-d'oeuvre de la collection. The masterpiece. It is the most valuable stamp in the world. It is called 'The Gazette Guyanne.' It was printed by hand on colored paper in 1852 and marked with the initials of the printer.

(looking at it through  
the glass)

Today it has a value of \$100,000.

(a pause)

Eh, bien – I am not a thief. I knew there was some mistake. Take them.

REGGIE

(hesitating)

You gave the boy quite a lot of stamps in return, Monsieur F,lix – are they for sale now?

F, LIX

(looking at the large  
bag)

Let me see. There are 350 European, 200 Asian, 175 American, 100 African and twelve Princess Grace commemorative – which comes to nine francs fifty.

REGGIE

(fishing money from  
her purse)

Here's ten.

F, LIX goes to his wallet for the change.

REGGIE

Please keep it.

F, LIX

I am a tradesman, Madame, not a doorman. And don't forget these.

He hands her the four stamps and her change.

REGGIE

I'm – I'm sorry.

CLOSE SHOT – F, LIX

F, LIX

No. For a few minutes they were mine – that is enough.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD FLOOR LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE comes hurrying up the stairs. She goes first to ADAM's room and knocks.

REGGIE

Adam? Adam? It's me, Reggie – !

There is no answer. She goes to her own door and, to her surprise, finds it an inch or two ajar.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

As REGGIE enters. She freezes, having seen something on the floor.

MED. SHOT – TEX

His dead body lies on the floor, the wrists of his extended arms tied to the leg of the bed, his ankles to the steam radiator. And tied around his head is a plastic, transparent bag, inside of which the suffocated man's face, the eyes bulging against the plastic clinging tight to his features, can be seen all too clearly. REGGIE enters the shot, bending down to see if he's alive. Then she sees something beside his hands near the leg of the bed.

CLOSE SHOT – CARPET

With his dying effort, TEX has traced a name against the grain of the maroon carpet – 'DYLE.'

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

Astonished and horrified.

REGGIE  
(gasping)  
Dyle –

WIDER ANGLE

As she gets to her feet and hurries to the phone.

REGGIE  
(on the phone)  
Hello – Balzac 30-04, s'il vous  
plait –  
(waiting)  
Mr. Bartholomew! Thank God you're  
there! Tex is dead, Mr. Bartholomew –  
smothered – and Adam did it – he  
killed them all!

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

BARTHOLOMEW, his face lathered for a shaving, is on the phone.

BARTHOLOMEW  
Just a minute, Mrs. Lampert – you'd  
better give that to me slowly. Who's  
Adam?

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE  
(on the phone)  
The one who said he was Dyle's brother –  
of course I'm sure – Tex wrote the  
word 'Dyle' before he died. He's the  
murderer I tell you – he's the only  
one left! You've got to do something!

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

BARTHOLOMEW

(on the phone)  
Calm down, Mrs. Lampert – please.  
Does he have the money?

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE  
(on the phone)  
No, I do – it was the stamps on  
that letter Charles had with him on  
the train. They were in plain sight  
all the time, but no one ever bothered  
looking at the envelope.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

BARTHOLOMEW  
(on the phone)  
The envelope – imagine that. Mrs.  
Lampert, listen to me – you're not  
safe as long as you've got these  
stamps. Go to the Embassy right away –  
wait, I'd better meet you halfway –  
it's quicker. Now, let's see – do  
you know the center garden at the  
Palais Royal? – yes, by the colonnade –  
as soon as you can get there. Hurry,  
Mrs. Lampert.

INT. REGGIE'S ROOM – NIGHT

REGGIE  
(on the phone)  
Yes, I'm leaving now – goodbye.

She hangs up, looks briefly at TEX's body, shudders, then  
hurries to the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – THIRD LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE leaves her room and goes to the elevator. She  
presses the button, then notices it is in use. She goes to  
the stairs and starts down.

INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE – NIGHT



Between the landings. The stairs curve around the open elevator shaft. As REGGIE comes down the stairs, the cage rises into view. Inside is ADAM. For a moment, she stops and their eyes meet.

ADAM

Reggie – the stamps – what've you done with –?

REGGIE starts running downstairs.

ADAM

Where are you going? Wait!

ADAM pushes the emergency stop button and then starts the cage down.

ADAM

Reggie!

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – SECOND LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE comes off the stairs, passes the elevator gate and starts down toward the lobby, the cage a few feet behind her.

ADAM

Reggie!

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR – FIRST LANDING – NIGHT

As REGGIE continues to run.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY – NIGHT

Between the first landing and the lobby. REGGIE running, the elevator following.

ADAM

Reggie – stop!

REGGIE

Why? So you can kill me too? Tex is dead, I've seen him! He said Dyle

did it!

ADAM

I'm not Dyle – you know that!

REGGIE

But Tex didn't – he still thought –  
!

ADAM

Don't be an idiot!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

REGGIE reaches the lobby first and, without hesitation, races toward the front door and out. The confused hotel MANAGER behind the desk can only stare in surprise. The elevator, ADAM inside, has not yet reached the bottom.

ADAM

Reggie – ! I want those stamps!

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY – NIGHT

A taxi stands by the curb. REGGIE leaves the hotel and runs to it.

REGGIE

(indicating the  
direction)

Palais Royal – vite!

Calmly, the DRIVER points to the little printed sign on his windshield reading "ITALIE."

DRIVER

(pointing the other  
way)

Porte d'Italie, moi.

REGGIE

Mais c'est tr,s vite! On veut me  
teur!

DRIVER

(shaking his head)  
Italie.

She looks around and sees ADAM come out of the hotel and straight toward her. She turns and runs off toward the Place St. Michel.

EXT. PLACE ST. MICHEL – NIGHT

As REGGIE comes to the corner. She stops, sees the M<sub>3</sub>tro station ("St. Michel") and rushes to it, scampering down the stairs. ADAM is behind her.

INT. ST. MICHEL M<sub>3</sub>TRO STATION – NIGHT

REGGIE comes flying down the stairs and runs past the ticket booth, fishing in her bag for her carnet (booklet of tickets), casting a quick look behind her. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO ADAM just coming off the stairs, who runs after her.

DELETED

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO TICKET GATE – NIGHT

REGGIE gets to the gate ahead of ADAM and manages to crowd in front of some OTHERS about to pass through. Barely stopping, she holds out her ticket to the GUARD to be punched, then heads down the platform, still running. ADAM gets to the gate but the GUARD stops him as he tries to pass through.

GUARD  
Billet, Monsieur.

ADAM  
(breathless)  
I don't want to go anywhere – I'm  
only trying –

GUARD  
(pointing off)  
Billet, Monsieur.

ADAM tries to look past him, to see REGGIE, but gives it up and goes back toward the ticket booth, on the run.

INT. M, TRO PASSAGEWAY – NIGHT

CAMERA LEADING REGGIE as she runs – the passageway is nearly empty. Her footsteps echo against the tile and concrete walls.

CLOSE SHOT – PASSAGEWAY WALL (TRAVELING)

The jumble of advertising posters as it passes rapidly, forming a moving band of letters, women, cartoons and colors.

INT. M, TRO PASSAGEWAY – NIGHT

REGGIE stops and pauses for a moment at a sign indicating two different directions, an arrow for each.

"DIRECTION: Pte D'ORL, ANS Pte DE CLIGNANCOURT——"

Choosing "Clignancourt," she runs off. CAMERA PANS SHARPLY, 180 degrees, to pick up ADAM rounding the corner in hot pursuit.

INT. M, TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

REGGIE starts down the platform, looking behind her every few steps. Suddenly she looks up in surprise – there, across the tracks on the opposite platform is ADAM. He has evidently made the wrong turn back in the passageway.

They stare at each other for a moment. Then the bell rings, announcing the arrival of a train. ADAM turns, running back through the exit behind him. Not knowing what to do, REGGIE looks into the darkness of the tunnel. The approaching train can be heard.

REGGIE  
(to herself)  
Come on – please –

She turns to look at the gate – slowly, the pneumatic door starts to close. As it does, the train roars into the station.

INT. M, TRO PASSAGEWAY – NIGHT

The gate can be seen slowly closing. ADAM runs to it, tries to force it back but cannot. Finally, he jumps up and,

commando style, vaults over it.

INT. M, TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

REGGIE is just entering the red center car (the two on either side are dark green). ADAM runs for the red car and just manages to make it as the doors shut in unison, the latches falling with a concerted click and the little whistle blowing to inform the motor-man to depart. The train starts to move.

INT. M, TRO CAR – NIGHT

The entire length of the car separates ADAM and REGGIE.

For a moment, their eyes meet, then ADAM starts to weave his way past the other PASSENGERS, on his way to her.

Suddenly, he is stopped. ADAM turns to see a TRAIN GUARD.

TRAIN GUARD

Billet, Monsieur.

ADAM shows him his yellow ticket and starts past him, but again the TRAIN GUARD stops him.

TRAIN GUARD

Vous ,tes dans le premier classe,  
Monsieur.

ADAM

What?

TRAIN GUARD

(heavy accent)

This car is for first class only –  
you have a second-class ticket.

ADAM

But that's what they gave me.

He tries to pull away from the TRAIN GUARD and finds himself staring into the serious face of a GENDARME.

GENDARME

Monsieur – ?

ADAM looks at the GENDARME, then at REGGIE.

INT. "PALAIS-ROYAL" M<sub>3</sub>TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

As the TRAIN pulls in and comes to a stop.

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO CAR – NIGHT

The GENDARME opens the door for ADAM and escorts him out.

ADAM turns once more to look at REGGIE as he goes. She remains in the car.

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

The GENDARME gestures for ADAM to enter the green, second-class car behind the red, first-class one. Reluctantly, ADAM does.

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO CAR – NIGHT

As ADAM enters and goes to the door through which he can see REGGIE in the car ahead. She is gone. Moving quickly, he returns to the exit door and looks at the platform.

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

From ADAM'S P.O.V. She is hurrying toward an exit marked "SORTIE."

ANOTHER ANGLE

Featuring ADAM as he hurries from the car. He finds his way blocked by FIVE NUNS in large, white butterfly hats.

It takes him a few precious seconds to work his way around them.

DELETED

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO SORTIE – NIGHT

REGGIE has entered an area leading to the exit. But as she reaches the stairway leading up to the street level, she is

confronted with an iron grill barring her way. She tries to open it, but it is firmly padlocked. A sign hung on it reads "FERM, LES WEEKENDS." She turns, desperately looking for some way out.

INT. M, TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

ADAM is off the train. He stands on the platform as the train doors slam shut, the latches click, the whistle blows and the train pulls out. He looks around in all directions, looking for some sign of REGGIE. He spots the exit marked "SORTIE" (the same one used by REGGIE) and starts toward it.

INT. M, TRO SORTIE – NIGHT

As ADAM enters the deserted area. There is, miraculously, no sign of REGGIE. He goes to the locked grill and tries it, testing the padlock. CAMERA PANS to a phone booth (solid door with a window in the upper half) and we see REGGIE's hand reaching up to dial a number.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

REGGIE sits on the floor of the booth, dialing.

REGGIE  
(to herself, as she  
dials)  
Balzac 3 - 0 - 0 - 4.

She holds the receiver to her ear. The number can be heard ringing but no one answers. She hangs up and reaches for the phone book, leafing through its pages.

REGGIE  
Embassies – embassies –

INT. M, TRO SORTIE – NIGHT

ADAM stands for a minute, looking around, not knowing what to do.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

REGGIE has finished dialing her number and now pushes the

button. It clicks loudly.

REGGIE

Shh.

(into the phone,  
whispering)

American Embassy? Mr. Bartholomew's  
office, please – Mr. Bartholomew's  
office –

INT. EMBASSY SWITCHBOARD – NIGHT

An OPERATOR speaking into a headset.

OPERATOR

Could you speak out, please? I can't  
quite hear you.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

REGGIE

(on the phone)

No, I can't speak any louder –  
Hamilton Bartholomew – B as in –  
uh – Bartholomew – that's right,  
and the rest as in Bartholomew!

INT. EMBASSY SWITCHBOARD – NIGHT

OPERATOR

(on the phone)

I'm sorry, but Mr. Bartholomew has  
left for the day.

INT. PHONE BOOTH – NIGHT

REGGIE

(on the phone)

But someone's trying to kill me –  
you've got to send word to him – in  
the center garden of the Palais Royal,  
by the colonnade – tell him I'm  
trapped in a phone booth, below him  
in the M<sub>1</sub> metro station. And my name's  
Lampert.



INT. EMBASSY SWITCHBOARD – NIGHT

OPERATOR

(on the phone)

All right, Mrs. Lampert – I'll see what I can do. Goodbye.

She unplugs the call, plugs in another one and dials quickly.

OPERATOR

Hello, Mr. Bartholomew? – there was a call for you just now, Mr. Bartholomew – it sounded quite urgent – a Mrs. Lampert.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S STUDY – NIGHT

It is a man we've never seen before, the physical opposite of the old BARTHOLOMEW.

REAL BARTHOLOMEW

Lampert? I don't know any Mrs. Lampert – trapped in a M<sub>5</sub>tro station? Who does she think I am, the C.I.A.? All right, you'd better call the French police.

INT. M<sub>5</sub>TRO SORTIE – NIGHT

MED. SHOT – PHONE BOOTH. As REGGIE's head appears, peeking cautiously over the bottom of the window.

REVERSE SHOT

From inside the phone booth. Through the glass ADAM can be seen, leaving the Sortie area.

MED. SHOT – PHONE BOOTH

Carefully, REGGIE opens the door and comes out. She goes to the corner and looks around it.

INT. M<sub>5</sub>TRO PLATFORM – NIGHT

From REGGIE'S P.O.V. as ADAM walks away from CAMERA, down

the platform. CAMERA PANS TO REGGIE, peeking around the corner. She looks the opposite way, sees another exit at the other end of the platform (also marked "SORTIE"). She looks back once more at ADAM, then makes up her mind and starts running towards the exit.

MED. SHOT – ADAM

As the bell rings announcing the next train. He turns to look and sees REGGIE.

ADAM  
(calling)  
Reggie – !

He takes off, running after her.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

As she runs, ADAM several yards behind her.

ADAM  
(in b.g., calling)  
Reggie – wait!

She turns into the exit.

INT. M, TRO STAIRWAY – NIGHT

As REGGIE starts up the long, steep flight of stone steps leading to the street level. ADAM appears behind her, climbing two at a time and gaining.

ADAM  
Reggie – why won't you listen?

REGGIE  
I'm through listening to you!

He is rapidly closing the gap between them. It is clear that REGGIE is tiring.

ADAM  
But I didn't kill anybody.

REGGIE

Then who did? You're the only one left.

PASSERSBY, descending the stairs, stand aside to let the two strange Americans pass, watching in wonderment. ADAM is only a few steps behind now.

ADAM

Reggie – please believe me!

REGGIE

No!

As REGGIE wearily gains the top, ADAM lunges for her. He manages to grab her foot as he falls forward, but all he winds up with is a shoe which has come loose in his hand.

REGGIE shrieks, then regaining her balance, continues running, limping in her one shoe. ADAM scrambles to his feet and starts after her again.

INT. M<sub>3</sub>TRO TICKET BOOTH AREA – NIGHT

As REGGIE, still hobbling, runs through and toward the stairs, leading to the street. CAMERA PANS TO ADAM, as he, too, runs through. He is again several yards behind her.

EXT. PLACE PALAIS ROYAL – NIGHT

As REGGIE comes up the stairs from the M<sub>3</sub>tro. She stops long enough to kick off her other shoe, then runs across the street, ignoring the traffic, toward the Rue de Valois (which forms one side of the Palais Royal). ADAM is gaining on her again.

EXT. PALAIS ROYAL COURTYARD – COLONNADE – NIGHT

The smaller court at the Com<sub>3</sub>die-Fran<sub>3</sub>aise end of the Palais gardens, separated from the larger garden by a double peristyle consisting of two twin rows (these separated from each other by a small marble court) of twenty columns each – in all, eighty columns. The only person in sight is the man we have known as BARTHOLOMEW, waiting at the far end of the

columns, looking at his watch impatiently.

Then, from the Rue de Valois side of the Palais, REGGIE runs into the court. She spots "BARTHOLOMEW" and fishes in her bag for the stamps as she runs, taking them out and waving them.

REGGIE

Mr. Bartholomew – he's chasing me!

ADAM has run into the court and now skids to a stop at the near end of the colonnade as he spots "BARTHOLOMEW." REGGIE, still running, is halfway between the two men. "BARTHOLOMEW" draws his gun but can't get a shot at ADAM, who has ducked in among the columns.

ADAM

Reggie – stop! That's Carson Dyle!

This news hits REGGIE hard and she stops, in alarm.

REGGIE

(breathless)

Carson – ?

She looks at "BARTHOLOMEW," then back at ADAM, who has drawn his own gun.

(NOTE: Both "BARTHOLOMEW" and ADAM are in among the stone columns at opposite ends of the colonnade, keeping out of each other's sight. REGGIE stands out in the open, the stamps in her hand, confused as to which man she should go to).

"BARTHOLOMEW"

(calmly)

We all know Carson Dyle is dead,  
Mrs. Lampert.

ADAM

It's Carson Dyle, I tell you!

"BARTHOLOMEW"

You're not going to believe him,  
Mrs. Lampert – it's too fantastic.  
He's trying to trick you again.

REGGIE looks at one, then the other, not knowing what to do.

ADAM

Tex recognized him – that's why he said Dyle. If you give him those stamps, he'll kill you too!

REGGIE takes a step toward ADAM.

"BARTHOLOMEW"

Mrs. Lampert – if I'm who he said, what's preventing me from killing you right now?

REGGIE stops, turns back to "BARTHOLOMEW."

ADAM

Because he'd have to come out to get the stamps – he knows he'd never make it.

"BARTHOLOMEW"

What's the matter with you, Mrs. Lampert? Are you going to believe every lie he tells you? He wants the money for himself – that's all he's ever wanted.

REGGIE

(to ADAM, explaining)

He's – with the C.I.A. – I've seen him at the Embassy.

ADAM

Don't be a fool! He's Carson Dyle!

"BARTHOLOMEW"

That's right, Mrs. Lampert – I'm a dead man – look at me.

REGGIE

I don't know who anybody is any more!

ADAM

Reggie – listen to me!

REGGIE

You lied to me so many times –

ADAM

(gently)

Reggie – trust me once more –  
please.

REGGIE

Can I really believe you this time,  
Adam?

ADAM

(a pause)

There's not a reason on earth why  
you should.

She looks toward ADAM for a moment, then back to  
"BARTHOLOMEW", then slowly starts toward ADAM.

REGGIE

All right, Adam.

"BARTHOLOMEW"

Stop right now, Mrs. Lampert, or  
I'll kill you.

REGGIE stops in alarm.

ADAM

It won't get you the stamps, Dyle –  
You'll have to come out to get them,  
and I'm not likely to miss at this  
range.

"BARTHOLOMEW"

(now called CARSON)

Maybe not – but it takes a lot of  
bullets to kill me. They left me  
there with five of them in my legs  
and my stomach – they knew I was  
still alive but they left me. I spent  
ten months in a German camp – with

nothing to stop the pain and no food – they were willing to take all these chances for the money, but not for me. They deserved to die!

MED. SHOT – ADAM

During the following, he looks around, looking for some way out.

REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

But I didn't have anything to do with –

CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)

You've got the money. It belongs to me now! Please believe me, Mrs. Lampert – I'll kill you – a little more blood won't matter.

During this ADAM has moved out from behind the columns, creeping cautiously across the open space between the two colonnades and finally, behind the second.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE AND CARSON

CARSON

I'll give you five to make up your mind, Mrs. Lampert.

She has seen ADAM's move from her angle, but doesn't know quite what to do.

REGGIE

Wait, please! I need some time to think!

CARSON

One –

MED. SHOT – ADAM

As he slowly moves along behind the second colonnade, his gun ready, trying to get an angle on CARSON.

CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)

– two –

Suddenly ADAM stops – he has caught sight of CARSON through the columns. But he will have a difficult shot.

CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)

– three –

CLOSE SHOT – CARSON

CARSON

– four –

CAMERA PANS DOWN to his gun. As his finger tightens on the trigger and the hammer moves slowly back.

CLOSE SHOT – REGGIE

REGGIE

Adam – please!

MED. SHOT – ADAM

As he aims carefully and fires.

CLOSE SHOT – COLUMN

As the bullet creases it.

CLOSE SHOT – CARSON

As the deflected bullet rips the shoulder of his coat, leaving him unharmed. He wheels.

MED. SHOT – ADAM

With CARSON in the b.g., who fires at him. ADAM ducks behind the column as the bullet hits it and screams off.

Quickly, he peers back out and throws another shot.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

Seeing CARSON otherwise occupied, she turns and runs toward



the open stage door of the Comédie Française behind her.

(Beside the door is a poster announcing the forthcoming schedule of presentations.)

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

Including CARSON who, seeing REGGIE running to the door, turns and fires at her. But he is too late – she is safely inside. CARSON looks quickly back toward ADAM, then takes off after REGGIE.

#### MED. SHOT – ADAM

Over his shoulder we see a broken picture of CARSON running toward the theatre door, flashing by the near and far columns. ADAM tries to get a shot at him, but can't.

Finally he runs after him.

#### INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE – BACKSTAGE – NIGHT

As CARSON enters and slams the door behind him, locking it.

#### INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE – STAGE DOOR – NIGHT

ADAM arriving at the door, bangs on it, then looks around, frustrated. Several yards away he sees a short stairway leading down to a door below the street level. He runs to it, tries the door and enters.

#### INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE – ORCHESTRA – NIGHT

As CARSON enters the auditorium and looks around.

#### CARSON'S P.O.V.

As the CAMERA SWEEPS the magnificent old theatre – boxes, seats, stage, but there is no sign of REGGIE.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

As CARSON walks up the aisle checking between the rows of seats.

INT. COM, DIE FRAN, AISE – TRAPROOM – NIGHT

A large room, lit by a single bare bulb, under the stage.

ADAM appears, moving cautiously, gun ready. He creeps along next to the wall, looking around at all the various scenic pieces which fill the room.

INT. COM, DIE FRAN, AISE – STAGE – NIGHT

As CARSON moves carefully across the darkened stage near the footlights, looking for REGGIE. At mid-stage, CAMERA PANS DOWN to his feet, only a few inches from the prompter's box. Inside, huddling down, is a terrified REGGIE, holding her breath as she watches him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As CARSON moves into the opposite wings, sees the light board and throws on all the switches. The stage is bathed in light.

He returns to the stage.

INT. TRAPROOM – NIGHT

ADAM is looking up, having heard the footsteps on the stage over his head – and hearing them now. He looks around and sees a narrow, curving staircase leading up. He goes to it, and, starting up, finds a door. He tries the knob – the door is locked.

INT. PROMPTER'S BOX – NIGHT

REGGIE, cringing back from the bright light, notices the doorknob turning. It makes a slight clicking sound.

INT. COM, DIE FRAN, AISE – STAGE – NIGHT

CARSON, upstage, looking behind a piece of classic scenery, hears the doorknob and turns suddenly.

CARSON'S P.O.V.

We catch a quick glimpse of REGGIE as she ducks down out of sight. Too late.

CLOSE SHOT – CARSON

CARSON

All right, Mrs. Lampert. The game's over. Come out of there.

WIDER ANGLE

REGGIE does not appear.

CARSON

I don't want to kill you, Mrs. Lampert – but I will –

INT. TRAPROOM – NIGHT

ADAM comes down the stairs from the prompter's box and looks up at the ceiling.

MED. SHOT – CEILING

It is divided into thirty-six square sections, each numbered and lettered – from 1A to 6F. They are trapdoors.

MED. SHOT – ADAM

He looks from the ceiling to a row of levers on one wall.

CLOSE SHOT – LEVERS

Thirty-six of them, numbered and lettered to correspond to the traps.

INT. COM, DIE FRAN, AISE – STAGE – NIGHT

As CARSON takes a few steps towards the prompter's box, his gun ready.

CARSON

Did you hear me, Mrs. Lampert – ?

INT. PROMPTER'S BOX – NIGHT

REGGIE huddled inside.

INT. TRAPROOM – NIGHT

ADAM is listening carefully, trying to figure out where CARSON is standing, watching the ceiling.

CLOSE SHOT – TRAP

It is marked C-4.

CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)

I won't wait much longer, Mrs. Lampert

MED. SHOT – ADAM

As he turns to the levers and reaches for the one marked C-4. He is about to pull it.

INT. COM, DIE FRAN, AISE – STAGE – NIGHT

CARSON takes a few more steps forward.

INT. TRAPROOM – NIGHT

ADAM stops himself from pulling the lever just in time. He lets his held breath escape. He looks back at the ceiling.

CLOSE SHOT – TRAP

The one marked C-4. As CARSON's voice is heard, CAMERA MOVES to the next trap, marked D-4.

CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know you're in there, Mrs. Lampert –

MED. SHOT – ADAM

He looks at the lever marked D-4. He is perspiring heavily.

Now he slowly reaches for the lever.

INT. COM, DIE FRAN, AISE – STAGE – NIGHT

CARSON is about to move closer to the prompter's box when suddenly the stage under him opens and he plummets through

out of sight. At the same time we hear a shot.

CLOSE SHOT – PROMPTER'S BOX

As REGGIE slowly peers out.

REGGIE'S P.O.V.

The empty stage, without being able to see the open trap from this low angle.

MED. SHOT – REGGIE

As she climbs out of the booth and, seeing the open trap now, runs to it, looking down through it.

MED. SHOT – OPEN TRAP

FROM ABOVE, over REGGIE's head. She can see CARSON sprawled on the floor below, face down and dead. ADAM stands beside the body, looking up at REGGIE and smiling.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As GRANDPIERRE and his TWO ASSISTANTS, guns drawn, walk onto the stage from the wings. They go to the open trap and look down at ADAM.

GRANDPIERRE

Mr. Dyle – you are under arrest for the murders of Charles Lampert, Herman Scobie, Joseph Penthollow, Leopold Gideon, and whoever that is down there.

ADAM is surprised, then shakes his head.

ADAM

Reggie – you'd better tell him. He wouldn't dare hit a girl.

EXT. RUE DE RIVOLI – NIGHT

As a TAXI rolls by the arcades, CAMERA PANNING with it.

INT. TAXI – NIGHT (PROCESS)

REGGIE and ADAM in the rear of the cab. REGGIE has one of her feet in her hand, shoe off, rubbing it.

REGGIE

You didn't have to chase me so hard –

ADAM

Here, give it to me.

He starts to take the foot but she pulls it back and offers him the other one.

REGGIE

That one's done – start on this one.

He takes the foot and begins rubbing it.

REGGIE

I'm sorry I thought you were the murderer, Adam – how did I know that he was as big a liar as you are?

ADAM

And that's all the gratitude I get for saving your hide.

REGGIE

The truth, now – was it my hide – or the stamps?

ADAM

What a terrible thing to say. How could you even think that?

REGGIE

All right, prove it to me – tell me to go to the Embassy first thing in the morning and turn in those stamps.

ADAM says nothing.

REGGIE

I said, tell me to go to the –

ADAM

I heard you, I heard you.

REGGIE

Then say it.

ADAM

Reggie – listen to me –

REGGIE

Never mind – I'll go by myself.

ADAM

What makes you think they're even interested? It's only a quarter of a million – it'll cost more than that to fix up their bookkeeping. As a taxpayer –

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY – MAIN ENTRANCE – DAY

As REGGIE and ADAM approach the MARINE in full-dress uniform always on guard at the Embassy.

REGGIE

(to ADAM)

Who's a taxpayer? Crooks don't pay taxes. Excuse me, soldier –

MARINE

Marine, ma'am.

REGGIE

Forgive me. Whom would I see regarding the return of stolen Government money?

MARINE

You might try the Treasury Department, ma'am – Room 216, second floor, Mr. Cruikshank.

REGGIE

Cruikshank, 216. Thank you, Marine.

INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR – DAY

Featuring a door marked "216." REGGIE and ADAM appear.

ADAM

Do you mind if I wait out here? The sight of all that money being given away might make me break out.

INT. EMBASSY TREASURY OFFICE – DAY

A SECRETARY sits behind a desk. She looks up as REGGIE enters.

REGGIE

Mr. Cruikshank, please – my name is Lampert.

The SECRETARY picks up her phone and presses a button.

SECRETARY

Mr. Cruikshank, a Miss –

REGGIE

Mrs.

SECRETARY

– a Mrs. Lampert to see you – yes sir.

(to REGGIE)

Go right in.

REGGIE goes to the door leading to the private office.

INT. CRUIKSHANK'S OFFICE – DAY

Featuring the door as REGGIE enters. She stops suddenly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Featuring the desk. Behind it sits ADAM (now CRUIKSHANK).

REGGIE stares at him, unbelievably, then looks around, confused. By way of explanation he indicates the door to the



hall.

REGGIE

(blowing up)

Well, of all the mean, rotten,  
contemptible, crooked –

CRUIKSHANK

Crooked? I should think you'd be  
glad to find out I wasn't crooked.

REGGIE

You couldn't even be honest about  
being dishonest. Why didn't you say  
something?

CRUIKSHANK

We're not allowed to tell. May I  
have the stamps, please?

REGGIE

(reaching into her  
bag)

Here –

(hesitating)

Wait a minute – how did Carson Dyle  
get an office in here, anyway?

CRUIKSHANK

When did you see him – what time, I  
mean?

REGGIE

Around one.

CRUIKSHANK

The lunch hour. He probably worked  
it out in advance. He found an office  
that was usually left open and just  
moved in for the time you were here.

REGGIE

Then how do I know this is your  
office?

CRUIKSHANK  
(picking up the phone)  
Mrs. Foster – send a memo to  
Bartholomew at Security recommending  
that –

REGGIE  
Bartholomew?

CRUIKSHANK  
– recommending that all Embassy  
offices be locked during the lunch  
hour.

REGGIE  
Starting with his own.

CRUIKSHANK  
(hanging up)  
Okay, now – hand over those stamps.

REGGIE  
What's your first name today?

CRUIKSHANK  
Brian.

REGGIE  
Brian Cruikshank – it would serve  
me right if I got stuck with that  
one.

CRUIKSHANK  
Who asked you to get stuck with any  
of them?

REGGIE  
Is there a Mrs. Cruikshank?

CRUIKSHANK  
Yes.

REGGIE  
But you're – divorced?

CRUIKSHANK

No.

REGGIE

(crestfallen)

Oh.

CRUIKSHANK

My mother – she lives in Detroit.  
Come on now – give me those stamps.

REGGIE

Only if you can prove to me that  
you're really Brian Cruikshank.

CRUIKSHANK

How about if next week some time I  
put it on a marriage license – that  
ought to –

REGGIE

Quit stalling – I want to see some  
identification – now!

CRUIKSHANK

I wouldn't lie on a thing like that –  
I could go to jail.

REGGIE

You'd lie about anything.

CRUIKSHANK

Well, maybe we'd better forget about  
it, then.

REGGIE

You can't prove it, can you? You're  
still trying to –  
(the coin drops into  
the slot)  
marriage license! Did you say – ?

CRUIKSHANK

I didn't say anything. Will you give  
me those stamps?

## REGGIE

You did too say it – I heard you.  
Oh, I love you Adam – I mean Alex –  
er, Peter – Brian. I hope we have  
lots of boys – we can name them all  
after you.

## CRUIKSHANK

Before we start on that, do you mind  
handing over the stamps?

FADE OUT:

THE END

BONUS ITEM – Lyrics to the theme song of the film:

## CHARADE

Music by Henry Mancini, Words by Johnny Mercer

When we played our Charade we were like children posing,  
Playing at games, acting out names, guessing the parts we  
played.

Oh, what a hit we made. We came on next to closing Best on  
the bill, lovers until love left the masquerade.

Fate seemed to pull the strings, I turned and you were gone.

While from the darkened wings the music box played on.

Sad little serenade, song of my heart's composing, I hear it  
still, I always will, best on the bill Charade.