Trouble in Paradise

SEQUENCE A

FADE IN   NIGHT

MED. SHOT   DOOR OF A HOUSE
A cheap residential district. The house has no architectural character; it is not certain where we are. Near the entrance door is a garbage can, full.

A dog is nibbling at some of the garbage. We hear whistling, footsteps. A garbage man comes into the picture. He shoos the dog away. Without pause in whistling, he lifts the garbage can and, followed by camera, goes to the end of the block, which is only a few steps. Now we discover we are in Venice. In the background is a major canal and a typical bridge—romantic background. Gondolas are passing. In the foreground at the sidewalk is the garbage gondola, piled high with garbage. The man dumps his load, leaves the empty can on the sidewalk, gets in the gondola, and paddles away with the grace of a gondolier. Now, in a beautiful tenor voice which is quite a contrast to the garbage, he starts singing a passionate Italian love song.

LONG SHOT   A GONDOLA
Two tourists. Husband and wife. They are in a sentimental embrace. In back is the gondolier. Camera follows gondola a few seconds, coming closer.

ANOTHER GONDOLA
Camera shoots down. Gondola is covered by a typical little canopy, so that gondolier cannot see the passengers. Camera cuts canopy on one side so that we don't see, at first, who is paddling. In the gondola seat is a woman in evening gown, lots of jewels. She lies in the arms of the gondolier. They kiss. Camera moves up and discovers who is paddling the boat. It is the husband of the lady who is having such a good time with the gondolier. Husband is in tuxedo and straw hat, smoking a long cigar. He is enjoying it like a child with a new toy.

HUSBAND
Darling!

WIFE'S VOICE
Yes, sweetheart.

HUSBAND
What a canal!

SIDEWALK
in front of the hotel. Camera shoots down from the hotel on the sidewalk, including part of sidewalk and canal. The
water reflects the electric-lighted name of the hotel. At sidewalk is moored a gondola in which are four people. A man climbs out, starts to sing, the others in the gondola playing accompaniment. We hear a romantic Italian song, irresistible. The four look up to the hotel windows, expecting coins.

HOTEL ROOM INT. photographed against the open window. In the background is the canal. Through the window we hear the street singers. Near the window is a table where five men are in a poker game, not listening to the music. We hear, over the music, the rattling of the chips. After a few moments the noise of the chips stops and the singing comes through more clearly. Casually one of the men, cards in hand, walks to the window, closes it, and returns to game.

ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM CLOSE SHOT at open window. A woman is on a chair by a small table, telephoning.

WOMAN
Uh-huh ... Uh-huh ...

During the scene we hear the same street singers. The woman, annoyed by the singing, closes the window.

ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM
Shooting over the bed toward an open window. Same singers are heard. On the bed, in the foreground, is a woman lying in her chemise and crying. In the background, sitting on the arm of a chair which is by the open window, is an elegantly dressed man. Evening clothes, overcoat, hat, walking stick. Annoyed by the crying and by the outside music, he gets up and slams the window shut with a bang.

FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT In the background is an open window with French doors leading to a little balcony. This room is on the other side of the hotel, looking out on a side canal. Close outside the window we see trees. The same music is still audible, but much fainter. Near the window is a desk. The drawer is open and all the papers are scattered on the floor. At the other side of the window is a trunk, open, all the drawers out and the contents thrown around. Room looks as if it has been rifled. For a little while we hear nothing but the faint music. Then we hear the door buzzer. There is no reaction. The buzzer rings again. Suddenly from behind the camera, a man comes into the picture. He is in a tuxedo. His back is to the camera, so we cannot identify him. He goes quickly to the window, jumps from balcony to a tree, and, climbing down, disappears. Buzzer rings again.

Camera goes toward the tree to a very big close-up of a little branch. We see, on this little branch, a false moustache. We hear the man reach ground and receding footsteps as he hurries away. Again we hear, a little
fainter, the buzzer.

[EXT.HOTEL MED. SHOT
On wall in moonlight. We see shadow of tree and of man as he reaches the ground. In silhouetted shadow, we see him take off moustache and sideburns and toss them out of the picture.

FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT
toward window, low. Camera draws back and comes to a close shot on the feet of a man outstretched on the floor behind the camera. Buzzer is heard again, loud.]

HOTEL CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT
at room door. We see the numbers 253, 5, 7, 9. At the door are two Italian dames, obviously disreputable. One is pushing the buzzer. They speak in Italian, but their emphasis and pantomime make the following clear to English-speaking audiences: Girl No. 1 brought Girl No. 2 to see the gentleman of room 253. Girl No. 1 rings again. Girl No. 2 complains to Girl No. 1 that she should have known better than to have brought her here and wasted her time. Girl No. 1 apologizes and indicates her watch as if to say, "The appointment was definite. I can't understand it." She rings again--viciously this time.

LONG SHOT FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM
Sprawled on the floor, his head resting on a chair, François is motionless. We see that a crime has been committed. François is an elegant man, about thirty-five, a conceited bon vivant. He is in a tuxedo. We hear the buzzer, insistent.

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT
at door Girl No. 1 presses buzzer angrily. Girl No. 2 accuses her loudly. Girl No. 1 answers just as loud. Girl No. 1 now bangs on the door, shouting insults to occupant of the room. Girl No. 2 joins her.

CLOSE SHOT HOTEL CORRIDOR
at door across the hall from room 253. It is numbered 254. We hear the voices of the angry Italian girls. The door opens, and an old gentleman, white beard, dressing gown over evening clothes, steps out. He politely but firmly asks, in Italian, for silence.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR ROOM 253
The girls turn quickly toward the man. No. 2 says she can talk as much as she wants to.

CLOSE-UP OLD GENTLEMAN
He states emphatically that he won't stand for this.

CLOSE-UP GIRL NO. 1
She looks over the old gentleman and makes a nasty personal remark.
CLOSE-UP OLD GENTLEMAN
He loses his temper and insults the girls venomously.

CLOSE SHOT TWO GIRLS
They are at the height of their fury. No. 2 walks out quickly toward the old gentleman.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR ROOM 254
Old gentleman is in the open doorway. Girl approaches. The two stand toe-to-toe trading verbal punches. The old man, disgusted, retreats. He is about to close door, but girl, still vociferous, follows him into his room and closes door behind her.

CLOSE SHOT GIRL NO. 1
Still in front of 253. In the sudden silence, she looks amazed toward 254. No. 2 has disappeared!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR ROOM 254
Door opens quickly. No. 2 sticks her head out and, with a characteristic jerk, says in Italian, "Come in." She disappears, door slightly ajar.

CLOSE SHOT GIRL NO. 1
at 253 She goes to 254, enters, closes the door. The camera swings fast to opposite side of corridor and stops at 253. We hear telephone ringing inside.

FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM
Shooting from outside of the window into the room. In the foreground is the window frame. We see François on the floor. Phone is ringing. François awakes, tries to struggle to his feet. But, still under the influence of dope, he falls. As he falls he drags with him, from nearby little table, a tray with glasses, making a loud noise.

(The window frame in the following moving shot across windows outside will be done with a miniature hotel building.)

Camera swings swiftly along the hotel front, around the corner of the hotel, and up to the third floor. It stops at a little balcony. Behind the balcony, leaning against one of two open French doors, stands Gaston, in a tuxedo, smoking a cigarette, looking romantically into the night. We see, in the room, a waiter setting a dinner table for two. The waiter arranges some flowers; then he comes forward, offering Gaston the menu. Gaston does not respond.

WAITER
(breaking into Gaston's reverie)
Yes, sir?
(Gaston still looks into the night.)
What shall we start with, Baron?

GASTON
(coming to)
Oh, yes ... Well, that's not so easy.
(Half to himself.)
Beginnings are always difficult.

WAITER
Yes, Baron.

GASTON
(directly to the waiter, presenting a problem)
If Casanova suddenly ... turned out
to be Romeo ... having supper with
Juliet--who might become Cleopatra
... How would you start?

WAITER
(in a professional and prosaic tone)
I would start with cocktails.

GASTON
Um-hum. Very good. Excellent!

Suddenly Gaston sees something on the canal.

MED. SHOT  GONDOLA
In gondola, Lily, in evening dress, looks up at Gaston and
waves graciously.

BALCONY  CLOSE SHOT
Gaston and waiter. Gaston bows--the bow of a gentleman to a
lady of degree--and waves back. This is the woman he is
waiting for.

GASTON
(still looking at Lily)
It must be the most marvelous supper.
We may not eat it, but it must be
marvelous.

WAITER
Yes, Baron.

GASTON
(turning)
And, waiter--you see that moon?

WAITER
Yes, Baron.

GASTON
I want to see that moon in the
champagne.

WAITER
Yes, Baron.
Moon in champagne.

GASTON  
(groping for words)  
I want to see--  
(An ecstatic sigh escapes him.)

WAITER  
(continuing to write)  
Yes, Baron.

GASTON  
And as for you, waiter--

WAITER  
(eagerly; expecting a tip)  
Yes, Baron?

GASTON  
I don't want to see you at all!

WAITER  
No, Baron!  
(With a little bow, waiter starts to leave. Suddenly he sees something on the back of Gaston's jacket. Gaston looks at him, puzzled. Waiter reaches over, lifts a leaf that is clinging to the coat, and holds it up.)

I beg your pardon.

GASTON  
(takes the leaf calmly)  
Thank you.

Waiter goes. We hear the door shut. Gaston is thoughtful a brief moment. Then idly he tosses the leaf over the balcony rail into the night.

TELEPHONE ROOM OF HOTEL  CLOSE SHOT  
of an operator. In the background we see two other operators. We hear the girls answering in Italian. Our operator is delivering a lengthy message. While she is talking she looks up to the switchboard because she sees:

CLOSE SHOT  SWITCHBOARD  
at No. 253. The light is flashing on and off very quickly. We hear the operator's voice, still busy with the message she is delivering. Now she plugs in on 253.

CLOSE-UP OPERATOR  
OPERATOR  
Si, signore.
We see by her expression that the man in room 253 is reporting the robbery excitedly.

Yes, sir! Right away!

She disconnects 253 and plugs in on the manager. She tells the manager, in Italian, what has happened.

CLOSE SHOT GLASS DOOR
In Italian, English, French, and German: Manager. Door opens and manager hurries out.

BIG CLOSE-UP OPERATOR
talking very fast in Italian, reporting the robbery to someone else.

CLOSE SHOT A DOOR
opens, and another man, apparently a detective, comes out.

STAIRCASE
Another hotel attendant is running up.

BIG CLOSE-UP TWO MAIDS
talking excitedly in Italian, apparently discussing the robbery.

ANOTHER PART OF CORRIDOR
Camera shoots down over the back of a waiter. He holds high over his shoulder a tray on which are several empty dishes. A little bellboy is standing beside the waiter, looking up and explaining in Italian excitedly what has happened.

STAIRCASE
Two maids on opposite landings. Steward comes up stairs and tells them of robbery.

TELEPHONE ROOM
Another operator talking excitedly.

CORRIDOR
A hotel official dashes along. We hear many voices talking at the same time. Camera pans with him up to room 253 where he stops. Door is open. Half in room, half in corridor, are hotel attendants, detectives, the manager. With excited gestures, they are discussing the situation in Italian. Their voices become increasingly loud.

MED. SHOT
to room 254. It opens quickly. Girl No. 2 appears, hair slightly disarranged. She looks annoyed and shouts in Italian for them to keep quiet.

MED. SHOT
of room 253. The men stop talking, look quickly over toward the girl.
CLOSE SHOT GIRL NO. 2
Indignantly and crudely, she wants the noise to cease. She closes the door.

MED. SHOT AT ROOM 253
The men, talking quietly, go into the room and close the door.

GASTON'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT
at door, inside. Gaston opens it, and Lily enters quickly. Gaston closes the door, looks at Lily questioningly. She is excited and out of breath.

LILY
Oh, my gracious--he almost saw me.

GASTON
(the crook in him worried for a second)
Who?

LILY
(almost hysterical)
The Marquis de la Tours. He was in the lobby. But I don't think he saw me. I'm positive he didn't. Thank heaven! ... But when I came up here, right out in the hall there was King Boris of Alconia!

GASTON
The tennis player?

LILY
The tennis player. He saw me. He bowed. What could I do? I nodded. (Summing up in panic.) Baron, I shouldn't have come!

GASTON
(goes to her, takes her hand; with great feeling)
But you came. And you must forget everything--
(Lily looks at him, a little afraid)
except that you are here, Countess.

Gaston helps her off with her wrap, puts it on a chair. Lily nervously walks out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW
shooting from inside. Lily comes in, stops at a chair, sits nervously, stands, moves to window, and looks off from balcony. Gaston comes in. He touches her hand. She turns to him.
Out there in the moonlight
everything seemed so perfect, so
simple—but now—but now—

Gaston, thinking her mood is changing to a love mood, is about to embrace her.

(in a frightened tone)
Do you know King Boris?

No—no.

Do you know the Marquis de la Tours?

(with a little smile)
I would like to.

You'd better not. He's really very dull. But anyhow, when the king tells the marquis he saw me, the marquis will tell the marchesa. And the marchesa is the best friend of the Duchess of Chambro. And she will phone the Princess de Costa. The princess doesn't like me—but I don't care!

Why should you?

(as if arguing)
But she talks a lot. And before this night is over, all Venice will know it. And tomorrow it will be Grand Canal gossip! ... Oh!

Exhausted, she moves away, drops into an armchair. Gaston goes to her, sits on the arm of the chair, leans over.

(tenderly)
Don't stop. Keep right on complaining. It's beautiful.

(looks at him for a moment, quietly; then)
You know, when I first saw you, I thought you were an American.
GASTON
(flattered)
Thank you!

LILY
(With great delight)
Someone from another world--so entirely different. One gets so tired of one's own class--princes and counts and dukes and kings--ah! And everybody talking shop--always trying to sell jewelry ... And then I heard your name and found you were just one of us.

GASTON
Disappointed?

LILY
(leaning back with lure)
No--proud. Very proud!

Gaston takes her in his arms and kisses her. She returns his embrace. We hear the phone ringing. The embrace breaks, and both look startled. Gaston obviously is nervous because he is a crook. We don't know why Lily is nervous. Gaston goes quickly toward the phone.

CLOSE SHOT  LITTLE TELEPHONE TABLE
Gaston enters, picks up the phone.

GASTON
Hello ... The countess?

CLOSE-UP  LILY
She is still in the chair. Frightened, she rises quickly.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON

GASTON
Just a moment.  
(Hands over the receiver.)
The Duchess of Chambro.

CLOSE SHOT  LILY
at the window. She is perplexed for a moment. Then she hurries out toward the phone.

CLOSE SHOT
at the phone. Lily enters. She makes a gesture as if to say, "You see? They know already!"

LILY
Hello, Your Grace. Yes, Your Grace. How did you know I was here? Oh, the marquis--
(She gestures to Gaston as if to say, "Didn't I tell you?")
Yes, Your Grace. I see.
(Gaston walks out of the picture.)
Dinner tomorrow--at your palace. Oh, I'd be delighted. King Boris will call for me ...
(She makes a gesture of annoyance to Gaston.)

SECOND-CLASS HOTEL ROOM
It is very much in disorder. On the night table is a phone. The woman who speaks is frowsy, fat, common. She is apparently Lily's companion, maid, and intimate friend.

WOMAN
(voice guarded and low)
Listen, Lily. When you come home, slip up the back way. I can't talk now, but do what I tell you.
(In a loud voice.)
And listen, Lily. You know what that darn dog of yours did--?

CLOSE SHOT LILY
at the phone.

LILY
So, he really did! How charming! Well, my compliments to the duke.
Goodbye.
(She hangs up, faces Gaston, makes a desperate gesture.)
There you are. The scandal is on!

MED. SHOT GASTON
standing by the dinner table, thoughtful. He looks over to Lily.

CLOSE SHOT LILY
She has sunk into a sofa.

LILY
(half-despairingly)
Oh!
(She puts her head in her hands.)

MED. SHOT GASTON
looks sadly at the table, realizing that the dinner he had pictured so charmingly may be spoiled. He goes to Lily.

MED. SHOT LILY
in the chair, still holding head in hands. Gaston enters, touches her hair lightly, controls himself.
GASTON
Countess, I'm sorry.
(With great feeling.)
If you think it's best for you to
go--well--

CLOSE-UP  LILY
She looks up at Gaston, amazed.

CLOSE-UP  GASTON
He looks at Lily with great tenderness.

CLOSE SHOT  LILY
She looks tenderly at Gaston. She rises, camera rising with
her to include both Gaston and herself. She touches his
arm. She is moved and confused. Her real feeling starts to
break through at this manifestation of chivalry.

LILY
(in a tremulous voice)
I think that's very nice--yes, very
nice.
(They look at each other
a few seconds.)
I think--I think we should have a
cocktail.

Gaston is delighted. He kisses her hand, goes quickly to
the dinner table.

CLOSE SHOT
at the dinner table. Gaston walks in, picks up the cocktail
shaker. He shakes it, smiles happily at Lily.

MED. SHOT  FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM
François has recovered his memory. His hair is still
disarranged, eyes still glazed. For a few moments, he is
incoherent, then he gradually becomes almost normal.
Grouped near him are five Italian hotel officials, a
detective, and the manager. They are gesturing excitedly,
all talking at the same time. The dialogue is fragmentary,
ad lib, Italian. The manager, who speaks English, turns to
François.

MANAGER
(indicating the detective)
The representative of the police
wants to know how much money you
had, M'sieu Filiba.

FRANÇOIS
I had exactly twenty thousand lire.
I had just cashed a traveler's
check and put it in my wallet.

Manager turns to the others and translates. They go into a
huddle and talk excited Italian.
MANAGER
(to François)
Why did you let this man in, M'sieu Filipa?

FRANÇOIS
Well, he knocked at the door. You see, I was expecting two--uh--two business associates.

Manager turns again to our Italian friends and again we see the same excitement.

MANAGER
(again to François)
And then what happened, M'sieu Filipa?

FRANÇOIS
I said, "Come in." And there he was. A fine-looking man with a moustache and long sideburns. He said, "Good evening. I'm the doctor." I said, "Doctor?" He said, "Yes, the doctor. I came to see about your tonsils."

Manager turns back, translating. It creates a sensation.

MANAGER
(to François)
The representative of the police wants to know if there is anything wrong with your tonsils.

FRANÇOIS
No!

MANAGER
(to group)
Niente!

FRANÇOIS
That's just what I tried to tell him. Well, one word led to another. He really was a very charming fellow. So we talked for about ten minutes.

Manager translates. Again excitement.

MANAGER
(to François)
What did you talk about?

FRANÇOIS
About tonsils.
FRANÇOIS
So I said to myself, "All right, if he wants to look at them, let him look at them. No harm in that." And then he said, "Say ah." And then I said, "Ah." And that's all I remember ... And when I woke up, I still had my tonsils, but my pocketbook was gone.

Manager translates. Again excitement.

GASTON'S HOTEL ROOM  MED. SHOT
at dinner table. Gaston and Lily are seated, eating. Waiter is pouring champagne.

GASTON
(With casual interest)
Was it lots of money?

WAITER
Oh, it must have been, Baron. The gentleman occupies the Royal Suite--two fifty-three, five, seven, and nine. I think his name is M'sieu Filiba.

Lily apparently is even less interested.

GASTON
You're not safe anywhere nowadays.

WAITER
But please, Baron. We're not supposed to breathe a word of it. You won't tell anybody I told you?

GASTON
You can trust me.

WAITER
Yes, Baron. Thank you.
(Waiter goes.)

HOTEL CORRIDOR  MED. SHOT
at door of Gaston's room. The number is 300-302. Waiter comes out, closes door.

GASTON'S ROOM  CLOSE SHOT
at dinner table. Lily serenely continues to eat.

GASTON
That's hotel life. In one room a man loses his wallet
(very tenderly)
and in another room a man loses-- his head.
(He tries to kiss Lily.)

LILY
(holding him off gently)
Please.
(Very sincerely.)
When I came here it was for a little adventure--a little game which you play tonight and forget tomorrow. But something has changed me--and it isn't the champagne.
(Gaston, also with sincerity, takes her hand.)
The whole thing is new to me. Very new. I've got a confession to make to you.
(After a slight pause.)
Baron, you are a crook.
(Gaston's expression doesn't change.)
You robbed the gentleman in two fifty-three, five, seven, and nine.
(Still Gaston's expression doesn't change. After a slight pause, Lily turns back to the table.)
May I have the salt?

GASTON
(passes the salt with an elegant gesture)
Please.

LILY
Thank you.

GASTON
The pepper, too?

LILY
No, thank you.

GASTON
You're very welcome.
(There is a short silence as both continue with the meal.
Then, with great candor.)
Countess, believe me, before you left this room I would have told you everything ... And let me say this with love in my heart--
Countess, you are a thief.
(Lily drops her knife and fork.)
The wallet of the gentleman in two fifty-three, five, seven, and nine is in your possession. I knew it very well when you took it out of my pocket.

(With great charm.)
In fact, you tickled me.
(Moving closer to her.)
But your embrace was so sweet...

(He caresses her hand lingeringly. Then he gets up, walks out toward the open window.)

CLOSE SHOT
at the window. Gaston enters, closes the window, and pulls the curtains. Looking back at Lily with smiling promise, he returns to the table.

CLOSE SHOT TABLE
Gaston goes to her, takes her hand, and draws her to her feet. She looks at him expectantly. Gaston takes her in his arms. It looks like the start of a passionate love scene. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he grabs her by the shoulders, shakes her violently.

INSERT
Of their feet. Wallet falls from Lily's dress.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND LILY
Gaston reaches down, picks up wallet, puts it casually in his pocket, then gracefully holds chair, inviting her to sit.

GASTON
Countess.

Lily sits with all the poise of a lady. Gaston sits. They continue the meal as if nothing has happened.

LILY
I like you, Baron.

GASTON
(fervently)
I'm crazy about you.
(He reaches in his side pocket, takes out a diamond brooch which Lily wore when she came in.)
By the way, your pin.

Lily is flabbergasted. She looks down to her bosom. Indeed, the pin is missing. She accepts the pin.
LILY
(With a little smile of shame)
Thank you, Baron.

GASTON
Not at all, Countess ... There's one very good stone in it.

LILY
(as she fastens the pin)
What time is it?

Gaston reaches for his watch, discovers it is missing. He gives Lily a look of admiration and astonishment. Lily smiles triumphantly, opens her purse, lifts out the watch, hands it to him. He takes it with a bow.

LILY
It was five minutes slow, but I regulated it for you.

They bow to each other like two Chinese mandarins.

GASTON
(tenderly)
I hope you don't mind if I keep your garter.

Lily almost leaps out of her chair. She raises her skirt; her hand searches for the garter. It is missing. Gaston takes the garter out of his breast pocket, shows it to her, kisses it, puts it back, and buttons his coat. Lily is delighted. This is the highest compliment ever paid to her. She slides into his lap, embraces him.

LILY
Darling!
(They kiss; very excitedly.)
Now tell me--tell me all about yourself. Who are you?

GASTON
You remember the man who walked into the Bank of Constantinople and walked out with the Bank of Constantinople?

LILY
(thrilled)
Monescu!

GASTON
Gaston Monescu.

LILY
(melting away)
Gaston!

They embrace and kiss again.

COUCH
Lily is lying on the couch, Gaston at her side, leaning over adoringly.

GASTON
I love you. I loved you the moment I saw you. I'm mad about you. My little shoplifter! My sweet little pickpocket! My darling!

He takes her in his arms. They embrace and kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

COUCH
Camera hasn't moved but has dissolved the two lovers out of the picture. From outside the picture we hear the switch turned, and the light that fell on the couch goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

WINDOW
A hand comes in and opens the curtains. The moonlight streams in.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT
at the door of 300--302. Gaston's arm, in the sleeve of a dressing gown, comes out and fastens on the hook below the number a Don't Disturb sign, clearly printed in several languages. He closes the door.

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT
at the end of the corridor. Around the corner comes our Italian group. Loudly, in Italian, they are still discussing the robbery. Camera goes with them. In front walks the manager, who talks back and forth. The noise increases. Suddenly the manager looks in direction of rooms 300--302.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR
We see Don't Disturb sign.

CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER PART OF THE CORRIDOR
Manager, having seen the sign, turns to the others with a loud "Shh!" They quiet down.

CORRIDOR LONG SHOT
of door to 300--302. The Italians are passing door very quietly. Suddenly the detective wants to say something. We tremble for Gaston and Lily. Manager again with "Shh!"
Detective is silenced. Entire group goes quietly out of picture. We stay a few moments on the empty scene. Camera moves up to Don't Disturb sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT GRAND CANAL
Camera moves with the garbage gondola. It is filled to overflowing. The garbage gondolier has done a good evening's work. He is paddling with a flourish and singing an operatic aria.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE B

FADE IN
MINIATURE OF PARIS
Shooting over the roofs and presenting a beautiful view. The camera pans back away from Paris and in the foreground we see factory chimneys, so that we get the impression we are moving into the factory district of Paris.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG FACTORY WHISTLE
It is blowing loudly.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG GATE
of the factory. Above gate, in large letters: Colet et Compagnie, Paris. Gate opens. Hundreds of workers, men and women, come out. They are hatless; it is lunch hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

[FADE IN

PARIS Shot of Eiffel Tower at night, emitting radio waves. Sound of Morse code signals.

DISSOLVE TO:

RADIO STUDIO ANNOUNCER AT MIKE CLOSE-UP

ANNOUNCER
(reading copy)
Geneva ... From Geneva comes the news that the world-famous international crook, Gaston Monescu, robbed the peace conference yesterday. He took practically everything, except the peace. The police arrested him and confiscated all the stolen goods, but he managed
to escape in an unexplainable manner. This is the Paris police reporter speaking.

Announcer exits. A second announcer enters.

SECOND ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, this program comes to you through the courtesy of Colet and Company, manufacturers of the most famous perfumes in the world. Remember--it doesn't matter what you say; it doesn't matter how you look; it's how you smell. Thank you.
(Starts to sing.)
"Colet, Colet, Colet and Compa-ny"

CLOSE SHOT
Colet et Compagnie sign in front of retail establishment.
Song continues.

SECOND ANNOUNCER VOICE
"are makers"

Shot of kiosk sign for Colet et Cie.

VOICE CONTINUES
"of the"

Shot of flashing neon sign for Colet et Cie.

DISSOLVE TO:

SONG CONTINUES
"best perfume."

SECOND ANNOUNCER
(Still singing)
"If you and your beloved can't agree,"

NEON SIGN
showing man spraying sleeping woman with perfume atomizer.
Woman wakes up and stretches.

SONG CONTINUES
"permit us to sug-pert perfume."

SECOND ANNOUNCER
(singing)
"Cleopatra was a lovely tantalizer. But she did it with her little atomizer."

CLOSE SHOT
Girl spraying herself with atomizer bottle.

SONG CONTINUES
"We'll make you smell like"

ANOTHER GIRL
applying perfume with glass applicator.

SONG CONTINUES
"a rose; every"

OVERHEAD SHOT
Large factory complex, camera advancing.

SONG CONTINUES
"nose in Paris knows"

LONG SHOT
Factory gates with sign, Colet et Cie. Hordes of workers pouring out.

SONG CONTINUES
"Colet and Compagnie."

DISSOLVE TO:]

DIRECTORS' ROOM
of Colet et Cie. Camera is moving over a long table. We see only the forward half of the table--serious-looking businessmen. Camera stops at the head in front of M. Giron, chairman of the board, a distinguished elderly man. He is addressing someone at the unseen other end.

GIRON
I'm sure, Madame Colet, if your husband were alive, the first thing he would do in times like these--cut salaries.

There is an approving ripple of voices from the other directors.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE COLET
in a beautiful light morning dress at the other end of the table.

MARIETTE
Unfortunately, M'sieu Giron, business bores me to distraction--and besides I have a luncheon engagement. So I think we'd better leave the salaries just where they are.

(Rising.)
Goodbye!

GIRON
(rising)
Goodbye, Madame Colet.
GOODBYE, MADAME COLET.

DISSOLVE TO:

JEWELRY STORE, VERY ULTRA CLOSE-UP
at counter. We see some expensive-looking small purses, compacts, laid out on velvet. Behind counter, an elegant clerk is talking to Mme. Colet, who is out of the picture.

JEWELER
This one, Madame Colet, is only three thousand francs.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
Side of counter, now in a beautiful afternoon gown.

MARIETTE
Oh, no. That's entirely too much...
How about that one?

CLOSE-UP JEWELER

JEWELER
(picks up a handbag, reads the price)
That's sixteen hundred and fifty

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE
Sixteen hundred and fifty! That's outrageous!

CLOSE-UP JEWELER

JEWELER
(pointing to another)
Here's one for nine hundred.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE
Hmm... not bad... How about that one?

CLOSE-UP JEWELER
He looks down inside the showcase, reaches in, takes out a beautiful handbag, much larger. It is studded with diamonds.

JEWELER
(With a smile)
Oh, this one... Madame--well, that's a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
MARIETTE  
But it's beautiful. I'll take it!

CLOSE-UP  JEWELER  

JEWELER  
Thank you, Madame Colet.

Picks up an elaborate box. As he puts handbag in box we

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET IN PARIS  CLOSE SHOT  
at door to shop of a fashionable furrier. We hear, from  
on outside the picture, the purr of a motor and the sound of  
brakes as a car comes to a stop. Proprietor opens door from  
inside, comes toward camera, beaming, bows in the direction  
of the unseen car.

PROPRIETOR  
How do you do, Madame Colet?

DISSOLVE TO:

[SAME SHOT  
But now the proprietor has seen her out. Sound of car  
starting and going.

PROPRIETOR  
(obsequiously)  
Goodbye, Madame Colet.

DISSOLVE TO:]

CLOSE SHOT  
at door in office building, shooting from corridor into a  
nondescript little waiting room. Door is open so that we  
can't see sign on it. In doorway stands a fat little Turk  
with a pointed black beard. He bows repeatedly to someone  
behind camera.

MAN  
Goodbye, Madame Colet.

He goes back into office, closes door. Now we read the sign:  
Dr. Isar Ben Marguli, Astrologer.

DISSOLVE TO:

FINE RESIDENCE STREET  MED. SHOT  
in front of Mariette's house. Mariette's very expensive car,  
shooting from house to car. At open car door stands footman,  
looks toward entrance of the house, bows.

FOOTMAN  
Yes, madame.
DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRCASE  MARIETTE'S HOUSE INT.
shooting from stairs down to hall against entrance door. In
foreground, the lower part of staircase. In background, the
elaborately furnished hall. Butler stands at foot of
staircase, looking up.

BUTLER

No, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

UPPER PART OF STAIRCASE
Camera shoots up. On landing at head of stairs, the maid.
Background, expensive upper hall. Maid looks at Mariette,
who is apparently halfway down staircase.

MAID

Yes, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN
Background, glimpse of hothouse. Foreground, near flower bed,
the gardener.

GARDENER

Yes, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

DRAWING ROOM  CLOSE SHOT
At fireplace stands François Filiba, back to camera; we
don't recognize him.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

No, no, no, no, François! I tell you no!

ARMCHAIR
Mariette, in a precious armchair by fireplace. We see
reflection of the fire. She is in beautiful evening gown.
At her side, on a little table, a glass of champagne.

MARIETTE
(almost dreamily)
You see, François, marriage is a
beautiful mistake which two people
make together.
(Sitting up; in a
down-to-earth tone.)
But with you, François--
(Friendly; shaking
her head.)
I really think it would be a
mistake.
FIREPLACE
Francois, still with back to camera. He stiffens at this rejection. He turns, affronted, faces Mariette. Now we discover he is François, the man who had trouble with his tonsils in Venice.

DISSOLVE TO:

GOLF COURSE  CLOSE-UP
of the major, a man about forty-five, in smart golf togs. He looks dejected.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
Don't be so downhearted, Major. You're not the only one I don't love.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
on golf course, also in smart sport clothes. She is getting set to swing at the ball and is more concerned with her golf form than with what she is saying.

MARIETTE
I don't love François, either.

She swings, hits the ball, turns, watching it, smiles. It was a good shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRCASE IN MARIETTE'S HOME
Maid comes down, leans over railing, addresses someone behind camera.

MAID
Madame will be ready in two minutes.

SOFA IN FRONT HALL
François and Major, seated. Both in full evening dress--overcoats on, top hats on knees, opera sticks in hands. Expressions serious as they nod to maid, then lean back without looking at each other.

FRANÇOIS
(after a moment of frigid silence)
I know you don't like me, Major. And to be perfectly frank, I dislike you intensely. But since we have to be in each other's company this evening, we might as well make conversation.
(He expects a reply but gets none.)
Well, Major, what's your answer?
(Major still doesn't
answer. Furiously.)
For heaven's sake, man, say something!

MAJOR
(turns, looks him up and down; distinctly and slowly)
Tonsils.

François leaps to his feet, outraged at being reminded of the humiliating episode.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPERA HOUSE  CLOSE SHOT
Part of the orchestra; shooting on an angle down, so that we photograph part of the orchestra and a portion of the footlights without the singers. We hear the orchestral music and the singers' voices.

OPERA BOX

CLOSE SHOT
Door to box, from interior. Door opens. François appears. He is very angry. The argument with the major apparently reached its peak before they came into the opera house and at the last moment he refused to accompany them.

FRANÇOIS
(whispering but final)
Goodbye!
(He closes door, disappears.)

CLOSE SHOT
Mariette and Major. Major paid no attention to François. But Mariette, more annoyed than before, looks toward door, then back to Major.

MARIETTE
You should be ashamed of yourselves. Two men of your standing, always quarreling.

MAJOR
He started it.

MARIETTE
But you're the more intelligent one.

MAJOR
That's true.

MARIETTE
Then why did you do it?
MAJOR
Because I hate him--because I love you!

MARIETTE
You should have more self-control.
You were in the army.

MAJOR
Well, he was in the navy.

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
It opens again. François appears again.

FRANÇOIS
(With increased finality)
Goodbye!
(He closes door again.)

CLOSE-UP  MARIETTE AND MAJOR

MARIETTE
I want you to go out and apologize
--right away!

Major leaves against his will.

OPERA CORRIDOR  CLOSE SHOT
at to box. François is in a chair by the door, opera hat
and overcoat still on. Door opens and Major comes out.
François gets up. They glare each other.

MAJOR
See here, my good man. You've been
saying goodbye for the last half
hour, and staying on. I wish you
would say how do you do, and go!

MED. SHOT  BOX
Mariette, listening to the music. Suddenly door opens. She
turns as Major comes in and sits beside her. She looks at
himquestioningly.

MAJOR
(proudly)
Well, he left.
(Mariette is surprised.)
I tell you, apologizing is a gift!
(He nods pompously as if
to say, "I have this gift.")

ORCHESTRA SEATS  CLOSE-UP
of Gaston. He is looking through opera glasses up at
Mariette's box. Camera is so close to the opera glasses
that we can't see Gaston's face. We see his hand adjusting
the opera glasses.
Mariette's Box
Gaston's viewpoint, photographed through an opera-glass vignette. We see Major and Mariette. Camera stops in front of the railing. We see Mariette's hand holding the handbag. Camera centers the handbag. We hold this, then camera pans up to Mariette's face. She is looking at the stage. Camera pans quickly down again to handbag. We stay on the handbag. Major's hand comes in and touches Mariette's hand caressingly. She brushes his hand aside. Camera moves quickly up to Major. He is looking ardently at Mariette. He leans over to her. Camera with him. Both in the picture. A dialogue scene now follows, but even though it is a close-up, we can't hear them because they are through binoculars from a distance. In this inaudible but visually expressive scene, Major tells her he can't understand her attitude toward him. She impatiently asks him to leave her alone to enjoy the opera opera. Major persistently says he loves her. Mariette insists that he stop it. She takes out of her lap (which is not in the picture) opera glasses and holds them to her eyes. Major gives up, leans back in chair. Camera centers Mariette, alone. Then camera, still framed in opera-glass vignette, pans down and comes to rest on handbag, now lying on the railing unprotected.

Close-up conductor
from viewpoint of the stage. He is looking up at the singers. Then he looks down to his score.

Score close-up
from viewpoint of the conductor. It is the first act, at about page twenty. We hear the soprano singing.

Soprano's voice
I love you, I love you, I love you!

Chorus's voices
She loves him, she loves him, she loves him!

Without changing camera angle, we see the pages being turned as if by a breeze, and

Dissolve to:

Close-up score
at about page ninety; at least one act has been played. We hear same soprano singing—but a different tune in a different key.

Soprano's voice
I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!

Chorus's voices
She hates him, she hates him, she hates him!

Corridor med. shot opera house
toward the sumptuous down-staircase. We see, in corridor, at opposite sides of staircase, doors to ladies' and men's restrooms. Door to the ladies' restroom is in foreground. A gentleman is pacing up and down. Door opens; a lady comes quickly to the gentleman. They exchange a few words, which we don't hear. (Music of opera comes in dimly) Gentleman reaches in pocket, gives her a coin. Lady goes back quickly. As she is about to enter restroom Mariette comes out, excited, rushes past gentleman down corridor and out of picture.

MARIETTE'S BOX
Major sits alone. The music comes in full volume. Mariette enters, looks at her chair, at railing, at Major. During the following, both search around in the box.

MARIETTE
My bag!

MAJOR
Your bag?

MARIETTE
(impatiently)
Yes, my bag!

MAJOR
Didn't you take it with you?

MARIETTE
Apparently not. Don't you know where it is?

MAJOR
No--I'm sorry.

MARIETTE
But you saw it here.

MAJOR
Yes, I saw it--but--

MARIETTE
Well, where is it?

CLOSE-UP CONDUCTOR
disturbed by the agitated sounds, looks up at Mariette's box, sternly reproving.

BOX
Mariette and Major are standing, searching.

MARIETTE
It couldn't have walked out by itself!

Major inadvertently tips over a chair.
Two typical music lovers. One is bent forward, eyes fixed on the stage. The other leans back, eyes closed in ecstasy. First man, suddenly annoyed by sounds from the box, says, "Pssst!" Second man suddenly wakes up, looks angrily at first man, says, "Shh!" The two glare at each other.

outside Mariette's box. (Music continues, slightly muffled.) Door opens. Mariette and Major come out, shut door. Major is carrying hat and coat. They are still searching, looking everywhere. Camera moves with them as they go down the corridor. Mariette goes into ladies' room. Major automatically follows her; door closes behind them. An instant later, Major scurries out. Followed by camera, he hurries away, embarrassed, stops, turns.

CLOSE SHOT at door to ladies' restroom. The maid, a middle-aged woman, looks grimly at Major.

CLOSE-UP MAJOR He doesn't know what to say or how to act. At this moment the music stops. We hear the bursting final applause.

CORRIDOR Doors to first balcony open, and many people hurry out. We still hear applause.

STAIRWAY AND CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOXES On either side, a door to a restroom. At top of stairway stands Major. People emerging from boxes. Mariette comes out of ladies' room, goes to Major. We see by her gestures she hasn't found her bag. More people pass from behind camera. Mariette and Major are caught in the crowd and disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRWAY SAME CAMERA ANGLE Last patrons leaving down the stairs. They disappear; corridor and staircase are empty. Door of men's room opens; out comes a lone figure, Gaston. Immaculate in evening dress, top hat, overcoat, and stick, he strolls toward the stairs and starts down.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE C

FADE IN

JEWELRY STORE (Not the one where Mariette bought her bag.) Shooting from inside store through window toward street. In front of window appears Major. He looks, sour and depressed, at the
Window display. Camera moves with him as he enters shop and goes to counter. Camera pulls back, and now we discover François at the counter. Both look straight ahead; they don't see each other yet. Clerk enters.

CLERK
(to Major)
Yes, m'sieu?

MAJOR
I would like to have--

He sees François, and François sees him.

FRANÇOIS
(cheerfully)
Good morning, Major.

MAJOR
(embarrassed)
Good morning.
(Stuttering; to clerk.)
I'd-I'd-I'd like to look at some cuff links.

CLERK
Very well, m'sieu.

Clerk goes. Major ignores François. François smiles, ironical.

FRANÇOIS
(with feigned innocence)
Nice day, Major.

MAJOR
(grunts)
Umm.

FRANÇOIS
You're looking fine, Major.

MAJOR
(turning)
Now see here, my good man. I've had just about enough of your insulting remarks!

Another clerk enters. He puts several handbags on counter for François. François regards them smilingly. Major is speechless.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT SIGN
on cheap hotel in suburb of Paris, shooting up from street. Sign reads Paris-Astor Hotel. Camera pans down. In entrance
doorway, the bellboy--on his cap: Paris-Astor Hotel--shabbily dressed, leaning lazily against door, bag of cherries in hand. He eats and spits the stones into street with a minimum of energy.

CLOSE SHOT COUCH IN CHEAP HOTEL ROOM
Lily, in negligee, lying on couch, face covered by newspaper she is reading while she has breakfast, which is on a little table beside her. The dishes are clean but cheap looking. Lily lowers the paper and looks slyly up. She sees:

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM CLOSE SHOT
Gaston, in dressing gown, sitting in armchair, reading a newspaper.

CLOSE SHOT LILY
She watches Gaston, looks down to table, back at Gaston. She wants to put something over without being seen--something important. Now, quick, she decides to do it, come what may. She picks up a French roll--still watching him--dunks it in the coffee, takes a hurried bite, and disappears again behind paper.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

GASTON
(looking up from the paper)
I don't agree with this review at all. I thought Martini's singing was adequate, but to call him a great singer--ridiculous!

CLOSE-UP LILY
Still reading her paper.

LILY
(without looking up)
I always liked him. Especially last year in Munich ...

CLOSE-UP GASTON

GASTON
(drops paper)
Last year? It can't be that long.

CLOSE-UP LILY

LILY
(drops paper)
Yes! Don't you remember the day you took that Chinese vase from the Royal Palace
(with tenderness)
and made it into a lamp for my night table?
CLOSE-UP  GASTON
He looks at her with emotion, gets up, and goes to her.

MED. SHOT  LILY
Gaston sits close to her, caresses her hair.

GASTON
I remember the lamp, I remember the
night table, and I remember the
night.
(They kiss.)
Everything will be all right again.
(As he gets up; with a
valiant little smile.)
Prosperity is just around the corner!

He goes out of the picture. Lily smiles after him with total
confidence.

CLOSE-UP  GASTON'S CHAIR
Gaston returns, sits, picks up paper, resumes reading.

CLOSE-UP  LILY
at her paper. Suddenly she stares at something on the page.
She leaps to her feet.

LILY
Gaston!

CLOSE-UP  GASTON
He looks up.

CLOSE-UP  LILY
Paper in hand, followed by camera, she goes to the bureau,
opens a drawer, and takes out Mariette's handbag. She looks
at the bag, rereads the item in the paper, looks back again.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
Puzzled, he gets up.

CLOSE SHOT  LILY
Followed by camera, she hastens to Gaston, hands him the
paper, points to the item.

LILY
Read this.

INSERT
A large classified ad with headline: Handbag Lost--Twenty
Thousand Francs Reward. Before we can read the rest, camera
moves close to the headline. Under the insert, we hear:

LILY'S VOICE
The description fits. That's our
bag!

CLOSE SHOT  LILY AND GASTON
Gaston has finished reading.

GASTON
Twenty thousand francs ... If we sold it we'd get--
(He takes the bag from Lily, examines it like an expert.)
Well, it's worth forty thousand at the most. She paid probably sixty thousand. When we sell it ... I'd say five thousand.

LILY
Darling, then let's be honest and return it to the lady.

GASTON
And take the twenty thousand francs ...

LILY
Right.

GASTON
(with sudden emotion)
Sweetheart, what day is today?

LILY
The fourteenth of May.

GASTON
And tomorrow is the fifteenth. And the day after tomorrow--

LILY
(not knowing what he wants)
The six--

She catches Gaston's eye. Her face lights up. Very tenderly she embraces him.

GASTON
We'll go to Venice, to the same hotel!

LILY
(romantically)
We'll take the Royal Suite!

GASTON
Two fifty-three, five--

LILY
Seven and nine!

GASTON
And we'll celebrate the second anniversary of the day we didn't get
married!

LILY
Darling!

They kiss. After they have held the embrace a few moments, we hear a knock on the door. They look toward the door, hide the handbag instantly.

GASTON
Come in.

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
Porter comes in, carrying a pair of shoes.

PORTER
(putting them on the floor)
Your shoes, Professor Bernard.

As he goes

[Their embrace continues. They look at each other dreamily.]

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE D

FADE IN

MARIETTE'S LIVING ROOM MED. SHOT
Mariette and an elderly woman who has seen better days. Her clothes, once elegant, now are shabby. She is unwrapping a package as camera moves toward both to a close shot. She takes out a handbag which also seen better days, holds it toward Mariette pathetically. Mariette responds with a kindly look.

MARIETTE
No, I'm sorry, but that's not the bag.

WOMAN
(restraining a sob)
I know it isn't. But it's pretty--isn't it?

MARIETTE
(sympathetic)
Very pretty.

We hear phone ring. Mariette, annoyed at the interruption, goes out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT  TELEPHONE TABLE
Mariette enters, picks up phone.
MARIETTE
Hello ... Yes ... Where did you find the bag?

(Amused.)
Where?

(Even more amused.)
Where? What?

(Smiling broadly.)
What was in it?

(With a change of expression, outraged.)
How dare you!

(She slams down receiver.)

CLOSE SHOT ELDERLY WOMAN
bag in hand, with patient hope.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE
at phone. Her expression softens. Followed by camera, she goes to woman.

WOMAN
You wouldn't have any use for it?

(Mariette hesitates.)
You see, I have another bag, and I really don't need this. So, if you'd like to buy it ...

Mariette sees tears in the woman's eyes.

MARIETTE
(reaching into drawer of nearby table)
Would two hundred francs be sufficient?

WOMAN
(this is much more than she expected)
Yes, madame.

Mariette hands her the money.

WOMAN
(overwhelmed)
Oh, thank you, madame!

She goes out of picture toward door. Mariette looks after her with compassion, which is broken by the ringing phone. Increasingly annoyed, she goes to phone, newly purchased bag in hand.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE
Mariette enters edgily.

MARIETTE
Hello ... Yes ...
She tosses handbag out of picture.

ARMCHAIR
Bag falls on armchair into an assortment of several other bags. Mariette must have been buying bags for hours.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
What? Yes, this is Madame Colet.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
at the phone

MARIETTE
What? Yes, I lost my bag. Yes. Last night at the opera ... No, no, I don't want to buy a piano!
(She hangs up angrily.)

LONG SHOT HALL
Shooting from the direction of the living room toward the house entrance door. Hall is filled with men and women, some well dressed, some shabby. Some carry packages. Several women hold, each, two "found" bags. One woman carries a crying baby. Butler's voice comes behind the camera.

BUTLER'S VOICE
Next, please.

A young Russian Bolshevik, unshaven, with bushy hair, moves toward camera.

LIVING ROOM MED. SHOT
at open door. Bolshevik enters, followed by butler, who shuts door behind them as Bolshevik goes to Mariette. During all this, we hear:

MARIETTE'S VOICE
No ... No, it was not insured. But right now it's too late.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE

MARIETTE
What? (Bolshevik enters.)
I may lose it again? But I haven't found it yet! I'm sorry. Goodbye!
(She turns toward
Bolshevik distracted)

Yes?

BOLSHEVIK
(heavy Russian accent)
So you lost a handbag, madame?

MARIETTE
(impatiently)

Yes.

BOLSHEVIK
And it had diamonds in the back.

MARIETTE
Yes.

BOLSHEVIK
And diamonds in the front.

MARIETTE
Yes.

BOLSHEVIK
Diamonds all over.

MARIETTE
Well, have you found it?

BOLSHEVIK
(screaming)
No!
(Raising his arm like a prophet.)
But let me tell you--any woman who spends a fortune in times like these for a handbag--phooey, phooey, phooey!

Butler enters officiously.

BUTLER
(to Bolshevik)
I must ask you

BOLSHEVIK
(brushing butler aside)
And as Trotsky said--
(in Russian)
"Any woman who spends a fortune for a silk purse is a sow's ear."
(In English.)
And that goes for you, too!

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
to hall. While Bolshevik is ranting, it opens; Gaston enters briskly with an authoritative air, shuts door behind him.

MARIETTE, BOLSHEVIK, AND BUTLER
Mariette is startled; she doesn't know who or what the gentleman is. Bolshevik is frightened. Butler is momentarily nonplussed.
CLOSE SHOT GASTON
He steps forward commandingly.

MED. SHOT MARIETTE AND BOLSHEVIK
Gaston goes to Bolshevik, puts his arm patronizingly on his shoulder, and tells him politely but emphatically, in Russian, to leave. Bolshevik makes a protesting remark. Gaston tells him vigorously and effectively to scram. Cowed, the Bolshevik goes.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR
Butler, recuperated and full of dignity, opens door to the hall. Bolshevik appears, turns to Mariette and Gaston.

BOLSHEVIK
(in a final outburst)
Phooey! Phooey! And--
(Looking for another word but failing to find it; twice as loud.)
Phooey!

Butler shoves him out, follows, shuts door.

CLOSE SHOT
Mariette and Gaston. Mariette is more bewildered by Gaston than by the Bolshevik.

GASTON
(looking after the departed man)
His phooey is worse than his bite.
(Turning to Mariette.) I must apologize for entering unannounced. If I am not mistaken, Madame Colet?

MARIETTE
Yes...?

GASTON
Will you be good enough to look at this bag, madame?
(He brings the bag forth, hands it to Mariette.)

MARIETTE
(with instant and joyful recognition)
That's it! Yes, that's it! ... Jacques!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR
It opens and butler enters.

BUTLER
CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE

MARIETTE
Dismiss all the people in the hall.
The bag has been found.

BUTLER'S VOICE
Very well, madame.

MARIETTE
And Jacques. Call up the major and
tell him-- No, don't call him. Let
him keep on searching! And Jacques--
(Phone rings. Mariette
picks up receiver and
speaks before the other
party can speak.)
Sorry--the bag's been found.
(She hangs up.)
And Jacques--

CLOSE SHOT  BUTLER

BUTLER
Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE

MARIETTE
Call Cohen, Cohen, Ginsburg, and
Renault. Give my thanks to M'sieu
Renault.
(In high spirits.)
Thank them all!

BUTLER'S VOICE
Very well, madame.

We hear door closing. Mariette looks happily at bag, turns
to Gaston.

MARIETTE
Where did you--

She discovers that Gaston is no longer standing beside her.
She looks around.

CLOSE SHOT  ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM
A beautiful Chinese vase on a table. Gaston, looking at
vase with appraising eye, is absorbed, unaware that
Mariette has addressed him.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
She goes toward Gaston.
CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
still studying the vase. Mariette appears. He turns to her.

MARIETTE
(happily)
Where did you find it?

GASTON
You know the main staircase in the opera?

MARIETTE
Yes.

GASTON
Then you go to the left. There's a landing.

MARIETTE
(eagerly)
Yes.

GASTON
Then you go into the foyer.

MARIETTE
Yes.

GASTON
And as you leave the foyer, there is a little niche.

MARIETTE
I know that niche.

GASTON
And in that niche, there is a statue of Venus.

MARIETTE
I remember.

GASTON
(irrelevantly)
You like that statue?

MARIETTE
(nonplussed)
Not particularly.

GASTON
Neither do I.
(Without any transition.)
That's where I found it.

MARIETTE
(naively, not suspicious)
I don't know how I could have lost it there. I was nowhere near that niche.

GASTON
Oh ... That's strange. Maybe--are you sure this is your bag?

MARIETTE
(a little nettled)
Of course it is! Are you doubting me?

GASTON
(polite but precise)
Not in the least, madame. But you see, it's a very expensive bag--one has to be careful.

MARIETTE
(half-annoyed, half-laughing, and a little conceited)
Well--I am Madame Colet.

GASTON
(urbanely)
And I am M'sieu Laval--if you will allow me to introduce myself.

Mariette is perplexed. Their relationship has somehow been transformed. She is uncertain. Then she yields.

MARIETTE
(With a little laugh; extending her hand)
Well--how do you do, M'sieu Laval?

GASTON
The pleasure is mine, madame.

He bends over and kisses her hand. Camera goes quickly to a close-up of a beautiful diamond ring. As he kisses the hand Gaston's eye appraises the ring.

STREET IN PARIS
François, package under arm, walking. It is apparent that he has purchased the handbag.

LIVING ROOM  CLOSE SHOT
at table. Gaston has just opened the bag.

GASTON
(With the air of an honest man taking inventory)
One purse--
(shaking it)
empty. One vanity case--
(opening it)

MARIETTE
But really, m’sieu, this isn't necessary.

GASTON
Please, Madame Colet, I believe in doing things correctly. Shall we continue?

(He empties the bag.)

Two hairpins, one cigarette lighter, one box of real matches, and-- Oh, yes, this letter from Major--

MARIETTE
(quickly)
Oh! You didn't read it!

GASTON
Naturally I did.

MARIETTE
Oh!

GASTON
You needn't be embarrassed, madame. A lady as charming as you would, and should, get love letters.

MARIETTE
(embarrassed and flattered)
M'sieu Laval!

GASTON
But one suggestion, madame.

(Shaking his head.)

Not the major.

(Mariette looks startled, as if to say, "How did you know?")

I don't mind his grammatical mistakes. I'll overlook his bad punctuation. But the letter has no mystery--no bouquet--no ...

(Changing the subject, taking a lipstick out of bag.)

And one lipstick ...

(Reading markings on bottom; disapproving.)

Scarlet number four.

MARIETTE
What's wrong now?

GASTON
With your skin, I prefer crimson.

MARIETTE
(now on a vital theme)
Too much blue in crimson.

GASTON
That's what you need!

MARIETTE
No, no, no!
(She sits on couch. He sits beside her.)
I disagree with you completely! I tried it once--

GASTON
What shade of powder do you use?

MARIETTE
Peaches and cream.

GASTON
That's too dark.

MARIETTE
(fighting for her life)
Do you realize I have light eyes?

GASTON
But, Madame Colet, that's a matter of eye shadow. I can straighten that out in two seconds.

We hear a knock on the door.

MARIETTE
(annoyed at interruption)
Come in!

CLOSE-UP DOOR
Butler comes in, shuts door quickly behind him.

BUTLER
(With a sour expression)
The major.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND MARIETTE
On couch. She makes a gesture of exasperation. So does Gaston. They look at each other helplessly. Then Gaston takes charge. He rises and goes toward butler.

HALL MED. SHOT
at living room door. Major stands waiting. Door opens; butler comes out, followed briskly by Gaston.

GASTON
(before Major can speak)
I'm sorry, m'sieu, but Madame had better not see anyone.

Major stares blankly. He never saw Gaston before.

GASTON
You see, the bag has just been found, and the reaction of relief from her former excitement and strain is just a little too much for her. It's not very serious, but just the same we'd better not take any chances.

MAJOR
(assuming Gaston is a physician)
Just as you say, Doctor.

GASTON
Thank you, Major.
(Goes back toward living room.)

MAJOR
Good day, Doctor.

GASTON
Good day, Major.

The camera goes with Major toward entrance door. Major looks crestfallen.

STREET
in front of Mariette's house. François, followed by camera, goes to the door, rings bell. Door is opened by butler, and Major comes out, butler remaining in doorway. Major and François stare at each other. Major looks pointedly at François's package. Then Major turns to butler.

MAJOR
Jacques, has the bag been found?

BUTLER
Yes, Major.

Major turns with bright smile to François, who looks glum and glances instinctively at his package.

MAJOR
Is Madame feeling well?

BUTLER
No, Major.

Major is still looking at the unhappy François and having
the time of life.

**MAJOR**

Is Madame seeing anybody this afternoon, this evening, or even tomorrow?

**BUTLER**

No, Major.

**MAJOR**

You may shut the door, Jacques.

Butler closes door. François, miserable, turns away from Major.

**MAJOR**

Well, that leaves you holding the bag. Goodbye!

Major lifts his hat, goes out of picture to right. François looks after him angrily, then goes out of picture to left.

**LIVING ROOM COUCH CLOSE SHOT**

Gaston and Mariette. There is a moment of silence.

**GASTON**

(rising)

Well, I think I'd better be going.

Goodbye, Madame Colet.

**MARIETTE**

(rising)

Goodbye, M'sieu La-- Oh, yes ...

This is a rather delicate matter and I don't want to ... You see, if you read my advertisement carefully, you must have noticed that there was ...

**GASTON**

In other words, madame, it embarrasses you to offer me the twenty thousand francs reward.

**MARIETTE**

Yes.

**GASTON**

Don't be embarrassed, madame. I'll take it. I need the money. I wish I were in a position to ignore the whole matter. But you know, madame, the stock market, bank crash ... To make a long story short--a member of the nouveaux poor.

**MARIETTE**
Then I'm glad I lost the bag! I'll write you the check immediately.

(Followed by camera, she goes.)

HALL MED. SHOT
at staircase. Coming from living room, Mariette goes up the stairs, followed by camera. At first landing, as Mariette reaches door--

GASTON'S VOICE
Madame Colet!

MARIETTE
(turning)
Yes, M'sieu Laval?

GASTON BELOW
Shooting down from her angle.

GASTON
Do you know my first name?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE
No. What is it? Tell me.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
Followed by camera, he runs up stairs. At the landing, he goes close to her.

GASTON
(whispering ardently)
Gaston!

She looks at him with a confused smile.

GASTON
(Still ardently)
And do you know what I'd like to have you do with that check?

MARIETTE
(softly, curious)
What?

GASTON
(passionate)
Make it out to cash!

MARIETTE
As you like.

(Ship opens door and he follows her.)

LONG SHOT PRIVATE OFFICE OF FORMER SECRETARY, WITH GLIMPSE
INTO ADJOINING ELEGANT BEDROOM
In foreground at desk, is Mariette. In bedroom background, Gaston is seen examining a painting on the wall with the air of a connoisseur. Camera moves to close-up of Mariette. She is opening and shutting drawers.

MARIETTE
Now, where can that checkbook be?
Oh, dear me, dear me! She must have left it somewhere. It's always the same--when you're looking for something, you can't find it.
(She continues mumbling and slamming drawers.)

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
at the wall, still admiring the painting. Now he draws painting slightly away from wall and glances behind as if looking for a safe. He allows painting to drop back into place. Followed by camera, he goes on looking around. He stops before window, looks out, studying possible entrances and exits.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
at desk, still searching.

MARIETTE
I can't find that checkbook. I should have discharged her six months ago! I really don't know what to do. Where can I look now?
(Turning to Gaston.)
M'sieu Laval, I'm very sorry, but--

She tops short. Gaston is not there. She sees:

DOOR TO FORMER SECRETARY'S BEDROOM
It is open.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
Followed by camera, she goes to bedroom.

BEDROOM  MED. SHOT
at open door. Mariette enters, stops.

CLOSE SHOT  BED
Gaston is studying bed with the eye of a connoisseur.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
in doorway. She looks mystified. She moves toward him lightly because:

CLOSE SHOT  BED
Gaston apparently doesn't know she is in the room. He is still studying bed with scholarly concentration. Mariette enters, stops beside him.
GASTON  
(with respect for the bed)  
Eighteenth century.

MARIETTE  
(getting it; impressed)  
Yes!

GASTON  
Early eighteenth century. I should say around--seventeen thirty.

MARIETTE  
Right!

GASTON  
(examining headboard)  
Beautiful specimen.

MARIETTE  
It is beautiful. But I got a little tired of sleeping in antiques, so I gave it to my secretary.

GASTON  
(specially interested as he learns this is not Mariette's room)  
Oh?  
(He wants to hear more.)

MARIETTE  
This used to be my secretary's room.

GASTON  
(with affected nonchalance)  
I see.  
(Going very close to headboard, touching woodwork with expert hand.)  
She must have been very happy here.

MARIETTE  
(with a smile)  
Too happy. That's why I discharged her.

GASTON  
(his eye caught by carving on one of the posts)  
Isn't that wonderful!  
(He turns to Mariette.)  
You see, madame--  
(He stops, noticing something on the wall.)

MED. SHOT
In the wall is a safe. Camera moves to close-up of safe.

CLOSE SHOT MARIEETTE AND GASTON

GASTON
(inspired)
Let me tell you something, madame, as a man who has had all kinds of secretaries ... I wonder if she put that checkbook in the safe!

MARIETTE
I hardly think so. But let's look.
(She goes toward safe.)

CLOSE SHOT SAFE
Mariette enters, starts turning knob, lips moving silently as she articulates numbers to herself. The camera pans her out and stops before Gaston who is now close behind her, concentrating on the combination.

CLOSE SHOT MARIEETTE'S HAND
turning knob back and forth.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON'S HAND
It is instinctively turning an imaginary knob, following Mariette's pattern.

CLOSE SHOT MARIEETTE AND GASTON
Mariette opens safe. Gaston takes a swift good look into safe, but acts casual in case Mariette turns around.

MARIETTE
(rummaging with her hand)
No, no. No, it's not here.
(Suddenly.)
Oh! What do you think of that?
(She brings out two crisp packages of bank notes.)
A hundred thousand francs!
(With a half-smile.)
You know, I didn't have the slightest idea--

GASTON
(severely)
But, madame, you keep a hundred thousand francs--in your safe--at home?

MARIETTE
(worried)
You think that's too much?

GASTON
(emphatically)
No! Not enough!
(With the air of a banker.)
In times like these, when everything is uncertain, every conservative person should have a substantial part of his fortune within arm's reach.

MARIETTE
(nodding with the gravity of a woman accepting her banker's advice)
That sounds sensible.
(She goes out of the picture, thinking it over.)

CLOSE SHOT LITTLE SETTEE
Mariette enters, sits.

MARIETTE
Very sensible!

Gaston enters, sits beside her.

GASTON
(sternly; an uncle)
Madame Colet, I think you deserve a scolding. First, you lose your bag--

MARIETTE
(gaily)
Then I mislay my checkbook--

GASTON
Then you use the wrong lipstick--

MARIETTE
(almost laughing)
And how I handle my money!

GASTON
It's disgraceful!

MARIETTE
(with a flirtatious look)
Tell me, M'sieu Laval, what else is wrong?

GASTON
Everything! ... Madame Colet, if I were your father--
(with a smile)
which, fortunately, I am not--

MARIETTE
(coquettish)
Ye-es?
And you made any attempt to handle your own business affairs, I would give you a good spanking--in a business way, of course.

MARIETTE
(complete change of expression; businesslike)
What would you do if you were my secretary?

GASTON
The same thing.

MARIETTE
You're hired!

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE E

FADE IN

BOARD OF DIRECTORS ROOM
Camera moves along the table in close shots of members of the board. An excited murmur runs along the table. Camera stops in front of M. Giron, the chairman, who is talking to the man beside him. Now he turns to opposite end of table, rises.

GIRON
Speaking for the board of directors as well as myself, if you insist, in times like these, on cutting the fees of the board of directors, then we resign.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
at opposite end. He gets up with an air of authority.

GASTON
Speaking for Madame Colet as well as myself--resign!

CLOSE-UP GIRON

GIRON
(haughtily)
Very well!
(He hesitates.)
We'll think it over, M'sieu Laval!

DISSOLVE TO:

INSURANCE OFFICE CLOSE SHOT
of insurance agent at his desk. He is looking over Mme.
Colet's policies.

AGENT
Now, M'sieu Laval, as for Madame Colet's life insurance, it totals one million francs. There is five hundred thousand fire insurance and four hundred thousand against burglary.

CLOSE-UP GASTON
in a different suit. He begins to calculate with his fingers and murmurs figures.

GASTON
(after a moment)
Then we'd better increase the burglary insurance to eight hundred and fifty thousand francs.

CLOSE-UP AGENT

AGENT
(happily; with a little bow)
Thank you, M'sieu Laval!

CLOSE-UP COOK
in the kitchen. Big, fat, motherly looking.

COOK
No potatoes, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE-UP GASTON
In still another suit. He is standing, looking stern.

GASTON
No potatoes!

CLOSE-UP COOK

COOK
Yes, M'sieu Laval.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP BUTLER
in hall.

BUTLER
(answering a question)
No, M'sieu Laval!

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP
A fluffy, pretty little maid in Gaston's bedroom, holding a duster.
MAID
(playing naughty)
Maybe, M'sieu Laval!

DISSOLVE TO:

GYMNASIUM  CLOSE SHOT
of Mariette's feet and legs in gymnasium outfit, shooting
down on an angle. Feet rise and camera follows movement
arc-wise, comes to rest on Mariette's face.

MARIETTE
(holding the position)
Is this what you mean, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
erect in sweater, arms folded.

GASTON
Absolutely, Madame Colet.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR  CLOSE SHOT
Gaston in doorway to his office. Evening; lights are on.
He wears a dark business suit.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
(coaxingly)
Now, M'sieu Laval, please!

GASTON
Frankly, madame, I'm too tired.

UPPER STAIRCASE
from Gaston's viewpoint. Mariette, in evening dress, is near
landing. From downstairs, the music of a tango and laughter
of guests.

MARIETTE
Don't you want to come down and
join the party? Just a little tango
--no? Oh, you with your messy old
papers and contracts and money--money
--money--all those uninteresting
things!

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
in doorway.

GASTON
They're very interesting to me,
madame. And somebody in this house
should worry about money. No,
madame, really, I have to be up
eyearly in the morning.
DISSOLVE TO:

OFFICE CLOSE SHOT NEXT MORNING
of Gaston at window, walking up and down dictating, followed by camera. We hear click of a typewriter.

GASTON
New paragraph. Furthermore, it is Madame's wish--

CLOSE SHOT SECRETARY
Typing away at an appropriate desk is none other than our Lily. She is demure in a little blouse and skirt.

GASTON'S VOICE
--that while half of the interest shall be deposited as usual in Madame's account--

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

GASTON
--the other half, contrary to custom, shall be delivered in cash into Madame's personal custody.

(Followed by camera, he goes to Lily and takes her in his arms.)
Darling, that means that on the second of June we'll have eight hundred and fifty thousand francs.

LILY
(ecstatically)
And her jewelry is worth a fortune!

GASTON
No jewelry! Hands off jewelry! If we're broke--all right. I might pick up a million-franc necklace. But in times like these when we're doing a cash business--why take a chance on jewelry?

Lily gets up, goes to him.

LILY
(the way a wife talks to a husband when she wants something special)
I know you're awfully busy, and I don't like to trouble you. But she has one little necklace--you know, that one with the seed pearls? It's so quiet and simple. It would go just beautifully with my neck.
Gaston takes her in his arms, moved. They kiss. There is a knock at the door. They leap into employer and employee positions.

GASTON
Come in!

DOOR
Butler enters.

BUTLER
M’sieu Laval, Madame would like to talk to Mademoiselle Gautier for a moment.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND LILY

GASTON
Very well, Jacques.

We hear door close as butler goes. Lily turns to Gaston. He looks her over, straightens her hair a little, then pulls the zipper on her blouse high up to the neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARIETTE’S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT
Mariette in bed. Breakfast table. She is reading a magazine. Knock on door.

MARIETTE
(putting down magazine)
Come in.

DOOR CLOSE SHOT
Lily enters. She is now wearing glasses. (Under no circumstances shall her appearance be exaggerated. Lily is playing the part of a modest, polite little secretary.)

LILY
Good morning, madame.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE
Good morning, mademoiselle.
(Shemakes a gesture
inviting Lily to come
closer.)

CLOSE SHOT LILY
She approaches Mariette.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE
in bed. Lily enters.
MARIETTE
(indicating a chair)
Please.

LILY
Thank you.

Lily sits on a small chair by the bed. Breakfast table is between them.

MARIETTE
(busy at the breakfast tray)
You've had your breakfast--oh, but of course you have.

LILY
Yes, madame. You see, I have to get up very early.
(Chattering.)
My little brother goes to school--
(With controlled pathos.)
You see, Mother is dead.

MARIETTE
(pouring her own coffee; making conversation)
Yes, that's the trouble with mothers. First you get to like them and then they die.

Lily nods sad agreement. Her glance drops to the floor.

INSERT
of a diamond ring on floor by bed.

CLOSE SHOT  LILY
She looks at ring with undisguised desire for an instant. Then she reaches for it.

INSERT
Lily's hand lifts ring from floor.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE AND LILY
Seeing that she has been observed, Lily hands ring to Mariette.

MARIETTE
Oh, thanks.

With indifference she throws it over toward night table on the other side of the bed.

NIGHT TABLE
A little jewel box, open. The ring falls in.
CLOSE SHOT  LILY
She looks toward the jewel box with regret, fingers itching.
She pulls herself together and sits on her hands.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE AND LILY
Mariette is just about to reach for the cream. Lily, quick and polite, takes the cream pitcher and pours for Mariette.

MARIETTE
Thank you! ... Now, mademoiselle, the reason I asked you to come--

LILY
Two lumps, madame?

MARIETTE
Please!
(Lily puts sugar in coffee.)
Thank you.

LILY
(taking a spoon)
May I?
Mariette nods graciously. Lily stirs the coffee. Then she sits and resolutely puts her hands under again.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
She lifts cup, sips coffee. She looks over at Lily.

CLOSE-UP  LILY
Looking downward modestly.

CLOSE-UP  MARIETTE
She watches Lily a moment to make sure she is not looking. Then she dunks a roll in the coffee and takes a quick bite.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE AND LILY

MARIETTE
Now, Mademoiselle Gautier--

LILY
Yes, madame?

MARIETTE
You see--
(She has just picked up some potato a la Julienne --thinly shredded, noodle-like and crisp--on her fork. Then she speaks furtively as she suddenly remembers.)
Oh, not a word to M'sieu Laval!

LILY
About what?

MARIETTE
(almost in a whisper)
Potatoes. He doesn't want me to eat them--
(with a little laugh)
and naturally I don't want to upset him.

LILY
(with a poisonous little giggle)
Naturally not!

Slowly her giggle dies out, and she looks at Mariette with sly contempt.

MARIETTE
Now. Uh--mademoiselle--in the short time you have been M'sieu Laval's secretary, have you noticed any change in him?

LILY
(on guard)
Well--uh--yes and no.

MARIETTE
To me he seems rather nervous.

LILY
Nervous?
(She takes a chance.)
Um-hum. He smokes too much!

MARIETTE
No, he works too much.
(Lily nods with great relief.)
He's chained to his desk. Too much detail. Now, if you could take over some of his work--

LILY
(with deadly sweetness)
So he wouldn't be confined so much to his office--

MARIETTE
(innocently pleased)
Yes! And he would have a little more time for--

LILY
For all the really important things--
MARIETTE
Right!

LILY
(rising)
I'll do my best, madame, even if I have to work every night.

MARIETTE
(frightened)
Oh, no, no, no, no, my dear child! That's ridiculous. You go home as usual--five o'clock every day. Now I'm going to be a little bit of a tyrant--I insist. It'll be nice for your little brother, too. Five o'clock--remember!

LILY
Very well, madame. Thank you. (She starts to leave.)

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
Lily opens door.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
And, my dear--

LILY
(turns)
Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE

MARIETTE
How much is your salary?

CLOSE SHOT  LILY
in doorway.

LILY
Three hundred francs.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE

MARIETTE
Well, in times like these most people are cutting salaries, but suppose we say, in your case, three hundred and fifty?

CLOSE SHOT  LILY

LILY
Oh, madame, you're just too sweet for words!
(She goes, shutting door.)

MED. SHOT  OFFICE
close to door. Gaston is pacing up and down. Lily enters, quickly closes door behind her. She takes off her glasses. She is seething.

GASTON
Well, what does she want?

LILY
(bitterly)
You! And she's willing to pay as high as fifty francs!

GASTON
What?

LILY
(violently)
But it's not enough!

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM  CLOSE SHOT
Mariette, still in bed, talking into phone.

MARIETTE
Now, François, don't be silly. I have nothing against you ... Oh, no, that's all forgotten ... What? ... Not this week, François ... (Happily.) Business, François, business!

OFFICE  MED. SHOT
which during the scene moves to a closer shot of Gaston and Lily. As we pick them up both are pacing up and down at the height of unpleasantness.

GASTON
You're talking like a child. You know exactly what we're here for and what it's all about.

LILY
(stopping)
This woman has more than jewelry.

GASTON
(dismissing it)
Ah!

LILY
Did you ever take a good look at her--uh--

GASTON
Certainly!
LILY
They're all right, aren't they?

GASTON
Beautiful. And what of it?
(Going close to Lily; with conviction)
Let me tell you something: so far as I'm concerned, her whole sex appeal is in that safe!

LILY
(looks at him a moment; suddenly fearful)
Gaston. Let's open it--right now! Let's get away from here!
(With great unhappiness; holding back her tears.)
I don't like this place!

GASTON
(taking her in his arms)
Oh, no, darling. There's more sex appeal coming on the first of the month. It's only ten days ...
(Rolling it on his tongue.)
Eight hundred and fifty thousand francs.

LILY
(clinging to him)
Darling, remember you're Gaston Monescu. You're a crook. I want you as a crook. I love you as a crook. I worship you as a crook. Steal, swindle, rob--but don't become one of those useless, good-for-nothing gigolos!

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE F

FADE IN

OFFICE CLOSE SHOT
of clock on desk. It is 5 P.M. We hear five chimes. Against this shot of clock:

LILY'S VOICE
Good night, Gaston darling.

GASTON'S VOICE
Good night, sweetheart.
We hear sound of a kiss.

LILY'S VOICE
Well, I leave you alone with that lady—but if you behave like a gentleman—
(Slowly.)
I'll break your neck!
(With tenderness.)
Goodbye, darling!

We hear door open, close, and the sounds of Gaston returning from the door, humming.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SAME CLOCK, SAME ANGLE
It reads 5:12. We hear a knock at the door.

GASTON'S VOICE
Come in.

Sound of the door opening.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
(pretending surprise at not seeing Lily)
Oh, M'sieu Laval ...

GASTON'S VOICE
Yes, Madame Colet?

MARIETTE'S VOICE
Has Mademoiselle Gautier gone?

GASTON'S VOICE
Yes--uh--

MARIETTE'S VOICE
(With feigned regret)
Oh, that's too bad. You see, I wanted her to do something. Well, I guess I'll have to do it myself.

GASTON'S VOICE
What is it, madame?

MARIETTE'S VOICE
I wanted to ask her to ask you if you'd be good enough to go out to dinner with me tonight.

We hear her laugh. He joins her. As the laugh gets louder we

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SAME CLOCK
Five past nine. Light is different, room being almost in darkness. We hear phone ring several times. Nobody answers.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SAME CLOCK
Ten to eleven. So dark that we can barely see the hands. From outside, faint voices. We hear door open, and a bar of light falls across clock.

GASTON'S VOICE
Good night, Madame Colet. And let me tell you again—you dance like a dream.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
(coyly)
Oh, no, it's the way you lead.

GASTON'S VOICE
No, madame, it's the way you follow.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
No, m'sieu!

GASTON'S VOICE
Yes, madame!

MARIETTE'S VOICE
Well, the evening is still young. Let's go down to the living room and talk it over.

(Cheating by an hour.)
It's only ten o'clock.

She laughs. He apparently joins her again.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM CLOSE-UP
of a different, more decorative clock on mantel. Hands stand at eleven. As clock strikes eleven, with dainty, rapid chimes, pan along one side, following mantel, until clock is out of picture, and we see two half-empty champagne glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT WINDOW
Open window frames a view of garden. Foreground is dark. Above trees, a church steeple with a clock large enough so that we can read the time. It is twelve. As we hear, in splendid tones and a slower rhythm, the tolling of midnight, pan over to the side. Steeple is out of picture and full moon comes in.

DISSOLVE TO:
HALL  UPPER END OF STAIRS
Close shot of hall clock near Mariette's bedroom door. Hands indicate the hour of two, and deep tones strike the hour. Apparently there is only a dim light. Camera pans to door of Mariette's bedroom. In half-open doorway stands Mariette, evening dress, looking toward office door, eyes languorous.

MARIETTE
(reluctantly)
Good night, M'sieu Laval.

CLOSE SHOT  OFFICE DOOR
In half-open doorway stands Gaston, white tie and tails.

GASTON
(low tone)
Good night, Madame Colet.

MED. SHOT  HALL
At one end, at her open bedroom door, is Mariette. At other end, as we have seen, is Gaston. They look at each other for a vibrant moment.

MARIETTE
(since nothing happens; sadly)
Good night.

GASTON
(also sad)
Good night.

Mariette goes into her room, closes door. Gaston stands a moment in his doorway, undecided. Then, with a decisive air, he goes halfway toward Mariette's door. He stops abruptly at the one light, a lamp on the wall. He turns it out. Then he goes back to his office-bedroom slowly. Camera moves closer to him and up to his door. He goes in, shuts door, and we hear the lock click from inside. Camera pans quickly to Mariette's door. We hear similar click.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE G

FADE IN

LIVING ROOM
A large window, consisting of four or five framed units, fronts on a terraced garden in which a small informal party is underway.

Close shot of the first frame, showing part of garden and terrace. Windows are shut; we cannot hear what is going on. Beyond window, on terrace: a group of society people, teacups, butler serving cakes from tray. Mariette comes from garden to join group, a cordial hostess As she moves her eye is caught elsewhere.
CAMERA PANS QUICKLY to the last window frame, following her glance, and stops before Gaston and two very attractive young ladies who seem delighted at what he is saying. Mariette comes quickly into the picture and, pretending she wants to introduce him to someone else, takes Gaston from his dangerous companions.

CAMERA MOVES back along window with them. As soon as the two young ladies are out of the picture, Mariette brings Gaston intimately close toward window and camera. (Assumption is that living room is empty and no one can see them from behind camera.) Charmingly and with a twinkle in her eye, she reprimands him, in a guarded whisper, about flirting. He answers and apparently says something that makes her laugh, disarming her. With a sudden return to party manner, she moves with him along the framed windows. Camera goes with them as she introduces him to a few little groups. By this time, they are back in the first window frame, and now they move out of picture.

CAMERA CONTINUES past window and discloses inside corner of living room. In a chair, sitting stiffly as if in a waiting room, is M. Giron, the chairman of the board, briefcase on knees, flower in buttonhole. He seems in a bad mood--apparently the financial cut hasn't agreed with him. We hear a door opening.

BUTLER'S VOICE
M'sieu Giron, Madame will be with you presently.

GIRON
Very well, Jacques.

We hear door closing. Giron, irritated, gets up and, followed by camera, goes toward the window.

TERRACE CLOSE SHOT at window shooting into living room. Giron comes toward window and looks into garden. His face gets stern and angry as he sees:

GARDEN CLOSE SHOT Giron's view, of Gaston and the major, animatedly conversing. Camera angle must be so that Gaston is more prominent, thus giving impression that Giron's attention is focused on Gaston.

GASTON
No, no, my dear Major. There's a limit to what you can do with infantry. If have you the proper artillery backing, I would say--maybe.
TERRACE CLOSE SHOT
toward window. Behind window stands Giron, muttering
imprecations under his breath.

CLOSE SHOT MAJOR AND GASTON

MAJOR
No, no, no! I disagree with you
absolutely. That's the trouble with
you artillery men.

GASTON
Now just a minute, Major--

MAJOR
No, Captain, I tell you--

Mariette comes into the picture.

MARIETTE
Now, Major, you mustn't monopolize
M'sieu Laval.
(To Gaston.)
Please!
(She leads Gaston away,
camera with them. They
stop before another group.
She introduces Gaston.)
May I present M'sieu Laval? Madame
Chotard, Madame Leconte, Madame
Poncelet.
(Camera moves with them
to a lady and a gentleman.)
Madame Rudaux, M'sieu Legrand--
M'sieu Laval.
(They move to François
and a lady.)
M'sieu Laval--Madame Boucher. M'sieu
Filiba.
(François bows, not
recognizing Gaston.
Camera moves along
with them to others.)
M'sieu Laval--Madame Jeantaud,
M'sieu Gentil.

Gaston, his back to camera, bows politely; then suddenly--
a second "take"--he looks over his shoulder toward François.
It is apparent he has recognized François. Mariette moves
Gaston along.

CLOSE SHOT FRANÇOIS AND LADY

LADY
That's that M'sieu Laval.
FRANÇOIS
Laval? Who is M’sieu Laval?

LADY
I don't know. She says he's her
Secretary.

François turns and looks searchingly at Gaston, who has
paused with Mariette at another group.

FRANÇOIS
Oh? ... So!

LADY
And he says he is her secretary. Maybe
I'm wrong--maybe he is her secretary.
(She laughs cynically.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
Mariette has apparently left the last group, and he remains.
The others, at the moment, are busy with tea and cakes; no
one talks. Gaston, back to camera, steals another look over
his shoulder at François.

CLOSE SHOT FRANÇOIS
from Gaston's viewpoint. He is staring at this new and
dubious figure in Mariette's life--Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
with the group. He sees that François is staring at him,
becomes a little uncomfortable. With sudden decision, he
turns to the group.

GASTON
Excuse me, please.

Followed by camera, he steps over to François. Camera stops
in a close shot on Gaston, François, and lady. Gaston bows
to lady, faces François.

GASTON
Pardon me, m'sieu, but I have the
feeling we have met somewhere
before.

FRANÇOIS
(snobbish, polite)
I'm sorry, but I don't seem to
recall the occasion. No, I'm
afraid ...

GASTON
(courteously)
Well--then it must be my mistake.
(Bowing.)
I beg your pardon.
He smiles, ignoring the snub, as François stands with frozen superiority. Gaston goes. François looks after him.

FRANÇOIS  
(to the lady)  
That man never met me, and he knows it. Trying to make social connections!

LIVING ROOM  MARIETTE AND GIRON  
On a table is a pile of business papers and an empty briefcase. Giron has fountain pen in his hand, ready to turn it over to Mariette for signature.

MARIETTE  
(With a despairing little laugh)  
But my dear M'sieu Giron, I'm having a tea party. Must I be bothered with all these papers now?

GIRON  
I'm sorry, madame, but there are still certain matters which I think you should attend to yourself. And I, personally, would not care to refer them to--to--  
(He hesitates.)

MARIETTE  
To M'sieu Laval?

Giron doesn't answer. There is a pause.

GIRON  
(With dignity)  
Madame Colet, I've enjoyed the confidence of your family for more than forty years.  
(With great feeling.)  
I was a school friend of your husband's ...  

MARIETTE  
(looking at his white hair, which tells the whole story of her marriage; grimly)  
I know!

GIRON  
Madame, let me ask you: Who is M'sieu Laval, anyhow? Where does he come from? What is he?

MARIETTE  
(crisply)  
He is my secretary! I hope that
answers all your questions, M'sieu Giron.

GIRON
(after a pause)
You know what Paris is saying about the Countess Falconier and her chauffeur?

MARIETTE
(outraged--furious, then icy; turning to door)
Jacques!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR
It opens; butler enters.

BUTLER
Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GIRON

MARIETTE
Ask M'sieu Laval if he will be good enough to come in.

BUTLER'S VOICE
Very well, madame.

We hear the door closing.

GARDEN CLOSE SHOT
of lady and François at a table. François is very fidgety.

LADY
Now, please. Please calm yourself!

FRANÇOIS
I'm like that--I can't help it! I know I never met that man, and yet--
(Looking in Gaston's direction.)
Laval, Laval ... You know, if I like a man, I remember him. And if I don't like a man, I never forget him. In a nutshell, madame, it's little things like that that drive me crazy! Excuse me!
(He gets up and walks out of the picture.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
in garden. He is about to join another group when François stops him.

FRANÇOIS
M'sieu Laval ...
GASTON
Yes, M'sieu Filiba?

FRANÇOIS
You see--
(He stops to look Gaston over from all angles, tortured with uncertainty. Shaking his head and smiling.)
No, no! And yet--
(He looks at Gaston intently again.)
Did I--did--now where could we have--

They are interrupted by entrance of butler.

BUTLER
(to Gaston)
Pardon me, m'sieu. Madame Colet would like to see you in the living room.

GASTON
At once, Jacques.
(To François.)
We'll continue later.

He goes. François now has jealousy added to his confused suspicion. As he glares after Gaston the major enters.

MAJOR
Now see here, my good man, let's face the facts. I'm having a dinner party, and one man turned me down at the last minute.
(Very cutting.)
Have you a dinner jacket?
(François stiffens.)

MED. SHOT LIVING ROOM
Giron and Mariette. The situation is tense. Gaston enters.

GASTON
(With a bow)
Madame.

MARIETTE
Will you be good enough to run through these papers with M'sieu Giron?

GASTON
I'll be delighted.

MARIETTE
(to Giron, sharply)
And so will M’sieu Giron.

Giron bows. Mariette turns.

LIVING ROOM DOOR
Mariette goes out.

CLOSE SHOT GIRON AND GASTON
For a moment the men eye each other. Gaston smiles, but
Giron maintains a frigid face. Gaston calmly takes the
papers, sits, and starts to go over the figures.

GIRON
M’sieu Laval, there are several
things I’ve wanted to ask you for
quite a while. I understand you are
from Marseilles.

GASTON
(pretending to be absorbed
in the figures; absently)
Um-hum ...

GIRON
(persistently)
You must be related to the Lavals
of Marseilles.

GASTON
(With pretense of being
mildly distracted)
Just a second.

He goes over the papers even more thoroughly, turns several
pages, then turns back, apparently comparing items,
muttering figures to himself.

GIRON
(sarcastically)
I hope you find the figures correct.

GASTON
(pointedly)
I hope so, too.

GIRON
(with indignation)
M’sieu Laval, I have enjoyed the
confidence of this family--

GASTON
(not looking up)
For more than forty years. So Madame told me.

GIRON
(change of tone;
very deliberately)
And I have known the Lavals of Marseilles for more than thirty years.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
Deaf to Giron, concentrating on figures, he turns absently to the window and suddenly comes awake, for he sees:

CLOSE SHOT  WINDOW
Gaston's viewpoint. Outside window, on terrace, stands François. He is staring at Gaston as if to say, "Where did I see him?"

BIG CLOSE-UP  GASTON
He smiles cordially at François.

CLOSE SHOT  FRANÇOIS
through window. He begins to smile, then shakes head as if saying, "No, that's not the fellow." He goes out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON AND GIRON
Gaston still smiling toward window. Now he turns back to the papers and begins muttering more figures.

GIron
(in a cutting voice)
M’sieu Laval, you seem to be avoiding my questions.

GASTON
And you, M’sieu Giron, seem to be disturbing my examination of this report.

GIron
Examination! M’sieu Laval, what are you insinuating? I have enjoyed the confidence of this family for more than forty years. How long have you enjoyed Madame’s confidence? Three weeks, I believe.

GASTON
(coolly)
Two weeks and three days.

GIron
(nastily)
Um-hum!

GASTON
(very softly)
Are you insinuating anything, M’sieu Giron?
GIRON
(With equal softness and a sudden smile)
No, not at all!

GASTON
(beaming)
Well, that's fine. Then you are not insinuating that I am avoiding questions. And I am not insinuating that you won't let me examine this report.

GIRON
(continuing the friendly note; with an innocent chuckle)
I was only asking if you are related to the Lavails of Marseilles.

GASTON
(even more friendly)
And I was only asking you if you would let me examine your report without interruption.

GIRON
(like a man about to make a new friend)
I don't see why any man should get excited when he is asked about his hometown.

GASTON
And I don't see any reason for any man getting nervous when somebody checks over the figures of his report.

GIRON
(sudden change; enraged)
Are you insinuating that this is not an honest report?

GASTON
(With vigor)
I am only insinuating that you are nervous.

GIRON
(furious)
Nervous! Why should I be nervous?

GASTON
(With deadly sincerity)
I don't know, M'sieu Giron!
Outraged, Giron picks up the batch of papers, shakes it in Gaston's face.

    GIRON
    Are you trying to say that there
    is anything in these figures to
    make me nervous?

Gaston pauses, and we see his suspicion has become a certainty.

    GASTON
    (with a quiet smile)
    No, not at all.

With quick, casual movement, Gaston takes the report from Giron's hand, drops it in desk, locks desk, and puts key in his pocket. Giron is speechless, frightened to his heels.

    GASTON
    (getting up; amiably)
    We'll keep these papers here.
    (Taking Giron by the arm, he leads him toward door.
    Camera follows them from behind.)
    And tomorrow morning I'll drop in at
    your office, and I'll tell you all
    about the Lavals of Marseilles.
    (Giron looks back over
    his shoulder toward the
    desk in a panic.)
    And there won't be any tea party to
    interrupt us!

They reach the door. He escorts Giron out, follows, closes the door.

GARDEN CLOSE SHOT
at a table. On table is an ashtray. François is sitting by table, an unlighted cigarette in his hand, very thoughtful, still trying to place Gaston. He puts cigarette in his mouth, takes a match from ashtray, which is equipped with matchbox. He lights cigarette and suddenly looks at ashtray.

CLOSE SHOT ASHTRAY
It is made in the shape of a gondola.

CLOSE-UP FRANÇOIS
staring at the gondola. We see that his mind is grappling, trying to connect gondola, Venice, and Gaston. He rises, brain working.

MED. SHOT DOOR IN ENTRANCE HALL
In the half-open doorway stands Gaston.

    GASTON
(out toward street)
Goodbye, M'sieu Giron!

He shuts door quickly and goes out of picture toward stairway.

LONG SHOT  STAIRWAY
Gaston runs quickly up.

MED. SHOT  OFFICE
at the door. Gaston opens door, enters, closes it quickly with great excitement.

CLOSE SHOT  DESK
Lily is typing. She is startled at Gaston's sudden entrance and gets up.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
at door. Followed by camera, he goes to Lily.

GASTON
Do you know who is here?
(There is a knock on the door. Lily goes quickly back to typewriter.)
Come in!

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
Butler opens.

BUTLER
M'sieu Laval, M'sieu Filiba would like very much to see you.

CLOSE SHOT  LILY AND GASTON
In a moment.

We hear door shut. Lily gets up, puzzled. The name sounds slightly familiar to her.

LILY
Filiba ...

GASTON
Yes--Filiba! Venice--Grand Hotel--room two fifty-three--

LILY
(it dawns on her)
Five, seven, and nine--

GASTON
Yes! (With swift reassurance.)
Now don't worry!
Followed by camera, he hastens out, closing door behind him.

LONG SHOT STAIRWAY
Gaston comes quickly down, goes out toward entrance door.

ENTRANCE HALL CLOSE SHOT
of François, waiting, hat in hand, ready to leave. Gaston enters.

    FRANÇOIS
    I wanted to say goodbye to you.

    GASTON
    (quickly)
    Goodbye, M'sieu Filiba.
    (He starts away.
     François stops him.)

    FRANÇOIS
    But before I say goodbye I want to
    ask you one question: Have you ever
    been in Venice?

    GASTON
    No.

    FRANÇOIS
    You've never been in Venice?

    GASTON
    No ...
    (Suddenly.)
    Have you ever been in Vienna?

    FRANÇOIS
    (taken aback)
    No.

    GASTON
    Amsterdam?

    FRANÇOIS
    No.

    GASTON
    Constantinople?

    FRANÇOIS
    No.

    GASTON
    (with astonishment)
    You've never been in Constantinople?

    FRANÇOIS
    No!

    GASTON
But you have been in Venice?

FRANÇOIS
Yes!

GASTON
Let me tell you, Venice can't compare with Constantinople.

FRANÇOIS
But--

GASTON
I don't care what you say! In Constantinople at least you have streets, sultans, pashas--

FRANÇOIS
(up a new alley; with a new, naughty interest)
And harems ... ?

GASTON
All kinds.

François leans over and whispers a question. Gaston nods vigorously, then leans over and whispers in François's ear. François's eyes get bigger and bigger. The two men look at each other with a big smile. François extends his hand.

FRANÇOIS
(as they shake; almost singing)
Well--Con-stan-ti-no-ple!

Followed by camera, François goes toward street door, opens it, then stops and turns around. His face suddenly sobers. He looks at Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
at foot of staircase. He bows smilingly to François.

CLOSE SHOT DOORWAY
François looks searchingly at Gaston for a long moment, then turns and departs, still puzzled.

MED. SHOT GASTON
Once door is shut, there is a swift change on his face. He turns and dashes upstairs.

OFFICE CLOSE SHOT
at door. Gaston enters and, followed by camera, goes swiftly to desk, past Lily, who stands fearful and ready for action, straight to the phone.

GASTON
Éysée seven, eight, nine, two.
(To Lily.)
We have to clear out.
(Into phone.)
Railroad station? Ticket office, please.

LILY
(excitedly)
He recognized you!

GASTON
No--not yet--but--
(Into phone.)
Two tickets to Berlin--first class
and sleeper--night train ... Right
... Right ... Leave them in the
name of--Don Ignacio Fernandez ... 
Right ... Thank you.
(Hangs up.)

LILY
(who already has got at
a telephone directory)
Spanish passports?

GASTON
Correct. Now the train leaves--

LILY
At twelve twenty. I know.
(She grabs phone.)
Lyons two, four, seven, one.
(Hand over mouthpiece.)
Two more days and we'd have seven
hundred and fifty thousand francs
more!

GASTON
Well, we'll have to take what's
here. A bird in hand is worth two
in jail.

LILY
(into phone)
Hello ... Is this the Spanish
consulate? This is Doña Ignacio
Fernandez.
(In Spanish.)
My husband and I are leaving tonight
for Berlin ... Is it too late to get
a visa this afternoon ... ? Thank
you, thank you.
(She hangs up. To
Gaston; in English.)
How long will it take you?

GASTON
I don't know. Fortunately, she has a dinner engagement tonight. I'll meet you at the station--midnight.

(Lily hastens out. Phone rings. Gaston answers.)

Hello ... Yes? What? ... You found a handbag? Well, you're three weeks too late!

(He hangs up. Lily swiftly returns, wearing hat and jacket.)

LILY
Well, see you at the Berlin Express.

GASTON
By the way, how is your German?

LILY
Grossartig--kolossal!

GASTON
Also, um zwölf Uhr.

LILY
Am Berliner Zug.

GASTON
Auf wiedersehn.

LILY
Auf wiedersehn.

A quick kiss. She speeds out.

GASTON
(into phone)
Marchand two, nine, one, one ... Hello ... Is this the Petit Flower Shop? This is Don Ignacio Fernandez. I'd like you to take five dozen roses--deep red roses--and I'd like you to put them in a basket and send the basket tomorrow morning to Madame Mariette Colet. The Madame Colet ... Yes ... You have the address? ... Good! And attach a card: "In memory of the late M'sieu Laval" ... Tomorrow morning--ten o'clock ... Yes. [What? ... Charge it to Madame Colet. Yes.] Thank you.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE H

FADE IN
DINING ROOM  MAJOR'S APARTMENT
Table is for twenty-four people. Butler at table. Major enters, half-dressed: tuxedo trousers, stiff shirt without collar, dressing gown. Butler gives him the place cards, already stacked in order. Major puts first card at head of table. As he does:

INSERT  TABLE
Major's hand puts down card reading Major.

CLOSE SHOT  MAJOR
Looks at second place card, smiles, puts it at next place. As he does:

INSERT  TABLE
Major's hand puts down card reading Madame Colet.

CLOSE SHOT  MAJOR
Looks at next card. Smile disappears. He gives butler a reproving look. Followed by camera, he goes with the card to other end of the table.

INSERT  TABLE
Major's hand puts down card reading M. François Filiba.

DISSOLVE TO:

FRANÇOIS'S BATHROOM
François, in underwear, shaving brush in one hand and safety razor in the other, sitting on edge of bathtub, still trying to figure out where he saw Gaston.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRCASE  MARIETTE'S HOUSE  MED. SHOT
at door to her bedroom. Mariette, in evening gown and wrap, comes out. About to go downstairs, she stops. Followed by camera, she goes to office door, knocks. Door opens, and Gaston appears.

GASTON
Yes, madame?

MARIETTE
(very charming)
What are you going to do with my day tomorrow, M'sieu Laval?

GASTON
(looks at her a moment with real feeling, knowing he is saying goodbye)
Well, we'll have breakfast in the garden.

MARIETTE
(nodding)
Um-hum ...

GASTON
Then riding together.

MARIETTE
(nodding)
Um-hum ...

GASTON
Then lunch in the Bois--

MARIETTE
Together.

GASTON
Then a little nap--

MARIETTE
(restrains an automatic "together" and smiles, a bit embarrassed)
How do you like my dress?

GASTON
(meaning it)
Beautiful.

MARIETTE
(seductively)
Hair?

GASTON
Marvelous.

MARIETTE
(closer; softly)
Lipstick?

Gaston leans to inspect her mouth; any moment they might kiss.

GASTON
Crimson!

MARIETTE
(Still softer)
Correct! (After a slight pause; extending her hand.)
Good night.

GASTON
(taking hand; slowly)
Good night. (He kisses her hand.)
MARIETTE  
(without withdrawing hand)  
Good night.

GASTON  
(slowly letting hand drop;  
in a slightly different  
voice)  
Goodbye.

He remains in doorway looking after her as, followed by camera, she goes to the staircase. When she is down a few steps:

GASTON'S VOICE  
Madame.

MARIETTE  
(pausing on steps)  
Yes?

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON  
in office doorway.

GASTON  
Are you staying out late?

STAIRCASE  
from Gaston's view. Big close-up of Mariette. She looks at him with eagerness, thinking he has amorous designs.

CLOSE-UP  GASTON  
He sees she misunderstood, is a little embarrassed.

STAIRCASE  
Close-up of Mariette. She misinterprets his embarrassment.

MARIETTE  
Why do you ask?

CLOSE-UP  GASTON  
He cannot tell the truth and is so truly smitten that he hates to lead her on.

CLOSE-UP  MARIETTE  
convinced he is shyly in love with her and needs assistance.

MARIETTE  
(repeats softly)  
Why do you ask, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON  

GASTON  
(with a helpless smile)  
Do I have to answer?
CLOSE-UP  MARIETTE
Her lips form the inaudible whispered answer.

MARIETTE
(soundlessly)
No!

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
in doorway. He bows, returns into office; door shuts.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
Looks after him an instant, then, followed by camera, goes slowly downstairs, very happy; her love affair is coming to a head. She stops. On impulse, she turns and, followed by camera, goes quickly up stairs to his office and enters, closing door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

LILY'S HOTEL ROOM
Lily is packing—Gaston's clothes and her own. She gaily hums a well-known Spanish fandango.

LONG SHOT  UPPER STAIRCASE
Mariette's home, including office door and door to Mariette's bedroom. Butler comes up stairs, goes to Mariette's door, knocks. Door to office opens and Mariette comes out, now without her wrap.

MARIETTE
Yes, Jacques?

CLOSE SHOT  BUTLER
Turns, puzzled to see Mariette in office doorway.

BUTLER
The car is waiting, madame.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE

MARIETTE
I won't need the car, Jacques. I'm not going.

She turns back, shuts office door.

CLOSE SHOT  BUTLER
at bedroom door.

BUTLER
(dazed)
Very well, madame!

Followed by camera, he starts down staircase, muttering to himself.
CLOSE SHOT  OFFICE DOOR
Door opens; Gaston comes out quickly.

   GASTON
   Jacques!

BUTLER
on staircase; from Gaston's point of view. He stops.

   BUTLER
   Yes, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON

   GASTON
   Madame has changed her mind. She'll be down in a minute.

He goes into office, shuts door.

CLOSE SHOT  BUTLER

   BUTLER
   (still one beat behind)
   Very well, m'sieu!

Followed by camera, he continues down stairs, punch-drunk.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE AND GASTON
in office. Gaston has just closed door.

   MARIETTE
   But I told you I don't want to go.

   GASTON
   But you have an engagement, and I don't want people to talk.

   MARIETTE
   Talk? About me--about us?

   GASTON
   Precisely.

   MARIETTE
   (ironically)
   Afraid I'm ruining your reputation, M'sieu Laval?

   GASTON
   No--yours, madame.

   MARIETTE
   (after a slight pause)
   M'sieu Laval, I've got a confession to make to you ...
Gaston, remembering that Lily once used the same phrase before he him a crook, turns with a flash of alarm.

MARIETTE
You like me. In fact, you're crazy about me. Otherwise, you wouldn't worry about my reputation. Isn't that so?

Gaston looks at her with relief and delight. She is as charming as if she herself were a crook.

MARIETTE
But incidentally, let me tell you, I don't like you. I don't like you at all!
   (Going close to him.)
I wouldn't hesitate one instant to ruin your reputation--like that!
   (She snaps her fingers.)

GASTON
   (loving the game;
    stepping closer)
You would?

MARIETTE
   (even closer)
Yes, I would!

GASTON
   (snapping his fingers)
Like that?

MARIETTE
   (snapping her fingers again)
Like that!

GASTON
   (playing tough)
I know all your tricks.

MARIETTE
   (also tough)
And you're going to fall for them.

GASTON
So you think you can get me?

MARIETTE
Any minute I want!

GASTON
You're conceited--

MARIETTE
But attractive--
GASTON

Now, let me tell you--

MARIETTE

Shut up--kiss me!

(Gaston embraces and kisses her. She kisses him ardently, then frees herself for a moment, holds him off.)

Wasting all this marvelous time with arguments!

(Kisses him again. He takes her in his arms.)

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON'S TELEPHONE

It rings several times. No one answers.

LOWER HALL TELEPHONE  CLOSE SHOT

It is ringing--a different tone from the one we have just heard. Butler enters and answers.

BUTLER

Hello ... Well, I'll try him again.

(He pushes a button.)

Yes, he's in his office, but he's busy ... Madame Colet? She's still here--yes ... But she's busy, too ... Well, I'll ring again.

LANDING ON UPPER STAIRCASE  MED. SHOT

office door. Telephone still ringing inside. Nobody seems to answer.

LILY'S HOTEL ROOM  CLOSE SHOT

Lily at phone, putting down receiver. She sits, very thoughtful. She tries to hum the fandango she had been humming so gaily before. Now it comes in fragments as she moves about, sits, gets up. She is worried and suspicious.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT  UPPER STAIRCASE

Hall clock is striking eight. Butler comes up stairs, goes to office door, and knocks. To his multiple confusion, behind him Mariette's door opens and Gaston appears.

GASTON

Yes, Jacques?

CLOSE SHOT  BUTLER

He turns to Gaston's new location.

BUTLER

M'sieu Giron is downstairs.
GASTON  
(with vast authority)  
Tell M'sieu Giron I can't see him now. Impossible!  
(Butler is about to leave.)  
And, Jacques. Dismiss the car! Madame is not going.  
(He turns back into Mariette's room, shuts door.)  

BUTLER  
(by now a confirmed cynic)  
Yes, M'sieu Laval!  

Followed by camera, shaking his head, he goes down.  

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE'S BEDROOM DOOR  
It opens. Mariette appears.  

MARIETTE  
Jacques!  

CLOSE SHOT  BUTLER  

BUTLER  
(looking dizzily in wrong direction)  
Yes, madame--  
(Turning.)  
Yes, madame!  

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE  

MARIETTE  
Don't dismiss the car! I'll be down in a few minutes.  
(She shuts door.)  

BUTLER  
He finds his jittery way down the stairs.  

BEDROOM  CLOSE SHOT  
Mariette and Gaston at foot of bed. Bed is untouched. On bed is her wrap. Mariette picks up wrap.  

GASTON  
(passionately)  
I want you to stay, Mariette. You've got to stay. You can't go now!  

MARIETTE  
I must go.  

GASTON  
I'm crazy about you!
MARIETTE
(holding him off)
I know it.

GASTON
I love you.

MARIETTE
I believe you.

GASTON
Then why do you want to go?

MARIETTE
Because I want to make it tough for you.

Gaston takes her in his arms, kisses her passionately. She returns kiss with even greater passion.

MARIETTE
(still in his arms; genuine feeling in its full wisdom)
We have a long time ahead ...

CLOSE-UP  A MIRROR IN THE ROOM
The couple are seen at one angle, as dialogue continues.

MARIETTE
Weeks ...

CLOSE-UP  ANOTHER MIRROR
Another angle on the couple as she says:

MARIETTE
months ...

MED. CLOSE SHOT ON THE EMPTY BED
Their embracing shadows lie the length of the bed, giving the effect of two bodies in a sex embrace on the bed, as she says:

MARIETTE
years! ...

CLOSE SHOT  BOTH STILL EMBRACING
She continues:

MARIETTE
Think of that, Gaston--the future lies bright before us!

A real struggle goes on in Gaston. She kisses him tenderly, frees herself, and, followed by camera, goes to door, stops, turns.
MARIETTE
(breathless; in a very low voice, making the rendezvous for later)
Eleven o'clock!
(She is gone; door closes.)

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
A man in love, completely shaken. He sits on bed, thinks, then takes telephone slowly, decisively.

GASTON
Élysée seven, eight, seven, nine.

LILY'S HOTEL ROOM
The luggage is packed and in order. Followed by camera, Lily, dressed for travel, paces nervously up and down. Phone rings. She rushes to phone.

LILY
Hello ... Darling! Oh, darling, it's good to hear your voice! I thought you'd never call! I tried to get you ... What? What?
(Camera moves to big close-up of her.)
Tomorrow morning? Why?
(Tears come into her eyes.)
Of course ... Um-hum ... Um-hum ...
(With a brave, cheerful tone.)
That sounds reasonable--very reasonable...

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE I

FADE IN

LIVING ROOM  MAJOR'S HOME CLOSE-UP
of Mariette. It is after dinner. We hear voices and music. Her thoughts are with Gaston. She sips from a champagne glass. Medium close-up to include her chair and a small table. She puts glass on the table and, oblivious to other guests, leans back dreamily, anticipating a night of love, eyes closed.

Camera pans to a couch not too near Mariette. François and the major, smoking cigars. Camera moves to close-up. They are watching Mariette. They exchange a look of understanding. They have become friends, realizing that neither has a chance with Mariette.

MAJOR
(intimately)
No doubt about it--it's that secretary.

FRANÇOIS
Funny, the kind of men women fall for.

MAJOR
No color, no sparkle--but dependable.

FRANÇOIS
The type they marry.

MAJOR
You know, I'm not the marrying type. I like to take my fun and leave it.

FRANÇOIS
(inspecting the major; friendly)
Nice suit.

MAJOR
Like it?

FRANÇOIS
Smart. London, eh?

MAJOR
Ogilvie and Oglethorpe.

FRANÇOIS
I thought so.

Both men lean back. A moment of silence.

FRANÇOIS
(patronizingly)
He's really not a bad fellow.

MAJOR
Just dull.

FRANÇOIS
Insignificant ... He's a secretary, always was a secretary, always will be.

MAJOR
(with a smile)
Funny--the first time I saw him I thought he was a doctor!

FRANÇOIS
(sitting up suddenly)
Doc--!
François looks stricken. Major, worried, thinks François has a heart attack. François gets up; Major gets up. François stares into space, then unseeingly at Major. Major becomes alarmed. François sits. Major sits with him. With sudden decision, François snaps his fingers, stands up. Major also stands up. François, followed by camera, goes straight to Mariette. Major, in a daze, follows. Mariette is still dreaming. François taps her on the shoulder. She looks up. His expression frightens her. François, waving his hand, tries to talk. The words don't come. Finally one escapes him.

FRANÇOIS

Tonsils!

(Major and Mariette think the man has gone insane.)

Positively tonsils!

DISSOLVE TO:

VERY CLOSE SHOT  GASTON'S BEDROOM WINDOW
from outside. Behind the glass, Gaston's hand drumming on the pane nervously. Camera pulls back, and we see Gaston looking into the night, waiting restlessly. Suddenly he turns around sharply toward the door. Apparently someone has knocked at the office door. Camera swings over to the next window, and we recognize the office, which adjoins Gaston's bedroom. Through office window we see butler, who has knocked on bedroom door, waiting. Bedroom door opens, and Gaston emerges. It is apparent that butler delivers a message. Camera moves down one floor and stops in a close shot of living room window from outside. Behind the glass stands Giron. He also drums nervously on the pane.

LIVING ROOM  CLOSE SHOT
at door to the corridor. Door opens. Gaston enters.

CLOSE SHOT  GIRON
He turns. Gaston comes into picture.

GASTON

(impatiently)
I'm very sorry, but this is no time,
M'sieu Giron--

GIron

(emphatically)
I've got to see you.

GASTON

But not now.

GIron

Right now! It's very important,
M'sieu Laval.
GASTON
It may be important to you, M'sieu Giron--

GIRON
No, to you--M'sieu Monescu.

Pause, as they face each other.

GASTON
(cordially)
Won't you sit down?

EXT. MAJOR'S VILLA
In entrance driveway stands Mariette's car.

CLOSE SHOT
of entrance door. Mariette comes out, followed by Major and François. All are excited.

MAJOR AND FRANÇOIS
But, Mariette, please... Now listen--it's true...

Followed by camera, they approach car.

MARIETTE
It's absolutely ridiculous! I don't believe it!

MAJOR AND FRANÇOIS
But, Mariette--

MARIETTE
I'm awfully tired anyhow. So please leave me alone. Good night!
(She steps into car.
Chauffeur shuts car door and goes out of picture to driver's seat. François and Major linger awkwardly. Door opens and Mariette leans out.)
I had a very lovely time!
(Door closes.)

LONG SHOT
Shooting toward the car from opposite side. View of house and Major and François is covered by car. Car pulls away. We see Major and François moving toward house, chummy, animatedly talking.

FRANÇOIS
So I said to myself, "All right, if he wants to look at them, let him look at them. No harm in that." And then he said, "Say ah!" And that's
all I remember ...

They disappear into house.

MARIETTE'S LIVING ROOM  MED. SHOT
Gaston and Giron at door to hall.

GIRON
   (thinking he is the winner)
So ... You will pack your things at once!

GASTON
   (with deceptive humility)
Yes, m'sieu.

GIRON
And you will be out by tomorrow morning.

GASTON
Very well, m'sieu.

GIRON
Otherwise I'll call the police

GASTON
Yes, m'sieu.
   (Giron is about to leave.)
M'sieu Giron!

GIRON
What is it?

GASTON
   (opening a new subject)
You have enjoyed the confidence of
this family for more than forty
years. You must be a man of about--
about sixty-five.
   (Giron looks puzzled
and uneasy.)
Let's see--
   (Gaston counts on
his fingers.)
You will be exactly eighty-seven
when you come out of prison.

GIRON
   (outraged)
What do you mean?

GASTON
You say I am a crook.

GIRON
I know it!
GASTON
(amiably curious)
Then why didn't you call the police?
Why don't you call the police?
(Conversationally.)
I'll tell you why--you crook, you.

GIRON
(trembling with indignation)
M'sieu ... 

GASTON
/helpfully/
Monescu.

GIRON
M'sieu Monescu!

GASTON
(with a smile)
Just call me Gaston.

INT. MARIETTE'S CAR
as it drives along. Close shot of Mariette. She knows that François told the truth.

MED. SHOT ENTRANCE DOOR
to Mariette's house. It opens, and Giron emerges, full of dignity and indignation. Gaston, in the doorway, is a smiling host.

GASTON
(calling after him)
Good night, Adolph!

Giron stops in his tracks as Gaston shutts door.

STAIRWAY
Gaston hastens up. He reaches landing and is about to enter his office, when outer doorbell rings. Exasperated, he hastens down.

HALL CLOSE SHOT
at entrance door. Gaston opens. There stands Giron, furious.

GIRON
Don't you dare to call me Adolph!

Gaston slams door in Giron's face and turns back.

STAIRWAY
Gaston starts up.

UPPER LANDING is about to enter office, thinks a moment, then goes toward Mariette's bedroom door.
LONG SHOT HER BEDROOM INT.
It is dark. Door opens. Gaston enters, shuts door, turns on wall switch, flooding room with light. He moves to a night table by the bed, on which is a small lamp, turns on the lamp, then goes back to wall switch and turns off main lights. Room is now in soft shadow, with only the small light. He turns to window, sees that shade is not down, goes toward the window.

CLOSE SHOT
of same window from outside. Gaston appears, is just about to pull down shade when he glances toward his own bedroom in other wing of house. He sees:

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY
to other wing of house and stops outside Gaston's bedroom window. Behind window stands Lily looking across at him. The situation is clear; she knows the worst. She looks menacingly calm.

MARIETTE’S BEDROOM WINDOW
from outside. Gaston is in trouble and he knows it. He goes quickly toward door.

GASTON’S BEDROOM WINDOW
from outside. Lily, having seen Gaston leave Mariette's room, pauses, makes up her mind, then draws the curtains closed.

GASTON’S BEDROOM INSIDE CLOSE SHOT
at door. It opens. Gaston rushes in, looks toward window, doesn't see Lily, turns, and sees:

CLOSE SHOT LILY
at the wall safe. She has one hand on the dial and is facing Gaston defiantly.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
Followed by camera, he goes to Lily.

GASTON
Are you insane? You've to get out of here at once! She may come back any minute.

LILY
(grimly)
What time is your rendezvous?

GASTON
(frantic)
Now, Lily--

LILY
Yes, M'sieu Colet?

GASTON
(staggered; recovering;
You have to get out of here!

LILY
(bitterly)
That's what I'm here for—to get out! I want to get away from here, from you—as fast as I can and as far as a hundred thousand francs will take me.
(She returns to the safe, hand on dial.)
Sixty-five, ninety-four—

GASTON
Don't you realize—

LILY
Thirty-five to the left—sixty-three, eight ... I wouldn't fall for another man if he were the biggest crook on earth ... Seventy-six, eighty-four, fifty-five—
(Suddenly facing him; bitterly.)
What has she got that I haven't got?

GASTON
Lily, you must listen to me.

LILY
Shut up! Don't make up any stories!

GASTON
But, Lily—

LILY
Don't you dare lie to me!
(Ironically.)
I know you love me.
(Pause. He is helpless.)
Well, why don't you say something? Come on—be brilliant. Talk yourself out of it—bluff yourself in!
(Gaston makes an effort to speak.)
Shut up, you liar, you!
(She turns back to safe, opens it, looks inside.)
That's what I want!
(Taking out the stacks of bank notes.)
This is real! Money! Cash!

STREET
in front of Mariette's house. Her car comes, stops.
MED. SHOT  HALL
Gaston's door. Lily comes out, very excited, closing door
behind her. Followed by camera, she runs down steps, across
hall, toward entrance door. Doorbell rings. She stops.

BUTLER'S PANTRY
Butler in a chair, half-asleep. Bell rings again. He gets up
and goes out.

HALL  MED. SHOT
at entrance door. Lily has disappeared. Butler comes, opens
door. Mariette enters.

BUTLER
Good evening, madame.

Sweeping past him, followed by camera, Mariette goes up
stairs. She pauses at her bedroom door. Changing her mind,
she goes to Gaston's door. She knocks.

MED. SHOT  MARIETTE'S BEDROOM DOOR
from hall. Gaston opens the door. He sees Mariette, smiles,
and opens her door very wide, welcoming her to her own room.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
at Gaston's door to his office-and-bedroom suite. She smiles
at him enigmatically. Instead of responding, she opens his
door and goes in, leaving door open. As she goes she gives
him another smile, as if to say, "This is where it's going
to be."

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
puzzled, but not worried. He closes her door and goes toward
his own door.

GASTON'S BEDROOM
Mariette stands in the center of the room. Gaston enters,
closes door, goes toward her. Camera moves to close shot of
both. She embraces him—they kiss. Then, languorously, she
takes off her wrap. He helps her. She drops wrap on bed.
Then she reaches for her necklace with the seductive air of
a woman about to disrobe. She takes off the necklace, the
jeweled pin on her bosom, then her bracelets and rings.

MARIETTE
(as he watches her;
a lover, but careful)
When a lady takes her jewels off in
a gentleman's room, where does she
put them?

GASTON
(gallantly)
On the night table.

MARIETTE
(provocatively)
But I don't want to be a lady.

She kisses him lightly and moves out of the picture, the jewels in her hand.

CLOSE SHOT SAFE
Mariette enters with the intention of opening the safe.

CLOSE-UP GASTON
He is startled. He goes quickly toward her.

CLOSE SHOT SAFE
Mariette is about to turn the dial. Gaston enters.

GASTON
(helpfully)
May I?

MARIETTE
(again with that smile; playful)
Ah, let me have a little fun.

GASTON
(playingly; graciously)
Please!
(He moves away.)

CLOSE SHOT ARMCHAIR
Gaston enters, sits on the arm of the chair, and leans back, smiling, on guard.

MARIETTE
(beginning to dial)
Now let me see---sixty-five, ninety-four---

GASTON
Thirty-three--

MARIETTE
No--thirty-five!
(She laughs.)

CLOSE-UP GASTON
He laughs, too. They are apparently having a jolly time.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
She continues to dial.

MARIETTE
Thirty-five ...
(Very casually.)
You know, François--M'sieu Filiba--thinks you're a very remarkable man.

CLOSE-UP GASTON
For one swift instant his face tells us that now he knows
the worst.

MARIETTE'S VOICE
He was at the dinner tonight.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE
(continuing to dial)
Sixty-three, eight--

CLOSE-UP GASTON

GASTON
Mariette!

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
She turns toward him charmingly.

MARIETTE
(with pretended innocence)
Yes, Gaston?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GASTON

GASTON
What would you say if you found your safe had been robbed?

MARIETTE
I wouldn't say anything--I would act.

GASTON
Call the police?

MARIETTE
Instantly.

GASTON
(as if to say, "It's a good idea")
Um-hum ...

MARIETTE
(lightly)
But why talk about robbery on a night like this?

She pauses--is it ironically? He is not quite sure. He takes a last chance.

GASTON
(ardently)
You look beautiful.

MARIETTE
Thank you.

(Turning back coolly to safe.)

Seventy-six, eighty--

GASTON

(rising; the game is over)

Mariette!

MARIETTE

Yes, Gaston?

GASTON

You have been robbed--for years. And not a hundred thousand francs, but millions. And you know who did it? Adolph.

MARIETTE

Adolph?

GASTON

Adolph J. Giron.

MARIETTE

(laughing at him)

And you expect me to believe that?

GASTON

Naturally not. But I expect the police to believe it.

(He goes out to night table.)

CLOSE SHOT  NIGHT TABLE

Gaston enters, picks up telephone.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE

at the safe. Frightened, she goes quickly to telephone.

CLOSE SHOT  TELEPHONE

Mariette enters, takes receiver out of Gaston's hand, sets it back.

MARIETTE

No!

GASTON

Why not? He's a thief--he's a criminal.

MARIETTE

I don't believe it!

GASTON

Then why are you afraid to let me
prove it?

Mariette turns away. She is beginning to suspect there might be truth in what he says.

GASTON
(ironically)
It would be a terrible scandal, wouldn't it?

MARIETTE
(to herself)
Giron...!

GASTON
Yes, Giron! Chairman of the board of Colet and Company. Honorary president of the Orphans' Asylum. Adolph J. Giron--distinguished citizen! ... Well, shall I call the police?
(Mariette's silence eloquently says no.)
I see! You have to be in the social register to keep out of jail. But when a man starts at the bottom and works his way up--a self-made crook--then you say, "Call the police! Put him behind bars! Lock him up!"
(He glares at her indignantly, then goes to the safe.)

CLOSE SHOT  SAFE
Gaston enters, gives the dial one turn, and safe opens. The papers inside are in complete disorder.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
staring at the open safe.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
He goes toward her.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
Gaston enters, bows formally.

GASTON
I don't seem to have my calling cards with me, Madame Colet. So permit me to introduce myself informally--Gaston Monescu. I assure you in my own circles I am very well known.

Mariette looks at him sadly for a moment. She gets up, restraining tears.
MARIETTE
You wanted a hundred thousand francs, and I thought you wanted me.

Gaston is deeply moved. Mariette turns, moves sadly toward window.

CLOSE SHOT  WINDOW
Curtains are now open. We see the church steeple—the same one we saw romantically before. Mariette enters and leans her head against the window, her back to the camera. The church clock strikes eleven.

CLOSE SHOT  GASTON
He is crushed. Followed by camera, he goes to her, stops at her side.

GASTON
I came here to rob you—but unfortunately I fell in love with you.
(No reaction.)
Mariette!

She turns, looks at him.

MARIETTE
(bitterly)
Why did you take the money?

Gaston is speechless; the truth is too complicated. Despairing, she goes. He stands looking after her. We hear her steps as she crosses the room; then we hear the door shut. He turns to the window. Suddenly he stares toward Mariette’s bedroom window.

CLOSE SHOT
Mariette’s bedroom window from outside. Behind the window is Lily, looking across at him implacably. She has witnessed the scene at the opened safe and has come to her own conclusions.

GASTON'S BEDROOM WINDOW
from outside. Close-up of Gaston. He looks at Lily, dumbfounded.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM  CLOSE SHOT
at door to corridor, from inside. Mariette enters. Suddenly she turns, and she too is dumbfounded, because she sees:

CLOSE SHOT  WINDOW
from Mariette’s viewpoint. Lily is still looking out at Gaston, her back to Mariette. She hears the door close, turns, sees Mariette, takes in the situation at a glance, and goes, proudly direct, toward her.
LILY
Madame, the only thing that seems to stand between you and romance is a hundred thousand francs. Well, he didn't take it.
(She brings the bank notes out of her jacket.) I took it--all by myself. Now you can have your romance!

MARIETTE
(scornfully)
I think you'd better go.

LILY
Ever had a romance with a crook?

MARIETTE
I beg your pardon!

LILY
Let me give you a little advice. When you embrace him, be sure to put on your gloves. It would be too bad if your fingerprints were found...

MARIETTE
Mademoiselle Gautier--or whatever your name is--I thank you for your advice, but I must ask you to go. You've got your money--

LILY
(viitently)
I don't want your money!

MED. SHOT ALL THREE
as Gaston appears. He stops inside the door. Both women turn.

LILY
(looking at Gaston, but talking to Mariette) You wanted to buy him for fifty francs. Well, you can have him for nothing!
(She tosses the money out of picture.)

CLOSE SHOT BED
The money falls on bed.

CLOSE SHOT GROUP
Lily walks toward Gaston.
LILY
And you--

GASTON
(pleadingly)
Lily--
(He takes her arm.)

LILY
(freeing herself)
Leave me alone! You were willing to sacrifice a hundred thousand francs for her.
(She turns to Mariette, sizes her up.)
Well--
(she has a sudden idea)
she's worth it!
[(To Mariette.)
You were willing to pay a hundred and twenty-five thousand for a handbag. You can pay a hundred thousand for him!]

CLOSE SHOT  BED
Lily enters, takes the money she had gallantly relinquished.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE AND GASTON
standing like two guilty schoolchildren. Lily comes into picture, walks past them to door, opens door, turns.

LILY
Goodbye--Madame Colet and Company!
(She leaves, slamming door.)

GASTON
(calls)
Lily!

He dashes to door, goes out, closes door. Behind the door we hear their excited voices. Mariette goes a step closer to the door. She is in a state confused suspense. Suddenly the voices cease. We hear, muffled, a woman's footsteps running down the stairs. Then, following, a man's footsteps. Then silence. Now, Mariette, followed by camera, goes to the bed and sinks into it heartbroken: she will never see Gaston again.

MED. SHOT  DOOR
Outside we hear the slowly returning footsteps of Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
sitting up on bed. She turns toward door with hope.

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
Gaston enters, closes door, and moves toward Mariette. He looks very grave.
CLOSE SHOT  MARIETTE
sitting on bed. Gaston goes to her. Pause.

GASTON
(with great feeling)
Goodbye...

MARIETTE
(getting up; also with feeling)
Goodbye.

GASTON
It could have been marvelous ...

MARIETTE
Divine ...

GASTON
Wonderful ... But tomorrow morning, if you should wake out of your dreams and hear a knock, and the door opens, and there, instead of a maid with a breakfast tray, stands a policeman with a warrant--then you'll be glad you're alone.

MARIETTE
(sighs)
But it could have been glorious.

GASTON
Lovely.

MARIETTE
Divine ... But that terrible policeman!

GASTON
Goodbye ...  
(He takes her in his arms. They kiss. He goes to door.)

CLOSE SHOT  DOOR
Gaston opens door, turns to her.

GASTON
You know what you're missing?

CLOSE-UP  MARIETTE
She shuts her eyes and dreamily nods.

CLOSE-UP  GASTON
in doorway.
GASTON
(shaking his head)
No ...
(Out of his coat pocket
he takes the necklace
of seed pearls.)
That's what you're missing! ...
Your gift to her.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE
For an instant she is taken aback; then she smiles.

MARIETTE
(graciously)
With the compliments of Colet and Company!

CLOSE SHOT GASTON
He bows, goes. Door shuts behind him.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE
She looks after the departed Gaston a moment. Her mood is
broken by ringing of telephone.

MARIETTE
(into phone)
Hello ... Yes ... What? ... Yes ...
No, no. Thank you very much, but
the handbag has been found
(sadly and with
another meaning)
exactly two weeks and three days
ago.
(She hangs up.)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXICAB MOVING AT NIGHT ALONG PARIS STREETS
Close shot of Gaston and Lily. There is a strained silence
between them. Gaston smiles toward her. He is trying to
make up, but she sits frozen. He smiles again, anticipating
the surprise he has in store for her. He reaches for the
pearls in his pocket. A look of dismay crosses his face--
the pearls are not there! He looks in all his pockets, can't
find them. Suddenly, with suspicion, he looks sidelong at
Lily. She responds to his look with a triumphant smile. From
her bosom she brings forth the string of pearls and holds it
up. He is amazed, can't figure it out. She reaches behind and
brings forth a handbag, which we recognize as the one
originally stolen from Mariette, and she drops the pearls
into the bag. Gaston is now smiling with admiration, yet he
looks sly. As Lily drops in the pearls she glances into the
bag. Her expression changes. Something is missing. She looks
suspiciously toward Gaston. Nonchalantly, he draws, from his
inside breast pocket, the precious bank notes, and slips them
too into the bag. They smile at each other. Together forever,
they embrace and kiss.
THE END

Screenplay by Samson Raphaelson

***********SONGS***********

Trouble in Paradise

Most any place can seem to be a paradise
While you embrace just the one that you adore
There needn't be an apple tree with magic powers
You need no garden filled with flowers
To taste the thrill of sweet greed hours
Gentle perfume and cushions that are silk and soft
Two in the gloom that is silent but for sighs
That's paradise while arms entwine and lips are kissing
But if there's something missing
That signifies
Trouble in paradise

Colet and Compagnie

Colet, Colet, Colet and Compagnie
Are makers of the best perfume.
If you and your beloved can't agree,
Permit us to suggest perfume.
Cleopatra was a lovely tantalizer.
But she did it with her little atomizer.
We'll make you smell like a rose;
Every nose in Paris knows
Colet and Compagnie.