

**CHARADE**

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Based on a story by  
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**FADE IN (BEFORE TITLES)**

**EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE -- DUSK**

the  
country --  
heavy  
the  
country --  
heavy

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

by a  
starting  
and

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

a  
is

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

the

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- BODY**

PANS  
the  
It lies in the bushes, still, unmoving -- dead. CAMERA  
AWAY to the quiet peaceful countryside as the sound of  
train fades off until there is silence once more.  
TITLE MUSIC begins with a crash.

**(MAIN TITLES)**

**DELETED**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. MEGEVE -- DAY**

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

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

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

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

gun  
straight  
REGGIE, unaware of her danger, continues to eat.  
The finger tightens around the trigger and finally the  
shoots -- a stream of water arcs, with unerring aim,  
into REGGIE's face.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

(in for trouble)  
Oh, la.

**REGGIE**

Don't tell me you didn't know it was loaded.

(calling)  
Sylvie!

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

join

REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS.

**REGGIE**

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

**SYLVIE**

(to JEAN-LOUIS)  
Va jouer, mon ange.

JEAN-LOUIS scampers off, content to have gotten off so lightly. SYLVIE notices REGGIE's lunch which consists

of

cold chicken, potato salad, rolls and butter, wine and

coffee.

**SYLVIE**

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

No answer from REGGIE. SYLVIE begins reading a magazine

as

REGGIE continues eating.

**REGGIE**

Sylvie -- I'm getting a divorce.

**SYLVIE**

Ça alors! From Charles?

**REGGIE**

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

**SYLVIE**

But what?

**REGGIE**

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

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

**SYLVIE**

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

**INT. SWIMMING POOL -- DAY**

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

**SYLVIE**

But why do you want a divorce?

**REGGIE**

Because I don't love him.

**SYLVIE**

But that is no reason to get a divorce!

**EXT. HOTEL TERRACE -- DAY**

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

**SYLVIE**

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

**REGGIE**

(sitting)

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

but that doesn't mean I'm ready for French Traditional. I loathe the idea of divorce, Sylvie, but -- if

only Charles had been honest with me -- that's all I ask of anybody -- the simple truth. But with him, everything is secrecy and lies. He's hiding something -- something frightening -- something terrible -- and evil.

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- PERUVIAN SNOW-MASK**

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

**MAN**

Does this belong to you?

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

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

**PETER**

Oh, forgive me.  
(indicating JEAN-LOUIS)  
Is this yours?

**REGGIE**

(indicating SYLVIE)  
It's hers. Where'd you find him,  
robbing a bank?

**PETER**

He was throwing snowballs at Baron  
Rothschild.  
(a pause)  
We don't know each other, do we?

**REGGIE**

Why, do you think we're going to?

**PETER**

I don't know -- how would I know?

**REGGIE**

I'm afraid I already know a great many people. Until one of them dies I couldn't possibly meet anyone else.

**PETER**

(smiling)

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

(he starts off)

**REGGIE**

Quitter.

**PETER**

(turning)

How's that?

**REGGIE**

You give up awfully easy, don't you?

situation

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

**SYLVIE**

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

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

**PETER**

(drying)

Clever fellow -- almost missed me.

**REGGIE**

I'm afraid you're blocking my view.

**PETER**

(moving)

Sorry. Which view would you like?

**REGGIE**

The one you're blocking. This is the

last chance I have -- I'm flying back to Paris this afternoon. What's your name?

**PETER**

Peter Joshua.

**REGGIE**

I'm Regina Lampert.

**PETER**

Is there a Mr. Lampert?

**REGGIE**

Yes.

**PETER**

Good for you.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Please, not on my account.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Well, you're honest, anyway.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

I'm not sure I --

**REGGIE**

Well, you go in and you ask for some toothpaste -- the small size -- and the man brings you the large size. You tell him you wanted the small size but he says the large size is the small size. I always thought the large size was the largest size, but he says that the family size, the economy size and the giant size are all larger than the large size -- that the large size is the smallest

size there is.

**PETER**

Oh. I guess.

**REGGIE**

Is there a Mrs. Joshua?

**PETER**

Yes, but we're divorced.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Is your husband with you?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Mr. Joshua.

(turning to go)

Well, I've enjoyed talking with you.

**REGGIE**

Now you're angry.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Oh. Well, wasn't it Shakespeare who said: "When strangers do meet they should ere long see one another again"?

**PETER**

Shakespeare never said that.

**REGGIE**

How do you know?

**PETER**

It's terrible -- you just made it up.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Are you in the book?

**REGGIE**

Charles is.

**PETER**

Is there only one Charles Lampert?

**DELETED**

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

Her face clouding.

**REGGIE**

Lord, I hope so.

**EXT. AVENUE FOCH -- LAMPERT APARTMENT HOUSE -- DAY**

The Arc de Triomphe at the far end of the Avenue.

CAMERA

handsome

PANS to pick up a TAXI as it pulls up before the building. Inside are REGGIE, SYLVIE and JEAN-LOUIS.

**MED. SHOT -- TAXI -- LAMPERT APARTMENT HOUSE**

her

As REGGIE climbs out and the DRIVER begins unloading suitcases.

**REGGIE**

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

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

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

**MED. SHOT -- THE TAXI**

REGGIE looks at SYLVIE, surprised.

**SYLVIE**

He knows everything.

**REGGIE**

(to JEAN-LOUIS)

Don't you want me to stay?

**JEAN-LOUIS**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Okay.

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

**DELETED**

**INT. APARTMENT LANDING -- DAY**

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

**REGGIE**

(handing him a tip)

Merci.

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE**

Wonderful.

inserts  
She finds the button and the light goes on again. She

the key and turns it.

**INT. LAMPERT APARTMENT -- ENTRANCE HALL -- DAY**

the  
CLOSE SHOT -- DOOR as it opens and REGGIE steps into

**CLOSE SHOT.**

She stops, her expression changing.

**REVERSE SHOT**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

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

**INT. APARTMENT LANDING -- DAY**

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

**INSERT NAMEPLATE**

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

**INT. APARTMENT LANDING -- DAY**

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

**INT. LAMPERT APARTMENT -- DAY**

As REGGIE hurries into the entrance hall.

**REGGIE**

Honorine -- !

No answer.

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

FOLLOWING  
bedroom,  
closets and

She rushes now, going into the bedroom, CAMERA  
crazily, lurching and careening behind her. The  
too, is empty. She goes to the built-in wardrobe  
throws open all the doors. Only some hangers remain.  
She pulls open the drawers -- nothing!

**REGGIE**

Charles -- !

to the  
empty  
circle,  
and  
we)

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

REGGIE screams.

**CLOSE SHOT -- INSPECTOR GRANDPIERRE**

colored

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

Madame Charles Lampert?

**WIDER ANGLE**

Including REGGIE, in a state of near-shock.

**REGGIE**

Yes.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**INT. MORGUE -- DAY**

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE -- OVERHEAD**

GRANDPIERRE's Looking straight down at the tops of REGGIE's,  
and an ATTENDANT's head and smack into the open drawer.  
and GRANDPIERRE lifts a corner of the sheet at the bottom  
reveals a bare foot with a ticket tied to its big toe.  
then He stoops to read it. Satisfied, he recovers the foot,  
sheet moves to the other end to uncover the head. As the  
starts to lift:

**REVERSE SHOT**

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

**GRANDPIERRE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Well, Madame -- ?

She nods.

**GRANDPIERRE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

You are positive?

She nods again. GRANDPIERRE moves into the SHOT.

**GRANDPIERRE**

You loved him?

**REGGIE**

I'm very cold.

the GRANDPIERRE nods as he turns to the unseen ATTENDANT.  
while CAMERA suddenly moves as the 'drawer' is slid back into  
wall. BLACKNESS comes with a loud clang and continues  
the echo dies.

**INT. GRANDPIERRE'S OFFICE -- DAY**

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

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

A hand reaches in and pulls it out.

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

Leave?

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

(a pause)

I'm very confused.

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

He was American?

**REGGIE**

Swiss.

**GRANDPIERRE**

Oh. Swiss. His profession?

**REGGIE**

He didn't have one.

**GRANDPIERRE**

He was a wealthy man?

**REGGIE**

I don't know. I suppose so.

**GRANDPIERRE**

About how wealthy would you say?

**REGGIE**

I don't know.

**GRANDPIERRE**

Where did he keep his money?

**REGGIE**

I don't know.

**GRANDPIERRE**

Besides yourself, who is his nearest relation?

**REGGIE**

I don't know.

**GRANDPIERRE**

(exploding)

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

**REGGIE**

I know.

(pause)

I'm sorry.

**GRANDPIERRE**

It is all right.

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

Is it all right?

**REGGIE**

I wish you wouldn't.

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

Les effets de Lampert.

The POLICEMAN leaves and closes the door.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

I don't know. Perhaps he met somebody.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

(lighting up)  
A letter? May I see it?

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

**REGGIE**

(reading)  
"My dear Regina: I hope you are enjoying your holiday. Megeve can be so lovely this time of year. The days pass very slowly and I hope to see you soon. As always, Charles. P.S. Your dentist called yesterday. Your appointment has been changed."  
(she looks up, puzzled)  
Not very much, is it?

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

Did you?

**GRANDPIERRE**

Yes. Your appointment has been changed.

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

One key to your apartment -- one  
comb -- one fountain pen -- one  
toothbrush -- one tin of tooth powder  
(he looks up)  
-- that is all.

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

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

**INSERT -- PASSPORT**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND GRANDPIERRE**

**REGGIE**

Of course it is.

**GRANDPIERRE**

And this?

He hands her another passport.

**INSERT -- SECOND PASSPORT**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND GRANDPIERRE**

**REGGIE**

I don't understand.

**GRANDPIERRE**

And this? And this?

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

**INSERT -- THIRD AND FOURTH PASSPORTS**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND GRANDPIERRE**

**GRANDPIERRE**

Have you nothing to say, Madame?

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

**REGGIE**

(hopefully)

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

**INT. LAMPERT APARTMENT -- DUSK**

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

**CLOSER SHOT -- REGGIE**

a As her head turns, in alarm, toward the noise. There is

moment of silence, then FOOTSTEPS are heard, coming  
closer.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

As PETER enters.

**REGGIE**

(surprised)

What are you doing here?

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

How did you find out?

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Thank you.

A silence.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Yes it is -- I heard it this morning.

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

**REGGIE**

They must have turned off the  
electricity.

She shakes her head. PETER looks around.

**PETER**

Where did everything go?

**REGGIE**

Charles sold it all -- at auction.

**PETER**

Do you know what you're going to do?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Doing what?

**REGGIE**

I'm a simultaneous translator -- like Sylvie, only she's English to French -- I'm French to English. That's what I did before I married Charles. The police probably think I killed him.

**PETER**

Instant divorce you mean?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

(Taking her hand)

Come on. You can't stay here.

**REGGIE**

I don't know where to go.

**PETER**

We'll find you a hotel.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

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

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

REGGIE stops at the door and looks back.

**REGGIE**

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

**INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL -- DAY**

record  
CLOSE SHOT of a phonograph. A hand appears, starts the on it spinning, then places the arm at the beginning. An instant later ORGAN MUSIC starts with a roar.

**INT. FUNERAL CHAPEL -- DAY**

with a  
failing), lie  
CLOSE SHOT of the coffin. It rests on a low platform, bouquet or two of flowers near the head, the lid open. Inside, the face made up to look lifelike (but the remnants of Charles Lampert.

**CLOSE SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**SYLVIE**

Didn't Charles have any friends?

**REGGIE**

Don't ask me -- I'm only the widow.  
(indicating GRANDPIERRE)

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

**SYLVIE**

At least he knows how to behave at funerals.

**CLOSE SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE**

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

**TWO SHOT -- SYLVIE AND REGGIE**

**SYLVIE**

Have you no idea who could have done it?

**REGGIE**

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

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

**MED. SHOT -- CHAPEL DOOR**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE**

As he watches GIDEON.

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

As she watches him.

**MED. SHOT -- THE BIER**

bottle  
dry.

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

place to  
turns to

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

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND SYLVIE**

**SYLVIE**

Do you know him?

**REGGIE**

I've never seen him before.

**SYLVIE**

He must have known Charles pretty  
well.

**REGGIE**

How can you tell?

**SYLVIE**

He's allergic to him.

the

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

**MED. SHOT -- CHAPEL DOOR**

against  
see  
hair,  
his  
and a  
hangs  
string.

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

LEADING  
at

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

**TRAVELING SHOT -- TEX'S P.O.V.**

GIDEON's,

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

**MED. SHOT -- THE BIER**

swaying  
the  
his

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- TEX**

**TEX**

(heavy Texas accent)  
Ariva durchy, Charlie.

**WIDER ANGLE**

and  
reached

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

**TEX**

Miz Lampert, ma'am...

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

**TEX**

Miz Lampert, ma'am...

**REGGIE**

Yes?

**TEX**

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

**REGGIE**

I don't understa--

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

When he spots GIDEON, the two men stare at each other. Finally, TEX chooses a seat away from him and sits.

**MED. SHOT -- CHAPEL DOOR**

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

**CLOSER SHOT -- TEX**

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

**MED. SHOT -- THE DOOR**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- SCOBIE**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- SCOBIE'S HAND**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- SCOBIE**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Merci, Monsieur.

**ATTENDANT**

Pas du tout, madame, pardon -- pardon --  
pardon.

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

**SYLVIE**

Who is it from?

**REGGIE**

The American Embassy.

She pulls out the letter and starts to read it.

**INSERT -- THE LETTER**

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

reads:

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

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND SYLVIE**

SYLVIE has been reading over REGGIE's shoulder.

**SYLVIE**

What is it about?

**REGGIE**

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

**EXT. THE AMERICAN EMBASSY -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY**

The fine old building in the Rue Gabriel.

**DELETED**

**INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR -- DAY**

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

**1ST DIPLOMATIC TYPE**

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

**2ND DIPLOMATIC TYPE**

What's so depressing about that?

**1ST DIPLOMATIC TYPE**

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

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

**MED. SHOT -- DOOR**

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

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY**

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

**REGGIE**

(tentatively)  
Hello -- ?  
(there is no answer)  
Hello?

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

(from the private  
office)  
Is there anything wrong, Miss  
Tompkins?

**REGGIE**

Uh -- Miss Tompkins isn't here.

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

Mrs. Lampert -- Mrs. Charles Lampert.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(looking at his watch)  
Come in, Mrs. Lampert. You're quite late.

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

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- DAY**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(looking up)  
Charles Lampert's widow -- yes?  
(going back to the  
tie)  
Last time I sent out a tie only the  
spot came back.

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Voilà! As they say.

the  
sandwiches  
of

He puts away the lighter fluid in a desk drawer, smells hankie, passes on it, then sticks it in his pocket. He opens another drawer and pulls out various wrapped in waxpaper, a salt and pepper shaker, a tube mustard, a bottle of red wine and two Dixie cups.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Have some, please. I've got...  
(checking)  
...liverwurst -- liverwurst -- chicken  
and -- liverwurst.

**REGGIE**

No thanks.

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Central Intelligence Agency -- C.I.A.

**REGGIE**

You mean spies and things like that?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Only we call them agents.

**REGGIE**

We? You mean you're --?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Someone has to do it, Mrs. Lampert --

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

I'm not an agent, Mrs. Lampert --

I'm an administrator -- a desk jockey --  
trying to run a bureau of overworked  
men with under-allocated funds.  
Congress seems to think that all a  
spy needs --

**REGGIE**

Agent.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(his mouth full)

Your husband was wanted by the U. S.  
government.

**REGGIE**

May I have a sandwich, please?

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

(eating)

So that was it.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

(almost choking)

His -- real -- ?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Voss -- Charles Voss. All right,  
Mrs. Voss --

(taking a photo from  
his desk)

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

(indicating the kids  
on the desk)  
Scott, Cathy, and Ham, Jr.

**REGGIE**

Very sweet.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- PHOTO**

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

**CLOSER SHOT -- PHOTO**

It's a photo of a young CHARLES LAMPERT.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

It's Charles!

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Very good.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

He looks so young -- when was this  
taken?

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

1944. The next face, please.

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

It's the man who came to the funeral

yesterday -- I'm sure of it -- a tall man in a corduroy suit and string tie.

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Does the name Tex Penthollow mean anything to you?

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

No.

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Next, please.

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

No.

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

The last one, please.

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

No, thank heaven.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND BARTHOLOMEW**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(a pause, regarding her)

Mrs. Lampert, I'm afraid you're in a

great deal of danger.

**REGGIE**

Danger? Why should I be in any danger?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

(she takes another sandwich)

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(laughing)

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

(drying his eyes)

Oh, dear.

**REGGIE**

Then whose is it? His or theirs?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Ours.

**REGGIE**

(she looks at him for a moment)

Oh, I see.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

And I'm afraid we want it back.

**REGGIE**

But I don't have it.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

BARTHOLOMEW is silent for a moment, thinking.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

I believe you.

**REGGIE**

Thanks very much.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Nevertheless, Mrs Lampert -- you've got it.

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Or a safe deposit key, a certified check, a baggage claim -- you look for it, Mrs. Lampert -- I'm quite sure you'll find it.

**REGGIE**

But --

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Look for it, Mrs. Lampert -- look just as hard and as fast as you can.

You may not have a great deal of time. Those men know you have it just as surely as we do. You won't be safe until the money's in our hands. Is that clear?

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

BARTHOLOMEW shakes his head.

**REGGIE**

Why not?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(grimly)  
Because they're still here.

**REGGIE**

Oh.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

REGGIE takes the last sandwich and begins eating  
furiously.

**DELETED**

**EXT. ESPLANADE DES CHAMPS-ELYÉES -- DAY**

**MED. SHOT -- GUIGNOL.**

certain  
between  
moment,  
of

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

**VARIOUS CLOSE SHOTS -- THE CHILDREN**

Their  
suspended  
the  
perils.

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

are  
attention  
too low  
over  
notice.

Sitting on the last bench, next to some CHILDREN. They laughing but she isn't -- she just watches, her caught up but her face void of emotion. The bench is for her, forcing her knees up almost under her chin. After a moment, PETER comes up behind her and, stepping the benches, sits beside her. She doesn't seem to

ACTORS

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

**PETER**

Reggie -- ?

She turns and looks at him for a moment.

**REGGIE**

(vaguely)  
Hallo, Peter.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

I'm sorry -- I heard the children laughing.

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

**MED. SHOT -- GUIGNOL**

PUNCH and JUDY are arguing loudly.

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND PETER**

**PETER**

What's going on?

**REGGIE**

Don't you understand French?

**PETER**

I'm still having trouble with English.

**REGGIE**

The man and the woman are married --

**CLOSE SHOT -- GUIGNOL STAGE**

PUNCH and JUDY are batting each other on the head.

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

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

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Who's that with the hat?

**MED SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE**

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

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

That's the policeman -- he wants to  
arrest Judy for killing Punch.

**CLOSE SHOT -- GUIGNOL STAGE**

JUDY and the POLICEMAN are battling one another.

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

What's she saying now?

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

That she's innocent -- she didn't do  
it.

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

She did it, all right -- take it  
from me.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

I believe her.

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

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Who was that?

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Punch, of course.

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND PETER**

**PETER**

Of course? I thought he was dead.

**REGGIE**

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

(her face clouding)

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

Charles was mixed up in something terrible.

**PETER**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- GUIGNOL STAGE**

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

CLOSE SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE as he winces.

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND PETER**

**PETER**

Have you got a mirror?  
(she nods)  
Give it to me.

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

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

(jumping at the suggesting)  
Starting tonight?

**INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT**

**MED. SHOT -- EMCEE.**

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

**EMCEE**

Bonsoir mesdames et messieurs, good evening ladies and gentlemen, guten Abend, meine Damen und Herren -- ce soir, comme tous les soirs, l'attraction ici, au Black Sheep

Club, c'est vous! Venez, mesdames et messieurs, step right up, ladies and gentlemen, kommen Sie her, meine Damen en Herren, avanti, signore e signori -- avanti!

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND PETER**

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

**PETER**

What was all that?

**REGGIE**

Fun and games. Evidently we're the floorshow.

**PETER**

You mean you and me?

**REGGIE**

No, everyone. Come on -- avanti, avanti!

She rises and pulls him along.

**WIDE ANGLE**

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

**EMCEE**

Écoutez bien -- les règles sont tres simples -- the rules are very easy -- deux équipes -- two teams -- each with one orange -- une orange -- eine apfelsine -- un' arrancia -- held under the chin, like so --  
(does it)

comme ça -- and passed to the player behind you -- sans vous servir de vos mains -- using nothing but the chin -- no hands -- and keeping the orange at all costs from touching the floor. Commencez, Mesdames et Messieurs -- begin, ladies and gentlemen -- signore e signori, cominciate!

patrons  
man.

one  
each man  
for the  
women  
under  
using

one's  
against  
tightly  
next  
slightest  
number of  
of co-  
the  
can  
slide  
on  
retrieve  
activity  
even  
only be

The EMCEE now circulates, forming teams, telling the  
to line up, making sure there is a woman next to every  
REGGIE and PETER are the second couple in their line.  
Then the EMCEE picks up a basket of oranges and places  
under the chin, held securely against the chest, of  
at the head of the line. Blowing a whistle, a signal  
game to begin and the band to play, the men turn to the  
behind them and attempt to transfer the oranges from  
their chins to under the chins of the women -- without  
their hands.

(This maneuver can only be accomplished by embracing  
partner passionately and firmly pressing the orange  
the partner's throat until he or she can grip it  
enough with the chin to turn and offer it to the person  
in line, where the process begins anew. However, the  
miscalculation, which can be brought about by any  
human frailties -- haste, modesty, inhibition or lack  
ordination -- will surely result in losing control of  
orange so that it either falls to the floor [where it  
only be picked up by the chin] or it starts to roll and  
from its proper place to some other, less proper, spot  
the human anatomy, forcing the man or the woman to  
it -- again, with the chin only. This latter is an  
which can prove extremely satisfying to old friends, or  
new friends who wish to become old friends, but can  
a torment for total strangers and/or the English).

**VARIOUS SHOTS -- ORANGE GAME**

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

**TWO SHOT -- PETER AND GIRL**

but  
by an  
the  
encumber

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

to  
success  
orange  
after

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

She is enjoying it thoroughly.

**TWO SHOT -- PETER AND GIRL**

nelson,  
orange  
congratulations

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

moment.

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

**PETER**

En garde.

**REGGIE**

Lay on, MacDuff.

all  
onlookers  
they  
TEAM.

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

chin,  
an  
GIDEON,  
later in

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

tightly.

REGGIE starts to draw back but GIDEON holds her

quietly

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

**CLOSE TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND GIDEON**

Her eyes show her fright as he whispers:

**GIDEON**

Mrs. Lampert --

**REGGIE**

What do you want?

**GIDEON**

Didn't Charles tell you, Mrs. Lampert?

**REGGIE**

Tell me what?

**GIDEON**

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

**REGGIE**

I don't know anything.

**GIDEON**

Mrs. Lampert, any morning now you

could wake up dead.

**REGGIE**

Leave me alone -- !

**GIDEON**

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

**REGGIE (SHOUTING)**

Stop it!

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE'S AND GIDEON'S FEET**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- GIDEON**

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

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

**PETER**

Reggie -- what's the trouble?

resistance. REGGIE realizes that GIDEON no longer offers any

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

**REGGIE**

He -- he was stepping on my foot.

**CLOSE SHOT -- GIDEON**

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

**GIDEON**

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

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

**REGGIE**

(starting off)

Wait for me -- I won't be long.

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- PETER**

Watching her go, a concerned look on his face.

**INT. NIGHTCLUB LOUNGE -- NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

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

**REGGIE**

(into 'phone)

Mr. Bartholomew -- it's me, Reggie

Lampert -- listen Mr. Bartholomew:

I've seen one of the

(she stops)

Mr. Bartholomew? Can you hear me?

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

**REGGIE**

Hello -- Mr. Bartholomew -- it's me,  
Regina Lam...

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

**REVERSE SHOT -- 'PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

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

**TEX**

Howdy, Miz Lampert.

**REGGIE**

Wha -- what do you want?

TEX takes a book of matches from his pocket.

**TEX**

You know what I want, Miz Lampert...

**REGGIE**

No -- no, I'm don't.

**TEX**

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

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

**REGGIE**

I don't know what --

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

**REGGIE**

What are you doing?

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

**REGGIE**

Stop that!

**TEX**

Don't make too much noise, Miz Lampert --  
He lights another match and reaches out toward her hair  
with  
it. She shrinks back.

**TEX**

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

**TEX**

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

**REGGIE**

Please stop -- please!

**TEX**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

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

**REGGIE**

You're insane, absolutely insane!

She looks up, then blinks her eyes.

**INT. 'PHONE BOOTH OVER REGGIE'S SHOULDER**

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

**INT. NIGHTCLUB LOUNGE -- NIGHT**

As REGGIE looks around. There is no one there.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH**

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

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

**PETER**

What are you doing in here?

**REGGIE**

(a sigh of relief)  
Having a nervous breakdown.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT**

REGGIE and PETER enter the deserted lobby.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

I don't think I follow you.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

Who said?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Stop bullying me. Everybody's bullying me.

**PETER**

I wasn't --

**REGGIE**

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

NIGHT

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

**NIGHT CLERK**

Bonsoir.

**REGGIE**

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

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

**NIGHT CLERK**

Bonne nuit.

**REGGIE**

(to PETER)

Would you mind seeing me to the door?

**PETER**

Of course not.

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

**INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT**

somewhat

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

**REGGIE**

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

He presses the button and the elevator starts to rise.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

(busy examining the cleft in his chin)  
How do you shave in there?

**PETER**

What was it?

**REGGIE**

What was what?

**PETER**

What your husband was mixed up in.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

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

The elevator stops.

**PETER**

We're here.

**REGGIE**

Where?

**PETER**

On the street where you live.

**REGGIE**

How about once more around the park?

He reaches across her and opens the door.

**PETER**

Out.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

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

**REGGIE**

(imitating PETER)

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

**PETER**

How would you like a spanking?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Do you know what's wrong with you?

**PETER**

What?

**REGGIE**

Nothing. Good night.

**PETER**

Good night.

and  
He turns and leaves. She smiles slightly, then turns

puts the key into the door and opens it.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

center is  
The room has been torn apart. And standing in the  
HERMAN SCOBIE, the large man in the battered raincoat.  
He starts slowly advancing toward REGGIE.

**SCOBIE**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

**REGGIE**

(terrified)

I don't know -- I don't know! I don't --

She stops as she sees something.

**CLOSE SHOT -- SCOBIE'S HAND**

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

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

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

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

**REGGIE**

(screaming)

Peter -- ! Peter -- !

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

metal  
and  
Petrified  
protruding

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

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

hand.

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

**REGGIE**

A man -- he tried to kill me!

in the  
using  
will go,

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

startled  
but  
away,  
over,  
door

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

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

gingerly

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(entering cautiously)

Peter -- ?

(alarmed)

Peter! Where are you?

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

slowly  
groggily.

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

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

**REGGIE**

Peter -- are you all right?

**PETER**

I think I sprained my pride.

(He looks around)

Where'd he go?

**REGGIE**

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

looks

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

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Be careful, Peter.

**PETER**

(one leg over the  
sill)

You took the words right out of my  
mouth.

He climbs out.

**EXT. HOTEL WINDOW THIRD FLOOR -- NIGHT**

balcony,

Outside the window to REGGIE's room is a small, false

between  
appears

consisting mostly of railing, with barely enough room  
it and the building's facade for a man to stand. PETER  
and looks down over the railing.

**EXT. HOTEL SIDEWALK (FROM ABOVE) -- NIGHT**

and it

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

**MED. SHOT -- PETER -- BALCONY**

on

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

with one

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- PETER'S HAND**

short

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

**MED. SHOT -- PETER**

As he straightens up and prepares to jump.

**EXT. HOTEL FACADE -- NIGHT**

balcony.

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

**MED. SHOT -- PETER**

sees

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

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Oh!

railing  
following

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

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

What is it now, Pamela?

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Bad luck, Pamela.

**EXT. HOTEL FACADE -- NIGHT**

From the GROUND as PETER jumps to the next balcony.

**MED. SHOT -- PETER**

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

**MED. SHOT -- WINDOW -- OVER PETER'S SHOULDER**

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

**GIDEON**

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

**TEX**

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

**INT. GIDEON'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT**

**TEX**

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

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

They all turn toward the window.

**WIDER ANGLE**

As PETER climbs in through the window and joins them.

**PETER**

(to SCOBIE)

I didn't hurt you, did I?

SCOBIE shakes his head and turns away.

**GIDEON**

(eagerly)

Never mind that -- did you get the money?

**PETER**

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

**SCOBIE**

(to GIDEON and TEX)

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

**TEX**

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

**SCOBIE**

Yeah? What's that?

**TEX**

He took care of Charlie for us.

**GIDEON**

(to PETER)

We appreciate it, really we do.

**SCOBIE**

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

**PETER**

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

**GIDEON**

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

**TEX**

Shoot no, not after all these years.

**SCOBIE**

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

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

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

**GIDEON**

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

**TEX**

(chuckling)  
That's right -- it's like ticklin' a  
alligator's belly.

**PETER**

Who's got the room next to hers?

**TEX**

Me. How come?

**PETER**

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

PETER starts for the door.

**TEX**

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

**PETER**

(turning at the door)  
Don't worry.

**TEX**

Oh, I ain't worryin' -- but see this  
pudgy little fella here?  
(indicating GIDEON)  
He worries -- an' he's even meaner'n

I am.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**REGGIE**

Who is it?

**PETER'S VOICE (O.S.)**

It's me. Peter.

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

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

What?

**REGGIE**

A quarter of a million dollars.

PETER is silent for a moment.

**PETER**

Go on.

**REGGIE**

That's all.

**PETER**

No, it isn't -- where's the money?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

So they think he left it with you.

**REGGIE**

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

She falls in his arms to be comforted.

**PETER**

No, they won't -- I won't let them.

**REGGIE**

(sobbing)  
Please help me, Peter -- you're the  
only one I can trust.

**PETER**

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

He takes out his handkerchief and dries her eyes.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

That's all right -- it's a drip-dry.

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Do you tell lies?

A pause. The phone rings. REGGIE answers it.

**REGGIE**

(into the phone)  
Hello?

**INT. OUTDOOR 'PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

SCOBIE holds the receiver in his metal hand.

**SCOBIE**

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)  
What do you want?

**PETER**

(whispering)  
Who is it?

**REGGIE**

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

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

**SCOBIE**

(on the phone)  
Is Dyle with you?

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

**REGGIE**

Who?

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

**SCOBIE**

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

He watches her.

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)  
Yes -- that's right.

**PETER**

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

She shakes her head.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

**SCOBIE**

(on the phone)  
Don't trust him -- don't tell him anything. He's after the money.

He hangs up.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**PETER**

What'd he say?

**REGGIE**

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

**PETER**

I wouldn't take that too seriously.

**REGGIE**

I believe what he said.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

How do you know what they're doing?

**PETER**

I don't -- but as long as they think you have the money, or know where it is, or have it without knowing where it is, or don't even know you have it --

**REGGIE**

What are you talking about?

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

(softly)

Words can hurt very much.

**PETER**

(a pause)

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

**REGGIE**

Don't put yourself out.

**PETER**

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

**REGGIE**

Yes, I'll remember. Good night.

**PETER**

Good night.

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

**PETER**

But if you'll take my advice --

(smiling)

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

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

closes  
nothing,  
one  
unravels --  
sock  
As PETER (now called DYLE) leaves REGGIE's room and  
the door. He pauses for a moment, listening, hears  
then bends down and starts pulling at a loose thread in  
of his socks. As usual, the thread unravels -- and  
and unravels some more until it seems that the entire

down  
of  
the  
works it

has come unknit. Now, taking the long thread, he bends near the door and, taking his tie-pin, attaches one end the thread to the bottom of REGGIE's door. He then runs thread along the floor to his door (next door) and underneath.

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

nearby  
key,  
table.

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

REGGIE is on the phone.

**REGGIE**

(excited)

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

(a pause)

Mr. Bartholomew? -- are you still there?

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

his

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)

You mean he might have -- Mr. Bartholomew, I'm catching the next

plane out of here -- I'm not going  
to sit here and wait for someone to  
make chopped liver out of me!

**DELETED**

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(on the phone)

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)

Yes, where?

(a pause)

-- in fifteen minutes. I'll be there.

**DELETED**

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT (THROUGH KEYHOLE)**

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**WIDE ANGLE**

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

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

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

**DYLE**

Reggie -- !

He starts after her.

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT**

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

**DYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Reggie... !

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

**EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT**

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

**REGGIE**

Taxi -- !

shoulder  
It pulls over to the curb. Looking once more over her

slams  
driver.  
she takes a bill out of her pocket, opens the cab door,  
it loudly without getting in and hands the bill to the

**REGGIE**

N'importe où -- vite! Allez-y!

the  
hotel.  
She jumps back into the shadows of a nearby doorway as  
TAXI pulls away. At the same time DYLE runs out of the

Another TAXI is coming down the street. DYLE hails it  
frantically.

**DYLE**

Taxi -- ! Taxi -- !

It pulls up and DYLE opens the door.

**DYLE**

(pointing)

Follow that taxi.

**DRIVER**

Comment?

**DYLE**

Taxi! Follow!

**DRIVER**

Je ne comprends rien.

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

In the shadows. She lifts her eyes in annoyance.

**MED. SHOT -- TAXI**

**DYLE**

(finding the word)

Suivre -- el taxi!

**DRIVER**

Ah! Oui, Monsieur.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

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

**REGGIE**

(to DRIVER)  
Aux Halles -- vite!

**DELETED**

**EXT. LES HALLES -- NIGHT**

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

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND BARTHOLOMEW**

CAMERA LEADING them as they walk.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

She takes a banana from a nearby stall.

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

think women make the best spies.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Agents.

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Who?

**REGGIE**

Dyle, or whatever his name is.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

He's hardly my Mr. Dyle.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Describe him.

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(shaking his head)

No.

**REGGIE**

No, what?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

That's not Carson Dyle.

**REGGIE**

(stopping)

Carson?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

You mean you've known about him all

along? Why didn't you tell me?

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**INT. LES HALLES BUTCHERS' SHED -- NIGHT**

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

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND BARTHOLOMEW (TRAVELING)**

As REGGIE looks at the hanging beef.

**REGGIE**

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

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**DELETED**

**INT. LES HALLES BISTRO -- NIGHT**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

I suppose you're old enough to have

heard of World War Two?

**REGGIE**

Barely, yes.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

A WAITER arrives.

**WAITER**

Vous désirez?

**REGGIE**

(smiling)

They always do that.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(to the WAITER)

Café.

**REGGIE**

Gratinée, choucroute garnie, salade de pommes -- et un ballon de rouge.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

Can I at least keep the onion soup?

BARTHOLOMEW shrugs.

**REGGIE**

(to the WAITER)

La soupe tout simplement.

The WAITER nods and goes.

**REGGIE**

(anxiously)

Go on, please -- five men -- \$250,000 -- the French Underground --

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Yes. The five men. They were, of

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

**REGGIE**

Steal it how?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

(fascinated)

May I have a cigarette, please?

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

**REGGIE**

I hate these things -- it's like drinking coffee through a veil.

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

What's wrong with that one?

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

**REGGIE**

Oh. Nothing, I guess. What happened then?

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Have you any idea what these things cost over here?

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

The WAITER returns with the coffee and onion soup.

**WAITER**

La soupe, c'est pour qui?

**REGGIE**

Pour moi. Go on, Mr. Bartholomew.

The WAITER puts down the cup and bowl and leaves.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

That's the spirit.

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**BARTHOLOMEW**

No, Mrs. Lampert.

**REGGIE**

But no one actually saw him die.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

Oh. Then who's this one?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

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

**REGGIE**

Me? Why me?

**BARTHOLOMEW**

You're in an ideal position -- he trusts you.

(grinning)

Besides, you said yourself, women make the best spies.

**REGGIE**

(resigned)

Agents.

**EXT. HOTEL (PLACE ST. ANDRÉ DES ARTS) -- LATE AFTERNOON**

moment  
watches  
passes the  
hiding

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

**EXT. PLACE ST. ANDRÉ DES ARTS -- LATE AFTERNOON**

corner,  
turns  
DYLE  
the

First comes DYLE, passing a sidewalk cafe on the then the SANDWICH-MAN and REGGIE. The SANDWICH-MAN off, leaving REGGIE out in the open. A moment later, DYLE passes a GIRL painting a canvas, her easel set up in the

and  
do,  
her  
table,  
aged

middle of the sidewalk. He stops when he has passed her  
turns to look at her work. REGGIE, not knowing what to  
and afraid she will be seen by DYLE, who is now looking  
way, spins and sits at the sidewalk cafe's nearest  
her back to DYLE. It is already occupied by a middle-  
**TOURIST.**

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND TOURIST**

book,  
REGGIE and  
she  
it.

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

her.

He smiles back emptily, not knowing what to make of

REGGIE turns to look at DYLE.

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

on.

He has made his judgment of the painting and now moves

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND TOURIST**

he  
DYLE,  
confused  
some

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

**EXT. PLACE ST. ANDRÉ DES ARTS -- LATE AFTERNOON**

she

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- PAINTING**

An abstract jumble, nothing recognizable.

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

As she looks from the painting to reality.

**EXT. PLACE ST. ANDRÉ DES ARTS -- LATE AFTERNOON**

As the scene really looks.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

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

**TOURIST**

(calling)  
Fraulein --

REGGIE doesn't stop.

**TOURIST**

Fraulein --

**REGGIE**

(turning but continuing)  
What are you doing, following me?  
Stop it -- we're going to look like  
a parade.

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

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

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

**REGGIE**

(smiling and rattling  
on)

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

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

**TOURIST**

(smiling)  
Fraulein --

REGGIE pulls away from him.

**REGGIE**

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

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

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

REGGIE hurries across the street, hailing a taxi.

**REGGIE**

Taxi -- !

**INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS -- LATE AFTERNOON**

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

**DELETED**

**INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS MAIL ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

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

"A - D."

**MED. SHOT -- STAIRS**

REGGIE comes down the stairs. Suddenly she stops.

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

CAMERA ZOOMS in to sign on "D."

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

A confused look on her face.

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

As his turn comes, he addresses the CLERK

**DYLE**

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

**CLERK**

Yes, Mr. Dyle. I remember.

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

Watching.

**MED. SHOT -- MAIL WINDOW**

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

**CLERK**

I'm sorry, Mr. Dyle -- nothing today.

**DYLE**

Thanks -- see you soon.

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

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Mr. Dyle, please -- you're wanted on  
the telephone -- Mr. Dyle. Cabin 4.

DYLE stops in his tracks, pondering what to do.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Mr. Dyle. Cabin 4, please.

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

**DYLE**

(picking up the phone)

Yes?

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

**INT. REGGIE'S CABIN**

REGGIE on the phone.

**INT. DYLE'S CABIN**

DYLE on the phone.

**REGGIE**

Good morning, Mr. Dyle.

**DYLE**

Reggie?

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Why you lied to me.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

But you know my name -- it's Dyle.

**REGGIE**

Carson Dyle is dead.

**DYLE**

Yes, he is. He was my brother.

**REGGIE**

Your --

**DYLE**

The army thinks he was killed in action by the Germans, but I think they did it -- Tex, Gideon and Scobie -- and your husband -- because he wouldn't go along with their scheme to steal the gold. I think he threatened to turn them in and they killed him. I'm trying to prove it. They think I'm working with them. But I'm not, and that's the truth. I'm on your side, Reggie -- please believe that.

**REGGIE**

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

(pause)

Aren't you going to tell me?

(pause)

Hello -- ?

She opens the door of the cabin and starts out.

**MED. SHOT -- PHONE CABINS**

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- EMPTY CABIN**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

As she looks at it, confused.

**INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS -- DAY**

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

**SCOBIE**

(quietly)

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

**DYLE**

You'll wreck your raincoat.

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

**SCOBIE**

Next car, please.

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

**DELETED**

**INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING -- LATE AFTERNOON**

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

**SCOBIE**

Okay -- turn around.

pointing  
DYLE turns to find SCOBIE's gun out of the pocket and

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

**SCOBIE**

Sit down.

Shrugging, DYLE sits on the third step.

**DYLE**

What now?

**SCOBIE**

We wait -- with our mouths shut.

**INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS -- NIGHT**

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

**INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING -- NIGHT**

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

**DYLE**

How long do you intend -- ?

**SCOBIE**

I said with the mouth shut.

DYLE yawns wide.

**DYLE**

Sorry about that.

**SCOBIE**

Okay -- up there.

followed by

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

**DYLE**

Do I knock or something?

**SCOBIE**

Open it.

DYLE opens the door. The stairs continue up.

**SCOBIE**

Keep going.

**DYLE**

The view had better be worth it.

**EXT. AMERICAN EXPRESS -- ROOFTOP -- NIGHT**

lights  
of  
into

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

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

**DYLE**

Very pretty. Now what?

**SCOBIE**

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

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

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

**DYLE**

Supposing I did have it -- which I  
don't -- do you really think I'd

hand it over?

**SCOBIE**

You're out, Dyle -- right now!

SCOBIE aims the gun and starts advancing toward DYLE.

**SCOBIE**

Step back.

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

**DYLE**

Back where?

**SCOBIE**

That's the idea.

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

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

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

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

**CLOSE SHOT -- THEIR HANDS**

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

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE AND SCOBIE**

are  
to  
man by  
hold  
strain,  
restraining  
roof,  
the the

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

Suddenly, DYLE releases his hold. With nothing him, SCOBIE lurches forward, tumbling past the gun, his momentum carrying him onto the sloping part of the where he begins sliding down. SCOBIE beats wildly at slate with his claw, trying to gouge a grip.

**CLOSE SHOT -- SCOBIE'S CLAW**

scratching

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

**MED. SHOT -- SCOBIE**

As he slides over the edge and disappears.

**CLOSE SHOT -- DYLE**

As he watches, hypnotized.

**CLOSE SHOT -- ROOF EDGE**

ZOOMS IN  
the

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

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

edge of

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

**DYLE**

Herman?

**MED. SHOT -- SCOBIE**

metal

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

**SCOBIE**

Yeah?

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

He finds it hard to believe.

**DYLE**

How are you doing?

**SCOBIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

How do you think?

**DYLE**

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

DYLE turns and leaves going down the stairs.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

over

the

own

look.

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

**DYLE**

I didn't do it.

**MANAGER**

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

DYLE smiles, then enters his room.

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

moving  
unlocks  
his

**REGGIE**

Is that you?

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

DYLE goes to the door, throws back the bolt and opens the door. REGGIE enters.

**REGGIE**

Didn't anyone ever tell you it's impolite to --  
(seeing his injured back)  
What happened?

**DYLE**

I met a man with sharp nails.

**REGGIE**

Scobie?

**DYLE**

I left him hanging around the American Express.

**REGGIE**

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

She leads him into her room.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**REGGIE**

Take off your shirt and lie down.

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

**DYLE**

(wincing)

Listen -- all I really want is an  
estimate.

**REGGIE**

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

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

**REGGIE**

Does it hurt?

**DYLE**

Haven't you got a bullet I can bite?

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

**REGGIE**

Are you really Carson Dyle's brother?

**DYLE**

Would you like to see my passport?

**REGGIE**

Your passport! What kind of a proof  
is that?

**DYLE**

Would you like to see where I was tattooed?

**REGGIE**

Sure.

**DYLE**

Okay, I'll drive you around there some day.

(his back stinging)

Ouch!

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

Alexander.

**REGGIE**

Is there a Mrs. Dyle?

**DYLE**

Yes, but we're divorced.

**REGGIE**

I thought that was Peter Joshua.

**DYLE**

(smiling)

I'm no easier to live with than he was.

**REGGIE**

(finishing the bandage)

There -- you're a new man.

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Alex -- how can you tell if someone

is lying or not?

**DYLE**

You can't.

**REGGIE**

There must be some way.

**DYLE**

There's an old riddle about two tribes of Indians -- the Whitefeet always tell the truth and the Blackfeet always lie. So one day you meet an Indian, you ask him if he's a truthful Whitefoot or a lying Blackfoot? He tells you he's a truthful Whitefoot, but which one is he?

**REGGIE**

Why couldn't you just look at his feet?

**DYLE**

Because he's wearing moccasins.

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

Why not a lying Blackfoot?

**REGGIE**

(confused)  
Which one are you?

**DYLE**

(entering, smiling)  
Whitefoot, of course.

**REGGIE**

Come here.

He goes to the bed.

**REGGIE**

Sit down.

He sits.

**REGGIE**

I hope it turns out you're a

Whitefoot, Alex -- I could be very happy hanging around the tepee.

**DYLE**

Reggie -- listen to me --

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

So was Juliet -- at fifteen.

**REGGIE**

I'm not fifteen.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Why can't you be serious?

**DYLE**

There, you said it.

**REGGIE**

Said what?

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

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

**DYLE**

Now please, Reggie -- cut it out.

**REGGIE**

(pulling back)

Okay.

**DYLE**

What are you doing?

**REGGIE**

Cutting it out.

**DYLE**

Who told you to do that?

**REGGIE**

You did.

**DYLE**

But I'm not through complaining yet.

**REGGIE**

Oh.

(She starts kissing  
him again)

**DYLE**

Now please, Reggie -- cut it out.

**REGGIE**

I think I love you, Alex --

to

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

**DYLE**

(mumbling)  
The phone's ringing --

**REGGIE**

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

him.

the  
mouths

The phone continues to ring and she continues to kiss

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

**REGGIE**

(on phone)  
Sorry -- I was just -- uh -- nibbling  
on something.

**INT. TEX'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

TEX speaks into the phone.

**TEX**

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

DYLE is watching her.

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)

Can you give me one good reason why I should?

**INT. TEX'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**TEX**

(on the phone)

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

She covers the phone and turns to DYLE in alarm.

**REGGIE**

They've got Jean-Louis!

**DYLE**

That sounds like their problem.

**REGGIE**

(into the phone)

I'll be right there.

**INT. TEX'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**TEX**

(on the phone)

We'll be waitin' in room forty-seven, Miz Lampert -- so you just wiggle on over.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

As REGGIE hangs up.

**REGGIE**

What day is it?

**DYLE**

Tuesday.

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

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

**INT. TEX'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

first  
sitting  
good  
them  
begins  
pocket

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

**SCOBIE**

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

other

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

**TEX**

Upsy-daisy.

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Are you a real cowboy?

**TEX**

Sure am.

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Then where is your gun?

**TEX**

(taking out his gun)  
Right here -- see?

**GIDEON**

Will you put that thing away!

DYLE

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

**REGGIE**

Jean-Louis!

She snatches him off SCOBIE's lap.

**TEX**

Howdy, Miz Lampert.

**SCOBIE**

(glaring at DYLE)  
Who invited you?

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

I'd better call Sylvie -- she must  
be frantic.

her

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

**GIDEON**

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

**REGGIE**

But his mother --

**GIDEON**

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

**TEX**

This ain't no game,

Miz Lampert.

now!

**SCOBIE**

We want that money --

**DYLE**

(forcefully)

Be quiet, all of you!

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

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

Then who does?

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

Me?

**DYLE**

(to TEX)

Or you --

(to GIDEON)

Or you --

**GIDEON, TEX & SCOBIE**

(together)

That's the most ridiculous -- !

You gone loco?

Listen to the man!

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

(after a pause)

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

**DYLE**

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

A pause as the THREE MEN look at one another.

**GIDEON**

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

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

He's just tryin' to throw us off! They've got it, I tell you! Why don't we search their rooms?

**DYLE**

(exchanging looks  
with REGGIE)  
It's all right with us --

**TEX**

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

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

(stopping)  
Not my room!

**DYLE**

What's wrong, Herman -- have you got something to hide?  
(a pause, then smiling)  
Then I take it there are no objections.

The THREE MEN look at one another unhappily.

**DYLE**

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

**SCOBIE**

I'll take that.

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

**TEX**

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

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Scobie -- he's the one that objected.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

(joining them)  
Oh, la! If I find the treasure, will  
I win a prize?

**REGGIE**

(to DYLE)  
What should we give him?

**DYLE**

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

turns to She smiles, takes JEAN-LOUIS' hand and leaves. DYLE  
survey TEX's room.  
empty; and He goes first to the drawer in the night table --  
the bed, looking in it and under it. Then he goes to  
next -- desk and opens the drawers -- also empty. The bureau is  
opens he opens all three double drawers and they, too, are  
found completely empty. Frowning, he goes to the armoire and  
it -- shelves and hanging bar are likewise bare.  
Then, CAMERA PANNING DOWN, he sees the only thing he's  
so far in the room -- a pair of fine cowboy boots.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**GIDEON**

(eyes on the bag)  
Tex?

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

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

**TEX**

What's that?

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

**INSERT - WALLET**

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

**TEX'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Charlie's stuff?

**GIDEON'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Looks like it.

**MED. SHOT -- TEX & GIDEON**

**TEX**

Mebbe we'd better call Herman.

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

**GIDEON**

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

**TEX**

And if it is?

**GIDEON**

(a pause)  
Why bother him?

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

**TEX**

You sure nuthin's missin'?

**GIDEON**

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

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

**TEX**

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

**GIDEON**

Not unless we're blind.

**TEX**

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

**GIDEON**

Meaning what?

**TEX**

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

**GIDEON**

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

**TEX**

Nachurly. Jus' like I'd tell you.

**GIDEON**

Nachurly. And that goes for Herman,  
too.

**TEX & GIDEON**

(together)  
Nachurly!

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

**DELETED**

**INT. SCOBIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

REGGIE on the phone, JEAN-LOUIS standing by.

**REGGIE**

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

She hangs up and turns to JEAN-LOUIS.

**REGGIE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

I know. I would bury it in the garden.

**REGGIE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Oh.  
(Afterthought)

Neither do I.  
(Seeing something)  
Voilà!

**REGGIE**

Voilà what?

**JEAN-LOUIS**

(pointing)  
Up there! I would put it up there!

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

**REGGIE**

You know something, cookie? Why not?

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

**REGGIE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

(jumping up and down)  
I found it! I found it!

**REGGIE**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

(ecstatic)  
We won! We won!

REGGIE has finally managed to pull down the case -- a  
trombone  
case. As he climbs off the chair, JEAN-LOUIS suddenly  
runs  
to the door, unbolts it and runs into the hall, CAMERA  
PANNING

with him.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - THIRD LANDING - NIGHT**

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

We found it! We found it!

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

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

We found it!

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

**INT. SCOBIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**DYLE**

Reggie -- ? Did you find it?

**REGGIE**

No.

**GIDEON**

What do you mean, no?

**TEX**

The kid said --

**JEAN-LOUIS**

(pointing atop the armoire)  
Up there! It is up there!

**REGGIE**

No, Jean-Louis.

TEX grabs the chair and moves it to the armoire, climbing up

on it and grabbing the bag.

**REGGIE**

It's nothing, I tell you!

around

He brings it to the table as DYLE and GIDEON crowd him, anxious to see.

**CLOSE SHOTS (PANNING)**

working  
on his

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

**GROUP SHOT**

As TEX finally springs the latches and opens the lid.

**CLOSE SHOT -- CASE**

parts of  
attachments

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

**TEX'S VOICE (O.S.)**

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

**GROUP SHOT -- THE THREE MEN**

looking

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

**WIDER ANGLE**

Including REGGIE and JEAN-LOUIS by the door.

**REGGIE**

Where is he?

The MEN look at one another.

**TEX**

Hey, that's right!

**DYLE**

(already running)  
He's in my room.

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

**JEAN-LOUIS**

What is the matter?

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

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

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

**DYLE**

Reggie -- you and the boy better  
wait here.

**INT. BATH -- NIGHT**

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

**DELETED**

**REVERSE SHOT**

DYLE, TEX and GIDEON staring at CAMERA.

**TEX**

Now who'da done a mean thing like that?

**DYLE**

(looking carefully at both)  
I'm not quite sure.

**TEX**

This ain't my room.

**GIDEON**

Mine, either.

**DYLE**

(considering the situation)  
The police aren't going to like this one bit.

**GIDEON**

(helpful)  
We could dry him off and take him down the hall to his own room.  
(looking at the body)  
He really doesn't look so bad.

**TEX**

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

DYLE and GIDEON look at one another.

**TEX**

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

**INT. SCOBIE'S ROOM -- DAY**

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

his  
MAID, her  
strikes

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

**INT. GRANDPIERRE'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON**

CLOSE SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE. The policeman is apoplectic.

**GRANDPIERRE**

No! No! No! No!

GIDEON,

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

(Tapping the side of his nose)

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

(Tapping his fingers on his desk)

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

**DYLE**

Dyle.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**DYLE**

No, I didn't.

**REGGIE**

It's done in America all the time.

pause,

GRANDPIERRE raps for silence on his desk. During the

he looks into each face in turn.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**DELETED**

**EXT. QUAI MONTEBELLO -- LATE AFTERNOON (TRAVELING)**

Seine,  
REGGIE and DYLE walking along the quai, next to the

**CAMERA LEADING.**

**REGGIE**

Who do you think did it -- Gideon?

**DYLE**

Maybe.

**REGGIE**

Or Tex?

**DYLE**

Maybe.

**REGGIE**

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

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

**REGGIE**

(to the VENDOR)  
Vanille-chocolat.

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

**REGGIE**

I think Tex did it.

**DYLE**

Why?

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

What's so illogical about that?

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

Who?

**REGGIE**

Women. You know, I can't help feeling rather sorry for Scobie.

(a pause)

Wouldn't it be nice if we were like that?

**DYLE**

What -- like Scobie?

**REGGIE**

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

enough  
his

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

**DYLE**

(frowning)  
I'd love some, thanks.

**REGGIE**

I'm sorry.

looks  
REGGIE  
it.

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

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

**DYLE**

No sense messing up the streets.

**REGGIE**

Alex --

**DYLE**

Hm?

**REGGIE**

I'm scared.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

They resume walking.

**DYLE**

Maybe somebody felt that four shares were too many --

**REGGIE**

What makes you think that this somebody will be satisfied with three? He wants it all, Alex -- that means

we're in his way, too.

**DYLE**

Yes, I know.

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

(surprised)

What? Assassinate somebody?

**REGGIE**

No --

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Including the Cathedral of NOTRE DAME in the background.

**REGGIE**

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

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD LANDING -- LATE AFTERNOON**

As REGGIE and DYLE step from the elevator.

**REGGIE**

Hurry up and change -- I'm starved.

**DYLE**

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

He goes into his room and she goes into hers.

**DELETED**

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

She enters, fixes her hair in the mirror, then goes to the door connecting her room with DYLE's. She unlocks it, tries

knocks. to open it, but finds it locked. Disappointed, she

**DYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

What do you want?

**REGGIE**

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

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

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

**DYLE**

Lord, you're a pest.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Can I come in?

**DYLE**

I'd like to take a bath.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

What for?

**REGGIE**

I wouldn't want to use that tub. Besides, I don't want to be alone. I'm afraid.

**INT. DYLE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**DYLE**

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

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

**DELETED**

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

As DYLE enters.

**DYLE**

Reggie!

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

**REGGIE**

Got you.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

The shower's in there.

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

**DYLE**

(warning)

Reggie -- open the door.

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

Then I suggest you call one of them.

**REGGIE**

I dare you.

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

**REGGIE**

(has she gone too  
far?)

What are you doing?

**DYLE**

Have you ever heard of anyone taking

a shower with his shoes on?  
(to himself)  
What a nut.

Shoes off, DYLE starts for the bathroom, humming.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Shut the door!

**DYLE**

I don't think I know that one.

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

**REGGIE**

What on earth are you doing?

**INT. BATHROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**MED. SHOT -- DYLE**

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

**DYLE**

(explaining pleasantly)  
Drip-dry!

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

**DYLE**

The suit needs it more than I do, anyway.

**REGGIE**

How often do you go through this little ritual?

As he takes out his handkerchief and rinses it.

**DYLE**

Every day. The manufacturer recommends

it.

**REGGIE**

I don't believe it.

He opens his coat and reads a label inside.

**DYLE**

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

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

**DYLE**

Waterproof.

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

**DELETED**

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

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

**REGGIE**

(into phone)

Yes -- ?

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**CLOSE SHOT -- BARTHOLOMEW**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(on the phone)

Mrs. Lampert? -- Bartholomew. I've  
spoken to Washington, Mrs. Lampert --

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)

Go ahead, Mr. Bartholomew -- I'm  
listening.

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(on the phone)

I told them what you said -- about this man being Carson Dyle's brother. I asked them what they knew about it and they told me -- you're not gonna like this, Mrs. Lampert -- they told me Carson Dyle has no brother.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

has

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

**REGGIE**

(pause, quietly)

Are you sure there's no mistake?

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(on the phone)

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

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

and

REGGIE slowly lowers the phone to its cradle, a worried expression on her face. Then the bathroom door opens

to

DYLE appears dressed in a large bath towel. Her back is to him.

**DYLE**

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

She doesn't answer.

**DYLE**

Reggie -- is something wrong?

She shakes her head.

**DYLE**

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

She turns and looks at him.

**REGGIE**

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

**EXT. SEINE - BÂTEAU MOUCHE -- DUSK**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND DYLE (PROCESS)**

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

No -- not yet.

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

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

She doesn't answer.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

It's a start, anyway.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Carson Dyle didn't have a brother.

**WIDER ANGLE**

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

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

(looking at the river)  
I can't very well leave without a  
pair of water wings.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

Fiction or non-fiction?

**DYLE**

Why don't you shut up!

**REGGIE**

Well!

**DYLE**

Are you going to listen?

**REGGIE**

Go on.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

I suppose all this is leading somewhere?

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

What do you mean?

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

(astonished)

You mean, you're a thief?

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

I don't believe it.

**DYLE**

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

**REGGIE**

But I do believe it -- that's what I don't believe. So it's goodbye Alexander Dyle -- Welcome home Peter Joshua.

**DYLE**

Sorry, the name's Adam Canfield.

**REGGIE**

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

**DYLE**

(now called ADAM)

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

**REGGIE**

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

**ADAM**

Oh, come on!

**REGGIE**

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

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

Is there a Mrs. Canfield?

**ADAM**

Yes, but --

**ADAM AND REGGIE**

(together)

-- we're divorced.

**ADAM**

Right. Now go eat your dinner.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

putting

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

**REGGIE**

(miserably)  
I could eat a horse.

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**ADAM**

How was I leading you on?

**REGGIE**

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

**ADAM**

That's right.

**REGGIE (HURT)**

Oh!

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

No -- I guess not.

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

What?

**ADAM**

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

REGGIE reacts in surprise.

**ADAM**

Oh, you should see your face.

**REGGIE**

What about it?

**ADAM**

(taking her hand,  
nicely)  
It's lovely.

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

**ADAM**

What's the matter?

**REGGIE**

I'm not hungry -- isn't it glorious?

The lights go out.

**REGGIE**

(alarmed)  
Adam!

**ADAM**

It's all right -- look.

**EXT. SEINE BÂTEAU MOUCHE -- NIGHT**

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

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND ADAM**

together Who, like everyone else, leave the table and stand

at the rail watching.

**REGGIE**

You don't look so bad in this light.

**ADAM**

Why do you think I brought you here?

**REGGIE**

(indicating the lovers)

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

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

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

**ADAM**

How do you think I got here?

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

**REGGIE**

Aren't you allowed to kiss back?

**ADAM**

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

She kisses him again. He responds a little better.

**ADAM**

When you come on, you really come on.

**REGGIE**

Well -- come on.

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

**REGGIE**

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

**ADAM**

Relax -- you're gaining.

**DELETED**

**INT. GIDEON'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

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

**GIDEON**

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

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

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD FLOOR LANDING -- NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT**

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

**GIDEON**

Hey! Turn on the lights!

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

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT**

elevator,  
level

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

**GIDEON**

Hey! How do you stop this thing?

There is  
sneezes  
rudely  
squeaking  
He

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

PORTER  
RUSHES  
floor  
resembling a  
no

An instant later the cage appears and stops. The NIGHT opens the gate, pulls back the grill and the CAMERA PAST him to pick up GIDEON. His body is sitting on the of the cage, its grotesque sprawling attitude puppet's with its strings cut. Except that GIDEON has strings to cut -- only a throat. From ear to ear.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT**

CLOSE SHOT -- GRANDPIERRE. He is now doubly apoplectic.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

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

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**ADAM**

I don't know.

**GRANDPIERRE**

Madame?

REGGIE shrugs.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

**ADAM**

In my room, asleep.

**GRANDPIERRE**

And you, Mrs. Lampert?

**REGGIE**

I was, too.

**GRANDPIERRE**

In Mr. Dyle's room?

**REGGIE**

(bitterly)

No -- in my room.

**GRANDPIERRE**

(pause, lighting cigar)

It stands to reason you are telling the truth -- for why would you invent such a ridiculous story?

REGGIE and ADAM exchange looks.

**GRANDPIERRE**

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

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

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

You're going to look for him -- now?

**ADAM**

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

**REGGIE**

Adam --

**ADAM**

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

ADAM disappears into his own room.

**INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

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

The phone rings. He answers it.

**ADAM**

Yes?

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

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

**TEX**

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

**INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**ADAM**

(on the phone)

Where are you, ol' buddy?

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

**TEX**

(on the phone)

(laughs)

I'll tell you what, fella -- you want t' find me, you jus' turn 'round -- from now on I'll be right behind you.

(hangs up)

**INT. ADAM'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

looks  
starts  
ADAM, before hanging up, reflects on TEX's words, then  
behind him. Smiling softly, he hangs up the phone and  
for REGGIE's door.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

connecting  
door.  
REGGIE slips back into her robe and goes to the

**REGGIE**

What is it?

**ADAM**

Open up.

She undoes the bolt and opens the door. ADAM enters.

**ADAM**

I think we were wrong about Tex having  
the money.

**REGGIE**

Why?

**ADAM**

I just heard from him -- he's still  
hungry. That means killing Gideon  
didn't get it for him -- so he's  
narrowed it down to us. You've got  
it.

**REGGIE**

I've looked, Adam -- you know I have --

**ADAM**

Where's that airlines bag?

**REGGIE**

Lord, you're stubborn.

**ADAM**

I sure am. Get it.

She goes to the closet and gets the bag.

**ADAM**

Charles must have had the money with

him on the train, and Tex missed it.  
He takes the bag to the bed where he dumps out the  
contents.

**REGGIE**

But everyone and his Aunt Lillian's  
been through that bag. Somebody would  
have seen it.

**ADAM**

Let's look anyway.

**REGGIE**

Lord, you're stubborn.

**ADAM**

I mean, it's there, Reggie. If only  
we could see it. We're looking at it  
right now.

**CLOSE SHOT -- BED WITH CHARLES' BELONGINGS**

**ADAM'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Something on that bed is worth a  
quarter of a million dollars.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Yes, but what?

**ADAM'S VOICE (O.S.)**

I don't know -- I just don't know.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND ADAM**

As ADAM begins to examine the items one by one.

**ADAM**

Electric razor -- comb -- steamship  
ticket -- fountain pen -- four  
passports -- toothbrush -- wallet --  
(He goes through the  
wallet, finds nothing)  
key -- what about that?

**REGGIE**

To the apartment -- it matches mine  
perfectly.

**ADAM**

The letter --

glasses

He takes it out of the envelope and takes out his  
before reading it.

**REGGIE**

I'll bet you don't really need those.

He hands her the glasses and she looks through them.

**REGGIE**

You need them.

(She hands them back)

**ADAM**

(reading the letter)

It still doesn't make sense, but it  
isn't worth any quarter of a million  
either. Have we forgotten anything?

**REGGIE**

The tooth powder. Wait a minute --  
could you recognize heroin just by  
tasting it?

REGGIE

He shakes some powder into his hand and tastes it.  
watches expectantly.

**ADAM**

Heroin -- peppermint-flavored heroin.

**REGGIE**

Well, I guess that's it -- dead end.

**ADAM**

Go to bed. You've got to be at work  
in the morning. There's nothing more  
we can do tonight.

**REGGIE**

(pause)

I love you, Adam.

**ADAM**

Yes, you told me.

**REGGIE**

No -- last time I said "I love you,  
Alex."

**EXT. UNESCO BUILDING -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY**

the  
The ultra-modern glass and concrete structure behind  
Ecole Militaire.

**INT. UNESCO CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

of  
sit  
SEVERAL DELEGATES identified by little plaques in front  
them listing their respective nations, and their AIDES,  
around the large table. They are all wearing earphones.  
The ITALIAN DELEGATE is speaking.

**ITALIAN DELEGATE**

-- di conseguenza, il Governo Italiano  
è decisamente a favore per  
l'incoraggiamento, in accordo con le  
tradizioni etniche rispettive delle  
culture basilari dei passi in via di  
sviluppo. Per esempio, pregare i  
Vietnamiti di aggiungere alle loro  
risaie ed ai loro campi di soja  
tradizionali una raccolta di semola,  
non solo sconvolgerebbe le loro  
secolari tradizioni ma, oltre tutto,  
e questo è molto importante per il  
Governo che io ho l'onore di  
rappresentare disturberebbe  
l'esportazione delle derrate farinose  
italiane in questa parte del mondo.  
Signori Delegati vi ringrazio della  
vostra attenzione.

**INT. REGGIE'S BOOTH -- DAY**

REGGIE, wearing her headset, is talking with SYLVIE.

**REGGIE**

I hope Jean-Louis understands about  
last night -- it's just not safe for  
him to be around me right now.

**SYLVIE**

Don't be silly -- he would not do  
anything. He is not yet old enough  
to be interested in girls. He says  
collecting stamps is much more  
satisfying to a man of his age.

**REGGIE**

Hold it -- Italy just finished.  
They're recognizing Great Britain.

**SYLVIE**

Oh la vache!

shutting SYLVIE jumps up and rushes next door into her booth,  
the door after her.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

the The BRITISH DELEGATE rises to speak, continuing through  
next scene.

**BRITISH DELEGATE**

Mr. Chairman, fellow delegates -- my distinguished colleague from Italy. Her Majesty's delegation has listened with great patience to the Southern European position on this problem, and while we find it charmingly stated, we cannot possibly agree with its content. In 1937, in the British colonies of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika -- and, if I'm not mistaken, more or less in Somaliland -- a programme of crop rotation was instituted vis-à-vis arable land which had never before known the plough, beginning before the soil was able to know the sort of fatigue now plaguing most of Western Europe. In 1937, therefore, Her Majesty's Government -- at that time His Majesty's Government -- was able to properly assay the situation. We therefore oppose the resolution.

**INT. REGGIE'S BOOTH -- DAY**

The door from the hall opens and ADAM enters.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- I think I've found --  
(stopping)  
are you on?

**REGGIE**

No, it's all right. What's wrong, Adam?

**ADAM**

Nothing's wrong. I think I found something. I was snooping around Tex's room and I found this in the waste basket. I've stuck it back together.

He hands her a paper.

**INSERT -- POLICE RECEIPT**

half

The one GRANDPIERRE gave REGGIE. It has been torn in and scotch-taped back together.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

It's the receipt Inspector Grandpierre gave me -- for Charles's things. I don't see how that's going to --

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND ADAM**

**ADAM**

You didn't look. Last night, when we went through the airlines bag, something was missing. See -- ?  
(showing her the list)  
"One agenda." It wasn't there.

**REGGIE**

You're right. I remember Grandpierre looking through it. But there was nothing in it -- at least, nothing that the police thought was very important.

**ADAM**

Can you remember anything at all?

**REGGIE**

Grandpierre asked me about an appointment Charles had -- on the day he was killed.

**ADAM**

With whom? Where?

**REGGIE**

I think it only said where -- but I can't --

**ADAM**

Think, Reggie, you've got to think --  
it may be what we're looking for.

**REGGIE**

That money's not ours, Adam -- if we  
keep it, we'll be breaking the law.

**ADAM**

Nonsense. We didn't steal it. There's  
no law against stealing stolen money.

**REGGIE**

Of course there is!

**ADAM**

There is? Well, I can't say I think  
very much of a silly law like that.  
Think, Reggie -- please think --  
what was written in Charles' notebook?

**REGGIE**

Well -- it was a place -- a street  
corner, I think. But I don't --  
(hearing something  
through her earpiece)  
Hold it. I'm on.

starts She turns back to the conference, flips a switch and  
speaking into her headset.

**REGGIE**

(translating)  
Mr. Chairman, fellow delegates -- my  
distinguished colleague from Great  
Britain --

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY**

The FRENCH DELEGATE is speaking.

**FRENCH DELEGATE**

Monsieur le Président, Messieurs les  
délégués -- mon distingué collègue  
de la Grande Bretagne -- le problème  
vu par mon Gouvernement n'est pas  
aussi simple que nos amis les Anglais  
voudraient nous le faire croire.  
Mais leur pays n'est pas, après tout,  
un pays agricole, n'est-ce pas? La  
position française, ainsi que nous

l'avons soulignée dans le rapport  
numéro trente-neuf bar oblique  
cinquante-deux de la Conférence de  
l'hémisphère occidental qui a eu  
lieu le 22 mars --

**INT. REGGIE'S BOOTH -- DAY**

REGGIE is busy translating.

**REGGIE**

as outlined in report number three-  
nine-stroke-five-two of the Western  
Hemisphere Conference held on March  
**22 --**

(she stops)

no wait! It was last Thursday, five  
o'clock at the Jardin des Champs-  
Élysées! Adam -- that was it! The  
garden!

**ADAM**

It's Thursday today -- and it's almost  
five -- come on!

**MED. SHOT -- CONFERENCE TABLE**

their  
From REGGIE'S and ADAM'S ANGLE. All the DELEGATES and  
AIDES suddenly turn, surprised, and look at CAMERA.

**REVERSE SHOT -- WINDOW**

ADAM  
From the DELEGATE'S ANGLE. Inside the booth, REGGIE and  
can be seen heading for the door in a hurry.

**MED. SHOT -- CONFERENCE TABLE**

As the DELEGATES look at one another, confused.

**EXT. GUIGNOL -- LATE AFTERNOON**

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND ADAM**

By the locked gate.

**REGGIE**

Now what?

**ADAM**

Five o'clock -- Thursday -- the Garden --

it's got to be something around here.

**REGGIE**

But Charles' appointment was last week, not --

**ADAM**

I know, but this is all we've got left.

**REGGIE**

Well, you're right there. Ten minutes ago I had a job.

**ADAM**

Stop grouching. If we find the money I'll buy you an international conference all your own. Now start looking. You take this side and I'll poke around over there.

**VARIOUS SHOTS -- WHAT THEY SEE**

A quick succession of shots showing:

Elysées  
Restaurant  
1. Children's Merry-go-round 2. Rond Point de Champs-  
with fountains playing 3. Children's swings 4.  
Laurent 5. Balloon salesman

**EXT. FOUNTAIN -- LATE AFTERNOON**

something  
ADAM stands by the large fountain, staring off at  
as REGGIE joins him.

**REGGIE**

It's hopeless -- I don't even know what we're looking for.

**ADAM**

It's all right -- I don't think Tex does, either.

**REGGIE**

Tex? You mean he's here, too?

**ADAM**

Look.

**MED. SHOT -- TEX**

in  
off,

He stands near the merry-go-round, looking at something  
his hand: Charles' agenda. Now he closes it and moves  
disappearing behind a hedge.

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND ADAM**

**ADAM**

I'd better see what he's up to.  
Stay here -- I won't be long.

ADAM starts off.

**REGGIE**

(concerned)  
Be careful, Adam -- please. He's  
already killed three men.

**DELETED**

**EXT. RUE GABRIEL -- LATE AFTERNOON**

wooden  
CROWD.  
by

Between the curb and the Jardin, several temporary  
booths have been set up. They have collected quite a  
Into this area comes TEX, followed at a safe distance  
ADAM. Suddenly TEX stops.

**DELETED**

**CLOSE SHOT -- TEX**

As he stares wide-eyed at something.

**CLOSE SHOT -- STAMPS**

Neatly displayed on a counter of one of the booths.

**CLOSE SHOT -- TEX**

As he wheels to look at another booth.

**CLOSE SHOT -- MORE STAMPS**

In another arrangement.

**CLOSE SHOT -- TEX**

another.

He turns crazily to look at another booth, then

**CLOSE SHOT -- EVEN MORE STAMPS**

Various FLASH SHOTS of stamps of all sizes, shapes and colors.

**MED. SHOT -- TEX**

As he understands. He turns to rush off and bumps smack into ADAM. TEX is startled.

**TEX**

Sorry, fella --

He rushes off past ADAM, who watches him for a moment, confused, then turns toward the booth, not yet having seen the stamps.

**MED. SHOT -- BOOTH**

From ADAM's angle. There are one or two persons standing at the booth. CAMERA ZOOMS in on the display of stamps.

**CLOSE SHOT -- ADAM**

**ADAM**

(amazed)  
The letter.

He quickly turns to find TEX.

**MED. SHOT -- TEX**

As he hops into the back of a TAXI and it pulls away from the curb. ADAM runs toward another TAXI.

**ADAM**

Taxi! -- Taxi!

**DELETED**

**AFTERNOON**

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD FLOOR LANDING -- LATE**

As ADAM comes up the stairs and goes to REGGIE's door.

Whipping out his gun, he flings open the door.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON**

dumped  
From ADAM's angle. TEX sits in the armchair, staring at  
CAMERA. Next to him is the airlines bag, its contents  
on the floor.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Without  
to go  
time  
Including ADAM as he enters, his gun trained on TEX.  
speaking he goes to the airlines bag, then stoops down  
through the spilled contents, keeping one eye all the  
on TEX. But he can't find what he's looking for.

**ADAM**

(quietly)

All right -- where's the letter?

**TEX**

The letter? The letter ain't worth  
nuthin'.

**ADAM**

You know what I mean -- the envelope  
with the stamps. I want it.

**TEX**

(a pause, then  
beginning to laugh)

You greenhorn -- you half-witted,  
thick-skulled, hare-brained,  
greenhorn! They wuz both too smart  
for us!

**ADAM**

What are you talking about?

**TEX**

First her husband, now her -- she  
hoodwinked you! She batted all them  
big eyes and you went 'n fell for it -  
like a egg from a tall chicken!  
Here!

(holding out the  
envelope)

You want? Here -- it's yours!

ADAM takes it and looks at it.

**INSERT -- ENVELOPE**

The corner containing the stamps is missing, torn off.

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM AND TEX**

laughing,  
TEX sees the expression on ADAM's face and begins hysterically.

**TEX**

Look at you! Horn-swoggled by a purty face 'n all them sweet words! You killed all three of 'em for nothin'! You greenhorn! You block-headed jackass! You clod -- you booby -- you nincompoop -- !

**EXT. ROND POINT -- LATE AFTERNOON**

across  
sitting  
newspaper.  
REGGIE is looking around for ADAM. She sees something the street. CAMERA SPINS AROUND to discover SYLVIE, alone on a bench near the stamp market, reading a

**MED. SHOT -- SYLVIE**

As REGGIE approaches her.

**REGGIE**

Sylvie -- ? What are you doing here?

**SYLVIE**

(looking up)  
Hello, Reggie -- I am waiting for Jean-Louis.

**REGGIE**

(looking around)  
What's he up to?

**SYLVIE**

He was so excited -- when he got the stamps you gave him this morning. He said he had never seen any like them.

**REGGIE**

I'm glad. But what's all this?

**SYLVIE**

The stamp market, of course -- it is here every Thursday afternoon. This is where Jean-Louis trades his --

**REGGIE**

(as it dawns)  
Good Lord! The stamps! Where is he? Sylvie -- we've got to find him!

**SYLVIE**

What's the matter, chérie?

**REGGIE**

Those stamps -- they're worth a fortune!

**SYLVIE**

(jumping up)  
What?

**REGGIE**

A fortune! Hurry -- we've got to find him!

They rush off into the market.

**TWO SHOT -- REGGIE AND SYLVIE**

As they stop among the booths, looking around.

**REGGIE**

I don't see him.

**SYLVIE**

We will separate -- you look over there.

They go off in opposite directions.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

As she hurries along a row of stalls, weaving around small groups of MEN standing together, showing each other stamps.

**MED. SHOT -- SYLVIE**

Searching in another section of the market.

**SYLVIE**

(calling)  
Jean-Louis -- ?

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

Spotting a BOY, she runs to him and spins him around.

**REGGIE**

Jean-Louis!

But it isn't.

**MED. SHOT -- SYLVIE**

Looking everywhere. Suddenly she sees something.

**CLOSE SHOT -- GROUP OF MEN -- THEIR LEGS**

rest

Only a small boy's elbow and part of his arm show, the  
hidden by all the legs.

**MED. SHOT -- SYLVIE**

She recognizes him from these fragments.

**SYLVIE**

Jean-Louis!

stands

She rushes to him, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER. JEAN-LOUIS  
looking at some stamps. SYLVIE grabs him.

**SYLVIE**

Jean-Louis -- les timbrés -- où sont-ils?

assorted

Smiling, JEAN-LOUIS holds up an enormous sack of  
stamps -- hundreds of them.

**SYLVIE**

Oh, zut!  
(calling)  
Reggie -- Reggie -- !

REGGIE runs up and joins them.

**REGGIE**

Jean-Louis -- thank heavens! Do you  
have -- !

(spotting the sack of  
stamps)  
What's that?

**JEAN-LOUIS**

A man traded with me -- all those  
for only four.

**REGGIE**

Oh no! What man, Jean-Louis -- where?

trying  
JEAN-LOUIS looks in one direction, then in the other,  
to remember.

**SYLVIE**

Vite, mon ange -- vite!

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Là bas -- Monsieur Félix.

stops  
They all run off down the line of booths. JEAN-LOUIS  
and points off.

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Il est là!

**MED. SHOT -- STAMP BOOTH**

Closed, deserted, empty.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE, SYLVIE AND JEAN-LOUIS**

**JEAN-LOUIS**

But he is gone.

**REGGIE**

I don't blame him. Jean-Louis -- do  
you know where this Monsieur Félix  
lives?

**JEAN-LOUIS**

No -- but I will ask.

of  
He goes to the closest booth and shakes the coat sleeve  
the proprietor.

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Monsieur Théophile --

**THÉOPHILE**

Oui, jeune homme?

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Monsieur Félix, où habite-il?

**THÉOPHILE**

A Montmartre -- demande à Monsieur August au Bar des Artistes -- Place Blanche.

**JEAN-LOUIS**

Merci, Monsieur Théophile.

(returning to REGGIE  
and SYLVIE)

He says to ask Monsieur August at  
the --

has  
REGGIE  
Before he can finish, SYLVIE, who has heard THÉOPHILE,  
JEAN-LOUIS by the hand, dragging him off at full speed,  
right alongside.

**DELETED**

**INT. FÉLIX'S ROOM -- DUSK**

sixties,  
albums  
busy  
looks  
A bare, unkempt little room. FÉLIX, a man in his  
sits at a table, smoking a pipe. There are stamps and  
everywhere. He holds a magnifying glass in his hand,  
studying something on the table. There is a KNOCK. He  
up. Another KNOCK.

**FÉLIX**

Entrez.

LOUIS,  
The door opens and REGGIE, followed by SYLVIE and JEAN-  
enters.

**REGGIE**

Monsieur Félix -- ?

**FÉLIX**

(without looking up)  
I was expecting you. You are American  
too, of course.

**REGGIE**

(looking at SYLVIE)

Yes.

**FÉLIX**

The man who bought them last week  
was American. I did not see him but  
I heard. I knew you would come.

SYLVIE He gestures for REGGIE to come closer. Together with  
and JEAN-LOUIS, she goes to the table and looks at the  
stamps.

**FÉLIX**

Look at them, Madame.

**INSERT -- STAMPS**

still Four of them -- a red, a yellow, a blue, and a green,  
attached to the portion of the torn envelope.

**FÉLIX (O.S.)**

Have you ever, in your entire life,  
seen anything so beautiful?

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE, FÉLIX, SYLVIE AND JEAN-LOUIS**

**REGGIE**

I'm -- I'm sorry -- I don't know  
anything about stamps.

**FÉLIX**

I know them as one knows his own  
face, even though I have never seen  
them. This yellow one -- a Swedish  
four shilling -- called 'De Gula  
Fyraskillingen' -- issued in 1854.

**REGGIE**

How much is it worth?

**FÉLIX**

The money is unimportant.

**REGGIE**

I'm afraid it is important.

**FÉLIX**

(shrugging)

In your money, perhaps \$65,000.

**REGGIE**

Do you mind if I sit down?  
(she sits)  
What about the blue one?

**FÉLIX**

It is called 'The Hawaiian Blue' and there are only seven left. In 1894 the owner of one was murdered by a rival collector who was obsessed to own it.

**REGGIE**

What's its value today?

**FÉLIX**

In human life? In greed? In suffering?

**REGGIE**

In money.

**FÉLIX**

Forty-five thousand.

**REGGIE**

(to SYLVIE)  
Do you have anything to eat?  
(to FÉLIX)  
And the orange one -- what about the orange one?

**FÉLIX**

A two-penny Mauritius -- issued in 1856. Not so rare as the others -- \$30,000 perhaps.

**REGGIE**

And the last one?

**FÉLIX**

The best for the last -- le chef-d'oeuvre de la collection. The masterpiece. It is the most valuable stamp in the world. It is called 'The Gazette Guyanne.' It was printed by hand on colored paper in 1852 and marked with the initials of the printer.

(looking at it through  
the glass)

Today it has a value of \$100,000.

(a pause)

Eh, bien -- I am not a thief. I knew there was some mistake. Take them.

**REGGIE**

(hesitating)

You gave the boy quite a lot of stamps in return, Monsieur Félix -- are they for sale now?

**FÉLIX**

(looking at the large bag)

Let me see. There are 350 European, 200 Asian, 175 American, 100 African and twelve Princess Grace commemorative -- which comes to nine francs fifty.

**REGGIE**

(fishing money from her purse)

Here's ten.

FÉLIX goes to his wallet for the change.

**REGGIE**

Please keep it.

**FÉLIX**

I am a tradesman, Madame, not a doorman. And don't forget these.

He hands her the four stamps and her change.

**REGGIE**

I'm -- I'm sorry.

**CLOSE SHOT -- FÉLIX**

**FÉLIX**

No. For a few minutes they were mine -- that is enough.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD FLOOR LANDING -- NIGHT**

As REGGIE comes hurrying up the stairs. She goes first to ADAM's room and knocks.

**REGGIE**

Adam? Adam? It's me, Reggie -- !

her  
There is no answer. She goes to her own door and, to  
surprise, finds it an inch or two ajar.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

the  
As REGGIE enters. She freezes, having seen something on  
floor.

**MED. SHOT -- TEX**

extended  
steam  
transparent  
eyes  
features,  
bending  
beside  
His dead body lies on the floor, the wrists of his  
arms tied to the leg of the bed, his ankles to the  
radiator. And tied around his head is a plastic,  
bag, inside of which the suffocated man's face, the  
bulging against the plastic clinging tight to his  
can be seen all too clearly. REGGIE enters the shot,  
down to see if he's alive. Then she sees something  
his hands near the leg of the bed.

**CLOSE SHOT -- CARPET**

the  
With his dying effort, TEX has traced a name against  
grain of the maroon carpet -- 'DYLE.'

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

Astonished and horrified.

**REGGIE**

(gasping)

Dyle --

**WIDER ANGLE**

As she gets to her feet and hurries to the phone.

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)

Hello -- Balzac 30-04, s'il vous  
plait --

(waiting)  
Mr. Bartholomew! Thank God you're there! Tex is dead, Mr. Bartholomew -- smothered -- and Adam did it -- he killed them all!

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

BARTHOLOMEW, his face lathered for a shaving, is on the phone.

**BARTHOLOMEW**

Just a minute, Mrs. Lampert -- you'd better give that to me slowly. Who's Adam?

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)  
The one who said he was Dyle's brother -- of course I'm sure -- Tex wrote the word 'Dyle' before he died. He's the murderer I tell you -- he's the only one left! You've got to do something!

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(on the phone)  
Calm down, Mrs. Lampert -- please. Does he have the money?

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)  
No, I do -- it was the stamps on that letter Charles had with him on the train. They were in plain sight all the time, but no one ever bothered looking at the envelope.

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

**BARTHOLOMEW**

(on the phone)  
The envelope -- imagine that. Mrs. Lampert, listen to me -- you're not safe as long as you've got these stamps. Go to the Embassy right away -- wait, I'd better meet you halfway --

it's quicker. Now, let's see -- do you know the center garden at the Palais Royal? -- yes, by the colonnade -- as soon as you can get there. Hurry, Mrs. Lampert.

**INT. REGGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)

Yes, I'm leaving now -- goodbye.

then She hangs up, looks briefly at TEX's body, shudders, hurries to the door.

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- THIRD LANDING -- NIGHT**

to As REGGIE leaves her room and goes to the elevator. She presses the button, then notices it is in use. She goes the stairs and starts down.

**INT. HOTEL STAIRCASE -- NIGHT**

cage stops and Between the landings. The stairs curve around the open elevator shaft. As REGGIE comes down the stairs, the rises into view. Inside is ADAM. For a moment, she their eyes meet.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- the stamps -- what've you done with --?

REGGIE starts running downstairs.

**ADAM**

Where are you going? Wait!

the ADAM pushes the emergency stop button and then starts cage down.

**ADAM**

Reggie!

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- SECOND LANDING -- NIGHT**

gate and As REGGIE comes off the stairs, passes the elevator

behind

starts down toward the lobby, the cage a few feet  
her.

**ADAM**

Reggie!

**INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR -- FIRST LANDING -- NIGHT**

As REGGIE continues to run.

**INT. HOTEL STAIRWAY -- NIGHT**

running, the

Between the first landing and the lobby. REGGIE  
elevator following.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- stop!

**REGGIE**

Why? So you can kill me too? Tex is  
dead, I've seen him! He said Dyle  
did it!

**ADAM**

I'm not Dyle -- you know that!

**REGGIE**

But Tex didn't -- he still thought --  
!

**ADAM**

Don't be an idiot!

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT**

races

MANAGER

elevator,

REGGIE reaches the lobby first and, without hesitation,  
toward the front door and out. The confused hotel  
behind the desk can only stare in surprise. The  
ADAM inside, has not yet reached the bottom.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- ! I want those stamps!

**EXT. HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT**

runs

A taxi stands by the curb. REGGIE leaves the hotel and

to it.

**REGGIE**

(indicating the  
direction)

Palais Royal -- vite!

his

Calmly, the DRIVER points to the little printed sign on  
windshield reading "ITALIE."

**DRIVER**

(pointing the other  
way)

Porte d'Italie, moi.

**REGGIE**

Mais c'est très vite! On veut me  
teur!

**DRIVER**

(shaking his head)

Italie.

and

She looks around and sees ADAM come out of the hotel  
straight toward her. She turns and runs off toward the  
Place  
St. Michel.

Place

**EXT. PLACE ST. MICHEL -- NIGHT**

Métro

As REGGIE comes to the corner. She stops, sees the  
station ("St. Michel") and rushes to it, scampering  
down the  
stairs. ADAM is behind her.

down the

**INT. ST. MICHEL MÉTRO STATION -- NIGHT**

ticket

REGGIE comes flying down the stairs and runs past the  
booth, fishing in her bag for her carnet (booklet of  
tickets),  
casting a quick look behind her. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO  
ADAM  
just coming off the stairs, who runs after her.

tickets),

ADAM

**DELETED**

**INT. MÉTRO TICKET GATE -- NIGHT**

crowd  
punched,  
to  
through.

REGGIE gets to the gate ahead of ADAM and manages to  
in front of some OTHERS about to pass through. Barely  
stopping, she holds out her ticket to the GUARD to be  
then heads down the platform, still running. ADAM gets  
the gate but the GUARD stops him as he tries to pass

**GUARD**

Billet, Monsieur.

**ADAM**

(breathless)

I don't want to go anywhere -- I'm  
only trying --

**GUARD**

(pointing off)

Billet, Monsieur.

it up

ADAM tries to look past him, to see REGGIE, but gives  
and goes back toward the ticket booth, on the run.

**INT. MÉTRO PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT**

nearly  
walls.

CAMERA LEADING REGGIE as she runs -- the passageway is  
empty. Her footsteps echo against the tile and concrete

**CLOSE SHOT -- PASSAGEWAY WALL (TRAVELING)**

colors.

The jumble of advertising posters as it passes rapidly,  
forming a moving band of letters, women, cartoons and

**INT. MÉTRO PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT**

indicating

REGGIE stops and pauses for a moment at a sign  
two different directions, an arrow for each.

"DIRECTION: Pte D'ORLÉANS Pte DE CLIGNANCOURT-----"

SHARPLY,

Choosing "Clignancourt," she runs off. CAMERA PANS  
180 degrees, to pick up ADAM rounding the corner in hot  
pursuit.

**INT. MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

every  
across  
evidently  
  
rings,  
back  
REGGIE  
train

REGGIE starts down the platform, looking behind her few steps. Suddenly she looks up in surprise -- there, the tracks on the opposite platform is ADAM. He has made the wrong turn back in the passageway. They stare at each other for a moment. Then the bell announcing the arrival of a train. ADAM turns, running through the exit behind him. Not knowing what to do, REGGIE looks into the darkness of the tunnel. The approaching train can be heard.

**REGGIE**

(to herself)

Come on -- please --

door  
station.

She turns to look at the gate -- slowly, the pneumatic starts to close. As it does, the train roars into the

**INT. MÉTRO PASSAGEWAY -- NIGHT**

tries

The gate can be seen slowly closing. ADAM runs to it, to force it back but cannot. Finally, he jumps up and, commando style, vaults over it.

**INT. MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

either  
just  
latches  
blowing  
move.

REGGIE is just entering the red center car (the two on side are dark green). ADAM runs for the red car and manages to make it as the doors shut in unison, the falling with a concerted click and the little whistle to inform the motor-man to depart. The train starts to

**INT. MÉTRO CAR -- NIGHT**

The entire length of the car separates ADAM and REGGIE.

weave his  
GUARD.  
For a moment, their eyes meet, then ADAM starts to  
way past the other PASSENGERS, on his way to her.  
Suddenly, he is stopped. ADAM turns to see a TRAIN

**TRAIN GUARD**

Billet, Monsieur.

but  
ADAM shows him his yellow ticket and starts past him,  
again the TRAIN GUARD stops him.

**TRAIN GUARD**

Vous êtes dans le premier classe,  
Monsieur.

**ADAM**

What?

**TRAIN GUARD**

(heavy accent)

This car is for first class only --  
you have a second-class ticket.

**ADAM**

But that's what they gave me.

himself  
He tries to pull away from the TRAIN GUARD and finds  
staring into the serious face of a GENDARME.

**GENDARME**

Monsieur -- ?

ADAM looks at the GENDARME, then at REGGIE.

**INT. "PALAIS-ROYAL" MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

As the TRAIN pulls in and comes to a stop.

**INT. MÉTRO CAR -- NIGHT**

out.  
The GENDARME opens the door for ADAM and escorts him

remains  
ADAM turns once more to look at REGGIE as he goes. She  
in the car.

**INT. MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

second-  
ADAM  
The GENDARME gestures for ADAM to enter the green,  
class car behind the red, first-class one. Reluctantly,  
does.

**INT. MÉTRO CAR -- NIGHT**

can see  
he  
As ADAM enters and goes to the door through which he  
REGGIE in the car ahead. She is gone. Moving quickly,  
returns to the exit door and looks at the platform.

**INT. MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

marked  
From ADAM'S P.O.V. She is hurrying toward an exit  
"SORTIE."

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

way  
around  
Featuring ADAM as he hurries from the car. He finds his  
blocked by FIVE NUNS in large, white butterfly hats.  
It takes him a few precious seconds to work his way  
them.

**DELETED**

**INT. MÉTRO SORTIE -- NIGHT**

she  
she is  
tries to  
reads  
for  
REGGIE has entered an area leading to the exit. But as  
reaches the stairway leading up to the street level,  
confronted with an iron grill barring her way. She  
open it, but it is firmly padlocked. A sign hung on it  
"FERMÉ LES WEEKENDS." She turns, desperately looking  
some way out.

**INT. MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

train  
ADAM is off the train. He stands on the platform as the

and doors slam shut, the latches click, the whistle blows  
the train pulls out. He looks around in all directions,  
marked looking for some sign of REGGIE. He spots the exit  
toward it. "SORTIE" (the same one used by REGGIE) and starts

**INT. MÉTRO SORTIE -- NIGHT**

As ADAM enters the deserted area. There is,  
miraculously, no sign of REGGIE. He goes to the locked grill and tries  
it, testing the padlock. CAMERA PANS to a phone booth  
(solid door with a window in the upper half) and we see  
REGGIE's hand reaching up to dial a number.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

REGGIE sits on the floor of the booth, dialing.

**REGGIE**

(to herself, as she  
dials)

Balzac 3 - 0 - 0 - 4.

heard She holds the receiver to her ear. The number can be  
for the ringing but no one answers. She hangs up and reaches  
phone book, leafing through its pages.

**REGGIE**

Embassies -- embassies --

**INT. MÉTRO SORTIE -- NIGHT**

ADAM stands for a minute, looking around, not knowing  
what to do.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

REGGIE has finished dialing her number and now pushes  
the button. It clicks loudly.

**REGGIE**

Shh.

(into the phone,  
whispering)  
American Embassy? Mr. Bartholomew's  
office, please -- Mr. Bartholomew's  
office --

**INT. EMBASSY SWITCHBOARD -- NIGHT**

An OPERATOR speaking into a headset.

**OPERATOR**

Could you speak out, please? I can't  
quite hear you.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)  
No, I can't speak any louder --  
Hamilton Bartholomew -- B as in --  
uh -- Bartholomew -- that's right,  
and the rest as in Bartholomew!

**INT. EMBASSY SWITCHBOARD -- NIGHT**

**OPERATOR**

(on the phone)  
I'm sorry, but Mr. Bartholomew has  
left for the day.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT**

**REGGIE**

(on the phone)  
But someone's trying to kill me --  
you've got to send word to him -- in  
the center garden of the Palais Royal,  
by the colonnade -- tell him I'm  
trapped in a phone booth, below him  
in the Métro station. And my name's  
Lampert.

**INT. EMBASSY SWITCHBOARD -- NIGHT**

**OPERATOR**

(on the phone)  
All right, Mrs. Lampert -- I'll see  
what I can do. Goodbye.

She unplugs the call, plugs in another one and dials  
quickly.

**OPERATOR**

Hello, Mr. Bartholomew? -- there was a call for you just now, Mr. Bartholomew -- it sounded quite urgent -- a Mrs. Lampert.

**INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S STUDY -- NIGHT**

opposite  
It is a man we've never seen before, the physical of the old BARTHOLOMEW.

**REAL BARTHOLOMEW**

Lampert? I don't know any Mrs. Lampert -- trapped in a Métro station? Who does she think I am, the C.I.A.? All right, you'd better call the French police.

**INT. MÉTRO SORTIE -- NIGHT**

peeking  
MED. SHOT -- PHONE BOOTH. As REGGIE's head appears, cautiously over the bottom of the window.

**REVERSE SHOT**

be  
From inside the phone booth. Through the glass ADAM can be seen, leaving the Sortie area.

**MED. SHOT -- PHONE BOOTH**

goes to  
Carefully, REGGIE opens the door and comes out. She goes to the corner and looks around it.

**INT. MÉTRO PLATFORM -- NIGHT**

down  
From REGGIE'S P.O.V. as ADAM walks away from CAMERA, the platform. CAMERA PANS TO REGGIE, peeking around the corner. She looks the opposite way, sees another exit at the other end of the platform (also marked "SORTIE"). She looks back once more at ADAM, then makes up her mind and starts running towards the exit.

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

to

As the bell rings announcing the next train. He turns  
look and sees REGGIE.

**ADAM**

(calling)  
Reggie -- !

He takes off, running after her.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

As she runs, ADAM several yards behind her.

**ADAM**

(in b.g., calling)  
Reggie -- wait!

She turns into the exit.

**INT. MÉTRO STAIRWAY -- NIGHT**

steps

climbing

As REGGIE starts up the long, steep flight of stone  
leading to the street level. ADAM appears behind her,  
two at a time and gaining.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- why won't you listen?

**REGGIE**

I'm through listening to you!

that

He is rapidly closing the gap between them. It is clear  
REGGIE is tiring.

**ADAM**

But I didn't kill anybody.

**REGGIE**

Then who did? You're the only one  
left.

the two

only

PASSERSBY, descending the stairs, stand aside to let  
strange Americans pass, watching in wonderment. ADAM is  
a few steps behind now.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- please believe me!

**REGGIE**

No!

He  
he  
hand.  
As REGGIE wearily gains the top, ADAM lunges for her. manages to grab her foot as he falls forward, but all winds up with is a shoe which has come loose in his

running,  
starts  
REGGIE shrieks, then regaining her balance, continues limping in her one shoe. ADAM scrambles to his feet and after her again.

**INT. MÉTRO TICKET BOOTH AREA -- NIGHT**

stairs,  
runs  
As REGGIE, still hobbling, runs through and toward the leading to the street. CAMERA PANS TO ADAM, as he, too, through. He is again several yards behind her.

**EXT. PLACE PALAIS ROYAL -- NIGHT**

long  
(which  
her  
As REGGIE comes up the stairs from the Métro. She stops enough to kick off her other shoe, then runs across the street, ignoring the traffic, toward the Rue de Valois forms one side of the Palais Royal). ADAM is gaining on again.

**EXT. PALAIS ROYAL COURTYARD -- COLONNADE -- NIGHT**

Palais  
from  
each --  
man  
the  
The smaller court at the Comédie-Française end of the gardens, separated from the larger garden by a double peristyle consisting of two twin rows (these separated each other by a small marble court) of twenty columns in all, eighty columns. The only person in sight is the we have known as BARTHOLOMEW, waiting at the far end of columns, looking at his watch impatiently.

runs  
her  
waving

Then, from the Rue de Valois side of the Palais, REGGIE  
into the court. She spots "BARTHOLOMEW" and fishes in  
bag for the stamps as she runs, taking them out and  
them.

**REGGIE**

Mr. Bartholomew -- he's chasing me!

the  
REGGIE,  
"BARTHOLOMEW"  
ducked

ADAM has run into the court and now skids to a stop at  
near end of the colonnade as he spots "BARTHOLOMEW."  
still running, is halfway between the two men.  
draws his gun but can't get a shot at ADAM, who has  
in among the columns.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- stop! That's Carson Dyle!

This news hits REGGIE hard and she stops, in alarm.

**REGGIE**

(breathless)

Carson -- ?

drawn

She looks at "BARTHOLOMEW," then back at ADAM, who has  
his own gun.

stone  
of  
stamps  
to).

(NOTE: Both "BARTHOLOMEW" and ADAM are in among the  
columns at opposite ends of the colonnade, keeping out  
each other's sight. REGGIE stands out in the open, the  
in her hand, confused as to which man she should go

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

(calmly)

We all know Carson Dyle is dead,  
Mrs. Lampert.

**ADAM**

It's Carson Dyle, I tell you!

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

You're not going to believe him,  
Mrs. Lampert -- it's too fantastic.  
He's trying to trick you again.

REGGIE looks at one, then the other, not knowing what  
to do.

**ADAM**

Tex recognized him -- that's why he  
said Dyle. If you give him those  
stamps, he'll kill you too!

REGGIE takes a step toward ADAM.

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

Mrs. Lampert -- if I'm who he said,  
what's preventing me from killing  
you right now?

REGGIE stops, turns back to "BARTHOLOMEW."

**ADAM**

Because he'd have to come out to get  
the stamps -- he knows he'd never  
make it.

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

What's the matter with you, Mrs.  
Lampert? Are you going to believe  
every lie he tells you? He wants the  
money for himself -- that's all he's  
ever wanted.

**REGGIE**

(to ADAM, explaining)  
He's -- with the C.I.A. -- I've seen  
him at the Embassy.

**ADAM**

Don't be a fool! He's Carson Dyle!

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

That's right, Mrs. Lampert -- I'm a  
dead man -- look at me.

**REGGIE**

I don't know who anybody is any more!

**ADAM**

Reggie -- listen to me!

**REGGIE**

You lied to me so many times --

**ADAM**

(gently)

Reggie -- trust me once more --  
please.

**REGGIE**

Can I really believe you this time,  
Adam?

**ADAM**

(a pause)

There's not a reason on earth why  
you should.

She looks toward ADAM for a moment, then back to  
"BARTHOLOMEW", then slowly starts toward ADAM.

**REGGIE**

All right, Adam.

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

Stop right now, Mrs. Lampert, or  
I'll kill you.

REGGIE stops in alarm.

**ADAM**

It won't get you the stamps, Dyle --  
You'll have to come out to get them,  
and I'm not likely to miss at this  
range.

**"BARTHOLOMEW"**

(now called CARSON)

Maybe not -- but it takes a lot of  
bullets to kill me. They left me  
there with five of them in my legs  
and my stomach -- they knew I was  
still alive but they left me. I spent  
ten months in a German camp -- with  
nothing to stop the pain and no food --  
they were willing to take all these  
chances for the money, but not for  
me. They deserved to die!

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

way

During the following, he looks around, looking for some  
out.

**REGGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)**

But I didn't have anything to do  
with --

**CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)**

You've got the money. It belongs to  
me now! Please believe me, Mrs.  
Lampert -- I'll kill you -- a little  
more blood won't matter.

two  
During this ADAM has moved out from behind the columns,  
creeping cautiously across the open space between the  
colonnades and finally, behind the second.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE AND CARSON**

**CARSON**

I'll give you five to make up your  
mind, Mrs. Lampert.

know  
She has seen ADAM's move from her angle, but doesn't  
quite what to do.

**REGGIE**

Wait, please! I need some time to  
think!

**CARSON**

One --

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

his  
As he slowly moves along behind the second colonnade,  
gun ready, trying to get an angle on CARSON.

**CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)**

-- two --

through  
Suddenly ADAM stops -- he has caught sight of CARSON  
the columns. But he will have a difficult shot.

**CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)**

-- three --

**CLOSE SHOT -- CARSON**

**CARSON**

-- four --

the  
CAMERA PANS DOWN to his gun. As his finger tightens on  
trigger and the hammer moves slowly back.

**CLOSE SHOT -- REGGIE**

**REGGIE**

Adam -- please!

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

As he aims carefully and fires.

**CLOSE SHOT -- COLUMN**

As the bullet creases it.

**CLOSE SHOT -- CARSON**

leaving  
As the deflected bullet rips the shoulder of his coat,  
him unharmed. He wheels.

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

behind  
With CARSON in the b.g., who fires at him. ADAM ducks  
the column as the bullet hits it and screams off.  
Quickly, he peers back out and throws another shot.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

toward  
her.  
Seeing CARSON otherwise occupied, she turns and runs  
the open stage door of the Comédie Française behind

(Beside the door is a poster announcing the forthcoming  
schedule of presentations.)

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

door,  
safely  
takes  
Including CARSON who, seeing REGGIE running to the  
turns and fires at her. But he is too late -- she is  
inside. CARSON looks quickly back toward ADAM, then  
off after REGGIE.

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

running  
columns.

Over his shoulder we see a broken picture of CARSON  
toward the theatre door, flashing by the near and far  
ADAM tries to get a shot at him, but can't.  
Finally he runs after him.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- BACKSTAGE -- NIGHT**

As CARSON enters and slams the door behind him, locking  
it.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- STAGE DOOR -- NIGHT**

around,  
to

ADAM arriving at the door, bangs on it, then looks  
frustrated. Several yards away he sees a short stairway  
leading down to a door below the street level. He runs  
it, tries the door and enters.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- ORCHESTRA -- NIGHT**

As CARSON enters the auditorium and looks around.

**CARSON'S P.O.V.**

As the CAMERA SWEEPS the magnificent old theatre --  
boxes,  
seats, stage, but there is no sign of REGGIE.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

As CARSON walks up the aisle checking between the rows  
of  
seats.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- TRAPROOM -- NIGHT**

A large room, lit by a single bare bulb, under the  
stage.

ADAM appears, moving cautiously, gun ready. He creeps  
along  
scenic  
pieces which fill the room.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- STAGE -- NIGHT**

near the  
PANS  
box.  
her

As CARSON moves carefully across the darkened stage footlights, looking for REGGIE. At mid-stage, CAMERA DOWN to his feet, only a few inches from the prompter's Inside, huddling down, is a terrified REGGIE, holding her breath as she watches him.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

board  
light.

As CARSON moves into the opposite wings, sees the light and throws on all the switches. The stage is bathed in

He returns to the stage.

**INT. TRAPROOM -- NIGHT**

stage  
and  
it,  
the

ADAM is looking up, having heard the footsteps on the over his head -- and hearing them now. He looks around sees a narrow, curving staircase leading up. He goes to and, starting up, finds a door. He tries the knob -- door is locked.

**INT. PROMPTER'S BOX -- NIGHT**

the

REGGIE, cringing back from the bright light, notices doorknob turning. It makes a slight clicking sound.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- STAGE -- NIGHT**

scenery,

CARSON, upstage, looking behind a piece of classic hears the doorknob and turns suddenly.

**CARSON'S P.O.V.**

out of

We catch a quick glimpse of REGGIE as she ducks down sight. Too late.

**CLOSE SHOT -- CARSON**

**CARSON**

All right, Mrs. Lampert. The game's over. Come out of there.

**WIDER ANGLE**

REGGIE does not appear.

**CARSON**

I don't want to kill you, Mrs. Lampert -- but I will --

**INT. TRAPROOM -- NIGHT**

looks  
ADAM comes down the stairs from the prompter's box and up at the ceiling.

**MED. SHOT -- CEILING**

numbered  
It is divided into thirty-six square sections, each and lettered -- from 1A to 6F. They are trapdoors.

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

wall.  
He looks from the ceiling to a row of levers on one

**CLOSE SHOT -- LEVERS**

to  
Thirty-six of them, numbered and lettered to correspond the traps.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- STAGE -- NIGHT**

his  
As CARSON takes a few steps towards the prompter's box, gun ready.

**CARSON**

Did you hear me, Mrs. Lampert -- ?

**INT. PROMPTER'S BOX -- NIGHT**

REGGIE huddled inside.

**INT. TRAPROOM -- NIGHT**

CARSON

ADAM is listening carefully, trying to figure out where is standing, watching the ceiling.

**CLOSE SHOT -- TRAP**

It is marked C-4.

**CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)**

I won't wait much longer, Mrs. Lampert

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

marked C-

As he turns to the levers and reaches for the one 4. He is about to pull it.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- STAGE -- NIGHT**

CARSON takes a few more steps forward.

**INT. TRAPROOM -- NIGHT**

He

ADAM stops himself from pulling the lever just in time.

ceiling.

lets his held breath escape. He looks back at the

**CLOSE SHOT -- TRAP**

MOVES

The one marked C-4. As CARSON's voice is heard, CAMERA to the next trap, marked D-4.

**CARSON'S VOICE (O.S.)**

I know you're in there, Mrs. Lampert --

**MED. SHOT -- ADAM**

heavily.

He looks at the lever marked D-4. He is perspiring

Now he slowly reaches for the lever.

**INT. COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE -- STAGE -- NIGHT**

when

CARSON is about to move closer to the prompter's box

through

suddenly the stage under him opens and he plummets

out of sight. At the same time we hear a shot.

**CLOSE SHOT -- PROMPTER'S BOX**

As REGGIE slowly peers out.

**REGGIE'S P.O.V.**

trap

The empty stage, without being able to see the open  
from this low angle.

**MED. SHOT -- REGGIE**

trap

As she climbs out of the booth and, seeing the open  
now, runs to it, looking down through it.

**MED. SHOT -- OPEN TRAP**

sprawled

beside

FROM ABOVE, over REGGIE's head. She can see CARSON  
on the floor below, face down and dead. ADAM stands  
the body, looking up at REGGIE and smiling.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

onto

look

As GRANDPIERRE and his TWO ASSISTANTS, guns drawn, walk  
the stage from the wings. They go to the open trap and  
down at ADAM.

**GRANDPIERRE**

Mr. Dyle -- you are under arrest for  
the murders of Charles Lampert, Herman  
Scobie, Joseph Penthollow, Leopold  
Gideon, and whoever that is down  
there.

ADAM is surprised, then shakes his head.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- you'd better tell him. He  
wouldn't dare hit a girl.

**EXT. RUE DE RIVOLI -- NIGHT**

As a TAXI rolls by the arcades, CAMERA PANNING with it.

**INT. TAXI -- NIGHT (PROCESS)**

of

REGGIE and ADAM in the rear of the cab. REGGIE has one  
her feet in her hand, shoe off, rubbing it.

**REGGIE**

You didn't have to chase me so hard --

**ADAM**

Here, give it to me.

offers

He starts to take the foot but she pulls it back and  
him the other one.

**REGGIE**

That one's done -- start on this  
one.

He takes the foot and begins rubbing it.

**REGGIE**

I'm sorry I thought you were the  
murderer, Adam -- how did I know  
that he was as big a liar as you  
are?

**ADAM**

And that's all the gratitude I get  
for saving your hide.

**REGGIE**

The truth, now -- was it my hide --  
or the stamps?

**ADAM**

What a terrible thing to say. How  
could you even think that?

**REGGIE**

All right, prove it to me -- tell me  
to go to the Embassy first thing in  
the morning and turn in those stamps.

ADAM says nothing.

**REGGIE**

I said, tell me to go to the --

**ADAM**

I heard you, I heard you.

**REGGIE**

Then say it.

**ADAM**

Reggie -- listen to me --

**REGGIE**

Never mind -- I'll go by myself.

**ADAM**

What makes you think they're even interested? It's only a quarter of a million -- it'll cost more than that to fix up their bookkeeping. As a taxpayer --

**EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY -- MAIN ENTRANCE -- DAY**

As REGGIE and ADAM approach the MARINE in full-dress uniform always on guard at the Embassy.

**REGGIE**

(to ADAM)

Who's a taxpayer? Crooks don't pay taxes. Excuse me, soldier --

**MARINE**

Marine, ma'am.

**REGGIE**

Forgive me. Whom would I see regarding the return of stolen Government money?

**MARINE**

You might try the Treasury Department, ma'am -- Room 216, second floor, Mr. Cruikshank.

**REGGIE**

Cruikshank, 216. Thank you, Marine.

**INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR -- DAY**

Featuring a door marked "216." REGGIE and ADAM appear.

**ADAM**

Do you mind if I wait out here? The sight of all that money being given away might make me break out.

**INT. EMBASSY TREASURY OFFICE -- DAY**

enters. A SECRETARY sits behind a desk. She looks up as REGGIE

**REGGIE**

Mr. Cruikshank, please -- my name is  
Lampert.

The SECRETARY picks up her phone and presses a button.

**SECRETARY**

Mr. Cruikshank, a Miss --

**REGGIE**

Mrs.

**SECRETARY**

-- a Mrs. Lampert to see you -- yes  
sir.

(to REGGIE)

Go right in.

REGGIE goes to the door leading to the private office.

**INT. CRUIKSHANK'S OFFICE -- DAY**

suddenly. Featuring the door as REGGIE enters. She stops

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

CRUIKSHANK). Featuring the desk. Behind it sits ADAM (now

to the REGGIE stares at him, unbelievably, then looks around, confused. By way of explanation he indicates the door  
hall.

**REGGIE**

(blowing up)

Well, of all the mean, rotten,  
contemptible, crooked --

**CRUIKSHANK**

Crooked? I should think you'd be  
glad to find out I wasn't crooked.

**REGGIE**

You couldn't even be honest about  
being dishonest. Why didn't you say  
something?

**CRUIKSHANK**

We're not allowed to tell. May I have the stamps, please?

**REGGIE**

(reaching into her bag)

Here --

(hesitating)

Wait a minute -- how did Carson Dyle get an office in here, anyway?

**CRUIKSHANK**

When did you see him -- what time, I mean?

**REGGIE**

Around one.

**CRUIKSHANK**

The lunch hour. He probably worked it out in advance. He found an office that was usually left open and just moved in for the time you were here.

**REGGIE**

Then how do I know this is your office?

**CRUIKSHANK**

(picking up the phone)

Mrs. Foster -- send a memo to Bartholomew at Security recommending that --

**REGGIE**

Bartholomew?

**CRUIKSHANK**

-- recommending that all Embassy offices be locked during the lunch hour.

**REGGIE**

Starting with his own.

**CRUIKSHANK**

(hanging up)

Okay, now -- hand over those stamps.

**REGGIE**

What's your first name today?

**CRUIKSHANK**

Brian.

**REGGIE**

Brian Cruikshank -- it would serve me right if I got stuck with that one.

**CRUIKSHANK**

Who asked you to get stuck with any of them?

**REGGIE**

Is there a Mrs. Cruikshank?

**CRUIKSHANK**

Yes.

**REGGIE**

But you're -- divorced?

**CRUIKSHANK**

No.

**REGGIE**

(crestfallen)

Oh.

**CRUIKSHANK**

My mother -- she lives in Detroit. Come on now -- give me those stamps.

**REGGIE**

Only if you can prove to me that you're really Brian Cruikshank.

**CRUIKSHANK**

How about if next week some time I put it on a marriage license -- that ought to --

**REGGIE**

Quit stalling -- I want to see some identification -- now!

**CRUIKSHANK**

I wouldn't lie on a thing like that -- I could go to jail.

**REGGIE**

You'd lie about anything.

**CRUIKSHANK**

Well, maybe we'd better forget about it, then.

**REGGIE**

You can't prove it, can you? You're still trying to --  
(the coin drops into  
the slot)  
marriage license! Did you say -- ?

**CRUIKSHANK**

I didn't say anything. Will you give me those stamps?

**REGGIE**

You did too say it -- I heard you. Oh, I love you Adam -- I mean Alex -- er, Peter -- Brian. I hope we have lots of boys -- we can name them all after you.

**CRUIKSHANK**

Before we start on that, do you mind handing over the stamps?

**OUT:**

**FADE**

**THE END**