

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

aka

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN

Revised Draft:
March 3, 1988

**For Educational
Purposes Only**

FADE IN:

INT. - CHATEAU - CLOSE SHOT - SILK PILLOW

MRS. SUTTON'S HAND ENTERS the PICTURE and gently deposits a lush string of pearls on a silk monogrammed pillow.

MRS. SUTTON'S VOICE

Please, Your Highness, allow me to make this little contribution to your great cause.

LAWRENCE JAMISON'S HAND COMES INTO the PICTURE, picks up the pearls, MOVES OUT OF FRAME towards Mrs. Sutton, and COMES BACK empty. He has obviously returned them.

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

(over above action)

No, Madame, I cannot accept them.

Mrs. Sutton's HAND AGAIN ENTERS the PICTURE and deposits the pearls on the pillow.

MRS. SUTTON'S VOICE

(over above action)

Please...it could save lives of many men...

Lawrence's HAND ENTERS PICTURE, picks up the pearls, and again MOVES OUT of FRAME, returning the pearls.

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

(over above action)

The men of my country are proud and would rather die than have their prince accept charity.

MRS. SUTTON'S VOICE

(put pearls back on pillow)

Then think of the lives of the women, the mothers, the...

Lawrence's HAND ENTERS PICTURE and returns the pearls again.

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

The women of my country fight along side the men and they are also too proud to accept charity.

MRS. SUTTON'S VOICE

(puts pearls back on the pillow)

Then consider the lives of the tiny, innocent children...

Lawrence's HAND ENTERS PICTURE, picks up the pearls to return them.

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

(pause - then)

But...for the tiny children --

His hand withdraws, KEEPING the pearls.

TITLES APPEAR WITH OPENING CREDITS OVER PILLOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CLOSE ON HUGE DIAMOND BROOCH - NIGHT CAMERA PULLS BACK

...to reveal the owner of the brooch, MRS. FANNY EUBANK, an attractive blond in a white, sequined dress, standing in a gambling casino at the roulette wheel. She has a big stack of chips, but she's losing heavily - and enjoying every second of it. CAMERA PANS TO LOBBY. LAWRENCE JAMISON, a distinguished-looking, handsome man around 40 and stops at the foyer to the casino. MONSIEUR ANDRE steps up to him and quietly and succinctly briefs him.

ANDRE

She's the blonde in the white sequined dress...

LAWRENCE

(looks at her)

You're sure...?

ANDRE

(nods)

Petty, facile, extremely rich, very married, eminently corruptible, and a willing infidel.

LAWRENCE

(walking toward roulette table)

Perfect.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Lawrence to the roulette table where he stands next to Mrs. Fanny Eubank. He appears to ignore her. She is, however, immediately cognizant of the presence of this handsome man next to her. She puts a chip on number 16. Lawrence too places his bet on 16.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL. CAMERA PULLS BACK, to include Lawrence and Mrs. Eubank. His stack of chips has dwindled. As WE HEAR the ball drops into a number, it

is obvious the Lawrence is now seemingly broke. As Mrs. Eubank watches, Lawrence takes a ring from his finger, turns to Andre behind him, and hands him the ring.

LAWRENCE
(quietly, feigning discretion)
Monsieur Andre, would you see what
you can get for this?

ANDRE
(pretending shock)
Not the royal ring, Your Highness!

Lawrence snaps at Andre.

LAWRENCE
(angry, but guarded voice)
Shhh! Do you want the world to know?

An angry Lawrence, turns and EXITS to the balcony of the casino. Mrs. Eubank, quite interested by what she has heard, speaks to Andre.

MRS. EUBANK
Excuse me, but, is that man actually
royalty?

ANDRE
No, Madame.

Andre turns away. Mrs. Eubank follows.

MRS. EUBANK
But you called him "Your Highness."

ANDRE
A faux pas...Please forget it.

MRS. EUBANK
You can trust me...I won't tell.

She takes his hand and stuffs five chips into it. Andre looks at the chips.

ANDRE
(insulted)
Madame, I am the police chief of
Beaumont sur Mer. What makes you
Americans think you can buy anyone
at any price?

MRS. EUBANK
(innocently)
I'm sorry.
(she gives him MORE money)

ANDRE
(hands chips back)
Madame, I have already caused the
Prince enough --
(covers mouth at slip)

MRS. EUBANK
(interrupting)
A Prince!

ANDRE
(looking around
anxiously)
Shhhh!

MRS. EUBANK
He sounded like he was in trouble.
Perhaps I can help.

ANDRE
If you really want to help -- forget
everything you've seen and heard.
Forget the very existence of that
brilliant, extraordinary man of
destiny.

Andre walks OFF to do something, while Mrs. Eubank heads
off, looking for the Prince.

EXT. BALCONY

Lawrence is looking out over the bay in deep thought. Mrs. Eubank
COMES OUT and walks up behind Lawrence.

MRS. EUBANK
Your Highness.
(as Lawrence turns)
Don't be alarmed, I can be trusted.

LAWRENCE
(without looking at her)
Are you one of my subjects?

MRS. EUBANK

No, I'm an American -- Fanny Eubank
of Omaha.

(pointing toward casino)
I couldn't help overhearing...if
you're in trouble and there's some
way I can help...

LAWRENCE

Thank you very much, but I cannot
accept. You have already risked
too much just in talking to me.

MRS. EUBANK

(determined)

I still want to help.

LAWRENCE

(glancing around discretely)
You must understand - I have
powerful enemies. They could be
watching as we speak...

(glances at her, double takes
"taken" by her beauty)

My god you're attractive.

(stops, looks up at the moon
as if it were his watch)

It's late. I must go.

As she reacts, he gallantly kisses her hand, vaults the
low ballustrade and DISAPPEARS into the night. Mrs.
Eubank is lost in a romantic daze.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Andre COMES OUT onto the balcony looking worried.

ANDRE

Has he left?

MRS. EUBANK

Yes, just a moment ago.

ANDRE

Good.

He turns to leave, but Mrs. Eubank stops him.

MRS. EUBANK

Oh, please...you must tell me where
he lives..

ANDRE

Oh no Madame, you already know too much...thanks to my stupidity.

MRS. EUBANK

No, no...

(as she opens her purse
to take out money)

...you mustn't blame yourself.

ANDRE

I feel it only fair to warn you...

MRS. EUBANK

(hands him a big wad)

I know - he told me he had powerful enemies.

ANDRE

But there may also be an emotional risk; you're a very attractive woman.

MRS. EUBANK

Thank you.

ANDRE

But I don't think you understand, you see. His highness has been a widower for five years...and so completely devoted to the cause of raising money to liberate his country that he has denied himself...well...the "emotional consolation of a woman's company".

MRS. EUBANK

(eagerly, to herself)

For five years...?

CUT TO:

INT. - CLOSE SHOT OF ROYAL PILLOW

Mrs. Eubank's hand enters the frame and lays the brooch down on the pillow.

MRS. EUBANK'S VOICE

...please, your highness, for the
Freedom Fighters...

FADE OUT:

EXT. - MORNING - EXTREME WIDE SHOT OF CHATEAU

LAWRENCE'S VOICE OVER
...and this goes to Jacques, this...

(CONT)

BREAKFAST PATIO - CLOSE SHOT OF STACK OF BILLS - CAMERA
PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT OF LAWRENCE AND ANDRE

Lawrence is counting out bills, putting them in eight
separate piles. As he moves half a dozen piles to
Andre...

LAWRENCE (CONT.)
...to Olga, this to Wolfgang, and this
of course, goes to you...

He stacks up a pile representing half of all the money...

LAWRENCE
...and this goes to me, which means
it's time to go to Zurich.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.. - FULL SHOT OF ZURICH

...with the Alps in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - SWISS BANK

Lawrence receives his passbook back from a teller.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - ZURICH - RAILWAY STATION - MEDIUM FULL SHOT - MORNING

Lawrence, holding a briefcase, an assortment of magazines
and a London Times, gets on the train.

INT. - CLOSE SHOT - FREDDY'S SHOE

A pair of comfortable-looking, well-heeled shoes with one
untied shoelace. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL FREDDY in
the train compartment, benignly unkempt and lounging
nearly fetal-like over three seats, snoring peacefully.
As Lawrence closes the door, it wakes Freddy. He looks up
and he and Lawrence exchange polite nods, but no words are
spoken. Lawrence sits down opposite of Freddy, puts on a
pair of reading glasses and begins browsing through an art

magazine. Freddy goes back to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - DINING CAR

Lawrence is seated at a table by himself, looking over a menu. At a nearby table, we see an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN sitting there eating. Freddy approaches her. He's VERY polite, genteel, and so soft-spoken, he seems almost precious.

FREDDY

Excuse me, may I sit here?

WOMAN

(pronounced French
accent)

If you wish.

FREDDY

(as he sits down)

Thank you.

A WAITER COMES to Freddy.

WAITER

(German accent)

Would you like to see the menu?

Freddy keeps his voice low, as though embarrassed.

FREDDY

Oh - no - don't bother. What's
the least expensive think you have?

WAITER

A liverwurst sandwich - two marks.

FREDDY

Two marks...hmm...could I just order
a...side of vegetables?

The waiter gives Freddy a look, nods and walks OFF.

WOMAN

(French accent)

You are vegetarian?

FREDDY

Oh, no ma'am. I'm just trying to
save money.

WOMAN

Are you saving for something special?

FREDDY

Very special.

Freddy bows his head and murmurs a little prayer in French.

WOMAN

You are French?

FREDDY

My mother is.

WOMAN

Really? Where is your mother from?

FREDDY

(humbly)

Actually she's not really my mother - she's my grandmother - you see, my parents were killed when I was an infant...

WOMAN

I'm sorry...

FREDDY

My grandmother raised me. She's like my mother. A wonderful woman and...well...

(sighs)

...recently she's taken quite ill. The hospital bills are mounting up and her insurance doesn't quite cover the treatment. So I'm trying to help her out...

(shrugs, positively)

...I...do everything I can...you'd be surprised, it all adds up...

WOMAN

Do you work in Zurich?

FREDDY

I'm on a church scholarship from my church to the Zurich Medical Institute. The church can only provide enough funds for tuition. I'm working at a couple jobs, but...

WOMAN

That is why you are eating just vegetables? For your grandmother?

FREDDY

Except for a little clear vegetable broth, I've been fasting for a few days. It's good for you; it cleans out the body. And it's not so bad. After a while the hunger pains go away.

As Freddy lifts his glass of water to his lip, his hand shakes from weakness. The woman notices.

WOMAN

(with a French exclamation)
You will have more than side dishes today!

(calls off)

Waiter!

FREDDY

Oh, please, ma'am, I couldn't let you buy me a meal!

WOMAN

Nonsense!

The waiter COMES to the table.

WOMAN

(to waiter)
Bring this young man whatever he wants...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LAWRENCE'S TRAIN COMPARTMENT - CLOSE ON LAWRENCE -
LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Lawrence is reading a book on sculpture. We HEAR THE COMPARTMENT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. Lawrence ignores Freddy for a moment, then finally puts his book down. Freddy's back is turned to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

I couldn't help overhearing you in the dining car - my condolences to your sick grandmother.

Freddy turns around, holding a half-filled bottle of wine in one hand and an unlit cigar in his mouth. He lights a match...

FREDDY
Oh? Oh, yeah, thanks.
(lights cigar)

Freddy chuckles, puffs on his cigar, leans back with his feet up.

LAWRENCE
Didn't you say she's taken ill?

FREDDY
I tell 'em what they want to hear...
(holds up wine and cigar)
...if it'll get me what I want.

LAWRENCE
Did you get what you want?

FREDDY
(pats his stomach)
Got me lunch, and a little spending money.

LAWRENCE
Rather a shabby trick, isn't it?

FREDDY
I can see you've got a lot to learn about women.
(getting confidential)
Let me tell you something; the more you lie to them, the rougher you treat them - the better they like you - it's like magic.

LAWRENCE
Really?
(innocently)
I'm afraid I am a bit naive when it comes to the weaker sex.

FREDDY
You're married aren't you?

LAWRENCE
You can tell?

FREDDY

(nods sadly)

I'm afraid so.

(confiding)

Listen, we're the weaker sex. Men don't live as long as women. We get more heart disease, more strokes more heart attacks - you hear ever of a woman getting a heart attack? I never have.

He pulls the cork from the bottle with his teeth, takes a swig, then offers some wine to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

No thanks.

FREDDY

Yeah, they shop all day while we work our asses off to support them. And what do we get for it? - An early grave. I say it's time for a change. Let's live off THEM! Let them give US the money!

Lawrence appears stunned by the thought.

FREDDY

That probably shocks a guy like you, doesn't it?

LAWRENCE

It is a rather revolutionary thought. Do you really think it's possible?

FREDDY

Look at what I did in the dining car. She gave me two hundred francs - that's twenty bucks!

(gloating)

You have any idea what it feels like to take a woman for a twenty bucks?

LAWRENCE

No, I wouldn't, I'm afraid that's a little out of my class.

FREDDY
No it isn't...c'mon! Think big!
Some chicks like this...
(gesturing to Lawrence's
clothes)
...kinda of a look. You know...
(stops, thinks, staring at Lawrence)

LAWRENCE
What?

FREDDY
You're not a bad lookin' guy.
(beat)
I could show you the ropes.
Together we could...

LAWRENCE
(interrupting)
You and I? Oh...I couldn't possibly
play in your league...
(explaining)
- wife and family obligations, you know?

FREDDY
(tsk, tsk, tsk)
We coulda had a blast on the Riviera.

With the instinct of an older lion sensing the intrusion
of a younger lion, Lawrence begins to question Freddy.

LAWRENCE
You're...headed for the Riviera?

FREDDY
There's a town there supposed to be
crawling with rich woman.

LAWRENCE
Really? What town is that?

FREDDY
(thinking to recall name)
Beaumont sur Mer.

Whoops! Freddy has named Lawrences' home base.

LAWRENCE
Beaumont sur Mer?
(smiles politely)
I'm afraid you've been misinformed.
Beaumont used to be a lively spot,
but the older, retired couples have
taken over now...it's quite dead.

FREDDY
(disappointed)
Older, retired couples...? Are you
sure?

LAWRENCE
I live there. And I'm considered
the town's playboy.

Freddy grimaces, whistles an exclamatory whistle.

LAWRENCE
All the social activity has moved
down the coast to the Italian
Riviera...Portofino.

FREDDY
(reconsidering)
Then again, sometimes these sleepy
towns really pay off. It can't hurt
to look it over.

LAWRENCE
(getting up)
I have to send a telegram to the
wife and kids. I always let them
know exactly when I'm arriving.

FREDDY
They've really got you on a leash,
haven't they?

LAWRENCE
I'm afraid so.

As Lawrence smiles sadly and exits...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEAUMONT RAILWAY STATION - LATE AFTERNOON
...as the train pulls to a stop.

INT. LAWRENCE'S COMPARTMENT

Lawrence and Freddy are preparing to get off the train.

LAWRENCE
Well - here we are...

Freddy's looking out the window and his attention is
caught by a BEAUTIFUL GIRL carrying an overnight bag.

FREDDY

Older, retired couples?

The girl opens the door to Lawrence's compartment and starts to ENTER...stops as she sees the men.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

(Italian accent)

Oh - I'm sorry - I thought this was my compartment.

LAWRENCE

It is - we're getting off.
(to Freddy)

Right?

FREDDY

Oh, yeah, well, actually, I forgot to make reservations. I'd hate to be stranded without a place to stay.

LAWRENCE

If you'd like, you can stay with me and my family. You could stay on the cot in the guest room over the garage with Uncle Tutu.

FREDDY

(smiles thru grimace)

Tempting offer, but thanks...
(quickly)

How far up is Portofino?

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

(answering for Lawrence,
Italian accent)

176 kilometers - I live there.

FREDDY

No

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

Yes.

LAWRENCE

Come, stay with me, you can always go to Portofino later.

FREDDY

(mock dismay)

I would love to, but...my grandmother is expecting me in Portofino, and well...she's quite sick.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
Your grandmother is living in Portofino?

FREDDY
(grimacing)
Actually, she's dying in Portofino and
I should see her as soon as possible.

LAWRENCE
(smiling to Freddy)
Good luck. And my best to your
grandmother. I hope her health
improves.

FREDDY
Grazie, sir, grazie.

Lawrence EXITS.

EXT. SHOT OF TRAIN

...as it starts to pull away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Andre comes up to Lawrence.

ANDRE
Your telegram didn't give me much
time.

LAWRENCE
Marion was perfect.

ANDRE
She asked me to tell you she was
happy to return the favor.

LAWRENCE
Thank god for professional courtesy.

As Lawrence and Andre walk toward their car...

ANDRE
May I ask why she was needed?

LAWRENCE
I needed a decoy. There was this
idiot sharing my compartment who
fancied himself quite a player. He
was planning on doing a little
hunting in my Beaumont sur Mer.

ANDRE
M'sieur you can afford to dismiss
amateurs. Surely, he was no match
for you.

LAWRENCE
One can't be too careful, after
all, a man who shoots at rabbits
may scare big game away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BREAKFAST PATIO AT LAWRENCE'S CHATEAU - MED. SHOT -
MORNING.

Lawrence is finishing brunch while reading the London
Times. Andre approaches Lawrence with a dossier.

LAWRENCE
Listen to this...
(reading)
A clever, young, American con
artist nicknamed The Jackal has
been working western Europe...

ANDRE
If he's made the Times, how clever
can he be?

Andre shows Lawrence wedding picture of an attractive
woman late 30's and her ninety-one year old husband.

ANDRE
(reading)
Krista Knudsen...widow of Lars
Knudsen, the Swedish match king.
She left the Excelsior Hotel in
Genoa at 7:40 this morning, driving
an Aston Martin Lagonda, Swedish
license number XX274, she should
be arriving in approximately...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - ROAD - CLOSE SHOT THRU TELESCOPE - LICENSE PLATE

A swedish license plate, number XX274.

EXT. - LAWRENCE'S BREAKFAST PATIO - TO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND
ANDRE

Andre is looking through a telescope as Lawrence finishes
his coffee.

ANDRE
Ah, there's her car now.
(frowning)
That's strange...there's a...
...young man with her.

Lawrence takes the binoculars and looks for himself.

SHOT - LAWRENCE'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS

We SEE Mrs. Knudsen behind the wheel, stopped at an
intersection. She takes some money from her purse and
offers it to Freddy. He shakes his head "no." Finally,
she stuffs the money into his shirt pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

Lawrence reacts. He must get rid of Freddy, and quickly.

ANDRE
The poacher?

LAWRENCE
(puts napkin down)
And I'm afraid he's no longer
satisfied with rabbits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - HOTEL BLEUMER - ANDRE IN FRONT SEAT

This is an OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT toward the front
windshield. We SEE Freddy drive off in the Aston Martin
and Andre start to follow him.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - ANDRE'S CAR - SAME OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT

Through the front windshield, we SEE the Aston Martin
parked in front of a men's clothing shop. Freddy COMES
OUT of the shop wearing a too-trendy outfit, and carrying
boxes of other clothing. He tosses the clothes onto the
jump seat of the Aston Martin, hops in and DRIVES OFF.
Andre FOLLOWS him. As Freddy SEES a PRETTY GIRL walking
down the street, he slows down and flirts with her.

INT. - ANDRE'S CAR - SAME OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT

Through the front windshield we SEE the Aston Martin parked in front of a woman's clothing shop. Freddy COME OUT OF THE HOTEL and get into the Aston Martin. As he approaches the car, Andre approaches him. the pretty girl COME OUT of the shop. The girl is now wearing a small, but flashy fur stole which Freddy has obviously bought her.

ANDRE

Have you seen enough?

REVERSE SHOT - WIDER

Andre drives a police car. Sitting in the back seat of Andre's car is Mrs. Knudsen.

MRS. KNUDSEN

(outraged)

That money was supposed to go toward an operation for his grandmother.

ANDRE

He's a confidence man. A trickster. Madame will sign the complaint?

MRS. KNUDSEN

Gladly.

He hands her paper and pen.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

INT. - LOCAL JAIL - FREDDY BEHIND BARS - DAY

The jail is dirty, and filled with vagrants.

FREDDY

I'm telling you, I didn't steal any money from her! She GAVE it to me!

ANDRE

(indicating signed complaint)

She signed this complaint, M'sieur.

FREDDY

Well, what am I gonna do? How do I get out of here?

ANDRE
That will be difficult. The charge
is a serious one, and you are a
vagrant...an unknown.

FREDDY
I'm not a vagrant...
(remembering)
I've got a friend who lives here.
A Jamis-something...Lawrence Jamison!

CUT TO:

JAIL - LAWRENCE, FREDDY AND ANDRE - DAY

Freddy's in the background pressing his head to the bars,
trying to overhear Lawrence and Andre's conversation.

LAWRENCE
This is serious, Freddy, gigolos
are not treated lightly in France.

FREDDY
How are they treated?

LAWRENCE
The judicial system here can
be rather medieval at times. 75
years ago they were castrating
gigolos in the provinces.

FREDDY
(self-consciously covering
crotch)
Get outta town!
(getting scared)
What do they do now?

FREDDY
It depends.
(looking at the complaint)
Who will try this case?

ANDRE
Judge Reynoux.

Lawrence flinches at the thought. Freddy looks concerned.
Lawrence walks to the cell.

LAWRENCE
Reynoux - of all people! A month
ago his wife left him for...for an
American boy.

FREDDY
(with increasing panic)
What am I going to do?

LAWRENCE
I suggest you get in touch with the
American Consulate A-S-A-P.
(beat, shakes Freddy's
hand, VERY serious tone)
Good Luck.

Lawrence turns away feeling terrible for Freddy.

FREDDY
Jesus...! Don't go! Lawrence...!
Can't you do something?

Lawrence stops. He thinks for a moment, then comes back
to the cell and gestures for Freddy to come close. In
voice too soft for Andre to hear...

LAWRENCE
How much money do you have?

FREDDY
Twelve, thirteen hundred bucks.

Lawrence looks disappointed.

LAWRENCE
Let's hope he's not insulted.

Lawrence takes Andre into the corner of the building where
they speak in hushed, animated whispers. Then Andre looks
angry and indignant, much to Freddy's dismay. Lawrence
calms him down, then returns to Freddy.

LAWRENCE
You're in luck. He wants 5000.

FREDDY
I don't have five thousand!

LAWRENCE
Can you get it?

FREDDY
(beat)
Yeah...but I'd have to go home. I
could wire it to him.

Lawrence sighs, doesn't think it'll fly, but gives it a
try anyways. He goes back to Andre. The conversation
builds in animation, Andre is again insulted, spits on the

ground, etc. Then he appears calm. Lawrence returns to Freddy and Andre is unlocking the cell.

LAWRENCE

You can go, but if he doesn't get the rest in 48 hours, he'll submit your name to Interpol and you'll never be able to travel in Europe again.

FREDDY

Great! Fine! Terrific! It's a deal!

INT. - FRENCH AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY -

Passengers board the train.

TWO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND FREDDY

...as they walk toward the plane Freddy grabs Lawrence's hand and shakes it with heartfelt gratitude.

FREDDY

I'll never forget this! If you ever come to the States, you look me up in Detroit. I want my grandmother to meet you.

LAWRENCE

You really have a grandmother?

FREDDY

(proudly)

Only bookie in town who'll give you track odds!

INT. - SECTION OF PLANE

Settling down into one of the seats in Mrs. Fanny Eubank. She looks out the window and reacts.

SHOT - MRS. EUBANK'S POINT OF VIEW

Through the window we SEE Lawrence stop at the foot of the boarding ramp. They shake hands...then Lawrence pats Freddy on the back as if wishing him luck.

BACK TO SCENE

...as Mrs. Eubank reacts to this...

INT. - PLANE - FREDDY - LATER

...as he sits there having a drink. Mrs. Eubank sits down next to Freddy.

MRS. EUBANK
(confidentially)
I see you know His Highness.

FREDDY
(puzzled)
Who?

MRS. EUBANK
The Prince.

FREDDY
The Prince?

MRS. EUBANK
I saw him shake your hand and pat
you on the back!

Freddy stares at her blankly.

MRS. EUBANK
You don't have to cover up with me,
I'm a supporter of the throne.
(then...)
In fact, it may be my money that's
financing your mission.

FREDDY
You're financing...my "mission?"

MRS. EUBANK
Yes.

FREDDY
No kidding? And you are -- ?

MRS. EUBANK
Perhaps His Highness has mention
me - Fanny Eubank.

FREDDY
Fanny Eubank?

MRS. EUBANK
Fanny Eubank?
(beat)
Of Omaha?

Freddy's nimble mind kicks into gear.

FREDDY

Of Omaha?

(impressed)

You mean...LADY Fanny of Omaha?

FANNY

(flattered)

He called me...LADY Fanny?

FREDDY

Oh yes - Lady Fanny of Omaha; he speaks of you with great affection.

MRS. EUBANK

(delighted)

Does he really? What does he say?

FREDDY

How beautiful and generous you are.

As Mrs. Eubank smiles proudly.

FREDDY

(toasts)

To His Highness!

Freddy takes a sip. Mrs. Eubanks clinks glasses with Freddy and they sip.

MRS. EUBANK

(quietly)

To your mission.

(they sip)

Tell me - was the Prince able to raise much money on my jewels?

FREDDY

(beat, then sadly)

No, I'm afraid not.

MRS. EUBANK

(disappointed)

Oh.

(then - takes ring from finger, puts in Freddy's hand, then coyly)

I want you to take this ring. I can trust you to give it to him, can't I?

FREDDY

(quietly)

Oh - I'll give it to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT - MORNING

This bedroom is an interior decorator's dream of regal splendor. Lawrence is in bed asleep, wearing silk pajamas decorated with a small regal crest. The bedroom door opens and the butler, ARTHUR, ENTERS and comes to Lawrence and gently wakes him.

ARTHUR

Sir...excuse me, I'm very sorry
sir, but the man said it was urgent.

LAWRENCE

What man?

ARTHUR

The courier, sir...he's waiting outside. He said you would recognize the "secret password".

LAWRENCE

What secret password?

FREDDY'S VOICE

Lady Fanny of Omaha.

As Lawrence reacts and turns toward sound of voice ...

WIDER ANGLE

We SEE Freddy in the doorway, suitcase in hand.

LAWRENCE

(to butler)

That will be all, Arthur.

As the butler starts to exit, Freddy hands him his suitcase.

FREDDY

Take this to the guest bedroom,
unpack it, and see that everything
is neatly pressed.

The butler turns toward Lawrence for affirmation. Lawrence nods. The butler EXITS with Freddy's bag. As Lawrence lies calmly in bed, waiting for Freddy's next move. Freddy steps up on the bed and bows.

FREDDY

(melodramatically)

I bring grave tidings, Your Highness.
Your secret has fallen into evil
hands.

Lawrence nods to Arthur who exits. During the following dialogue Lawrence gets out of bed, puts on a robe, and leaves the room. Freddy follows.

LAWRENCE'S STUDY

Lawrence goes to his desk and pulls out a checkbook.

FREDDY

Oh, what an asshole I was telling you how to take women.

LAWRENCE

How much do you want?

FREDDY

Why your Highness, I couldn't take money from a man who needs "every penny to free his enslaved people."

LAWRENCE

We'll let them be slaves a little longer... how is \$5,000?

FREDDY

Oh Master! Giver of knowledge! I came not for your money, but to learn, to sit at your feet and study.

LAWRENCE

What?

FREDDY

You teach me. What better place to learn to be the best, but from the best. Teach me. Polish me. I'm in your hands.

LAWRENCE

I wouldn't soil them on you.

FREDDY

Is that anyway to talk to your partner?

LAWRENCE

You can't be serious.

FREDDY

(Sincerely)

Listen, all my life I've wanted to be the best at something. I never realized how far you could go with this scamming thing until I met you. You've opened my eyes.

LAWRENCE
Freddy, this "scamming thing" as you put it,
takes years of education and breeding. What
kind of education do you have?

FREDDY
High School diploma.

LAWRENCE
With a major in?

FREDDY
Metal Shop.

LAWRENCE
Hmmm.

FREDDY
Come on, just give me a cram course, the
essentials, some quick lessons. Include
me in a few scams and I'm out of your hair.
...a guy with my mouth could ruin a lot of
business around here for you.

LAWRENCE
Alright. I'll do it. I'll teach you and
I'll give you 10%, but with this understanding:
I call the shots. I run the operation.

FREDDY
(Bowing submissively)
Whatever you say Professor.

LAWRENCE
Class begins after lunch.

EXTERIOR. LAWRENCE'S GARDEN AREA. AFTERNOON.

Lawrence walks with Andre along a garden path. Andre
paces alongside him agitated.

ANDRE
I have a plan for this Jackal. There is a
certain man...he owes his parole to me...
Rene the Knife. A master with the stiletto
and an absolute magician at hiding a body.

LAWRENCE
Andre!

ANDRE

As Police Inspector I give you my word, the case would be investigated in a very slipshod manner.

LAWRENCE

Andre, stop worrying.

ANDRE

I tell you it was a mistake to take him in.

LAWRENCE

I took him in gracefully in order to get him out gracefully.

MONTAGE BEGINS. MUSIC.

INT. FINE ART MUSEUM. DAY.

Lawrence points out the virtues of an old master's painting of the Italian school as Freddy opens a can of beer.

INT. CHATEAU. DAY.

Lawrence teaching Freddy how to kiss a woman's hand..

EXT. TOWN STREET. DAY.

Freddy and Lawrence at a magazine rack. Freddy takes People, Hustler, Surfer, Mad, etc. Lawrence lifts them from Freddy's hands, puts them away, and gives him Esquire, New Yorker, Town and Country, Vanity Fair, Fortune, Architectural Digest, etc.

EXT. CHATEAU'S TERRACE PATIO. NIGHT.

Lawrence teaching Freddy how to open a bottle of champagne.

INT. CHATEAU. NIGHT.

Lawrence teaching Freddy how to properly tie a bow tie.

INT. HAIR SALON. DAY.

Lawrence is supervising a new haircut for Freddy.

INT. TAILOR SHOP. DAY.

Lawrence is picking out new clothes for Freddy.

EXT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

With Freddy's new, elegant look, Lawrence teaches Freddy the proper silverware to use.

INT. CHATEAU'S WINE CELLAR. NIGHT.

Freddy is blindfolded in front of two bottles of wine - a 1961 Margaux, and a young Gallo. Lawrence pours the Gallo and hands the glass to Freddy. Freddy tastes it, nods, and gives an "OK" sign. Lawrence is visibly frustrated.

INT. OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

Lawrence is enthralled while Freddy is flat out, mouth open, asleep.

INT. CHATEAU. STUDY. NIGHT.

A large, beautiful room filled with wall to wall books and exquisite old paintings. Freddy is in his suit and tie looking elegant. He and Lawrence have glasses of port. Lawrence continues to teach...

LAWRENCE

As a younger man I was an American living in Europe, interested in European culture. I was a painter, a musician, and a sculptor. There was only one problem. I wasn't very good. As a matter of fact, I stank. I finally came to the rather frustrating conclusion that I had taste but not talent. I was, however, very good at pretending I had talent, and people were attracted to that. I found that this pretense allowed me to pay for my otherwise unaffordable good taste.

FREDDY

That's all I want - to be able to pay for my good taste. I want to be able to afford pretty good wines and fairly expensive cigars.

LAWRENCE

...There are many ways to acquire needed capital. This year I do it by playing a Prince, next year...

FREDDY

Yeah, yeah, I get the point. But what about me? When do I do it? I'm ready. I look great. I know the moves now. Let's do it.

LAWRENCE

You're not ready.

FREDDY

I am. I got culture comin' outta my ass!

LAWRENCE

(Pause)

Alright, but remember our agreement. I am in charge and you'll do everything I say.

INT. LAWRENCE'S DRAWING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - CHAMPAGNE

There is champagne poured. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal MISS TRUMBLE an attractive Oklahoman in her late thirties looking guilty. Lawrence is standing at the window, hurt by something Miss Trumble has told him.

MISS TRUMBLE

I'm sorry.

LAWRENCE

(turns away, ashamed)

I feel like a kept man.

(standing, heads to door)

I'm going to M'sieur Andre and tear up your check immediately.

MISS TRUMBLE

(grabs his arm)

You can't. I paid the 100,000 francs in cash.

Lawrence flops in a chair, humiliated.

MISS TRUMBLE

Please don't be angry with me. He said he couldn't let you leave unless I paid off your loan.

LAWRENCE

What else did he tell you?

MISS TRUMBLE

That the loan was for your country to fight the communists.

(kneels beside his chair)

It's an admirable cause.

(beat)

Please don't be angry with me.

(beat)

Please!

Lawrence swallows his pride, nods, then gains the courage to smile. She changes the subject to cheer him up.

MISS TRUMBLE

Daddy says we're gonna have the biggest weddin' ever held in Tulsa.

(then...)

When do you think we ought to fly back?

LAWRENCE
Perhaps we should go by ship...
...Ruprecht likes the water.

MISS TRUMBLE
Ruprecht?

LAWRENCE
Yes, Ruprecht.
She looks confused.

LAWRENCE
(embarrassed)
Didn't I tell you?
(indicating his
bust of Freddy)
Ruprecht is my brother.

MISS TRUMBLE
(pleasantly surprised)
You got a brother?

LAWRENCE
Yes, the Young Prince.

MISS TRUMBLE
(pleasantly surprised)
You mean I'm comin' home with TWO
Princes?

LAWRENCE
Where I go, Ruprecht goes.

MISS TRUMBLE
When do I meet him?

LAWRENCE
He's in his room as we speak. You
could meet him right now if you wish.

MISS TRUMBLE
I'd love to.

As they rise...

LAWRENCE
I hope your family's opened-minded,
you see Ruprecht is...well...special.

MISS TRUMBLE
He's not black, is he?

LAWRENCE

No.

MISS TRUMBLE

Then he's okay with my family.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT

As Lawrence and Miss Trumble come down the steps...

MISS TRUMBLE

(puzzled)

What's he doing down here in the cellar?

LAWRENCE

His quarters are here. These massive stone walls provide maximum security.

(genteely)

I should warn you, Reprecht is...
...special.

With that, Lawrence takes a large key from a hood on the wall, steps to a massive door, knocks and calls. We HEAR THE SOUND OF A BEAST-LIKE-GRUNT.

LAWRENCE

(CALLS -- enunciating
VERY slowly)

Ruprecht...it is I...your brother..
I have someone who wants to meet you.

Lawrence inserts the key in the lock, opens the door and ENTERS, FOLLOWED by a very apprehensive Oklahoman...

INT. RUPRECHT'S QUARTERS

It's a dark, but nicely furnished, VERY secure, dungeon-like room. There's a meal tray on a table and the food has been "played" with. As Lawrence and Miss Trumble ENTER...

LAWRENCE

Now, don't be frightened...he's perfectly harmless.

(quietly)

He has the intelligence of a...two...
...maybe three year old. It's not as bad as it looks. He's like a child. A very, very...BIG...child.

At this point Miss Trumble LOOKS OFF and GASPS.

POINT-OF-VIEW SHOT

Freddy, dressed in his royal uniform, sits crouched on the sill of a barred window about six feet above the floor. The food from the meal is smeared all over his hands and face, with bits of food dangling from his hair.

BACK TO SCENE

LAWRENCE

Come down, Ruprecht, I want you to meet this nice lady.

FREDDY

(blankly)

Mother?

LAWRENCE

No, not mother. She's my future wife...your future sister-in-law.
(coaxing)

Come on down now.

Freddy drops down. He's hunched over and looks downright dangerous as he slowly lumbers toward Lawrence and Trumble. She's horrified.

LAWRENCE

(to Miss Trumble)

Don't show fear - he senses fear
- smiles.

She forces a smile. Freddy comes up and looks her over. Then he makes that loud beast-like grunt. She's startled.

MISS TRUMBLE

(she forces a smile)

Hello, Ruprecht.

FREDDY

(blankly)

Mother?

LAWRENCE

No, Ruprecht. But we're going to live with this nice lady...in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She will be your sister.

Ruprecht scowls...Miss Trumble steps back.

LAWRENCE
(to Miss Trumble)
You're forgetting to smile.

Miss Trumble puts on her forced smile and Ruprecht relaxes. Then he reaches out to her and taps her dangling earrings with the index fingers of both hands. Then he pulls them off.

MISS TRUMBLE
My earrings!

LAWRENCE
Keep smiling.
(as she smiles --
to Ruprecht)
Don't eat them, Ruprecht.

FREDDY
Mother?

LAWRENCE
All right, Ruprecht, if it makes
you happy you may call her mother.

FREDDY
(to Miss Trumble
affectionately)
Mother!

Freddy buries his food-covered face between her breasts. She's horrified. Then Freddy drops down and starts slowly humping her leg. Lawrence pries him off.

LAWRENCE
Ruprecht - no!
Ruprecht lumbers off in anger, grunting.

LAWRENCE
(to Miss Trumble)
He'll love Tulsa's wide open
spaces. He loves to run and run
and run...

Miss Trumble is horrified by something she sees. Lawrence looks over...

LAWRENCE
(matter-of-factly)
Ruprecht, pull up your pants.

FLIP SCREEN TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - TWO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND FREDDY - NIGHT

It's an enormous, elegant dining room. Freddy's in his Ruprecht uniform. Lawrence hands someone a spoon.

LAWRENCE

Go ahead and remember; keep smiling.

WIDER ANGLE

We SEE Lawrence has snagged ANOTHER woman, a DIANA HARRINGTON, sits there with a frightened, fixed smile, attempting to feed Ruprecht with a spoon.

LAWRENCE

Go ahead, Diana, you were saying...?

DIANA

(terrified)

What? I forgot...

LAWRENCE

Just before Ruprecht joined us you were saying something about private museums, how you felt the masses should earn the right to be cultured.

Ruprecht SNARLS, frightening the hell out of her.

LAWRENCE

(to Miss Harrington)

Do people snarl at the table in Palm Beach, Diana?

Diana shakes her head.

LAWRENCE

(reprimanding)

Do you hear that Ruprecht? When Diana and I give dinner parties, you will not embarrass us by snarling when she feeds you. Understand?

Ruprecht sulks silently.

LAWRENCE

(to Miss Harrington)

Try again.

Miss Harrington timorously extends the spoon to Ruprecht. He SNARLS and SNAPS at her.

LAWRENCE
(slaps table
angrily)
Now, that does it! Snarling is one
thing - biting is another!
It could be infectious. For that
you go back down to your room.

Ruprecht SNARLS and defies Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
He's even turning on me!

Lawrence picks up a chair and holds it like a lion tamer
as would, forcing Ruprecht back with chair.

LAWRENCE
(to Miss Harrington)
Keep smiling.
(quietly)
I want you to go into the library,
and look under my desk. You'll find
a whip there. Please get it.

MISS HARRINGTON
Whip?

LAWRENCE
Yes. Please, immediately. There's
no time to waste when he's like this.

Miss Harrington's face is a picture of wide-eyed horror as
she runs off...

INT. LAWRENCE'S CAR - CLOSE CHOT - LAWRENCE DRIVING - DAY

LAWRENCE
Driving in a car relaxes Ruprecht.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE MISS WADDELL. Lawrence has
snagged still another woman, who sits very closely to
Lawrence, trying to get away from the seat next to her...

LAWRENCE
Keep smiling.

She forces a smile and looks apprehensively to her right.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE FREDDY. Freddy is dressed in
his Ruprecht uniform. Attached to the windshield in front
of him (via suction cup) is a child's toy steering wheel.
Ruprecht, his hands on the wheel, is intently driving the
car, lost in an automotive fantasy making motor noises,
tire screeching, sirens, etc.

LAWRENCE
Very good, Rupecht.
(to Miss Waddell)
What do you think? Maybe you could
put Ruprecht on TV to help sell some
of your father's cars.

Miss Waddell is horrified. Lawrence elbows her gently,
points to his own smile, reminding her to smile. She
smiles and nods enthusiastically. Ruprecht grins HONKS
the little toy HORN attached to his steering wheel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BREAKFAST PATIO.

Lawrence is seated figuring the month's "take." Freddy
lounges in a chair nearby, envious to get his share.

LAWRENCE
It's been a very, very good month...
(writing down figures)
Now, Andre gets 10%, and 5% for
overhead - the chateau and all.
Costumes, cleaning, food, props,
transportation costs...

Freddy begrudgingly gives in.

LAWRENCE
...and 50% for taxes...

FREDDY
(interrupting)
Taxes?!? WHAT tax? This is a cash
business!

LAWRENCE
It's not a real tax actually, but
something I do, well...voluntarily.

FREDDY
Voluntarily? You mean you don't HAVE
to pay it?

LAWRENCE
Right.

FREDDY
(amused and confused by
what seems to be the
ultimate in absurdity)
Now wait a second here...
(slowly)
...you give 50% of YOUR MONEY to
someone...AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO?!
(thoroughly flabbergasted)
WHY?!!

LAWRENCE
Well, governments use taxes to benefit
the masses, I use them to benefit
a few individuals. A subsidy, if
you will.

FREDDY
I still don't get this...you give
MONEY away...
(as in Ripley's)
...and you get NOTHING in return?

LAWRENCE
I didn't say nothing...if we're
lucky, the payoff might be larger
than you can possibly imagine...

FREDDY
(interested)
Ahhh - so it's kind of a scam!

LAWRENCE
Not a scam - an investment.

FREDDY
Same thing. So, just what is this
"investment?"

LAWRENCE
(rising)
Come with me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SMALL INCUNABLE RESTORATION LIBRARY IN COUNTRYSIDE.
DAY.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY.

Lawrence and Freddy enter a library with vellum-covered books
stored behind glass protected shelves. A studious man is
making entries in a ledger.

LAWRENCE

Hello, Dr. Wenger.

DR. WENGER

Hello. Mr. ...I'm glad you're here.
A professor Gladstone called from
Harvard...wanted to use the library.

LAWRENCE

Of course he can. He's the world's
foremost expert on printing centers
in Europe. You see Freddy, this is
a library of Encunabula. The world's
first printed books.

FREDDY

So what's this got to do with my
money?

LAWRENCE

They have to be cared for, maintained
and studied. Because it's not a
splashy cause, one that doesn't
attract high-profile media attention,
it's hard to get funding to support
work like this.

FREDDY

I don't know what your angle is, but
I'll bet it's brilliant.

LAWRENCE

There is no angle, Freddy.

FREDDY

Right.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY.

They walk in a wild European garden.

LAWRENCE

In Europe, Freddy, gardens are
thought of differently than in
America. Gardens take centuries to
grow and cultivate. This one is
hundreds of years old and was about
to die. Until Mrs. Everson's brooch
paid for its restoration, that is.

FREDDY

That's a waste of a good brooch.

LAWRENCE

That brooch has ensured that this garden will be here a hundred years from now.

FREDDY

Who cares? In a hundred years I'll be dead, probably!

INT. SECTION OF HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Lawrence and Freddy stand in front of a 16th century painting.

LAWRENCE

I rescued this from certain destruction. It's by Vasari.

FREDDY

(uninterested)

Really.

LAWRENCE

He wasn't the greatest Sixteenth century painter, but he was important as a teacher. I restored it and donated it to the hotel. I figured it was the least I could do for the place where I do most of my business.

FREDDY

May I say something here?

LAWRENCE

Sure.

FREDDY

ARE YOU KIDDING ME OR WHAT? I'm supposed to take my money and put it into incukabules? You want me to put money into flowers that I wouldn't wear on my lapel? Yes, this painting has naked women in it and I can appreciate that, but otherwise you've got to be joking.

LAWRENCE

You agreed that I would run the operation.

FREDDY

But I didn't agree to your taxes and I didn't agree to playing Bongo the Monkey Boy all the time. I'm gonna go it alone. You've taught me what you know. Great. Great. Thanks a yahoo.

LAWRENCE

Where? Where will you go it alone?

FREDDY

I kinda like it right here.

LAWRENCE

Freddy, there simply isn't enough room for the both of us to work Beaumont sur Mer.

FREDDY

You know what I think? I think you're scared.

LAWRENCE

Believe me Freddy, I'm not afraid of you.

FREDDY

Sure you are and you should be. I'm taller, stronger, better looking...you don't stand a chance.

LAWRENCE

Dear boy, you reached the height of your success pretending to be an idiot. You really think you could compete with intelligence, culture, and chivalry?

FREDDY

Compete? I'd kick your ass off this hill in a New York minute.

LAWRENCE

I could have you arrested again.

FREDDY

And I could always phone Lady Fannie of Omaha.

LAWRENCE

Freddy, are you challenging me?

FREDDY

Yeah, that's right.

LAWRENCE

What would I have to gain? What could you possibly have that I would want?

FREDDY

You're intimidated by me. I can tell.
You look at me and you see a newer, better
version of yourself and... and... you
want me out. Yeah...that's what you
really want. So let's make that the bet.

LAWRENCE

(pause)

Alright Freddy, suppose we do this. We find
a woman, set a price, and the first man
who extracts the proper amount wins. But if
you lose you not only leave town graciously,
you can only work in the following territories:
China, Russia, Cuba, Africa, Iran, Afghanistan,
El Salvador, and just to show you there are
no hard feelings, I'll throw in Lebanon.

FREDDY

And if I win?

LAWRENCE

You get the Chateau and I leave.

FREDDY

Great, now who?

SFX. CRASH! (OFF Camera). Freddy and Lawrence turn to
see Janet Colgate, a young woman, sprawled on the lobby
floor having just tripped over a small dog on a leash.
Janet is wearing glasses and has an endearing hint of
goofiness about her which does not take away from the
fact that she is also quite pretty. She is richly
dressed and carrying a mink coat. She is followed
by three bellboys carrying expensive luggage. Obviously
she is an important, well heeled guest. Untangling
herself from the leash and the yapping dog, she walks to
the front desk.

(Note: The character of Janet will be fleshed out more
in the next draft.)

Freddy snaps his fingers. The assistant manager comes over.

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Yes, M'sieur?

FREDDY

(tipping him)

Who's the girl checking in?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Miss Janet Colgate, M'sieur.

FREDDY

Who's she?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

I believe she's The American Soap Queen.

Assistant Manager exits. Freddy and Lawrence look at each other.

FREDDY

Okay. How much?

LAWRENCE

Let's make it easy. \$50,000.

Lawrence extends his hand. Freddy shakes it.

LAWRENCE

May the better man win.

FREDDY

Thanks.

EXT. CASINO - MEDIUM FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Lawrence exits from his car and enters the Casino.

INT. - LOBBY OF CASINO

Andre is waiting for him. As seen earlier, Lawrence enters and Andre approaches him, discreetly imparting information about the mark.

ANDRE

She is at the roulette table.

LAWRENCE

And Freddy?

ANDRE

(smiling)

He has dropped from sight. Perhaps the jackal finally realizes he is no match for a lion.

LAWRENCE

You keep your eyes open...that jackal will show up.

Lawrence walks OFF toward the roulette table.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Janet Colgate places her bet, Lawrence steps up next to her and rests his small stack of chips on the table. She glances over at him, immediately cognizant of the presence of this handsome man next to her. She places one solitary chip on number 28. He places ten chips next to hers on number 28. She glances again at him, he glances at her and they smile. There is magic beginning between them.

CLOSE - ROULETTE WHEEL

The balls clicks from spot to spot and finally falls in a red spot. The wheel is stopped. The spot is - number 28.

LAWRENCE AND JANET

Janet is delighted. She and Lawrence exchange excited looks.as he feigns joy. She puts two chips on three and he puts down fifty, then, as an afterthought, he puts another fifty.

CLOSE - ROULETTE WHEEL

It comes up number...3.

LAWRENCE AND JANET

Once again, Janet and Lawrence exchange excited looks. Lawrence looks up at...

ANDRE

Who puts his hands out as if to say "when?".

LAWRENCE AND JANET

Janet's attention is on the roulette wheel. Lawrence shrugs, indicates his enormous winnings. Then...

FREDDY (OFFSCREEN)

Excuse me, but...could I get in here please?

Lawrence looks sick. Lawrence and Janet step apart and turn to find Freddy behind them, wearing a the uniform of a U.S. Army corporal SITTING IN A WHEELCHAIR! Lawrence reacts with discrete disgust. Janet is immediately sympathetic to this tragic, but noble-looking man. Freddy wheels in between them.

FREDDY

Thank you.
(to Janet, holds out
few chips)
Please, Miss...would you place a
bet for me? You see, it's terribly
difficult for me to reach the table.

Lawrence reacts.

JANET

I'd be happy to. What number would you like?

FREDDY

The way my luck has been running -- would you pick one?

(quietly, "to himself")

I could use all the luck I can get.

Lawrence puts a stack of chips on number 21. Janet looks to Freddy for approval. He nods his head and his few chips are placed on number 21, along with a few of her own chips. The wheel is spun, this time Lawrence is hoping he'll win and...

WHEEL OPERATOR (OFFSCREEN)

Number...8.

As the chips are collected, Lawrence prepares himself for the performance to come. Freddy looks destroyed. He swallows hard, then gasps with a barely audible whimper.

JANET

Is something wrong?

As Freddy turns his wheelchair...

FREDDY

(dazed, whispering to himself)

My....last...chance.

...he wheels away. WE HEAR HIM as he begins to sob wildly, uncontrollably. Janet is touched, she picks up her chips and follows him - much to Lawrence's dismay.

JANET AND FREDDY

She comes up to him.

JANET

Are you alright? You don't look well.

Freddy ignores her, continues to wheel, his eyes straight ahead.

JANET

Is there anything I can do to help?

Freddy continues to ignore her and wheel away.

JANET

Please...

FREDDY

(regains composure, but
still through tears)

Thank you for your concern, but
please, I'd rather be alone.

He rolls away and stops at a table. He suddenly begins to
sob again. She approaches him again.

JANET

Maybe I can be of some help to you.

FREDDY

(thru tears)

You're a complete stranger, you
really don't want to become
involved in my personal problems.

Janet pulls a chair and sits in front of Freddy, but he
looks away, too proud to accept sympathy from a stranger.

JANET

Please...tell me.

Freddy ignores her.

JANET

(pleading)

Please...

(beat)

You said it was your last chance,
didn't you?

Freddy reluctantly nods.

JANET

Your last chance for what?

Freddy goes to speak, but chokes up with emotion. He
opens his mouth again, and again, chokes up. Finally he
mumbles out...

FREDDY

It was my last chance for...an
operation. The doctors say if
they don't operate soon, it may be
too late.

JANET

My god...

(thinking)

Shouldn't the army pay for your
operation?

FREDDY

It's not for me. It's for my grandmother...I just got word from the hospital - she's in bad shape and if they don't operate soon, she ...may...

(looks at her)

I don't even know you, I'm..I'm sorry I should keep my problems to myself.

JANET

(following)

Please, don't be that way...

(puts her hand on his hand, very sweetly)

...tell me.

FREDDY

(struggling, takes deep breath)

You see, when I was a baby, my parents were killed and my grandmother raised me as her own...

LAWRENCE AND ANDRE

Andre comes over as Lawrence gathers up his formidable winnings.

ANDRE

What happened?

LAWRENCE

(horribly frustrated, gestures his huge pile of chips)

One stroke of bad luck after another...

(motions with his head for Andre to follow him)

Come...

As they walk off, Lawrence is telling Andre something - the next step of his plan.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE OF CASINO - SHOT FAVORING JANET AND FREDDY - NIGHT

They are seated at a small table near a window...Freddy, of course, in his wheelchair. Freddy holds Janet's winnings which she has apparently just given him.

INT. COCTAIL LOUNGE OF CASINO - SHOT FAVORING JANET AND
FREDDY - NIGHT

They are seated at a small table near a window...Freddy,
of course, in his wheelchair. Freddy holds Janet's
winnings which she has apparently just given him.

FREDDY

Sixteen thousand francs -- almost
four thousand dollars! I don't know
how to thank you. But I want
you to know you saved the life of
a wonderful person.

(wipes a tear from his
eye, then grasps her hand)
You are a wonderful person.
Thank you.

JANET

(broaching a delicate
subject)
Freddy...would an operation help you?

FREDDY

(shakes his head
sadly)
No...my problem isn't physical...
...it's emotional.

JANET

Really?

Freddy nods.

JANET

Would you like to tell me about it?

FREDDY

I'm not sure if I should talk about
it...it's...painful.

JANET

I think it might help.

FREDDY

Well -- I was engaged to this girl
back in the States...

(building emotionally)
We had the wedding and everything
all set. But the day before I was
to fly home...I got a letter from
her...she...

(buries head in hands,
can't go on)

JANET

She what, Freddy?

FREDDY

...she met someone else, another man. She fell in love with this dancer...and she ran off and married him.

Freddy is in deep emotion pain. Janet reacts sympathetically. Freddy struggles to continue...

FREDDY

That night I had dreams - nightmares...I saw them dancing...dancing...EVERYWHERE. The next morning, when I woke up...I couldn't walk...my legs...all numb...useless...

JANET

Oh my god...

(wipes a tear away
with her cocktail napkin)
Freddy...can't the army psychiatrists help you?

FREDDY

They tried. I just don't respond.

JANET

Surely someone can help you.

FREDDY

Well...yeah. But it's...
(shakes head)

JANET

What?

FREDDY

(sighs with futility)
There is a psychiatrist...Dr. Emil schaffhausen...of the Schaffhausen Clinic in Lucerne. He specializes in psycho-traumatic cases like this.

JANET

Why don't you go to him?

FREDDY

Well, a man like Dr. Schaufhausen
is in demand all over the world.
He can command astronomical fees.
It's just out of the question.

JANET

Why do you mean by astronomical?

FREDDY

I've heard that he gets as much as
fifty thousand dollars for a case.
(beat, shaking head)

JANET'S VOICE

That IS a lot of money.

Freddy sighs and glances out the window. His face goes
white.

JANET

Are you okay?

FREDDY

(suddenly reacting
to something he sees)
Oh god...!

Without looking in the direction he indicates, Freddy
points off...Janet looks.

POINT-OF-VIEW SHOT

Just outside is the pool area and at the far edge of the
pool, a young couple dance dreamily.

BACK TO SCENE

Janet looks at Freddy, but he's wheeling away. She
catches up to him and starts to push his wheelchair.

JANET

Freddy, we're going to go up to my room and write a letter to Dr. Schaffhausen.

FREDDY

Janet, I've tried writing letters.... it's no use. The only way to get to Schaffhausen is with money...

JANET

(strongly)

Then we'll just have to assure him that he'll get his money!

Freddy smiles. As Janet wheels Freddy away, CAMERA PANS RIGHT, TO ANDRE, busily making notes at a nearby table, hidden from Freddy and Janet by a paper room divider.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - JANET'S SUITE - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Janet is seated at the writing desk addressing an envelope to Dr. Schaffhausen as Freddy reads the letter she has just written.

FREDDY

(mock embarrassment)

Gee...I wish you hadn't said all these things - you make me sound like a hero.

JANET

But they're true. You are a hero.

FREDDY

(smiles humbly)

Still...you shouldn't have promised him the money. Where am I going to get \$50,000?

JANET

Leave that to me, Freddy. When the time comes, I promise you'll have it.

This is too much for Freddy...he drops his head in deep gratitude.

FREDDY

Thank you...

JANET

You deserve it. Now you get hold of yourself, I'm going down to mail this letter and then I'll be right back.

Janet LEAVES with the letter. The moment she is gone, Freddy jumps out of the wheelchair and executing a few happy and triumphant dance steps which take him to the window. He looks out over the town.

FREDDY

The king is dead! Long live the kind!

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SECTION OF HOTEL LOBBY - MED. FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Janet COMES OUT of the elevator, goes to the mail drop and drops the letter to Schaffhausen in the slot. A moment after she does, a BELLBOY goes by paging...

BELLBOY

Dr. Schaffhausen...Dr. Emil Schaffhausen...paging Dr. Schaffhausen...

Janet reacts...turns and follows the bellboy...he ENTERS the cocktail lounge followed by Janet.

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE

The bellboy ENTERS, FOLLOWED by Janet.

BELLBOY

(paging)

Dr. Schaffhausen...Dr. Emil Schaffhausen...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Seated in chair with a large round back, a man's hand rises and beckons to the bellboy. The bellboy approaches the chair and hands the letter to the man.

BELLBOY

Dr. Schaffhausen?

REVERSE ANGLE

It's Lawrence. He appears engrossed in the London Times.

LAWRENCE

Yes.

Lawrence gives him a tip and the boy EXITS. He opens the envelope and looks at note.

INSERT NOTE

It reads: "Good luck Doctor"...and is signed "Andre."

BACK TO SCENE

Janet APPROACHES Lawrence.

JANET

You? You're Dr. Schaffhausen?

LAWRENCE

Yes.

JANET

Of the Schaffhausen Clinic in Lucerne?

LAWRENCE

Yes.

JANET

What a coincidence! This is like a miracle! I just mailed you a letter!

Lawrence's attitude is that of a famous doctor who is on vacation and does not want to discuss cases.

LAWRENCE

Fine...I'm looking forward to reading it when I return to my clinic.

JANET

Could I talk to you just for a moment?

LAWRENCE

(politely)

Please...I'm on vacation...come to my clinic.

JANET

It's not about me...It's an American naval officer...Fred Benson...you saw him -- he was right next to you at the roulette table.

LAWRENCE

(thinking)

Benson...Benson...is he the one who wrote me all those letters - something about his fiancée running off with a dancer?

JANET

That's the one. He's right here in the hotel. Dr. Schaffhausen, I hate to disturb you while you're on vacation, but could I get you to take a look at him?

LAWRENCE

The army psychiatrists will take care of him.

JANET

They've tried...they can't help him.

LAWRENCE

(self pity)

I'm sorry, but if I saw your friend Benson, I'd have to see EVERYONE. I have to draw the line someplace.

JANET

If it's a matter of money...

LAWRENCE

(warily)

You haven't given him any money, have you?

JANET

Just a little - for his grandmother's operation.

LAWRENCE

(firmly)

Don't give him anymore money.

JANET

Why?

LAWRENCE

You see, his ego has already received
one shattering blow from a woman...
and to take charity from another would
just make my job much harder...so...

JANET

(interrupting, excited)

Does this mean you'll see him?

LAWRENCE

Yes - I'll see him. But remember
what I've said...no money to him.
IF I do decide to take this case,
you must pay the fee directly to me.
Do you understand?

JANET

Absolutely!

LAWRENCE

(sighs with exhaustion)

Alright, where is the boy?

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

INT. - JANET'S SUITE

Freddy's out of the wheelchair looking through Janet's
drawers, and he can't find anything of value - just
simple-looking clothes. He goes to open her suitcase, but
stops when he HEARS THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING...
Freddy leaps back into the wheelchair. The door opens and
Janet ENTERS alone.

JANET

(thrilled)

Freddy, I have a wonderful surprise for
you! Close your eyes!

Freddy closes his eyes. Janet continues.

JANET

Now who is the one person in the world -
outside of your grandmother - that you'd
like most to see at this moment?

FREDDY
(eyes closed)
I give up. Who?

JANET
(big announcement)
Dr. Emil Schaffhausen!

Freddy opens his eyes and sees...

FULL SHOT - LAWRENCE, JANET AND FREDDY

...his nemesis standing in the doorway smiling confidently.

LAWRENCE
At last we meet, Officer Benson.
After all your letters I feel I
know you.

Freddy is stunned and silent. He just stares at Lawrence.

JANET
(quietly, to Lawrence)
He can't believe it's really you.

LAWRENCE
Yes, I think that's it.
(pats Freddy on shoulder)
I'm here to help you, my boy. Now
let's have a look at those legs.
(touches first one,
then the other)
So...you're paralyzed below the
waist, is that correct?

FREDDY
Yessir.

LAWRENCE
COMPLETELY numb? No feeling whatso-
ever?

FREDDY
That's right.

Lawrence then holds up Freddy's leg, pulls off his shoe
and sock, and runs his finger along the bottom of Freddy's
bare foot, tickling him. Freddy endures pure agony to
keep from laughing or jerking his foot away.

LAWRENCE
Any feeling there?

Freddy shakes his head "no." Then, Lawrence rises and looks around the room and until he sees what he's looking for. He walks up to a vase filled with long stemmed pussywillows and tree branches. He pulls out a branch and whips it through the air, making a WHISH WHISH WHISH sound. He approaches Freddy. Freddy appears completely complacent. Lawrence holds the stick over the top of Freddy's legs and gives him a firm, but not painful little tap.

LAWRENCE

Did you feel that?

FREDDY

No.

Lawrence raps him again, a little bit harder, and looks at Freddy. Freddy shakes his head. Then Lawrence raps him hard across the top of his legs.

LAWRENCE

And this time?

FREDDY

(controlling pain)

Nossir.

Lawrence rolls up Freddy's pants legs, exposing his shins. He picks up the stick and taps Freddy lightly on his naked shins.

LAWRENCE

Anything?

FREDDY

No.

This time, with a swift, firm swing, Lawrence swings the stick against Freddy's shins, whacking him soundly.

LAWRENCE

How about that?

FREDDY

(beat, controlling pain
with great difficulty)

Nossir...nothing.

Lawrence now takes a few steps back and looks at Freddy's legs for a moment. Then he rears the stick back, and with a running start and a Babe Ruth swing, the stick whistles through the air and slams violently into Freddy's shins. Janet gasps.

LAWRENCE

Any feelings there?

Freddy, unable to talk brings his fingers to his temples, rests his head in his hands and concentrating intensely, making the repression of pain appear as though he were trying to feel the pain. Then just shakes his head "no." Freddy shuts his eyes as Lawrence rears the stick back again, but Janet stops him.

JANET

Doctor Shaffhausen, that seems so cruel!

LAWRENCE

On the contrary...Officer Benson would be the happiest man in the world if he felt any pain.

(to Freddy, nodding)

Isn't that right?

FREDDY

(gritted teeth)

Right.

LAWRENCE

Right!

(with that, he gives Freddy another rap across the legs. points to Freddy's shin)

Now, you see those welts forming on Freddy's shins?

JANET

Yes, they're horrible.

LAWRENCE

(almost gloating)

Yes, they are, aren't they? But in a way they're wonderful - because they tell us Freddy's nervous system can feel and react to pain, but for some bizarre traumatic reason, Freddy's mind has shut it off. If I take this case, it would be our job to make Freddy's mind feel again, to FEEL that pain.

(looks at Freddy's legs, then, to Janet)

Do you have any salt?

JANET

Salt? I don't think so.

LAWRENCE

Pity.

(whacks Freddy again, then...)
Young lady, this case intrigues
me. I'll take Corporal Benson as
a patient.

JANET

(to Freddy overjoyed)
Freddy! Did you hear that?

Freddy nods "yes."

LAWRENCE

I am renting a chateau in this area.
We will move him there where I can
really go to work on him!

JANET

Oh, doctor, thank you. Do you think
you can have him walking again?

LAWRENCE

I'll have him running!
(then)
I will restore feeling to these
lifeless limbs or my name isn't
Dr. Emil Schaufhausen!

As Lawrence says the above speech, he emphasizes his words
by rapping Freddy across the sole of his bare foot with
the stick. Freddy takes it, but tears run from his eyes.

JANET

Oh look Doctor...he's so happy -
- he's CRYING!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - HOTEL FRONT DOORS - NIGHT

Hotel doors open. Janet appears first, carrying the folded up
wheel-chair. Next, Lawrence appears CARRYING FREDDY like a
baby. The valet brings Lawrence's two-seater Ferrari around.
Lawrence unceremoniously deposits Freddy in the tiny back seat.
His head and hands drape outside the windows. Suddenly MRS.
REED, 40, British and a previous mark of Lawrence's. She's
amazed to see her friend, the prince.

MRS. REED

Your highness...

She bows low.

MRS. REED
Protector of the Velt.
(then, whispering)
How was your mission to
Belahavula?

LAWRENCE
A tremendous success, thanks to you.

MRS. REED
I feel so proud.

LAWRENCE
Mrs. Reed, I'd like you to meet
Lady Janet, Lady Janet, Mrs. Reed.

Janet's confused, but Lawrence's smile assures her to play
along. She smiles at Mrs. Reed.

MRS. REED
(whispering again)
How are the freedom fighters?

LAWRENCE
It's all right. Lady Janet is
with us.

MRS. REED
Oh wonderful...and...

She indicates Freddy. Lawrence nods an okay.

LAWRENCE
We must have lunch, I will call you.

MRS. REED
Thank you your highness.

They do some weird salute and she bows and stays low. Lawrence
leans over to Janet.

LAWRENCE
(makes crazy sign)
One of my former patients.
Unfortunately, incurable.

Janet looks at Mrs. Reed with pity. Lawrence and Freddy
exchange glances. The car drives away with the wheelchair
strapped to the roof.

EXT. W.S. OF CHATEAU. NIGHT (Establishing Shot)

INT. - FREDDY'S BEDROOM AT LAWRENCE'S VILLA - MED. SHOT
- NIGHT

Freddy is seated in his wheelchair glumly watching Lawrence and Janet. Janet is ecstatic at the miraculous good fortune.

LAWRENCE

Now this will be your room, Freddy...You're close to my room...I'll have my eye on you day and night.

Janet goes over to Freddy and kneels next to his wheelchair.

JANET

Can you believe that this is really happening to you?

Freddy just shakes his head "no."

JANET

He's sacrificing his vacation...
...sharing his villa...he's reaching out to you...and giving his hand!

FREDDY

All the way!

LAWRENCE

(to Janet)

May I show you around the villa?
It has a facinating history.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

It's the grand hallway of the chateau. It's plush. Chandeliers, statues, paintings, carpets. Lawrence and Janet appear, Freddy pedaling along behind them, with a squeaky wheel. NOTE: The following dialogue is basically fill as we watch Freddy try to keep pace with Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

I was very fortunate to rent this chateau. It was originally built in the late 16th century and remodeled mid 17th century. You see some of the old wall if you look up above the frieze.

Freddy struggles with his new wheelchair.

LAWRENCE

Of course these tapestries are probably not original...they can't be. They'd be priceless.

They finally stop in front of the large Italian painting Lawrence showed Freddy earlier.

LAWRENCE

And this of course, is the prize of the chateau...

FREDDY

A Caravaggio! 1573-1610. His revolutionary technique became a hallmark of Baroque painting.

JANET

That's wonderful Freddy...

LAWRENCE

Right Freddy. Very good. And I forgot. What was his middle name again?

FREDDY

Middle name? Oh let's see what was that? Uh...William. Wilbur. William.

JANET

It's a wonderful picture.

LAWRENCE

(suddenly excited)

And over here, one of my favorite parts of the chateau...

He grabs Janet's hand and pulls her out of frame. Freddy struggles to get the wheelchair moving.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lawrence, in sweeping gestures, elegantly shows Janet other parts of the grand hall. Racing FASTER AND FASTER, Lawrence swirls from to object to object and swings around the statuary. Freddy desperately tries to keep up and Janet looks back at him worriedly and protests to Lawrence.

They reach the foot of the grand staircase which leads to the second floor of the chateau.

One of Freddy's wheels gets caught in a sunken planter and he's stuck.

JANET
Doctor...my God...What about Freddy?
Aren't you going to help him?

LAWRENCE
(sotto)
I am helping him. Trust me, I'm a
doctor.

LAWRENCE
(loudly)
Of course the most interesting
rooms in the chateau are on the
second floor.

JANET
What about Freddy?

LAWRENCE
Freddy, go to your room and get
ready for bed.

JANET
Doctor...

LAWRENCE
(sotto)
I want him to get used to going to
bed alone.

FREDDY
I'd like to come upstairs, too.

LAWRENCE
(takes Janet by hand, leads
her upstairs, then brusquely
to Freddy)
All right, come on -- you're not
crippled!

JANET
(as they go upstairs)
But doctor...he is!

LAWRENCE
(tapping his head)
Only in his mind.

JANET
But it seems so cruel.

LAWRENCE

Many of the things I'm going to do
will seem cruel to you, but
psychiatrically they are therapeutic
and he will walk that much sooner.
You must trust me.

JANET

I'm sorry...

As Lawrence and Janet reach the top of the stairs...

CLOSE SHOT - FREDDY

Sitting in his wheelchair at the foot of the stairs...
unhappy at the way he is being outmaneuvered.

TWO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND JANET

He is escorting her along the second-floor hallway.

LAWRENCE

First I'll show you the Music Room.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

An elegant music room filled with old instruments. Grand
piano, etc. Lawrence and Janet walk in and he throws the
switch on an antique music box. Music fills the chateau.

INT. FOOT OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Freddy hears the music. It steams him. He gets out of the
wheelchair and starts up the stairs in a hurry.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

LAWRENCE

...the happy couple would come up
here, listen to the soft sounds of
the music box, take each other in
their arms and dance away the
worries of the day...

He takes her in his arms and they begin to dance.

INT. BALLROOM - TWO SHOT

They dance for a few moments. Then Janet looks toward the
door...reacts with a SHOCKED GASP, and stops dancing.
Lawrence looks toward the door.

THEIR POINT OF VIEW

Freddy lies sprawled in the hallway outside the open door watching them dance. He is a pathetic-looking figure.

THREE SHOT - LAWRENCE, JANET AND FREDDY

Janet runs to Freddy.

JANET

Freddy! What happened?

FREDDY

I heard the music...and I dragged
myself up the stairs...and then
I saw you...and him...
(breaking down)
...DANCING...

JANET

(gasps, then to Lawrence)
Of all things, to see us dancing!

Janet starts to move toward Freddy, when...

LAWRENCE

You're right.

...Lawrence takes her by the arm, pulls her INSIDE, SLAMS
the door in Freddy's face, locks it and resumes dancing.

LAWRENCE

Now he can't see us.

JANET

(stops dancing)
Doctor, this is barbarous!

There is a SOUND of KNOCKING on door. Janet automatically
starts toward the door. Lawrence stops her.

LAWRENCE

(to Janet)
We must create in Freddy a desire
to walk that is greater than his
desire to be pitied - a desire
which is so overpowering, it will
supersede every other instinct.

JANET

But...

LAWRENCE

The fact that he dragged himself
up the stairs is proof that the
therapy is already working.

There is SOUND of CLAWING at door as though Freddy is
trying to claw his way up to reach the doorknob.

JANET

(upset)

He's clawing at the door!

LAWRENCE

No pity. I know it's difficult,
but only through our strength
will Freddy find his.

There is SOUND of Freddy MOANING and GROANING with effort.
Then we see the doorknob jiggle...then the horrible THUD
of a BODY FALLING to the floor. This is more than Janet
can bear. She buries her head on Lawrence's shoulder.

JANET

(almost sobbing)

He fell!

LAWRENCE

(puts his arms around
her comfortingly)

And he'll fall again...

(with a smile that
she can't see)

...and again...and again.

We HEAR MORE CLAWING and MORE MOANING...the doorknob
jiggles again...followed by ANOTHER THUD of a BODY FALLING
to floor.

LAWRENCE

(happy)

There he goes again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - VILLA - MORNING

As Lawrence walks Janet thru the villa, we see Freddy
struggling to keep up, his wheels chattering loudly over
the cobble-stoned floor. In a hushed tone that Freddy
cannot hear, Lawrence discretely explains how his therapy
works to Janet.

LAWRENCE

By depriving Freddy of sympathy and simple pleasure, but constantly showing him a role model to aspire to, he will make the decision to help himself, to change himself. That's why we must enjoy ourselves, while Freddy dines in misery. He'll get the point.

JANET

I understand.

They walk out to the...

TERRACE

A sumptuous brunch is lavishly displayed on a table set for three - crystal stemware, silver, starched and pressed napkins, a vase with exotic flowers, etc. As Lawrence opens and pours a bottle of champagne.

LAWRENCE

Lovely, isn't it?

JANET

Yes, it looks terrific.

Lawrence pulls out a chair for Janet and sits opposite her. Freddy wheels out.

FREDDY

Where do I sit?

Lawrence points. Freddy wheels to a card table with folding chair, a tin cup, a paper napkin and a spoon.

FREDDY

You're kidding.

LAWRENCE

(to Janet)

Some champagne?

Janet sadly looks at Freddy's predicament. Lawrence leans over and discretely tells her...

LAWRENCE

It's important we enjoy ourselves to the fullest extent possible.

(louder, for Freddy)

Some champagne?

JANET

Thank you.

LAWRENCE

(discretely)

Remember to verbalize, in great detail, exactly what you enjoy about the food. He must know EXACTLY what he's missing while he survives on gruel.

(bites into a sweet roll)

Oh! Isn't this wonderful? It looks absolutely delicious.

She looks over at Freddy.

FREDDY

Freddy dips a spoon into the tin and drains off a watered-down, soup of oatmeal.

LAWRENCE (OFFSCREEN)

Are these sweet rolls terrific Janet?

JANET (OFFSCREEN)

Uh...yes...fabulous.

LAWRENCE (OFFSCREEN)

The raisins and the nuts...

JANET (OFFSCREEN)

The icing is so buttery and rich...!

Freddy can't eat. He takes a pen from his pocket and writes a note on his paper napkin. Then he wheels away, around the corner of the terrace. Janet watches, then looks at Lawrence. Janet retrieves the note.

JANET

(reading)

Doctor Shaffhausen, I want to thank you for your efforts, but I feel confident there is no real chance for me. I've simply lost hope. And Janet, thank you for your overwhelming generosity. Would you please see that my grandmother gets my insurance? And, if my body's washed ashore, that my remains are cremated and tossed over the Mediterranean?

(to herself)

My god! He's going to drown himself!

EXT. - WIDE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON SHORE FROM TERRACE

A VERY long flight of steps lead down to the shore. Freddy's in the wheelchair and, holding tight on the railing, he moves the wheelchair cautiously, slowly, down one step, then another, then another, all the while glancing over his shoulder....

JANET'S VOICE

There he is, doctor.

JANET AND LAWRENCE

Janet looks at Lawrence for comment. Lawrence puts his hand up and shakes his head.

LAWRENCE

A bluff to gain sympathy.

JANET

How can you be so sure?

LAWRENCE

Years of experience.

FREDDY

It's hot, and it's a lot of work going down those steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

FREDDY - MINUTES LATER

...is 3/4 of the way down. There's a small balcony where he rests, leaning to the side. It's hot and he's sweating. He struggles to take off his robe, but the sleeve catches the wheel, sending the chair backwards off the balcony and down the hill where he goes tumbling down. Freddy screams.

LAWRENCE AND JANET

Janet jumps up, but Lawrence motions for her to sit down.

FREDDY

He lifts himself back into his uprighted wheelchair. Now he faces the mildy crashing surf of the Mediterranean.

FREDDY

Damn...

He pushes the joystick forward and motors toward the water...except the wheelchair becomes mired in the sand. He pulls the joystick back - the wheels spin, he pushes it forward - the wheels spin. He's stuck.

FREDDY

Thank god.

JANET'S VOICE IN DISTANCE

He's stuck in the sand.

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

If he was serious about killing himself,
he'd crawl to the water.

Freddy's head slumps. His bluff has been called again. He curses under his breath, pushes himself out of the chair and onto the sand. But the sand is hot, really hot. Steaming hot. Freddy moans and tries crawling, but it's too mucy. He stops.

JANET'S VOICE

He's stopped!

LAWRENCE'S VOICE

See?

JANET'S VOICE

(beat)

Unless...he's waiting for the tide
to come in and take him out.

A stay of execution. So he lays there and waits in the sun, the bright, burning, searing, sweltering, sun.

LAWRENCE AND JANET

Lawrence leads Janet away from the railing.

Lawrence's houseman enters.

ARTHUR

Excuse me sir, a Mrs. Reed is here
to see you.

LAWRENCE

Mrs. Reed...?

Mrs. Reed enters the terrace and executes a low, sweeping bow.

MRS. REED
Your highness.

JANET
(sotto)
I understand...you must go to her.

LAWRENCE
Yes...right. I must.

Lawrence walks to her.

MRS. REED
(sotto)
I'm glad you want what I want.

He glances off to Freddy and back to Mrs. Reed. Reluctantly, he shuffles her up to the chateau.

ANGLE ON JANET

She rises out of her chair and runs toward Freddy.

EXT. FREDDY IN THE SAND

Crawling through the sand toward the water. Janet comes running up from behind.

JANET
Freddy, stop, please.

FREDDY
Please leave me alone. I don't want
to be a burden to anyone anymore.

Janet stands in front of him, blocking his path.

FREDDY
Janet, please, don't make me crawl
around you: the sand's too hot.

JANET
Then just stop where you are.

FREDDY
And then what? As soon as you're not
looking, I'll just come down and do it
right.

JANET
Then I'm not leaving you.
(she tries dragging him)
Come on, we're going.

FREDDY
Where are we going?

JANET
To Dr. Shaffhausen.

FREDDY
(pushes her away)
Oh no, not The Nazi.

JANET
He's not a Nazi. He may seem strict
but he's just trying to help you.

FREDDY
He's trying to torture me Janet...
(He looks up at her
pathetically)
...can't we just lay here for a little
while longer? Just a little bit? Please?
I don't want to go back there right now...

JANET
Well...

INT. CHATEAU. DAY

(Note: this scene will be re-written and it'll be real funny)

LAWRENCE
You say my Royal Adjutant called you?

MRS. REED
Yes Your Highness.

LAWRENCE
And what did my "Royal Adjutant" say?

MRS. REED
He told me of your feelings for me.

LAWRENCE
He did?

MRS. REED
Yes, but I came to tell you I must return to
Rio with my husband tonight.

LAWRENCE

It is good you leave. Your
beauty would distract me from my
mission. Arthur...

Arthur enters.

LAWRENCE

Arthur, please drive Mrs. Reed to
the airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BEACH - TWO SHOT - FREDDY AND JANET - DAY

Freddy in bathing trunks is lying on his stomach on a
beach towel as Janet rubs suntan lotion on his back and
shoulders.

JANET

How does that feel?

FREDDY

Wonderful...

Janet starts rubbing lotion on Freddy's legs.

FREDDY

(after proper pause)
Would you put some lotion on my
legs too?

JANET

(very sadly)
Freddy...I am.

FREDDY

Oh.

JANET

(as she massages)
Can't you feel anything?

FREDDY

No...but keep trying...maybe...
...maybe something will happen.

Janet massages vigorously...Freddy obviously enjoys it.

FREDDY

I'm sorry I was so depressed this
morning...I had a dream about her.
I wish my heart was in my legs, so
I wouldn't have to feel that...
(voice cracking)
...horrible pain!

JANET

Freddy, why don't you tell me about her? What was she like? Where did you meet her? It's good therapy to talk about her.

FREDDY

We met at the church. We both taught there...

JANET

You both taught in a parochial school?

FREDDY

We taught Sunday School.

JANET

(fondly)

Ah...that sounds very sweet.

FREDDY

I love children...do you?

JANET

Yes, I do...

FREDDY

I always wanted children...

(hopefully)

I used to dream about playing ball with my son, or running along the beach with my daughter.

(drifts off, melancholy)

But now...I'll never be a father. I can't be a father. I feel like - if I can't make love, I'm less of a man, that I'm not really a man.

JANET

That's not true. The test of a man is how he feels...

(tapping her chest)

...inside...not...uh...below the waist.

FREDDY

That's easy for you to say.

What do you think it would be like to know you'd never be able to have children? Or make love?

(self effacing laugh)

Make love! I'll probably never even KISS another woman the rest of my life!

Janet gently strokes the back of his head as she tries to comfort him.

JANET

Oh, Freddy, that's ridiculous!
You're an attractive, sensitive
exciting man! There's plenty of
women who would like to kiss you.

FREDDY

A kiss on the cheek of pity, perhaps
...but never one of love.

JANET

Don't be silly, Freddy, soon you'll
be walking, running, kissing and...
...uh...

(can't say it)
...lot's of things.

FREDDY

I don't know...

Freddy turns over on his back (clumsily, pathetically),
looks up at Janet, taking a dramatic pause before he asks
her...

FREDDY

I want to ask you a question and I
want you to be honest with me.

JANET

Okay.

FREDDY

Am I attractive and exciting to you?

In response to his question, Janet bends down and kisses
Freddy on the lips. After a moment, they break the kiss
and look at one another. It is apparent that Janet is
affected by the kiss. As they kiss again, a long kiss
this time.

LAWRENCE (OFFSCREEN)

Excuse me.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL LAWRENCE STANDING BEHIND THEM.

LAWRENCE

(to Janet)

May I speak to you alone?

Janet scrambles to her feet, somewhat embarrassed as she
hastens to explain.

JANET

Oh, Dr. Schaffhausen - we were just
-- that is -- Freddy was very
depressed and...

LAWRENCE

(walking away, motions
to Janet)

Miss Colgate, may we talk?

Janet sighs, looks guilty and walks off with Lawrence

JANET

I'm sorry...I shouldn't have done it.

LAWRENCE

You'll have to learn to trust me.
I've made the blind see, I've made
deaf hear and I will make Freddy
walk again.

JANET

You're right. It's just that I felt
so sorry for him. That heart-
rendering story of him being jilted
by his fiancée, a Sunday School
teacher no less! How did you feel
when he told you that?

LAWRENCE

(dryly)

It made my physically sick.

(then)

But we must hide our pity. Any
sign of affection at this point
will only retard his progress.

Janet looks at Freddy who looks particularly helpless.

JANET

(nodding)

It's just that Freddy's the kind of
person who just naturally attracts
kindness and affection. I'll try,
doctor, but it won't be easy...

LAWRENCE

It will be easier than you think.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. - TWO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND JANET ON SLOOP IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN

It's a magnificent sloop and they're both drinking fine
wine and snacking on an impressive array of cheeses,
breads, pate's, etc.

JANET

Dr., we haven't discussed your fee yet.
Perhaps we should discuss it now.

LAWRENCE

Oh, I thought you knew; it's a
minimum of \$50,000.

JANET

A minimum?

LAWRENCE

Yes.

JANET

That's a lot of money.

LAWRENCE

(amused)

I guess you didn't become the
American Soap Queen by being ex-
travagant.

JANET

It had nothing to do with being
extravagant - it was my father's
doing.

(beat, worried)

So, \$50,000, could it go higher
than that?

LAWRENCE

Yes it could, but I don't foresee it
happening, especially if I have
your help. What's important here is
what happens to that boy in the
next forty-eight hours. We must
create in him a desire to walk
which is so overpowering, it will
supercede every other instinct.

JANET

Whatever you say.

LAWRENCE

He won't want us to leave him behind again. Our job now is to make it so difficult for Freddy to be with us, that he will literally jump out of his wheelchair to do it! You must steel yourself for the ordeal ahead - do you think you can do it?

JANET

I promise.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. - ANDRE DRIVING A MOTOR BOAT - DAY

CAMERA PANS BEHIND BOAT. Both Janet and Lawrence are water skiing. Lawrence expertly ski's under Janet's tow line and arcs around spraying a wave of water on...

FREDDY ON THE PIER

Sitting in his wheelchair on the beach watching them, covered with towels so he doesn't burn.

EXT. - COUNTRY ROAD - TWO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND JANET - DAY

They are riding horseback at a very slow trot.

LAWRENCE

Don't look back.

EXT. - TENNIS COURT

Janet and Lawrence are dressed in tennis whites. Freddy, still bundled, sits near the net. Lawrence serves, and the ball drives hard and hits Freddy.

LAWRENCE

Sorry, Freddy.

Freddy moves away, to the far corner of the court. Lawrence tosses the ball, swings mightily and once again, it smashes into Freddy.

DISSOLVE T

INT. SMALL NIGHT CLUB - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

It is quite crowded.

SHOT FAVORING LAWRENCE AND JANET

...as they dance.

SHOT OF FREDDY

As he sits at a table in his wheelchair watching Lawrence and Janet.

TWO SHOT - LAWRENCE AND JANET

As they dance.

JANET

How much of this can he stand?

LAWRENCE

Don't show pity. Love put him
in that wheelchair and love
will get him out. Look happy.
Look like you're in love.

Janet smiles, then looks over at Freddy and laughs.

LAWRENCE

That's right. Good. Keep this
up and he'll be walking by the
end of the night.

Janet laughs again. Lawrence dances her over to Freddy,
dipping her in front of him.

LAWRENCE

(to Freddy)

She's fabulous isn't she, Freddy?
Wouldn't you like to dance with her?

Freddy just stares at Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

What's stopping you? Why don't
you get out of that chair and dance
with the girl!

CAMERA PANS to the table next to FREDDY. Seated there are two burly, American G.I. paratroopers, DUBIN AND SATTLER. As they react to this seemingly vicious taunting by Lawrence. Lawrence moves past Freddy again.

LAWRENCE

Okay - if you just want to sit there and miss all the fun.

Lawrence takes Janet back onto the dance floor.

DUBIN

Can you believe that? Making fun of that poor guy?

Dubin and Sattler move their chairs closer to Freddy.

SATTLER

Hey, pal, who's the asshole?

DUBIN

"Get up and dance," he says! I'd like to smack him one!

Freddy, thinking fast, plays it to the hilt.

FREDDY

I wouldn't mind it so much, but...
(looks off, depressed)
...she used to be my girl...

Dubin and Sattler look off toward Lawrence with hatred.

FREDDY

If I could talk to her, I think I'd have a chance, but...he's always around...

LAWRENCE AND JANET

Dancing...

JANET

(to Lawrence)

I apologize about the delays in paying your fee, but I should have it by tomorrow. It took longer than I thought to raise the money.

LAWRENCE

You had to raise the money?

JANET

The cash prize wasn't quite enough,
so I had father sell off the car,
the jewelry and the furniture.

LAWRENCE

What cash prize?

JANET

From the contest. You know, I was
selected "The American Soap Queen."
That's why I'm on this all expense
paid trip to Europe.

LAWRENCE

Your father doesn't own the
American Soap Company?

JANET

(laughing)

Oh no...I just use their laundry
detergent!

LAWRENCE

You barely know Freddy. You'd sell
everything you owned for him?

JANET

It's not everything...

(innocently guilty)

...I'm keeping the mink.

(explaining)

Besides, knowing I helped a man
Like Freddy be able to live his
life again will give me a lifetime
of pleasure that will outlast a
car, or a mink, or some furniture.
I couldn't ask for a better prize
than that.

LAWRENCE

I didn't know people like you
really existed. You're generous,
sincere, you're wonderful.

JANET

Thank you.

Lawrence is more than a little touched by her humanity.

LAWRENCE

You know, if Freddy were to see us
kiss right here on the dance floor,
it would be the last nail in his
coffin of pity. But only if you
want...

JANET

Well...

(smiles)

...if you think it would help.

Janet closes her eyes. As Lawrence cups Janet's face
and goes to kiss her, CAMERA PANS TO SATTLER, DUBIN AND
FREDDY. Freddy sobs stoically, while Dubin and Sattler
are numb with outrage.

DUBLIN

Why that piece a shit!

SATTLER

(looks at Dubin)

Whaddya think?

DUBLIN

(nods, then to Freddy)

There's a transport plane leaving
for Honduras at 1:00 tonight...how'd
you like your friend to be on it?

Freddy is touched by the gesture.

CUT TO:

INT. - LAWRENCE'S CAR - THAT EVENING

Lawrence and Freddy driving home. They're in the middle of a heated argument.

LAWRENCE

Can't you get it through your head?
The bet's off...she hasn't got the
money!

FREDDY

The bet is on! She's got the money.

LAWRENCE

Only by selling everything she owns!

FREDDY

Come on! She's keeping the mink!

LAWRENCE

Freddy, the women I normally deal
with are carefully screened. They
wealthy, corrupt, culpable victims.
I don't take advantage of the poor
or the virtuous...

FREDDY

A con man with "morals"? Forget
about "saving the artisans of the
world" I got news for you: the
world goes on the same whether you
treat people nice or not and ya
know why? Because the world
doesn't care!

Lawrence shudders with repulsion.

FREDDY

So...is it a bet?

LAWRENCE

(beat)

Very well, it's a bet! But I'm not
competing to win, I'm just betting
you'll fail.

FREDDY

Tell me.

As Lawrence's car APPROACHES the driveway to his chateau,
WE SEE that the driveway is blocked by the Army truck.

LAWRENCE
You're clever Freddy, but you're
artless and sloppy. You'll leave a
shoelace untied and you'll stumble.
It's simply a matter of time.

Lawrence pulls up to a stop and HONKS his HORN. Dubin
sticks his head OUT of the truck cab.

DUBIN
What d'ya want?

LAWRENCE
(calls)
You're blocking my driveway!

DUBIN
You'll have to talk to the Captain ...
he's in the back of the truck.

LAWRENCE
(calls)
Just pull up a little!

DUBIN
See the Captain!

Lawrence gets out, walks to the back of the truck, parts
the canvas flaps, and sticks his head inside.

LAWRENCE
(muffled voice)
Captain?

Lawrence is suddenly yanked into the truck. The truck
then DRIVES OFF.

SHOT OF FREDDY

As he smiles, scoots over into the driver's seat, and
drives into the driveway of the villa.

CUT TO:

INT. - SITTING ROOM OF JANET'S SUITE

WE HEAR A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Janet, in a robe over a
nightgown, crosses from bedroom to door. She opens the
door and WE SEE Freddy sitting there in his wheelchair.

JANET
(surprised)
Freddy! I thought Dr. Schaffhausen
took you home

FREDDY
(wheeling himself in)
He did. I couldn't sleep. I had
to talk to you!

JANET
(uncomfortably)
Okay...
(closes the door)

FREDDY
I was thinking of what Dr.
Schaffhausen always told me ...
that I could walk again if the
desire was strong enough.

JANET
Yes, he told me the same thing.

FREDDY
Janet...I think you're the only
person in the world who can give
me that desire.

JANET
How? What can I do?

FREDDY
The doctor says that since it was
love that put me in this wheelchair,
it would take love to get me out.

JANET
Yes...he told that too.

FREDDY
I am in love, Janet...
(almost embarrasses, sweetly
swallows hard)
...I'm in love with you.

JANET
(moved)
Oh, Freddy.

FREDDY
But I still have that terrible
fear...

JANET
What fear?

FREDDY

The fear that my feelings won't be returned.

JANET

Freddy, your feelings will be returned.

FREDDY

You won't disappoint me?

JANET

No, I won't disappoint you.

FREDDY

(trembling, shaking)
I'm...afraid...afraid...

JANET

Don't be afraid. I love you, Freddy.

FREDDY

(pitifully)
But you're just saying that, because you pity me...

JANET

No, Freddy, that's not true.
(beat, looks at Freddy's legs)
Freddy, get up and walk, and I'll prove that I love you.

Freddy stares at his legs and tries and tries, and nothing happens. Janet takes a few steps back.

JANET

Freddy, stand up. Stand up and come to me, walk to me, hold me...

Freddy tries again, still nothing.

JANET

Try Freddy, try harder...!
(stands near bedroom, gestures)
You can do it Freddy. Get up and come to me! Be with me! Make love to me...!

Freddy tries again, really hard this time, and this time a knee moves just slightly. He looks at Janet with joyful surprise.

JANET
That's it...yes...keep trying
...don't give up...

His other knee moves...Janet starts to cry...

JANET
Oh my god...yes Freddy...you can
do it...!

He lifts a leg weakly and drops his foot to the ground.

JANET
Oh look Freddy, look what you're
doing!

Freddy lifts the other leg, then leaning forward and
pushing off the handles of the wheelchair, he pushes
himself up, falls back a little, then comes back up,
almost falls, then rights himself and then...STANDS!

FREDDY
(voice cracking)
I'M STANDING! I'M STANDING!

JANET
Yes!
(holding out
her arms)
Now walk to me!

FREDDY
I -- I can't! I can't!

JANET
Yes you can! Try! Please! Try!

FREDDY
You -- you won't disappoint me?

JANET
No! No! Come to me!

Freddy starts to take some very weak, faltering steps
toward Janet...

FREDDY
(through tears)
Look...I'm...I'm...walking...I'm
WALKING!

JANET
(crying)
Oh my darling, yes! Come to me!

Freddy staggers to Janet and puts his arms around her.
They cry together for a moment.

JANET
Do you want to rest?

FREDDY
No...now that I'm on my feet, I
want to see just how far I can go.

Freddy points to her open bedroom door as he continues...

FREDDY
(continuing)
Stand over by the bed and see if I
can get to you there.

Janet moves to the bed and stands, beckoning him on.

JANET
Come to me and hold me...

As Freddy starts his halting, faltering steps toward Janet
and conquest...

FREDDY
Janet...you've given me new
strength... a reason to live...

He's there. He embraces Janet.

FREDDY
...I...I made it!

JANET
Yes, you made it!

FREDDY
And because of your love...
(as he goes to kiss her)

LAWRENCE (OFFSCREEN)
(interrupting)
OUR love Freddy; we all love you.

Freddy freezes.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OVER FREDDY'S SHOULDER

Sitting in a corner of the room, unseen by Freddy, is
Lawrence. Lawrence rises, comes to Freddy and puts his
arm around him. Freddy is appropriately stunned.

LAWRENCE
It's moments like this that make
being a doctor worthwhile.

JANET
(to Lawrence)
No wonder they call you a genius.
You said he'd come here tonight,
and he did! You said he'd walk,
and he DID! Everything turned
out just the way you said it would.
(to Freddy)
Freddy, I'm beginning to believe
this man can perform miracles.

FREDDY
I'm beginning to believe it, too.

With his arm around Freddy to support him, Lawrence says:

LAWRENCE
Come, my boy, you've had an
exhausting evening.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

INT. - HOTEL HALLWAY - TWO SHOT - FREDDY AND LAWRENCE -
NIGHT

Lawrence is leading Freddy to a suite.

FREDDY
How the hell did you get off that
plane?

LAWRENCE
I never got on.

FREDDY
(unbelieving)
There were six paratroopers in the
back of that truck!

With that, Lawrence shows Freddy his key fob: a division
shoulder patch with his "jump wings" (silver wings with a
parachute in the center) pinned to it.

LAWRENCE
Seven. United States Army, 82nd
airborne.

Lawrence stops at a hotel door and KNOCKS. The door is
opened by a burly PARATROOPER, holding an open bottle
of champagne and his arm around a pretty GIRL. In the

room behind him we see Dubin, Sattler and the other paratroopers having a party with more girls, champagne and food.

SATTLER

Hey fellas! Look who's here!

DUBIN

Yeah...and he can walk just like
The Man said he could!

LAWRENCE

Gentlemen - there's more food and
more champagne on the way.

They all CHEER. Lawrence continues.

LAWRENCE

Meanwhile, can I count on you to
keep our friend here entertained
until I get back?

They ad lib in the affirmative and pull Freddy INTO the
room.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Dubin closes the door, turns the key in the lock, and then
drops the key down the front of the dress of his bosomy
blonde girl friend.

DUBIN

(to Freddy)

Try to get that, dude, and you'll
really need a wheelchair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - AIRPLANE TERMINAL - - MEDIUM SHOT - NIGHT

Passengers are boarding a plane.

SHOT FAVORING LAWRENCE AND JANET

JANET

(protesting)

But, doctor, couldn't I just call
Freddy?

LAWRENCE

No...you must trust me in this
now.

JANET

But I think I love him. And I think he loves me. And after all, now that he's cured --

LAWRENCE

And why is he cured? Because you followed my recommendations without question.

JANET

Yes...that's true.

LAWRENCE

You and Freddy have just come through a very emotional period. What you think is love may just be the residual effect of that emotional experience.

JANET

He's a very special man and I have very special feelings for him.

LAWRENCE

Then it's even more important that you go away for a couple of weeks. If a man loves you - he'll follow you.

(as Janet starts to protest)

Trust me this one last time.

JANET

All right, doctor.

(pulls out an envelope)

Oh - what about your fee...?

LAWRENCE

Do what I tell you and you can forget the fee.

Janet embraces Lawrence fondly and kisses him on the cheek.

JANET

You're a wonderful man, Dr. Schaffhausen.

Lawrence shrugs modestly. Lawrence kisses Janet's hand and walks away. The CAMERA FOLLOWS LAWRENCE as he walks happily out of the airport terminal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MED. FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The paratrooper party is going full blast. Freddy is nowhere to be seen. One of the paratroopers (who is VERY drunk) opens the door to admit Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
How's it going, fellows?

PARATROOPER
GREAT!

LAWRENCE
(looking around)
Where's Freddy?

DUBIN
Oh he tried to get away so we made
a paratrooper out of him.

SATTLER
(indicates open
French doors with
balcony outside)
He made his first jump about a
half hour ago.

Lawrence, aghast, rushes across and OUT onto the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY

An open parachute is caught over the entire railing of the balcony. Lawrence looks over the edge of the balcony.

LAWRENCE'S POINT OF VIEW

Hanging from the shrouds, swaying completely helpless, we
SEE a glum Freddy in a parachute harness.

WIPE DOWN TO:

EXT. BALCONY - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Freddy is finishing getting out of the parachute harness.
From o.s. we hear SOUND of a JET OVERHEARD.

LAWRENCE
Hear that plane, Freddy? There goes
your bet. Janet's on it.

FREDDY
I don't believe it.

LAWRENCE

Go see for yourself.

Freddy runs from the room, but a confident Lawrence pours himself another glass of champagne.

LAWRENCE

Have a safe trip, a prosperous career, and if you make it to Libya, give my love to Quadafi.

CUT TO:

INT. JANET'S HOTEL SUITE

The door to the suite is open. A chambermaid is EMERGING with linen as Freddy APPEARS - ENTERS.

FREDDY

(looking around)

Janet?

He opens the bedroom door and looks as he calls again.

FREDDY

Janet?

JANET'S VOICE FROM NEXT ROOM

Freddy!

Freddy turns toward sound of Janet's voice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Janet ENTERS from the hall. She throws her arms around him and embraces him.

JANET

I shouldn't be here.

FREDDY

Why not?

JANET

The doctor said it might endanger your recovery.

FREDDY

He said that?

JANET

Yes, but I had to see you.
Freddy...I...I'm in love with you.

FREDDY

Oh Janet...

(kisses her tenderly)

It feels so good to hold you, to
finally be alone with you.

Janet takes Freddy and sits him down on the couch, she
wants to talk to him.

JANET

(delicately)

Now that you're walking, do you
you think...that you can...well..

FREDDY

I don't know. I don't it I can.
It's...been along time.

JANET

There's only one way to find out.
Do you want to try?

FREDDY

(beat, sheepishly)

Yes...I'd love to.

Janet gets up. She's suddenly bashful.

JANET

You might find this hard to
believe, but...I haven't had much
experience.

FREDDY

Yes?

JANET

Could you...turn out the lights?

FREDDY

Sure.

Freddy reaches over and as he switches off a lamp on the
nightstand, we...

FADE OUT:

THEN FADE IN:

INT. - LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Lawrence is in bed, asleep. CAMERA PULLS TO WINDOW.
Outside, Andre DRIVES UP hurriedly in his official car,
stops, jumps out and hurries into the chateau. CAMERA
PULLS BACK TO LAWRENCE. Andre ENTERS looking very
distressed, comes to Lawrence and shakes him to awaken him.

ANDRE

M'sieur Jamison...please...wake
up!

Lawrence opens his eyes.

LAWRENCE

What's wrong?

Lawrence starts to sit up...Andre pushes him back down.

ANDRE

You would be wise to hear the news
lying down.

(agitated)

M'sieur...all is lost!

LAWRENCE

What do you mean?

ANDRE

Miss Colgate was seen returning
to the jackal's room last night.

Lawrence bolts upright in bed.

LAWRENCE

But I put her on the planel

ANDRE

Then somebody took her off.

LAWRENCE

(reacts with dismay, then
brightens)

Of course, there is always the
chance that nothing happened.
Perhaps they played cards, or...

ANDRE

(shaking his head)

Moans were heard coming from the
room.

LAWRENCE

(disgusted)

Uh...!

(with finality)

Then you're right, all is lost!

ANDRE

No, M'sieur, not yet.

Andre takes a handkerchief-covered object from his jacket

and unwraps it carefully. It's a Luger pistol. He hands it to Lawrence.

ANDRE

This Luger was once the personal property of Hermann Goering. I was told his are the only fingerprints on it. Even if they trace him, what can they do?

LAWRENCE

Andre, my friend, we have had a long successful reign. Now we must accept defeat graciously. My only regret is that his victory was achieved at the expense of Miss Colgate. For what he did to her, I am almost tempted to let you use Mr. Goering's gun.

We hear o.s. SOUND of CAR pulling up to a STOP in front of the chateau. Lawrence gets out of bed and steps to the window with Andre. They look out.

POINT OF VIEW

A cab has PULLED UP. Janet steps out. Crying, she hurries INTO the chateau.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LAWRENCE'S STUDY

Janet is seated on the couch, her eyes red from crying. She's telling Lawrence what happened...

JANET

...I know what you said doctor, but I just had to see him again. I'm...
...I'm in love with him.

LAWRENCE
(hurt, but doesn't show it)
Yes...?

JANET
I went back to see him and...well...
...we spent the night together.

LAWRENCE
(probing)
You..."spent the night...together"?

JANET
Yes.

LAWRENCE
And...?

JANET
We made love...
Lawrence is visibly sickened.

JANET
(humiliated)
...I tried my best to please him,
Lawrence is even more visably sickened. Janet's tone
becomes increasingly hurt.

JANET
...how could I have known...?
(beat)
In the morning - when I woke up
- he was gone. He took all my
money, the mink, my jewelry...

LAWRENCE
He should be shot.

JANET
...my traveler's checks, even my
pocket book of changel What kind
of a man would do something like
that? Prey on a woman who was
trying to HELP him? Who thought
she LOVED him?

Lawrence sits down and embraces her tenderly.

JANET

And do you know what else? I'm beginning to think he wasn't ever paralyzed. That he pretended this whole thing just to get my money...
...and me..

(then, to herself)

It was all my money, my savings, the prize money, everything - all gone! Fifty thousand dollars!

LAWRENCE

But I told you I'd waive my fee.

JANET

The money was on it's way.

Lawrence gets up, takes a checkbook from his desk and starts writing out a check.

JANET (CONT)

What am I going to say to my father? Some of the money was his! I thought Freddy would...

LAWRENCE

(interrupting)

Janet, I have a prescription for your ills. I'm writing you a check to cover your losses to Freddy. We'll cash it at my bank, and then I'm putting you on the plane and I'm going to wait until it takes off.

JANET

But you're not responsible! How could you have known?

LAWRENCE

A good psychiatrist would have known he was a charlatan.

(hands her the check)

Here, it's cheaper than paying the malpractice suit you could easily win.

JANET

I can't take your money.

LAWRENCE

You can and you will.
(leads her out of room)

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

INT. - AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATE THAT MORNING

Lawrence and Janet are saying their goodbyes.

JANET

And, please, if you're ever in
Cleveland, call me.

LAWRENCE

I will.

JANET

(gives Lawrence a peck on
the cheek)

Goodbye.

LAWRENCE

Goodbye.

She walks away. Lawrence's feelings for her are very strong
and he's afraid to speak until finally...

LAWRENCE

Janet...!

JANET

(turns)

Yes...?

LAWRENCE

Uh...

(chickens out)

...have a safe flight.

JANET

Thank you.

EXT. - AIRPORT

A jet taxis out onto the runway.

LAWRENCE IN THE TERMINAL

...waving to...

JANET ON PLANE

...waving back.

WIDER - RUNWAY

The plane takes off...

EXT. - AIRPORT

Andre is waiting in his car. Lawrence gets in.

LAWRENCE

Take me to his hotel.

ANDRE

(probing)

What are you going to do?

LAWRENCE

I'm going to give that arrogant
lout the thrashing of his life.

ANDRE

Finally, law and order prevails.

EXT. - FREDDY'S HOTEL

Andre's car stops, as Lawrence gets out and goes in...

INT. - LOBBY

Lawrence walks through. He's angry. People can see it.
A very big man gets out of his way. He gets into the
elevator. The doors close.

HALLWAY TO FREDDY'S ROOM - ANGEL ON ELEVATOR

The doors open and Lawrence storms out. He walks up to
Freddy's room and knocks. There is no answer, but we can
hear something coming from the room. Lawrence presses his
ear to the door and can HEAR MUFFLED SQUEALS. He knocks
on the door again. No answer. Lawrence takes a few
steps back and rams the door open with his shoulder.

CLOSE ON LAWRENCE

...is surprised by what he sees.

Freddy is on the bed handcuffed at all four corners to the bed and gagged. Lawrence removes the gag.

LAWRENCE

Who did this to you?

FREDDY

She was on to us from the very beginning.

LAWRENCE

Who?

FREDDY

Who do you think, Janet.

LAWRENCE

Janet?

FREDDY

That's right; Janet, the Jackal.

INT. AIRPLANE. DAY

Janet looks in bag and checks money. It is there... she looks over at the passenger seated next to her. He is a rich looking Arab. She begins a conversation with him. She is not the Janet we know, she speaks to him in a heavy foreign accent. She is starting her next con.

CUT TO:

INT. - BON VOYAGE PARTY ON A SHIP - 3 MONTHS LATER.

Lawrence and Andre, dressed in tuxedos, in mid-scam. Lawrence's hair has returned to light brown, and he sports a very short beard. In the foreground, an attractive, red-headed (mid 40-ish) woman overhears...

ANDRE

(British accent)

...your Highness, not the royal ring!

LAWRENCE

(British accent)

Shh! Do you want the world to know?

The red-head's interest, of course, is peaked. Lawrence storms off in a huff.

WIDER

The redhead questions Andre who shakes his head in denial and walks off. The woman walks off looking for Lawrence.

A HALLWAY - LAWRENCE

Walking down the hall, Lawrence stops, discreetly looks back to see if she's following. She is. Lawrence continues on, turns a corner and...bumps into a woman standing with an escort, talking to another couple.

LAWRENCE

Excuse me.

The woman turns around. It's Janet! She's got jet black hair, with dark, olive-colored, skin, and dark brown eyes. They're stunned to see each other, but too professional to show it.

LAWRENCE

(British accent)

We have met, haven't we?

JANET

(Persian/French accent)

You do look familiar.

LAWRENCE

(British accent, shakes
her hands)

Sir William Webster.

JANET

Fahima Shirazi.

(introduces him to her escort)

This is Prince Hassan Maleki.

(to other couple)

Ali Mansur and his wife Salima.

Lawrence shakes hands.

LAWRENCE

Portofino, wasn't it?

JANET

Yes, I believe so...

DISSOLVE TO.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT.

Lawrence is staring at the water. Long pause. Janet approaches him.

LAWRENCE

You were very good.

Janet nods her head in acceptance of the compliment.

JANET

Do you still talk to Freddy?

LAWRENCE

No, I haven't seen him since that night.

WE HEAR A CRASH. They both look to see the origin of the sound.

FREDDY...

...dressed in tux, dark glasses, and tapping along with a white-tipped cane. He bumped into a vase. A woman is next to him helps him.

FREDDY

I'm sorry. But...

His head jerks to the side as he sees...

LAWRENCE AND JANET

...watching him. Very amused.

FREDDY

Freddy breaks character.

FREDDY

Ah shit.

He turns around and exits.

THE END