

Rev. 04/28/87 (Pink)
Rev. 05/21/87 (Blue)
Rev. 06/25/87 (Yellow)
Rev. 07/02/87 (Green)
Rev. 07/06/87 (Goldenrod)
Rev. 07/14/87 (Buff)

FRANTIC

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4000 Warner Boulevard
Burbank, California 91522

FINAL DRAFT

April 10, 1987
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FRANTIC

FADE IN:

1 EXT./INT. TAXI - DAWN

1

on the "peripherique." A rainy spring morning. The taxi's WIPERS BEAT out a steady RHYTHM. The black driver listens to AFRICAN MUSIC. The freeway runs through an urban setting, not specific enough to identify any particular city. Billboards advertise "Coca Cola," "Mercedes," "FUJI."

RICHARD WALKER watches the anonymous scenery flash by while his WIFE dozes and snuggles into his shoulder.

SONDRA (WIFE)

(managing to
open an eye)

Do you know where you are?

*

RICHARD

It's changed too much.

The taxi plunges into a long tunnel with yellow lighting. Out of the tunnel there is a BANG and the taxi begins to weave. The driver grips the wheel. He brings the cab to a stop on the side and gets out. We see him bend over the right front tire and gesticulate angrily, swearing.

Richard joins the driver outside.

2 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAWN

2

Richard confirms that the tire is flat. In a mixture of French and sign language he offers to help change the flat. Muttering in French, the driver leads Richard to the back of the car. He opens the trunk. There are three white Samsonite suitcases inside. The driver kicks at the spare tire; it, too, is flat. He walks to the front of the cab, leans in and grabs the mike to radio his headquarters.

3 INT. TAXI - DAWN

3

Richard eases into the back seat, Sondra's eyes flutter open.

SONDRA

-- We at the hotel?

RICHARD

Flat tire.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

SONDRA

-- Mmmm...

She wraps her arms around him.

3A EXT. HIGHWAY - SHOULDER - MORNING

3A

The driver, hands in pockets, paces back and forth, waiting for help.

4 INT. TAXI - MORNING

4

SONDRA

We've got the day to ourselves?

RICHARD

How do you want to spend it?
Shopping, sightseeing...?

She gives him a lazy look.

SONDRA

Sure.

RICHARD

-- What would you like to see?

SONDRA

I'll look in any direction you
care to point me -- as long as we
don't get off the bed...

She kisses him lightly.

5 EXT. STREET - ANOTHER TAXI - MORNING

5

With a woman driver and a big dog drooling beside her on the passenger seat as she drives through heavier traffic. Richard is now dozing on Sondra's shoulder.

6 EXT./INT. STREET - TAXI - MORNING

6

CARS HONK. The taxi is stopped behind a garbage truck. Garbage collectors in green slowly and noisily empty the plastic trash cans. Richard has stirred awake, finds himself staring back at the drooling dog.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SONDRA
(brushing the hair
out of his eyes)

Now do you know where you are?

The garbage truck pulls off onto a side street. Richard smiles and nods groggily. In the distance we see the Eiffel Tower.

7 EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

7

Richard and Sondra step out. The woman driver opens the trunk and a porter loads the luggage onto a cart. Richard notes a McDonald's restaurant.

8 INT. LOBBY - MORNING

8

It is nearly empty. Cleaning women dust and vacuum. Richard approaches the front desk.

RICHARD
Good morning. Reservations, please,
for Walker.

The DESK CLERK checks his book.

DESK CLERK
Walker, yes. May I have your
passports, please?

Sondra hands them to the Desk Clerk and coolly glances over her shoulder at her husband whose eyes are very much on her. She maintains a Chanel-like propriety as the Desk Clerk calls out to Gaillard, the night CONCIERGE, 30ish, large and quite muscular.

DESK CLERK
Claude. La 402.

The Desk Clerk returns to the desk to take the plastic portfolio that Gaillard extends to him and gives it to Richard. She turns coolly back to the Desk Clerk.

SONDRA
Oh, and would you be good enough
to hold the doctor's calls?

9 INT. ELEVATOR - MORNING

9

Richard and Sondra are joined at the hip.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED:

9

He glances down at the portfolio which has written in large letters on it: International Cardiovascular Surgery Convention. He opens it and looks casually through the convention literature. On top is a handwritten note.

SONDRA

May I?

RICHARD

Please.

SONDRA

(reading)

'... On arrival please confirm luncheon at the Jules Verne in the Eiffel Tower today at one P.M. Regards, Dr. Maurice Alembert, numero...

(in fluent French)

... 45 84 32 52.'

She hands the note back to Richard with evident distaste. Richard looks to her. Sondra looks at the elevator ceiling.

10

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

10

The Desk Clerk opens room 402. The trio enters.

11

INT. SUITE - MORNING

11

In the suite's living room the Desk Clerk moves smartly through his routine.

DESK CLERK

The minibar. The light switch for this room and for the bedroom. Over there, the bathroom.

Richard looks around and finds Sondra has somehow disappeared. Discreetly the Desk Clerk exits, closing the door.

RICHARD

Sondra. Sondra?

12

INT. SUITE - BEDROOM - WINDOW

12

She stands, arms folded, taking in the breathtaking view: Paris in all its splendor.

(CONTINUED)

Richard comes up behind her. There's a lush basket of grapes, nuts and pears on the coffee table by her side.

RICHARD

Nice fruit.

SONDRA

(without turning)

I would have preferred flowers.

Richard hesitates, then:

RICHARD

Nice view.

SONDRA

Magnificent -- it should look exceptionally lovely from the Eiffel Tower this afternoon, where you and Dr. Alembert can share it together -- where's my suitcase? I want to take a hot shower, oh, first give me the note so I can confirm your luncheon.

She reaches for it.

RICHARD

What for?

SONDRA

Because you can't speak French and you don't know how to use the phones.

Again she indicates the note in Richard's hand.

RICHARD

Don't confirm the lunch.

SONDRA

(furious)

Why not? You did tell Alembert we were arriving a day early, didn't you, obviously you wanted to see him -- come on now, Richard, give me the note and don't mess around.

She goes for it with a swipe and misses. Richard puts it in his mouth and chews it.

(CONTINUED)

12

CONTINUED: (2)

12

RICHARD

(as he chews)

... I didn't tell him when we were arriving... Maurice Alembert is chairman of the convention...

(having some
difficulty)

... not only that --

SONDRA

Richard, don't swallow it, you'll choke --

RICHARD

(still chewing)

-- Oh now.

SONDRA

Well at least let me get you some water to wash it down.

*
*

RICHARD

(following her into
the bathroom)

... Not only that, Maurice Alembert doesn't give a goddam about me ever since he saw you at the Berkeley seminar last year, 'Ow is your charming wife? Be sure and bring Sondra when you come...' I'm not the only man in Paris who wants to sleep with my wife!

Sondra pauses, glass in hand over the bathroom sink.

SONDRA

-- At the Berkeley seminar?... Was he the one with the long legs who took his shoes off when he spoke?

RICHARD

Never mind. You're not spending the day with anybody but me.

He takes her in his arms, pausing to spit out the last of the Alembert note in the sink. Sondra suppresses a giggle and kisses him. There's a KNOCK on the door and the bellboy enters with their bags. As he comes into the bedroom they exit the bathroom.

SONDRA

... How do you feel? Want some breakfast?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I've eaten, thanks.

Sondra goes to the bedroom phone, moving by the bellboy who is laying out their bags.

SONDRA

I'm going to order some cafe au lait and croissants and hop in the shower.

RICHARD

(exiting to living room)

Sounds good, I'll call the kids.

He tips the bellboy and tries to read the instructions on the living room phone for dialing -- having trouble without his glasses. He goes for them, but can't find the English instructions. As if she can see from the bedroom:

SONDRA (O.S.)

You can dial direct, honey, 0 to get an outside line...

(as he dials)

... then 19, one, 415.

He follows her instructions. After TWO RINGS the phone is answered in San Francisco. It is RICHIE, the Walkers' 12-year-old son.

RICHIE (V.O.)

Hi, Dad. You made it!

RICHARD

It's eleven o'clock at night, Richie.

RICHIE (V.O.)

I know.

RICHARD

What are you doing up?

RICHIE (V.O.)

You woke me.

RICHARD

-- Oh yeah.

RICHIE (V.O.)

That's okay, before that somebody else called from Paris. For Mom.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

Sondra comes flying in wearing only a long sweater of Richard's.

SONDRA

Honey, I cannot get these keys to work, is that Richie?

RICHARD

Your mother wants to say hello.
(to Sondra)
There was a call for you. From Paris.

SONDRA

For me? I don't know anybody in Paris.

She takes the phone, but stops cold when she sees Richard giving her a fishy look.

RICHARD

Maurice Alembert knows you.

SONDRA

He wouldn't, now stop that, Walker.

RICHIE (V.O.)

Stop what?

SONDRA

Nothing, dear --
(cupping phone)
-- I can't open my bag, could you?...

He nods with forbearance. She blows him an exaggerated kiss. He goes back to the bedroom.

SONDRA

Well, are you all right, honey?
Who called me?

RICHIE (V.O.)

I don't know. Casey talked to him.

SONDRA

'-- Him'? Put Casey on, would you, sweetheart?

She glances a little edgily toward the bedroom.

RICHIE (V.O.)

She's not here.

SONDRA

She left you alone? When did she go out?

13

INT. SUITE'S BEDROOM - DAY

13

Richard, his luggage with medical slides and clothes laid out, works on the other Samsonite piece.

RICHARD

(with some
annoyance)

Casey's out?

Sondra has a final exchange or two and returns to Richard who also is having a hard time with the Samsonite bag. Then his eye wanders up to something on it.

SONDRA

-- Everything's fine, Casey'll be back in a while.

RICHARD

No wonder you can't get these keys to work. It isn't your suitcase.

SONDRA

How can that be?

RICHARD

It's not your name tag, in fact, there's no name on it at all. The keys don't work. It's not your suitcase -- ninny.

*

Sondra sinks onto the bed. Lying on her back, looking up at him:

SONDRA

Walker, you did this on purpose. You wanted me to go shopping in Paris.

RICHARD

(going for phone)

Honey, I'll call T.W.A. right away and get this all straightened out -- besides -- could you get me T.W.A.? I know I can dial it, would you do it for me, please? The lost luggage department.

(back to Sondra)

-- For the next twenty-four hours you're not going to need anything to wear...

*

She yawns and stretches luxuriantly.

(CONTINUED)

SONDRA

I think I'll take my shower now.

She trots off to the john humming "The Last Time I Saw Paris" eventually breaking into full song under the SHOWER.

AIRLINE WORKER (V.O.)

T.W.A.

RICHARD

(watching Sondra and
enjoying the sound
of her voice)

Oh yes, hello. I was on flight
862 from San Francisco this morning,
and there seems to have been a
small mix-up. My wife apparently
picked up the wrong suitcase...

AIRLINE WORKER (V.O.)

Samsonite?

RICHARD

That's right. You have it?

AIRLINE WORKER (V.O.)

I don't know. I'll have to look.
But it's always Samsonite, what's
your ticket number?

Richard is holding the stubs.

RICHARD

(to himself)

62-9836, 9387...

(to phone)

... so, it's 62-9835... white
Samsonite.

Sondra is now out of the shower, in a hotel robe and
drying her hair. She sits beside Richard.

SONDRA

How about it?

RICHARD

-- They'll send a driver to pick
this one up. For yours we'll have
to fill out a form. Then we have
to hope that whoever that belongs
to...

(indicates bag)

... doesn't like your stuff better.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

SONDRA

I meant, how about breakfast in
bed?

Richard immediately rises.

RICHARD

See you in a minute.

14 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

14

Richard is in the SHOWER, humming a refrain to what Sondra had been singing. Through the bathroom door Sondra can be seen setting up their Walkman speakers. He glances through the bathroom door, glimpses Sondra's lower half on the bed, the robe falling away from her legs. He's pleased, shampoos his hair.

Richard doesn't hear the phone ring or see Sondra move across the bed to pick it up. She has a short conversation before hanging up. Sitting on the bed framed in the bathroom doorway she says something to Richard that is inaudible -- though she looks annoyed.

RICHARD

Honey, I can't hear you --

She rolls off the bed out of his line of sight. He continues to shampoo his hair. We STAY ON the empty doorway.

15 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

15

With a towel wrapped around his waist, Richard finishes shaving.

RICHARD

We're awfully quiet in there... I
hope you haven't fallen asleep on
me, I'm not shaving for drill here.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

RICHARD

They're back again, aren't they?

The DOORBELL RINGS a SECOND TIME.

RICHARD

Can you get that?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

A long silence.

RICHARD

Honey?

16 INT. SUITE - MORNING

16

Richard comes out of the bathroom in his towel and checks the bedroom. Her robe is on the bed, the sheets are pulled back, but Sondra is not there. Richard moves through the living room to open the door, assuming it must be Sondra. To his embarrassment, it's a waiter. The breakfast has come. The waiter rolls the table into the room as Richard, a bit timidly, sticks his head out the door and glances up and down the hallway. The waiter leaves.

17 OMITTED

17

18 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

18

Richard is slumped over the room service table, sound asleep. The breakfast has been pecked at, the plastic convention portfolio lies in front of him on the table with papers strewn around the table and floor. The DOORBELL RINGS. Richard wakes up, heavy-headed. Groggily he makes his way to the door. A BELLBOY hands him a package.

RICHARD

What's this?

BELLBOY

This is your... les affaires de toilette.

Confused, Richard investigates the contents of the bag: a toothbrush, toothpaste, cold cream, cotton balls, etc.

RICHARD

What time is it?

The Bellboy looks at his watch.

BELLBOY

Ten past ten, sir.

Richard closes the door and finds his watch back in the bedroom. He sets the correct time, then looks around the room and notices Sondra's coat and handbag.

19 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 19

Richard, looking for his wife, checks the bar, the newsstand and around the lobby, which is quite busy now. He seems increasingly worried as he searches, but forces himself to remain calm.

20 EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE HOTEL - DAY 20

Richard comes through the door, looks left and right.

21 INT. FRONT DESK - DAY 21

Richard walks up to the reception. There are three men behind the desk. Richard taps his key nervously on the counter, waiting for the other guests to be attended.

RICHARD

I'm looking for my wife.

The Concierge turns to box 402, pulls out the two passports and checks for messages.

CONCIERGE

No messages, sir. Would you like your passports?

Richard seems to consent, but is obviously concerned by matters other than the passports. The Concierge checks the passports quickly to make sure they are the right ones, then puts them on the counter.

RICHARD

Where's that guy who was here this morning?

The Concierge looks at his COLLEAGUE questioningly.

COLLEAGUE

Gaillard...

CONCIERGE

He stops work at eight. Perhaps I can help you?

RICHARD

Look, I uh... I uh... May I speak to the manager?

22 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 22

Seated on a chair in the lobby, Richard waits nervously, scanning the movements around him, arrivals and departures at the front door.

(CONTINUED)

Dynamically, defensively and a trifle distracted, the hotel manager, AUSTIER, approaches. He appears to be in a great hurry.

AUSTIER
Monsieur Walker?

Richard stands up as the manager introduces himself:

AUSTIER
Antoine Austier. You wished to see me?

RICHARD
Yeah, uh, I checked in this morning with my wife...

AUSTIER
Yes?

RICHARD
And she left the room...

AUSTIER
Yes?

RICHARD
And, uh...
(laughs nervously)
... she didn't come back.

AUSTIER
Well, how may I help you?

A secretary brings Austier two blue slips to sign. Richard's words are stuck in his throat.

AUSTIER
Does she know Paris?

RICHARD
Pardon me?

AUSTIER
Maybe she is lost.

RICHARD
No. I mean... I... She couldn't have gone out. She didn't even take her bag... She would have told me!

Austier signals to a tall, dapper man on the other side of the lobby.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

At the same time, a BELLBOY approaches. Austier raises his eyes at the Bellboy, assuming the message is for him. The Bellboy indicates that it is for Richard.

BELLBOY
Telephone pour monsieur.

Austier opens his arms as if everything were solved.

AUSTIER
Ah!

Richard follows the Bellboy's directions to the house phone.

23 INT. HOUSE PHONE - DAY

23

Richard picks up the receiver and a woman's voice comes on the line.

VOICE (V.O.)
Dr. Walker?

RICHARD
(uncertainly)
Yes?

VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, Doctor. Janet Perelman.
Did you have a pleasant trip?

Richard is tremendously disappointed, but retains a professional and cool demeanor and voice.

RICHARD
Yes. Thank you.

VOICE (V.O.)
Doctor Alembert asked me to call.
We have a slight scheduling
problem. Aortic Valves seems to
be a particularly temperamental
group. So we wonder if you'd
mind moving up a day, reading
your paper tomorrow at five.

RICHARD
That'd be fine. No problem.

VOICE (V.O.)
We'll have to get your slides in
the morning.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Right.

VOICE (V.O.)

Oh, and, Dr. Walker? About the lunch at the Eiffel Tower, would you like us to pick you up or can you get there on your own?

RICHARD

I'm afraid we'll have to cancel.

VOICE (V.O.)

Oh, what a pity, it sounds like a tourist trap, but it's not. The food is great.

RICHARD

I'm really sorry.

VOICE (V.O.)

Dr. Alembert was hoping to see you and your lovely wife before all the madness starts -- they are open for dinner by the way.

RICHARD

(distracted)

I'll have to check with Mrs. Walker, but uhhh -- I sure hope so...

VOICE (V.O.)

If there is a problem, just call. If not, we'll see you at, say nine o'clock!

Richard hangs up the phone.

Austier and the tall, dapper man, PASCAL chat near where Richard had been sitting in the lobby. Austier notices Richard come towards them. Austier smiles.

AUSTIER

Well?

Richard shakes his head. Austier's smile disappears.

AUSTIER

This is Pascal, our head of security.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Richard and Pascal shake hands. Pascal seems cool and collected, a veteran of such problems.

PASCAL

Does your wife know anybody in the hotel?

RICHARD

Not that I know of.

PASCAL

Have you checked with the concierge? He may have seen something.

RICHARD

He's off duty now. The big guy.

PASCAL

Ah! Gaillard. Why don't we try to give him a ring?

25 INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

25

Pascal and Richard arrive at the desk. Pascal speaks to the DESK CLERK.

PASCAL

Jean Marie, tu m'appelles Gaillard
S'il-te-plait? Chez lui...

The Desk Clerk opens a book, runs his finger down the list of numbers and begins to dial.

PASCAL

(very officious)

Is your wife diabetic or, for instance, does she...

RICHARD

Look, I'm the doctor. This is not a medical problem.

The Desk Clerk gets through. Pacal raises his finger for silence so that he can listen to the conversation.

DESK CLERK

Allo, je suis bien chez Monsieur Gaillard?

Austier joins Pascal and Richard at the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONCIERGE (DESK CLERK)

Je voudrais parler a ton papa...

(to Richard)

... He says his father is sleeping.

(to phone)

Ta maman est la? Non? Reveille
ton papa...

(to Richard)

... He's not supposed to wake him.

Austier grabs the phone.

AUSTIER

(sternly)

Ecoute, reveille ton papa. Dis-
lui que c'est Antoine Austier, le
directeur du Grand Hotel et que
c'est urgent. Austier, tu as
compris, mon petit bonhomme?
Aus...tier...

We hear the BUZZ of the PHONE being hung up. Austier
tries to regain his aura of authority.

AUSTIER

We'll call back later.

PASCAL

You've checked around the hotel?

RICHARD

I've checked everywhere. The bar,
outside...

Richard points to the places he looked.

PASCAL

How about the ladies' room?

Richard reacts -- he hadn't thought of that.

Pascal and Richard come down a flight of stairs to the
rest room, where a woman ATTENDANT is on duty.

PASCAL

Bonjour, Ghislaine. Monsieur
cherche sa femme. Vous n'auriez
pas vu une americaine par hasard?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ATTENDANT
(shrugging)
Ah non. Y a personne!

Just to make sure, Pascal checks the ladies' stalls.
They are all empty.

27 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

27

Pascal, followed by Richard, walks into the adjacent men's room. The doors of all the stalls are open. They are empty too. The two men stand in silence between the urinals and stalls.

PASCAL
Clearly, she's not here. But I
will check with the maids and room
service. She couldn't have just
vanished into thin air.

Pascal laughs at the thought.

28 INT. SUITE - DAY

28

Unable to sit down, Richard paces like a caged animal. He looks out the window, comes back to the bed, where his eyes focus on Sondra's handbag. He hesitates for a moment, then picks it up, opens it and begins uneasily to remove the contents. He pulls out Sondra's birth control pills, and then a photograph. The photo is of the Walker family: Sondra, Richard, Casey and Richie.

With the items spread over the bed, we see him on the phone. He is talking to his daughter, Casey.

CASEY (V.O.)
(sleepily)
Hello?

RICHARD
Hi, sweetheart. Wake you up?

CASEY (V.O.)
Oh, hi, Dad. What time is it?

Richard looks at his watch.

RICHARD
Here it's a quarter to twelve.
What time is it there?

Casey is still not quite awake.

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED:

28

CASEY (V.O.)

I don't know, I was sleeping.

RICHARD

... Uh, tell me something,
sweetheart. Someone called for
your mother, from here?

*

CASEY (V.O.)

Yeah.

RICHARD

Man or woman?

CASEY

Man. Had a funny accent.

RICHARD

(very calm)

What did he want? Do you remember
what he said, exactly?

CASEY (V.O.)

He wanted to know where Mom was
staying.

RICHARD

You told him?

CASEY (V.O.)

Shouldn't I have?

RICHARD

Did you get his name, Case?

CASEY (V.O.)

No, but...

RICHARD

(annoyed)

I've told you a hundred times...

CASEY (V.O.)

I know, but he said he lost the
number and that he was an old
friend and stuff.

RICHARD

(calm again)

Okay, okay. It's five. Go back
to sleep.

*

CASEY (V.O.)

Can I speak to Mom?

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

RICHARD

She's out. She's... she's shopping.

CASEY (V.O.)

Wow. Shopping in Paris.

RICHARD

Yeah. Call you soon, okay? Sweet dreams.

*

CASEY (V.O.)

'Bye, Dad.

Richard kisses her over the phone, hangs up. Anxiously he looks at his watch.

29

INT./EXT. SUITE/WINDOW - DAY

29

He approaches the window and looks out, up and down the street. His gaze settles upon a flower shop almost directly across from the hotel.

30

INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

30

Water cascades down the window of the flower shop. Richard, now wearing a tie and jacket, enters the shop. A SALESGIRL is busy fashioning a funeral wreath.

SALESGIRL

Monsieur?

RICHARD

Do you speak English?

SALESGIRL

Non.

Richard fishes out his wallet and pulls out the family photograph which he shows to the Salesgirl. Richard singles out Sondra in the snapshot. Half with gestures, half with his weak French, Richard attempts to explain what he's searching for.

RICHARD

I'm looking for this lady.

The Salesgirl looks at him with uncomprehending eyes. From the back of the shop, the FLORIST appears and comes over to see what is up.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

FLORIST

Qu'est-ce que c'est, Martine?

SALESGIRL

Je ne sais pas. Je ne comprends pas.

The Florist looks at the photo. Richard once again points out Sondra.

RICHARD

My wife.
(he shows her his
wedding ring)
Uh... mon amie?

FLORIST

Vous voulez des fleurs pour
Madame?
(he points out some
roses)
Des roses?

Unable to make himself understood, Richard places the photo back in his wallet, smiles as politely as he can manage, and just walks out of the flower shop.

31 EXT. STREET - DAY

31

Richard makes his way to a nearby cafe, on the same sidewalk as the florist's.

32 INT. CAFE - DAY

32

Customers are lined up at the counter. Behind the cash register, the CAFE OWNER reigns over the scene, as Richard approaches him.

CAFE OWNER

Pour Monsieur?

Taken by surprise, Richard orders.

RICHARD

Espresso.

The Cafe Owner calls out to a barman.

CAFE OWNER

Un express, un.

Richard gives it another try. He attempts to get the attention of the busy Cafe Owner.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Excuse me... speak English?

CAFE OWNER

Ah non.

Once again, Richard removes the photo from his wallet. He shows it to the Cafe Owner.

RICHARD

My wife...

The Cafe Owner looks at the photo and calls over a WAITER.

CAFE OWNER

Jacques! Viens voir un peu ce qu'il veut.

Near Richard, a WINO is standing in front of a glass of red wine. The Waiter comes over.

WAITER

What do you want?

RICHARD

I'm looking for my wife.

(he shows the photo)

This one here. I was just wondering if you might have seen her...

The Waiter shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

RICHARD

She had on a red dress, no coat.

CAFE OWNER

Qu'est-ce qu'il veut?

WAITER

Il cherche sa femme.

The Wino on the side takes a look at the photo.

CAFE OWNER

(shrugging)

Ca alors.

RICHARD

Pardon me?

(CONTINUED)

WAITER

(to Richard)

A lot of people come here, you know. Sorry.

The Waiter moves off, back to work. The Wino comes closer to Richard and begins to speak in broken English.

WINO

Il y a eu de l'embrouille, this morning, la-bas...

(he points to the other side of the street)

... over there in the passage... one man put one woman in the car.

Richard focuses all his attention on the babbling Wino. The Cafe Owner tries to shoo the bum off.

CAFE OWNER

Tu vas arreter d'emmerder les clients.

WINO

J'l'emmerde pas, j'lui explique pour sa femme.

(to Richard)

Coming, coming, coming with me I explain to you.

Richard pays for his coffee. The Wino signals that Richard should pay for the glass of wine as well.

Richard and the Wino exit from the cafe and cross the street to enter an alley. The Wino begins to gesticulate.

WINO

Around here... Yes it is true. Incredible! Incredible story.

RICHARD

What exactly did you see?

WINO

Exactly. Exactly two friends of mine ont vu la scene. They saw everything.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

They saw what? What did they see?

WINO

One man push with brutality the poor woman in the car. She is your wife?

RICHARD

Where are these friends of yours?

WINO

Later, they go back later, you know.

RICHARD

When?

The Wino begins to cough, a fit that lasts quite some time.

WINO

You have a cigarette?

RICHARD

I don't smoke. But I want to talk to your...

Richard is removing a banknote from his wallet, when his eye is suddenly caught by a shiny object in the gutter. He walks over, bends down and picks it up. It is Sondra's golden name bracelet.

Close on the letters: S O N D R A.

CLOSE ON an Underwood TYPEWRITER TAPPING out the letters S O N D R A.

A DESK COP is filling out a missing person's form. Richard sits in front of him. Next to Richard stands Pascal, facing an INSPECTOR who is playing with the clasp of the name bracelet.

INSPECTOR

Il s'affole pas un peu vite votre client?

PASCAL

Un peu. Cette histoire de gourmette n'est pas evidente.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

The Desk Cop removes the sheet from the machine and rolls it back in on the flip side.

DESK COP
(to Richard)
Z'yeux?

RICHARD
What?

PASCAL
Eyes.

RICHARD
What about them? Oh. Uh, blue.
Grey blue depending on the light.

*
*

PASCAL
(to Desk Cop)
Bleus.

*

The Desk Cop pecks at the machine as Pascal pulls out a pack of Gauloise cigarettes and offers them around. The Inspector takes one, and Richard and the Desk Cop refuse. Pascal takes one himself then lights the cigarettes.

DESK COP
(to Richard)
Visage?

Richard looks at Pascal questioningly.

PASCAL
Face?

Richard still doesn't get it.

PASCAL
The shape.

RICHARD
Uh... it's... a normal face. Thin,
kind of long... round.

PASCAL
(to Desk Cop)
Ovale.

The Desk Cop taps out the information. The Inspector places the name bracelet in front of Richard.

(CONTINUED)

INSPECTOR

(to Pascal)

Elle a peut-etre eu un coup de
foudre pour autre chose que la
Tour Eiffel.

Pascal chuckles.

PASCAL

Ah, Paris...

INSPECTOR

City of Lights.

The ironic, allusive, casual tone of the men irritates
Richard, even though he cannot understand.

RICHARD

(to Pascal)

Excuse me... I expect to be taken
seriously.

The Inspector answers in near perfect English.

INSPECTOR

You are being taken perfectly
seriously here, sir. As a matter
of fact you have a special
treatment. Usually this form we
fill out after a week or so.
Usually we just take a deposition.

The Inspector removes a large book from a metal shelf and
bangs it down on the counter, opening it to show the
pages filled with handwriting.

INSPECTOR

Voila! La main courante. This is
the procedure.

As the Inspector makes his point, the Desk Cop, nodding
his head, pulls the form out of the typewriter.

DESK COP

Photo?

Richard hands him the family photo. Quickly, emotion-
lessly, the Desk Cop cuts Sondra's head out of the snap-
shot and staples it with a bang to the form. He hands
the photo with the square cut out back to Richard.

35

EXT. STREET/HOTEL - DAY

35

Richard and Pascal walk back to the hotel.

PASCAL

The thing is, you see, that even if they find Mrs. Walker, they cannot disclose her whereabouts without her consent. Unless you get the Attorney of the Republic to make a formal request. Then perhaps...

RICHARD

What are you talking about? Why wouldn't she want me to know where she is?

PASCAL

You and your wife have been to Paris before?

RICHARD

On our honeymoon.

PASCAL

Is it possible she met someone then?

Richard looks at him questioningly.

PASCAL

Someone she has been thinking about?

RICHARD

Since June 15, 1972?

PASCAL

Please. Don't take offense. I am an ex-cop. In my business we have seen this type of thing before.

RICHARD

Have you?

PASCAL

Oh yes. I once knew a charming couple -- but the wife she walked in her sleep completely naked up and down the halls.

Richard stops walking.

(CONTINUED)

35

CONTINUED:

35

PASCAL

The husband never knew whose room
she would be in when she woke up.
The husband, what could he do?
He forgave her. She was walking
in her sleep after all.

*
*
*
*
*
*

RICHARD

(icily)

Can we call the concierge again?
See if he's up?

*

Pascal is on the telephone, at the front desk. Richard stands nearby.

PASCAL

Ah, oui, bon.

(to Richard)

It's his wife, Gaillard has gone out.

RICHARD

Well, where?

PASCAL

Ou est-ce qu'il est alle?... Gym Tonic?

RICHARD

Gin and tonic?

PASCAL

(to Richard)

Gym Tonic, a gymnasium.

(to phone)

Merci, madame.

Pascal hangs up the phone.

RICHARD

Did you get a number?

Pascal tries to disguise his ineptness by reaching around very professionally to pull out a phone book. He opens it but has some trouble finding the number. Pascal dials the number.

PASCAL

(to phone)

Bonjour. Je voudrais parler a Monsieur Gaillard... Oui, un client... Ah.

(to Richard)

They don't take calls for customers.

RICHARD

Tell them it's an emergency.

PASCAL

(to phone)

Allo? C'est tres...

(to Richard)

... They hung up.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Richard stares in disbelief at the detective, then, as Pascal starts looking up the number again, Richard rips the page out of the telephone book and begins to walk towards the door.

37 EXT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

37

A sign over the building reads "Gym Tonic." As Richard gets out of a cab. He enters the building.

37A INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

37A

In the weight room, men of all sizes are pedaling, stretching, pumping iron. Straining. A sweat-suited attendant leads Richard over to the bench press, where a muscular man is lifting a heavy barbell at a regular rhythm. The attendant says a few words to the man. He stands up from the bench press. It is Gaillard, the night concierge. The sweat runs down his face. Richard advances to speak to him. Gaillard is a bit confused, but pleasant nonetheless. He cannot quite place the face in these unusual surroundings. He tries to summon the right name.

GAILLARD

Monsieur... Monsieur...

RICHARD

Doctor Walker.

GAILLARD

402.

RICHARD

That's right.

Gaillard, a bit embarrassed, wipes his forehead with a towel. He smiles politely.

GAILLARD

Is there something I can do for you, sir?

RICHARD

My wife, do you remember her?

GAILLARD

Yes.

RICHARD

She left the hotel this morning. I think it was while you were still on duty.

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED:

37A

GAILLARD

That's right. I saw her.

RICHARD

You saw her? Did you speak to her?

GAILLARD

Yes.

An expression of hope and relief spreads over Richard's face.

RICHARD

What did she say?

GAILLARD

She asked me to send up some toilet articles, and then she left with the man who had called her.

Richard's face becomes somber.

RICHARD

I'm not sure I understand.

GAILLARD

Well, a man asked me if Mrs. Walker was staying at the hotel. I said she was, and so he called your room. Then a few minutes later your wife came down. She asked me to get her some toothpaste, a toothbrush, some... uh... what do you call... for taking makeup off your face?

RICHARD

Cotton balls?

GAILLARD

Cotton balls. And then they left together.

Richard is obviously stunned by this revelation.

GAILLARD

Is there some problem?

RICHARD

Did she know the man? Were they... talking? Did you notice anything?

(CONTINUED)

37A CONTINUED: (2)

37A

GAILLARD

I noticed she had wet hair, which
is a bit strange.

Richard thinks this information over for a while.

GAILLARD

I didn't really hear what they
were saying. But... he had his
arm around her.

RICHARD

What?! Around her waist?

GAILLARD

No. Around her shoulder.

RICHARD

What did he look like?

GAILLARD

Tall, mustache, well-dressed.
Dark skin. He had an accent.

RICHARD

An accent?

GAILLARD

Not an American, if you know what
I mean.

RICHARD

No. I don't.

GAILLARD

More like... Middle East.

RICHARD

Thank you, Mr. Gaillard. Thank
you very much.

Lost in thought, Richard mechanically reaches into his
pockets and pulls out a wallet. He holds a bill out to
Gaillard. Gaillard turns the tip down with a discreet
gesture.

GAILLARD

Dr. Walker.

38 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE AMERICAN EMBASSY - COURTYARD - DAY

38

There is a long line of people outside the consular
office of the US Embassy on Rue St. Florentin.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

On either side of the gate, in armored Plexiglas guard booths, are two French policemen holding machine guns and wearing bulletproof vests. Just inside the entrance of the courtyard stands a table on which three plainclothes embassy EMPLOYEES with walkie-talkies and hand-held metal detectors, search bags and check passports.

Richard is arguing with one of the plainclothesmen at the gate.

EMPLOYEE

You have to wait your turn.

Richard clenches his teeth.

RICHARD

This is an emergency, you understand?

EMPLOYEE

Yes, sir.

RICHARD

You understand but you don't give a damn, is that it?

EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry, sir. We have a lot of emergencies. You have to wait like everyone else.

Richard can hardly control his anger.

RICHARD

Has everyone else had his wife kidnapped?

EMPLOYEE

I don't know, sir.

Richard looks at the man as though he wants to kill him, but the Employee withstands the withering gaze, unimpressed. Richard turns and gets at the end of the long line.

39

INT. EMBASSY HALLWAY - DAY

39

Richard slips his passport through a slot in a window: the glassed-in cubicle for the embassy's MARINE guard.

(CONTINUED)

The Marine, rigid, impressive in his uniform, talks to other guards in the office, then picks up the passport very slowly and disinterestedly. He opens it and looks at the picture, looks at Richard, looks at the picture again, leafs through a computer printout at the side of the window, then speaks again to the other guards. He looks at the passport again.

MARINE

Where you from, sir?

RICHARD

San Fran... Don't they teach you guys to read?

Seeing Richard's state, the Marine lets it go.

MARINE

Why don't you step through the metal detector there.

He puts the passport back in the slot under the window. Richard takes it and begins to put it in his pocket, when a plainclothes SECURITY MAN stops him.

SECURITY MAN

Here. I'll take that.

He takes the passport and motions Richard to step through the metal detector.

There is a loud BUZZING as the ALARM goes off. Richard comes back through the detector, setting the ALARM off again.

SECURITY MAN

Remove all metal objects from your pockets.

Sheepishly, Richard removes the hotel key from his pocket and puts it down on the desk. The Security Man motions him back through the detector. This time the buzzer does not go off. The Security Man clips a "VISITOR" pass to Richard's jacket, and, as the Marine watches, motions him through the door into the American Services office.

Richard, the badge pinned to his lapel, sits across from WILLIAMS, the American officer, who has a form in front of him and a pen in his hand. He wears glasses and an Abe Lincoln beard.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

WILLIAMS

Eyes?

RICHARD

Blue -- both of them. *

WILLIAMS

I'll put down blue. Face? *

RICHARD

Oval.

(increasingly
agitated)

Look...

WILLIAMS

I know. I know this must seem
like annoying bureaucracy, but,
really, we have to get one of
these --

(he holds up the
form)

-- to the prefecture de police
when we're dealing with a missing
person.

RICHARD

(seething)

Mr. Williams, I've been to the
police. I've filled out this
damn form. And it's not a missing
person. It's a kidnapping!

WILLIAMS

Don't you think it's a bit
premature to be so... positive?

RICHARD

No. No, I don't think. I have
witnesses! My wife was kidnapped!
Do you understand what I'm saying
to you?!

WILLIAMS

(very calm)

Yes, yes, of course. But what
would you like us to do, exactly?

RICHARD

(astonished)

I want you to find my wife!

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

After a long pause, Williams speaks softly and soothingly.

WILLIAMS

You understand, Dr. Walker, that ours is basically a liaison function. We can assist you in communicating with the French police, we can put a little pressure on the Ministry of Interior... But it's their country. It's their jurisdiction. We can't just... send out a posse after her.

RICHARD

What is your job here?

WILLIAMS

I'm the head of American Services. Visa applications, registering births, any general prob...

RICHARD

Do you have anyone who might be able to help me?

After a pause.

WILLIAMS

Why don't we have a word with our security officer.

41 INT. OFFICE OF SECURITY OFFICER - DAY

41

Seated at his desk, SHAAP, the security officer, fiddles with the clasp of Sondra's bracelet much in the way the French Inspector did at the police station. Richard sits across from him, with Williams standing, leaning over, hands on the desk.

SHAAP

Are you rich?

RICHARD

Rich? No. I'm well off. I'm a surgeon.

SHAAP

Are you involved in politics?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Not at all.

SHAAP

How about your wife?

RICHARD

The same. We don't even vote anymore.

SHAAP

Doesn't seem to be much to go on to support your kidnapping theory.

(showing bracelet)

This is your only evidence. She could have just lost it.

Shaap begins to fiddle once again with the clasp of the bracelet.

SHAAP

A bit flimsy. Doesn't close very well.

RICHARD

It used to.

SHAAP

You were in the shower when this person called your wife, is that right?

RICHARD

Yes.

Shaap puts the bracelet around his wrist and fastens the clasp.

SHAAP

So you didn't actually hear any of their conversation?

RICHARD

No, nothing. He called and...
... and my wife left right away to meet him.

Shaap looks sharply at Richard and says softly:

SHAAP

Meet him.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

RICHARD

Yeah... And then they left the hotel together. He had his arm around her.

SHAAP

Dr. Walker...

RICHARD

He had his arm around her! Do you know what that means to me?

Richard jumps up, wraps one arm around Williams' shoulder, none too gently, and sticks his other arm inside his jacket, Napoleon-style.

RICHARD

Here. It means he could have had a gun, right here, pointing at her.

(to Williams, forcefully, jabbing his hand against Williams' side)

Smile! Walk! Let's go! Out of the lobby!

Richard doesn't let go of Williams, but he turns to Shaap, expectantly.

SHAAP

Yes. It could mean that. Or they could have just been having a good time.

Richard gets very still. A thin smile.

RICHARD

Look, Mr. Shaap. We've talking about my wife; you may be thinking about yours.

42 EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

42

Richard stands in the alley, still, toying with Sondra's name bracelet. He is at the spot where he found it, and he is clearly looking for someone.

WINO (O.S.)

Hello! Hello!

(CONTINUED)

Richard sees the Wino he had met earlier coming from between two parked cars.

WINO

Coming, coming. Welcome!

He leads Richard to the sidewalk. There, in a small recess, sit two other bums surrounded by their worldly possessions: bags, wine bottles and cardboard boxes.

RICHARD

Are those the ones who saw my wife?

WINO

Absolutely!

(to the two bums)

C'est lui. C'est l'amerlock qui cherche sa bonne femme.

(to Richard)

I forgot your name, sir.

RICHARD

Walker.

WINO

Walker. This is my friends, Milo and Tinou... Pas vrai les gars que vous avez vu embarquer madame?

MILO

Quais m'sieur.

TINOUE

On a tout vu.

Milo and Tinou attempt to replay the scene for Richard. They are very excited, each one trying to outdo the other's account.

MILO

Un grand mec arrive d'la-bas, du coin d'la rue avec une nana.

TINOUE

D'un coup, 'shlak!' Dans une bagnole, une Mercedes.

RICHARD

A Mercedes? She got into a Mercedes?

(CONTINUED)

MILO

B.M.W. que je te dis, merde alors!

TINO

Y'avait un autre type qui
attendait au volant, c'etait
p'etre bien une B.M.W.

MILO

Et y z'ont demarre a toute blinde.

RICHARD

What are they saying, goddammit?

WINO

(to bums)

Attendez les mecs! J'traduis.

(to Richard)

My friends saw everything... the
big man coming with the woman,
from the corner. Suddenly he
pushed with brutality the woman
in the car, a B.M.W. with a driver
au volant.

(he mimes a steering
wheel)

After he left very quickly...

WINO

(to bums)

Apres les gars?

Increasingly excited, Milo and Tinou continue the tale.

TINO

Y z'ont embouti la bagnole du
fleuriste!

MILO

Venez voir... venez voir.

The group heads over to a van with a florist's logo and
advertising painted on it. It's an old van with plenty
of bumps and scratches, but the bums immediately show
Richard a blue scratch on the rear side panel. Richard
looks at the scratch, and then at the bums' miming of an
accident, without understanding the significance. The
three bums all talk at the same time, while examining the
damage.

WINO

Les encules!

(CONTINUED)

TINO

On a releve leur numero.

MILO

Faut pas nous prendre pour des
cons!

TINO

Dis y a l'amerlock, dis y!

WINO

My very good friends take the
number of the car.

RICHARD

They got the license number?

WINO

Yes, Walker, yes!

RICHARD

(sigh of relief)

Thank you, thank you. What's
the number?

He removes some bills from his wallet.

WINO

Donnez le numero de la bagnole!
Vite, vite...

TINO

On l'a refile au fleuriste.

The three bums look horribly disappointed, even more so
because of the bills in Richard's hand.

RICHARD

What's going on?

WINO

He give the number to the flower
man, and now he forget.

RICHARD

Come, come with me.

The four men walk to the flower shop.

The funeral wreath is now completed, with a purple sash
and golden letters that say: "A NOTRE TANTE REGRETTEE."

(CONTINUED)

At the counter, the Florist is doing the books with a calculator. Richard enters the shop with the Wino. Milo and Tinou stay outside on the sidewalk, their noses glued to the shop window.

FLORIST

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

WINO

Excusez-moi de vous deranger,
c'est a propos du numero
mineralogique que ces messieurs
ont releve d'une B.M.W. qui a
embouti votre camionnette, la-bas.
Pouvez-vous me le communiquer?
C'est tres important.

FLORIST

J'ai rien compris.

WINO

Monsieur Walker qui recherche sa
femme demande si vous avez le
numero de la bagnole.

FLORIST

(to Wino)

Qu'est-ce que c'est que cette
histoire? Je l'ai foutu aux
ordures leur bout de papier.

He indicates two large garbage bins in the corner, overflowing with leaves and dead flowers and paper and ribbons.

FLORIST

(to Richard)

Ils racontent n'importe quoi pour
avoir deux cent francs.

WINO

(to Richard)

This man is stupid! He destroyed
the paper with the number of the
car with your poor wife inside.

The Wino goes to the garbage and begins sifting through it... an impossible and ridiculous task.

FLORIST

(to Richard)

Il n'y a plus de papier.

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED: (2)

43

He mimes tearing up and throwing out a piece of paper.

FLORIST

Fini, jete, parti... compris?

He goes to the Wino, grabs him by the collar.

FLORIST

(to Wino)

Allez, fichez-moi la paix.

The Florist starts to walk away. Richard grabs him by the lapels, more desperate than angry.

RICHARD

I need it! I've got to find it!

FLORIST

Merde! Je vais appeler la police!

Realizing it's useless, Richard relaxes his grip and walks out of the shop as the Florist shrugs, disgusted.

44

EXT. STREET - EVENING

44

In front of the flower shop, Richard comes out to join the three bums.

WINO

C'est un gars con!

(to Richard)

He says we come always for money.

Richard turns to the other two bums.

RICHARD

(almost praying)

Can you remember the number?

MILO

Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?

WINO

Il dit de vous creuser le cigare,
d'trouver le numero.

MILO

(to Richard)

Bay-em-double-vay.

WINO

(to Richard)

B.M.W.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I know that.

TINO

Elle etait bleue.

WINO

She was blue.

TINO

Tiens! Tu te souviens! Y avait
P.D. sur la plaque... Quais, P...
D...

He begins to imitate a homosexual, twisting and turning.
Milo, not wanting to be left out, begins also to
gesticulate.

MILO

Moi aussi, moi aussi ca me revient:
P.D.

TINO

P.D... compris?

WINO

He remembers two letters of the
plaque mineralogique: P and D...
nothing more. P.D. in French is
homosexual, you know.

Richard gives a bill to each of the three bums.

Richard, drained and despairing, comes up to the desk.

RICHARD

402. Any messages?

The Concierge turns around and pulls a slip of paper out
of box 402. Richard is delighted until he unfolds the
"message," a lost-luggage form from TWA with a number
of graphic representations of the various types of suit-
cases used by modern travelers.

RICHARD

What's this?

CONCIERGE

T.W.A. came by to fetch some
suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Oh, Christ! That suitcase.

CONCIERGE

He asked if you could leave it in the luggage room.

RICHARD

Can I have my key?

CONCIERGE

Your key isn't here, Mr. Walker.

Richard's face lights up as he turns and makes three elated steps towards the elevator before stopping dead. He remembers that he has the key in his pocket. He removes it, slightly embarrassed.

RICHARD

I'm a bit out of it. Jet lag.

Richard walks off to the elevator.

CONCIERGE

Mr. Walker? I'll send the bellboy.

Glasses on, pen in hand, Richard fills out the TWA form. He flips to the back of the form, which resembles an intelligence test and ponders over it. Finally, he circles the drawing which most resembles his misplaced Samsonite bag. He stops, looking back at the suitcase in the room. A sudden realization brings him to his feet. As though he were drawn to it, he approaches the suitcase, and places it on the bed. He runs his hands over the case, then quickly heads to the minibar and grabs the can opener. Madly he pries at the locks until the suitcase breaks open. Looking for any kind of lead, Richard rummages through the contents. Not sure what he's looking for or even how to look for it, he shakes things, looks inside whatever he can look inside, tries to feel their weight, etc. The Samsonite contains women's clothing, lingerie, an issue of Elle, a transistor radio, a small Statue of Liberty, a carton of Philip Morris cigarettes and a toilet kit. Richard opens the kit with distaste. Inside he finds a toothbrush, soap, jars of cream, mascara, toothpaste, a set of keys on a key ring with a plastic blue parrot, lipstick, a comb, a brush full of long blonde hair, and a matchbook with the logo of a disco club: "Blue Parrot." Inside the matchbook, in eyebrow pencil, is written the name Dede and under that a phone number: 47 00 80 78.

(CONTINUED)

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Richard jumps. Unconsciously he slips the matchbook into his pocket and heads towards the door. It is the BELLBOY.

BELLBOY

I've come for the suitcase, sir.

RICHARD

Right. Uh... hold on.

Richard closes the door just enough to let the Bellboy know that he should not enter, then hurriedly stuffs the contents of the suitcase back inside. He closes the suitcase as well as he can, picks up the form and hands both to the Bellboy.

Richard dials the number on the matchbook. On the other end of the line is an answering machine.

VOICE (V.O.)

Vous etes chez Dede Martin.
Laissez votre numero apres le
signal sonore.

RICHARD

(to phone)

Uh, yes, uh, please call Doctor
Richard Walker, um, the Grand
Hotel.

(leaning down to
read the number,
hesitantly)

Quatre, trois, quatre, deux, six,
zero, six, zero. Je parle pas
français... It's important.

He hangs up.

Richard paces. He turns the TV ON: it's a rerun of "Dallas." J.R. speaks French. Richard paces some more. He goes to the minibar, pulls out a Pepsi.

J.R. (V.O.)

(on TV)

It'll be a cold day in hell before
I let that woman in my house.

Richard switches the TV OFF. The PHONE RINGS and he leaps for it.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD
(into phone)
Hello!

MAN (V.O.)
Richard Walker?

RICHARD
Yes!

MAN (V.O.)
Maurice Alembert. How are you,
my friend?

RICHARD
Oh, God! I'm sorry!

ALEMBERT (MAN) (V.O.)
We're waiting to order.

RICHARD
I'm really sorry, Monsieur Alembert.
I should have called. My wife...
uh... last minute complications.

ALEMBERT (V.O.)
Is something wrong?

RICHARD
No, nothing to worry about. We
just won't be able to make it.
I'll explain tomorrow.

ALEMBERT (V.O.)
Well, you're missing a nice meal
and a beautiful view of Paris.

RICHARD
I know. Good night.

Richard hangs up, then sticks his hand in his pocket and pulls out the matchbook from the "Blue Parrot." He fingers it, stares at the matchbook pensively.

The neon sign, "Blue Parrot" blinks at the entrance of the club. Richard gets out of a taxi and steps in through the front door.

49

INT. DISCO CLUB - NIGHT

49

The "Blue Parrot" is full of young customers: punks, blacks and transvestites who mix in the MUSIC, smoke and shadows of the discotheque. Above it there is a bar and restaurant, equally crowded, but a bit less noisy, and well enough lit so that people can see what they're eating. Richard comes up to the bar.

BARMAN

Vous prenez?

RICHARD

Beer.

BARMAN

Tuborg ou Heineken?

RICHARD

Yes.

*

The Barman puts a glass and a bottle of Heineken on the counter.

RICHARD

Tell me something. You know someone here named Dede?

The Barman shrugs and moves on to the next customer. Next to Richard there is a RASTA who overheard Richard's question.

RASTA

You looking for Dede, man?

RICHARD

Yeah, do you know him?

RASTA

You don't look like you know him.

RICHARD

How am I supposed to look?

RASTA

Desperate, man.

RICHARD

Oh yeah. Well, I'm desperate.

The Rasta laughs.

RASTA

Where you from, man? New York?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

San Francisco.

RASTA

Much better. North Beach, much better. Many places to dance.

(starts to sing)

'When you go to San Francisco be sure to wear a flower in your hair.'

(laughs again)

Come, man. Buy me a Kahlua and tell Jacques about your desperate troubles.

Richard lets the Rasta order a Kahlua with milk.

RICHARD

Look, uh, man, all I really need is Dede.

RASTA

All the boys and girls are looking for Dede these days, but Dede's been gone two nights.

RICHARD

Yeah, but where?

The Rasta pauses, nudges Richard.

RASTA

(quietly)

Why not say what you're looking for? Dede's not the only one who can show you.

RICHARD

(his hopes rising)

You tell me. What am I looking for?

He places a bill on the bar. The Rasta glances down at it.

RASTA

The white lady. Now isn't that so?

Richard straightens up, can't believe his good fortune.

RICHARD

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED: (2)

49

RASTA

Ah, now I see the desperate man.

RICHARD

Is she all right?

RASTA

Beautiful, man. Nobody has touched
the lady, you don't worry. Follow
me.

The Rasta rises abruptly off the bar stool and exits.

50

OMITTED

50

51

INT. CLUB REST ROOM - NIGHT

51

Richard, puzzled, enters after the Rasta who promptly
shuts the door and leans up against it.

*

RICHARD

Where is she?

The Rasta laughs.

RASTA

Nobody has so much as stepped on
her toe, she's here, man, and pure
as the driven snow.

He pulls out a paper packet and opens it up. Richard
is staring down at a gram of coke.

RASTA

Come on, give it a try. Do a one
and one and tell me if I lie!

He laughs and shoves a fingernail full of coke up
Richard's nose.

RASTA

Come now, man. The nose knows.

Richard does, and it sets his head spinning. The Rasta
laughs.

RASTA

Pure white lady. Good, eh?

Richard nods.

RASTA

Six hundred francs. You don't
need Dede.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Richard shuffles through his wallet. He pulls out a 100-dollar bill. The Rasta tucks the cocaine into Richard's outside breast pocket, then reaches for the bill. Richard doesn't let go. Somebody tries to get into the john. Richard slams door shut and holds it shut.

RICHARD

I still want Dede. Another one of these for his address.

The Rasta slaps Richard's palm.

52
&
53

OMITTED

52
&
53

54

INT. DISCO CLUB - NIGHT

54

Richard returns to the bar. The Rasta walks over to a table where a group of young people talk and laugh. The Rasta leans over to a pretty young blonde girl, MICHELE. He exchanges a few words with her. By the way they laugh and talk, it is clear they are quite friendly. He returns to the bar, takes a "Blue Parrot" matchbook and writes an address on the inside cover. As he is handed the matchbook, Richard discreetly slips him the second \$100.

55

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

55

Richard gets out of a taxi near the Republique metro. He checks the address on the matchbook then disappears into the main entrance of a building.

56

EXT. BUILDING COURTYARD - NIGHT

56

Richard crosses through the courtyard of a building and enters the foyer. He hesitates, then sees a luminous switch on the wall. With some trepidation, he pushes it so that the overhead staircase light comes on. It is an old building with no elevator. He walks up a flight of stairs leading to the mezzanine landing. On the door is a card that reads: Dede Martin. Richard rings the doorbell, and waits. The hall light goes off. It's dark except for another luminous switch on the landing.

He hears the sound of LAUGHTER and lascivious FEMININE GIGGLING. THROUGH a window on the landing Richard sees a couple enter the foyer from the courtyard. They settle in a recess under the stairway. Richard is about to ring a second time, when he notices that the door is not completely closed: there is a light showing through cracks in the door. Around the lock the wood has been splintered. He pushes the door open.

57 INT. DEDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

57

It is a loft apartment, quite spacious and messy: the bed is unmade and clothes lie on the floor. A light comes from an open door at the other end of the apartment. A cat sitting on an armchair watches Richard as he enters.

RICHARD

(quietly)

Anybody here?

There is no answer. The cat jumps off the armchair and comes to Richard to rub against his leg. Richard advances toward the light.

RICHARD

Hello? Monsieur Martin?

Richard enters into the brightly-lit kitchen. On the table are the remains of breakfast: a bowl of coffee, a piece of baguette, some butter and the racing form, "Paris Turf." Looking to the side, Richard sees a man lying propped against the refrigerator, his throat cut, dried blood staining the front of his pajamas. Richard takes it in, then backs out of the kitchen and silently crosses the loft.

58 INT. LANDING/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

58

Richard stops on the landing: under the stairway the couple is now screwing. He backs up and enters the apartment anew.

59 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

Carefully Richard closes the door, unable to decide what to do next. He looks at his watch. It is ten to one.

The TELEPHONE RINGS, startling Richard.

An ANSWERING MACHINE CLICKS ON. An incongruous, young, feminine voice begins to speak, with rock and roll MUSIC in the b.g.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Allo, Dede? C'est encore moi!
Qu'est-ce que tu fous? Tu baisses
ou quoi? J'en ai marre. Je
t'attends jusqu'a la fermeture et
je viens chez toi.

The ANSWERING MACHINE STOPS. Richard has moved silently over to it. He rewinds the tape and plays it back. A few BEEPS then the same feminine voice without music.

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

MICHELE (V.O.)

Allo, c'est Michele. Je suis revenue, j'ai fait un bon voyage. Je te verrai ce soir au Parrot. Grosses bises... N'oublie pas mon fric.

Again the BEEP, then Richard hears his own voice.

RICHARD (V.O.)

Uh, yes, call Doctor Walker, um, the Grand Hotel. Quatre, trois, quatre...

Richard turns OFF the ANSWERING MACHINE, removes the tape and slips it into his pocket. He moves back to the door and opens it cautiously.

60

EXT./INT. COURTYARD/STAIRWAY - NIGHT

60

Below in the stairwell the coast is clear, the couple is gone. Richard descends the stairs on tiptoes, then crosses the courtyard as fast as he can toward the building's front door.

61

INT. FRONT DESK - NIGHT

61

Gaillard is back on duty as Richard enters. He is looking more and more worn out, his face etched with worry. Gaillard hands him the key and smiles sympathetically. Richard returns the smile.

RICHARD

No messages?

Gaillard shrugs.

RICHARD

Nothing?

GAILLARD

Nothing here. Let me check with the operator... why don't you come to the gym and do some sports, Dr. Walker?

Gaillard picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

GAILLARD

Allo, Martine, y-a-t'il eu des
appels pour la 402, Docteur
Walker?... Ah bon! Un homme ou
une femme?... Tres bien, merci.

(turns his attention
back to Richard)

There were a couple of calls for
you, but the man wouldn't leave
a message.

RICHARD

(murmuring to
himself)

Son of a bitch.

(to Gaillard)

Would you mind coming up to my
room?

*

GAILLARD

Very well.

Gaillard has a word with the other night concierge, then
walks to the elevator with Richard.

62 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

62

Richard and Gaillard arrive at the door to room 402.
Richard pushes the door and they enter.

63 INT. SUITE - NIGHT

63

Richard turns on the light to reveal the room in shambles.
The suitcases lie open, the bureau drawers have been
pulled out, and clothing is stewn all around the floor.
Gaillard is shocked. The two men notice the sound of
the RUNNING FAUCET in the bathroom.

64 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

64

The sink faucet is running. There are drops of blood on
the sink, and a bloody towel next to it. One of the panes
from the bathroom mirror lies in shards in the sink and on
the floor. Gaillard, furious, heads to the phone.
Richard is stunned.

(CONTINUED)

GAILLARD

Les salauds! I'll call the
police.

Richard puts his hand on the receiver.

RICHARD

Not now!

Gaillard is taken aback by the firmness of Richard's
command.

RICHARD

The suitcase! I left a suitcase
in the luggage room. Can you get
it for me?

Gaillard tries to synthesize the non sequitur.

GAILLARD

It's gone.

RICHARD

What?

GAILLARD

They took it.

RICHARD

Who?!

GAILLARD

T.W.A. Just after I came on duty.

Richard digests the information, then sifts hurriedly
through his slides, papers and the mess of clothing to
find his tape recorder. He reaches into his pocket,
pulls out the message cassette and puts it in the machine.

RICHARD

Can you tell me what this says?

He turns on the tape recorder and we hear the feminine
voice.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Allo, c'est Michele. Je suis
revenue...

Gaillard begins to translate simultaneously.

(CONTINUED)

GAILLARD

It's Michele. I'm back. I have made a good trip. I see you tonight at the... Parrot? I kiss you. Don't forget my money.

Then comes Richard's message again. He fast-forwards the tape to the following message: the same feminine voice. Gaillard translates simultaneously.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Alors Dede? Je t'attends moi! Tu viens ou quoi? J'ai ete obligee de laisser ma valise dans ta consigne a la con. Il faut que tu me la recuperes. J'ai plus rien a me mettre sur le cul. J'ai meme pas la cle de chez moi. T'imagines le cirque?

GAILLARD

She says she is waiting for Dede and she wonders when he is coming. Something about her having to leave her suitcase in some locker...

Richard jumps at the word "suitcase."

GAILLARD

... And she doesn't have anything left to wear, she doesn't even have her keys.

Richard tries to absorb this information, to make sense of it. A few BEEPS, then the last message.

MICHELE (V.O.)

Allo Dede? C'est encore moi! Qu'est-ce que tu fous? Tu baisses ou quoi? J'en ai marre. Je t'attends au Perroquet jusqu'a la fermeture et je viens chez toi.

GAILLARD

It is her again, and she is angry now. She will wait until the Parrot closes and then go to his place.

RICHARD

What time do nightclubs close?

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED: (3)

64

GAILLARD

Four, six, it depends.

Richard looks at his watch: it is 3:30.

65

INT. STAIRWAY OUTSIDE DEDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

65

The darkness is almost complete. A match is lit. We can see the "Blue Parrot" matchbook in Richard's hands and his wristwatch which reads 4:15.

His collar turned up, Richard is concealed in the recess under the stairwell, where the couple was screwing on his first visit. Overcome by cold and fatigue, Richard struggles to stay awake. His head falls gradually until his chin rests on his chest. It is dark again, except for the faint glow of the luminous light switch.

Richard is woken up by MEOWING. The CAT stands in front of him. He pets it, watches it move up the stairs, then nods off again.

The hall light comes on. Richard wakes up and sees someone climbing the stairs: it is Michele, the same pretty blonde girl who had given Dede's address at the Blue Parrot. She hesitates in front of the open door then walks into the apartment. Richard steps from his hiding place and silently climbs after her.

We hear the sound of RUNNING inside the apartment.

Wild-eyed, crazed, Michele bursts through the door. She just has enough time to see Richard, three steps below the landing, when the hall light goes out. Terrified, thinking it is the killer, she rushes forward and hits him with her handbag. He grabs her and they both fall and tumble down the stairs. Michele yells. Richard claps his hand over her mouth. She bites him. He manages to subdue her at last. She is trembling.

MICHELE

Ne me tuez pas, je vous supplie,
ne me tuez pas...

We get a closer look at Michele's terrified face. She is pretty and pale. She's wearing earrings. Richard shakes her angrily.

RICHARD

Where is she?

MICHELE

Quoi? Please don't kill me.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

RICHARD

Answer me! Where is she?

MICHELE

Who? What do you want?

RICHARD

Where's my wife?

MICHELE

What wife? Why did you kill him?
Why did you kill him?...

RICHARD

Me? I didn't kill him.

MICHELE

What do you want from me?

Michele picks up her hat which she lost in her tumble down the stairs. Richard lights a match and shows her the Blue Parrot matchbook. He points to the writing inside; Dede and his phone number.

RICHARD

Look familiar?

MICHELE

Where did you get that?

RICHARD

In your suitcase.

MICHELE

So you have it! Then pay me what
you owe me. I did my job.

RICHARD

Job?

MICHELE

That's right, you know what I
mean.

RICHARD

All I know is that I have your
suitcase, and you have my wife's.

MICHELE

(as it clicks in)

Merde! Mais je suis foutue moi!

RICHARD

Do you understand?

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED: (2)

65

MICHELE

I understand, I understand!
Please, I must have that suitcase!

RICHARD

What did you bring back? What do
they want?

A TOILET is FLUSHED somewhere in the building.

MICHELE

Please! We must leave here!
Please, quick!

66

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

66

Richard and Michele clear the building. She looks warily
down the sinister and deserted street. Richard is by her
side. She stops abruptly.

MICHELE

I must have my suitcase! I'll do
anything you say.

RICHARD

(a moment, then)
You came from San Francisco on
flight 862?

MICHELE

Yes.

RICHARD

Get me your plane ticket.

MICHELE

What for?

RICHARD

You want your suitcase, I want
your plane ticket.

She looks at him a moment, trying to make sense of this.
Then:

MICHELE

It's at my apartment.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

RICHARD

Let's go. Can we get a cab?

*

MICHELE

I have a car.

She points out a VW Beetle convertible on the other side of the street, and they walk over to it.

67

INT./EXT. VW - NIGHT

67

Richard is in the passenger seat, Michele behind the wheel. She reaches into her handbag and pulls out a tin box from which she removes a joint. She lights it, takes a lungful, then hands it to Richard, who declines the offer. She takes another hit and rubs her cheek.

MICHELE

You really hurt me...

RICHARD

Can we go?

Michele sticks her hand under the steering wheel, pulls out two wires, and, to Richard's surprise, hotwires the CAR to START it. Before pulling away she takes the earring from her pocket and puts it back on her ear, looking at herself in the rearview mirror.

MICHELE

Merde, les flics!

Richard turns around to see a blue light flashing. A police van is coming up the street behind them. Michele spits on the roach, puts it back into the tin box, then opens the convertible top and waves her hands around to clear the smoke.

The van stops slightly behind them as Michele puts in a cassette and a Grace Jones SONG COMES ON. A POLICEMAN comes up to the driver's side of the car. A second one covers him with a machine gun, ready to spring in if necessary, as a third one circles around to the passenger side, his hand on his holster and a fourth one remains behind the wheel. Michele rolls down her window.

POLICEMAN

Vous avez vos papiers?

Michele digs into her bag for her papers and the Policeman checks the driver's license, registration and insurance.

(CONTINUED)

67

CONTINUED:

67

POLICEMAN

Vous vous appelez comment?

MICHELE

Viviane Dumas.

POLICEMAN

Le coffre.

Michele leans forward to pop open the trunk and the Policeman on the passenger side moves to the front of the car, lifts the hood and searches the trunk.

POLICEMAN

Montrez-moi votre sac a main.

Michele gives her handbag to the Policeman. It contains nothing out of the ordinary -- other than a can of mace.

POLICEMAN

(indicating mace)

Ca?

*

MICHELE

Ca quoi?

*

POLICEMAN

(to Richard)

Papiers s'il vous plait.

Richard pulls out his passport. The trunk is banged shut. Seeing the American passport, the Policeman does not pursue the matter. He nods a salute and climbs back into his car, along with his partners. The police van moves away. Richard STOPS the MUSIC.

RICHARD

Which is it, Michele or Viviane?

MICHELE

Michele. I hate Viviane.

Richard searches around the car and under the seat.

RICHARD

Where'd you put the marijuana?

*

To his mild surprise, she pulls it out of his pocket and puts the tin box back in her bag. She STARTS the CAR.

68

EXT. STREET/CAR - NIGHT

68

The VW moves off and disappears around the corner.

69

INT. STAIRWAY - NIGHT

69

Michele leads Richard up the staircase in her building. On the top floor there are two doors, one of which has a card reading "Michele + Sonia" thumbtacked next to the doorbell.

Richard stops in front of the door and watches Michele move over to a window, open it and begin to climb out.

RICHARD

Hey.

He runs over to the window and grabs onto her. The sight of the shadowy courtyard six flights down makes him dizzy.

MICHELE

Think I'm going to jump? I don't
have my key. My roommate's in
Bangkok...

*
*

Richard lets go of Michele. She begins to make her way along the roof.

MICHELE

And you know where my key is,
don't you?

RICHARD

(quietly)

I do.

*

MICHELE

I'll let you in.

Michele opens the door for him.

*

MICHELE

You see, I didn't fly away.

Richard enters Michele's apartment.

70

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

The decor of the large apartment is feminine, a la mode, and acceptably messy. Dolls and teddy bears, a water pipe, a TV and a large poster of Grace Jones. Richard goes right for the phone.

RICHARD

I gotta call the hotel.

*

MICHELE

Forget it. Sonia didn't pay the
bill. My roommate. A bitch.

*

(CONTINUED)

70

CONTINUED:

70

Richard sets the phone down.

RICHARD

The ticket.

Michele goes to a nightstand covered with a pile of American coins, chewing gum and a copy of Interview magazine. She sorts through all of it.

MICHELE

I threw it away.

She heads towards the kitchen. Richard follows.

71

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

71

Michele reaches under the sink to a garbage pail. She pulls out some orange peels, a milk carton, a crumpled cigarette pack -- and the plane ticket. She hands it to Richard. He checks the stub and pockets it.

MICHELE

Okay. I give you my ticket, you give me my suitcase.

RICHARD

Are you going to put it back in the locker?

Michele leaps up terrified.

MICHELE

You are with the people who followed me this morning.

RICHARD

I'm not with anyone.

MICHELE

Then how do you know about the locker?

RICHARD

I listened to Dede's messages.

MICHELE

You don't speak French.

RICHARD

I had it translated.

Michele weighs this, obviously worried he might be lying for some reason.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELE

Why is it so important?

RICHARD

I have your suitcase, you have my wife's. You put my wife's suitcase in the locker.

MICHELE

Yes, I'm sorry I can't get it back.

RICHARD

What are you saying?

MICHELE

Her suitcase. I can't get it back anymore.

RICHARD

I don't care about her suitcase! I'm looking for her.

MICHELE

Who?

RICHARD

My wife, godammit! You put the wrong suitcase in the locker and it didn't have what they wanted. But it had my wife's nametag. Her phone number. They came to the hotel and took my wife.

MICHELE

Your wife?

RICHARD

They kidnapped her.

MICHELE

But they want my suitcase. Why do they take your wife?

RICHARD

(murderous)

When I find them, I'll ask them. Who hired you?

MICHELE

(shakes her head
in disbelief)

You want your wife back. Dede hired me.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Who hired Dede?

MICHELE

I don't know.

(seeing his
disbelief)

I don't. If they knew me they
would kill me. I gave them the
wrong suitcase this morning.
Instead they killed Dede.

RICHARD

I don't think so.

MICHELE

You think I lie?

RICHARD

They got the wrong suitcase this
morning. Dede's been dead at
least two days.

MICHELE

Who says?

RICHARD

I say.

Michele bites her nails and thinks this over. A little
snotty:

MICHELE

How do you know? You are a doctor?

RICHARD

(moving to her,
with a smile)

No corpse stinks that much in
twelve hours, not even Dede's!
The man's been dead over two
days, take my word for it and
yes, I'm a doctor. What were
you bringing back from San
Francisco?

Michele shrugs and takes to biting her nails again.
Richard whacks her hand right out of her mouth. She
doesn't exactly overreact.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED: (3)

71

RICHARD

Was it dope?

MICHELE

No.

RICHARD

Isn't that what you do for a living? Smuggle dope?

MICHELE

(shrugs)

Not this time.

RICHARD

What was it?

He moves right next to her, hovering, threatening.

MICHELE

All right, it was dope.

RICHARD

What kind? Heroin, cocaine, opium?

*

MICHELE

What do you care?

RICHARD

It matters.

MICHELE

(intimidated, exploding)

What do I know what kind? What do I care? I'm very frightened. You want your wife back, you'll get my suitcase.

RICHARD

(after a moment)

Where's the bathroom?

She points to a door. Richard removes his jacket, places it on the back of the chair.

72

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

72

Richard enters. It has a small window with a broken pane and a mirror with the word "Cocaine" printed in Coca Cola lettering.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

RICHARD
(indicating window)
Is this how you got in from the
roof?

MICHELE
(poking her head
into frame)
Yes.

Richard cleans up, taking care to wash the residue of coke out of his nostrils. He lights a match in the dimly lit john and holds it in front of his eyes, checking his pupils. He's momentarily fascinated by his own haggard face. The match burns him.

He drops it and his eye catches Michele undressing through the open door. She does so with blatant ease, catches Richard's eye -- looks back a trifle annoyed. Richard smiles and closes the bathroom door. Michele promptly slips on a robe and begins going through Richard's coat pockets.

73

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

73

Richard enters the room

RICHARD
Can I help?

Michele coolly turns around, the Walkers' passports in her hand. She examines Sondra's photo.

MICHELE
Is this your wife?

RICHARD
Yes...

Michele hands the passport back to Richard.

MICHELE
She seems very happy.

RICHARD
Yes, she's a happy person. That's
her nature she's -- happy. Let's
go.

*
*

74

OMITTED

74

75

INT. VW - NIGHT

75

Michele is staring unhappily at the dashboard.

(CONTINUED)

75

CONTINUED:

75

MICHELE

You gave my suitcase back to the airport?

RICHARD

Yes.

MICHELE

Quelle conne! I could have picked it up myself.

RICHARD

No. You won't take it anywhere without me.

75A EXT. FREEWAY TO AIRPORT - NIGHT

75A

Grace Jones MUSIC comes through the SPEAKERS.

MICHELE

Merde.

RICHARD

What?

MICHELE

They're following me.

Richard glances at the headlights of a car in the rearview mirror. He views it and Michele with a distinctly jaundiced eye.

RICHARD

Who?

MICHELE

I don't know. There was a man on the plane. I saw him on the train from the airport too. I lost him at the station before I got to the locker.

RICHARD

Who are they, the police?

MICHELE

No, I don't think so.

RICHARD

The people that hired dead Didi -- Dede? Stop. I want to talk to them.

(CONTINUED)

75A CONTINUED:

75A

MICHELE

No.

RICHARD

(putting his foot
on the brake)

Stop!

They do. The car behind them appears to slow, then suddenly overtakes them and they're soon staring at its taillights. Richard smiles.

RICHARD

No, it doesn't make sense. You don't follow somebody when you know where they're going.

Michele starts to bite her nails.

MICHELE

I tell you I'm being followed.

RICHARD

Take your fingers out of your mouth and drive us to the airport.

MICHELE

Okay, okay.

75B INT. AIRPORT PARKING - NIGHT

75B

As they get out of the car, Richard notes the parking tier number, the yellow van on one side, the poster advertising Martini and Rossi on the column beside the passenger door.

76 OMITTED

76

77 INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAWN

77

They enter. A CUSTOMS OFFICIAL bars their path. A couple of machine gun-armed soldiers stand behind him. To the side are two police dogs.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL

Oui?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

MICHELE

C'est pour une valise, a la T.W.A.

The Customs Official waves them through, pointing out the TWA office. The conveyor belt starts in motion. Above there is a sign that reads 862 San Francisco. Passengers are beginning to come into the luggage area from the escalator. Michele and Richard arrive in front of the TWA lost-luggage office, and walk inside.

78 INT. TWA OFFICE - DAWN

78

At this early hour, two tired EMPLOYEES are on duty.

EMPLOYEE

What sort of bag?

RICHARD

Samsonite. White.

MICHELE

Elle est la!

Michele points out the suitcase, now wrapped around with packing tape, and the Employee fetches the bag. Richard hands over his ticket. The Employee checks the number, tears off the stub and hands over the suitcase. Michele starts to grab it, but Richard picks it up.

79 INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAWN

79

RICHARD

(indicates the
patrolling dogs)

Okay now, I gotta know. What's in this? Those dogs are drug trained.

MICHELE

There's nothing you can do about it now.

The dogs continue to approach. Richard momentarily frozen, waiting for them to catch the scent and leap. The dogs appear to hesitate -- then pass on by.

RICHARD

Tell me what's in it. I don't want to lug the whole suitcase everywhere I go, dammit.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (A1)

79

MICHELE

(mimicking him)

What does it matter? Just give
it to me. I promise you I'll
get your wife.

Richard hesitates. Then:

(CONTINUED)

VOICE (O.S.)

Is there a doctor in the house?
Hey, Dickie, we missed you, where
the hell were you hiding? First
class?

Richard has turned to face a fat MAN, 50ish, with a cane in one hand and an unlit cigar in the other. He approaches Richard a bit drunk and very happy to see him. They shake hands.

RICHARD

Hello, Peter. We came yesterday.

PETER (MAN)

And you still haven't found your
way out of the airport? Man, I
thought I was wrecked!...

Peter now notices Michele, realizes she is with Richard. Richard makes no move to acknowledge her.

RICHARD

There was a mix-up with the bags...

PETER

Is that right? Well, I'm wrecked.
I hope I can make it to your
speech. It's tomorrow, right?

RICHARD

Today...

PETER

Today?

(looks Richard over)

... I hope you can make it. You
don't have a light, do you?

Richard is about to say no, then he remembers the matchbooks. He pulls both of them out of his breast pocket together with the package of cocaine which falls to the floor. As he lights Peter's cigar, Richard quickly puts his foot over the package, trying to conceal it. Peter puffs out thick clouds of smoke.

PETER

Where you staying, the Hilton?

A couple approaches.

PETER

Irwin! You know Dick Walker?

(CONTINUED)

Peter pulls Richard over to meet the couple, as Richard desperately tries to keep his foot on the package. Irwin's wife, EDIE, seems the more interested of the two as she approaches.

EDIE
(taking Richard's
hand and kissing him)
Richard, I was wondering when we'd
see you.
(eyeing Michele)
How is Sondra?

Richard's trying to be casual, but is almost doing the splits now, trying to keep his foot on the coke. He has to set down the suitcase.

RICHARD
She's fine, Edie.

EDIE
(still looking at
Michele)
You two have been in Paris for a
day or so?
(as Richard nods)
Well, then, as soon as we get to
the hotel, I'm going to give Sondra
a call and see if she wants to go
out to breakfast with me.

RICHARD
You do that.

EDIE
See if there are any new faces in
her life.

PETER
Hey, Richard, how about giving an
old fart a hand with some of these
bags 'til we get through customs?

Peter is over by the baggage carousel waving his cane toward Richard. Richard is paralyzed, his foot on the cocaine.

Michele moves close and with the Samsonite bag as cover, taps Richard's foot and gives him a conspiratorial look.

Richard nods gratefully. He walks over to the baggage carousel and picks up all of the luggage which Peter, wielding his weight and his cane and his cigar, is having such difficulty with.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (3)

79

He carries the bags with ease over to customs, under Edie's approving eye.

EDIE

You don't huff and puff a lot, do you, Richard?

RICHARD

(looking around)

Yeah, well... where's?

EDIE

Your little friend? She's already gone through -- there --

Richard sees she's gone through the green light at customs with barely a whisper. She disappears through the closing double doors.

79A

INT. AIRPORT - DAWN

79A

Richard races out of the customs area. He spots an elevator door closing -- barely a glimpse of Michele and the white suitcase in it.

79AA

AT ELEVATOR BANK - DAWN

79AA

Richard presses the button. The elevator arrives and he takes it to the lower level. He exits and races into the circular parking area.

79B

INT. PARKING - DAWN

79B

There is a gaping hole between the yellow van and the Martini and Rossi poster. Michele and her VW have disappeared. Richard hears an ENGINE COUGHING. He gets a glance of the VW as it disappears up the serpentine ramp to the top of the parking structure. He dashes back to the elevators. He presses. They don't move. He decides to go up the stairs. He races up one flight and pops out the green door to see -- the taillights of the VW heading slowly up to the next ramp behind another car now.

He dashes up the next flight of stairs and pops out the door to see -- the VW still tantalizing ahead of him. He dashes up the next flight and opens the door -- his view is blocked by a large London-type taxi. He doesn't hesitate, but dashes up the final flight of stairs -- morning light pours from the skylight in front of the door that leads to the roof. Richard dashes through it.

79C EXT. AIRPORT ROOF TOLL BOOTHS

79C

Michele is at the toll booth nearest to Richard. She is in a heated discussion with the toll taker.

79D INT. VW - DAWN

79D

Michele is going at the man in French bitching because he won't let her go through until she comes up with the full fare -- which she doesn't have. The passenger side of the VW opens. Richard's hand with a hundred francs note breaks INTO FRAME.

RICHARD

That should cover it. Go on.
Give it to the man.

Michele does. They drive on through.

RICHARD

(as they exit
airport)

Now you're going to be a good girl. You're not going to lie to me, you're not going to bite your nails, you're not going to make up stories about being followed. You're going to drive us to your employer -- now.

80 EXT./INT. VW - DAWN

80

on "peripherique." It is the same anonymous decor as at the beginning of the film. The suitcase is on the back seat, GRACE JONES is on the STEREO.

RICHARD

We've been on this road quite a while.

MICHELE

So what?

Michele gives nervous little glances toward Richard who sits stolidly. She takes the package of coke from out of her driving gloves, opens it, immediately rubs some on her gums and quickly snorts a little bit off her finger. Richard catches the action, reaches over, takes the coke and tosses it out the window.

MICHELE

Merde! What did you do that for?

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED: (A1)

80

RICHARD

I'll keep you awake. Just watch
the road and get us there.

MICHELE

That was good coke. It cost at
least 300 francs.

*
*

RICHARD

I doubt it. It's bad for you in
any case.

Michele is trembling badly.

RICHARD

What's wrong now?

(CONTINUED)

MICHELE

I have to pull over.

She does.

RICHARD

I told you that coke was bad for you. Here...

He checks her pulse, looks at her pupils, touches her skin.

RICHARD

Little clammy, but coke's pyogenic. You'll be all right in a few minutes.

Michele is still shaking.

MICHELE

I don't know where we're going.

RICHARD

You mean you're lost?

MICHELE

I mean I don't know these people; I don't know where they are, I don't know who they are. I only knew Dede.

RICHARD

Then what were you doing, grabbing the suitcase and running off like that?

MICHELE

I don't know!

Richard stares at her gripped by a terrible and impotent rage. Michele is terrified.

RICHARD

You don't know, you don't know, you don't know.

He grabs her and starts to shake her.

RICHARD

Then what the fuck are you doing!?

MICHELE

Stop!

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(still shaking her)

What did you think would happen,
where did you think you'd go?
What the fuck did you think?

MICHELE

(crying)

Please stop!...

Richard lets her go, mumbling, "you don't know where you're going, you don't know where you're going" suddenly thrashes around in the VW hitting the side of the car with his fists, the window -- looking like he'll explode with Michele cringing in the corner and watching. Richard suddenly does stop. His head is in his hands.

RICHARD

(quietly; without
looking up)

How old are you?

Michele is shocked by the question.

RICHARD

Do you know?

MICHELE

Nineteen.

Richard nods.

RICHARD

You have a boyfriend?

MICHELE

Not now.

RICHARD

Did you like him?

MICHELE

Not so much...

RICHARD

Is there anything you like? Do you have a favorite Teddy bear? What's it take to hurt you or is your brain too fried to feel a fucking thing?... You understand what I'm saying?

(CONTINUED)

80

CONTINUED: (3)

80

MICHELE

(is hurt)

... I understand.

(pause)

I like Grace Jones.

*

RICHARD

(nods; then)

... I met Sondra when I was
nineteen.

(abruptly)

Take me to the hotel. Let's go.

*

*

MICHELE

(very quiet)

Okay, sure.

She STARTS CAR.

MICHELE

Are you going to be all right?

RICHARD

I'm fine.

Michele smiles and settles into driving.

81

EXT. STREET - GRAND HOTEL - DAY

81

The VW comes to a stop in front of the hotel. Richard gets out, clutching the suitcase. The porter tries to take it from him, only to find both Richard and Michele trying to maintain a hold on it. Naturally he lets go, leaving Michele and Richard with the suitcase between them.

RICHARD

You can go now. I need your
suitcase. I don't need you...
unless you care to tell me what's
in it.

MICHELE

You think I'm stupid. If I tell
you then you really don't need me.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

RICHARD

You do know.

MICHELE

I don't know! But it is my
suitcase!

(eyeing the porter)

... And I will certainly tell him
that...

(backing off)

... you have me confused. And I'm
very hungry.The porter is looking with increasing interest at this
colloquy.

82 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

82

A few people are waiting at the front desk. As soon as
he sees Richard, Gaillard calls out.

GAILLARD

There's a message for you, Doctor
Walker.Full of hope, Richard takes the message. Gaillard is not
quite able to hide his surprise at the sight of Michele
who has remained, barely, in the b.g. Richard hands
the message back.

RICHARD

What does Doctor Alembert say?

GAILLARD

He wants the slides for your
lecture.

(reading from note)

He wishes you to drop them off at
the Palais des Congres before
lunch.

Richard nods.

RICHARD

Could you order me breakfast?

GAILLARD

Certainly.

(eyeing Michele)

One or two?

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

82

RICHARD

Two.

GAILLARD

Tea or coffee?

Richard hesitates -- looks to Michele who suddenly looks frightened at being consulted.

MICHELE

... Uhh... coffee.

Richard nods to Gaillard to confirm it.

83

INT. ROOM 402 - DAY

83

Richard and Michele enter. It's still the same mess.

MICHELE

Quel bordel! I thought my place was messy.

RICHARD

... Yeah. Well, there's always somebody who can go you one better.

Richard sets the suitcase on the bed.

RICHARD

(leaning forward)

All right, how much were they paying you?

(seeing her start to think it over, he points)

Fast!

MICHELE

Twenty... uhh... ten thousand francs. But I had to get my own ticket. Dede was to pay me back.

RICHARD

Okay.

MICHELE

12,000 francs, more or less.

Richard goes to a briefcase, unzips a compartment.

MICHELE

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Paying you. You'll have what you want, then you can go.

(pulling out
traveler's checks)

Ten thousand francs is about two thousand dollars.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

RICHARD

(signing checks)

That's room service. Could you get it?

Michele opens the door to the hotel manager Austier, who looks deeply embarrassed.

AUSTIER

I'm very sorry for all this, Doctor Walker -- the police would like to ask you some questions, they wouldn't let us clean this up until they spoke to you.

He makes way for Pascal and the Desk Cop from the police station, followed by the Inspector. Michele has drifted off to the bedroom, but all the men are aware of her presence. Michele beckons to Richard.

RICHARD

Excuse me.

AUSTIER

Certainly.

Austier tries to catch a sidelong look at the police reaction to Richard who is now in tete a tete in the bedroom with Michele.

Richard signs the last traveler's check.

RICHARD

Here.

MICHELE

(hesitates, then)

I take only half.

RICHARD

Half?

(CONTINUED)

MICHELE

Instead of the other half you keep
me with you.

RICHARD

What kind of deal is that?

MICHELE

I don't want to end up like Dede.
I stay with you until you give
them the suitcase.

There is a discreet COUGH from the other room.

RICHARD

You better get out of here.

MICHELE

No. I won't go. Please.

RICHARD

I'll come to your place, as soon
as I take care of this.

MICHELE

Promise?

RICHARD

I'll be there. Now scoot!

She gives him a kiss of gratitude -- they catch the
action from the other room.

RICHARD

Watch it, will you?

He turns to go.

MICHELE

Wait.

RICHARD

Now what?

MICHELE

I need money.

RICHARD

(indignant)
I just gave you a thousand dollars.

MICHELE

That was my salary. This is for
expenses.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (3)

83

He shakes his head and digs into his pocket for a few bills. She takes one. Michele starts to leave as the room service arrives.

Richard has started to sign the room service bill.

INSPECTOR

We would like to ask her a question or two as well.

RICHARD

Come on now. Absolutely not.

*

INSPECTOR

I beg your pardon.

RICHARD

Inspector, I'm a married man. I assume you take that into consideration here.

(with mild indignation)
Paris hasn't changed that much, has it?

INSPECTOR

(to Michele)

Allez, barre toi!

As she hesitates -- sees the Inspector relent -- and goes off with a touch of admiration at Richard's bravado. She grabs a croissant.

PASCAL

So, Doctor, has anything been taken? Jewelry, clothing, anything?

Richard looks around the disordered rooms.

RICHARD

Gee, I have no idea.

PASCAL

Well, you must have some sort of list in order to lodge a complaint.

RICHARD

Actually, I don't wish to lodge a complaint.

INSPECTOR

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED: (4)

83

RICHARD

Well... the fact is, there's nothing to complain about. You see, this is a little embarrassing, but -- I tore this place up myself. My wife and I did have -- a little disagreement and I was looking for her address book.

(to Pascal)

You were right. She has friends in Paris. Look, I've got to deliver an important paper today at this convention. I don't want this to get out of hand.

INSPECTOR

Of course, Doctor. We understand.

RICHARD

Thank you.

INSPECTOR

(as they're leaving)

By the way. The concierge informs me you asked him to translate a tape with messages on it. He mentioned a name -- Dede.

RICHARD

I wouldn't remember. I was told it had some medical information on it relating to the convention.

INSPECTOR

You wouldn't have that tape, would you?

RICHARD

Oh no.

INSPECTOR

Well, Doctor, it may interest you to know that my colleagues have come across a man called Dede Martin who was in serious need of medical attention. If you should find that tape, please inform us -- I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor Walker. Have a nice day.

*

(CONTINUED)

He turns around and leaves without another word, the entourage following him. Richard takes a swipe at a croissant, goes into the bedroom and attacks the suitcase. He rips the lining of the bottom. Nothing. He looks at the Statue of Liberty, taps it, listens to it, shakes it, then tries to find an opening in the plinth with a pair of scissors. He holds it in his hand, weighing it, then tosses it back into the suitcase.

Richard sits heavily -- feels his wallet, pulls it out and plops it on the nightstand. Something poking out of it attracts him -- it's the family snapshot from which Sondra's head has been cut. He looks at the mutilated photo, crumples it up and slams his fist into a lamp, sending it across the room, popping the bulb. Richard picks up the phone and dials -- 19.1.415. The phone is answered by a rowdy-sounding college kid. There's a lot of MUSIC in the b.g.

COLLEGE KID (V.O.)

State mental hospital!

RICHARD

Tom, let me speak to my daughter,
please.

TOM (COLLEGE KID) (V.O.)

(muffled)

Oh shit.

We hear the sound of the PHONE DROPPING. Finally Casey comes on the line.

CASEY (V.O.)

(sheepishly)

Hi, Dad. I'm really sorry about
that.

RICHARD

What's new, sweetheart?

CASEY (V.O.)

Nothin' much. Just having a party
-- nothing wild, Dad, you know.

RICHARD

That's okay. Just, you know, have
a nice time...

CASEY (V.O.)

Dad, are you all right?

RICHARD

I'm fine, honey.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: (6)

83

CASEY (V.O.)

You and Mom aren't having a fight
or something?

RICHARD

Of course not. How's Richie?

CASEY (V.O.)

You sure you're okay, Daddy?

RICHARD

Absolutely -- what's that music
you're listening to?

CASEY (V.O.)

Grace Jones, why, do you like it?

RICHARD

Just been hearing it lately.

CASEY (V.O.)

You're kidding. Sounds like you
and Mom are really having a good
time.

RICHARD

Yeah. Go back to your party.
Love you.

CASEY (V.O.)

Love you, too. Oh -- and love to
Mom. 'Bye, Dad.

Richard hangs up, trying to hold onto himself.

84 INT. STAIRWAY IN MICHELE'S APARTMENT - DAY

84

Carrying the Samsonite, now held together with three ties
haphazardly binding it, Richard arrives on the sixth-floor
landing. He's about to ring Michele's doorbell when he
hears VOICES from within her apartment. He puts his ear
to the door.

MAN (O.S.)

We're trying to help you stay out
of trouble. Understand?

MICHELE (O.S.)

I understand.

MAN (O.S.)

Sit down. Over there.

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

MICHELE (O.S.)

Please don't hurt me.

SECOND MAN (O.S.)

I said. Sit down!

There's the sound of a SLAP. MICHELE CRIES out. They've now shifted positions in the room and Richard can only hear a quiet question being posed. He decides to head for the window. Richard climbs out onto the roof, suitcase still clutched in hand.

85

EXT. ROOF - DAY

85

Suffering from lack of sleep, Richard's sense of balance is impaired. The suitcase makes his climb along the roof particularly difficult and occasionally grotesque. He halts, sweating. The hard part of the climb Michele had made earlier is ahead of him. Starting to move again he slips and nearly loses the suitcase. He's now even more precariously balanced, but he won't let go of the case... it's almost as if he's got his wife in his hand.

Inching along now, one of the ties on the suitcase hooks onto bars of a mansard window. He tries to yank it free. The suitcase opens and its contents begin to spill across the roof. Some of the heavier objects -- the makeup kit, the Statue of Liberty, the carton of cigarettes -- lodge in the rain gutter. Some clothes topple all the way to the courtyard below. A few items flutter and stick on the roof. Several things remain in the case.

Hanging onto a television antenna, Richard makes an attempt to retrieve some of the items, scrambling as far as he's able down the roof. Very carefully he kicks off his shoes, hoping for better traction, and watches them slide down the roof into the courtyard. Dizzy, almost losing his grasp on the antenna and falling, he's able to retrieve a few things and put them back in the suitcase.

Realizing he won't make it as long as he's lugging the suitcase, Richard aims it, lets go and watches it slide partway down the roof, successfully wedging itself against a chimney.

He continues inching along. When he makes his way to Michele's bathroom window, he grabs onto it as if it were a lifebuoy.

86

INT. BATHROOM/LIVING ROOM - DAY

86

Silently, Richard enters the bathroom, still shaky. Through the slightly-open door, he sees a young, well-built, neat-looking MAN dressed in a brown leather jacket -- with a conspicuous dark stain on it -- like something from spilt coffee.

Michele, wearing a bathrobe, sits on a chair in the middle of the room. We cannot see the second man talking to Michele in a quiet, reassuring voice.

MAN (O.S.)

Once again. Where is it?

The MAN IN LEATHER gives a hard kick to a chair. Michele jumps.

MICHELE

Je vous l'ai dit. Dans ma valise.

*

MAN (O.S.)

Ou dans ta valise?

*

*

MICHELE

I don't know.

The Man In Leather slaps her hard a couple of times. The SECOND MAN enters into sight. He's fairly fat and wearing a tweed jacket.

MAN IN TWEED (SECOND MAN)

(to Man In Leather)

They don't teach you to talk to a young girl, do they?

(in French, to Michele)

Il est un peu fou. Il est reste trop longtemps en Amerique!

MAN IN LEATHER

Keep it in English, and cut the good-cop-bad-cop shit. There's no time for it.

The Man In Tweed shrugs. To Michele:

MAN IN TWEED

Come on now. We're French, we understand each other, don't we?

(indicating Man In Leather)

Trust us. We don't go around cutting throats. We are no bandits. We are just not these kind of people!

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

He laughs and gives the Man In Leather a playful tap. The Man In Leather tries for an intime style ill suited to his temper.

MAN IN LEATHER

We can protect you. Show us a little good will, we'll show you godd will, okay?

MICHELE

Okay.

MAN IN LEATHER

At the airport in San Francisco some blond guy came up to you. Kissed you on both cheeks. What did he say?

MICHELE

Bon voyage.

The Man In Tweed is not impressed with this line of questioning and the Man In Leather knows it.

MAN IN LEATHER

Okay. Okay. Then he gave you something.

MAN IN TWEED

She already told you! He gave her the statue and she put it in the suitcase.

MAN IN LEATHER

Okay, he gave you the Statue of Liberty. You put it in your suitcase.

MICHELE

Yes.

MAN IN LEATHER

And then?

86A

RICHARD

86A

has already turned around. Looking through the bathroom window he can see it sitting up in the storm drain. He makes a slight movement, loses his balance and jars the shower curtain.

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

(to Man In Leather)

Check the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

MAN IN LEATHER (O.S.)

I did.

Richard gives one last desperate glance out the window at the statue, then carefully opens the other door out of the bathroom to the bedroom.

86B INT. BEDROOM - DAY

86B

He stands in front of Michele's rumpled bed with its piling of pillows and stuffed animals. He begins to take off his clothes. As he does:

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

So, what did you do then?

*

MICHELE (O.S.)

I got on the plane.

MAN IN LEATHER (O.S.)

Okay, okay -- in Paris what did you do?

MICHELE (O.S.)

I put it in the locker at La Gare du Nord.

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

And the key to the locker?

MICHELE (O.S.)

I left it in the phone booth with chewing gum under the shelf.

*

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

Who gave you the instructions?

MICHELE (O.S.)

(crying out)

Dede Martin.

*

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

Who else?

*

*

MICHELE (O.S.)

Nobody else. Just Dede, he is a friend of mine.

*

*

*

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

He was.

*

*

MICHELE (O.S.)

He was.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

86B

CONTINUED:

86B

MAN IN TWEED (O.S.)

So, you left the statue in the
locker.

MICHELE (O.S.)

(crying out in
frustration)

The suitcase!

MAN IN LEATHER (O.S.)

The suitcase?

MICHELE (O.S.)

I'm supposed to leave the statue,
but I saw him at the station and
got panicked -- I recognized him
from the plane.

Richard is down to his shorts and peers out to catch a
glimpse of Michele with her interrogators.

MAN IN LEATHER

Bullshit, the plane was packed,
she didn't even know where I was
sitting.

MICHELE

I saw the stewardess spill coffee
on you.

(to the Man In
Tweed)

He has a bad temper.

Both men look to the stain on the Man in Leather's
jacket.

MAN IN TWEED

(with a raised
eyebrow to Man
in Leather)

Yes he does. So you saw him at
the station.

MICHELE

Yes. Just by the lockers.

MAN IN TWEED

(an arm on her
shoulder)

So, you panicked.

MICHELE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

86B

CONTINUED: (2)

86B *

MAN IN TWEED

And?

MICHELE

And I throw the whole suitcase in
the locker.

MAN IN TWEED

-- With the statue?

MICHELE

No, just the suitcase.

MAN IN LEATHER

So you took the statue out!

MICHELE

No, it wasn't there.

MAN IN TWEED

Where was it?

MICHELE

In another suitcase!

MAN IN LEATHER

What is this crap! What other
suitcase? You think we're idiots?

MICHELE

I don't, I don't.

MAN IN TWEED

Then where is this other suitcase?

MICHELE

I don't know!

This time the Man in Tweed nods and Michele knows it's
coming.

MICHELE

(after the slap)

I don't know!

MAN IN TWEED

Once again --

Michele shakes her head.

MICHELE

Please don't --

A harder slap.

(CONTINUED)

86B CONTINUED: (3)

86B *

MICHELE
(sobbing)
No!

MAN IN LEATHER
Who has it?

RICHARD (O.S.)
(froggy with sleep)
Honey, huuney, honey, where are
you?

The Man In Leather looks momentarily paralyzed with shock. He and the Man In Tweed race toward the bedroom followed by Michele.

86C OMITTED

86C *

87 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

87

They find Richard lounging under the covers half-buried between a mound of pillows and stuffed animals. The Man In Leather is mortified.

MAN IN TWEED
(furious)
You checked the bedroom too, I
suppose?
(to Michele)
Who is he?

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED:

87

MICHELE

(trying to be cool)

Well, you know...

RICHARD

(sitting up slowly)

I woke up and you were gone...

Come here. Come here.

Richard pats the bed. Michele comes. She sits.

*

RICHARD

I missed you.

MICHELE

I am sorry.

He puts his arms around her.

RICHARD

And those guys were making a lot
of noise.

MAN IN LEATHER

Who are you?

Richard gives Michele a peck.

RICHARD

Are these guys friends of yours,
honey?

MICHELE

Not exactly.

RICHARD

Well then what the fuck are we
talking about?He rises out of the bed standing on it momentarily looking
huge and a little threatening despite being in his shorts.

MAN IN TWEED

Now take it easy. There's been
some mistake here --

(to Man In Leather)

-- He's American and he may be
crazy.

RICHARD

(off the bed)

You're telling me there's been
a mistake. I'm telling you...

(CONTINUED)

87

CONTINUED: (2)

87

MAN IN LEATHER

Yes, yes of course. We were just asking the young lady a question or two.

RICHARD

You're not asking her jackshit. You hear me, man? I haven't got all day. Haul ass.

The Man In Leather is one of those tight asses who can't take pressure without responding in kind.

MAN IN LEATHER

I'll go on my own time.

RICHARD

(shoving him)

You'll go now.

He pushes the Man In Leather with surprising force knocking him into the dresser behind him where bric-a-brac go flying -- and the cold cup of instant coffee Richard had left earlier splatters all over the leather jacket practically on top of the first coffee stain. The Man In Leather reacts like he's been shot. He's beside himself. Richard is amused.

*

RICHARD

Hey -- you don't want to mess with me. I'm an American citizen.

*

*

Richard doesn't see it coming. He's blindsided by one powerful punch and the second one takes him out. He collapses in a heap on the floor.

88

EXT. STATUE OF LIBERTY - DAY

88

We see the Statue of Liberty upside down, with clouds drifting by behind it. We hear the sound of LOUD ROCK MUSIC.

89

INT./EXT. HOUSEBOAT - BEDROOM - DAY

89

We discover the statue is seen through a window from Richard's POV, lying on a bed. He raises up on one elbow not quite believing what he's seeing. Still a bit out of it, he sees that the Statue of Liberty stands at the end of an island on a background of high-rise buildings overlooking the Seine.

(CONTINUED)

89

CONTINUED:

89

This realization comes to him with musical accompaniment from the rock band in the houseboat living room... NICOLE, the black owner, comes into the bedroom on her way to the bathroom with a perfunctory "Bonjour."

RICHARD

Who are you?

NICOLE

Nicole. Who are you?

She barely shuts the bathroom door. Richard bolts out of the bedroom.

89A

INT. HOUSEBOAT LIVING ROOM - DAY

89A

The rock band is rehearsing -- little riffs which they interrupt from time to time.

RICHARD

Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me
-- where am I?

One of the GUITARISTS points with some amusement out the window at the river.

GUITARIST

Sur la Seine.

RICHARD

(not amused)

Thanks. Have you seen Michele?
Michele -- Do you know a Michele?

The Guitarist finally points in the direction of the kitchen. Richard hurries round the corner and finds Michele, only partially dressed and on the phone. She waves to Richard, pours him coffee, but remains absorbed on the phone.

RICHARD

How the hell did I get here?

MICHELE

(cupping hands
over phone)

My friends take you...

(to the phone)

... Ah out. Elle a rappele?
Quand?

Richard looks out the window.

(CONTINUED)

89A CONTINUED:

89A

RICHARD

The statue...

MICHELE

Schhh!

RICHARD

It's on the roof at your place.
We've got to go.

MICHELE

(to phone)

A quelle heure va rappeler Madame
Walker?

Michele gets the information.

RICHARD

Sondra? My wife?

Michele nods.

RICHARD

Wait! Don't hang up.

MICHELE

(hanging up)

It's the hotel. She call twice
before. She'll call again in
half an hour -- finish your coffee.
I bring you there in ten minutes.

She heads out of the kitchen to dress, pausing in the
doorway.

MICHELE

You know you must put on your
clothes -- but you look better
like this.

And she's gone.

90
&
91

OMITTED

90
&
91

92

EXT. QUAI IN FRONT OF BARGE - DAY

92

Michele's VW is parked on the quai in front of the house-
boat which is moored, along with a number of others, in
the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Richard, now wear-
ing no shoes, and Michele walk down the gangplank, get
into the car and drive away.

93 EXT. GRAND HOTEL - DAY

93

Michele and Richard run into the hotel. The doorman and several guests stare at the odd couple and Richard's bare feet.

94 INT. SUITE - DAY

94

The room has been cleaned up. Richard paces nervously, looking at his watch which reads 1:05. Michele watches him closely.

RICHARD
Could we have missed her?

MICHELE
No.

RICHARD
(almost plaintive)
You sure?

(CONTINUED)

MICHELE

I am sure. She will call.

Richard goes back to pacing -- catches Michele furtively biting a nail. She sees him watching, quickly takes her hand out of her mouth. He's visibly touched. The PHONE RINGS. Richard jumps over Michele to get it.

RICHARD

Hello!

On the other end of the line, it is a man's voice, speaking English with a heavy accent.

MAN (V.O.)

Where is it?

RICHARD

Where is my wife?

There is a long silence and Richard is not sure that he's not been cut off, then Sondra's voice comes on.

SONDRA (V.O.)

(shakily)

Hello...

RICHARD

(cheerfully)

Hi, honey.

SONDRA (V.O.)

(cracking up)

Oh, Wal - ker!...

RICHARD

I'm right here, now don't you worry about those bozos, are you?

MAN (V.O.)

All right, you talked to her.

RICHARD

Please, just don't... frighten her, don't make her scared.

MAN (V.O.)

Don't worry. She's a bit tired.

RICHARD

I've got what you want, I'll do what you say.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (2)

94

MAN (V.O.)
 Metro Ternes, direction Porte
 Dauphine. Bring the statue,
 Johnnie.

RICHARD
 (looking at Michele)
 Metro Ternes, direction Porte
 Dauphine.

Michele nods she knows the place.

RICHARD
 With the statue. When?

MAN (V.O.)
 Now. Oh, and, Johnnie, don't be
 stupid. Or else the beautiful
 Mrs. Walker goes bye-bye...

The PHONE is HUNG UP.

95 EXT. MICHELE'S APARTMENT - ROOF - DAY

95

Richard and Michele climb out of the window. Richard is now steadier on the roof as they climb to a spot above the statue in the rain gutter.

He grabs onto a TV antenna with one hand and with the other holds Michele's wrist, as she, with the tip of her shoe, nudges the statue along the gutter, finally managing to wedge it against the corner. She tries to raise it upright, inch-by-inch, then reaches out with her hand to try and grab it. But it is just out of reach, and as she lunges for it, she knocks it off the roof. She slips. Richard grabs her tightly.

We hear the sound of the STATUE HITTING the COURTYARD.

96 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

96

Next to the garbage cans, Richard and Michele pick up the pieces of the broken Statue of Liberty. Inside the largest piece there is a black cylindrical object. Richard removes it. It is a sort of metallic cathode tube with the name KRYTRON and the letters RP+T KRP 61 written on it.

MICHELE
 What is that?

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

RICHARD

I don't know. It's got a radiation sign.

Richard puts the tube back inside the statue and does his best to fit the two pieces together, a rough fit.

RICHARD

You got some tape?

97

INT. METRO TERNES - DAY

97

Richard and Michele wait on the platform of the Ternes station, direction Porte Dauphine, as a metro rolls to a stop. Passengers get on and off. Richard carries the statue under his coat, as they look all around the station for some sign of what they are supposed to do. The station empties except for a man on the opposite platform, who sits and reads a newspaper. Richard checks his watch. He smiles grimly.

MICHELE

What is it?

RICHARD

I just missed my speech to the convention.

They wait. She watches him.

MICHELE

'Ow your wife call you?

RICHARD

What do you mean?

MICHELE

When you talk, 'ow does she call you? Richard?

*

RICHARD

Richard? Only if she's pissed.

MICHELE

... 'peesed'?

RICHARD

Mad, angry.

MICHELE

-- Oh -- When she is not 'peesed,' then 'ow, honey, baby, sweetheart?

(CONTINUED)

97

CONTINUED:

97

RICHARD

Why do you want to know?

MICHELE

I am curious.

RICHARD

Walker.

MICHELE

Walker? That's your last name.

All of a sudden Michele freezes, staring over his shoulder.

MICHELE

He called you Johnnie.

*

RICHARD

Yes.

She points to the wall behind him. Richard turns around. There's a poster advertising Johnnie Walker. They take a closer look. In red magic marker on the ad are the words: DOCTOR YELLOW LEVEL BEAUBOURG PARKING. Another train rolls into the station.

RICHARD

Beaubourg parking?

MICHELE

I know what it is. Get in.

She pushes him into the train, which enters the tunnel and fades away.

98

EXT. STREET - DAY

98

The street is closed to traffic. Richard and Michele head to Beaubourg through the crowds of strollers.

99

INT. CAR PARK STAIRCASE - DAY

99

Richard and Michele walk down the steps leading to the different levels of the Beaubourg car park. They arrive in front of a yellow fire door. Richard opens the door.

100

INT. CAR PARK - DAY

100

The enormous garage yawns emptily in front of them. Richard looks around. Then, to Michele:

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I can handle this myself. You don't have to stick around, you know.

MICHELE

They owe me ten thousand francs.
I owe you five thousand francs.

RICHARD

You don't owe me anything.

MICHELE

I want to meet sondra.

Richard looks at her, then pulls out the statue, now wrapped in tape, from under his coat, and hands it to her.

RICHARD

Wait over there.

He points out a pillar.

RICHARD

And don't move till I tell you, okay?

MICHELE

Okay... Walker, she calls you that when she likes you?

RICHARD

Yeah.

Carefully they advance into the parking structure. As they do:

MICHELE

(trying it out)

Walker. Walker, ohh, Walker -- I understand. It's nice...

(as they're about to

separate, she grabs

his hand and whispers)

... Merde! In French it is good luck to say 'merde.' You are not supposed to answer.

He hugs her a little awkwardly, then makes his way through the parked cars.

Richard stands in the middle of the parking area, alone, waiting. After a while, headlights sweep over the concrete -- a blue BMW is coming down the ramp.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

Richard backs up into the shadows as the BMW advances slowly, followed at a distance by an Audi. The BMW license plate reads 1068 PD 75. There are three people in the car, barely distinguishable, two in the front seat, one in the back. The headlights turn off. In the dim light, Richard now sees Sondra in the passenger seat. The headlights die. He rushes up and grabs the door handle: it is locked. He puts his hands on the window, and virtually tries to kiss and embrace her through the window. She turns her haggard face towards him and speaks, but he cannot hear her. The driver is dark-skinned, just like the man in the back seat, HAMOU: tall, dark, with a mustache. The back window lowers. Hamou smiles and holds out his hand.

HAMOU

Lady Liberty.

RICHARD

Let her out first.

Hamou grabs Sondra by the hair and puts a knife to her throat.

RICHARD

Okay, okay, okay. I'm going to call the girl.

Richard looks back towards the pillars where Michele is hiding.

RICHARD

Michele!

Hamou and the driver turn back anxiously. The sight of Michele coming out of the shadows calms them; she is holding the statue above her head with two hands. She advances a few steps, then stops.

MICHELE

First, tell them to let her out of the car and give me my bread.

RICHARD

Just bring it here. Give them what they want.

Michele steps further towards the BMW. Behind her, two silhouettes loom in the darkness: it is the two men who questioned Michele at her apartment. Shocked, Richard tries to yell, can't quite get it out.

RICHARD

Uh... Uh... Jesus, watch out! Michele!

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (3)

100

The Man In Tweed grabs Michele. She struggles and manages to throw the statue towards Richard, but it falls to the ground and shatters once again. A GUN is FIRED from the Audi at the Man In Leather, who grabs his elbow. The Man In Tweed releases Michele, draws his pistol and goes for cover behind a pillar, as the Man In Leather RETURNS the FIRE. Michele puts her hands over her ears; the sound is deafening. The wheels of the BMW spin as it takes off. Richard picks up the piece of the statue with the Krytron, and takes a few running steps in pursuit of the BMW as the GUN BATTLE rages behind him. He holds the statue out.

RICHARD

Take it! Take it! Let her go!
Let her go!

The BMW disappears up the ramp, TIRES SQUEALING around the turns. The Audi, still the target of FIRE, begins to follow the BMW. The right, back WINDOW is SHOT OUT, then the back window. Michele comes up to Richard. The driver of the Audi is dead, but the car still rolls until it wedges itself against a wall on the driver's side. The Man In Tweed starts running after the car while the Man In Leather pulls out a walkie-talkie and starts yelling into it. Richard jumps into the front seat. The corpse is of the same Mediterranean type as the men in the BMW, dark skin, mustache. The head is against the steering wheel, making the HORN BLOW. Richard pushes the corpse as far over as he can and gets the car going. He motions frantically for Michele who dives through the back window onto the back seat as the car drives off, with the two men hot in pursuit. They stretch their arms out to try and grab the Audi, but can not catch up. Michele sticks her tongue out at them. She yells.

MICHELE

Assholes.

The Audi disappears up the ramp.

101 INT. GARAGE TOLL BOOTH - DAY

101

The toll gate lies smashed to pieces on the ground. The bewildered cashier has stepped out of his booth, and is looking up the ramp towards the exit. He has to jump aside as Richard almost runs him over.

102 EXT./INT. AUDI/STREET - DAY

102

Holding the bloodstained wheel, Richard does his best to drive from the passenger seat, with the corpse of the driver still in the seat next to him, squeezed against the door, the head leaning on Richard's shoulder. In the back seat is a pale Michele.

103 EXT./INT. AUDI/RUE DU RENARD - DAY

103

Richard looks for a place to abandon the car. Michele leans over from the back seat, and, making believe that she is helping reposition the corpse, removes a wallet from the dead man's breast pocket. She puts the wallet in her bag. Richard concentrates on his driving.

104 INT./EXT. AUDI/RUE DE RIVOLI - DAY

104

Richard manages to park the Audi on the busy Rue de Rivoli. Pedestrians and cars pass by without noticing anything unusual. Richard and Michele start to get out of the Audi but Richard hesitates, looks down at the corpse, which has tumbled across the front seat. Richard bends down to the body, touches his carotid artery.

MICHELE

Come on!

Richard begins giving the body a pounding heart massage. A crowd starts to gather. After a few hits, blood comes out of the man's mouth. Richard stops massaging, opens the man's eye, looks into his pupil. He turns away. Michele tugs at him. Richard glances down at the corpse and lets Michele pull him through the crowd. They walk quickly away.

105 INT. CAFE - PHONE BOOTH - DAY

105

Richard is on the phone, holding the Krytron in his hand.

RICHARD

She was in a blue B.M.W. license number 1068 PD 92. She had a knife at her throat -- hello, have you heard anything I've said?

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

'She had a knife at her throat'
... yes, go on...

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

RICHARD

Go on? Where to, godammit? My wife's being held for ransom!

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Yes, yes. I've got that too, Doctor. They wanted this electronic gizmo from the broken statue.

RICHARD

The Krytron!

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Whatever. Now how about this other gang that came along in the Audi?

RICHARD

(beside himself)

Williams, the guy in the Audi was one of them. He's dead. He's in the car on the Rue de Rivoli.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

I'm not really sure what you mean by 'them,' Doctor, excuse me I've got to take this call.

He puts Richard on hold and MUZAK. For a few moments Richard is treated to the song from the Moulin Rouge. Then:

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Sorry, Doctor. What number did you say you were calling from?

RICHARD

How would I know? It's a cafe -- the Paris Midi.

WILLIAMS (V.O.)

How do you spell that?

RICHARD

With an 's' for shithead.

He slams down the phone.

106 INT. REAR OF CAFE - DAY

106

There are few patrons in the cafe. Michele sits smoking in a raised booth at the back, with two coffees in front of her.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

She looks anxiously toward the rest room door. When she sees Richard come out, she's relieved. He appears to be smiling.

MICHELE

Everything it's all right?

RICHARD

They wouldn't know and they don't care...

He sits, puts the Krytron on the table, picks up his coffee cup and starts to drink:

RICHARD

She looked drugged, you know? I mean drugged like she could barely move, it's so hard to see Sondra looking like that, normally she is so expressive.

Richard is suddenly crying. He sets down his coffee.

RICHARD

Michele, I'm stuck, honey. I don't know what else to do, I don't know where else to go...

Michele puts her arms around Richard while he sobs quietly.

MICHELE

(hugging him)

Don't worry, we'll get her back, we'll get her back, please, just tell me what to do...

Richard looks at her. Pulling himself together:

RICHARD

Order us some more coffee. I'll clean up.

MICHELE

You want a sandwich?

RICHARD

No.

MICHELE

Have a sandwich.

RICHARD

Okay.

107 INT. REST ROOM - DAY

107

Richard washes his bloody hands in the sink and looks at himself in the mirror. With his unshaven face, feverish eyes and no tie, he looks like an escapee from a mental asylum.

108 INT. CAFE - DAY

108

Richard returns, looking more composed. Michele is wolfing down a sandwich and going through the contents of the wallet she lifted off the dead man. As Richard sits down:

MICHELE

Those guys are supposed to be loaded. Look at this! 200 francs!

She spreads out the contents of the wallet on the table: credit cards, business cards, a checkbook, a driver's license.

RICHARD

What's that?

MICHELE

His wallet?

RICHARD

Whose wallet?

MICHELE

The dead guy.

RICHARD

You took his wallet?

MICHELE

I wasn't supposed to?

RICHARD

No, no, yes. Sure. Here, let me see.

He puts on his glasses and feverishly examines the various items. He looks at the driver's license.

RICHARD

Born in Cyprus.

Michele has fished out a colored business card.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELE

Look at this.

She shows it to Richard. There is a name written on it: A TOUCH OF CLASS. It is also written in Arabic -- along with the address, 139 rue Bousier 75015 Paris.

MICHELE

It's a night club.

RICHARD

You know it?

MICHELE

Sure, it's for old jerks and really square. It's full of rich Arabs -- Greeks too.

RICHARD

You've been there?

MICHELE

Once, Dede Martin took me.

He takes the wallet and begins to stuff its contents back in. He puts the wallet in his breast pocket, then snaps his fingers to get the waiter's attention.

Just then, American Officer Williams and Security Officer Shaap from the embassy come up behind him. Shaap wears a jogging suit. Richard's surprised, not at all happy to see them. The two men sit down, a bit too friendly to seem sincere.

WILLIAMS

I have to admit, it looks like you were right, Dr. Walker.

RICHARD

What about?

WILLIAMS

(to Shaap indicating Michele)

Uh... Doug?

RICHARD

Don't worry about Michele. She knows more about this than you do. Now, who has my wife?

SHAAP

We believe they're Arabs.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Now that's news.

SHAAP

We're playing catch-up ball here, Doctor. All we know is they're Arab agents.

(glancing around to
make sure they won't
be heard)

Have you ever heard of Krytron, Doctor?

RICHARD

No.

WILLIAMS

I must admit, neither had I.

SHAAP

(going on)

They're...

(indicating device)

... it's an electronic switch.
A miniature high performance
switch capable of withstanding
severe shock and vibration.

RICHARD

What's it do?

SHAAP

It's used in missile separation
and for triggering the detonation
of nuclear devices.

Richard reaches for the Krytron. His fingers close around it as the conversation continues.

RICHARD

This thing sets off atomic bombs?

WILLIAMS

That's what they are after.

(after a pause)

It was stolen from the
manufacturer.

SHAAP

We're extremely, uh, lucky it's
fallen into the hands of an
American citizen.

(CONTINUED)

MICHELE

Merde. I should have asked for
20,000 francs at least.

RICHARD

What about the two guys in
Michele's apartment?

WILLIAMS

Probably on our side.

RICHARD

Our side?

WILLIAMS

We're doing everything we can for
your wife, Dr. Walker. We're
putting a lot of pressure on the
French Minister of Interior.

SHAAP

(chiming in)

We've also brought Interpol into
this. I've already sent a telex
off to the State Department.

Both Williams and Shaap increasingly have eyes only for
the Krytron on the table top.

WILLIAMS

Obviously, priority one is to get
this...

(he points to the
device)

... to a safe location.

RICHARD

And where might that be?

SHAAP

At the embassy.

RICHARD

(indicating Krytron)

This is Sondra's life.

SHAAP

The device doesn't belong to you,
Dr. Walker.

RICHARD

It doesn't belong to you, either.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (4)

108

MICHELE

It belongs to me. I brought it
over.

Quick as lightning she grabs the Krytron. Anticipating,
Shaap grabs her wrist.

RICHARD

Let her go!

He comes to Michele's rescue, trying to loosen Shaap's
grip. Williams joins in, and the four battle furiously,
silently, until the Krytron is knocked to the floor and
rolls under the table.

109 INT. UNDER CAFE TABLE - DAY

109

The four struggle to take possession of the Krytron.
Michele reaches into her handbag and pulls out the mace,
spraying liberally under the table. All three men are
immobilized by the gas. Michele picks up the Krytron
and helps Richard get up. She steers him quickly toward
the cafe exit.

110 EXT. STREET - DAY

110

Completely blinded by the mace, Richard allows himself to
be pulled down the street.

111 INT. HOUSEBOAT KITCHEN AREA - DAY

111

Michele, by the kitchen sink, cleans the mace out of
Richard's eyes with Visine. Richard is seated, his eyes
are closed and still watery. The singer has begun to get
ready for the nightly gig. The band is packing up.
Nicole pops her head out of the bedroom and shouts to
Michele to put water on for coffee.

MICHELE

How do they feel now?

RICHARD

(obviously they don't)
Wonderful. It takes a while.
Mace can have long-term effects.

MICHELE

(dabbing at him)
Walker, you are always the doctor.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

RICHARD

Am I?

MICHELE

Certainly. Am I a nurse?

She finishes. His eyes are open. She is nose to nose with him.

RICHARD

Sure. Listen, you get any closer and my eyes are going to cross. Where is this nightclub?

MICHELE

Rue Bousier. Don't worry. I take you there. I must, I have made you helpless.

She laughs and heads to fill the teapot with water.

MICHELE

I think I will ask for more money.

Despite his wooziness and blurry eyes, Richard reaches out and swiftly grabs Michele.

RICHARD

Don't do it.

MICHELE

They won't hurt Sondra because I ask for money.

RICHARD

They might hurt you.

She looks at him a moment then breaks away.

MICHELE

I have to make coffee.

111A INT. BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

111A

Richard is on the bed, ditching the Krytron under the side of the mattress closest to the wall. Michele is glimpsed in the bathroom doorway.

MICHELE

Does it make a difference what I wear?

(CONTINUED)

111A CONTINUED:

111A

RICHARD

Oh hell, you've been there, you'd
know better than I would.

Michele walks into the bedroom. She's pulled herself
together, is wearing makeup and is kind of a knockout.

MICHELE

This, it's all right?

RICHARD

Well, yeah.
(he means it)
It's nice to see you... look nice.
All set?

MICHELE

I must put on my shoes.
(putting on one)
You know, Walker, when we first
meet, it is not evident I might
like you.

She's put one on.

RICHARD

I know.

She holds his arm to steady herself as she puts the other
one on.

MICHELE

... But what you feel at first...
is not always a real truth. I am
ready.

112 INT./EXT. VW/STREET - "A TOUCH OF CLASS" - NIGHT

112

Richard and Michele are in the VW. The car stops near
the blue BMW. We see the license plate: 1068 PD 75.
Further down the block, we see the neon sign of a night
club: "A TOUCH OF CLASS."

113 INT. "A TOUCH OF CLASS" NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

113

A Touch of Class is a discotheque and restaurant
attracting a fairly well-to-do Middle Eastern clientele.
Richard and Michele enters as if into the mouth of a
lion. Despite his ragged appearance, Richard retains an
imposing presence: he exudes authority.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

The maitre d' leads Michele and Richard to a table. They sit down. The WAITER comes to take their order.

WAITER

Vous desirez?

Richard removes a credit card from the wallet of the dead man, and holds it out to the Waiter.

RICHARD

First I want to know if you take this card.

WAITER

Of course. American Express.

RICHARD

Go and ask.

WAITER

No problem, I assure you.

RICHARD

Do me a favor. I insist.

Richard gives him the card, then follows him with his gaze as he walks away.

MICHELE

This music makes me sick.

She gets up and walks over to the DJ. Richard looks around him. At the table next to him, three Tunisian couples are seated. One of the men, Dr. METLAOUI, slim, with glasses and mustache, turns back and notices Richard.

METLAOUI

I'll be damned!

Richard does not recognize the man. He frowns. Metlaoui persists and introduces himself.

METLAOUI

Doctor Metlaoui, Cairo cardiology convention, 1981. You remember?

RICHARD

Oh sure. Well, I...

Metlaoui turns to his companions to sing Richard's praise.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

METLAOUI

This is him. This is Doctor
Richard Walker.

(to Richard)

We were all waiting for your
lecture today.

(to his table)

He's the one who does all that
replacement of aortic valves with
pig valves.

(to Richard)

That wouldn't catch on in our part
of the world, if you know what I
mean.

He laughs hysterically.

His exuberance embarrasses Richard.

METLAOUI

Let me introduce you: Doctor
Allouf, Doctor Bouzid and
Professor Cherif from the Clinique
des Oliviers. The best surgeon in
Tunisia...

Seeing Richard's morose expression, Metlaoui leans back
on his chair and puts his face close to Richard's. He
speaks more softly.

METLAOUI

What happened? Did you have some
problem? Or did you have too much
champagne, like us?

He laughs again.

He taps Richard on the shoulder to encourage the confes-
sion. The MUSIC of Grace Jones comes over the SOUND
SYSTEM as Michele comes back to the table. Michele,
sizing up the situation, comes to Richard's rescue.

MICHELE

We dance?

METLAOUI

(to his companions)

I see: Cherchez la Femme. Ha
ha.

Richard gets up, nods to the next table and goes out on
to the dance floor. He and Michele are mysteriously
united by the undefined sensuality and danger.

(CONTINUED)

Holding her, Richard can see around them the faces that observe him: the maitre d', the barman, a fellow with the build of a bouncer. Suddenly, Richard perceives someone sitting at their table, motionless, with his back turned to the dance floor. Richard stops dancing and leads Michele back to the table. We recognize Hamou, the man with the mustache from the BMW. Richard and Michele sit at the table. The credit card is lying on the table. Hamou announces in a disquietingly friendly tone.

HAMOU

We take American Express.

RICHARD

I've got something else, too.

He takes the dead man's wallet out of his pocket and puts it on the table.

HAMOU

(taking the wallet)

What a pity. It's most regretted that you were followed.

RICHARD

Oh, I don't know. It could be that you were followed.

HAMOU

I doubt that. My men are trained professionals.

RICHARD

Well, I may be the amateur here but if I want something from your suitcase I take your suitcase. I don't take your wife.

Hamou laughs.

HAMOU

That's a good one, Doctor. But look at it from our side of the coin. We were dealing through a petty drug smuggler, the suitcase in the locker had your wife's name but no statue -- naturally we presumed your wife was the courier and was double-dealing, that she had double-crossed us.

(CONTINUED)

113

CONTINUED: (4)

113

RICHARD

If you hadn't been in such a hurry to slit the petty drug dealer's throat, he might have been able to tell you who was going to deliver the statue.

HAMOU

(shrugs)

We still have your wife, Doctor.

RICHARD

I still have what you want.

HAMOU

Then let me propose another exchange.

RICHARD

Anybody who doesn't take the time to tell the difference between my wife and her luggage shouldn't be trusted with either one -- you'll hear from me how it's gonna be done.

*

HAMOU

Very well -- So everybody is in your hands, Doctor.

114

EXT. SEINE RIVER - HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

114

Darkness covers the city. The Eiffel Tower is lit up in the distance. The barge sits on the placid waters of the Seine.

115

INT./EXT. HOUSEBOAT/SEINE RIVER - NIGHT

115

Richard and Michele are alone on the barge. Michele sleeps balled up on an armchair, with only her shoes off. Richard paces silently, deep in thought. He notices that one of his shoelaces is untied so he places his foot on a loudspeaker and ties it.

At this moment a "bateau mouche" passes by lighting up Richard's face, the whole river, the Ile aux Cygnes and casting a luminous, ghostly aura around the Statue of Liberty, a dazzling sight.

116 INT. HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

116

Richard talks softly on the phone, sitting at a table and signing the second of two five-hundred dollar traveller's checks.

RICHARD

You ready?

HAMOU (V.O.)

Yes.

Richard looks at his watch.

RICHARD

Five A.M. On the bridge. By the Statue of Liberty.

A short silence.

HAMOU (V.O.)

I understand.

Richard hangs up, goes into the bedroom and returns, pocketing the Krytron. He looks at Michele, who is still apparently sleeping. She looks especially innocent and vulnerable. She turns in the armchair and the blanket covering her slips, revealing her crumpled miniskirt and white thighs. Richard carefully sets down the traveller's checks, anchoring them with a lamp at a nearby table. He starts out -- then turns to Michele one last time to put the blanket back in place. For one more moment he looks at her, then leaves.

117 EXT. ISLAND - PONT DE GRENELLE - STATUE OF LIBERTY -
DAWN

117

In the cold, grey dawn, Richard waits alone by the bridge railing. Below him runs the Ile aux Cygnes, a concrete strip of an island. At the tip of the island, fifty yards away, stands the Statue of Liberty. There is almost no traffic. A solitary car comes onto the bridge then passes by: false alarm. There is movement at the end of the bridge. Alertly, Richard turns to the sound of FOOTSTEPS.

Michele appears out of the shadows. Her nose is red and she's angry. She walks up to Richard, takes his traveller's checks and stuffs them into his coat pocket.

MICHELE

You broke your word. You were to keep me with you.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

RICHARD

I'm sorry -- it's dangerous.

She keeps her eyes on him for a long unwavering moment.

MICHELE

I am very cross with you, Walker.

Richard turns to her and after a long moment points to the two buttons undone at the top of her coat.

RICHARD

It's cold.

She does them up, moves to his side.

Out of the battleship gray, we hear, then we see a MOTOR-BOAT with three silhouettes onboard, two men and a woman, Hamou, his henchmen, who drove the BMW, and Sondra. The boat comes up to the tip of the bridge and down the stairway leading to the upstream side of the island. To get to the statue from the bottom of the stairs, they run downstream under the bridge.

118 EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAWN

118

Richard and Michele stop under the bridge, a good distance from the boat. Hamou yells out.

HAMOU

Let's see it.

Richard removes the Krytron from his pocket and holds it up for Hamou to see.

HAMOU

Give it to the girl. She comes alone.

RICHARD

My wife.

Hamou and his Henchman let Sondra climb out of the boat. She begins to walk towards the bridge, as Michele, with the Krytron in hand, advances towards the tip of the island. The two women pass each other halfway. Michele smiles at Sondra who looks worn and confused. As soon as she passes Michele, Sondra races into Richard's arms. They hold each other tight, without a word.

Michele nears the boat as Hamou reaches out his hand to receive the Krytron. Michele pretends that she is going to throw the device into the water.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

MICHELE

Give me my money or I'll throw
this in the river.

Surprised by the unexpected demand, Hamou stutters,
feeling his pockets.

HAMOU

Money? What money... I don't...
I don't have...

Hamou lunges and manages to grab Michele by the ankle so
that she tumbles forward, letting go of the Krytron.
Suddenly, from the top of the bridge, an order is barked
out.

VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze.

Hamou and his Henchman look up. On the bridge they see
the Man in Leather and the Man in Tweed, pointing guns
in their direction.

MAN IN TWEED

The girl brings it up here.

Hamou pulls out his gun and grabs Michele to use her as
a shield, dragging her toward the Statue of Liberty.

Henchman reaches down and pulls up a MACHINE GUN from the
bottom of the boat. He begins to SPRAY the bridge and
runs forward to pick up the Krytron.

The Man in Tweed and the Man in Leather lay flat on
the bridge, well protected, and RETURN the FIRE.

Henchman cries out: he has been hit. He dies with
the Krytron lying in his open hand.

Michele takes advantage of the diversion to get out of
Hamou's hold. She breaks away but he falls on her from
behind and pulls her the last few feet to the base of
the Statue of Liberty -- from where he RETURNS the FIRE
from the bridge. Fragments of the statue fly like
shrapnel.

Walker and Sondra watch from the shadow of the bridge.
Walker looks to the open ground between them and the
statue -- heads out from under the bridge.

SONDRA

(panicked)

Where're you going?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2)

118

RICHARD

It's okay. I've got to --

He quietly slips from the span under the bridge to the edge of the island -- and disappears.

118A EXT. TIP OF ISLAND - DAWN

118A

Michele with Hamou is being crushed under his weight.

HAMOU

All right, where is it? You have it?

MICHELE

Merde -- yes.

HAMOU

On your feet, on your feet.

They attempt to rise. More FIRE.

MICHELE

No -- they will shoot me.

HAMOU

Then they will shoot you. We are going to the boat.

He starts to force her to her feet -- when from behind them both Richard appears and falls on Hamou knocking him away from Michele and into the flower bed at the base of the Statue of Liberty. They struggle with the gun and Hamou breaks away and into the clear, only to be cut down by the GUNFIRE from the bridge.

RICHARD

(to Michele)

Get on the boat.

Michele hesitates.

RICHARD

Get on the boat!

She runs to pick up the Krytron from the open hand of the dead Henchman. SHOTS RING OUT -- from both the bridge and the dying Hamou. Several ROUNDS hit the ground around Michele as she staggers and veers to the bridge where she runs into Sondra in its shadows.

Richard races toward the bridge as well.

118B EXT. UNDER BRIDGE - DAWN

118B

He finds Michele fallen, Sondra kneeling beside her, her arm under Michele. Sondra looks up in shock at her husband.

MICHELE
(to Richard)
I say to her I want to meet her.
(she cries out)
Oh, Walker!... It hurts... it
hurts...

Sondra withdraws her hand and Richard can see the blood. He kneels close to Michele. Sondra watching.

MICHELE
(as he checks her)
Will I be all right?

RICHARD
(desperate; quiet
but desperate)
You'll be fine.

More SHOTS RING OUT. Michele moans and her eyes grow glassy. She slips the Krytron into the pocket of his coat. With a little sigh:

MICHELE
Ne me laisse pas toute seule.

RICHARD
What?

Michele's head falls to the side heavily. Sondra gasps. There's a final BURST of GUNFIRE from the Henchman, who rolls over, inert. Richard takes the pulse from Michele's carotid artery. She is dead. He looks at her as though he'll never take his eyes off her -- then the sound of SHOUTS and RUNNING from the stairway are heard overhead.

The STEPS of the Man in Tweed and the Man in Leather RING as they come down the stairs toward the island. Richard grabs Sondra's hand and dashes toward the boat.

As they step onto the boat the two men appear under the bridge.

Feverishly Richard casts off pushing the boat away from the bank with all his strength. Realizing that they can no longer reach the boat, the Man in Leather and the Man in Tweed head back to the bridge.

119 EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

119

The Man in Tweed and the Man in Leather get into their car, as in the distance Richard is still unable to get the motorboat started. The car speeds off towards the Left Bank and turns downstream in pursuit of the drifting boat.

120 EXT. BOAT - DAWN

120

After many tries, Richard finally manages to get the MOTOR GOING. He turns the boat upstream.

121 EXT. LEFT BANK - DAWN

121

Seeing that the boat has turned around, the Man in Leather and the Man in Tweed try to do the same on the one way street. Blocked by traffic, the car cannot make a U-turn to follow, and is left behind.

122 EXT. RIVER SEINE - SUNRISE

122

In the speeding boat, Richard and Sondra are silent as the first sun rays appear on the river. With the lighting and the beautiful sights the boat ride is a tourist's dream. Except the only thing that matters is getting away.

122A EXT. ILE DE LA CITE - EARLY MORNING

122A

The boat approaches and Richard CUTS DOWN on the THROTTLE. Sondra stands for the first time, huddling into Richard's shoulder.

SONDRA

(very quietly)

Was that the girl with our suitcase?

RICHARD

Yes.

SONDRA

Who was she?

123 EXT. ILE DE LA CITE - EARLY MORNING

123

It is hard for Richard to reply.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

RICHARD
(very slowly)
Her name was Viviane... Dumas --
but she liked Michele.

They have reached the island. Richard is too shaken to say any more. He steps out and holds the mooring line to steady Sondra when he helps her onto the island. She leans into him and he holds her as he tries to hang onto himself -- waiting for the police whose SIRENS FILL THE AIR all along the Seine. He waves once toward them as they approach.

124 INT. TAXI - STREET - MORNING

124

Richard and Sondra sit in the early morning traffic reminiscent of their entrance into the city at the beginning. Richard stares straight ahead. Sondra is watching him. The taxi is stalled in traffic behind another garbage truck. CARS HONK.

SONDRA
What's on your mind? Can you
tell me?

Richard shrugs.

RICHARD
Nothing.

SONDRA
I know you, Walker.

He turns to Sondra.

RICHARD
(quietly)
The last thing she said. It was
in French. I don't know what it
was...

His voice is shaky. He stops talking, sits back in the cab. Sondra stares at him for a long time. Her eyes well up:

SONDRA
She asked you... please not to
leave her alone -- and I'm sure
you never will!...

Sondra suddenly seems terrified. Richard sits up, looks her dead in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

124

CONTINUED:

124

RICHARD

I love you, baby.

Sondra throws her arms gratefully around her husband and leans into him -- gives a little cry of discomfort. Richard looks puzzled.

Richard reaches into his pocket. He pulls out his handkerchief -- and the Krytron. He stares at it as if he were hallucinating.

*

SONDRA

What's that?

RICHARD

Nothin' we need.

Richard rolls down his window and tosses the Krytron into the back of the garbage truck, then rolls up the window.

*

125

EXT. NOTRE DAME - STREET - DAY

125 *

The garbage truck moves out of the way and the taxi starts up again. We see the beautiful facade of Notre Dame. The taxi moves off and disappears in the distance.

THE END

THIS SCRIPT WAS PREPARED
BY WARNER BROS. INC.
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