

"FRENCH CONNECTION II"

Screenplay

by

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version by
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NOTE PAGE

1. In the fire sequence at the Hotel, please be sure to note that it is not, I repeat, not the CHIEF ALGERIAN who is captured -- the Chief Algerian escapes.
2. The Hotel Negre is now the HOTEL DE TANGER.

"FRENCH CONNECTION II"

FADE IN

EXT. PATIO - CHARNIER VILLA - MARSEILLES 1
COASTLINE - MORNING

Out to sea, a small freighter can be seen, of distinctive markings and shape, thumping slowly through the calm, sunlit waters of an intensely blue Mediterranean Ocean.

The pounding of the ship's engines carries clearly on the chilly, still air of early morning all the way back to the patio of the Charnier villa.

There, JACQUES watches the vessel's progress through powerful binoculars. Although elegant and slim in his expensive tweed jacket and black rolltop sweater, there is an underlying sense of toughness in his young, well-bred good looks.

With satisfaction, he hands the glasses to a companion beside him. It is CHARNIER.

Unhurriedly, Charnier adjusts the lenses, and studies the freighter intently.

With an approving nod and a half-smile, he returns the glasses to Jacques and moves back inside the elegant villa.

Jacques hunches his tweed jacket closer, turning up its collar, and continues to observe the freighter's passage through the binoculars...

INT./EXT. RAILWAY STATION - MARSEILLES - DAY 2

The Paris-Marseilles Express -- as the destination boards show -- glides to a halt alongside its allotted platform.

Big nameplates identify the city. A loudspeaker begins booming information in French.

Strong, unrelenting sunshine filters through the high vaulted glass roof of Victorian ironwork which covers the station, making a tracery of light and shade so typical of locales in Southern France.

Amidst scenes of greeting and reunion and cries for porters, DOYLE alights from a second-class coach carrying two large shabby suitcases which he dumps down beside him. He is dressed as he would in New York -- a suit, tie, even a hat -- and looks sweaty, sooty and irritable, as if the journey and its destination are not to his liking. Yet, that indefinable air of explosive energy emanates strongly from him, in the way he unloads the suitcases and peers around aggressively.

A body of PORTERS hurry en masse towards the first-class coaches, one a little behind the rest.

Doyle spies him.

DOYLE
(indicating suitcases)
Porter...!

His accent is atrocious. The PORTER takes one look at Doyle, sees he is definitely not the last of the big tippers, and blandly ignores the call.

Exasperated, Doyle scans the crowds and spots a SECOND PORTER wheeling a light trolley through the groups of passengers.

DOYLE
(bellowing)
PORTER...!

His voice carries over the noise and confusion of arrival, and halts the Second Porter in his tracks.

DOYLE
Hey, you...! That's right.

The Second Porter shrugs, and is about to move off when Doyle, in swift strides, grabs the trolley.

DOYLE
You're free? Right? Taxi.
My bags...

He points again at his suitcase.

The Second Porter releases a stream of incomprehensible French at Doyle, gesticulating constantly towards the luggage van at the end of the train and the trolley.

Stymied, Doyle release the trolley, and the Second Porter strides off huffily.

Cont.

DOYLE

Yeah -- and up yours too!

He gives "the finger" before going back to his bags. Standing over them, he searches for yet another porter with mounting impatience.

THREE BLIND MEN approach him from the rear, shuffling slowly. Each has dark glasses and a white cane, and carry cards around their necks proclaiming them as war blinded: LA GUERRE 1944; LA GUERRE 1943; DIEN BIEN PHU.

They jostle into Doyle, who turns on them explosively.

DOYLE

What the f --

Seeing their handicap, he steps aside contritely, as they apologize profusely and move on.

An instant later, Doyle claps his hand to his hip pocket, finds his wallet missing, and immediately puts two and two together...

DOYLE

Shit! Those free-holes dipped me!

Immediately he lumbers off in pursuit, his suitcases weighing him down.

A semi-comic chase ensues along the platform as Doyle charges after the thieves. His yells and shouts for help go totally unheeded, if understood at all.

Dark glasses, white canes, and pity cards are frantically discarded as the pickpocket team scatters -- two in one direction -- all suddenly able to see perfectly!

Doyle races after the couple, cutting a swathe through the astonished crowds, trampling over luggage and freight, and gaining all the time.

In a last desperate ploy by the fugitives, themselves handicapped by the press of people, Doyle's wallet is thrown down. But he's got the bit between his teeth now. Picking up the billfold, and dumping his bags, he closes on the fleeing pair by a barrier.

He corners them by it, and has them facing the barrier, and handcuffed with his New York bracelets. The noise of the station, and the pandemonium he has created covers the language he pours on the intimidated heads of the prisoners.

Cont.

People look curiously at the strange trio, but don't offer to help.

Panting and dishevelled, streaming with sweat, a wild-eyed Doyle looks around for a gendarme. Naturally none are available. Sourly Doyle turns back to his captives.

Then he relaxes, with a characteristic beady-eyed half-grin.

DOYLE

Yeah...it's work before I book
you bastards...!

The hapless pickpockets look bemused, not understanding a word.

Grabbing the handcuffs chain, Doyle leads them back to his nearby bags, impervious to the stares and comments of passersby.

DOYLE

(indicating bags)
One each. Understandez...?

His threatening look alone is an international language nobody could fail to follow.

Glumly, the erstwhile thieves pick up a suitcase, and Doyle leads them towards a taxi rank in triumphal procession.

EXT. MARSEILLES HARBOR - DAY

3

A Mercedes moves down the quay which parallels the harbor of Marseilles for ten miles like a long finger of stone into the lapping Mediterranean.

The driver is Jacques. Alongside him, the entire panorama of the port city spreads out, baking in hot sunshine, its white rocks suggesting bleached bones...

EXT. DRY DOCKS - MARSEILLES HARBOR - DAY

4

The freighter seen earlier, with its identifiable markings and shape, lies locked inside the dry dock.

Already the giant pumps around the concrete basin have lowered the water level considerably, revealing the Plimsoll marks and painted ballast lines low under its hull

LONGSHOREMEN are busily attaching stanchions and thick supports like telephone poles from the ship to the dockside, to keep the vessel upright once the water has gone.

Cont.

The pumps, the rush of departing water, the harbor noises generally, combine into a sort of bedlam which makes talk almost impossible.

Watching the activity from the balustrade of his bridge, is the FREIGHTER CAPTAIN -- a balding Japanese, in uniform.

He eyes the approach of the Mercedes towards the dry dock without apparent interest. The car parks opposite him. Jacques gets out.

Casually, the Freighter Captain moves to face him, leaning against the bridge. They eye one another.

Jacques tips his finger to his head. Just once. The Freighter Captain nods imperceptibly. Just once. Then smiling thinly, he moves to the other side of the bridge to check the work there.

Without expression, Jacques climbs back into the car, circles around a giant crane, and heads away from the dry dock.

EXT. COURTYARD - POLICE STATION - MARSEILLES
- DAY

5-
7

Big refrigerated trucks are parked inside the tall black iron pointed railings which protect the wide courtyard approach to the police station of Marseilles.

From them, COPS in shirtsleeves are unloading crate after crate of frozen fish and emptying them onto lines of trestle tables erected before the building like a market.

In the aisles, more Cops and PLAINCLOTHESMEN are searching the fish, cutting open bellies, sticking their fingers inside, pulling out the guts still left, and tossing what remains into trash barrels. Others are hammering a part of the catch which is still frozen, or using saws and knives, or dipping the rest into bowls of hot water to thaw them quicker. Dead eyeballs roll everywhere. The stoneflagged ground is slimy with ice and scales.

The tumult is never-ending. Everybody is yelling at everybody. Nobody is liking the messy task, and saying so, wrinkling their faces at the increasing stench in the bright, hot sunshine.

Doyle's taxi halts at the entrance to the courtyard. He gets out, with his reluctant porters, pays off the cab -- the DRIVER grunting at the meager tip -- and looks disapprovingly at the bedlam beyond the railings. The noise hits him like a wave.

He sniffs the air distastefully. The chances of getting his baggage men booked, or even getting anybody to care, appear to be nil.

He points for his cases to be put down. Then, surprising the luckless pickpockets by taking off their handcuffs, he bangs their heads together.

DOYLE

Now git! Go on. Move!

The pair are too stunned, and too scared to either understand or leave.

DOYLE

Move ass when I tell ya...!

He shoves them away. They scuttle off thankfully.

Picking up his suitcases, Doyle enters the courtyard, stepping carefully on the slippery stones.

Four handcuffed FISHERMEN from some seedy boat are being pushed around. They yell at the cops in heavy Moroccan. More fish is becoming unfrozen in an oozing mess.

Doyle tugs at a HARRIED COP.

DOYLE

Fournier...?

The way he says it is rotten, and stumps the harried cop.

DOYLE

Four-nee-er...I'm looking for
him...Jesus! Don't nobody around
here speak English...!?

This time the harried cop gets it, and points toward a corner of the courtyard.

HARRIED COP

Il est la. La-ba.

The group of Fishermen are howling even louder at the waste of their labors.

Doyle moves past the piles. The stench is atrocious. He has got his badge out now, and an official looking piece of paper in his big hands. He barks out the name again, showing his stuff.

Cont.

DOYLE

Fournier. Where is he...?

A GRAY-HAIRED COP hears him and points out FOURNIER.

He's got his shirtsleeves rolled up and his hands deep in a big fish. A couple of plainclothesmen, MILETTO and RAOUL DIRON, are with him, holding a ship's manifest, searching through it.

Only when Doyle has crossed to him and waited a moment, does Fournier look up, his eyes coolly appraising the red-faced beefy New Yorker over the fish heads.

DOYLE

Doyle...

He flashes his badge and papers brusquely.

Fournier inclines his head slightly.

FOURNIER

Harry Fournier...We have been expecting you.

His English is clear but guttural. The emphasis on his first name is slight, but clear too in its hint -- politeness costs nothing.

DOYLE

English. That's a relief.

Ignoring the patronage, Fournier pulls his hand out of the fish's belly and offers it, his eyes never leaving Doyle's.

The hand drips slime, drops falling at Doyle's feet. The affront is clear.

After a quick look down at the fingers, Doyle grasps them firmly, taking the challenge. Fish oil spurts from between their palms before they are released.

DOYLE

(indicating activity)

What's this -- spare-time work?
It's not even Friday...

If Fournier wants to play it tough, so can Doyle, who wipes his hands down his trousers.

Cont.

FOURNIER

Narcotics.

His eyes and tone remain even. Miletto and Raoul bend over their work, wanting no part in the exchange.

DOYLE

In the fish, huh...?

Fournier studies him placidly. Both have raised their voices to be heard.

FOURNIER

Can you suggest elsewhere,
Monsieur Doyle...?

Doyle remains unfazed, and goading.

DOYLE

Sure is a new way of popping shit.
Eating it. Beats mainlining!

Resisting an answer, an enigmatic Fournier indicates his fellow detectives..

FOURNIER

...Detectives Miletto and Diron...
We shall work together...

Deliberately Doyle puts his hands deep in his pockets. The two detectives nod quickly, instead of offering their soiled mitts.

Miletto is the eldest of the three, and accepting of his rut. Raoul is more rugged, suggesting the athlete he had been.

Silently, all three Frenchmen return to searching inside the fish...

Doyle grows restless, already itching for action, but will not ask for it.

DOYLE

I know guys who'd get horny
doing that...

Before Fournier can even daign to reply, VARIOUS POLICEMEN begin coming over to him. They shake their heads, arms hanging bloody up to the elbows. There is nothing in the fish.

With a gesture, Fournier sends them back to search some more. They do so resignedly.

Behind, the Fishermen are still protesting vociferously. A TALL PLAINCLOTHESMAN who is trying to cut through their Moroccan babble, finally gets what they're yelling. He brings them closer.

TALL PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(in French)

They say they don't have anything. That they're not smugglers. They wanted too much money. They say it's a set-up by their competitors because it's the first of April!

Doyle has been straining to follow the machine-gun French.

DOYLE

(to Miletto)

What'd he say...?

MILETTO

It is the first of April.

His accent is very heavy, but understandable. Doyle gives a beady-eyed grin, appreciating the date.

On hearing the news, Fournier has grown grim and tight-lipped. He maintains his composure, however. A look at Raoul brings a shrug. Miletto tried to hide a rueful smile.

Doyle watches the by-play with enjoyment.

Fournier indicates the voluble Fisherman to the Tall Plainclothesman.

FOURNIER

(in French; burning)

Send them and their stinking boat back to Africa. If we see them in Marseilles again, they're finished.

Cont.

He turns to Raoul, indicating the fish.

FOURNIER
(in French)
Get it back in the trucks.
Then they follow us...!

Raoul begins snapping out orders. Everybody starts moving. The Fishermen are led away.

Fournier looks at the piles of fish, and his colleagues up to their ears in it. There's getting to be a snap in his eyes, too. He nods obliquely to Miletto, before moving off, and gestures sharply for Doyle to follow him inside the building.

DOYLE
(to Miletto)
What the hell is going
on...?

MILETTO
(indicating
fish)
This information was a bad
joke. In Marseilles they
stick a fish up your...

He taps his bottom, searching for the word.

DOYLE
(grinning)
...Ass?

Miletto nods, makes a bad noise, showing how it is done.

INT. DETECTIVES' WASHROOM - POLICE STATION -
MARSEILLES - DAY

8

Barthelemy and Doyle are washing the muck from their hands over a central bowl. Policemen, uniformed and otherwise, pass through in a constant stream, cleansing themselves. The toilet thunders regularly like Niagara Falls.

Miletto bustles in and lays a buff folder on a sink in front of Barthelemy.

Barthelemy takes the file. It is marked N.Y.P.D. He starts thumbing through it with wet hands, deliberately provocative. Miletto looks on apprehensively at what is clearly a pre-arranged ploy.

Doyle's eyes narrow when he sees the initials on the folder, and the seal of the City of New York.

BARTHELEMY

Doyle. Forty-two years old.
Nickname: Popeye. Hmmm. Spinach,
no? Pop. Eye.

When he says the name, his manner is bland, and the very blandness provokes Doyle.

DOYLE

What's my file doing in this
shithouse?

BARTHELEMY

I like reading it here.

He looks at the file the way a man might steal a glance at a dirty book. Miletto tries to fade into the brickwork.

BARTHELEMY

Hmmm. Sixty kilos of heroin. A big
arrest, no? Regard, Miletto! We
have an authentique American hero
with us!

Doyle starts to reach for the file; Barthelemy slides it away under his arm. Doyle is outraged.

DOYLE

Where in fuck'd you get that?

BARTHELEMY

Mister Popeye, I was asked to help
you. I did not ask for you to
come here. Naturally, I asked who
you were. I found out.

He pats the file.

BARTHELEMY

After this heroic arrest, the
sixty kilos...it disappeared, no?
Right out of Police Headquarters.
This was... your friends?

DOYLE

My friends are still on the force.

Barthelemy returns to the dossier.

BARTHELEMY

How many men have you killed?

DOYLE

Hey, wait a minute! Wait a fuckin'
minute! Am I being interrogated
here or what? Am I workin' with
you, or am I some kind of a goddam
suspect?

BARTHELEMY

(without apology)

Five people killed. It seems...
quite a lot, no?

DOYLE

I been a New York cop 14 years.
The dope comes outta this town
kills a lot more people than I
ever did.

An anxious Miletto takes the folder from Barthelemy.

MILETTO

(to Doyle)

I show you to your office. This
way, s'il vous plait.

Barthelemy times his moment as Doyle is about to leave.

BARTHELEMY

Two of the dead... policemen, no?

For a very hard beat, they exchange hostile looks.

DOYLE

Just read what it says, Henry.

He turns and leaves. Barthelemy stares at himself in the
mirror, and runs a comb through his hair, smiling.

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - MARSEILLES - 9
DAY

Doyle's office is right next door to the infamous toilet -- a thin slit of a half-partitioned cubbyhole, dimly lit and without a door, or windows.

Miletto shrugs apologetically as the flushed plumbing thunders through the narrow office.

Doyle looks around the pigeonhole acidly.

DOYLE

Beautiful.

He starts opening and closing drawers in the battered desk; a toilet flushes loudly. Barthelemy is suddenly there, watching the suppressed violence of the drawer-slamming.

DOYLE

This is some office ya got me, Henry. In New York, I'd be better off on welfare.

BARTHELEMY

You are... how you say? Homesick? Ah, poor Popeye. Voila! I send for some spinach...

DOYLE

Hey, let's cut the chickenshit right now, Barthelemy. I'd rather be a lamp-post in New York than the President of France. But I gotta job here. I'm gonna find that Charnier and put him away for a long time. Even if you can't. Even if you won't.

Barthelemy claps his hands very slowly, methodically, sarcastically.

BARTHELEMY

Bravo... It is D-Day in Marseilles. The Americans have landed.

And then suddenly, the irony vanishes. Barthelemy is a French cop now, a good one, hard and proud.

BARTHELEMY

But this 'Churnyea' of yours... To begin with, this is certainly not his name. Second, there is absolutely no record of him. Here. In Paris. In the streets.

He is building now.

BARTHELEMY

There is more of a record on you.
And it is not very nice.

(pause)

I must remind you: it was you
who let him escape.

The memory of Charnier's escape seems to humble Doyle.

DOYLE

You don't have to remind me. I
know...

Barthelemy has the upper hand, but he does not rub it in.

BARTHELEMY

Come. I have to work. You come.
But only to see... to observe.
You carry no gun? It is illegal
for foreigners. Even cops.

DOYLE

No. No gun. I go by the book.
You read the file.

BARTHELEMY

That's why I asked.

Doyle's look says: you really are a prick.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANFREDI'S PIZZA RESTAURANT. - MARSEILLES - 10-
DAY 11

Fish cascades over the sidewalk tables and chairs of
Manfredi's Pizza Restaurant, which occupies a big corner
area. Cops are dumping box after box of the thawed and
mutilated food from the trucks which block the narrow
streets each side of the eating place.

Startled customers scatter: some taking advantage of the
raid to vanish without paying; others wrap a fish or two
in newspapers before disappearing. A couple sweep their
plates to the floor and tear up their checks, ready to
claim they ate less than ordered.

Cont.

Doyle sniffs the stink with disgust. It comes not only from the fish. The Panier area is old and decrepit. The buildings lean on each other. Tile roofs are cracking and falling. Unsavory Inhabitants lean over peeling window sills shouting insults at the police.

Manfredi confronts Fournier and his group.

MANFREDI

(in French)

Rats! Pigs! Bastards! What am I going to do with them?

He kicks a fish away viciously.

Doyle looks on, almost genially, relishing the situation.

FOURNIER

(in French; to Manfredi)

It is the first of April for you too!

MANFREDI

(in French)

It was not my joke. I swear it! On my mother's life!

FOURNIER

(in French,
indicating inside)

If she is your mother!

He shoves Manfredi aside and tips his finger to the only person inside the restaurant -- a black hole in the wall, where the cooking is done. She is Manfredi's MOTHER, a mean-looking lump of lard with a noticeable mustache. She glowers bitterly at him from behind the fire.

Fournier takes a table set upright again by Miletto and Raoul. He sits with his back to the streets, motioning Doyle to the chair facing the open street. Raoul and Miletto take chairs too which have their backs to the street. It is done discreetly, smoothly, without obvious significance.

FOURNIER

What would you like, Popeye?

DOYLE

What do you mean -- 'What would I like?' You're going to eat here, after pulling a stunt like that...?

(points outside)

You gotta be crazy. In Harlem, they'd piss in your soup.

FOURNIER

This is Marseilles.

DOYLE

Yeah? No shit. I thought it was Philadelphia!

FOURNIER

The bouillabaisse is very good -- fish soup, you know?

Doyle resigns himself to a meal.

DOYLE

To tell you the truth, the stink of fish makes me puke. Ask the old lady with the mustache for a pizza.

FOURNIER

(in French,
to Mother Manfredi)

Three bouillabaisse, and a pizza for my friend from New York...

The city name is enunciated casually, but very clearly.

DOYLE

And hold the anchovies...

Behind him, MEN are passing fast on the street, snapping their heads to see who is with Fournier.

The fish are still being dumped. No customers are left. Manfredi joins them, deflated, dejected, but still smoldering.

MANFREDI

(in French)

You ruin my business. Why should I tell you things ever again...?

FOURNIER

(in French)

Because if you don't, I'll close this place and kick you onto the street, and tell the 'milieu' who told us things...! Your tips are not at my expense.

Cont.

Doyle's getting pissed, wanted to know what's going on. He taps Miletto's shoulder.

DOYLE

Hey. Remember me? In case you haven't noticed, I don't speak French.

Miletto is too absorbed in the conversation with Manfredi.

MILETTO

Huh?

DOYLE

Right.

Manfredi is swallowing hard, his eyes darting, but Fournier waits, implacably.

MANFREDI

(in French)

My cousin is a water man. They are using a lot of it on Rue Galice.

MILETTO

(to Doyle)

He gives us a tip. The Rue Galice. A lot of water. Y'know, for the refining...

Mother Manfredi throws down the bouillabaisse and the pizza onto the table.

FOURNIER

Bon appetit, Popeye...!

Doyle starts to eat. It tastes reasonable. Then grit crunches in his teeth. Fournier and his colleagues watch him, and don't eat.

DOYLE

What's in this goddam thing?
It tastes like glass!

He picks flashy bits of ground glass out of his mouth.

FOURNIER

It is! That is Marseilles too, you know.

Cont.

He pokes the bouillabaisse. The glass is in there too, glinting. Raoul and Miletto poke at their dishes as well. All have the murderous spicing.

Behind the fire, Mother Manfredi smiles meanly. So much for lunch.

EXT. DRY DOCKS - MARSEILLES - DAY

A-11

The Japanese Captain, looking for all the world like a typical tourist -- lightweight suit, camera, sunglasses -- descends the gangplank of his freighter.

He begins making a telephone call from a pay booth near the gangplank. His freighter can be seen propped upright behind him in the dry dock which is now totally drained. Long-shoremen move busily over the ship...

EXT. TOURIST BOAT - MARSEILLES BAY - DAY

B-11

The Japanese Captain is being taken on a large motor-launch for a sight-seeing trip around the old port of Marseilles.

He sits in the center of the very edge of the stern, away from the awning which covers most of the forward part of the craft.

The rows of other seats before him are completely filled with TOURISTS. Without acknowledgement, Jacques sits beside him, carrying an Air France flight bag.

There is no commentary. No guide. The groups and couples and excited children gaze intently at the varied sights ashore, absorbed in the trip.

From the stern, all the Japanese Captain and Jacques can see are the backs of heads. Nobody is taking the slightest bit of notice of them.

Jacques slips the flight bag from his shoulder, and leaves it beside the Japanese Captain.

Cont.

Lighting a cigarette, Jacques checks those around him carefully. Still nobody glances in his direction. All are taking in the panorama around them -- which is indeed colorful and ever-changing.

Inching the bag slightly towards the Japanese Captain, and making the briefest of eye-contacts, Jacques walks forward, taking a seat under the awning, near the STEERSMAN.

With equal casualness, the Japanese Captain, hitches the flight bag onto his shoulder and sits back to enjoy the rest of the minute voyage. The flight bag fits with the rest of his holiday equipment as though it had always been part of his property.

EXT. RUE GALICE AREA - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

12

The Rue Galice is less a recognizable street than four small cottage-like structures bordering a narrow, ill-kept cul-de-sac. Hugging a slight rise of ground, its open end begins a brief slope which joins the Arab Quarter just below.

There are children playing in the rectangle of sandy ground formed by their houses. People are eating dinner, or drinking. They are sitting on the balconies. There is a YOUNG GIRL, little more than a child, who sits on the balcony of NUMBER TWELVE eating a chicken as she watches people drinking below her.

Ten plainclothesmen, including Raoul and Miletto, are infiltrating the tiny cluster of makeshift abodes like commandos, slipping from shadow to shadow, as they encircle -- NUMBER TWELVE.

Fournier stands in the shadows by the beginning of the little street. Doyle is with him, chewing on a travesty of a hot-dog and burping from it. Both watch the plainclothesmen standing within the cover of the house opposite NUMBER TWELVE. Fournier carries an electric voice amplifier.

The children play on, the people continue to do what they do heed regardless and heedless as to what is gathering about them. The huddle of their homes remain closed against the night.

Cont.

Fournier has signalled that everything is ready for the raid.

FOURNIER

Doyle, you do nothing. Say nothing. Just stay close to me and observe. I make myself clear?

Doyle tosses away over half the hot dog with a disgusted burp.

DOYLE

Do anything. Me? I'm naked remember? You must think I'm some sort of hero after all. Forget it. I'm just gonna watch how the pros do it!

Fournier grimaces. Together they move quickly opposite Number Twelve.

EXT. TWELVE, RUE GALICE - MARSEILLES - NIGHT A-12

As Fournier and Doyle approach the other policemen run out from the shadows. We hear voices in French saying:

VOICES

(o.s.)

-- Haut les mains! Hands up!
Come out one by one, this is a police raid, you are surrounded.

Everyone stops. All the people are taken by surprise. People get up from their tangles, raising their hands. Policemen running to the various buildings trying to round up the last inhabitants. They gather them all in the center of the cord and start searching them. Fournier and Doyle join them.

Suddenly there is an explosion from a garage. Green smoke comes out. The twelve-year-old girl who was sitting above the garage falls, screaming, burnt. The police headed by Fournier and Doyle start toward the source of the explosion. The smoke envelops them.

DOYLE

Jesus, they broke their acid!

People are panicking. Fournier signals for his team to rush the garage. Fournier and Doyle stuff handkerchiefs over their faces and try and get into the room. The green smoke is thick. There is a Corsican hanging over a counter, dead. His compatriot is coughing up blood and dying on the floor.

A-12 Cont.

Doyle looking through the smoke sees the Young Girl who turns her ruined face away so he cannot see it. Doyle stops peering into the murky smoke. He sees a MAN flitting through the shadows.

In the blackness and smoke below the man can hardly be seen, but he is moving swiftly through the front door. Doyle instinctively starts after him, throwing caution to the winds.

FOURNIER

Doyle! Doyle! Come back...
come back...!

Fournier's shout floats down impotently to Doyle as he hurls himself into the hallway by the front door.

He dashes outside, past the guarding Detectives.

EXT. RUE GALICE - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

13-
14

The man is running like hell, out of the cul-de-sac.

Doyle roars after him, sweat popping.

Fournier bursts from Number Twelve with Raoul and another policeman named VALON on his heels. They give chase.

Miletto stays with the people who have been captured from the laboratory.

FOURNIER

Doyle, you stupid Amerloque!

But Doyle is going full blast. The man is making for the Arab Quarter nearby.

Doyle closes fast, dives, and brings him down in a heavy tackle outside a darkened house at the beginning of the Arab Quarter.

EXT. BORDER ARAB QUARTER - MARSEILLES - NIGHT A-14

They grab and roll viciously, yelling and shouting. The shutters pop open. Other people peer out at the commotion.

Doyle gets on top.

DOYLE

Allright you bastard!

Cont.

A-14 Cont.

The Man starts babbling furious French at him; Doyle holds on, shaking him hard, then he ducks under Doyle's arms and butts him in the bread-basket. Doyle tries to hold on, but he's being beaten over the head by flailing arms. He goes down.

DOYLE

Jesus H. Christ!

He folds into a ball, protecting what he can, while the Black Man slams in, punching and kicking.

Fournier and his two aides come up and stop, breathing hard.

Doyle is getting the worst of it all right. Blood oozes from a split lip. A trickle comes from his nose. He sees Fournier doing nothing.

DOYLE

Help me, shithead! Pull him off!

Nobody makes a move. But Black Face, worn out and panting, stops kicking Doyle, and leans back against a wall.

Doyle tries to get to his feet, but they're not working too well.

DOYLE

I want that bastard arrested!
I'm arresting you, you sonofabitch!

FOURNIER

Shut up! You've got no police powers here, Doyle.

Doyle is on his feet, wiping his miserable face.

DOYLE

You arrest him, then! I want him collared, d'you hear?

Doyle is enraged.

Within the protective cover of Fournier's body, Raoul is slipping a wad of franc notes into Black Face's hand, in a hushed and guttural conversation. A pinioned Doyle sees it, as he tries to release himself.

Cont.

A DARK FACE in an unlit upper window of the house opposite watches the action too, however, and vanishes swiftly, closing a shutter.

Black Face catches the movement, pockets the money and turns, heading deeper into the Arab Quarter.

Doyle is incensed, as Valon releases him.

DOYLE

What is this? You pay off that spook for beating my balls?!

FOURNIER

He's ours. Fool! How do you think he got out of there?

He indicates back to the Rue Galice, now out of sight behind them.

They watch Black Face hustle down the narrow street ahead.

Suddenly a circle of MEN are pushing him into a knot. He disappears under them. There is a muffled scream, and the group drifts apart, racing in every direction.

Doyle blinks. Fournier is galvanized. He turns to Valon and Raoul, jabbing at the disappearing group.

FOURNIER

(in French)

Merde!

Black Face is holding his throat where the blood is seeping through his fingers. He crumples to all fours like a dog, coughing up his heart through the deep slash in his gullet.

EXT. STREET - ARAB QUARTER - MARSEILLES -
NIGHT

B-14

Fournier and Doyle rush to Black Face. The body is deflated like a black and blue bag. Even the pockets have been turned inside out, and the police money stolen.

FOURNIER

Merde!

He looks at Doyle venomously.

Cont.

FOURNIER

Why don't you go back to New York and kill cops, since that's what you do best!...Two months infiltration wasted through your madness. Merde!

Doyle looks down at the corpse expressionlessly, breathing hard.

Raoul and Valon are rushing along the street of the Arab Quarter, seeking the murderers, and any witnesses to the crime. Fournier looks dispirited momentarily.

FOURNIER

They will find nothing. In the Arab Quarter everybody looks alike.

He is kneeling by the body. Furious and tight-lipped, he rises and begins striding back to the Rue Galice. Doyle is following.

DOYLE

If you'd put me in the picture, he'd still be alive. To tell us more about that operation. Right? Right?

Fournier doesn't even look at him.

EXT. RUE GALICE - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

15

Doyle and Fournier arrive in the courtyard. Miletto approaches them. In the background we see the same group of people being searched by the police being herded toward police vans which have arrived.

Miletto says in French to Fournier:

MILETTO

The explosion was an accident. The acid burst. We can find nothing.

DOYLE

What did he say?

FOURNIER

He says that the acid exploded by accident. They can find no traces of any dope.

Cont.

DOYLE

Yeah! You busted it too soon.
See that staff?

He indicates the wreckage of the laboratory:

DOYLE

They were just setting up.
Nothing in it. Look at all that
acid they spilled. Enough for
a hundred pounds. Maybe
double.

(holding the coat)

You screwed up.

FOURNIER

(furious)

I have a job for you, Doyle.
You want to know what people say?
You talk to them.

He points to the group of suspects with the police.

Doyle joins him in angry strides.

DOYLE

Interrogate them?! What in --
sign language? I don't speak
no fuckin' French.

FOURNIER

Miletto will be your interpreter.

DOYLE

Shove it!

FOURNIER

No my friend. You shove it.
You don't help us outside, Doyle.
You fuck up. What do you know
about Marseilles? You think it
is Harlem, kicking niggers around
the streets?

DOYLE

You sleazy bastard! So you kick
them in the slam instead -- like
everybody else!

Cont.

FOURNIER

Get depositions from each one of them. I don't give a damn what they say, but I want it in writing.

He crosses to the door.

DOYLE

I come over to nail that frog sonofabitch good, and it's not part of my plan to sit beating my meat while you French narcs grab the credit. That's what you want, right? Stick me next to the shithouse, so you pull down the medals for the job.

Fournier is authority personified -- cold, haughty, and without pity.

FOURNIER

That's right. You give me any trouble, Popeye, and I call Paris, and in five minutes we have you deported.

He leaves.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - MARSEILLES -
NIGHT

16

Doyle is in his underpants and socks. His half-unpacked cases on the floor. Most of the clothes are dirty, creased.

French music sifts in from somewhere below.

Cont.

With the knife, he cuts open the lining of one bag.

Carefully, he feels within and withdraws a small .38 and a flattened carton of cartridges. He lays them on the floor with a sigh of relief. From a packed bundle of socks, he extracts his ankle holster. So much for baggage checks.

A rickety chair stands before the only window. Through it, a market in a narrow street can be seen below.

Propping his right foot on the rickety chair, he begins strapping the holster around the ankle, and slips in the .38. He looks beadily at the coat on the floor as he does so.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - MARSEILLES REGION - DAY

17

A gunshot blast reverberates echoingly. A pheasant plummets out of the sky -- dead. Charnier takes his shotgun from his shoulder with an attitude of pleasure as the retriever hounds dash towards the fallen bird. Charnier is dressed in the best hunting dress. His companion, WILLIAM BALL, wears an equally serviceable, but more casual outfit of weekend country clothes. Tall, trim, lightly tanned, he looks exactly what he is -- an American of classic mold. In b.g., we see a Land Rover. We see a very pretty girl in the process of arranging a picnic around a makeshift table, perhaps aided by two or three servants.

BALL

We've got to talk.

CHARNIER

Ah, Bill, there is no rush. Enjoy the shooting. We are already two days past the end of the season and...

BALL

I haven't that kind of time, Alain.

The retriever pants up, carrying the dead bird. The Bearer puts it in the kill bag as the two men move out of his hearing.

CHARNIER

I shan't be hurried, Bill, if that is the ultimate purpose of your visit. A two hundred kilo order of heroin... Such an enormous order takes time. And patience. And care.

Cont.

BALL

Your suppliers are awful goddamned slow.

CHARNIER

They are also the best. Patience, friend.

BALL

Our equity is also the best. It also took time to assemble. And care. And patience. It is not a simple thing these days to launder so many dollars.

CHARNIER

Then withdraw! I won't hold you to the deal. Other...associates are readily available.

Ball avoids the direct challenge.

BALL

Alain, you know how nervous Geneva can become. They depend on business information. They read that a laboratory in Marseilles has been raided, a man killed, and they don't hear from you...It makes them nervous. It's understandable. They don't like delay. It makes a mess of their delivery system.

CHARNIER

Neither they nor I have any true choice in the matter. Delay is part of the business.

BALL

Should I tell them that?

Both want the opposite.

CHARNIER

Tell them all will be well. Tell them the first half of the shipment of morphine base has arrived from Turkey. The rest will be here within six or seven weeks. Processing will take a few more days. All right?

Cont.

Ball relaxes as Charnier's charm takes effect.

BALL

All right, I suppose. But less secrets, Alain, please. From now on.

CHARNIER

(patiently)

No secrets, no business. Voila!

He sees a bird. The Bearer hands him his reloaded weapon. He raises it, and then lowers it again, as Denise appears. Charnier turns to her with a benevolent, indulgent tenderness.

Young and beautiful, Denise is expensively attired like Charnier for the outdoors occasion. She carries her gun as correctly as Charnier and Ball.

They move to a new shooting position, Charnier joking intimately with Denise in a low voice.

A couple of BEATERS stir up a new covey of prey. All three prepare to shoot, again.

The guns bang away. The pack of Retrievers are kept busy.

The scene is a classic one -- serene green sunnyside forming a background for a leisured party engaged in an innocent day's carnage, with all their needs being discreetly catered to by obvious employees.

CHARNIER

Excellent, Bill...Worthy of me...!!

DENISE

(in French)

Magnificent, Bill...Superb timing...

Ball shrugs, indicating his gun: it is indeed a magnificent example of craftsmanship. The barrels are superimposed one on top of the other, instead of side by side in the classical manner of the other two.

BALL

I got fond of it after a skeet shoot. Found I could aim faster and better than with the old type.

Cont.

Charnier weighs his heavier gun against Ball's slimmer and lighter model. Both are beautiful in different ways: Charnier's looks richer, more aristocratic; Ball's more chic, and coldly lethal.

CHARNIER

There is no problem with the balance?

BALL

Not once you adjust -- it's like anything in life...!

Ball gets his gun back from Charnier.

CHARNIER

I'm too old to change my ways, I think...

Charnier looks engagingly at Denise, and indicates with roguish eyebrows a Land Rover parked a little distance behind the party. She smiles back eagerly, fondly, and leaves them for the vehicle.

The two men hand their guns to the Bearer, who takes them away for reloading.

CHARNIER

We should decide the matter of the rendezvous -- a place to meet after you have made the delivery...

BALL

How's New York?

Charnier chuckles.

CHARNIER

You know better than that, William. New York is hazardous to your health. At least to my health.

Ball grins.

BALL

Of course.

CHARNIER

But it is an amusing city.

Cont.

BALL

How did you get out? If it's not a Secret?

CHARNIER

It was very simple, very droll. Eighty-three policemen wanted to talk to me. Fifty-two of them chose to talk to my money instead. I love a city where you always know where you stand.

BALL

And the sixty kilos. It disappeared right out of Police Headquarters. Three quarters of a million dollars' worth. Did you...?

CHARNIER

Alas, no. I'm afraid eight New York detectives made themselves very rich. If they knew I was back, they would not be amused. Nobody wants competition.

Charnier chuckles; Ball nods his head appreciatively.

BALL

I guess not.

(a pause)

Incidentally, Alain, when did you stop using the name Charnier?

CHARNIER

You mean, when did I start, don't you?

He lets the statement stand enigmatically, and then looks over to Denise, who signals the picnic that she is preparing from woven baskets by the Land Rover is almost ready. Charnier walks towards it with Ball.

CHARNIER

Let us see what my lovely Denise has prepared for us...

He signals for the hunt aides to relax, and with a gracious gesture invites Ball to join him by the Land Rover for food.

He studies the spread. It is elegant and mouth-watering in the best French tradition. Charnier claps his hands in anticipation like a true gourmand.

Cont.

CHARNIER

(in French)

Denise, you have surpassed
yourself! Bravo.

He kisses her hair lightly as she slips gracefully onto
the chair he offers. Ball and he join her for the repast.

A little distance away, resting on the earth, the sun-
weathered Bearer and the Beaters, with their dogs, eat
pate and bread from a wicker basket, and imbibe rough
local wine.

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - MARSEILLES 18
- NIGHT

In his office, Doyle waits, fingers drumming, feet propped
on the battered desk, while, opposite him, Miletto engages
a CORSICAN SUSPECT in a question and answer session of
seemingly endless gesticulating gobbledegook. Doyle's
ankle holster shows. He's beyond caring.

All the signs of a long, grinding, boring and maddening
day of interrogations are on both the sweating, shirt-sleeved
red-eyed detectives. The work is clearly a fruitless
routine by now.

The desk is littered with cigarette stubs, crumbs, reports,
two tiny cups and saucers, an opened carton of milk, and
a steaming pot of cafe-filtre.

Doyle pours out some coffee, and looks disgustedly at the
tiny cup lost in his meaty paw. He gets an idea.

Opening the milk carton wide, he pours the coffee into it,
and adds a lot more from the pot. Adding cubes of
sugar, he stirs the concoction with a pencil.

He stares uncomprehendingly at the suspect's French police
file. A yellow pad is before him on the desk.

MILETTO

This is named Gordani. Three
arrests for burglary, one conviction.
No record of drugs.

DOYLE

Roll his sleeves up.

Miletto rolls back the sleeves. There are tracks on
Gordani's arms. Doyle looks up coldly, and doodles on the
pad.

Cont.

DOYLE

I knew he was dirty. Ask him if he'd like to spend the next three nights here.

Miletto rattles off the question in French, and Gordani shakes his head no.

DOYLE

Then ask him if he knows this Charnier. The guy with a beard like this.

He shows the yellow pad to Miletto; there is a crude drawing of a bearded man, but it could be anyone from Mitch Miller to Abe Lincoln. Miletto rattles off the question. The man stares at the picture, shakes his head no.

DOYLE

(dismissing the suspect)

Lock him up. I'll get back to him.

MILETTO

But, there is no law against addiction...

DOYLE

Make one up. Suspicion. Consorting. Conspiracy. Impersonating a human. Who's next?

As Miletto leads Gordani out, Doyle sees a FAT GENDARME pass by outside, en route to the toilet.

DOYLE

Wait a minute! There goes the Gas Company again!

Miletto turns Gordani over to Two Younger Cops, and turns back to Doyle. The Fat Gendarme is also a French joke. Doyle yells past Miletto.

DOYLE

Hey, Sergeant! What'd you eat for breakfast? A jockey?

Then back to Miletto.

DOYLE

Let's take five. Open the windows...

Cont.

MILETTO

I get us a sandwich, oui?

DOYLE

Yeah, oui. But remember, hold the butter and heavy on the mayo.

MILETTO

Mayo?

DOYLE

Mayuhnaze. You know, the white stuff. They got Hellman's here?

Miletto hasn't the slightest idea of what Doyle is talking about. Doyle is having fun.

DOYLE

Not Miracle Whip, you understand? Hellman's if they got it. And lots of it...

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

A-18

Alone, Doyle pours a glass of water from a carafe, and then stares out a window into the noisy Marseilles night. Somewhere out there is Charnier.

He turns, walks into the hall, and stops by Barthelemy's open door. The Frenchman is behind his desk, reading files in deep concentration. A large anti-drug poster is behind him. The trophy cases, filled with souvenirs of drugs and hold-ups, are to the side.

Barthelemy senses Doyle's presence and looks up. They hold each other's gaze for a long moment of challenge. Then, wordlessly, Barthelemy returns to his papers. Doyle turns away sourly. Barthelemy looks up, smiling grimly, as if a plan is beginning to work.

In the hall, Doyle passes the Fat Gendarme, emerging contentedly from the toilet.

DOYLE

Four today, huh, Sergeant? Four large jobs! Listen, we aim you at Russia, let go, win war! You entiendo?

The Fat Gendarme smiles, but doesn't know what the hell Doyle is talking about.

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

B-18

The two young cops have Gordani back in the office, one arm cuffed to an iron ring in the wall. Doyle is very close to him, whispering in his ear, the sibilant hiss frightening the suspect even more than if he knew the language.

DOYLE

I'm gonna take you in an alley, see, and I'm gonna start with your throat, see, and I'm gonna bust everything in it, see, and then your belly. I'm gonna hit you so fuckin' hard in the belly your back will break. Then I'm gonna put your arms over a curb see, and use them for a trampoline. I'll make oatmeal outta your kneecaps. By then you'll put me right in Charnier's lap...

MILETTO'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Food, Popeye...

His voice breaks the tension. He places a tray on the table, and Doyle examines it. A hamburger curls before him, black and sinister. He lifts it disgustedly.

DOYLE

Jesus, Miletto, did they have to cremate the goddam thing? And they got the mayo, but not the ketchup...

Fed up, he attacks the hamburger. Miletto gnaws at his own. Doyle looks at the suspect.

DOYLE

Ask this bum if he ever picked his feet in Poughkeepsie...

MILETTO

Pardon...?

DOYLE

Go on! Ask him if he ever picked his feet in Poughkeepsie!

Miletto's eyes are full of appeal. He can't translate.

Cont.

B-18 Cont.

It's the last straw for Doyle. He throws the half-eaten hamburger at Gordani, and leaps across the room. He grabs Gordani by the front of his shirt.

DOYLE

You ever pick your feet in Poughkeepsie?

The Corsican bends away from the expected assault. Doyle flings him against the wall in disgust.

MILETTO

Poughkeepsie...?

DOYLE

Fongool! That's it. I'm goin' for a walk...

He grabs his jacket and storms out.

MILETTO

Doyle! The orders...

Doyle makes a masturbating motion.

DOYLE

I got your orders. Right here...

Miletto follows him out.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

C-18

Barthelemy sees Doyle striding past his office door. He stops reading.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

D-18

Doyle leaves the station as Miletto nods to TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN lounging by the front steps -- a Young One and the other, an Old Pro. They move out after Doyle.

Miletto stops at the door of Barthelemy's office. He nods to his chief, a trifle sorrowfully. Barthelemy nods back, just once, with satisfaction. Miletto shrugs, unsure.

EXT. DOYLE'S WALK - MARSEILLES STREETS - NIGHT

E-18

During this and the following sequences Doyle's frustration, his loneliness, his attempt to familiarize himself with a foreign city, his efforts to use the police procedure he has known all his life -- that is on-the-spot investigation, will be shown -- as counterpoint to this will be the voice-over telephone conversation of Barthelemy.

Doyle goes into a bar followed by the two cops.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

EE-18

Doyle sits at the bar, deeply preoccupied.

DOYLE

Four Roses, water on the side.

BARTENDER

Comment?

Suddenly aware he is in France, Doyle grins weakly, looking at the bottles on the wall behind the Barman.

DOYLE

Shit. Let's see...what about
bourbon --

(tries a French accent)

Bore-bone. You know: Jacques Daniel!

The Barman shrugs. Doyle looks past him, sees a bottle of J&B on the shelf and points at it.

DOYLE

There! El Scotcho!

BARMAN

Ah! Whiskey!

DOYLE

Yeah. Mucho, mucho, with ice!

The Barman seems to get it, and starts making the drink. In the mirror, he sees two girls sitting at a table beside an open door. He turns for a look. They talk busily, not noticing him. The Barman brings the drink. He sips it, staring greedily at the two girls. Then he drinks it fast, taps the glass, places a ten franc note on the bar.

DOYLE

Hit me again, pal. More!
Otra vez!

The Barman takes the glass, fills it again. Doyle sips, then turns, glass in hand and walks over to the girls.

DOYLE

Hi!

He tips the porkpie hat. The girls look up blankly.

DOYLE

I'd like to buy you mademoiselles
a drink. Whatta you say?

Cont.

GIRL NUMBER ONE

Je vous en prie, Monsieur,
laissez-nous tranquilles.
(Leave us alone.)

It is an airy dismissal. Doyle stands there.

DOYLE

Hey, what the hell, come on.
Let's just have a jar together,
une whiskey...

He is trying hard to explain in sign language, motioning with the glass, the hat. The First Girl looks anxiously to the street, clearly waiting for someone.

GIRL NUMBER TWO

No. No English. Foutez le camp,
hein!

Doyle is getting the point. Then the First Girl lifts her bag, and looks to the street. The Second Girl follows the look. Two young Frenchmen, on motor scooters, and looking like weak parodies of the American Hell's Angels, have pulled into the street. Wordlessly, the two women leave. Doyle stands there.

DOYLE

Aw, kiss my Irish ass!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

F-18

It is later. Doyle is leaning heavily on the bar. There is a lot of change in front of him. He is describing geometric patterns with the coins on the wet zinc top. He hums an old Hildegarde song to himself.

DOYLE

Darling, jev oo zem, bow coo...

EXT. BAR

G-18

Doyle lurches into the night, singing to himself. The two cops react to his exit.

DOYLE

The first Marines bought the beans,
parlez-vous.
The second Marines cooked the beans,
parlez-vous.
The third Marines ate the beans,
Shit all over the submarine.
Inky. Dinky. Parlay. Voo.

He giggles to himself.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL - MORNING

H-18

Doyle awakens with a terrible hangover -- goes into shower -- turns on water -- nothing. Cursing, he leaves, only to have the shower come on with tremendous force.

EXT. STREETS OF MARSEILLES - MOVING P.O.V.
SHOTS - NIGHT AND DAY

I-18

Signs (all in French). Shops, cafes, traffic noise.

STREETS OF MARSEILLES

J-18

Doyle walking in crowd, being followed by cops. This should be LONG LENS SHOT, for Doyle is literally swallowed up by the crowd.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

K-18

Barthelemy is sitting alone at his desk when Miletto enters.

MILETTO

Tu as New York sur la deuxieme.
(You have New York on line two.)

BARTHELEMY

Bien.

(then into phone)

Oui, oui, d'accord. Hello,
Inspector. Yes, yes. How are
you? Yes, it's very sunny here.
Sunny! Yes. Warm. There too?
Eh, bien.

The rest is over the following sequences of Doyle:

BARTHELEMY

Yes, Inspector. The plan is going as
you said it would. He is walking
around Marseilles by himself. Just
like, yes, a sitting duck.

The voice at the other end says something.

BARTHELEMY

I don't like it. No. If this Charnier
is here, and sees him, it will be
very dangerous. I have two men on
Doyle day and night. But he is...
unpredictable. Yes. No, I would
not do it this way.

Cont.

BARTHELEMY (Cont.)

(pause)

First, I would tell Doyle myself,
that he is, how do you say, bait?

(pause again)

Well, he's your man, not mine,
Inspector. Yes, he is very
evident. Very visible. Yes?
Hello, hello...merde...on a
été coupé...Allo? Yes, operator
we were cut off. What do you mean,
it is the French operator's fault?
What? Hello? Hello? Merde.

He hangs up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

L-18

Doyle passes a terrible accident. Sirens wailing. A bloody body of a pretty girl lying in the street -- her motor bicycle overturned.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

M-18

Doyle passes old men playing petanque -- one old man cannot bend down -- uses magnet to get ball.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

N-18

Doyle in underwear turns on TV set. It is the news in French. Turns on cheap radio. It is a French voice -- then French folk music -- He is disgusted, starts to dress.

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAWN

O-18

The fishing boats, coming in unloading their cargo. Doyle walks through the crowd, hating the smell.

EXT. MARSEILLES STREET

P-18

Begin on one car pan to show dozens of stationary cars -- horns honking -- and we see the reason. Doyle is arguing with a cab driver -- the map in his hand explaining where he wants to go. Finally in exasperation he gets out of the cab and storms away.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Q-18

Doyle is in a low street. Whores, pimps, shady guys in shady places. Doyle is being passed. Suspicious eyes mark him. Doyle goes into a bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

R-18

The activity stops. Tough men look at Doyle as the foreigner that he is. Doyle tries to be inconspicuous -- impossible.

EXT. DOYLE'S HOTEL - DAWN

S-18

Doyle is exhausted -- so are the tails. The fish market is being set up for the day.

EXT. MANFREDI RESTAURANT - DAY

T-18

Doyle trying to question Manfredi with no success. Mother Manfredi throws a pizza in front of Doyle. He declines.

EXT. MARSEILLES STEPS - DAY

U-18

Doyle walking -- PULL BACK to WIDE SHOT.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

V-18

Doyle stops to buy hot dog at open stands. It isn't Nathan's.

EXT. FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT - MARSEILLES
STREET - DAY

VV-18
(formerly 19)

Barthelemy comes out of restaurant with an attractive female companion. He has obviously enjoyed lunch. He obviously enjoys the woman. He holds her by the arm, as Doyle comes suddenly across the street, dodging motor scooters and cars.

DOYLE

Hey! Hey! Henry!

Barthelemy turns and sees Doyle in his Hawaiian shirt.

DOYLE

Not bad, Henry. A two-hour lunch. What are you investigating? Greasy spoons?

BARTHELEMY

Popeye, this is Mademoiselle Lefèvre. Monique, je te présente Détective Doyle de New York.

(to Doyle)

I thought you had left us.

DOYLE

Nah. I was just tryin' to figure out why Charnier likes this burg so much. I guess I found out.

BARTHELEMY

(acidly)

Found out what?

DOYLE

Found out that while Charnier walks around free, the cops spend most of their time eating.

Barthelemy smiles bleakly. The woman now takes his arm, as if to reassure him.

BARTHELEMY

Can I get you a taxi to the airport?

DOYLE

I think I'll stick around.

Cont.

BARTHELEMY

As you wish.

Barthelemy starts to leave, but his hauteur angers Doyle. He jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the two Tails across the street.

DOYLE

An' listen, Henry, those two tails of yours, you oughtta dump them. They couldn't follow a red-headed midget riding a camel. Who's the tall guy? Your brother-in-law?

BARTHELEMY

Listen, Doyle...

DOYLE

You listen to me, buster. I'm here to find that fucker Charnier. And believe me, I'm gonna find his ass. I could do it a lot easier if you put Sacco and Vanzetti over there --

(motions across
the street)

-- back guarding school crossings. The way it's going, they're liable to get run over by a bicycle. I wouldn't want that on my conscience.

He turns abruptly and walks away, like a man hanging up a phone.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

W-18

Doyle in an endless traffic jam.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

X-18

Doyle tries to ask directions from gendarme -- useless.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

Y-18

Doyle passes the two Blind Men. They are terrified. Doyle simply nods his head.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

Z-18

Doyle walks past porno movies.

OUT

20-
24

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

W-18

Doyle in an endless traffic jam.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

X-18

Doyle tries to ask directions from gendarme -- useless.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

Y-18

Doyle passes the two BLIND MEN. They are terrified. Doyle simply nods his head.

EXT. MARSEILLES - DAY

Z-18

Doyle walks past porno movies.

OUT 20-
24

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - MARSEILLES - DAY

25

In a secluded alcove overlooking a street by the beach, Charnier and Ball sip wine in an expensive restaurant. The remains of their main course is being removed by a discreet WAITER.

BALL

God! I wish this 'Blanc de Blanc' would travel. I'd love to take twenty cases back with me to Washington...

Charnier smiles benignly.

CHARNIER

All you Americans have that misconception. Wine will travel. It is people who have difficulty!

Ball laughs, acknowledging the lesson and the philosophy with an appreciative sip.

Through the window beside them, Doyle can be seen passing the restaurant on the other side of the street, nibbling from a cone of fried food. His porkpie hat is set back on his head.

He moves past, unnoticed by Charnier, and stops by a railing to watch a volleyball game on the beach below the street between two teams of bikini-clad GIRLS.

Cont.

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Leaning on the railing, Doyle wipes the sweat from his face with a dirty handkerchief.

BALL

By the way, your reasons for not going with the shipment were understood.

Charnier inclines his head in smiling satisfaction.

CHARNIER

Good. I am pleased you all continue to see the situation as I do...

He opens a cigar case, offers one to Ball, who refuses, then clips a fine Havana, and lights it expertly.

Beyond the window, the volleyball, punched high, sails over the railing, over Doyle, and bounces towards the restaurant window.

Cont.

It attracts Charnier's attention. So does the rear view of Doyle, which looks somehow familiar. Charnier studies it through a cloud of cigar smoke.

Then, as one of the near-naked Players scrambles onto the street, and bounces to collect the ball, a grinning Doyle turns to watch her form.

Charnier's face remains expressionless as he recognizes Doyle. Only the eyes narrow slightly, the fingers clutching the cigar more tightly. In instant reaction, he has moved back unobtrusively into the shelter of the alcove's curtains.

Luckily his lunch companion had turned away to signal for a coffee.

CHARNIER

Bill...has Geneva taken the
necessary first step...?

BALL

(nods expansively)

Exactly as you wanted it, with a
good spread against inflation and
the floating currencies. One hundred
thousand in South African Rands.
Fifty in Canadian dollars. Another
fifty in Yen. Two hundred thousand
altogether. Ten percent. As per
the agreement.

Charnier nods, gratified, as his eyes flicker casually from the window where he has been watching the bent back of Doyle once more, following the volleyball.

CHARNIER

You can tell them that the final shipment is en route. Once it arrives, we cook for five days.

BALL

Understood.

CHARNIER

We are expecting you for dinner. A little party. Very informal, you know?

Ball, looking regretful, stands and picks up a plastic clothes cover from a nearby chair. In it is a U.S. Army General's full-dress uniform, its braid and medals gleaming.

BALL

Love to. No can do tonight. Official business...

He indicates the plastic cover as he swings it over his shoulder.

BALL

Looks like your guys really want us back again over here. Going to discuss numbers and bases with my NATO opposite in Paris...Thanks very much for lunch, Alain... Incidentally Geneva is counting on you. Sorry. They wanted it made clear...

All the cordial lightness drains from the atmosphere, as the reminder from afar is mentioned.

Charnier shrugs, understanding. Composed and confident, he smiles at Ball.

CHARNIER

Naturally. My expectations of them are the same. Be sure they know that, too.

After Ball leaves, Charnier relights his dead cigar, and gazes out at Doyle, who is still birdwatching, though the volleyball game has ended.

EXT. VOLLEYBALL COURTS - BEACH - MARSEILLES - A-25
DAY

Doyle's feet hurt. He's holding a can of beer and leaning over the railing above the volleyball court, looking down at the array of boy and girl flesh laid out below him, taking in the sun.

A GIRL, not bad, tanned all over, rolls over and fixes her top strap, looking at Doyle from upside down.

Doyle, God help him, tries to make as pleasant a face as possible -- at least one that a mother could love.

Nearby, the Old Pro watches enigmatically.

EXT. DOYLE'S HOTEL - NIGHT B-25

The Old Pro and the Young One pace, waiting. The Old Pro is tucking into a sandwich as though he's never going to eat again.

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT C-25

Doyle's shoes stand together -- the only item in the room to do so -- and the right one's got a .38 for a shoe tree.

The Beach Girl lies on the bed, half-under the ruffled sheets. Her clothes and Doyle's are scattered around. There's a couple of empty wine bottles on a night stand.

Through the open bathroom door, Doyle can be seen standing by the bidet. He turns on its hot water tap.

He is sticking his big red feet into the filling bidet. Steam comes up around them. It feels okay. His eyes look dead.

EXT. DOYLE'S HOTEL - NIGHT 26

The Old Pro and the Young One jerk alert and move behind the cover of the Vegetable Van when Doyle and the Beach Girl come out. Her hair is messy. He and she stand for a moment, murmur a couple of words, and then she goes off, both of them relieved it's finished.

The Two Tails look on, knowingly from around the corner.

Doyle instead walking away from them goes toward them, gives them a gesture of "follow me fellows" and starts off. The Two Tails look at each other sheepishly and follow.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT A-26

Doyle walks casually down street followed at a reasonable distance by the Two Tails. Doyle turns the corner and passes a café. The Tails come by the corner -- the street is empty.

They quickly look into café. Doyle is not there.

EXT. STREET - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

B-26

A garbage truck is coming by the café -- Doyle is hanging onto the far side invisible to the Tails.

EXT. NARROW STREET - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

27

Doyle is walking alone, having slipped his Tails.

As he passes a shadowy doorway, a right fist smashes from the blackness into his stomach. Another right fist from the doorway slams into his face. As Doyle folds, the dark car, headlights blazing, surges from a small side street, mounts the sidewalk and traps him by a wall. A THIRD ASSAILANT leaps from the car and begins smashing into Doyle as well.

From the far end of the street, the Young One appears, takes in the assault immediately and comes running. The Old Pro spits food as he lumbers in the wake of his younger colleague.

Doyle goes for his gun. He is kicked in the shins. The gun skeeters away. The Algerian smashing into Doyle most is the one from the Rue Galice -- known as the CHIEF ALGERIAN.

On the ground he's a lot larger, and swings like he's got sledgehammers instead of arms.

Doyle's hat goes. He tries to fight but three-to-one is bad odds at the best of times -- and this isn't one of Doyle's good days. He's going down.

As the Young One charges up, one of the Algerians takes him out with a lead pipe.

Doyle is being muscled inside the car. It takes all three of his attackers, but they're doing it.

EXT. HOTEL DE TANGER - MARSEILLES - NIGHT

28

Doyle is muscled from the car outside a sailor hotel. He is still trying to do something, but every time he does, he gets more pain inflicted.

Head hanging low, Doyle is practically out on his dragging feet. On the pebbled cement of the sidewalk, he blearily sees the name of the place cut into the stone curbstone: HOTEL DE TANGER...the rest of the name has been worn away.

The hotel has plaster porticos and washed-out blue and yellow arches, like dozens of others all over the city.

Cont.

28 Cont.

Doyle lumped between two of the Algerians like mush, is half-carried towards the hotel porch. Girls hang around the entrance. Reedy music wails. Nobody gives him a second look. The third Algerian leads the way.

Feet scraping, jerking fitfully, he is hauled inside.

INT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

29

Rushed through the lobby, past a nearly empty bar, and along a corridor, with glimpses of an OLD WOMAN in her room, and a HOOKER in another, carefully washing off after her trick has left...Doyle is thrown into a barred attic at the top of a block of steps, black as night.

INT. DOYLE'S ROOM - HOTEL DE TANGER - DAY

30-

31

Doyle's bloodshot and blackened eyes are peeled open by the strong thumbs of Jacques, the head held in a vise-like grip.

Doyle groans at the pain and the bright sunshine striking through a barred skylight. Swimming into his fuzzy vision and then clearing with startled recognition is the face of Charnier, groomed and pitiless, all the benign charm wiped from it.

Cont.

Instinctively Doyle tries to go at him, but the chains binding him to the chair he is sitting on, cut into ankles and wrists.

Jacques laughs as he releases his grip.

Charnier gazes for a long moment at Doyle, who gazes back balefully, despite the pain.

CHARNIER

I must say, Mr. Doyle, you were the one person I did not want to see again.

Doyle strains his body, trying to get at Charnier, scraping the chair a few inches on the floor, making a strangled animal sound, part anger, part frustration. Jacques places one finger on his brow, stopping him. The move only emphasizes Doyle's helplessness. Charnier smiles, almost ruefully.

The Leading Algerian chatters rapidly in French with Charnier, indicating the other two, standing stolidly behind him. Charnier ends the discussion with an abrupt gesture, and turns back to Doyle.

CHARNIER

My...associates here want to uh, ...discuss things with you, Doyle, in their fashion. I told them it would be useless. You would die first, and, of course, then we would never find out what you have learned about our little business. That was the expensive lesson of New York. You're a good cop. Honest. Quite stupid, but honest.

Doyle's eyes move from Charnier to Jacques, who is heating heroin on a spoon, and back to Charnier.

DOYLE

(very quietly)

Up your ass, Charnier.

Charnier chuckles. He is patronizing Doyle.

CHARNIER

Wonderful! You're so...droll, Mr. Doyle. But alas, we're not in New York now. We're in my town. You are the foreigner now.

Cont.

He nods at Jacques, who is filling the syringe with the now-liquid heroin. Jacques moves to Doyle, who begins to struggle again, realizing what they are going to do to him. One of the Algerians removes his belt, wraps it around Doyle's arm above the elbow, and tightens it. The main vein is popping up, like a hot rope. Doyle watches in disbelief. Jacques lays the needle against the vein.

DOYLE

I didn't learn a goddam thing.

CHARNIER

That's not good enough,
Mr. Doyle.

He nods, and Jacques slides the hypodermic into the vein, and empties it slowly. Doyle is terrified.

DOYLE

(weakly)

You big scumbag...

Jacques removes the needle, folds Doyle's arm, and stands back, watching the heroin take him in its first rush. There is a residue of animal resistance in Doyle's eyes, and then a sweet euphoria. He topples over with the chair to the floor.

Charnier stares at him for a long moment, then nods at the others, as if he had been forced to take part in a needlessly vulgar exercise. Without a word, he turns and leaves.

INT. DOYLE'S ROOM - HOTEL DE TANGER - TWILIGHT 32

There are a half-dozen needle tracks on Doyle's arm, some of them circled with beads of dried blood. His arm is cuffed to the iron bed on which he lies. He is dressed in tee-shirt and underpants, which are stained and dirty. The rest of his clothes are strewn around the small grey room. Idly, he picks his feet. The holster is strapped to his bare ankle.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I have a son, you know...

She sits at the end of the bed: wrinkled and hunched.

OLD WOMAN

A very nice young man. Your age.

Doyle speaks in a parched whisper.

Cont.

DOYLE

That's good...

OLD WOMAN

I'm English, you know. I heard you speaking English. But you mustn't show, you know. No one will listen.

DOYLE

Your son. Tell him about me...

She shakes her head negatively, her eyes glittery and intense.

OLD WOMAN

No one will listen. I've been in Marseilles for forty-two years. Even through the war. My husband was French, but he wouldn't listen. My son is gone away too. Nobody listens in Marseilles.

With the palm of her hand, she rubs her thin arm under a washed-out flowered sleeve. Doyle sees the hard-scarred lifeless flesh of a thousand needle marks.

She touches his handcuffed arm, looking at his fresh needle marks. On the other arm, he is wearing a watch.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, you mustn't scratch them. They'll become infected and you'll be sick. Do like this...

She rubs his tracks with the palm of her hand, relieving the terrible itch. They exchange a look. She smiles at the secret they share, suddenly revealing the young girl that she must have been before the years of dope and silence.

Doyle smiles back, softly, gently, displaying a rare, rare emotion that he has not shown in fifteen years of police work.

DOYLE

When do they come around again?

OLD WOMAN

Soon. Soon. But don't shout for them, young man. No one will listen.

Cont.

Foreign music rises from the streets outside, somehow matching the mood in the blank, bare twilight room. Very quietly, she slips off Doyle's watch, and drops it into a pocket of her dress. He watches this as if it were happening to someone else.

INT./EXT. POLICE DRAGNET - MARSEILLES - DAY/NIGHT 33

Barthelemy is conducting a police dragnet for Doyle. All the locations visited with Charnier's coat are being raided -- by motorcycle cops; riot wagons; plainclothesmen.

A protesting Manfredi is confronted by Barthelemy.

The volleyball court is investigated: the Girl who went with Doyle is questioned.

The Tabac is questioned.

Cop cars speed across busy thoroughfares.

The docks are checked.

Doyle's hotel is entered. His room searched.

Barthelemy, worried, harassed, angry, demands even greater efforts from his men.

INT. DOYLE'S ROOM - HOTEL DE TANGER - DAY 34

The Old Woman enters the room, carrying a tray. It contains a set of works: hypo, spoon, belt, glassine envelope, box of wooden matches. It also has a shaving mug, and a brush. A key turns in the door, locking it behind her.

OLD WOMAN

Good morning...

Doyle's face is a ruin: the eyes sunken, a heavy growth of beard coating his skin like a mat. The Old Woman has the manners of a very old nurse. There is a quality of routine.

DOYLE

Good morning...

Cont.

He reaches for the glassine envelope, the spoon and matches. And as the Old Woman works up the lather in the mug, he cooks up his own dose of heroin. She takes out a straight razor, and places it over the radiator.

OLD WOMAN

You do need a shave, young man.

But Doyle pays no attention. His eyes are riveted to the flame, the melting beads of heroin, his morning's solace.

INT. DOYLE'S ROOM - HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT 35

Doyle tosses and turns on the bed, sweating badly, rubbing and kneading his stomach.

DOYLE

Sweet Jesus...

He rolls off the bed, lying out flat on his stomach, and his eyes focus on the space at the bottom of the door. There is a sliver of dim light.

He crawls to the wall, painfully draws himself up, and tries the door. It opens.

He hesitates, afraid of the darkness beyond. And then steps into the corridor.

INT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT 36

There is a 10-watt bulb at the far end of the empty corridor. Doyle slides vertically down the wall into a hunkering position, and stares at the bulb and the darkness, as wary as an injured animal. And then he starts to move towards the light.

A door opens. He pulls back, alarmed, and sees the Old Woman's dusty face. She smiles knowingly and closes her door.

He sees stairs leading to the street. Slumps down a short flight. Another dark corridor lies before him, with a door at the far end, blocking his exit. The junkie's panic seizes him, as if afraid that if he acts, he will end up punished and deprived. His pride struggles with his need. He moves ahead.

Cont.

The door opens slowly. Cigarettes burn in the gloom, one of them larger, a cigar. Doyle moves closer, running his tongue over dry lips.

As he draws close, a light goes on in the room: an overhead fluorescent light, bathing the scene in a harsh blue wash.

Charnier, Jacques and the Leading Algerian are sitting at a hard wooden table. There are cards, a bottle of wine, glasses. Charnier looks at Doyle as if he were the family dog, arrived at the dinner table for scraps.

Wordlessly, Doyle extends his pitted arm.

Charnier turns to Jacques, his eyebrow raised as if asking Jacques if they should feed the dog. Jacques laughs malevolently.

Doyle pulls himself as erect as possible, his back against the wall; drawing on all his reserves of pride.

DOYLE

Look, you gotta believe me. I came here on my own, lookin' for you. I was the only guy saw you in New York. But I didn't find a goddam thing here. Believe me. It ain't my town. I can't even order a goddam drink...

He runs his forearm across his mouth, full of need, but fighting down his instinct to plead. Charnier looks at him with some respect. He nods approval at Jacques, who gets up and moves to a bureau. He opens a drawer, and takes out works. Jacques demurs. Doyle's eyes thirst for the heroin.

CHARNIER

(to Doyle)

You know: I believe you.

Unconvinced, Jacques begins to tap the white powder into the spoon. Doyle sighs with relief.

DOYLE

Thanks...

Charnier gives Doyle a look that says: there's nothing really to thank me for. He waves the cigar at Jacques, as if it were a wand.

CHARNIER

The poor Americans...Well, let's
go...

He signals for the Algerian to grab Doyle, and follow him
and Jacques. They move to the rear of the building.

EXT. REAR OF HOTEL DE TANGER - MARSEILLES - A-36
NIGHT

Doyle is dragged onto a narrow bridge which spans a concrete
courtyard at the back of the hotel. Below the car in which
he was brought, stands ready.

By the staircase which leads down from the bridge, Charnier
takes a last look to Doyle, who is reviving slightly in the
night air. Charnier bends over him, patting his cheek as
though encouraging an obedient dog.

CHARNIER

We take you back Popeye, to
your friends. They are looking
for you everywhere, and making
it difficult for me to operate.
So we are giving you back to them.
Because after all, what are they
going to do with a junkie cop
who knows nothing...?

He gestures for the Algerians to bundle Doyle downstairs,
and doesn't even wait to see the car leave before going
back inside with Jacques.

EXT. COURTYARD - POLICE STATION - MARSEILLES - 37
NIGHT

The car in which Doyle was kidnapped slows by the courtyard
entrance to the police station. Its back door swings
open, and Doyle is booted out, to lie spread-eagled.
Pinned to his shirt is a paper fish. He wears no jacket,
shoes or socks. The car speeds off.

Scraped and ripped up, watched only by a BEGGAR, Doyle
feels nothing, his breath coming hard and shallow.

Getting to his knees, in the direction of the police station, he starts moving blindly forward.

Raoul and Miletto are among a group of detectives standing on the steps watching police cars arrive and depart in search of Doyle. They comment on the bum trying to make it through the entrance: it's a new way to get arrested -- trying to crawl past the POLICEMAN on guard at the gate...!

Then Miletto recognizes Doyle. He rushes inside to get Fournier, while Raoul hurries to help the collapsed Doyle.

Raoul gets to Doyle, just in time to stop the Policeman on guard from using his truncheon.

Moments later, Fournier and Miletto are beside the gate. All three lift up the helpless Doyle.

Fournier looks at the wasted face before him, sick at heart.

FOURNIER

What happened Popeye? What happened?

Doyle is fumbling with his soiled shirt cuff. Fournier pulls it back and sees the needle marks.

FOURNIER

Oh Jesus...Jesus...

He tears at the other cuff, and reveals another array of holes.

Doyle begins to sag in the arms of Miletto and Raoul. They look at Fournier for guidance. His face is a mixture of pity and determination. He looks towards the police station and jabs his finger at it.

His decision, as with his face, shows he is assuming full responsibility for bringing Doyle so low.

He helps to bring Doyle inside.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION -
MARSEILLES - NIGHT

38

The Interrogation Room is a concrete, windowless hole, a place reserved for dealing with the worst. The only light is set in the ceiling, protected by bars. It's the police version of the Hotel de Tanger.

Doyle is lying on a steel table, covered with a blanket, tubes running into his nose and throat, his face the color of scraped bone. His chin is wet with green bile and drool. THREE MEDICAL MEN are working on him. Barthelemy is at the foot of the table. When Miletto enters, he is motioned to the side. He is carrying a grocery bag.

The First Medical Man turns to Barthelemy.

MEDICAL MAN

All yours now.

BARTHELEMY

Remember. No records.

MEDICAL MAN

Of course.

Barthelemy looks at Doyle for a long moment, and then walks out with the Medical Men. Miletto starts to unload Coca Colas, French bread, and candy bars.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

39

The tubes have been removed. Doyle slowly comes awake. He looks around and sees a freshly-shaved Barthelemy staring at him. Doyle looks away, shivering and ashamed.

Barthelemy opens a Coca Cola and hands it to Doyle.

BARTHELEMY

Drink...

Doyle looks at him warily, then takes the Coke in two hands, and starts to drink. His hands shake. His face screws up.

DOYLE

Bitter...

Barthelemy takes the bottle, pours the remaining Coke into a glass, then adds four cubes of sugar, mashing them with a spoon.

DOYLE

I need a doctor...an American doctor.

Cont.

BARTHELEMY

Doctors keep records...You want that? A junkie cop. They'll throw you off the force.

He hands the extra-sweet Coke to Doyle, who drinks it greedily, and hands the empty back to Barthelemy. A shudder runs through his body.

DOYLE

More...

Barthelemy repeats the sweetening process, and hands the Coke to Doyle. He starts to drink, then spews it out, his large body jackknifing forward, in the first rumble of a convulsion. The glass falls.

DOYLE

(helplessly)
Mother of Jesus...

BARTHELEMY

Miletto!

Miletto enters, his arms full of towels. Together, they start tying the large towels around Doyle's arms and legs, forming a crude straitjacket..

DOYLE

Don't do that...

And his body shudders again.

Miletto drags in a mattress, places it on the floor. He and Barthelemy lift Doyle's huge bulk and place it as gently as possible on the mattress. The body shudders again. Bubbles appear in the corners of his mouth. The junkie eyes are clouded.

And then, starting in a whimper, then rising, building, coming from some terrible depths, Doyle begins to scream.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A-39

We are very TIGHT on Doyle. He is staring at something.

DOYLE'S P.O.V.

AA-39

The room is entirely empty now, except for the bag of groceries, and Barthelemy, who is sitting against the far wall, watching. Doyle is staring at the bag.

DOYLE

It's cold.

BARTHELEMY

Yes.

Barthelemy comes over with an extra blanket, drapes it on Doyle, who tries to get up, and then falls back, weakly.

DOYLE

I feel like I spent a week
lickin' a pool table.

BARTHELEMY

It was three weeks.

Anger suddenly appears in Doyle's eyes.

DOYLE

Where were you guys.

BARTHELEMY

We looked, but...

DOYLE

Where in the fuck were you guys?

BARTHELEMY

Fifty-two men looked for you.
Full time.

DOYLE

If I had fifty-two men in New York
lookin' for a guy, I'd find him
in three hours.

BARTHELEMY

Marseilles is not New York.

DOYLE

You bet your ass it isn't.

He looks around the room again, rises on one elbow.

DOYLE

Skag City! That's what it is!
I'd like to bust it down brick
by brick! With you in it!

BARTHELEMY

Relax.

The blanket falls as he tries to rise, and Doyle sees the
scabs on his arms. New York is a long way away.

Cont.

DOYLE

Jesus...

Barthelemy picks up the note of self-pity.

DOYLE

I look like a pin cushion.

He shudders, pulls the blanket around him, and lies down again, assuming an almost fetal position.

DOYLE

You're not askin' me to go...
cold turkey, are you, Henry?

BARTHELEMY

Yes, I am.

DOYLE

Jesus, Henry. I mean, I've seen
lots of guys go cold turkey. They
try to put their heads through steel
doors. For a five dollar bag of
skag, they'd cut their mother's
throats.

BARTHELEMY

Voila! I call your mother.

Doyle looks up for the first time.

DOYLE

Leave my mother out of this.

BARTHELEMY

She will be proud of you.

He is cutting at the self-pity with a hard knife now.

DOYLE

Lay off.

BARTHELEMY

Mrs. Doyle, may I present your
son, the hero!

He makes an elaborate broad motion at Doyle's pathetic
form. Doyle gets up. The blanket falls.

DOYLE

I said leave my mother out of
this!

Cont.

BARTHELEMY

Did I ever tell you? I had her
once. It was...

Doyle comes at him in a rush, the anger bursting from him, the clouded eyes assuming clarity, trying to throw punches. But Barthelemy stops him easily, gripping his wrists, forcing them down, until Doyle lets them go limp, in acknowledgement of his weakness.

BARTHELEMY

Don't quit now.

Doyle walks away, silently acknowledging that he understands Barthelemy's tactic. He turns, looks at the bag.

DOYLE

You gotta candy bar in that bag?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

B-39

Doyle is alone in the room. He has the blanket over his shoulders and leans against the wall, looking at the ceiling, the door, the walls.

He begins to roll against the walls, and then slams hard at the door.

He does it again, hitting it hard with his shoulder.

And does it once more. Realizing how trapped he is, he slides down the door to a hunkering position, and starts to gnaw at a French candy bar.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

C-39

We are CLOSE on Barthelemy, who is stiff, unyielding, a cop.

BARTHELEMY

You must remember something? A
look. A sign. A smell. Anything...

DOYLE

(hiding something)

Hey, I just had my puddin' beat in.
They didn't give out business cards
there.

BARTHELEMY

Could you smell the sea?

Cont.

Doyle has been sitting on a wooden chair. He gets up. There is more vigor in him now.

DOYLE

Did it smell like the sea? What the fuck kind of a dumb ass question is that? No. It smelled like a nigger's sock!

(walking away)

Did it smell like the sea...Shit.

BARTHELEMY

You want to find Charmier. Then you must tell me where you were.

DOYLE

You tell me where you were. I mean what kind of bush outfit is this anyway. Those tails of yours! Their idea of makin' a guy is they limp across the street on one foot and limp back on the other. And listen, don't you got stool pigeons in this town?

Barthelemy, his back to Doyle, smiles slightly; he wants Doyle angry. He butters a piece of French bread, turns and gives it to Doyle.

BARTHELEMY

Eat.

Doyle bites; it tastes like plaster.

DOYLE

I want a hamburger. A P.J. Clarke's hamburger. Big and juicy, with the blood runnin' and all, and an onion, lotsa salt, a cold brew.

Barthelemy opens the door. Miletto is there.

BARTHELEMY

(in French)

Two...make it six hamburgers.

Doyle looks longingly at the corridor outside.

BARTHELEMY

Forget it.

Cont.

DOYLE

I'm gonna need some help, Harry.
I'm gonna need a doctor. An American
doctor.

BARTHELEMY

Forget it.

Barthelemy nods: yes, and picks up his chair to leave.

DOYLE

Hey, come on, Henry. Just wait a
while. I mean wait until the hamburgers
come. Or better yet, change that order.
Make it Hershey bars. Real Hersheys.
Not this frog oatmeal. The real stuff.
Chocolate. With nuts! Nuts, Harry!

Barthelemy closes the door and leaves Doyle alone.

DOYLE

Henry!

He looks around. He grabs the chair, and hurtles forward,
smashing it against the iron door.

DOYLE

Heeeeeennrry! Come on, Henry, you
got some in the office, Henry. I
seen it up there. Come on. Who
the hell would know!

He smashes the rest of the chair against the door.

DOYLE

Heeeeeeeennnnnnnnnnnnnnrrrrry!

The scream is terrifying.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

D-39

Barthelemy has a glass of brandy in his hand. He is sipping
very carefully. Doyle is drinking his as if it were beer.
The bottle is on the floor.

DOYLE

I never drink this back home.
But you know, it ain't bad. Ain't
bad at all. Cone-yack, huh?

BARTHELEMY

Only the best for you, Doyle.

Cont.

DOYLE

You know, when I was a kid I thought drinkin' was a sin. You know, the nuns...you a Catholic, Henry?

BARTHELEMY

Retired.

DOYLE

Retired, huh? That's pretty good. Just put in your papers, huh? You get a pension?

He pours again. He's pretty giggly.

DOYLE

Well, in addition to that, I mean, besides the nuns and the confession, I was a ballplayer. Baseball. I even had a tryout with the Yankees. You ever hear of the Yankees, Henry?

BARTHELEMY

As in Yankee go home?

DOYLE

Yeah. Only...No, they were a baseball team. They sent me down to the minors, and I wasn't half bad if I say so myself. The problem was, they had this other kid, fast as a bastard, a shortstop he was then, could hit a fuckin' ton? Listen you know what fuck means, right?

BARTHELEMY

Yes, yes.

Doyle takes a long swallow. He savors it.

DOYLE

Anyway I seen this kid in Spring trainin' and I immediately decided to take the cops' test. His name was Mickey Mantle. You ever hear of Mickey Mantle?

BARTHELEMY

No I can't say that...

DOYLE

You never heard of Mickey Mantle? What about Willie Mays?

Barthelemy shakes his head: no.

DOYLE

Duke Snider?

Barthelemy shakes no again.

DOYLE

And Whitey Ford? You never heard of him either, I bet. The dandy little southpaw, we used to call him.

BARTHELEMY

Southpaw. Southpaw.

DOYLE

Yeah, a leftie.

BARTHELEMY

Like a Communist.

DOYLE

Jesus Christ, no! He threw the ball with his left hand, which is like his south hand, see? His paw. You know, like a dog...

Doyle is opening and closing his left hand, and looks at the fading tracks, which have been cleaned up. His eyes well, as if he were about to cry.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MARSEILLES - NIGHT E-39

Doyle is alone in the cell, squashed in a corner, the mattress under him, the blankets kicked off. His arms and legs are again bound with towels.

He moans quietly, full of hurt and pain and despair. Then his body jerks and folds, his face down on the mattress. It jerks again, involuntarily, and again. And then he is in convulsions. He starts to vomit, on the mattress, his face in it. He lifts his head, and a convulsion smacks him forward again, face into the vomit.

He moans with pain and shame.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY F-39

Two Cops are holding Doyle in the shower, as the water pounds down on his naked body. He is weak, but the worst seems past. His face has already been shaved, and a police barber stands off to the side.

BARTHELEMY

(in French)

Get him a toothbrush and some Colgate.

Cont.

F-39 Cont.

Doyle has his head in the shower cap, letting the water run into his mouth and throat.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MARSEILLES - DAY

40

It is a brutally hot day, the sun burning down. A guard stands in front of Barthelemy's car.

Then Barthelemy and Doyle step out. Doyle is wearing a heavy wool suit, a hot turtleneck sweater. He is leery of the harsh sunlight, and has a convict's indoor pallor.

DOYLE

(a slight tremble)

You're not...sending me home,
are ya?

BARTHELEMY

Not yet.

They get into the car. There are blankets and towels in the back seat. Reluctantly, Barthelemy handcuffs Doyle's right arm to the door.

DOYLE

Hey, come on...

BARTHELEMY

Shut up.

Then he piles some of the blankets on Doyle. His face blisters with sweat. Barthelemy hands him a towel, and starts the car.

DOYLE

What the hell are ya doin'?

BARTHELEMY

You were cold. Now we warm you
up. And maybe see a little of
Marseilles too.

EXT. MARSEILLES SCENES - DAY

41

They drive through the crowded streets of the city, the sweat pouring out of Doyle. They are looking for the Hotel de Tanger, and talking at the same time. All the streets look alike; every crowded alley could be the street where Doyle was held. Every Algerian walking a broad avenue could be the Leading Algerian. Every Frenchman with a beard could be Charnier.

Cont.

DOYLE

I tell you, I don't know the name of the place. They'd just finished knockin' me on my ass.

BARTHELEMY

Anything. A detail.

DOYLE

(lying)

I don't remember a thing.

He stares out at the crowded streets.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MARSEILLES STREETS

A-41

They ride up the Rue Canebière. At a light, Doyle looks at a beautiful Algerian woman, golden-skinned, with slick black hair. But no desire moves in him. He is staring at her ice cream cone.

DOYLE

Oh, brother, would I like a little of that.

BARTHELEMY

(teasing)

A woman now would finish you off, Doyle.

DOYLE

Not the woman. What she's eating.

Barthelemy smiles, pulls over, gives Doyle a hard stare that says: "Don't move." He gets out, goes to a sidewalk stall, and buys Doyle an ice cream cone.

He hands it through the window. Doyle holds it, motions to Barthelemy.

DOYLE

Wanna lick?

As they drive through the streets, with Doyle sloppily devouring the melting cone, the talk goes serious.

DOYLE

Listen, tell me the truth. I was set up, wasn't I?

BARTHELEMY

In a way, yes.

Cont.

DOYLE

Whose orders?

BARTHELEMY

New York. Your supervisors. They wanted you to be bait, to draw out this Charnier, as you call him.

DOYLE

And you went along with that?

BARTHELEMY

There was a lot of bad publicity, my friend. We have superiors too.

Doyle chuckles.

DOYLE

You're a bigger asshole than I thought you were.

BARTHELEMY

Oh?

DOYLE

Don't you understand? Those guys in New York want me dead. They don't want Charnier, especially alive. He'd tell everybody which of them he bought to get away. So they send me here to work with you, and then tell you to get me out in the street, where Charnier can blow me away. It's beautiful.

He chuckles darkly.

BARTHELEMY

Why didn't you figure this out earlier?

DOYLE

Cause I'm a bigger asshole than you are.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

42

Raoul enters with a small tray of hot chocolate, croissants, and a Paris Herald Tribune.

RAOUL

Bonjour.

Cont.

Doyle looks up acidly as Raoul makes a small formal bow.

DOYLE

You're a regular little boot-clicker, ain't you, Raoul? A real politician.

Raoul smiles, not knowing what Doyle is saying.

DOYLE

I've been watchin' you real good, fella. I bet you didn't know that, did you? I guess if ole Henry said shit, you'd squat.

He breaks off a piece of croissant, dunks it in the hot chocolate.

DOYLE

But let me tell you something, Raoul. You ain't ever gonna be much cop that way. You become a cop on the street, not in some office, not fillin' out papers, not kissin' ass with the bosses. You go out on the street. Shit, when I was on the force three months I'd already made seventy-six collars. Used to go to the Academy days, and hang around Times Square nights. If it moved, I busted it. Hookers, degenerates, Murphy game artists, junkies. You name it, I busted them. I hung around joints you could get the crabs playin' the jukebox. But I looked to make arrests.

He puts the rest of the croissant in his mouth, gulps the hot chocolate.

DOYLE

You know, I was the youngest sergeant in the history of the department. Nobody ever made sergeant faster. Know how many arrests I've made? Eleven thousand! How many arrests you made, Raoul? Twenty-five? Fifty?

Raoul doesn't understand the words but he does understand the hostility.

DOYLE

I been stabbed six times and shot twice. I got medals they ain't even minted yet, back home in the drawer.

A shiver runs through him, and he drinks the rest of the chocolate as if it were fuel. He's talking for himself now, as if reminding himself who he was before the heroin went into his veins.

DOYLE

(extending his hands)

Lookit those hands. I got three
knuckles left. Broke 'em all up.
That was when I was young and still
thought you could hurt a nigger by
hittin' him in the head. Ya gotta
hit them in the belly. Kill the body
and the head dies. You got that,
Raoul? Shoot low, sheriff, he's
crawlin'...

He's winding down now, the hostility ebbing. He picks at some crumbs from the croissant.

DOYLE

Aaah, the hell with it...

He turns away from Raoul. The younger man pats him on the back, as if to reassure him, and then leaves, locking the door behind him.

DOYLE

Kill the body and the head dies.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

43

Doyle is alone again, but the crude straitjacket of towels has been removed.

The door opens, and Miletto walks in, with containers of coffee, a large hero-style sandwich, more candy bars.

MILETTO

How are you feeling?

DOYLE

Bad.

MILETTO

Eat.

DOYLE

I'll try.

He stares at the food, and then up at the ceiling light.

Cont.

MILETTO

It hurts, huh?.

DOYLE

I'll tell you something, Miletto. I really racked my brain, and you know? I never been anyplace in my life where somebody wasn't hurtin' somebody...

His eyes are dulled and weary, like an infantryman who has been too long in the line.

DOYLE

Ah, the hell with it. I don't know what it's all about.

He sips on the coffee. Miletto leaves, as Doyle stares into the dark corners of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - POLICE STATION - DAY

44-

45

Some Detectives are lounging again in the shadows of the courtyard steps. Then Doyle comes out from a dark interior, blinking in the sharp sunlight, hugging the coat.

He is white and thinner. Miletto hangs behind him, in the shadows. Doyle gives him a look, and gets a half-smile in return.

Sitting on the stone steps, and taking in the sun, Doyle looks around him. He sees the GUARD at the courtyard entrance -- the one who nearly clubbed him when he was dumped from the car.

Amongst the lounging Detectives, he spots the Old Pro, who turns away immediately. Doyle marks him. It's still a country of strangers, even if the hot sun feels fine. But his eyes are over-bright; a half-smile never leaves his tight lips. He looks what he is -- still a little unbalanced.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

46-

47

The station is nearly empty and dark. Doyle moves down the hallway till he gets to Fournier's office. There's no light from inside. He has changed clothes, shaved, and looks a little better.

He fumbles in his pocket and pulls out keys and a lock-pick, using it quickly on Fournier's door. It gives.

INT. FOURNIER'S OFFICE - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

48

Doyle uses a small penlight to make his way to the display cabinets which are back behind Fournier's desk.

He opens the first one with professional ease. The lower shelves are an arrangement of drugs -- hash, opium, vials of heroin, and the syringes to go with them.

Doyle begins to sweat as he gazes at the items, his face shows a mixture of emotions.

His hands begin exploring the upper shelves, which is a less organized collection of weapons, including guns.

There's a shadow outside the office door. Doyle doesn't see it. Then, the knob is being lightly tried.

Doyle hears it turn, looks up.

Cont.

Fournier is standing in the doorway, framed in the light from the hall, looking at Doyle.

Doyle rises, slipping something away.

Fournier rushes him. Doyle tries to grapple him, but not soon enough. Fournier catches him under the arm, pulling him upward, twisting him around.

Doyle moves under the leverage. He elbows Fournier in the stomach. They struggle, street cops giving it to one another.

Fournier gets Doyle's arms behind him, jerking them up, then tossing him hard, face first, against the display case. It rattles.

FOURNIER

Hands on it!

Fournier kicks him when he doesn't move swiftly enough.

DOYLE

You bastard!

Fournier starts frisking him.

He finds Doyle's pickpocket set, a handful of change, a zippo lighter.

Face pressed against the drug display, Doyle gazes, half-fascinated at the tempting syringes and heroin staring back. His eyes tighten.

Fournier pulls out candy bars, keys, the lock-pick, some cubes of sugar. He drops it all on the floor, searching down Doyle's legs. He stops, finding the gun. He pulls it from Doyle's holster. Breathing hard, Fournier backs off, realizing that's what Doyle came for.

FOURNIER

(showing gun)

This is all you wanted?

DOYLE

Yeah.

Doyle relaxes away from the display case. He sits on the floor out of breath.

Cont.

DOYLE

Miletto said you found it where
I got ripped off.

He unwraps a candy bar and starts to eat it. Barthelemy
watches him. Then, his eyes flick from Doyle to the
display case.

Doyle sees the look, and grimaces ashamed.

BARTHELEMY

You liked it, didn't you, Doyle?

DOYLE

(noshing)

Bullshit. Stickin' needles in the
arm...

BARTHELEMY

You don't have to be ashamed of
liking it. A lot of people do.

DOYLE

Get outta here... Like it? Shit!

His eyes go to the gun.

Barthelemy pushes over Doyle's things with his toe.

BARTHELEMY

You don't need a gun.

He slips it back in the drawer. Bitterly, Doyle bends and
picks up his belongings.

DOYLE

What do I do without a gun? Depend
on your great tails?

Barthelemy nods as Doyle straightens.

BARTHELEMY

You have to. If you get another
gun, I bust you.

It is not an idle threat. Doyle stands, defenseless,
knowing how Barthelemy had helped him. He peels away most
of the tough facade for one moment.

DOYLE

I did like it, Henry...

Barthelemy looks at him with great respect; it is a
difficult admission for anyone to make.

DOYLE

I'll never forget that he made me
like it.

CUT TO:

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - HALL OF RECORDS - MARSEILLES - 49
DAY

Sunlight shafts through the tall windows of the Archive Room in the Hall of Records -- a vaulted, galleried rectangle of sedate calm, redolent with age and history, and subdivided by free-standing bookshelves packed with ledgers, documents, scrolls and files. Silence reigns supreme.

Cont.

THREE ARCHIVISTES sit at an arrangement of desks by the entrance, quietly working. An OLD LIBRARIAN slowly wheels an empty trolley softly out of a subdivision in the middle of the room.

The closeted quiet is suddenly broken.

DOYLE'S VOICE

(O.S.)

You mean there are no phone books
before 1924?

We pull back to see him at a table, stacked with Marseilles phone books. A dusty Archivist is with him.

ARCHIVIST

No. There were not enough
telephones then, M'sieu. And
sometimes, even now, the hotels
are listed only under the
proprietors' names.

DOYLE

Do you have records of them?

ARCHIVIST

Yes, M'sieu. But...

DOYLE

But what?

ARCHIVIST

They go back many years. There
could be thousands of them.
Hundreds of thousands.

DOYLE

Let's try.

ARCHIVIST

It is difficult. There will
be a charge, of twenty francs.

DOYLE

Get 'em.

ARCHIVIST

Per volume...

SAME SCENE - LATER

50

There are huge piles of old ledgers, dusty and crumbling with years. Some are mildewed. A flaky dust moves in the air. Doyle picks at his nose.

Doyle is running his finger down the ledger columns. Proper names are to the left. Establishments are to the right. Through the windows we can see the night turning purple.

The Archivist comes over.

ARCHIVIST

It's closing time, sir.

DOYLE

Okay. Leave them here. I'll be back in the morning.

SAME SCENE - NEXT DAY

51

In different clothes, Doyle keeps moving through the ledger. He stops.

There is an entry that says: Bordagary, Colette. Hotel de Tanger.

DOYLE

Son-of-a-bitch! Daylight!

His voice echoes through the musty room, and the Archivist comes over.

DOYLE

Look! There is is, goddammit!

The Archivist adjusts his glasses and looks.

ARCHIVIST

It's...strange.

Doyle looks at him.

DOYLE

What? What's strange?

ARCHIVIST

There is no address listed.

Doyle looks again, squinting.

DOYLE

Shit!

Cont.

He pounds the table in frustration. Dust rises.

ARCHIVIST

It could be that this was a brothel.

DOYLE

Jesus; it wasn't a church.

ARCHIVIST

In that case, the proprietors frequently kept such addresses private.

Doyle is thinking.

DOYLE

Gimme all those phone books again.
Let's see if this Colette...
Bordagaray is listed.

ARCHIVIST

Oui, M'sieu.

DOYLE

Maybe she's related to
Frenchy Bordagaray. Played for
Brooklyn. Wore a mustache.
Couldn't hit the curve ball.

ARCHIVIST

Brooklyn?

INT. ARCHIVE - AFTERNOON

52

Doyle closes the last phone book. The light is greyer now. The day is moving on. He blows his nose hard, clearing the dust. He leans on the stack of books for a long time.

He gets an idea.

DOYLE

Hey!

The Archivist comes over.

DOYLE

If this Bordagaray dame was running a whorehouse, there has to be police records, right?

ARCHIVIST

Yes.

Cont.

DOYLE

Let's look.

ARCHIVIST

They might be incomplete. During the war, we kept no records. From 1941 to 1946.

DOYLE

Who kept them?

ARCHIVIST

The boche.

DOYLE

You got them here?

ARCHIVIST

They are in the attic. It will be very expensive to...

Doyle takes out the billfold, places a pile of 100 franc notes on the table.

DOYLE

How much?

SAME SCENE - NIGHT

53

Doyle is moving through a different set of books, most of them in German. Their covers have the swastika and writing in Old German.

And then he finds it.

DOYLE

Hey! Here it is! Bordagaray, Colette. With five addresses. Oh, those krauts! Those bastards wrote down everything.

He scribbles down the addresses, and then gets up. The Archivist comes over.

DOYLE

Mercy, pal, Mercy. I think I found what I'm lookin' for.

He hands the man a 100 franc note.

DOYLE

Here. Get yourself a Heinekens.

He strides out.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

54

With a Marseilles map in his hand, Doyle stares at an empty lot. A bulldozer works in the distance. He crosses one address off the list.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE

55

He looks up at a department store, new and shiny, obviously built where one of Colette Bordagaray's houses once stood. Disgusted, he crosses it off the list, and looks back at the map, unfolding it.

EXT. HOTEL DE TANGER - MARSEILLES - SUNSET

56-

61

In the golden glow of a setting sun, Doyle stands on the opposite side of the street to the Hotel de Tanger. But the sign above its plaster porticos and arches of washed-out blue and yellow boasts a different name: HOTEL COLONNADE. But it is the Hotel de Tanger where he was held.

Cont.

He looks strained, city-soiled, in need of a bath.

Doyle crosses the street to the hotel itself. As he steps up the sidewalk, Doyle sees the old name etched in the curbstone as he did on the night he was taken: HOTEL DE TANGER, with the rest of the name worn away. It is where he was incarcerated.

Without a flicker of recognition, he saunters past the hotel, going through a pretense of a passer-by.

EXT. HOTEL DE TANGER - MARSEILLES - NIGHT 62

Lights are dimly on in some of the rooms above the place. The bar is going its mournful way. The whores take the air for a moment and the music is awful.

Doyle is watching it intently from an unobtrusive doorway.

He checks his watch, it's after twelve. He settles down.

EXT. GAS STATION - MARSEILLES - NIGHT 63

Doyle is in the phone booth of a closed gas station, banging the machine. He shoves in another coin.

DOYLE

Mickey Mouse money.

But it's ringing.

INT. FOURNIER'S OFFICE 64

Doyle talks into the phone.

DOYLE

Harry? Doyle. You're kinda late at the office huh.

He glances at his watch, grinning.

FOURNIER

Where are you, Popeye?

Doyle looks happy.

DOYLE

Charnier's place. I suddenly remembered it! It's the Hotel Colonnade. Rue Rappatu. Got it?!

Cont.

He grins wickedly.

Fournier looks concerned.

FOURNIER

Stay where you are.

Doyle obviously intends to do the opposite.

DOYLE

I'll do that, sure, oh, Harry,
bring some water -- a lot of it...!

He hangs up and there's a bright glow in his eyes.

Fournier slams down the receiver.

FOURNIER

Merde...!

He grabs his coat.

EXT. STREET - HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

A-64

From the doorway where he watched the Hotel De Tanger, Doyle picks up a ten liter can. He swings it like a milkmaid as he goes on toward the hotel.

EXT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

65

Being much later, the lights in the windows have gone out. The bar seems just about to close. Everything is winding down.

Doyle goes up the steps and into the bar, unscrewing the cap on the can.

INT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

66

The Bartender is locking up, turning to see Doyle who is already pouring gasoline. Doyle goes past him through the curtains.

DOYLE

Exterminator. You've got rats.

He sashes the back hall and then rushes up the stairs, trailing gas behind him. The Desk Clerk is asleep on a cot, but he comes awake long enough to recognize Doyle, his eyes wide. Doyle pours the gas.

DOYLE

Rats.

He takes out his zippo and it strikes the first time. Then he sets fire to the place.

Flames rush along the trail of gasoline.

The Desk Clerk has jumped up and is flailing at Doyle. Doyle pushes him off. He reaches down, automatically, for the gun that isn't there.

DOYLE

Son-of-a-bitch.

More flames start climbing up the walls.

Doyle kicks in the bannister and rips away a picket, good as a walking cop's stick.

The Desk Clerk is screaming fire. Doyle rushes down the hallway. He kicks open the doors he comes to, looking inside: whores in bed, sloppy and smelling the smoke.

He kicks in another door. Just a sailor junked up, getting out.

Cont.

Moving down the hall, Doyle is looking for Charnier, and not finding him.

DOYLE

Charnier...!

The hall is beginning to fill with people. They yell and scream at the smoke and flames eating toward them.

Doyle pushes through them, going from room to room.

INT. ATTIC - HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

67

He finds the room where he was incarcerated into addiction. Nothing in it now, except the power to evoke memories. Doyle's exuberance from the action of the fire changes oddly, painfully, into a remembrance of an experience etched upon his mind forever.

INT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

68

Downstairs the fire is increasing its hold. The sound of sirens scream ever nearer.

Doyle races back through the hallway, pushing past the PENSIONAIRES stumbling out.

He starts checking everyone's face.

EXT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

69

Police cars and fire trucks come up howling.

The cops move out to cut off the street, collaring people already.

Fournier leaves his car on the run. Miletto and Raoul are with him.

INT. HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

The Leading Algerian who kidnapped Doyle, and a PARTNER, who had helped, scuttle up from the basement, carrying big paper sacks.

Doyle sees them as FIREMEN turn on their hoses. A fuming tight-lipped Fournier enters the lobby looking to confront Doyle, with Raoul and Miletto.

DOYLE

(to Fournier)

Grab them...!

His shout alerts the Algerians, both scatter. Fournier is forced to act before bawling out Doyle.

The Leading Algerian looks for a get-out, and chooses the back way as Doyle charges at him, past licking flames, fanned by breezes.

Fournier tackles the Partner, as Doyle gets to the Leading Algerian, spinning him around.

Using his club like a night-stick, Doyle cracks it on the Algerian's wrist, and then straight up into his face -- old cop-on-the-beat techniques, the ones impossible to forget.

As the Algerian folds, Doyle punches him against a wall, ripping at the paper sack. Syringes, fixings, balloons of heroin, and hash, spew onto the floor. His fist closes over one packet of dope as he tears the bag open. Unseen, instinctively, he stuffs it in a pocket, almost automatically.

Fournier is doing damage to the Partner too, aided by Miletto and Raoul. There is even more stuff on the second guy.

Doyle kicks the dope into the encroaching flames. He looks up and catches a Fireman carrying the Old English Woman out of the smoke. Anger explodes from remembering her.

DOYLE

Bust that bitch. She's a junkie-jonah!...And hold that big one for me -- he's got it coming...!

He points to the Leading Algerian. Fournier signals Raoul to take the Old Lady, while Miletto hustles the Leading Algerian -- both taken out the back way, as the fire increases its hold.

Cont.

The Hotel de Tanger is burning up fast. The Firemen working their hoses are retreating before the flames and heat.

Doyle, hunching like a wild animal, radiating relentless energy, glares at the flames as if to drive them back.

DOYLE

That bastard Frog has slipped me again...!

A furious Fournier wheels on him. Doyle straightens, coming out of his frenzy.

FOURNIER

We talk now, Doyle! Get out!

Doyle glances at him, almost contemptuously, then strides out the back way to the courtyard behind.

EXT. REAR HOTEL DE TANGER - NIGHT

A-70

Against a background of fire and smoke and noise, Fournier tries to confront Doyle, who is walking from him.

FOURNIER

You lie! You cheat! You fuck up again!

But Doyle is oblivious, remorselessly intent on getting to the Leading Algerian who is being held handcuffed by Miletto.

FOURNIER

Imbecile! How do I explain this...?!

He sweeps a hand at the fire.

Doyle couldn't care less, if he had heard at all. Shoving Miletto aside, he begins to tear into the hapless Leading Algerian, feet and fists smashing away, a relentless force not to be denied.

DOYLE

Charnier...you mother-fucking pig-meat...Where is he...? D'you hear me...Where, where, where...!

The scene is as if in hell: a background of flames and smoke and red-black shadows erupting from the burning hotel; the iron bridge over which the drugged Doyle was dragged; and below it, himself, like a man possessed, punctuating

Cont.

each yelled demand with a barrage of blows at the Leading Algerian, who is trapped against a wall.

Miletto moves to remonstrate, but Fournier stops him. He knows Doyle needs this release before coming to his senses; needs to expiate the horrifying experience of having been an addict; needs to inflict revenge.

The Leading Algerian begins to buckle; nobody could withstand the berserk attack Doyle is inflicting.

A stream of information begins to pour from the bloodied pulp Doyle is hammering. The more Doyle hurts him, the more the bruised and battered prisoner blurts out what he knows.

Fournier grows alert as he listens, draws closer to Doyle, getting more intent as the smashed figure repeats over and over again everything about Charnier's operation he can dredge up.

Fournier sees the Leading Algerian knows no more.

FOURNIER

Popeye, we have it...we have it...
It is enough...!

But it is like trying to stop a tornado. Signalling to Miletto and Raoul for help, Fournier starts dragging Doyle off.

The Old Woman lies where Raoul leaves her, scrabbling on the ground.

Together, the three policemen manage to get Doyle away. The Leading Algerian sinks unconscious.

Slowly, reluctantly, Doyle surfaces from his red rage, his body still hunched in fighting stance, the fists like rocks, his eyes glaring wildly, his chest heaving, sweat pouring off him.

FOURNIER

The dry docks. Tonight. He
gave it to us. Everything he
knows...

His quiet, soothing, but authoritative tone brings Doyle round.

They look long at one another, a world of meaning in their gaze. Miletto and Raoul watch, overwhelmed by Doyle's demonstration of determination.

EXT. DRY DOCKS - MARSEILLES HARBOR - NIGHT

71-
72

The police car, its headlamps off, glides to a silent stop by the approach to the dry docks. Weak lights illuminate the area fitfully.

Leaving the car, the four policemen steal quietly towards a DUTCH FREIGHTER, squatting bow first in the only concrete basin occupied. Its funnel is banded with Holland's national colors. The ship is in total darkness.

By the bow, they can see a circle of light under the stern at the sea gates. Shadowy figures there are moving swiftly, sometimes under a shower of tiny sparks drifting down over their heads.

Fournier signals for Raoul and Miletto to cover him from the top of the berth, while he prepares to descend a long flight of stone steps leading down to the floor of the dock itself. He gestures for Doyle to stay back and wait.

DOYLE

No way, baby!

Fournier sighs, and Doyle follows him down.

The vessel rests on concrete blocks, three feet high. Harbor noises echo in the bowels where they stand.

Keeping to the side with the stern light, Fournier and Doyle advance cautiously.

Above them, Miletto and Raoul walk parallel, bent low, taking advantage of any cover or shadow.

The floor and walls of the basin are damp and slimy with sea growth. The water mark is high above their heads, like the ship, which towers over them, a black hulk of steel and rivets.

Carefully avoiding loose baulks of timber, refuse and rusted tackle, Doyle and Fournier move nearer to the activity at the stern.

Over their heads, the long and heavy wooden props lashed from their freighter to the docksides to keep it upright, pass at regular intervals. Miletto and Raoul are glimpsed moving between them.

Pausing on nearing the giant twin propellers, Fournier and Doyle study what is going on at the curved stern above them.

Cont.

On a wide plank between mobile steel ladders, a WELDER, his oxy-acetylene torch flaring away in a shower of sparks, works at burning off long dark strips secreted behind the propellers. Each is about five feet by six inches, encrusted with barnacles, and attached to the hull by steel bands.

The strips already released are being loaded by a small group of Algerians onto a crane cage on the dock floor, whose cable leads upwards to a small mobile crane on top, backed against the edge of the dock. Behind it, a truck stands ready. Parked carefully out of sight near a huge traveling crane stands a Mercedes. Charnier is beside it, waiting patiently.

Jacques is supervising the operation from the cage.

On seeing him, Doyle starts, but is restrained by Fournier, who checks above for the whereabouts of Miletto and Raoul. Their covert signal is acknowledged by Fournier, who gestures they should keep close.

Slipping quietly away from the shelter of the ship, Fournier surveys the stern area. Doyle is a constant shadow.

A GUARD stands with the Welder on a plank, protecting him with a submachine gun.

The group works quietly, efficiently, confidently, their muttered conversation is casual and occasionally light-hearted.

DOYLE

The bastard thinks up the cutest way to move the stuff...!

The Welder has released the last strip and is lowering it to the loaders.

FOURNIER

We leave --

Doyle turns to him, startled, his temper rising instantaneously.

FOURNIER

-- We want the laboratory too, don't we -- and Charnier...?!
So we follow...

On top, Miletto, leaving Raoul facing the truck, is working his way behind it, to cover any escape from front and rear.

Cont.

Darting for the protection of the traveling crane, intent upon his objective, Miletto trips over its rails.

ANOTHER GUARD, on the truck, sees him, and opens fire immediately. Miletto rolls into shelter.

All hell breaks loose below.

Fournier begins shooting at the Welder's Guard, who answers with a stream of bullets. Doyle dives for safety under the hull. Fournier is forced to join him there.

Jacques and his crew, including the Welder, flatten themselves on the crane cage, which immediately begins hauling them up.

Raoul and Miletto are pinned down as *TWO MORE GUARDS* start banging away at them from the cabin of the crane.

Charnier slips inside the Mercedes, and turns on its engine. He is totally safe behind the traveling crane.

Under the hull, Fournier and Doyle are helpless, as any move draws a stream of bullets, digging into the concrete at their feet, or ricocheting off the steel hull with a staccato clanging.

They see the crane cage swing above the dock and straight onto the truck, whose engine starts up with a roar.

Jacques starts shouting orders at his help.

The Mercedes screams away in a tight turn and vanishes into the night. Raoul and Miletto are helpless to stop it as covering fire flattens them until Charnier has passed by.

Trapped under the narrow space beneath the hull, its sea-stained bottom inches from their heads, Doyle and Fournier hug the concrete blocks on which the vessel rests, soaked by the residue of water left from draining the dock.

Every time they make a move, a fresh burst of bullets sends them wriggling back to shelter. The non-stop firing on top between Raoul and Miletto and the Guards taunts their helpless position even further. The Welder's Guard, using the wide plank on the scaffold, can cover both sides of the freighter, thus containing them.

Doyle looks back along the immense blackness of the hull. The concrete blocks make a channel of retreat for both of them to use.

Doyle points at it.

DOYLE

If we don't get out from under,
hot-shot's gonna put us away...!

Fournier nods eagerly, relieved at Doyle's quick thinking.

But as they prepare to move, the sound of cascading water stills them.

From the few inches of space between the floor and the hull, they see great torrents of sea water bursting from the sluice gates set in the dry dock walls. Each way they turn, squirming desperately under the impenetrable hull, all they can see are the gaping mouths of fresh sluice gates spewing water down upon them.

Already, the bottom of the dock is becoming awash.

Above, Jacques and his men, covered by machine gun fire, are furiously turning the giant wheels which open the sluice gates, widening them, allowing more and more ocean to flood the dock.

Raoul and Miletto fight back, but their automatics are futile against the continuous spray of bullets splattering around them. Miletto shifts slightly, reveals a mere part of himself, and is gunned down instantly, pitching into the filling basin, unseen by Doyle or Fournier.

Suddenly the hail from the Welder's Guard ceases. For if Fournier and Doyle are trapped by the rising water, so is their attacker.

A furious onrush, a torrent, topples his scaffold, pitching him into the rising waters.

Knee-deep now in foaming brine, Fournier and Doyle emerge. The Welder's Guard is sloshing desperately for some steps by the sea gates.

Fournier fires at him but misses. The Welder's Guard turns, lugging out a pistol, and fires back. Fournier and Doyle duck for cover.

The roar of the released sea increases, almost drowning out the firing. A huge flood boils over Doyle and Fournier, sweeping them away helplessly. Tossed and turned, sputtering, forced under the surface constantly by one waterfall after another from the vomiting jaws of the gates, the two men battle for life. Fournier's gun is torn from him.

Cont.

Debris, timber, hawsers begin to smash and whip savagely in the turmoil of the raging torrents, hitting the ship violently.

Undertows suck at Doyle and Fournier, dragging them back beneath the hull, where there is no air as the racing tidal swells fill every crevice.

The firing fades as the truck takes the same route as Charnier's Mercedes, to the chagrin of a beaten Raoul. There is nothing he can do to Jacques and his group as they shelter in the back, firing constantly until disappearing at speed.

Now new hazards threaten to end the lives of Fournier and Doyle. The supports holding the freighter upright begin to loosen as the ship shifts in the maelstrom. The long battens, torn from the docksides, scythe through the raging, foaming cascades, clanging like death knells against the steel sides of the cargo boat.

In the intermittent darkness, they are almost impossible to see, forcing Doyle and Fournier into a hair-raising gauntlet with death, as the water sends the two helplessly wherever it wishes.

Free now, Raoul runs desperately along the dock top, keeping pace with the couple as they are carried like flotsam. He comes upon a heavy rope, and begins to uncoil it feverishly.

Coming up for air, Fournier fails to see a massive batten slicing towards him. Doyle does.

DOYLE

Look out...!

His shout saves Fournier's head, but not his shoulder.

With a sickening smack, the trunk-like timber thumps Fournier sideways, unconscious, and under water.

Immediately, Doyle goes after him, swimming desperately. He dives where Fournier sank, and comes up grabbing the inert form.

Battling wildly, but holding his prize, Doyle makes agonizingly slow progress to where Raoul is maniacally shutting off one of the sluice gates near the steps used earlier.

Cont.

With the gate closed off, the water grows calmer. Feeling the steps beneath him, Doyle begins climbing them exhaustedly. The rope thrown by Raoul helps to haul him and his burden to safety.

Totally worn out, Doyle sinks down beside the reviving Fournier, whose eyes flicker open.

For a long, long moment neither says a word. Fournier gives him a weak smile of thanks.

DOYLE

If I'd...had a gun...I could
have...helped you more!

His beady-eyed half-grin is proof again to Fournier of Doyle's indomitable resilience.

From a distance, wailing sirens grow louder...

INT. DOYLE'S HOTEL ROOM - MARSEILLES - NIGHT A-72

Doyle, with a big bath towel wrapped around his middle lies on his bed staring up at the palm-leaf chandelier in a reverie.

The room is in a mess. The sodden clothes from the dry dock escape are strewn on the floor.

From the window, street sounds outside float up.

Doyle looks at his punctured right arm. The needle marks are beginning to fade, but the scabs are still there to see. He scratches them, almost absently, then begins to shake as the nightmare of addiction, and the events at the dry docks, flood back once more.

DOYLE

Jesus...

Disgustedly, he gets up, still shaking, and goes into the bathroom, and splashes cold water on his face.

It does little to relieve his tension. He looks down from the window to the street below. It is dead, a few people hurrying somewhere. Otherwise nothing to hold his interest.

He paces nervously, beginning to sweat. Then he begins to itch again. First his nose, then his arms. He scratches the needle marks ferociously, as though sheer effort will make the irritation stop. All he does is make the scabs bleed afresh.

Cont.

A-72 Cont.

He looks into the mirror. The image staring back at him is fevered, drawn, almost strange. His hands are shaking.

He goes to the table and rips off the wrapping on a Hershey bar, stuffing the block whole into his mouth, chewing furiously. He adds some cubes of sugar to it from a packet on the dresser.

There is a knock on his door.

DOYLE

Who in the hell is that...?

FOURNIER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Me, Doyle. Open up...

DOYLE

Oh shit...

He opens up, and sees Fournier, and behind him, a POLICE INSPECTOR in resplendent uniform.

Fournier has changed clothes, and has his arm in a small sling. The hand is bandaged. The look on his face tells Doyle the Inspector means trouble.

FOURNIER

Popeye...this is Inspector Delacroix...

The Inspector bows stiffly but does not offer to shake hands.

FOURNIER

He wants your passport...I'm sorry...

Even the shocked Doyle can see that Fournier isn't liking his task.

DOYLE

Tell him to come back tomorrow...

He wants time to think, and tries to close the door. Fournier's foot stops it. He and his superior move just inside the room. The Inspector grows more irritated, if possible, and releases a torrent of rapid French at Fournier.

INSPECTOR

(in French)

What is the matter with you?!
Tell him we are deporting him!
An undercover man dead from his
impetuosity; a fire which could
have burned down all of Marseilles;

Cont.

INSPECTOR (Cont.)
hoodlum behavior since he got
here; a total lack of cooperation;
and now this dry docks business
with another of our men killed...
Always Doyle, Doyle, Doyle! We
boot him out. Tell him so...!

An apologetic and embarrassed Fournier turns back to Doyle.

FOURNIER
Well, Popeye, I don't suppose I
have to translate that...! the
Rue Galice, the fire...everything.
Paris has declared you persona
non-grata. You are to be deported.

DOYLE
It wasn't my fault we hit that
ship with only six men.
...We should have had a hundred,
then we would have grabbed those
guys who got away... Doesn't he
know that...

He indicates Inspector.

FOURNIER
Paris is the boss, Popeye...

DOYLE
Fuck Paris...What about Charnier?
In five days he'll ship enough
shit to keep New York high 'til
Christmas!

INSPECTOR
(in French)
Charnier! That's all we hear
from this ox. Charnier!

He looks disdainfully around the messy room.

FOURNIER
He doesn't want to hear any
more about that. You're being
kicked out. Fini.

DOYLE
I ain't going...

Cont.

FOURNIER

Then it's arrest and escort out of France. You want that? Please do not be difficult. Your passport. We can discuss matters in the morning.

There is little more to be gained by arguing.

Fournier's sympathetic pleading helps Doyle to concede. He gets his sodden passport from his trousers, and makes a point of handing the dripping document to the Inspector directly, who takes it with distaste.

FOURNIER

You must remain within the hotel until further notice...

The Inspector bows stiffly to Doyle, sarcastically formal.

INSPECTOR

(to Doyle)
Bonsoir, Monsieur...

He makes sure Fournier leaves first, before exiting himself, closing the door in Doyle's face.

Alone, Doyle looks around his untidy room. He takes a wild, barefooted kick at his pile of clothing on the floor.

DOYLE

Shit!

He looks at his clothes on the floor.

Fishing in his sopping jacket, he takes out the packet of heroin he had stuffed away at the Hotel de Tanger. Under the palm-leaf light, he looks at the deadly little damp balloon of plastic. The white powder inside it is dry. He shakes it to make sure, sending it from corner to corner.

Doyle stares at the temptation for a long, long moment, shaking and sweating.

Then, with a sudden savage energy, he strides to the dresser where his knife lies, and stabs the packet open, spilling some of the powder. He looks enigmatically at what he has done...

Gathering it all in one meaty palm, he hurries into the toilet and flushes the temptation away. For once, the thunderous rumble of water sounds more like a paen of triumph than a cacophony...

EXT. DRY DOCKS MARSEILLES - DAY

73

TWO FROGMEN propel Miletto's body along the refuse-strewn water of the dry dock.

The Dutch freighter has settled again on the floor of the basin. Longshoremen are re-attaching the supports which held it upright when the berth was dry. The big pumps suck away, lowering the waterline again.

A taut-faced Barthelemy watches the delivery of Miletto's corpse to waiting AMBULANCE MEN nearby. They place it on a stretcher and cover it with a blanket. Barthelemy accompanies them to their vehicle, as a last homage to his dead comrade. Barthelemy's arm is out of the sling, but the hand is bandaged still.

The big sun over Marseilles makes the dry docks seem a peaceful and innocent place of work after the terror of the previous night.

The entire area is cordoned off. Police cars and Cops form barriers to keep back the fringe of the idly curious.

Barthelemy looks at the OFFICERS and CREW of the freighter lined up alongside the dockside, with Raoul taking their names. The burly blond DUTCH CAPTAIN of the freighter accompanies him, complaining vociferously.

The AMBULANCE passes slowly along the line of men. Some bow their heads in a token of respect for the dead. Raoul says a silent prayer and crosses himself.

But not the Captain. He remains ebullient, aggressive, as his look at Barthelemy indicates.

Barthelemy faces him coldly.

BARTHELEMY

Your ship didn't handle differently, Captain?

DUTCH CAPTAIN

My French more bad than goddam English. I say nothing till goddam consul get here. I know no thing of the last night!

BARTHELEMY

You must know that something was stuck to the hull...

DUTCH CAPTAIN

We come for fixing of the rudder. Know no thing of the other!

A car horn TOOTS insistently. Barthelemy turns and sees Doyle at the far end of the dry dock, standing beside a taxi, beeping its horn.

BARTHELEMY

You will wait here, Captain?

He is maintaining his facade of icy politeness.

DUTCH CAPTAIN

(indicating freighter)

I go back Dutch territory!

BARTHELEMY

You are in French territory, Captain. You stay on French territory.

He leaves the disgruntled Captain and goes to meet Doyle. The American is grinning boyishly.

BARTHELEMY

Popeye...

DOYLE

You speak bad English in hotel.
No understand...

Barthelemy gives him a hard look.

DOYLE

Besides, if I'm with you, what can I do bad?

Barthelemy resigns himself, as Doyle pays the cab. They start to walk back to the ship.

DOYLE

What did you find out about the tub?

BARTHELEMY

The captain says he knows nothing. He made one stop, he says. In Singapore. As he says, 'to fix bad rudder.'

DOYLE

I'd like to make him eat that rudder.

BARTHELEMY

He says he knows nothing of last night either.

DOYLE

And you believe him?

BARTHELEMY

Of course not.

They are walking, Barthelemy in the lead.

DOYLE

What are you gonna do now, Henry?

BARTHELEMY

We wait. When his Consul comes, we take him to headquarters. We talk. When the Consul leaves, we don't talk so much.

Doyle smiles at the implication that Barthelemy will do things that would work in a squad room in Brooklyn.

DOYLE

Henry...

Doyle is thinking hard. Barthelemy is ahead of him now, walking toward the Captain.

DOYLE

Henry! Wait a second...

Barthelemy waits.

DOYLE

Listen: don't lock this bum up yet.

Barthelemy is listening.

DOYLE

Look, he hasn't been paid yet. I'm sure of that. A guy like Charnier doesn't pay a dime until delivery. There was no time last night, but I know this Dutchman won't leave town until he gets his cash.

BARTHELEMY

(skeptical)

It could be waiting in Holland.
It could be on deposit in Geneva.

Cont.

DOYLE

No. It's gotta be cash. And it's gotta be here. Charnier won't take the chance of stiffin' the guy. He knows the guy could tell you some nice stories.

BARTHELEMY

I don't know...

DOYLE

If you wait to follow the Dutchman all over Europe, that skag'll be in five dollar bags on Amsterdam Avenue by the end of next week. Let the guy walk. He'll take us right to Frog One...

Barthelemy ponders Doyle's idea and its implications.

DOYLE

You owe me one, Henry. I'm pickin' up the marker.

His cold tone can't hide the pleading underneath. Barthelemy is forced to concede: Doyle did save his life. And his proposition does make some sense.

Barthelemy nods vigorously once.

Doyle turns away, so the Dutch captain cannot see him. He grins in victory.

INT. ROOM - DRY DOCKS - MARSEILLES - DAY

74

Doyle and Barthelemy are set up in a room above an engineering shed near the dry docks. It affords them a perfect view of the Dutch freighter below them.

They have food, walkie-talkies, powerful binoculars, and a mattress, and they have obviously been at the surveillance for some time. Jackets are off, ties too. Doyle has his shoes off as well.

The walkie-talkie crackles. Barthelemy answers it, listens intently for a few moments, and signs off with satisfaction.

BARTHELEMY

We've covered the harbor in case he tries a rendezvous by boat.

Cont.

Doyle has the binoculars trained on the Freighter.

Barthelemy strides to the window. Below he can see the dry dock empty.

ENGINEERS are working on the faulty rudder.

DOYLE

Double-Dutch is taking his time.

Cont.

He hands the binoculars over to Fournier who quickly adjusts them and stares at the bridge of the freighter. Doyle looks over his shoulder. Almost on their sightline, the Dutch Captain can be seen standing on his bridge, still in uniform. Fournier puts down the glasses.

FOURNIER

Watching his rudder being repaired,
no doubt...

DOYLE

When will that be finished...?

He nibbles at a candy bar.

FOURNIER

Sometime tomorrow by our
information...

Doyle looks at him meaningfully.

DOYLE

Quicker the better...

Fournier gestures hopefully.

INT. LABORATORY - ARAB QUARTER - DAY

75

Charnier hurries through a series of shabby interconnecting rooms with Jacques, supervising and encouraging the urgent preparation and distilling of the morphine base into heroin.

The complex of rooms is more like a large restaurant kitchen than the usual image of a medical laboratory. Everything appears to have been bought in a hardware store, and is roughly lashed together. Yet it is all clearly serviceable and practical.

The morphine cooks in long tin tubs; two battered, large freezers cool the product; sifters refine the residue. The powder goes through the same processes five times, like the repetition of a mass production line. The WORKERS know the routine and move through as if chefs, producing orders from the servery of a busy commissary.

ARMED GUARDS and LOOKOUTS can be seen inside and outside the laboratory.

Charnier and Jacques arrive at a small corner, partitioned off from the rest of the complex.

Cont.

In it, the CHEMIST is bending over a large tray of white powder.

Seeing them, the Chemist joins his thumb and forefinger into an O and nods emphatically.

Charnier and Jacques relax, and leave with a small bow.

INT. ROOM - DRY DOCKS - EVENING

A-75

Doyle rubs his tired eyes as he puts down the binoculars once again.

DOYLE

He's still taking his goddam time...

Fournier is resting on the mattress.

FOURNIER

It will get very difficult if we see nothing tomorrow, Popeye... I cannot cover you for more than two days of recuperation...

Doyle sighs, knowing he speaks the truth.

DOYLE

Couldn't I get a disease or something...?

Fournier grins.

FOURNIER

To my Inspector you are a disease...

DOYLE

Yeah -- and I'd like to give to him...

He lights a cigarette moodily.

INT. ROOM - DRY DOCKS - MORNING

B-75

Fournier is looking at the dry docks which is being steadily filled. Longshoremen are beginning to dismantle the props holding the ship. A whisp of steam floats up from its funnel.

Doyle is pacing restlessly, casting irritated glances out of the window every time he passes it.

Cont.

Fournier looks at him covertly, understanding the dilemma.

Doyle strides to the window and looks out. His eyes narrow. His fists tighten on the window sill.

INT. LABORATORY - ARAB QUARTER - DAY

C-75

While the process of refining the morphine base into heroin continues, a line of Workers, in single file, are now carrying cardboard cartons of large tins out of the laboratory through a side door.

At their feet, thick electric cables are laid along the path they are taking...

INT. GARAGE - LABORATORY COMPLEX - DAY

D-75

The cable and the workers lead into a garage where a small truck is being loaded with the cartons under Jacques' supervision.

At the back of the garage, a GENERATOR hums away, supplying electric power for the laboratory.

The tall, steel double doors of the entrance to the garage are guarded by a BIG BLACK.

INT. ROOM - DRY DOCKS - DAY

E-75

The dry dock is filled. The freighter floats quietly in. All the props and restraints holding it upright have been dismantled.

Fournier turns from the window, looking disappointed.

FOURNIER

I think we have had it, Popeye...

Doyle is just finishing shaving.

DOYLE

That Dutchman's got to bite,
I tell you. I just know it...

He goes to the window yet again and looks out.

FOURNIER

He is leaving himself very little
time...

Cont.

DOYLE

But enough...Look...

Fournier hurries to the window. Below, by the pay phone on the dockside, the Dutch Captain, in full civilian rig, is making a call.

He replaces the receiver and puffs patiently on a cigar.

One moment passes...Two...Three...Then the telephone rings. The Captain answers it, nods happily, replaces the receiver and begins to saunter to the dry docks entrance.

DOYLE

Whoopee...!

He turns to Fournier, who is also suddenly alive, exhilarated.

DOYLE

Nothing's gonna stop us now,
man...Nothing...!

Fournier switches on the walkie-talkie and Doyle starts gathering his belongings...

INT./EXT. TOURIST LAUNCH - WATERSIDE, OLD PORT 76
- MARSEILLES - DAY

Like the Japanese Captain before him, the Dutchman boards the same tourist launch for a trip around the Old Port, and takes the same seat by the center of the stern row. He has waited patiently to be the last passenger before stepping aboard.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN watches him board before continuing her walk. But no other surveillance personnel join the Captain on board.

The OTHER TRIPPERS pile on and fill the craft. The Captain, with his camera, sun-glasses, and cigar, blends in perfectly.

Behind them, alone by the water's edge, Jacques surveys the craft carefully, seeing if anyone is taking an especial interest in the Dutchman. None appear to be. Still cautious, Jacques walks carefully away from the landing stage and surveys that too for observers. Again there appears to be nobody that interested in the blond Captain.

It is only at the very last moment, just before the trip is about to get underway, that Jacques buys a ticket and hurries aboard. The Air France flight bag flaps on his shoulder.

Cont.

Once underway, chugging backwards into the center channel of the bay, the launch begins its circular tour.

Jacques remains under the awning of the forward part, making no attempt to contact the Dutchman yet.

From the shore, the first of Fournier's surveillance team stationed there, keeps the boat under watch through powerful binoculars, and talks into a walkie-talkie...

WATCHER

(in French)

Mine...mine...mine...mine...

YOURS!

On his last word, a NEW WATCHER, in a new position around the bay takes up the surveillance.

WATCHER TWO

(in French)

Mine...mine...mine...mine...

YOURS!...

Thus throughout the entire trip taken by the Dutchman and Jacques, Watcher after Watcher, stationed all around the voyage keep the Captain under constant check, from a variety of ingenious positions and disguises.

The tension builds steadily as each Watcher's report comes into Fournier and Doyle as their car arrives to discreetly park near the landing stage.

And the tension builds even more as each report confirms that no move has been made by anybody on board to contact the expectant Captain.

Under the awning of the craft, Jacques sits patiently, not even looking at the Captain at times, but ever-observant nonetheless. Yet, nothing or nobody seems in the least suspicious to him.

The sights of the bay come and go...The Watcher's voices stab staccato-like...Doyle and Fournier wait and wait, listening to the Watcher's reports...but Jacques makes no move...Not knowing Jacques is aboard, Doyle grows restless about the Captain.

DOYLE

He can't be taking a busman's holiday, that's for sure...!

On the boat, the Passengers begin to gather their possessions as it heads for the landing stage once again. Still Jacques remains immobile.

Cont.

Even the Captain begins to look anxious, shifting in his seat, deliberately making room beside himself, waiting to be sought out. Jacques grimaces at the ploy but remains out of sight under the awning. The Captain looks at VARIOUS PASSENGERS, wondering which one is the bag-man.

The boat docks. The Trippers line up to disembark.

Jacques sidles up behind the Captain, but still waits.

A couple of moments before the Dutchman is about to leave the launch, Jacques grips his elbow from behind, slips the flight bag unobtrusively onto the Captain's shoulder, and then graciously allows an OLD MARRIED COUPLE to take his place. When the Dutchman looks behind him, Jacques stares blankly at him, a stranger.

One by one, the Trippers troop off.

Fournier and Doyle watch them from the car. They see the Dutchman, but don't get the importance of his flight bag.

The exasperation and impotence grows until the boat is practically empty. Then Jacques steps ashore.

DOYLE

That's Charnier's boy, Harry...!
We've got the bastard...!

The Dutchman, holding the flight bag tightly, takes a taxi. Still checking watchfully, Jacques takes a taxi too in the opposite direction. Observing them both are the Members of Fournier's team.

Fournier switches on his walkie-talkie again, in the car. He turns to Doyle.

FOURNIER

We'll pick up the Captain later.

EXT. JACQUES' SURVEILLANCE II - MARSEILLES - DAY A-76

Now, the tailing of Jacques is a far more difficult and dangerous process.

An old hand at the game of covering his tracks, he twists and turns and doubles back on himself continually, keeping a constant lookout, and forcing Fournier's team into extra cars.

Cont.

The Taxi Driver follows him for a short distance before handing over to the Delivery Boy.

Jacques moves into narrow streets. But binoculars on a roof-top in the hands of a Plainclothesman keep the trackers on the trail via walkie-talkies.

Jacques takes a trolley-bus. So do Two Lovers. Jacques gets off, before it has picked up speed. The Lovers do not move. Already, a Hippy has Jacques under his gaze.

In a busy street, the expensive car deposits the Elegant Lady, who takes over from the Hippy as Jacques rounds a corner.

As the pace and intensity of the surveillance increases, Doyle grows more tense, more impatient, more eager to get out and do. Fournier understands the dilemma.

FOURNIER

He's good for his age...

DOYLE

Yeah...Trust nobody...The creep learned fast...

Jacques is moving through a market. Paralleling him is the Middle-aged Woman. She stops and lets a PRIEST take over as watchdog.

Within two streets, the Priest has been excommunicated for a WINDOW CLEANER, then an ALGERIAN, and following him, The Black. A BEGGAR is next; then an ALGERIAN VENDOR.

The Tails are doing a superb job.

An OLDER ALGERIAN now has Jacques as his charge.

Slowly, circuitously, Jacques is moving nearer and nearer to the Arab Quarter.

Fournier turns to Doyle in the radio car.

FOURNIER

He is moving into the Arab Quarter...

As they are about to be driven off, Fournier hands something to Doyle. It is his gun. The look between them speaks volumes, before Doyle slips it back into his ankle holster...

EXT. ARAB QUARTER - MARSEILLES - DAY

77

Doyle and Fournier surge up a narrow street in the Arab Quarter with FIVE OTHER DETECTIVES. Their closed ranks, steady pace and air of fierce determination clearly spells trouble for anybody who gets in their way.

None do. The inhabitants of the Arab Quarter recognize from long experience when bad times are closing in fast: people scurry from cafes; shop-fronts are hurriedly shuttered; doors closed, children hushed and gathered; street stalls folded away; and goods packed anyhow into suitcases on the sidewalks.

Along another narrow street, moving towards the first Team of Detectives, is another one, led by Raoul with the same sense of urgency and implacable decision. Some carry axes. Others have sledgehammers.

All are tough, and clearly armed.

EXT. CUPID BUILDING - ARAB QUARTER - DAY

78

The two teams of Detectives meet in another narrow street.

Halfway along it, an ARAB HAWKER becomes the Undercover Man he is, and points to a balconied courtyard leading off the street.

A rotting stone Cupid gives a chipped smile of welcome from above its entranceway.

The Undercover Arab joins the juggernaut of Cops which bursts into the balconied courtyard like a commando group.

EXT. COURTYARD - CUPID BUILDING - DAY

79

At the foot of the series of balconies is a line of doors and windows. The team immediately begins attacking them with the axes and sledgehammers, forcing entrances, and swarming inside, guns drawn.

People inside begin to scream and shout and run from the invaded buildings.

INT. LABORATORY - CUPID BUILDING - DAY

80

The police attack has frozen everybody at work in the laboratory. The sounds of the axes and sledgehammers and the cries of the crowd are unmistakable.

Charnier takes control of the situation before panic can break out. He signals for Jacques to supervise the collection of the remaining cardboard cartons of tins, and carry them away.

Cont.

The Guards move to cover the doors.

Once the line of Workers is moving again, Charnier slips out through a side entrance, the big Black with him.

INT. CUPID BUILDING - DAY

81

The police teams are speeding down corridors and passageways, smashing down doors, herding people out and seeking the laboratory at top speed. The place is a warren of nooks and crannies and stairways.

Doyle and Fournier race up a short flight of stairs. From a hiding place at the top, a Guard appears. Before he can open fire, Fournier brings him down with two shots.

Fournier charges through the door, with Doyle and some other Cops close behind. They are in the laboratory.

INT. LABORATORY - CUPID BUILDING - DAY

82

The laboratory is a blaze of electric light after the shadowed passageways.

Guards begin firing as the Cops pour in.

Answering fire begins as Fournier and Doyle hit the floor with their men, taking cover behind tables, equipment and packing cases. Bullets take toll of windows, equipment and men...

Crouched on the floor, Doyle looks around for Charnier but cannot see him.

He squirms to some shattered windows, looks out, and catches a glimpse of Charnier and the Black flitting along an open balcony across from the courtyard.

He rolls backwards out of a window, and bent low, races for the wooden stairs nearby leading up to the balconies.

Inside the laboratory, Fournier sees Jacques' shoulder through the door taken by Charnier earlier, and gives chase, after the one Guard left is silenced in a hail of bullets, his automatic weapon juddering its magazine empty as he dies...

INT. CUPID BUILDING - DAY

83

Charnier and the Black are hurrying along a dimly-lit passageway.

EXT. BALCONY AND COURTYARD - CUPID BUILDING - DAY 84

Doyle bulldozes his way along the same balcony taken by Charnier, shoving past people beginning to crowd it.

INT. CUPID BUILDING - DAY 85

Doyle is now running hard along the passageway after Charnier.

INT. GARAGE - CUPID BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY 86

Jacques is sprinting for the truck, a Worker fastening its tailboard tight, as Fournier and Raoul explode into the garage by the top of the stairs leading down to the open steel doors of the entrance. Guards begin firing at the two Cops.

Jacques has started the truck and is rolling faster and faster towards the open steel doors.

Hurting down the stairs, Fournier punches the electric button which closes the doors, as the truck comes right towards him.

Jacques increases speed desperately as the jaws of the exit begin closing inexorably.

Fournier and Raoul duck for cover from the bullets and the possible crash of the truck.

The entrance narrows yard by yard, matching Jacques' accelerating progress.

Just as it looks he will get through and away, the doors close enough to form a barrier to the truck.

It hits them at speed, the body work crumples like a concertina. The crunching impact hurtles Jacques through the windshield and against the unyielding steel of the doors, where he dies, a squashed and bloodied wreck as the truck explodes...

INT. PASSAGEWAY - CUPID BUILDING - DAY 87

Charnier darts through a door held open by the Black, which is slammed shut after them.

Gun ready, Doyle runs up to the door, pulls it wide. Beyond is a wider passageway overlooking a staircase below.

But before he can continue the pursuit of Charnier, the door is slammed back on his hand by the Black, sending Doyle's gun skittering away.

Cont.

Reacting immediately, Doyle butts the Black in the stomach as he closes with him.

They struggle viciously, teetering on the edge of the stairs.

Knowing Charnier is racing away ahead, Doyle is like a wild man as he chops and butts and punches away at the big Black.

Surprised by the ferocity of Doyle's response, the Black gives ground.

Seeing his opportunity, Doyle trips him and suddenly shoves hard, throwing the Black over the balustrade and down onto some Arabs crouched in terror by the landing below.

Without a second glance, Doyle has his head down after Charnier, and is running, running, running...

EXT. STREETS - CUPID BUILDING AREA - DAY

88

A Police Bus deposits an ARMED POLICEMAN at a cross street, and trundles off to another, setting up a cordon around the area of the Cupid Building.

By ANOTHER STREET, Charnier emerges from a shadowed doorway and begins running up it.

Traversing a cross-street, he clears it an instant before the Police Bus drops off ANOTHER ARMED POLICEMAN, and moves on.

Doyle dashes out of the same door used by Charnier as the Armed Policeman takes up his position. Beyond the Guard, Doyle sees Charnier slipping into an alley.

DOYLE

No you bastard! Not this time!

He gives chase. The Armed Policeman gets his gun ready as Doyle nears.

DOYLE

Police...Don't shoot...AMERICAN
POLICE...!

His English alone makes the Armed Policeman hesitate. Doyle holds his hands high, showing he carries no weapon. The Armed Policeman looks even more perplexed.

It is all Doyle needs.

Closing in fast, he knocks the Cop to the ground, takes his automatic weapon, and is away after Charnier again...

EXT. MAIN STREET - MARSEILLES - DAY

89

Shoving forward into a crowded main street, Doyle begins ploughing a path through people shopping as he searches for Charnier.

Disheveled, sweating, bellowing almost unintelligibly, he is a wild enough sight, without the way he brandishes his automatic weapon.

People begin scattering before him as he runs along the wide sidewalk.

As the crowd clears, he glimpses Charnier boarding a trolley-bus a hundred yards away.

Hampered by the distance and the scuttling shoppers, he is unable to get close enough to stop the trolley-bus from moving off, and carrying Charnier out of his sight.

Through the rear window, Charnier turns and looks back at Doyle, giving him his characteristic curl of the fingers in farewell.

But Doyle is not saying good-bye.

Like an obsessed Nemesis, he gives chase, charging down the middle of the main street, machine-pistol waving, dodging traffic and creating a havoc of horns, stalled cars and panic-stricken people.

Charnier's face shows disparagement as the trolley-bus gathers speed.

Yet Doyle still keeps coming.

The trolley-bus is waved on by a TRAFFIC COP. Two seconds later, he is sent sprawling as Doyle literally tramples over him to keep the trolley-bus in view.

INT. TROLLEY-BUS - STREETS OF MARSEILLES - DAY

90

Now a fantastic hunt between man and machine gets underway as Doyle refuses to be denied his one chance of nailing Frog One Charnier for all time.

Darting, leaping, bumping and boring like a broken field runner, Doyle never lets the trolley-bus lose him.

The chase is a constant see-saw as first Doyle gains, and then the trolley-bus.

Seeing it about to turn a corner, Doyle goes to cut it off by charging through a crowded store. The display windows on the street reveal him, cleaving across counters and customers, but revolving doors baulk his exit as the trolley-bus swooshes by triumphantly, continuing its journey.

Doyle's insane persistence begins to worry Charnier. He feels for his gun as a couple of PASSENGERS board at a stop.

Underway again, Charnier goes to the DRIVER, and forces him at gunpoint to keep going non-stop. The gun also gets the Passengers to lie on the floor.

Police whistles begin sounding in the wake of Doyle, but he is beyond hearing or caring. Nothing is going to stop him at this stage.

The trolley-bus descends into an underpass. Doyle races over its pedestrian walkway. But at the far end of the underpass, the vehicle turns right, forcing him to take a narrow alley which runs parallel to the road.

Charnier makes the Driver run red lights. Cars scream into skids as the big transporter curves right across their paths.

The Driver starts sounding his horn continuously, adding to the cacophony. Panic begins building among the Passengers. Charnier urges for even more speed, but the Driver shakes his head, indicating he is at his controlled maximum.

Doyle is now a man possessed. A NEWS VENDOR is sent reeling back into his stand; a car is dented as Doyle stomps over its front to save a yard or two; two who attempt to stop him get the butt of the gun.

A line of street stalls selling books are collapsed as the trolley-bus, at speed, and swaying dangerously, passes them too closely.

Doyle's energy is inexhaustible. Again and again, as he darts between cars, across streets, around knots of bystanders, he closes on Charnier. Each time he is thwarted, but never once suggests his determination is flagging.

Coming upon a stampede of vehicles at an intersection, and almost catching Charnier at last, he scatters MOTORBIKES and BICYCLES piled up in the aftermath of the chaos created by the trolley-bus.

Then luck helps him for once. Trying to squeeze past a lumbering trailer truck, the trolley-bus is blocked. The TRUCK DRIVER refuses to give way. Traffic from the other direction makes it impossible for Charnier to order a route around it.

The laden truck tackles a steep hill, going slower and slower as it moves through its gears. The trolley-bus is forced to slow down too, behind it.

But not Doyle. He sees his opportunity and takes it.

Through the rear window, Charnier watches Doyle pound closer.

Within range, Doyle suddenly drops to one knee, and aims his weapon at the overhead wires and conductor arms which feed the electricity to the trolley-bus.

He lets off a long burst at them.

Sparks, smoke, even a blue flame or two erupt from the severed arms and overhead wires.

People inside and outside the trolley-bus scream. Cars skid and jam everywhere. The trolley-bus shudders to a stop, throwing its passengers forward as it thumps into the back of the trailer-truck. They fight to release the stuck doors.

Doyle starts running again -- not to be denied anymore.

EXT. TROLLEY-BUS - MAIN STREET - MARSEILLES - 91
DAY

Charnier is by the emergency exit of the trolley-bus, forcing it open. People crowd behind him, but he shoves them away savagely, his gun in command. All his elegance, all his charm, all his control of situation is banished in the one desire to escape.

He can see Doyle getting nearer and nearer, but the exit is giving under his frenzied efforts.

Aiming his gun at the air-lock above the doors, he fires once. The doors spring apart.

Seeking desperately for some extra protection from the enraged Doyle, who is getting even-nearer, Charnier grabs a YOUNG BRUNETTE, and drags her with him from the trolley-bus as a hostage.

As Doyle looms large, Charnier faces him, holding his gun at the Brunette's head triumphantly.

But Doyle keeps coming, his gun and face one image of death. And to Charnier's despair, the Brunette goes into hysterics, forcing him to concentrate upon holding her still. But he cannot. She screams and struggles and sinks in a swoon.

Cont.

There is enough of Charnier revealed for Doyle to hit. Slipping his automatic weapon onto single-shot, Doyle stops, takes deliberate aim, and puts a bullet into Charnier's shoulder.

With a scream of pain, he drops the Brunette, and turns on Doyle, the gun rising.

In one movement, Doyle changes back from single-shot and empties the magazine into Charnier. Bullets rip into the expensive suit, score the elegant shoes as they toss and turn the well-kept body over and over in the gutter beside the ruined trolley-bus.

And then it is over. Doyle stops firing, exhausted, in a daze. The silence is, for a long moment, almost total. Then a child cries somewhere, a long way off. A hurdy-gurdy starts to play. Whimpering passengers are climbing out the windows of the ruined trolley-bus.

Doyle sits down on a curb. He lets the machine gun roll a few feet away, and stares at the unmoving body of Charnier. A child, with dark innocent eyes, walks in front of him, dressed in a starchy white Holy Communion dress, carrying a missal. He does not even blink.

And then a police car pulls up. Barthelemy and Raoul get out. Other police are arriving, and start moving the crowd back. Barthelemy looks at Doyle, then at Charnier's body.

BARTHELEMY

Is that him?

Doyle nods, still sitting on the curb.

DOYLE

Yeah.

Raoul nudges the body. In the crowd, some people are already bored and have started going about their daily lives. Raoul turns Charnier's face straight up. Raoul moves past him and recovers the machine gun, while Barthelemy studies the dead man's face.

BARTHELEMY

I never saw him before.

Cont.

Barthelemy offers Doyle a hand. Doyle stares at the hand. Then he takes it and rises to his feet. His eyes have begun to water. He rubs his nose, and then hugs his body.

DOYLE

It's cold ya know. It's really cold.

CAMERA HOLDS on his baffled face.

OUT 92-
93

FADE OUT

THE END