

"THE DAY OF THE JACKAL"

by

KENNETH ROSS

SECOND DRAFT

1.

1. EXT. PARIS STREET. LATE AFTERNOON.

1.

CLOSE UP: caricature of DE GAULLE hanging from a gallows. CAMERA EASES BACK to disclose the letters "O.A.S.", and "Algeria - French for ever" crudely daubed on a white wall.

CAMERA PANS TO CLOSE SHOT, a tree-lined street. A YOUNG MAN wearing a white crash helmet eases into shot. He is riding a scooter. He stops unobtrusively under the chestnut trees and looks O.S.

2. EXT. RUE FAUBOURG ST. HONORE. LATE AFTERNOON.

2.

SCOOTERIST'S POV: LONG SHOT of the Rue Faubourg St. Honore. It is 7.30 p.m., August 22, 1962 - a very hot day. There is the normal, roaring Paris traffic.

ZOOM CLOSE: the entrance to the Elysee Palace. GUARDS at ease in their boxes beside the closed front gate, also SECURITY MEN. CAMERA PANS UP to show the French flag billowing against the sky.

3. EXT. PARIS STREET. LATE AFTERNOON.

3.

FLASH CUT: big CLOSE-UP of SCOOTERIST, watching without expression.

4. EXT. COURTYARD, ELYSEE PALACE. LATE AFTERNOON.

4.

SHOOTING THROUGH MASSIVE IRON GRILLE. There is evidence of special security precautions. 16 black Citroen D.S. saloons are drawn up nose to tail, forming a circle around three-quarters of the area. DRIVERS are lurking in a small area of shade, relaxed, smoking, grumbling and bantering.

The clock shows 7.30.

A chained and bemedalled USHER appears behind the plate-glass doors at the top of the six steps of the Palace and gestures. The DRIVERS drop their half-smoked cigarettes and grind them into the gravel.

5. EXT. COURTYARD, ELYSEE PALACE. LATE AFTERNOON.

5.

CUT of SECURITY MEN swinging the iron grille open as GUARDS stiffen to attention in their boxes.

6. EXT. ELYSEE PALACE COURTYARD. LATE AFTERNOON. 6.
 CLOSE on the line of cars. The CHAUFFEURS are at the wheels of their limousines as the first group of MINISTERS appears. ST. CLAIR is unobtrusively in evidence, also DUMONT. The USHER opens the doors and the MINISTERS straggle down the steps and get into their respective cars. They are driven away past the salutes of the GUARDS and out into the street.
7. FLASH CUT CLOSE-UP of SCOOTERIST, as before. 7.
8. CLOSE-UP CLOCK: 7.45 p.m. 8.
9. EXT. ELYSEE PALACE COURTYARD. LATE AFTERNOON. 9.
 It is now empty except for two long black D.S. 19 Citroens slowly cruising to the base of the steps. The first car flies the pennant of the President of the French Republic.
 CLOSE-UP THE DRIVER (DUVAL).
10. INT. ENTRANCE HALL. ELYSEE PALACE. LATE AFTERNOON. 10.
 SHOOTING THROUGH PLATE-GLASS toward Courtyard, gates and street beyond: the MEN on the gravel spring to attention. A second later, the figures of DE GAULLE and his WIFE appear FROM CAMERA and descend the steps.
11. EXT. COURTYARD. ELYSEE PALACE. LATE AFTERNOON. 11.
 CLOSE: GUARDS and SECURITY MEN ramrod stiff.
12. INT. ENTRANCE HALL. ELYSEE PALACE. LATE AFTERNOON. 12.
 CUT BACK TO SHOT THROUGH PLATE-GLASS: DE GAULLE and MME DE GAULLE entering the car.
 COL. CLERK checks the doors, then takes his place in front beside the DRIVER.
 A hulking BODYGUARD takes his place in front seat beside the DRIVER of the second car. COMMISSAIRE DUMONT, Chief of the President's Security Corps, gets into the back seat of the second car, alone.

12. CONTD.

12.

Two white-helmeted MOTORCYCLE GENDARMES gun their engines into life and ride slowly toward the gate, ten feet apart. They glance back as the first Citroen swings toward the gate and draws up behind them. The second car follows.

12-A. EXT. ELYSEE PALACE. LATE AFTERNOON.

12-A.

CLOSE-UP CLOCK: 7.50. SOUND of motorcycle sirens starting.

12-B. EXT. RUE FAUBOURG ST. HONORE. LATE AFTERNOON.

12-B.

CAMERA near entrance grille, SHOOTING TOWARD Avenue de Marigny: whine of motorcycle sirens continues as President's convoy sweeps away and toward the Avenue de Marigny.

12-C. EXT. TREE-LINED STREET. LATE AFTERNOON.

12-C.

CLOSE: the SCOOTERIST slides away from the curb. PAN as he follows in the slipstream of the official cars.

12-D. INT/EXT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON.

12-D.

DE GAULLE'S POV: SHOOTING past the DRIVER's shoulder and the flag on the bonnet - the sirens continue as the car erupts into the sunlit Place Clemenceau, crossing the Champs Elysees toward the Pont Alexandre III, past frantically waving and whistling COPS who are trying to get the traffic stopped in time.

12-E. EXT. PONT ALEXANDRE III. LATE AFTERNOON.

12-E.

On the bridgehead, Left Bank: the Presidential car sweeps by, DE GAULLE seen indistinctly in back seat. CAMERA HOLDS on SCOOTERIST who slows down and swerves toward a corner cafe. He descends and enters cafe.

13. INT. CAFE. LATE AFTERNOON.

13.

SCOOTERIST enters, goes to telephone. He drops a small metal token into phone and begins to dial. A calendar in f.g. shows August 22, 1962.

13-A. INT. SUBURBAN CAFE. LATE AFTERNOON.

13-A.

CLOSE-UP: COLONEL BASTIEN-THIRY at a telephone, listening. He is at the bar. He nods, hangs up, puts down a coin for his beer, looks at his watch and exits, carrying a newspaper.

13-B. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET AND CAFE, MEUDON. LATE AFTERNOON.

13-B.

BASTIEN-THIRY, a newspaper under his arm, crosses from the cafe to a park bench. He puts his left foot on the bench and begins to tie his shoe.

13-C. EXT. PARK BENCH, MEUDON. LATE AFTERNOON.

13-C.

CLOSE-SHOT: the park bench from a HIGHER ANGLE, seen through pair of binoculars (LONG FOCUS LENS). BASTIEN-THIRY finishes tying his shoe.

1ST MAN'S VOICE OVER

Right -

2ND MAN'S VOICE OVER

What is it?

1ST MAN'S VOICE OVER

Route number two -

BASTIEN-THIRY enters a small car.

1ST MAN'S VOICE OVER

(suddenly excited)

They're coming our way.

SOUND of running feet. A door is opened and slammed shut as the BINOCULARS SLIDE OUT OF SHOT.

SCREEN GOES BLACK FOR A SECOND.

13-D. EXT. TREE-LINED AVENUE IN SUBURBS. LATE AFTERNOON.

13-D.

De Gaulle's convoy driving TOWARD CAMERA. The two MOTORCYCLISTS drop back to the rear of the convoy.

13-E. INT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON.

13-E.

CLOSE-UP: DUVAL, De Gaulle's driver.

VOICE OVER

Faster...

13-F. INT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. LATE AFTERNOON.

13-F.

CLOSE-UP INSERT: DUVAL's foot on gas pedal. He presses it down.

13-G. EXT. PARIS STREET. EVENING.

13-G.

LONG SHOT: Convoy roaring by at 60 miles per hour.

14. EXT. CROSSROADS, PETIT-CLAMART. DUSK.

14.

CLOSE-UP WRISTWATCH: 8.05.

PAN UP TO CLOSE-UP: SERGE RENARD. He, ex-Legionnaire VARGA and ANOTHER MARKSMAN are sheltering behind an Estafette van parked by the roadside, intending to fire at a shallow angle at the expected convoy.

RENARD

(to VARGA)

They should take a hundred and fifty bullets by the time they're close to us.

CAMERA SHIFTS TO LONG SHOT of straight, tree-lined Avenue de la Liberation in Petit-Clamart. A hundred yards away BASTIEN-THIRY stands idly by a bus stop. Dusk is falling and objects are losing their sharp outlines in the soft evening light. CAMERA PANS SWIFTLY to a side road (Avenue du Bois). A car is parked at the kerb, engine running. It is the second OAS group, ready to intercept the convoy and to finish off the Presidential party.

14-A. EXT/INT. OAS CAR. DUSK.

14-A.

CLOSE-SHOT: The second car. GEORGES MONTEL clutching a sub-machine gun, next to him the driver, CUISINIER. He is tense and somewhat worried.

CUISINIER

Nothing?

MONTEL

Nothing.

CUISINIER

They're late today.

MONTEL

I can hardly see the Colonel.

14-A. CONTD.

14-A.

CUISINIER suddenly grabs MCNTEL's forearm.

X 15. EXT. AVENUE DE LA LIBERATION. DUSK. X

15.

LONG SHOT: BASTIEN-THIRY suddenly and frantically waves his newspaper. Almost at the same time the convoy hurtles past him at 70 miles per hour.

15-A. EXT. AMBUSH SITE, PETIT-CLAMART. DUSK.

15-A.

FLASH CLOSE-UP: RENARD screaming:

RENARD

Fire!

The MARKSMEN, one spreadeagled behind an F-N (machine-gun?) at RENARD's feet, (CAMERA SHOOTING FROM BEHIND THEM TOWARDS THE ONCOMING CONVOY), fire as the cars pass them at full speed. Most of the bullets hit the first Citroen from behind. Two tyres shred under the fire. The sudden loss of pressure causes the car to lurch and go into a front wheel skid.

15-B. INT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. DUSK.

15-B.

SHOOTING FORWARD from behind DE GAULLE's back: COLONEL CLERC in the front seat yells:

CLERC

Get down!

MME DE GAULLE quickly lowers her head onto her husband's lap. DE GAULLE, calmly smoking, turns to look backwards.

15-C. INT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. DUSK.

15-C.

CLOSE-UP: DUVAL, the driver. He is fighting to hold onto the shuddering steering wheel and gently turns into the skid.

15-D. EXT. AMBUSH SITE, PETIT-CLAMART. DUSK.

15-D.

CLOSE: one MOTORCYCLE GENDARME. His machine skids, almost throwing him. He rights it with great effort and continues.

15-E. EXT/INT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. DUSK.

CLOSE: SHOOTING THROUGH REAR WINDOW TOWARD FRONT OF CAR. One slug shatters the rear window. Several others hit the bodywork. DE GAULLE's haughty profile is dimly seen through the smashed glass. He turns forward.

16. EXT. AVENUE DU BOIS. DUSK.

CLOSE SHOT: CUISINIER's car: it swings out of the side road and into line with the convoy. It is a second too late to intercept De Gaulle's car. It comes alongside of the security car and MONTEL aims his sub-machine gun at the back of De Gaulle's Citroen.

16-A. INT. DE GAULLE'S CAR. DUSK.

CLOSE SHOT: inside car, SHOOTING FORWARD over DE GAULLE's shoulder.

DE GAULLE

Why don't those idiots fire back?

17. EXT. AMBUSH SITE, PETIT-CLAMART. DUSK.

CLOSE SHOT: security car clinging to the tail of De Gaulle's Citroen. DUMONT shouting to the DRIVER to stick with DE GAULLE. BODYGUARD tries to shoot but his view is blocked by DRIVER. A second later the OAS are left behind. Seven seconds have passed since the first shot was fired.

The MOTORCYCLE GENDARMES have recovered and The Convoy sweeps into the road junction and In f.g. the OAS MEN leave all their equipment. three getaway cars and disappear into the gloom.

18. EXT. HELIPORT, VILLACOUBLAY. DUSK.

LONG SHOT from De Gaulle's moving car as it goes straight to the apron, where a helicopter is. OFFICERS and OFFICIALS surround it, with astonished faces, opening the doors, holding DE GAULLE to her feet. On the other side, shaking glass splinters from his lapel, wife's arm, ignoring the surrounding OFFICERS.

DE GAULLE

They can't even shoot straight.

He guides his WIFE into the helicopter.

19. EXT. HELIPORT. DUSK. 19.

CLOSE SHOT: The Citroen. Both tyres have given out and the car is riding on its rims. DUVAL sits ashen-faced behind the wheel, not moving, stunned, forgotten.

19-A. CLOSE-UP CALENDAR reading March 10, 1963. 19-A.

19-B. EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE. NIGHT. 19-B.

CLOSE SHOT: a large imposing statue of Justice, blindfolded, scales in hand.

19-C. EXT. PALAIS DE JUSTICE, FLOODLIT FACADE. NIGHT. 19-C.

Row of POLICEMEN lined across bottom step. Another row knotted together at main entrance. Fine, misty rain filters through glare of floodlights.

PAN past line of COPS to Rue de Lutèce opposite where half a dozen vans are parked full of POLICEMEN waiting tensely, carrying rifles. Another group are clustered around a mobile canteen, getting coffee. There's a feeling of tension in the air.

A car draws up sharply before the Palais and a LAWYER gets out. He walks swiftly through the line-up, flashing his passcard, and disappears into the building.

19-D. SERVICEMEN'S CANTEEN. FORT D'IVRY. NIGHT. 19-D.

A squad of SOLDIERS in khaki sleepily playing cards on oilcloth table; others lounge about. The air is thick with cigarette smoke.

A SERGEANT enters and hammers on the table for attention.

SERGEANT

Right. Let's have you.

The squad stub out their cigarettes, settle their berets and shuffle out.

19-E. INT. PRISON CELL, FRESNES. NIGHT. 19-E.

BASTIEN-THIRY, smoking, looks up from playing solitaire as the bolts of his cell door are slid back. His LAWYER stands there, pale from lack of sleep. BASTIEN-THIRY looks up cheerfully and gestures to him to sit down. LAWYER remains at door.

19-E. CONTD.

19-E.

LAWYER

The appeal for clemency has been turned down. There is nothing more one can do.

(slight pause)

I'm sorry.

BASTIEN-THIRY

(smiles)

There's no need.

LAWYER

For heaven's sake, man, don't you realise - you're going to be shot!

BASTIEN-THIRY shakes his head.

BASTIEN-THIRY

You don't understand - no French soldier's going to raise his rifle against me.

20. EXT. COURTYARD OF FORT D'IVRY. DAWN.

20.

Early morning. A grey sky with a hint of rain. Beyond the walls of the fort, heavy Paris traffic rumbles by. In the courtyard, the squad of SOLDIERS we saw in the canteen are drawn up some thirty yards before a stake which has been driven into the gravel.

BASTIEN-THIRY, in his blue airforce tunic, without insignia of rank, is led out accompanied by the PRISON GOVERNOR, his LAWYER and a PRIEST. In his hand he holds a rosary. He refuses blindfold. His disbelief slowly vanishes and he looks bewildered as he is bound to the stake.

The squad of SOLDIERS charge and cock their carbines.

OFFICER

Aim!.....

Squad raise their rifles.

OFFICER

.... Fire!

Crash of rifle fire. BASTIEN-THIRY slumps forward. A flutter of pigeons ascend skywards. CAMERA PANS up with them.

20. CONTD.

20.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over)

Here is the eight o'clock news for today, the 11th of March, 1963: an hour ago, in the courtyard of Fort d'Ivry outside Paris, Lieutenant-Colonel Jean-Marie Bastien-Thiry was executed by firing squad for leading the attempt on the life of General de Gaulle last August.

21. EXT. PANORAMIC VIEW OF VIENNA. MORNING.

21.

Light rain. CAMERA PANS Vienna skyline.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over)

This was the sixth attempt by the terrorists of the outlawed OAS to kill the President, whom they hold responsible for abandoning Algeria.

CAMERA HOLDS on St. Stephen's Cathedral, its bell tolling and MOVES FORWARD SLOWLY.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over)

There can be no doubt that this morning's execution will come as a severe blow to the mutineers. The OAS now seems completely demoralised by the splendid performance of our national security forces...

CAMERA HAS MOVED across roofs towards a large private house in a fairly fashionable section.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over)

Already it is known that the new Chief of Operations of the OAS, Colonel Marc Rodin, a former Paratroop Commander in Algeria, is on the run...

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE toward a row of upstairs windows. A solitary figure is standing at one of them.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over)

... and hiding somewhere in Austria. Today's execution will surely mark once and for all the end...

X 22.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. MORNING.

X

22.

C.U. Radio.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

(over)

... of attempts by the OAS on the
life of General De Gaulle.

A hand switches off the transistor.

PULL BACK to show RODIN standing at window. A tall,
spare man, with a cadaverous face and closely-cropped
hair, he drums his fingers on the window ledge.
MONTCLAIR and CASSON are also in the room. MONTCLAIR,
thin and excitable, with a deeply tanned face, paces
nervously up and down while CASSON, small and precise,
glowers sourly at transistor from make-shift desk with
three chairs set behind it rather like a tribunal.

CASSON

(muttering fiercely)

Bastards...

PAUSE. A PENDULUM CLOCK is TICKING on mantelpiece.

RODIN

What are the finances like, Rene?

MONTCLAIR gives an eloquent shrug.

MONTCLAIR

No wonder, we're losing our support -
people are giving up, they've lost
faith.

RODIN

Then it's up to us to restore
confidence.

MONTCLAIR

But how?- that's what I want to
know. What guarantee have we got
that this new scheme of yours is
going to fare any better!
(waves dismissively
to transistor)

RODIN

We haven't. But we've got to keep
trying -

CASSON

I don't like this business of
using a foreigner -

22. CONTD.

22.

RODIN

What else can we do? Every French mercenary is on file with the police. That's the whole point. If a man has no police record, he doesn't exist. He can come and go as he chooses - none of us can.

23. EXT. SCHWECHAT AIRPORT. MORNING.

23.

PASSENGERS are disembarking from Austrian Airlines Viscount. JACKAL is amongst them as they cross the tarmac and enter main building. Aged about 34, he is well-bred and smartly but casually dressed.

CASSON

(over)

These professionals cost money you know.

RODIN

(over)

You'd hardly expect them to do it for love.

JACKAL glances sharply at airport clock. It reads 8.15.

RODIN

(over)

For God's sake, Andre, face facts. I've spent the past three months compiling something like sixty dossiers on contract-killers. You've seen all the files. The Englishman's the only one that comes within streets of what we're looking for.

24. EXT. STREET AND PENSION KLEIST. VIENNA. MORNING.

24.

JACKAL approaching CAMERA amid morning SHOPPERS. He stops and glances up at facade of hotel, then enters.

25. INT. FOYER, PENSION KLEIST. MORNING.

25.

JACKAL walks quietly across foyer towards lift as DESK CLERK looks up from his newspaper.

25. CONTD.

25.

DESK CLERK

.... Sir?

JACKAL

It's all right. I'm expected. Room
sixty-four.

JACKAL crosses foyer and steps into antique lift, closing
the gates, as DESK CLERK calls:

DESK CLERK

Third floor, sir.

and returns to his newspaper.

26. INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR. PENSION KLEIST. MORNING. 26.

JACKAL steps out of lift and walks down the L-shaped corridor.
Turning the corner, he is suddenly confronted by WOLENSKI, a
tall, thickly-set man, weighting 200 lbs., with blond crew-
cut hair. He is standing on guard outside room 64.

JACKAL

I have an appointment. With Mister
Schultz.

WOLENSKI stares at him suspiciously then knocks on the door.
It is opened a fraction by RODIN, who scrutinizes the visitor
before opening the door wider.

RODIN

Thank you Corporal.
(to JACKAL, rather curtly)
Come in, please.

JACKAL steps past WOLENSKI, into the room.

27. INT. ROOM SIXTY-FOUR. PENSION KLEIST. MORNING. 27.

MONTCLAIR and CASSON sit to each side of the make-shift desk,
eyeing the visitor curiously. CASSON is smoking, and
MONTCLAIR rests his chin on his fists with an air of
imperious disdain. There is no chair in front of the desk,
as though the intention were to have the candidate remain
standing. Clearly, these are generals about to interview a
very junior soldier.

JACKAL

Good morning.

CASSON nods, MONTCLAIR stares. JACKAL, sensing the mood,
looks around and takes an easy chair spinning it round to
face the desk as RODIN takes his place in the centre.

27. CONTD.

27.

Nothing but the TICKING CLOCK is heard for a few seconds while the men appraise each other. JACKAL's hands lie along arms of the chair. His eyes are frank but with no expression at all. Nothing comes through. RODIN feels uneasy, he senses that this man is unpredictable and therefore uncontrollable. Finally, RODIN speaks:

RODIN

I'd better introduce myself. I am Colonel Rodin.

JACKAL

Yes. You're Chief of Operations of the OAS. You are Major Montclair, its treasurer. And you, Monsieur Casson, are the head of the underground network in France.

He has stared at each of the men in turn whilst speaking and now reaches for a cigarette. RODIN gives a tight little smile.

RODIN

Yes. Well -

JACKAL

Gentlemen, there's no need to fence, it wastes time. Obviously when I heard you were making inquiries about me, I wanted to know whom you represent. What I would like to know now is what you want.

RODIN

Ah.

He exchanges glances with CASSON and MONTCLAIR.

RODIN

As you know, the OAS is pledged to the preservation of an Algeria which is completely and forever, French. Five years ago, the army brought De Gaulle back to power, specifically for that purpose.

MONTCLAIR leans forward earnestly.

MONTCLAIR

And he betrayed us.

CASSON

He handed over Algeria to the wogs.

JACKAL doesn't even glance at CASSON.

27. CONTD.

27.

RODIN

We're not pirates you understand.
We're patriots. Our duty is to the
soldiers who died fighting in Algeria
and to the three million French citizens
who lived there.

MONTCLAIR

These people put their trust in De Gaulle.
And all the thanks they got for their
loyalty was a sell-out to the Algerian
rebels.

JACKAL pays no attention to MONTCLAIR and says to RODIN:

JACKAL

And you want to get rid of him.

Pause. RODIN glances quickly at MONTCLAIR and CASSON.

RODIN

The first thing we'd like to know is if
it's possible. Speaking as a professional...

There is a flicker of expression in JACKAL's eyes.

JACKAL

It is possible ... De Gaulle's exposure
rate is very high. The snag is, getting
away with it - and, speaking as a
professional, that's a very important
consideration.

RODIN

But in principle you'd say it could be done.

JACKAL

With enough time and planning, certainly.
Although it would be much more difficult
than most other targets.

MONTCLAIR

Why more?

JACKAL

Because De Gaulle has the best security
service in the world. Their information
is first class. You see, gentlemen,
not only have your own efforts failed;
but you've rather ruined things for
everyone else. It would be much easier
to assassinate say - President Kennedy.

CASSON

But -

27.. CONTD.

27..

JACKAL

Look, I don't doubt that you're patriots. Not for a moment.

(to CASSON)

I know that you were a bank manager in Algiers and that you helped the OAS rob your own branch of thirty million francs. But in this line of work one can't afford to be emotional. That's why you've made so many mistakes.

Pause. JACKAL rises and walks casually to the nearest available ashtray and puts out his cigarette. RODIN follows him with his eyes, his jaw set hard.

RODIN

And if we decide to employ a professional for this ... line of work?

JACKAL turns to stare back at him, interrupting quietly.

JACKAL

You have to employ a professional.

MONTCLAIR

(haughtily)

And why is that?

JACKAL

Because you're so infiltrated with Secret Service agents, nothing you decide remains secret for long. Every policeman in France knows your face. No - the job has to be done by an outsider.

He resumes his seat, resting comfortably in the easy chair.

JACKAL

The only question is by whom, and for how much?

JACKAL looks out of the window without a shred of interest while the OAS leaders stare at each other, trying to come to a decision.

RODIN

Are you interested?

JACKAL

Yes, I'm interested.

MONTCLAIR

How much?

27. CONTD.

27.

JACKAL

Half a million.

MONTCLAIR

(astonished)

What?

JACKAL

In cash. Half in advance and half on completion.

MONTCLAIR

Half a million francs?!

JACKAL

Dollars.

MONTCLAIR rises from his seat; excitably:

MONTCLAIR

Are you out of your mind?

JACKAL

If you employ the best, then you must be prepared to pay for it.

Rises from seat as if to leave.

JACKAL

Considering you expect to get France itself in return, I'd have thought it a reasonable estimate.

RODIN gestures to him to sit down.

RODIN

Look, we'll get the money.

JACKAL sits down again.

JACKAL

How many people know of this idea?

RODIN

Just the three of us in this room.

JACKAL

Let's keep it that way. This job depends on absolute secrecy. No notes must be kept. If any of you three are captured, I shall be free to call it off. I suggest you stay in a safe place, under guard, until the job is done. Agreed?

27. CONTD.

27.

RODIN

Agreed.

JACKAL takes a sheet of paper from the desk and scribbles down an address.

JACKAL

The planning will be mine. No one else will get the details, and you'll hear nothing from me again. This is the name of my bank in Switzerland. When they tell me the first two hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been deposited, I'll move, provided I'm ready - but I'll not be hurried in any way.

RODIN

Right.

JACKAL

All I want from you - apart from my fee - is a contract, a telephone number I could ring from time to time to ask about changes in De Gaulle's security plans. You'll have to get someone on his personal staff to pass on the information - but neither of these people must know who I am or what this is about. Send me the contact's 'phone number as soon as you can - by mail.

CASSON

I have a complete network inside France. I can put it at your disposal.

JACKAL

No thank you.

MONTCLAIR

I'd like to know how you expect us to find half a million dollars so quickly.

JACKAL gets up, ready to leave.

JACKAL

X Use your organisation to rob some banks. X

RODIN

One last thing. What code-name will you use for the contact?

27. CONTD.

27.

JACKAL
(thinks for a moment)
... Why not the "Jackal"?

RODIN, more friendly now:

RODIN
Good.

They move towards the door.

RODIN
Are you sure you don't want any help?
After all, you'll be working completely
alone.

JACKAL
Not completely. One will have the
co-operation of De Gaulle.

RODIN looks at him frowning.

RODIN
What do you mean?

JACKAL
He won't listen to his security service
and he's not the sort of man to stay out
of the public eye, is he?

They all laugh.

RODIN
No, indeed not.

He opens the door. WOLENSKI is standing watch outside.
RODIN reaches out and shakes JACKAL's hand, making a curt
little nod with his head.

RODIN
A pleasant journey home, Mister Jackal.

28. EXT. BANQUE DE GRENOBLE. NIGHT. MONTAGE.

28.

HOLD on SHOT of bank in darkness. A muffled explosion is
heard from within. ALARM begins ringing. Presently,
THREE MEN hurry out from front door carrying sacks. PAN
WITH THEM as they race down street where a car is parked,
its engine running. It roars off as, O.S., a police siren
is heard approaching.

PAN TO police car tearing up to the scene. It pauses
momentarily outside bank, then goes off in hot pursuit of
getaway car.

28A. EXT. MAIN ROAD OUTSIDE PARIS. DAWN. MONTAGE.

28A

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of main road through suburban stretch of land with the EIFFEL TOWER looming over the City in the distance. A bank van is travelling towards crossroads when two Citroens suddenly come out of crossroads and ram the front of it. FIVE MASKED MEN leap from the cars and rush to the van. They blow the rear door open with plastique. Meanwhile, one MASKED MAN holds DRIVER and GUARD in their seats at gunpoint.

28B EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY. MONTAGE.

28B.

Shoppers hugging the walls of busy street as THREE MASKED MEN in stocking masks rush towards waiting car with bags as CRS MAN fires at them with submachine gun. The car tears off, a door open, with ONE MASKED MAN clinging to the side trying to get in. As it roars around the corner, one of the submachine gun bullets hits him and he falls from the car into the street. SHOPPERS begins to cautiously move towards him, and are pushed aside by POLICE. FREEZE FRAME.

29. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE. ACTION SERVICE H.Q. DAY.

29.

C.U. INSERT newspaper photo of previous scene under banner headlines announcing yet another big robbery. A hand throws newspaper contemptuously on desk.

COLBERT

(over)

Two banks in Grenoble, one in Toulouse, one in Bordeaux, and now a jewellery shop in Boulogne! I don't care how you go about it, but this has got to stop!

X

COLBERT's fist bangs down on the newspaper. PULL BACK to show COLBERT and ROLLAND in uniform facing each other across the desk.

ROLLAND

Yes sir -

COLBERT

The Minister's been hounding me about there being a connection with these raids and the OAS - do you think there's anything in it?

ROLLAND

It's the OAS - but the men we've caught are small fry. They don't know why they're doing it.

COLBERT

Then we've got to find out. Where are Rodin, Montclair, Casson at the moment?

29. CONTD.

29.

ROLLAND

Rome, they arrived on June 18th and have taken the two top floors of the Hotel Garibaldi. They haven't set foot outside the place for three weeks.

ROLLAND

We're keeping a twenty-four hour watch on them.

COLBERT

Nine hundred and sixty thousand francs have been stolen in the past three months - it's scandalous ...

30. EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM. DAY.

30.

SHOT of VISITORS entering and leaving Museum.

31. INT. READING ROOM. BRITISH MUSEUM. DAY.

31.

JACKAL is picking up newspaper files from library ASSISTANT's desk all bearing the name 'Figaro' on the spines, and with the years 1960/61 broken down in six monthly sections. PAN WITH HIM across Rotunda where PEOPLE are working in silence at circle of desks.

JACKAL sits down at desk and places files next to another with imprint on file cover reading 'FIGARO 1959, JULY - DECEMBER'. He makes a quick note on a scratch pad before reaching for topmost file of new stack.

32. X INT. ANGLO-FRENCH INSTITUTE. DAY.

X 32.

ZOOM IN CLOSE on large blown-up photo of De Gaulle pinned to far-end wall, over a poster advertising his latest volume of memoirs, "The Edge of the Sword". A dais, profuse with flowers, bears the two crossed flags of both nations.

JACKAL, wine glass in hand, saunters through the crowd, moving from one little clique to another.

Snatches of conversation overheard:

WOMAN GUEST

My dear, since her blessed husband's become third consul in Moscow, she's gone and renamed that horrid little pug of hers samovar!

A BRIGADIER of the old school is lecturing TWO YOUNG LIEUTENANTS - they look bored to tears.

BRIGADIER

'Normous arrogance - certainly De Gaulle's

32. CONTD.

32.

BRIGADIER (contd)
 got 'normous arrogance. But he never
 forgets the people of the Resistance.
 There's one day in the year when
 you'll always see him -

A WAITRESS drops a tray, drowning what the BRIGADIER has said.
 PEOPLE turn at the noise; but the BRIGADIER continues and it
 is clear that JACKAL is the only person who is giving him his
 full attention.

BRIGADIER
 Always there - never been known to miss
 it.

JACKAL wanders off through the babble of GUESTS.

33. INT. JACKAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

33.

C.U. De Gaulle's book: "The Edge of the Sword", resting on
 coffee table cluttered with screwed-up notes and other books
 about the President. Mantelpiece clock ticks O.S.

JACKAL is lying on couch, smoking, staring up at the ceiling,
 his brow knit in feverish concentration. Above his head,
 mantelpiece clock reads 3.20. JACKAL stretches out to
 coffee table and picks up one of the notes.

C.U. INSERT: JACKAL holding note. It reads:

Where?

When?

How?

JACKAL makes a circle around the 'how' and lies back on couch
 again, thinking hard.

34. EXT. OBSERVATION TERRACE. LONDON AIRPORT. DAY.

34.

JACKAL is amongst the plane spotters, leaning on the rail
 watching as, down below, an SAS airliner (Vanguard?
 Caravelle?) halts in front of terminal building. As the
 steps are wheeled up, JACKAL raises a pair of binoculars to
 his eyes, tensing slightly and leaning forward on the rail
 as STEWARDESS opens door and PASSENGERS file out and down
 the steps.

BINOCULARS SHOT: the fifth passenger, a young Danish school-
 teacher, PER LUNDQUIST, dressed in a grey alpaca raincoat,
 dark brown suit, collar and tie, is stepping off plane.
 He appears to be in his early thirties with a brush-cut of
 chestnut-brown hair and heavy-rimmed executive glasses. We
 follow as he walks towards arrival lounge.

JACKAL drops binoculars into a briefcase and walks back
 through glass doors of observation tower.

35. INT. THE MAIN HALL. BUILDING 2. LONDON AIRPORT. 35.
DAY.

PER LUNDQUIST is writing out traveller's cheque at Barclay's Bank counter, his Danish passport is being returned to him. Through the crowded foyer, we see JACKAL hovering in the distance, watching every move.

PER stuffs his passport into his SAS holdall as DESK CLERK hands over English currency. He stares at bank-notes with a slightly befuddled air, then turns back to counter.

PER

Excuse me, but how many Kronen in a pound, please?

DESK CLERK

(*offee-nosed)

The official parity rate is nineteen point thirty-four, sir.

PER nods, still perplexed, and turns. The holdall's gone.

PER

Hey !! ...

36. INT. JACKAL'S APARTMENT. DAY. 36.

C.U. of JACKAL's hand picking up PER LUNDQUIST's passport - a white cross on red vinyl cover and the words 'DANEMARK' - from coffee table. JACKAL turns to photo page of passport and studies it. Then he looks closely at his own face in mirror.

37. INT. CHEMIST'S SHOP. DAY. 37.

JACKAL is at counter talking to elderly female ASSISTANT.

JACKAL

Two bottles of hair tint, please.
One in chestnut brown and one in grey.

ASSISTANT

I've only got Clairol, dear.

JACKAL

That's fine - and also a tin of solvent.

Bottles of hair-dye are seen in C.S.

38. INT. JACKAL'S APARTMENT. DAY. 38.

C.U. JACKAL's hands picking up bottle of hair-dye and pouring it into an empty bottle bearing the label 'After-Shave Lotion'. Telephone rings. JACKAL puts half-filled bottle down. JACKAL picks up the bottle and goes into living room.

38. CONTD.

38.

JACKAL exits shot and picks up Iphone O.S. CAMERA remains on C.S. of suitcase on couch. In it, we see a neatly arranged pile of clothing similar to Danish Schoolteacher's - grey alpaca raincoat, heavy-rimmed spectacles and dark brown suit. A second suitcase, open but empty, is on a chair nearby. During this, the JACKAL speaks on the 'phone:

JACKAL

Hello - Yes, hello Zurich - Yes, Mister Kohler, this is he - that's right.
Account number 50664. Has there been
a deposit made in the last ten days?

While waiting, JACKAL taps his foot impatiently, and lights a cigarette.

JACKAL

No? Thank you, Mister Kohler.

He hangs up. He seems in a quandary. Then he makes a decision and proceeds with his preparations.

39. EXT. BOULEVARD MORTIER. -PARIS. DAY.

39.

CAMERA SHOOTING Boulevard over Metro sign in f.g. reading: 'Porte des Lilas'.

40. INT. VIEWING THEATRE. PARIS. DAY.

40.

SCREEN IS BLACK for a moment then, following a click, a slide is thrown on of Hotel Garibaldi.

ROLLAND

(over)

... The Hotel Garibaldi is owned by a Frenchman with known OAS sympathies. Extra Action Service staff have been drafted from R.3. Paris to Rome to assist in keeping it under round-the-clock surveillance. We have men posted here -

Click. A shot of a cafe with tables outside. Across the road, at a right angle, stands the Garibaldi.

ROLLAND

(over)

Here -

Click. A roof-top of an imposing-looking building.

ROLLAND

(over)

And in a rented house overlooking the staff entrance -

40. CONTD.

40.

Click. The not so elegant staff entrance at back of hotel.

PULL BACK to reveal ROLLAND sitting next to GUIBAUD in viewing theatre. DUVERGER sits nearby watching screen in silence. ROLLAND is giving a running commentary, a buzzer in his hand to signal a change of slide to projectionist (unseen) at the back. A set of telephones rest on a small table in front of the three men, as ROLLAND continues:

Click. A shot of the top floor of the Garibaldi.

ROLLAND

Rodin, Montclair and Casson live on the top floor, alone.

Click. A shot of the floor below.

ROLLAND

The next floor down houses the bodyguards - ex-paratroopers and foreign legionnaires.

COLBERT

How many?

ROLLAND

Eight.

COLBERT

They're obviously afraid of being kidnapped.

ROLLAND

We understand the lift doors on the top floor are welded together - and everything has to go through the guards. Not one of them has set foot outside the hotel in five weeks. The only contact with the outside world is one man, Corporal Wolenski.

COLBERT

Tell me about him.

ROLLAND picks up a 'phone.

ROLLAND

Could we run the film, please?

The screen shows a black and white film in 16 mm. of WOLENSKI leaving hotel carrying a steel case chained to his wrist. We follow as though from a van, sometimes by necessity travelling ahead of him; and sometimes having to stop at the lights so that he occasionally disappears in the pavement crowd.

40. CONTD.

40.

ROLLAND

Wolenski goes to the post office every morning and afternoon. All their mail comes Poste Restante and is addressed in the name of Poitiers. Wolenski, of course, can identify himself as such -

WOLENSKI outside post office, waiting. A collection van draws up and WOLENSKI drops letters into box.

ROLLAND

He always waits until the collection van arrives before he posts any letters -

C.U.: WOLENSKI's wrist chained to case.

ROLLAND

See that? You'd have to hack his hand off to get it.

WOLENSKI enters post office. Film ends.

The house lights go on. COLBERT picks up a 'phone.

COLBERT

This is General Guibaud. I want everything you've got in the archives on a Viktor Wolenski -

COLBERT stands up.

COLBERT

If the OAS is planning something big, then their agents must be working on it now ...

41. EXT. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. DAY.

41.

PICK UP DENISE, a very attractive young woman of 26, with a Moroccan camel-saddle bag swinging jauntily from her shoulder. She escapes the lethal traffic around the obelisk and enters Tuileries as:

COLBERT

(continued over)

... Trouble is, finding out who these agents are, and where they make contact.

42. EXT. JARDIN DES TUILERIES. DAY.

42.

DENISE passes fountain and continues down central path of Tuileries. Suddenly, she waves and breaks into a run towards a MAN. He is standing by a bench, a briefcase parked at his feet. He looks excitedly at DENISE as she runs up and kisses him on both cheeks.

42. CONTD.

42.

MAN

Hello, Denise.

They sit down on bench and both extract packets of sandwiches from their bags.

DENISE

What have you got?

MAN

Cheese again.

DENISE

Swop me.

She offers a round of her sandwiches, and takes a round of his cheese ones in return. They eat in silence. Then:

DENISE

Anything?

MAN takes a bite of his sandwich and nods.

MAN

Something that sounds important.

Pause. DENISE throws some crumbs to clutch of pigeons strutting on gravel path. MAN eyes her anxiously.

MAN

It's not very pleasant.

DENISE

Go on.

MAN takes another large bite of sandwich.

MAN

They want you to get involved with an official of the Elysee Palace. Someone close to De Gaulle.

DENISE pauses before taking bite of sandwich.

MAN

It could be dangerous. And it's certainly - well - distasteful.

MAN looks at her anxiously again. Silence. Then DENISE dives into her shoulder bag.

DENISE

Did you bring anything to drink?

MAN hands her a small bottle of wine and a paper cup.

42. CONTD.

42.

MAN

In a day or two, I'll show him to you

43. EXT. ST. MARK'S CHURCH. SAMBOURNE-FISHLEY. DAY.

43.

L.S. tiny village church of Norman origin, with well-ordered elm trees hugging the distance, and an ancient stone wall overgrown with honeysuckle.

C.U. a tombstone that reads:

PAUL OLIVER DUGGAN

3rd Apr., 1929 - 8th Nove., 1931

The march of progress took our only child away
To be among the angels every day.

PAN TO JACKAL squatting before tombstone, wearing a check shirt, open at the neck. His sports jacket is slung over one shoulder. His sports car is parked near the front gate. He rises and walks quietly through the long grass towards the church. At entrance to church a rubicund VICAR, in shirt-sleeves, is pinning up a poster announcing a summer fayre on notice board outside church.

JACKAL

Excuse me? -

VICAR turns, peering myopically through the brilliant sunshine, a briar pipe stuck in his mouth.

JACKAL

Good afternoon, my name's Duggan and I'm trying to trace some relatives of mine who live in Sambourne-Fishley -

VICAR

Oh yes

JACKAL

I noticed, just now, a tombstone of a Paul Duggan, who would have been about my age had he not passed away. I wonder if you could tell me if his family's still living here?

VICAR thinks, sucking on his pipe.

VICAR

No, I'm sorry. His father died about seven years ago and the mother moved away. But if you'd like to come in, I may have a forwarding address in the Parish Register.

43. CONTD.

43.

JACKAL

Thank you ...

VICAR escorts JACKAL inside. As we pass notice board, CLOSE IN on bottom half to read: "Rev. Jame Alloway, MA, Oxon, LL.D."

44. EXT. SOMERSET HOUSE. DAY.

44.

JACKAL, dressed in a dark business suit and carrying a leather briefcase, is entering Somerset House. He turns left at entrance and goes through a door where a COMMISSIONNAIRE is busy directing VISITORS through the maze of departments.

45. INT. CENTRAL REGISTRY OF BIRTHS, ETC. SOMERSET HOUSE. DAY.

45.

JACKAL steps up to counter marked 'Short Birth Certificates' and squints through grille.

JACKAL

'Morning. Birth Certificate, please.
Paul Oliver Duggan. Born in the
Parish of Sambourne-Fishley, 3rd of
April, 1929.

CLERK

Fill in the form. You'll find the
nineteen twenty nines up the stairs
and right at the first gallery.

JACKAL nods and goes up the stairs, squeezing past the VISITORS. He goes to a shelf and withdraws volume marked 'Jan. - June, 1929'. He finds Paul Oliver Duggan listed and takes down the volume number and entry number on the form.

46. EXT. REGENT STREET. LONDON. DAY.

46.

JACKAL walking unobtrusively through crush of lunchtime shoppers. He enters a store called "Hamley's Toy Shop".

47. INT. HAMLEY'S TOY SHOP. DAY.

47.

Full of CHILDREN with their MUMS and DADS. Each counter offers some demonstration of the store's wares as an incentive to buy. Effete conjurors perform rope tricks and model trains arrive at toy stations in a way the real ones never seem to. JACKAL goes up to a counter where an ASSISTANT is busily printing a Toytown newspaper, JACKAL says:

JACKAL

A John Bull printing outfit, please,
size fifteen.

47. CONTD.

47.

The ASSISTANT brings from below the counter a lurid printing set with a gross John Bull figure on the front, complete with bulldog. JACKAL nods.

48. INT. JACKAL'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

48.

C.U.: John Bull printing outfit lying on desk.

JACKAL is sitting at desk completing the passport application form. The date of July 14th is in evidence. JACKAL picks up printing set block and firmly stamps the words "St. MARK'S PARISH CHURCH, SAM OURNE-FISHLEY" on application form. Then he forges Vicar's signature in a spidery hand underneath official stamp. He folds application form and places it along with TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIMSELF, Birth Certificate and Postal Order into an envelope which has already been addressed, 'The Passport Office, Petty France, London, S.W.1.' He licks envelope and places it on desk near an Alfa Romeo catalogue for 1962, which is open at pic of sports car. The sports car's rear fender has been encircled with red ink. X

49. INT./EXT. PARIS STREET. PARKED CAR OPPOSITE BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY.

49.

DENISE and the MAN we saw earlier in the Tuileries are sitting in front seat of car watching front entrance of a block of luxury flats across street. It's raining the windscreen wipers swish back and forth as they watch the building in silence. Then a tall, well dressed man emerges. The rain and the distance convey only a vague idea of what he looks like. He seems rather distinguished, but obviously quite elderly. He enters a waiting official car, and is driven off. Meanwhile:

MAN

That's him, see?

DENISE

Yes.

MAN

He will be packing his wife and children off to the Loire Valley for the annual holiday in August - so you've got less than a fortnight.

DENISE nods.

50. INT. JACKAL'S APARTMENT. DAY.

50.

JACKAL tears open envelope. Inside, the message reads: 'YOUR CONTACT IS VALMY. Tel: MOLITOR 5901. GIVE YOUR NAME'

JACKAL puts cigarette lighter to message and watches it burn.

51. INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT. MAIN HALL. LONDON.
ALITALIA COUNTER. DAY.

51.

C.U. attractive girl CLERK. The date, July 20, is in evidence on a large calendar behind the desk.

CLERK

One Economy on the 3.15 flight London to Milan - reserved in the name of Duggan -- here it is. May I see your passport, sir?

C.U. Passport: it is made out in the name of PAUL OLIVER DUGGAN and bears JACKAL's photograph. JACKAL's hand puts passport on the counter.

CLERK'S VOICE

(over)

X Will this be a charge? X

CAMERA PANS UP TO C.U. of JACKAL, surrounded by a swarm of HOLIDAYMAKERS.

JACKAL

No, cash, thank you.

He pays.

52. EXT. A FAMOUS LANDMARK (?) IN MILAN. DAY.

52.

On the far side, JACKAL glances casually at famous landmark as he walks past. The town hall clock strikes six.

53. EXT. STREET. MILAN. DAY.

53.

VERY LONG SHOT STREET: JACKAL comes to GOZZI's house, rings bell. After a moment, the door opens.

54. INT. HALLWAY. GOZZI'S HOUSE. DAY.

54.

GOZZI is closing the door. He walks ahead of JACKAL and shows him into a small office. GOZZI is a sturdy little man, rather pedantic and precise-looking. He seems careful about who his customers are. Meanwhile:

JACKAL

When my friend called you, did he tell you what my business is?

GOZZI

He said that he knew you in the Congo - that he could vouch for you - that you needed a firearm and that you were prepared to pay in cash, sterling.

55. INT. GOZZI'S OFFICE. DAY.

55.

It is a small, cosy-looking office.

55. CONTD.

55.

GOZZI

Do sit down - a Campari, perhaps?

JACKAL nods.

JACKAL

Thank you.

GOZZI pours two glasses of Campari and returns to the table.

GOZZI

Now ... what can I do for you?

JACKAL

I need a specialist gun - with certain unusual attachments.

GOZZI

What kind of gun had you in mind?

JACKAL

That's not so important. It's more a question of the limitations imposed by the job. The main limitation is size. The chamber and breech can't be wider than that ...

He forms a letter 'O', measuring less than two and a half inches, with his middle finger and thumb.

GOZZI

A repeater's no good to you, then.

JACKAL

It'll have to be a bolt-action rifle - but it can't have a bolt with a handle that sticks out sideways. There's to be no trigger guard and the trigger must be detachable.

GOZZI

Why?

JACKAL

Because the rifle has to pass into a tubular compartment for storage and carrying, and the compartment must not attract attention. Do you think it can be done?

GOZZI

Certainly, but it would be several months' work.

55. CONTD.

55.

JACKAL

I haven't got that much time.

GOZZI

In that case one can take an existing gun and make certain modifications.

JACKAL

The gun must be light in weight. And it must have a short barrel, not longer than twelve inches -

GOZZI

That's a shame ... Over what range will you fire?

JACKAL

I'm not sure yet. Probably not more than four hundred feet.

GOZZI

Will you go for a head or chest shot?

JACKAL

Probably head.

GOZZI

What about the chances of a second shot?

JACKAL

I just might get the chance, but I doubt it. In any event I'll need a silencer to escape. There must be several minutes of clear time before anyone realizes where the bullet's come from.

GOZZI

In that case, you'd better have explosive bullets. I'll prepare a handful along with the gun.

JACKAL

Glycerine or mercury?

GOZZI

Oh, mercury I think. So much neater.

He gets up and returns to cupboard.

GOZZI

More Campari?

JACKAL

No thank you. The main difficulty for you, I think, will be the

55. CONTD.

55.

JACKAL (contd)

slimness. The entire stock must be removed and replaced with a frame-stock like a Sten gun. Each of the three sections should unscrew into separate rods, with a detachable silencer and telescopic sight.

GOZZI nods, staring at the ceiling, deep in thought.

GOZZI

Obviously, the gun must be carried past Customs without arousing suspicion. Tell me: will the ... er ... gentleman be moving?

JACKAL

Stationary.

GOZZI

... You mentioned earlier, some tubular compartments ...

JACKAL leans across table and draws a quick sketch on a piece of paper; we do not see what it is.

JACKAL

Recognize that?

GOZZI

Of course.

JACKAL

Right.

He points out details to GOZZI. The diagram itself is never seen.

JACKAL

The whole thing should be composed of a series of hollow aluminium tubes which screw together ...

G.U. GOZZI as JACKAL explains the diagram, registering at first interest, then astonishment, and finally reverential awe.

JACKAL

(over)

This one ... contains one of the rifle struts, and this here contains the breech with the bolt inside it. Now the shoulder rest of the rifle ... here ... doubles for both purposes without changing in any way.

GOZZI
X Brilliant.

JACKAL
(over)
And the last two sections ... here and
here ... hide the telescopic sight and
silencer.

CAMERA SHIFTS POSITION to show JACKAL leaning back in his
chair as GOZZI stares at diagram in his hand.

GOZZI
X This is incredible, it's so precise. X

JACKAL looks neither gratified nor displeased.

GOZZI
What about the bullets, though?

JACKAL
They should go into the little stump
at the bottom. I shall need the gun
in about two weeks.

GOZZI
If you could be here on August 1st,
you could try the gun, then we'd
have time to talk over last minute
details.

JACKAL
Very well. August 1st. Now, the
question of your fee.

GOZZI
I must ask a fee of one thousand
pounds for this kind of job. Then,
say, another two hundred pounds for
the raw materials.

JACKAL
Done.

JACKAL dips into his inside pocket and extracts a bundle
of five-pound notes. He proceeds to count them out in
five wads of twenty notes each as he says:

JACKAL
I'll pay you half the fee now, and
the rest on delivery.

GOZZI smiles with pleasure as he reaches for the money,
but the distant, implacable expression on JACKAL's face
stops him from further comments.

56. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. MILAN. DUSK.

56.

A line of run down, seedy dwellings, paint peeling off the walls in a deserted, poorly-lit street. WIND blows dust, papers and trash about as CAMERA ZOOMS towards a small house out of the way.

57. INT. FORGER'S STUDIO. MILAN. NIGHT.

57.

C.U.: A print shimmering in a developing tank, lit by only a soft yellow light. FORGER's hand rinsing it. The print is a head and shoulders shot of a man in his fifties, fatigue beneath his eyes.

FORGER

(over)

I knew you didn't come to Milan just for a driver's licence - anyone in London could've done that.

C.U. FORGER as he removes the print from tank and, pulling back heavy curtains, carries it gingerly into main part of studio.

FORGER

The English authorities are such gentlemen, you see. They don't expect that official documents might be forged, so they take few precautions.

He holds up print.

FORGER

What do you think? Good, eh?

JACKAL is in half-profile, his face covered with removing cream as he busily wipes off make-up with Kleenex. We do not see who he is for the moment; but we recognise immediately the iron-grey hair as being that of the fifty year old in the photo. FORGER crosses the room to a kind of washing-line, where other prints tell us at once where the main source of his income stems from: porn. FORGER clips picture among the others.

JACKAL

The problem is, I won't have time to muck around with make-up - besides, I'm no good at it.

He pulls off wig, and hands it to FORGER.

FORGER

The most important thing is the skin. Your skin must look grey and tired.

FORGER goes to a large trunk in corner of the room and throws the wig in amongst the considerable amount of theatrical gear.

FORGER

We used a trick in the Army to simulate illness and get out of fatigues duty. Can you get hold of some cordite?

JACKAL

I suppose so.

FORGER

If you swallow a couple of small pieces of cordite, it'll make you feel sick and turn the skin a sort of grey colour. The effect only lasts for about an hour, and after that you'll feel alright again.

JACKAL

I'll try it. Now what about the documents?

FORGER

Well, the French identity card's all right - but the other one - well, I don't think I've ever seen what they look like - let alone copy it. I'll have to get a colleague of mine in France to pick up someone's pocket so's I can make a duplicate. It'll mean extra time, more money ...

JACKAL

How much more?

FORGER raises an eyebrow, he's asking far too much and he knows it.

FORGER

... A quarter of a million lire?

JACKAL

(after a pause)

I'll pay you half now and half on delivery.

JACKAL slips on his tie and jacket. Then he produces some notes from his inside pocket and hands them to FORGER.

FORGER

When will I hear from you?

JACKAL

I'll be returning to Milan August 1st. Be in the same place where we met tonight, at six o'clock.

FORGER nods and pockets money. With a sly smile:

57. CONTD.

57.

FORGER

This must be a big job you've got on?

Silence. JACKAL stares at FORGER without expression.

JACKAL

(quietly)

There are certain things I wish to make clear. When you've finished the work, you will hand over the negatives and all the prints of the photographs you've just taken. You'll also forget the name of Duggan and the name on the French documents you're going to produce. Is that understood?

FORGER stares back at him for a few moments, at the eyes as bleak as a Channel fog, then nods his head.

58. EXT. MILAN RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

58.

JACKAL is waiting on platform as a long train curves .. slowly into the station. As train comes to a halt, JACKAL steps forward and enters a compartment on which window stickers have been placed reading: 'CISALPIN EXPRESS - Milan/Paris'.

59. X EXT. PLACE DE L'ETOILE. PARIS. DAY.

59. X

L.S. from window high above Place de l'Etoile, we look down on wild circus of cars travelling at a murderous pace around Arc de Triomphe. ZOOM IN CLOSE to a newspaper stand at corner of Avenue MacMahon and Wagram. JACKAL is squinting up, a newspaper in his hand. He turns to stare at Arc de Triomphe. HOLD ON him as he descends into subway.

60. EXT.V PLACE DE L'ETOILE. PARIS. DAY.

60.

TOURISTS mill about Arc de Triomphe, clicking cameras and sitting on the stone benches under the Arc, tucking into packed lunches, COPS hover in waitful attendance. ZOOM IN ON JACKAL by Eternal Flame, his head averted, his eyes constantly searching the rooftops and buildings of Champs Elysees side. He turns and walks under Arc to Gde Armee side and stands, gazing up at windows opposite square. SHOOTING FROM BEHIND HIS SHOULDER, CAMERA PANS SLOWLY, following his gaze, along the windows and roofs from Avenue Foch to buildings at the end of Avenues Carnot and Kleber.

61. INT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. DAY.

61.

C.U. stained-glass rosette window bursting with light from afternoon sun outside. O.S. Cathedral organ playing a voluntary. PAN DOWN to show JACKAL standing beneath

61. CONTD.

61.

window, scanning the gallery of Cathedral with his eyes. VISITORS shuffle by, taking in the surroundings with long, impenitent, hungry stares.

62. EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. DAY.

62.

Organ music continues O.S. We are looking out across the city from the position of the gargoyles high above the front entrance to the Cathedral. TILT DOWN to show JACKAL standing below facing the distant rooftops of the Place de Parvis. They are too far away, and he turns to scan the upper reaches of the Cathedral itself. C.U. a gargoyle jutting out over the Cathedral entrance. It's the famous one of the devil poking his tongue out mockingly. C.U. JACKAL shakes his head and turns away.

63. INT. JACKAL'S ROOM. PARIS HOTEL. DAY.

63.

JACKAL is on 'phone gazing out of window. He drums on windowsill impatiently. Then suddenly:

JACKAL

Hallo, Mister Kohler - sorry to take you away from your work ... The money's been deposited? How much? - Oh good.

JACKAL allows himself a smile of immense satisfaction. As he puts down the receiver:

JACKAL

Thank you, Mister Kohler. Goodbye.

He hangs up.

64. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE. ACTION SERVICE H.Q. DAY.

64.

COLBERT is sitting facing ROLLAND across the desk as ROLLAND hands him various papers from a thick, buff-coloured dossier. COLBERT studies each one with interest.

ROLLAND

Wolenski has an older sister. She's crippled and is looked after by a Polish immigrant couple in Marseilles. Name of Banach. Here's an application form the man made out for welfare benefit ...

65. INT. MAIN POST OFFICE. ROME. DAY.

65.

WOLENSKI is sitting amongst a row of people on a bench, waiting for their respective international telephone calls to come through as:

ROLLAND

(over)

X Wolenski idolises his sister - she's X
all the family he's got. They were
all D.P.'s together in the same camp.

SCHEBERT

(over)

X ~~Do you think this case of yours will~~ X
~~work?~~ But now he's not allowed to keep in touch.

A buzzer sounds O.S. PAN TO COUNTER CLERK who picks up his desk 'phone; then calls out:

COUNTER CLERK

Call to Marseilles!

WOLENSKI stands

COUNTER CLERK

Take it in Cabin Five, please.

WOLENSKI hurries over to Cabin Five of telephone booths, closing the door. He picks up the 'phone and waits anxiously. Suddenly, his expression is animated as a voice at the other end speaks. WOLENSKI puts a hand over one ear and turns inward, his face drawn tight with concern. He mouths into telephone.

66. INT. LIVING ROOM. BANACH'S FLAT. MARSEILLES. DAY. 66.

C.S. BANACH, his eyes averted from the 'phone to an unseen object directly opposite him, speaks hesitantly.

BANACH

... I have been - I've been trying to trace you for three months ... What?
... No, the doctor won't allow it - he says she's too weak to be moved to a hospital ... What? - No she's got her own room now - we rented a bigger flat when she took ill - what? ...

BANACH, after a glance at unseen object, consults a slip of paper in his hand. He reads:

BANACH

... Flat 23, ninety-two Brochant Street
... Yes, it's a proper flat. We had to.
She got so ... bad.

BANACH turns away from unseen object, placing his free hand on his forehead in a gesture of anxiety. His voice is a hoarse whisper:

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66.

BANACH

... The doctor says it's now only a matter of time.

67. INT. MAIN POST OFFICE. ROME. DAY.

67.

WOLENSKI, his ear pressed to the receiver, has not understood.

WOLENSKI

... Hallo? - I can't hear you! - What?
How long? - I said how long - Two
weeks! - Hallo?

He is obviously shattered by the news.

68. INT. LIVING ROOM. BANACH'S FLAT. MARSEILLES. DAY.

68.

C.S. BANACH on telephone:

BANACH

- Maybe three at the most - Hello? -
Hello, Viktor?

Pause. BANACH sighs and replaces receiver, he turns:

BANACH

Shits.

As he turns, PULL BACK SWIFTLY to show TWO MEN sitting on the sofa opposite 'phone, one with a Colt '45 in his hand trained on BANACH. BANACH'S WIFE sits ashen-faced in the corner of sofa. At the other end of the room Wolenski's crippled SISTER sits in her wheelchair. But her wheelchair has been spun around to face the wall, and all we see for the present is the back of a woman in her early forties, with iron-grey short cropped hair.

1ST MAN

Is he coming?

BANACH

He didn't say. He just hung up.

2ND MAN

He'd better.

BANACH

He'll come. For his sister's sake
he'll come. Now get out of here
and leave us alone.

1ST MAN

We can't. Our orders are to take you
away for a holiday in the mountains.
Plenty of sun-- you might even get in
a bit of ski-ing.

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68.

He indicates crippled SISTER in corner.

1ST MAN

I can just see you pushing her down
the slippery slopes.

2ND MAN laughs, amused at the idea.

1ST MAN

You've got to admit, it's very nice of
the Government to treat you like this.
After all, France is only your adopted
country.

give BANACH

I don't believe a shit about politics.
I've been meeting people like you, all
my life. You would kiss anyone's arse
so long as they're in power. I tell
you, Mister, bastards like you never
change.--

WIFE

Joseph! No, Joseph!

BANACH stares at his wife. The TWO MEN, without any noticeable expression, look at him, then stand up.

1ST MAN

Get packed. You first, then the wife.

2ND MAN goes to SISTER and spins wheelchair to face room. We see the SISTER's legs are in iron braces and, although she looks healthy enough, her expressionless face suggests she is a deaf mute. She twists her handkerchief endlessly in her hands.

2ND MAN

Come on, darling. You're going for a
ride.

He wheels her briskly from room. At the door, she turns her head slightly and looks back at the BANACH COUPLE, her eyes wide with appeal.

69. EXT. GARE MONTPARNASSE. DAY.

69.

JACKAL emerges from Montparnasse Metro and stands for a moment looking up at the shining blue name-plate directly above him which reads: 'PLACE DU 18 JUIN, 1940'. He crosses the road to railings bordering the station courtyard. With his back to the railings, he surveys the tarmac'd square.

JACKAL'S P.O.V.: We SLOWLY PAN the tall, narrow fronted buildings on each side of the Rue de Rennes that overlook

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the square. The first three houses present a narrow but good angle into the forecourt. On the other side of the square we PAN to the first three houses that front the Boulevard de Montparnasse. Below, the Cafe Duchesse Anne - SHORT ZOOM TO CLOSER SHOT OF CAFE. O.S. station clock strikes four o'clock.

70. EXT. PLACE DU 18 JUIN, 1940. DAY.

70.

SHOOTING TOWARDS STATION, JACKAL is crossing the Square, walking towards CAMERA. It is evident to us that he is pacing the distance, even though he is doing so quite unobtrusively.

CAMERA FOLLOWS JACKAL as he walks past open doorways of two houses, unobtrusively peering inside as he passes them. A comfortable, grandmotherly CONCIERGE is seated knitting in front of the second house. JACKAL continues towards Cafe Duchesse Anne.

71. EXT. CAFE DUCHESSE ANNE, GARE MONTPARNASSE. DAY.

71.

JACKAL is sitting on Cafe terrace, sipping a coffee and staring at the houses across the street. Five or six floors of stone facade, then the steeply sloping black-tiled roofs containing the attics. The topmost floors are in shadow. JACKAL studies houses unobtrusively but with great care. Meanwhile, the CONCIERGE sits knitting peacefully, answering greetings of the local PASSERS-BY.

72. EXT. SHOOTING RANGE OUTSIDE PARIS. DAY.

72.

A light rain falls on a meadow thick with bracken and tall elm trees. A Club House with a white-painted porch can be seen in the distance, its MEMBERS leaning over the balustrade, drinking. In f.g. an ATTENDANT in a flat cap and well-worn raincoat, a Gauloise hanging from his lips, is about to fire clay pigeon in the air from an ejector. The distinguished, elderly man we've seen before, ST. CLAIR, is to the right of the screen, though we only see the back of his shoulder and his gun. As ATTENDANT pulls back the spring: ST. CLAIR mutters crossly:

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Hold on, hold on! -

ATTENDANT waits. ST. CLAIR prepares his aim.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Now!

ATTENDANT ejects the clay pigeon. It shoots up towards the sky. ST. CLAIR follows the target with his gun,

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fires, and misses. But suddenly another shot rings out and the clay pigeon explodes. ST. CLAIR lowers his gun.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Who did that!

ATTENDANT moves his Gauloise to the other side of his mouth.

ATTENDANT

X Someone with a gun sir. X

ST. CLAIR raises his rifle again.

ST. CLAIR

Come on, get on with it!

ATTENDANT ejects a second clay pigeon. ST. CLAIR follows it, fires and misses again. The clay pigeon is again exploded by another shot. ST. CLAIR is furious.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Who the hell can it be?!

ATTENDANT

Don't know sir. Seems like it's coming from the next range.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

I'll shoot the bastard!

Stay on ATTENDANT as he follows St. CLAIR stoically through the long grass and clump of trees to the next shooting range. Coming into the clearing, we see DENISE, standing holding a gun, dressed in a belted raincoat and Wellington boots: a scarf tied round her head.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Was that you just now?

DENISE

(smiling prettily)

Pardon?

ST. CLAIR

Shooting at my clay pigeons.

Slight pause.

DENISE

Oh - oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realise.
I thought they just went ... up: and
one took a shot at them -

ST. CLAIR roars with laughter. DENISE smiles with mock
puzzlement.

DENISE

Isn't that ... what they do?

ST. CLAIR

(over)

I should say not! You could get
expelled from the club for less.

DENISE

Oh I am sorry. You see, I'm new
to the club and I didn't think to -

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Where are you from, Paris?

DENISE nods.

DENISE

I only joined to get some fresh air.
Constantly being cooped up in the
city makes one feel so low.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Couldn't agree more.

(slight pause)

Can I buy you a drink?

After a pause, DENISE demurely:

DENISE

... Thank you.

SHOOTING OVER ST. CLAIR'S SHOULDER as he approaches her.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

Come on then.

DENISE smiles as she walks back with us to the clump of
trees, followed by the ATTENDANT, eyeing her expertly
from behind.

Silence. Then we PAN to some gorse bushes to the right
of trees. The MAN WE SAW EARLIER WITH DENISE steps out
holding a rifle. We stay on him as he walks away from

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72.

our POV to the narrow country road where he pulls a bicycle out of a hedge and, shouldering his rifle, cycles casually away.

73. EXT. A BENCH OUTSIDE 154 RUE DE RENNES, PARIS. DAY. 73.

The sun has dipped and the street is thick with office workers hurrying to the station. JACKAL is sitting on a street bench, reading an evening newspaper, some fifty feet away from the CONCIERGE, who is still knitting in the doorway to the block of flats. She squints up at station clock. It reads 5.30. The CONCIERGE expresses small alarm and stuffs her knitting into her pinafore. She shuffles off on slippered feet up the road. As she turns the corner, JACKAL gets up from bench and enters building.

74. INT. HALLWAY & LOGE, 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY. 74.

JACKAL walks quietly down hall, stopping for a brief moment to glance through the glass-panelled door of CONCIERGE's loge. He heads toward the stairs.

75. INT. STAIRWAY, 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY. 75.

The stairs, in half-light, around the lift-shaft. LOOKING THROUGH GRILLE OF LIFT-SHAFT on the ground floor, we can see the dark outline of JACKAL, *silently, but speedily*, mounting the stairs above. *(Time lapse)*

76. INT./EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY. 76.

JACKAL opens fire escape door. We are looking down on an inner courtyard. On the far side of courtyard a narrow alleyway leads north. JACKAL steps outside, quietly closing fire escape door, and nimbly runs down the six floors to the courtyard and through narrow alleyway. He stops to look back before emerging onto Rue Littré.

77. INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE, FIUMICINO AIRPORT. DAY. X 77.

The public address system is announcing the next flight as WOLENSKI walks through departure lounge towards Gate 9.

ANNOUNCER

(over)

Alitalia announces the departure of Flight 451 to Marseilles, boarding now at Gate Nine.

An AGENT is leaning idly at the bar, watching WOLENSKI. The moment WOLENSKI has passed, he puts down his beer and crosses hall to a line of telephone booths.

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78. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. DAY. 78.

ROLLAND is sitting on the edge of his desk, listening on 'phone:

ROLLAND

Uh huh ... Good.

He replaces receiver and, leaning across desk, picks up another 'phone.

ROLLAND

Colonel Rolland. Wolenski is booked on Alitalia Four-Five-One, landing Marseilles seventeen-fifty. Tell them to stand-by.

He puts down 'phone.

79. X EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING, MARIGNANE AIRPORT, MARSEILLES. 79. DAY.

WOLENSKI walks towards the Customs hall, a thin line of passengers trails before him. ZOOM IN CLOSE to the glass panelling of terminal building on TWO AGENTS watching his lumbering progress towards the tarmac. As WOLENSKI enters Customs hall, they turn away.

80. INT. CUSTOME HALL, MARIGNANE AIRPORT, MARSEILLES. DAY. 80.

WOLENSKI walks towards the passport police, where PASSENGERS have divided themselves to pass through the guichets. TWO POLICEMAN sit facing each other, ten feet apart, with PASSENGERS filing between them. Through the line-up, we see an AGENT - one of the two seen earlier at window - passing from one POLICEMAN to the OTHER, and having a brief word with him. The POLICEMAN nods, without looking up, and the AGENT joins his colleague in a glass-fronted office which takes in view of Customs Hall.

WOLENSKI presents himself before grille. POLICEMAN stamps the disembarkation card, glances at I.D. card and waves WOLENSKI on. While the PASSENGERS wait by the mechanical conveyor belt for their suitcases to appear, WOLENSKI walks past Customs benches. A CUSTOMS OFFICER calls to him:

CUSTOMS OFFICER

X Don't forget your luggage, sir. X

He points in direction of conveyor belt.

WOLENSKI

I haven't any luggage.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Nothing to declare?

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80.

WOLENSKI

Nothing.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Right sir.

WOLENSKI nods, and heads for exit as indicated. CAMERA SHIFTS POSITION to show the TWO AGENTS watching him depart. One of them is on the telephone.

81. EXT. RUE BROCHANT, MARSEILLES. DAY.

81.

It lies in the suburbs, off the main road out of town heading towards Cassis. The apartment blocks are almost all entirely new, or in the process of being completed, and the sound of pneumatic drills and mechanical shovels comes at one from all directions. The surrounding countryside is arid and flat; and the only sign of human activity are the LABOURERS working on the building sites.

A lone taxi proceeds down the street, and comes to a stop by a half-completed apartment block. WOLENSKI gets out, pays driver, and waits until the taxi has departed before crossing the street and entering an apartment block.

82. INT. FRONT HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING, RUE BROCHANT. DAY. 82.

WOLENSKI hurries up the front steps and enters the hall. He pauses in front of a double row of letter-boxes along one side of the hall. Not all the index cards are filled; but one of the letter-boxes reads: 'BANACH. FLAT 23. 2ND FLOOR'. He hurries up the stairs.

83. INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING, APARTMENT BUILDING, RUE BROCHANT. DAY.

83.

WOLENSKI races up half-flight to second floor, and walks quickly down long corridor looking at numbers on the doors until he gets to Flat 23.

Flat 23 is at the end of corridor, flanked by the doors of Flats 22 and 24. WOLENSKI presses the bell, and waits anxiously.

The door is opened and a PICKAXE HANDLE swings out of the gap and down on WOLENSKI's forehead. He lets out a scream of agony as, simultaneously, the doors of Flats 22 and 24 open and MEN surge out, wielding leather-wrapped coshes. With blood spurting over his eyes, WOLENSKI swings wildly around, lashing out in all directions and roaring like an angry bull. Then, seeing only TWO MEN standing at the door of Flat 23, he charges forward.

84. FLAT 23, APARTMENT BUILDING, RUE BROCHANT. DAY.

84.

WOLENSKI crashes into the empty shell of the room, sending the TWO MEN flying against the white distempered walls. The AGENTS rush him, and WOLENSKI draws his Colt. As he fires, a cosh slams down on his wrist. The gun drops to the floor as O.S. an AGENT lets out a scream of agony.

WOLENSKI's face, his mouth open wide in a Munch-like silent scream of pain as he clutches his broken wrist. But not for long: the AGENTS slash at his face with their coshes and WOLENSKI slithers to the ground, groping blindly for his gun. A flying foot sends it spinning to the other end of the empty room. WOLENSKI snakes after it, with hands seizing his collar and jacket; and boots and coshes raining down on him from all directions. WOLENSKI somehow manages to scramble halfway to his feet, kicking out savagely at an AGENT. O.S. an agonising scream. WOLENSKI falls against newly white wall as a cosh is swung ferociously against the side of his head. He slides down and out of shot. CAMERA HOLDS on white wall. There is a thin streak of blood on it. All the above is so fast, so chaotic, that no details penetrate.

The satanic violence is over, over in eight seconds, and the enormous amount of noise evaporates into a sudden long silence. Gradually, there is the sound of groaning. PAN from white wall to an AGENT, groaning in agony as he holds on to his knee. Continue PAN to WOLENSKI, face flat down on the floor, bleeding and unconscious; in f.g. the feet of several MEN who stand over the body. PAN up to three AGENTS standing over WOLENSKI, panting for breath. The LEADER eases himself down painfully on one knee and rolls WOLENSKI on his back, flicking up one of the closed lids. PAN with LEADER as he crosses to telephone on window-sill. He dials, breathing heavily:

LEADER

We got him ... Yeah, he fought ...
Eh? ... A van's no bloody good,
we need two ambulances. And send
a doctor, three of my men have had
it.

He slams down 'phone and leans, gasping for breath, against a wall in a state of inertia; and mutters contemptuously, insulted:

LEADER

A van ... Would you credit it ...

He closes his eyes, and shakes his head at the thought that anyone should only require a van after his group had worked them over.

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85. EXT. RUE BROCHANT. DAY. 85.

An ambulance, braying fiercely, and with its yellow beacon spinning in rheumatic jerks, leaves kerbside and tears off down Rue Brochant, taking with it a cloud of dust from the sandy, half-finished road.

86. EXT. AVENUE DE LA LIBERATION, MARSEILLES. DAY. 86.

Cyclists scatter, and the evening homeward-bound traffic comes to a halt as braying ambulance swings deftly through stationary vehicles.

87. INT. THE AMBULANCE. NIGHT. 87.

A DOCTOR is rolling back WOLENSKI'S sleeve, and giving the unconscious man an injection.

88. EXT. THE VALLORGUE MOUNTAINS. NIGHT. 88.

The countryside is as black as pitch. HIGH ANGLE SHOT above main road, which is enclosed on both sides by mountain ranges, we see ambulance approach. Its siren has stopped, but the yellow beacon continues to swivel, its harsh light sniping at the thick forest trees as it spins back and forth.

89. EXT. A FORTRESS OUTSIDE PARIS. DAWN. 89.

Beyond courtyard of fort, we see an ambulance forcing its way through the early morning Paris traffic. The huge doors of the courtyard are swung back and ambulance screams across the gravel. Two white-coated PRISON STAFF rush forward to unlock the ambulance doors.

90. INT. PRISON HOSPITAL. A FORTRESS OUTSIDE PARIS. DAY. 90.

O.S. harsh, irregular breathing. The iron legs of a cot imbedded in the concrete floor, against a dingy grey wall of an underground cell with a very heavy solid door in the background. A white-coated DOCTOR is bending over the cot examining WOLENSKI, who is not seen. He looks up to his right as he applies his stethoscope to the unconscious figure. PAN UP to show ROLLAND, tight-faced, looking down.

DOCTOR

What did you hit him with, an express train?

ROLLAND

It took six men to do that.

DOCTOR

You should be proud of their craftsmanship. They nearly killed him.

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90.

ROLLAND

What's the damage?

DOCTOR

Lacerated scalp and broken nose.
Multiple cuts and bruising, internal
haemorrhaging. There's concussion
all right; and it could get worse
if he's not left alone.

ROLLAND

I need him for questioning.

DOCTOR

If you start questioning this man
before he's recovered, he'll either
die or go mad.

Pause.

ROLLAND

How long will he be like this? _

DOCTOR

A fortnight. At the very least.

ROLLAND

I can't afford two weeks. I need
him talking long before that.

DOCTOR

Nothing he could tell you now would
make any sense. His mind is scrambled.
It'll probably be a week before he
even flickers an eyelid.

Pause.

ROLLAND

What about drugs?

DOCTOR

It's possible, but I won't prescribe
them. I doubt if drugs would be
much good at this stage. They'd
simply produce an idiot. No use to
you or anyone else. You'll just
have to wait.

The DOCTOR removes his stethoscope and puts it in his
bag. ROLLAND continues to stare down at the unconscious
figure. O.S. harsh, irregular breathing.

91. EXT. THE FLEA MARKET, CLIGNANCOURT. DAY.

91.

X THREE BLIND MUSICIANS are sitting beneath archway of X underpass at Clignancourt. JACKAL passes by them on his way to the main section of the flea market.

JACKAL wanders from stall to stall; we see him reach in and draw out a black beret. He puts it on his head as the stall-keeper leans over holding up a hand-mirror to JACKAL and laughing.

92. EXT. A SECTION OF THE FLEA MARKET, CLIGNANCOURT.DAY. 92.

JACKAL is rummaging through a pile of old clothes at a stall. He carries a pair of well-scuffed shoes under his arm. JACKAL pulls a military greatcoat from the pile and puts it on. It stretches well below his knee. He takes it off and throws it over one arm. Then he goes to STALLHOLDER who, after a quick glance at the articles, accepts JACKAL's bill, dipping deep in her pouch to count out the change.

93. EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF FLEA MARKET, CLIGNANCOURT.DAY. 93.

X JACKAL, his purchases bundled under his arm, is walking back through crowds towards underpass at Metro. An X ALGERIAN, severely disabled, with his legs amputated at the thighs, is sitting at the kerbside in a wooden box on wheels. Before him lies a suitcase full of trinkets, old silver, photo-frames and cutlery.

JACKAL stops to inspect contents of suitcase, bends down and picks up an open tin box containing sets of war medals. One of the sets contains the Liberation Medal. The ALGERIAN smiles toothily and holds up all his fingers. JACKAL tosses a ten-franc note into case and walks on, crossing the street to underpass.

The THREE BLIND MUSICIANS are still playing. As JACKAL passes, he drops some loose change into the collection box. The THREE BLIND MUSICIANS play on, huddled close together against the white concrete of the underpass.

94. INT. GARE DU NORD. DAY.

94.

The main platform of the station. In the distance, a long train curves out beyond the glass vaulted covering of the numerous platforms.

STATION ANNOUNCER

(over)

The seventeen-fifteen Lombardi Express
to Milan is now leaving Platform Six.

JACKAL is seen in LONG SHOT, hurrying towards platform with his one bag. He dashes through ticket barrier and leaps into first available compartment as the long train winds slowly out of the platform.

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95. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. MORNING.

95.

C.U. a large twenty-four hour wall clock, the second hand ticking silently away, reading 08.35 hrs. A long, thin column of cigarette smoke rises before it.

DUVERGER

(over)

They've got another doctor and he's brought him round. Colonel Rolland's gives permission for the interrogation to start this morning ... What? Well you know that business better than I ...

DISSOLVE TO C.U: a pair of silly cherubs, tooting trumpets at the top of an ordinary standard lamp. But the bulb is very powerful, and an adjustable shade fixes the light to shine directly in one area. The torsos and shoulders of FIVE MEN in their shirt sleeves can just be discerned behind a table where a tape recorder, its green light winking and the spools silently turning, rests.

C.U: a set of long, delicate fingers, a wedding ring, a hand and a wrist. The be-ringed finger taps out the seconds. Before the hands, set in the top of the table, is a narrow slit bordered in brass and marked along one side with figures. Out of the slit protrudes a narrow brass arm with a bakelite knob on the top which can be adjusted up and down the slit. Two wires trail across the table from a simple on/off switch towards a small electrical transformer lying on the floor. From here a stout rubber-clad cable snakes into the darkness; another lead winds across floor to legs of heavy oak chair, which are bolted with steel brackets to the floor. We follow the wire up a naked, human leg; the ankle pinned firmly against chair with padded straps. Stopping suddenly as wire continues along a naked thigh.

WOLENSKI's battered face in the full glare of the light. His eyes, puffed with great blue bruises, are closed and his mouth sags in a silent cry of anguish. Every now and then his head shakes from side to side convulsively.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

You're being very foolish, Viktor ...

The long, delicate hands are clasped together in the prayer position.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

What's it like to be so foolish ...
Mmmmmnn?

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95.

Silence, apart from the harsh, irregular breathing.
The second hand of the wall clock continues to round its course.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

You yourself know, that they always talk in the end. You've seen it with your own two eyes in - where was it - Indo-China?

WOLENSKI is still. The INTERROGATOR purrs on:

INTERROGATOR

(over)

... And in Algeria, of course.

Silence. The tape recorder spools spin slowly.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

You're a hard man to please, Viktor. Here we are, offering you undisturbed sleep and you prefer to remain an embarrassment. It's very foolish; especially in the light of your own experience in these matters.

The hands are laid flat on the table, slim, white, full of peace.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

Why don't you tell us what they're waiting for in that hotel, Hmm?

Silence. WOLENSKI shakes head in 'no' gesture.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

... Rodin, Montclair and Casson ... what are they planning? ... Who have they been meeting with? ... Nobody? Not a soul ... Then where were they before they went to Rome? ... Eh?

Silence, apart from the harsh breathing. The second hand on the wall clock ticks away.

INTERROGATOR

(over)

... Tell us, Viktor.

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95.

No reply. The hands are joined together, the thumbs twirling around each other. Then the hands part, and one reaches out to the on/off button. As the hand presses down the 'on' button, QUICK PAN DOWN along the lead to the electrical transformer. We hear a scream from WOLENSKI.

96. INT. TRANSCRIPTION ROOM, ACTION SERVICE HEADQUARTERS. 96.
DAY.

C.U.: ear and earphones as WOLENSKI's scream from previous scene continues electronically, forcing its way through the earphones into the room. An AGENT listens, intently, his brow furrowed in deep concentration. A Gauloise cigarette hangs loosely from his lips, and the smoke causes his eyes to water. He rubs his thumb and forefinger irritably up and down his nose.

AGENT

Agh! ... Go back a bit.

PULL BACK to reveal the rest of the occupants in the smoke-filled room. A MALE TYPIST sits patiently behind his typewriter, waiting for dictation from the man with the earphones. An OPERATOR controls an expensive tape recorder at the end of the long table; and DUVERGER stands over the TYPIST staring fixedly down at the page before him.

AGENT

Hold it! ... Right ...

He listens carefully.

AGENT

Question: 'Rome, Viktor. Why did they they go to Rome? ...' No answer.

TYPIST

Check.

AGENT

Question: 'Why are they in Rome?'
Answer: 'Secret'.

TYPIST

Check.

AGENT

Question: 'Where did they stay in Vienna, Viktor?' No answer.

TYPIST

Check.

96. CONTD.

96.

AGENT

'Was it a house, Viktor? ...' No answer.

TYPIST

Check

AGENT

Question: 'I'm asking you, was it a house?'

The AGENT holds up his hand.

AGENT

Here it comes! ... K ... K - I'm sorry - I've lost it -

The OPERATOR rewinds. Silence.

AGENT

'I'm asking you, was it a house?' ...
(slight pause)
'... K ... K - Kleist.' Kleist.

TYPIST rattles off the word on the typewriter. AGENT looks at DUVERGER, frowning in puzzlement at the word. DUVERGER shrugs, also puzzled.

AGENT

'Who is Kleist?' .. 'What does he do?' ...

TYPIST takes it down. There is a brief pause, then AGENT winces and holds one of the earphones away from his head. We hear a faint, gurgling scream of pain. AGENT listens, straining to catch what follows. Suddenly:

AGENT

X What the hell did they do to the bastard?! - I can't understand a word. X

DUVERGER

Put it on the speakers.

AGENT removes his earphones and sinks back in his chair as OPERATOR makes the switch to the speakers.

OPERATOR

Where from, sir?

DUVERGER

'Who is Kleist', et cetera - that bit.

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96.

OPERATOR nods and rewinds the tape slightly. Silence. They all stare at the wall speakers.

INTERROGATOR

(on tape)

'Who is Kleist? ... What does he do?'

Pause. Then a terrifying scream of agony bursts forth from the speakers, rebounding off the walls and filling the occupants with momentary dread. Except the AGENT, who nods philosophically and lights another cigarette. Silence. They all listen intently. A mumbled word, not intelligible, sneaks out from the speakers.

AGENT

(tentative)

That wouldn't be 'Jackal', would it?

DUVERGER

(shrugs)

'Jackal'? Can't be. Go back and this time, turn up the sound.

The OPERATOR obeys.

97. INT. GOZZI'S OFFICE. MILAN. DAY.

97.

C.U.: JACKAL looking down in silence as a couple of clicks are heard: the locks of a case being unhinged.

C.S.: GOZZI opening a cheap-looking fibre case reverently, as though performing some ritualistic order of the Mass.

C.U.: The case as it is opened. The inside resembles a flat tray, divided into carefully shaped compartments, each exactly the shape of the components of the rifle. It is evident that this is a masterpiece. Each part is tooled with the utmost precision. The assembly conveys a sense of sinister beauty. Next to the case lies a bundle of foam rubber, from which several steel tubes protrude. The case is about eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide (?).

JACKAL appears impressed. He quietly lifts up the barrel and examines it. He runs his hand down the breech, tenderly. Then gives the bolt a sharp turn anti-clockwise. The bolt unlocks itself and rolls over in its groove. JACKAL pulls the bolt and it slides back to reveal the gleaming tray in which the bullet will lie. He rams the bolt back home and twists it clockwise. Smoothly, it locks into place.

Throughout this, GOZZI hovers anxiously watching the JACKAL's reaction. In turn, he beams, then is

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97.

apprehensive and nervous. JACKAL puts the breech down and pulls one of the steel tubes out of the foam rubber.

JACKAL
I asked for aluminium.

GOZZI
(apologetic)
I tried it but it bent like tissue paper. I had to resort to stainless steel - but it's all right, it looks the same.

JACKAL
And the trigger?

GOZZI hands him a small sliver of steel, an inch long, curved and with one end threaded.

GOZZI
One simply screws it in - see the hole in the breech?

JACKAL nods. He screws in trigger.

JACKAL
I thought this would be hidden in the padding. I don't see it.

Slight pause.

GOZZI
Ah yes, well

JACKAL
Haven't you done the shoulder-piece?

GOZZI waves his hands to pacify the customer.

GOZZI
Of course! - Well, not of course, because there have been snags -
(nervously)
I'm still working on it.

JACKAL
I need it to practice with.

GOZZI
You could see a wooden stock in the meantime ... I mean, it would suffice...

He takes one down from the shelves.

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97.

GOZZI

... for practice shots and for
calibrating the sights.

GOZZI fits it to the rifle.

GOZZI

It will be ready in two days. Don't
worry ...

JACKAL

Where can I practice in the meantime?

GOZZI

Well, there's the Po Delta. You could
be there and back in a day.

JACKAL nods.

JACKAL

The silencer, please.

GOZZI passes him silencer, and JACKAL screws it onto the
end of the barrel.

JACKAL

... Sniperscope.

GOZZI

Right.

He selects the sniperscope and hands it over. JACKAL
fits the sniperscope and the gun is complete. He lifts
the butt-plate into his shoulder, left eye closed and
right eye squinting down the barrel. He aims at the
far wall and squeezes the trigger. There is a soft
click from inside the breech.

JACKAL

... It's an excellent piece of work,
this.

GOZZI positively beams and opens desk drawer and pulls
out a box of a hundred bullets, of which the seals of
the packet have been broken.

GOZZI

These are for practice. I've taken
out six of them to convert to
explosive tips ...

He produces a screw of tissue paper and pours the
contents onto a white blotting paper. JACKAL picks
one of the mercury bullets up as GOZZI shows him the
rubber stump.

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97.

GOZZI

They'll be fitted into this.

JACKAL

Uh huh.

GOZZI

You'll find when one of them hits the target, it'll explode like a small grenade.

JACKAL

Let me have one ~~of them~~.

He points to the fittings inside the fibre case.

JACKAL

I won't need the fittings. We'll wrap the rifle in foam rubber.

98. INT. FORGER'S STUDIO, BRUSSELS. DUSK.

98.

C.U. FORGER is handing over a flat brown envelope to JACKAL.

FORGER

It's all there ...

JACKAL nods and opens the envelope, spreading the forged cards and papers on a small table. He reaches up and adjusts the studio arc light to shine directly down on contents so that he can study them closely.

C.U. the first two forged documents. The French identity card is made out in the name of Andre Martin; it bears the photograph taken by the FORGER. The third card is not seen.

FORGER

The Duggan driving licence and French identity card were easy enough; but the third card was a big headache.

JACKAL looks at the third card closely, rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger.

FORGER

... Nicely dog-eared, isn't it? Hm?

JACKAL doesn't reply, but looks into envelope. Then he gazes at FORGER.

JACKAL

You've forgotten something.

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98.

FORGER

Sorry?

JACKAL

The original driving licence. The
one I said I wanted back.

Pause. FORGER plays theatre: he raises his eyebrows
in extravagant surprise and turns away, walking several
paces, head bowed as if deep in thought, hands behind
his back. Then he turns and walks back.

FORGER

I thought we might have a little chat
about that.

JACKAL looks at him without expression.

JACKAL

Oh yes?

FORGER

The fact is, you see, the er ...
original driving licence is not here.
But, don't worry -

JACKAL evidently isn't.

FORGER

It's put away in a safe place,
no-one can get at it but me.

He shows him the key.

JACKAL

What do you want?

FORGER

Yes, well I'm coming to that.

He gives a short, uneasy laugh, then coyly:

FORGER

What I propose is simply a little
trade. I give you the original
driving licence and all the
negatives I took of you, including,
I'm afraid...

(coughs nervously)
one other picture which I took when
you were standing under the lights
without make-up, for a certain sum
of money.

JACKAL

How much?

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FORGER

Em.... One thousand pounds?

Silence. JACKAL considers the proposition, nodding quietly as if it was of mild academic interest only.

JACKAL

It's a lot of money.

FORGER

But worth it, wouldn't you say, to get those documents back?

JACKAL

(reluctantly)

Yes.... I suppose so.

FORGER grins triumphantly.

FORGER

An English gentleman can always be trusted to see sense.

JACKAL smiles wryly.

JACKAL

I can find the first five hundred by noon tomorrow, but on condition we don't meet here.

FORGER

(baffled)

There's nothing wrong with this place. It's very quiet, very private ...

JACKAL

There's everything wrong with this place from my point of view. I wouldn't want our little ceremony interrupted by the click of a camera -

FORGER roars with laughter, visibly relieved.

FORGER

You needn't worry about that. We'll be doing a straight swap and, besides, nobody comes in here unless they're invited by me. One has to be discreet, you see, in my little sideline ...

He indicates the porno pictures hanging out to dry and, forming his forefinger and thumb into the letter 'O', runs the extended forefinger of his right hand through the circular aperture several times.

98. CONTD.

98.

JACKAL's eyes twinkle as FORGER laughs at his own joke. JACKAL joins in the mirth, and is still laughing as he claps his hands against the FORGER's upper arms, to hold him steady, and knees him savagely in the groin. (O.S.) The FORGER's laughter turns to a screech, a gurgle and a retch. JACKAL lets him slip gently to his knees. Then he steps around and over the fallen figure, straddling the exposed back of the FORGER. CAMERA PANS TO C.U. of hideously painted photographer's backcloth of leafy woodland glade, trees profuse with boughs, and; in the distance, a fairy-tale castle on a hilltop. O.S. there is a sound like a dry twig being snapped.

CAMERA SHIFTS POSITION to show the FORGER's prone, limp body, the JACKAL searching the FORGER's pockets for his keys. He finds them, and lifts the body of the FORGER by the armpits and drags it over to the trunk. After removing the theatrical gear, he jams the corpse into the bottom of the trunk and replaces the articles on top of it. Sitting on the trunk to make the lid close, he shuts the padlock. Then, after wiping it carefully with his pocket handkerchief, he walks quietly from the studio, picking up the brown envelope on the way out.

99. EXT. FORGER'S STUDIO, BRUSSELS. DUSK.

99.

JACKAL closes the front door and double locks it. Then he walks quietly up the stairs and into the deserted street. After glancing cautiously around him, he drops the FORGER's keys down a drain and walks away.

100. INT. TRANSCRIPTION ROOM, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. EARLY EVENING.

100.

The AGENT takes off his earphones, and eases back in his chair and stretches himself wearily. A wall-clock above his head reads: 7.35. The TYPIST pulls the last sheets of paper out of his machine and extracts the carbons as the OPERATOR rewinds the tape back onto the original spool. DUVERGER, rubbing his eyes, rises stiffly and goes to the 'phone.

DUVERGER

Give me an outside line ...

The AGENT knocks his ears with his hands to get the circulation going, yawning as he does so.

101. INT. GYMNASIUM CLUB, PARIS. EARLY EVENING.

101.

CAMERA IS POSITIONED on the high bar of gym, taking in the gently swaying climbing ropes that hang from ceiling HOLD. CAMERA falls forward, attached to the bar, slowly at first, then gaining momentum as it completes an arc, taking in the wooden tiled floor and opposite wall. As it comes up again, it loses its momentum,

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101.

returning to the original position as a MAN in a track suit steps in front and says:

MAN

Colonel Rolland - there's a call for you.

CUT TO:

ROLLAND hanging from the high bar in a near deserted gym. He leaps down.

ROLLAND

Thank you, Jean.

ROLLAND rubs his hands with a rag and follows the MAN in the track suit towards double doors of gym.

102. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. DUSK.

102.

Silence, apart from the ticking of the wall clock, which reads: 8.05. The transcribed confession rests on ROLLAND's desk. DUVERGER is sitting at the far end of the room. He stands as ROLLAND comes in.

DUVERGER

Sorry to drag you away, Colonel.

ROLLAND

Nonsense.

He takes off his coat.

DUVERGER

The tape is on your machine in case you want to refer back. Here's the transcript.

ROLLAND sits down and flicks through the transcript.

DUVERGER

There's one other thing, sir.

ROLLAND

Yes?

DUVERGER

Wolenski died an hour ago. He never came to again.

Slight pause.

ROLLAND

Stay in the outer office, I'll find you if I need you.

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102. CONTD.

102.

Turning back to the transcript, he lights a Gauloise and sits down.

103. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. NIGHT.

103.

Clock shows 11.30. ROLLAND at his desk, his ashtray overflowing with cigarette stubs. The transcribed confession (15 pages) is in front of him. The tape recorder is on the desk and ROLLAND is listening intently through the earphones. He flicks the switch, reversing the machine - switches it off and draws a thick black line of ink through several sentences on the page.

C.U.: transcript. Most of the page has been crossed out except for four or five words which are underscored. They are:

.. Rome ..
 Question: Why?
 .. Secret ..
 Question: What secret?

DUVERGER enters with a pot of coffee which he puts on the desk. ROLLAND looks up briefly, but clearly does not wish to be disturbed. DUVERGER quietly puts a fresh ashtray on the desk and takes the brimming one with him.

104. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. NIGHT.

104.

C.U.: Clock, partly obscured by thick cigarette smoke: it says 1.10. ROLLAND, still listening through earphones, deletes sentences on another page. The remaining words are:

Vienna
 Kleist
 Marseilles
 Jackal

ROLLAND, about to pour more coffee into a cup, finds the pot is empty, swears quietly to himself, flicks calendar from July 31 to August 1.

105. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. NIGHT.

105.

Clock shows 3.30. DUVERGER, face hollow and unshaven; peeks into room. He walks to the desk where ROLLAND is still concentrating furiously.

DUVERGER
 Colonel, it's three-thirty.

ROLLAND shushes him vigorously and indicates to him to get out. As DUVERGER reaches the door, ROLLAND says:

105. CONTD.

105.

ROLLAND

Bring me a blackboard and some chalk.

106. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE. ACTION SERVICE H.Q. NIGHT.

106.

Clock: it is 4.45. ROLLAND is writing on the blackboard.
The key words are arranged in three columns, headed:

<u>People</u>	<u>Things</u>	<u>Places</u>
Kleist 2	Secret 1	Rome 1
Jackal 1		Vienna 3
		Marseilles 1

ROLLAND adds under 'Things': 'D.R.V.L. 2'. He turns to DUVERGER who stands by the desk and who is both sleepy and fascinated.

ROLLAND

What does that mean?

DUVERGER

Could it be - 'drivel'?

ROLLAND, puzzled, stares at the blackboard, then writes under 'Things': 'Fair (2)' and under 'People': 'Foreigner'. He looks at the transcript and reads from it:

ROLLAND

(reading)

'Question: what sort of fair? A
funfair? Answer: Jackal.'

ROLLAND puts the number '2' against 'Jackal' on the blackboard. He ponders.

ROLLAND

Fair ... Fair.

DUVERGER

Excuse me, Colonel - the foreigner -
could it be a fair foreigner? A blond?

ROLLAND stares, draws an arrow from 'fair' to 'foreigner',
stares again.

ROLLAND

Is Kleist the foreigner? Could they
have met him in Vienna? Look up the
Vienna telephone directory and see if
there's a person or place named Kleist.

DUVERGER exits. ROLLAND goes back to listen to the
tape once more. He is suddenly furious, bangs his
fist on the table, goes back to the blackboard,
changes 'D.R.V.L.' to 'driller'.

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107. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. DAWN.

107.

Clock shows 5.10. DUVERGER returns.

DUVERGER

There are two columns of Kleists in the Vienna 'phone book, all private individuals, and two places: a Catholic boys' school and a Pension Kleist.

ROLLAND reaches for the transcript and flicks the pages and reads:

ROLLAND

(reading)

'Questions:

Where in Vienna, Viktor?

Was it a house, Viktor?

I'm asking you, was it a house?

Answer: K - Kleist.'

He rises, yawns and stretches, then moves to the blackboard and connects 'Kleist' with 'Vienna' and 'fair foreigner', saying meanwhile:

ROLLAND

Get on to our people in Vienna first thing in the morning. See what they can find out about the Pension Kleist.

He keeps looking at the blackboard.

ROLLAND

Driller ... Driller ...

DUVERGER

Sir, could it be that this 'driller' is some oil millionaire who gives money to the OAS?

ROLLAND

They don't need money. They've made plenty from the bank raids. We don't know what they need the money for - look, do you see that large blue book on the shelf behind you?

DUVERGER

Dictionary of Slang -

ROLLAND

Look up 'driller' in that, see what it says.

While DUVERGER complies, ROLLAND keeps concentrating on the blackboard.

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107. CONTD.

107.

ROLLAND

'Jackal'? I thought Wolenski used it as a swear-word. But it doesn't sound like him.

DUVERGER flicks through the pages.

DUVERGER

Driller ... Driller: ape-like creature, baboon, derogatory term for hired gunman, Foreign Legion slang for professional assassin.

DUVERGER and ROLLAND look at each other.

108. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. DAWN,

108.

Clock shows 6.57. ROLLAND at the window, unleashing the blind. It springs up with a fierce rattle, letting the morning sunshine into the smoke-filled room. ROLLAND, blinking, opens the window, coughs a cigarette cough. He walks away from the window, dictating to DUVERGER who is typing on an ancient typewriter at the desk.

ROLLAND

(dictating)

... The plot described above constitutes in my view ... the most dangerous single concept that the terrorists ... could possibly have devised ... to endanger the life of President De Gaulle ...

ROLLAND stretches and yawns while DUVERGER is typing away.

ROLLAND

... If the plot exists as described, and if a foreign-born assassin whose code name may be 'Jackal' has in fact been engaged for this attempt on the life...

DUVERGER

Sorry?

ROLLAND

(feeling the stubble on his chin)

... on the life of the President, it is my duty to inform you, Minister, that in my opinion ... we face a national emergency ...

Slight pause. DUVERGER rattles away. Outside the birds can be heard singing in the branches of the boulevard trees.

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108. CONTD.

108.

ROLLAND

New paragraph. ... The above report is top secret and intended for your eyes only. Written at 0-eight hundred hours, August first, nineteen-sixty-three.

As DUVERGER finishes typing, ROLLAND begins, systematically and meticulously, to tear his notes into small pieces.

ROLLAND

X Have the dispatch rider stand by -
and forget everything you've heard. X

109. INT. ROLLAND'S OFFICE, ACTION SERVICE H.Q. MORNING. 109.

C.U.: wall clock now shows 8.20. The hot August sun is already well above the Paris skyline. ROLLAND, looking tired and strained, has just shaved and washed his face and hands. He looks at himself in the mirror - does not like what he sees. He walks to the window and looks down.

110. EXT. MOTORCYCLIST. TRAVELLING SHOTS. DAY. 110.

X DISPATCH RIDER, in his black leather jerkin and white helmet, he guns the motorcycle into life, a service satchel is prominent at his hip. Slamming down his goggles, he tears off in the direction of the Boulevard Mortier. X

DISPATCH RIDER'S POV, as the motorcycle races along Rue Faubourg du Temple, towards Place de la Republique.

DISPATCH RIDER'S POV, as the bike roars through the early morning traffic in Montmartre. STALLHOLDERS turn to gaze.

Faubourg St. Honore, DISPATCH RIDER'S POV, as he roars by the Elysee Palace, watched by the POLICE. We continue with this SHOT as we enter the elegant gateway of the Ministry of the Interior, into the courtyard of the Ministry building. We draw up on the steps, the DISPATCH RIDER's hand reaches out and switches off siren.

111. EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. DAY. 111.

DISPATCH RIDER'S POV: we quickly mount the steps as the doors are opened for us.

112. INT. THE MAIN HALL. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. DAY. 112.

DISPATCH RIDER'S POV: we hurry along a thickly carpeted hall and up the stairs.

112A. INT. OUTER OFFICE, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. DAY.

112A.

DISPATCH RIDER'S POV: as we move briskly down along corridor towards MINISTER's office. TWO POLICEMEN are on guard at entrance to suite of offices. They open door and we pass through. The MINISTER'S SECRETARY stands as we approach him. He extends his hand and takes a heavily sealed envelope.

CAMERA SHIFTS POSITION to show MINISTER'S SECRETARY looking at envelope. He dismisses DISPATCH RIDER and walks to a door and knocks. While he is awaiting entry, he gazes down again at envelope.

MINISTER

(over)

Come in ...

113. INT. MINISTER'S OFFICE, MINISTRY OF THE INT. DAY.

113.

SHOOTING OVER MINISTER'S SHOULDER as he gazes out of the window to sunlit circular courtyard below. At the far end of the courtyard we can see the beautiful wrought iron gates and beyond them, the Place Beauveau, where streams of traffic swirl around a POLICEMAN directing them from the centre of square. O.S. a page rustling.

CAMERA SHIFTS POSITION to show MINISTER spinning his swivel chair back to face the desk. DUMONT closes the file and lays it on the desk before MINISTER. Both men stare at each other in silence, apart from the ticking of the mantelpiece clock and the subdued noise of traffic outside. FLAVIGNY is also there.

MINISTER

Well.....?

DUMONT

(after a pause)

... if what Rolland says is true, the whole network of our agents inside the CAS is no good to us in this case.

MINISTER runs his fingers through his silver-grey hair and spins back to the window again. Silence. Finally, still looking out of the window:

MINISTER

Well... the President must be told.

Pause. He spins back again. His voice is crisp and decisive.

MINISTER

I shall ask for an interview and inform him.

DUMONT rises. They shake hands and he leaves as MINISTER picks up a 'phone.

26.1.72.

113. CONTD.

113.

MINISTER
Get me the Elysee Palace.

114. EXT./INT. ELYSEE PALACE. DAY.

114.

SHOOTING THROUGH PLATE GLASS towards courtyard, as black Citroen draws up. The door is opened by a frock-coated USHER and MINISTER steps out. He hurries up the steps towards us, where he is greeted by SECOND USHER who has just hung up telephone. The SECOND USHER leads MINISTER at a majestic, unhurried pace, up the stairs. CAMERA PANS as they cross a landing overlooking our POV. They stop at a large, imposing door. The SECOND USHER knocks. Then MINISTER enters.

115. INT. SALON DES ORDONNANCES, ELYSEE PALACE. DAY.

115.

The sun streams through the great south windows, bathing the carpet in warmth. From the Palace gardens, a wood pigeon can be heard cooing amidst the trees. COLONEL TIRAT rises from behind his desk as MINISTER enters.

TIRAT
Minister ...

MINISTER
Good afternoon.

TIRAT
One moment, Sir....

TIRAT crosses and knocks briefly on the closed double doors, then opens one half of them and stands in the entrance.

TIRAT
The Minister of the Interior.

TIRAT steps back, smiles at MINISTER, who goes past him into De Gaulle's private study.

DE GAULLE
(over)
My dear ...
(coughs)
Do, do come in.

TIRAT closes the door and returns to his desk. He sits down and begins writing. CAMERA PANS slowly round room, taking in especially the tranquillity of the garden. TIRAT continues with his work: he picks up a 'phone and murmurs softly down receiver. The garden in bright sunshine; the sounds of birds in the branches of spreading limes and beeches. It looks as though we are in the heart of the countryside. But we are sharply reminded where we are by the brief glimpse of a

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115. CONTD.

115.

POLICEMAN with a sub-machine gun, patrolling the street beyond.

Suddenly, DE GAULLE is heard thundering from within his study.

DE GAULLE

(over)

France would never accept that the President of the Republic should hide miserably from some foreigner ... some Jackal ... the answer is no.

TIRAT looks up towards double doors. Seconds later, MINISTER appears. He nods soberly to the COLONEL and leaves.

116. EXT. MARKET, MILAN. DAY.

116.

C.U. Honeydew Melon. It is held in JACKAL's hands. He is at a fruit stall in a busy street market, with STALLHOLDERS shouting their wares. JACKAL pays for the purchase, puts the melon into a string bag and walks off through the crush of HOUSEWIVES to a WHITE ALFA ROMEO with an Italian licence plate - a locally hired car. He gets in and drives off.

117. EXT. FLAT PLAIN, BEYOND FERRARA. DAY.

117.

The flat, parched countryside stretches like an enormous army blanket in all directions. A ditch, bound with ferns and clumps of grass runs alongside the winding tarmac'd road. A forest is visible in the distance. JACKAL's hired white Alfa Romeo is approaching, its bonnet gleaming in the scorching sun.

118. EXT. FOREST TRAIL DEEP IN THE PO DELTA. DAY.

118.

Great clumps and bushes line both sides of trail, the sun slicing through the branches in hazy splendour. Nothing alive: there's a breathless calm about the forest which is only broken when we hear the sound of JACKAL's Alfa Romeo.

JACKAL drives his Alfa to the end of the trail. He drives into a clump of undergrowth where it is well hidden.

C.S. JACKAL. He puts up a tent. The only sounds are the ticking of the watch as it cools, the whispering of the wind that is in the trees and the distant cooing of a pigeon. A large sign inside the tent is the property of 'Automobili'. The tent contains the fibre ... a small carton.

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JACKAL opens the fibre case and begins to unwrap the component parts of the rifle, fitting it together piece by piece.

C.U. trees against sky, moving gently in the wind.

C.U. JACKAL. He puts assembled rifle aside and takes out honeydew melon and the string shopping bag. From the carton he extracts a hunting knife. With it, he makes a series of gashes in the melon, representing eyebrows, eyes, nose and mouth. The final gash traces the outline of a forehead and temples. The job completed, he takes all his equipment and sets off into a long, narrow clearing. At the far end of it, about four hundred feet away, stands a tall tree.

JACKAL approaches and jabs the knife hard into the trunk, about seven feet from the ground, and hangs the handles of the shopping bag over the hilt. The melon hangs suspended like a grotesque human head.

JACKAL paces out one hundred and fifty paces and turns. He slips back the bolt and inserts the first cartridge into the breech. He looks through the telescopic sights and finds the hanging target.

C.U. Melon in the sights. It looks large and clear, the criss-cross lines of the strings easily visible.

JACKAL twiddles the two adjusting screws, takes careful aim and fires. There is hardly any recoil and the restrained 'phut' of the silencer is barely audible. JACKAL walks back to examine the shot.

C.U.: the bullet has grazed the top of the melon. Obviously, the telescopic sights need further calibration.

C.S. JACKAL returning to firing position. He adjusts the screws and fires again.

C.U. Melon. This time, the shot is too low and too far to the left.

C.S. JACKAL returning to firing position. He makes a further adjustment, aims and fires.

C.U. Melon. The shot goes clean through the forehead. JACKAL's hand makes a chalk ring around the hole.

C.S. JACKAL raising rifle into firing position. This time, he has not adjusted the screw.

C.S. Melon. A succession of shots. The first through the left eye, the second through the right eye, the third through a temple.

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118.

C.S. JACKAL lowering his gun. Satisfied, he takes a small tube of cement from his bag and squirts the liquid over the heads of both grub screws. He now takes the explosive bullet out of his bag, unwraps it and slips it into the breech of the rifle. He takes careful aim.

L.S. JACKAL, small in the distance. In f.g., the melon. JACKAL fires. The melon disintegrates. Most of it has been forced through the mesh of the bag and lies scattered on the grass. Pips and juice dribble down the bark. The remaining fragments lie broken in the lower end of the shopping bag.

119. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.
EARLY EVENING.

119.

C.U. wall-clock, as the minute hand moves up to the hour and the clock strikes 7.00. CAMERA PANS to conference table. THIRTEEN MEN are seated around it. All have copies of ROLLAND'S report in front of them; some of them are still reading, whilst others are discussing it in tones of bafflement and general consternation.

The thirteen men are: FLAVIGNY, GEN. COLBERT, COL. ROLLAND, DUMONT, PASCAL, DELARUE and, in a row, FOUR SURETE DEPARTMENT HEADS, MAX FELISAT sits next to COMMISSIONER BERTHIER, who chain smokes throughout. The man we saw on the shooting range, COLONEL ST. CLAIR, sits on BERTHIER's left.

On the final stroke of 7.00 there's a pause; then a side door opens and the Interior MINISTER enters from his private office. The DEPARTMENT HEADS stand as he walks briskly to the head of the table carrying a buff-coloured dossier.

MINISTER

Good evening, gentlemen, please be seated.

He sits down, opens his dossier, and pours himself a glass of water from the decanter placed by his blotter.

MINISTER

I trust you've all read Colonel Rolland's report?

Murmurs of assent.

MINISTER

I delivered a copy to the President this afternoon. Unhappily, in the interests of the dignity of France, he feels obliged to impose enormous limitations on us. He refuses to

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MINISTER (contd.)
alter in any way the summer schedule
of his public appearances -

FLAVIGNY lets out an audible sigh of annoyance.

MINISTER
The search for this Jackal must be
conducted in absolute secrecy.
Needless to say, you're all sworn to
total silence and will discuss the
matter with no-one outside this room.

FLAVIGNY
(explosively)
It's impossible! -

MINISTER
(sharply)
The President was absolutely adamant -

FELISA T
What extra security precautions do we
take, Minister? -

MINISTER
None. He won't permit it -

DELARUE
It makes our job extremely difficult -

MINISTER
Sooner or later, your Departments
will be called upon to help, and you
must give it top priority and your
personal attention. There'll be no
delegation to juniors - is that
understood?

DELARUE is silent. DEPARTMENT HEADS nod.

MINISTER
General Colbert, have you had any
success with the inquiries in
Vienna?

COLBERT gestures to ROLLAND, who opens a file.

ROLLAND
(flatly)
Yes. Inquiries were made today by
our agents in Vienna at the Pension
Kleist. They showed photographs
of Rodin, Montclair and Casson to
the desk clerk, some money changed
hands and he stated that he recognised
them.

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119.

BSP CHIEF

Were there any other visitors?

ROLLAND

The next morning, another man joined them. He left half an hour later. The only description the desk clerk could give was that the visitor was well-groomed, in his early thirties, and had fair hair.

ROLLAND closes the file and looks up.

ST. CLAIR

Surely a better description can be found.

DEPARTMENT HEADS turn in surprise.

COLBERT

From whom?

ST. CLAIR

Well - Rodin for instance -

MINISTER

(quietly)

I hardly think he would accept an invitation from any of our Departments, Colonel.

ROLLAND

(flatly; to ST. CLAIR)

What you've heard is the outcome of three hours spent interrogating the clerk. Every point was gone over time and time again. There's nothing else he can remember..

Silence.

DUMONT

So apart from Wolenski, who's dead, there are only four men in the world who know the identity of this Jackal. One is the man himself, and the other three are in a hotel in Rome.

DST CHIEF

Couldn't we try getting one of them out?

MINISTER

Kidnapping's out of the question - General Colbert.

COLBERT

It would involve a major gun battle - preferably with gas grenades to get one of them alive.

MINISTER

Commissioner Berthier, have you any suggestions as to how this investigation can be carried out?

BERTHIER exhales a large puff of smoke. When he speaks, his tone is measured, quiet. During the following, we C.U. on each DEPARTMENT HEAD as he mentions him.

BERTHIER

We're in trouble on this one. Our agents inside the OAS can't pin him down, since not even the OAS know who he is. Action Service can't destroy him - they don't know who to destroy. Territorial Surveillance can't pick him up at the border, because they don't know what he looks like. The CRS, all forty-five thousand of them, can't pursue him either - they don't know who to pursue. And the police can't arrest him - how can we? We don't know who to arrest.

Slight pause. He exhales another large puff of smoke.

BERTHIER

Without a name, all other proposals are meaningless. The first task, then, is to find it. With a name we get a passport and a face and with a face we get an arrest.

He exhales another large puff of smoke.

BERTHIER

But to find his name, and to do it in secret, is a job of pure detective work.

He stubs out his cigarette. Silence.

MINISTER

Commissioner. Who is the best detective on the force?

BERTHIER lights another cigarette, considering the question.

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119.

BERTHIER

The best detective on the force ...
is my own deputy Commissioner ...

CUT TO:

120. EXT. GARDEN PIGEON COOP, LEBEL'S HOUSE. DUSK.

120.

CU two pigeons sitting on a perch, one fans its wings,
lifts up its tail - and craps daintily.

BERTHIER (over)

... Claude Lebel.

PULL BACK to show LEBEL in an old baggy sweater and
faded green flannels, muttering to himself and wiping
the top of his head with a handkerchief.

MINISTER

(over)

Let's talk with him.

Pigeons flutter everywhere, landing on nesting boxes and
numerous perches.

MRS. LEBEL

(squawking, over)

Claauuude!

LEBEL glances shiftily to where call is coming from, then
busies himself in nesting boxes.

MRS. LEBEL

(over)

Claude!

MRS. LEBEL strides down garden path to pigeon coop.
LEBEL turns, feigning surprise as his wife approaches
coop.

MRS. LEBEL

Berthier wants to see you -

LEBEL

What, now?

MRS. LEBEL

They've sent a car -

Pigeons flutter as LEBEL steps out of coop and heads up
path. LEBEL'S POV: a COP standing at scullery window,
looking out at garden. As LEBEL walks down path, we
can hear his wife behind him.

MRS. LEBEL

(over)

Don't be back later than nine o'clock
- you tell Berthier that your niece is
coming and she only gets out of the
convent twice a year - it'd be a
tragedy if you weren't here when she
arrived...

Her shrill voice carries down the garden as the pair
enter house.

121. INT. LONG CORRIDOR, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. DUSK. 121.

LEBEL, in old flannels, sports jacket and checked shirt
walks towards us. Small and roly-poly, with soft brown
eyes and a toothbrush moustache; his manner is mild,
almost apologetic. He is accompanied by a Ministry
OFFICIAL. LEBEL is cowed by the august setting and
looks anxiously around him as OFFICIAL opens double doors
of conference room.

OFFICIAL

Commissioner Lebel ...

The fourteen OCCUPANTS look up to stare with varying
expressions of disbelief as the untidily dressed little
figure enters the room. The MINISTER signals to him to
sit next to BERTHIER and LEBEL squeezes in dutifully
beside this policeman of massive and imposing bulk.
BERTHIER hands him his copy of dossier and, as LEBEL
fumbles for his reading spectacles, the doors are shut
in our faces.

122. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. NIGHT. 122.

C.U. wall-clock reading 9.30 as it strikes the half-hour.
DEPARTMENT HEADS sit gazing at LEBEL, who blinks
nervously as the MINISTER delivers his directive:

MINISTER

... Remember, Commissioner, you have full
powers in this investigation, and the
resources of every Department represented
here are at your disposal. My instructions
are simply - no publicity, and do not fail.
Any questions?

LEBEL blinks even more and mouths 'No, Minister'.

MINISTER

Thank you, Commissioner. Keep your
copy of the report. I'll not detain
you any longer.

LEBEL walks out. All turn to watch him leave, shutting

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122.

one of the doors behind him. MINISTER stands, saying to FLAVIGNY as he walks towards side door:

MINISTER

Collect all the reports and put them in the private safe in my office.

FLAVIGNY

Yes Minister -

MINISTER

Goodnight, gentlemen.

He leaves. The DEPARTMENT HEADS hand in their reports and move towards double doors.

123. INT. LONG CORRIDOR, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. NIGHT. 123.

LEBEL stands in corridor, looking slightly lost, as double doors open and the DEPARTMENT HEADS appear. Some ignore him, others are friendly, but LEBEL seems too engrossed with the immense problem which confronts him to acknowledge their greetings as they pass by. BERTHIER comes up and claps a friendly hand on LEBEL's shoulder. They walk off together. LEBEL looks glum.

BERTHIER

You'll have to drop whatever you're doing. Everything. Clear the desk completely. Do you want a new office?

LEBEL

No -

BERTHIER

From now on, it becomes headquarters for this job. Nothing else.

They walk on in silence.

BERTHIER

The Minister said there's to be a progress report by you every evening from now on.

LEBEL looks at him in alarm. BERTHIER grins.

BERTHIER

Here - ten o'clock sharp.

LEBEL

Oh God ...

They walk on.

123. CONTD.

123.

LEBEL

I wish there was some sort of time
schedule for this operation.

BERTHIER

I know. You've just got to find him
before he gets to De Gaulle.

LEBEL

Wonder if he's got a timetable -

BERTHIER

(shrugs)

We just don't know. It might be for
a bit tomorrow morning, or maybe not
for a month. Thing is, you've got
to work flat out until you locate
him. Then we can let the Action
Service boys do the rest -

LEBEL

(mutters)

Bunch of thugs.

BERTHIER

Look - you've got to have a heavy
mob for this sort of thing - it's
obvious. Anyway, just go and find
this Jackal, will you?

They continue on. Then suddenly:

LEBEL

I'll need help -

BERTHIER

Who?

LEBEL

Young Caron - and he'll have to be
told.

BERTHIER

O.K. - but first I must get clearance
from the Minister.

LEBEL

Tell him all I want ...

124. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE, POLICE JUDICIAIRE. NIGHT.

124.

C.U. CARON sitting in armchair, reading report, as:

LEBEL

(over)

... is Caron, that's all.

124. CONTD.

124.

The tiny office looks out over the river towards the lively honeycomb of the Latin Quarter. There are two desks, an armchair next to door and six large grey filing cabinets supporting reference and law books.

LEBEL is at window, staring down at the diners at pavement restaurants dotted along the quai. CARON puts down report. His manner is deferential, yet we get the feeling he likes his boss.

CARON

You know, sir, don't you, what they'll do to you if you don't catch this man in time.

LEBEL

(somewhat sadly)

I've been given the job so we'll just have to do it.

CARON

(non-plussed)

But where do we start?

LEBEL turns to face him.

LEBEL

We start by recognising that, after De Gaulle, we're the two most powerful people in France - right?

CARON

Yes, sir.

LEBEL

So we'll use our power. Now ... make notes.

As LEBEL dictates, there is a surprising change of personality: his delivery becomes rapid, flat, precise.

LEBEL

Get my secretary transferred until further notice. You'll be my secretary and assistant rolled into one. I want a camp bed in here, with linen and all the usual, including something to wash in and shaving things. Also, get a percolator and lots of coffee.

CARON

(scribbling)

Sir -

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LEBEL

Get on to the switchboard. I want a good telephonist - the best they've got and I need ten outside lines open round the clock. If there's any nonsense, refer them to Berthier. This job gets top priority at all times.

CARON

(scribbling)

D'you want anything from them immediately?

LEBEL

(nods; businesslike)

A person-to-person link to the heads of the homicide divisions of the following countries ... Holland, Belgium, Italy, West Germany and South Africa, the F.B.I. in the United States, Scotland Yard's Special Branch in Britain - how many's that?

CARON

Seven.

LEBEL

Get the head men at home or in the office; ask them to take a call from me via Interpol tomorrow morning and see that there's no listening in. In the meantime, I'm going downstairs to General Records to check if this Jackal has ever operated inside France. Call me when you're ready -

He goes to the door. CARON is amazed.

CARON

Sir? -

LEBEL turns.

CARON

How do you know the Jackal comes from any of these seven countries?

LEBEL

(shrugs)

I don't - but he must be on file somewhere.

125. INT. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

125.

DENISE is standing before a full-length mirror with one foot up on a dressing table stool, manicuring her toenails; wearing a night-dress of a cut which guarantees loss of sleep. She looks rather sad. O.S. a key in the lock as the front door opens. DENISE's expression changes perceptibly, resuming her other role, as ST. CLAIR is heard closing the front door.

DENISE hurries out, CAMERA following her. ST. CLAIR, with his briefcase, is entering the living-room.

ST. CLAIR

I'm sorry I'm late, darling -

DENISE runs to him, throws her arms around his neck and kisses his cheek.

DENISE

What kept you so long?! I've been waiting for ages!

He puts his arm around her waist. They move towards bedroom.

126. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE. POLICE JUDICIAIRE. NIGHT.

126.

CARON, his jacket off and his tie loosened, is on the telephone:

CARON

... Yes, I'm sorry about the hour but ... yes, I know it's ten o'clock, Washington. It's three in the morning here ... eh? ... Well, would you call him at the Sans Souci Restaurant, please? ... Yes, I'll hold on ...

127. INT. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

127.

O.S. ST. CLAIR gargling in the bathroom off. DENISE is stretched out on the bed, waiting for her paramour to make his appearance. Her tone is sulky, petulant.

DENISE

I know you don't care about me -

ST. CLAIR

(over)

I do care - now don't be silly -

DENISE

You never give me any explanations. I can't ring you at the office. I've been lying here worried sick that you were in some dreadful accident -

127. CONTD.

127.

ST. CLAIR

(over)

I'm sorry, darling - but - there was a
crisis on - I couldn't get away -
Eeeuuurrgh!

Slight pause. DENISE looks towards bathroom.

DENISE

What's the matter.

ST. CLAIR

I swallowed the mouthwash.

DENISE

Oh do come on - please.

ST. CLAIR appears, smiling broadly at DENISE. He is
wearing monogrammed silk pyjamas buttoned to the neck.

DENISE

What are you wearing those for?

ST. CLAIR looks baffled.

ST. CLAIR

What?

DENISE

Pyjamas.

ST. CLAIR

(frowning)

... For bed ... Why?

DENISE

They look kinky.

ST. CLAIR

(out of his depth)

Well they haven't been ironed properly
I suppose ...

128. EXT. BIG BEN. LONDON. NIGHT.

128.

Big Ben, reading 4.20. MALLINSON's voice comes over
sleepily:

MALLINSON

(over)

... I don't wish to sound rude,
Inspector, but isn't it better that ...

129. INT. BEDROOM. MALLINSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

129.

MALLINSON and his WIFE are in bed. MALLINSON is more or less propped up on the pillow, speaking into receiver. He doesn't look too pleased at being awakened.

MALLINSON (contd.)

... this sort of routine inquiry be directed through the proper channels - and preferably when we're all awake?

130. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE. POLICE JUDICIAIRE. NIGHT.

130.

CARON sips a paper cup of coffee as he talks.

CARON

I'm sorry, Mister Mallinson, but it's very urgent. Commissioner Lebel didn't wish to make a formal request. He was hoping you'd co-operate with us unofficially.

131. INT. BEDROOM. MALLINSON'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

131.

MALLINSON is listening. Then:

MALLINSON

... Alright. I'll take the Commissioner's call - eight-thirty, you say. Fine. Good night.

He hangs up and mutters darkly:

MALLINSON

Or what's left of it.

His WIFE grumbles in her sleep.

WIFE

Who was that?

MALLINSON sinks down between the blankets, yawning.

MALLINSON

Old boy network ...

132. INT. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

132.

Silence. DENISE and ST. CLAIR are in bed together. His pyjama top is open, displaying a rather sunken grey-hairy chest. DENISE is curled up to him, her head resting on his arm. A brief silence.

ST. CLAIR

(quietly)
... Why didn't you put on those shoes?

DENISE, after a pause.

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132.

DENISE

What shoes?

ST. CLAIR

The ones with the high heels ... the ones you told me about in Galeries Lafayette.

Slight pause.

DENISE

I didn't get them.

ST. CLAIR

(disappointed)

Oh.

DENISE

I didn't go out; I just sat waiting for you to call.

She begins to travel lightly over his chest with tiny kisses.

ST. CLAIR

It was impossible - the Minister was there. We were trying to work out a plan to stop the OAS killing the President. A plot was discovered this afternoon.

DENISE, as she slides out of frame:

DENISE (o.s.)

Don't be silly, darling. The OAS was finished long ago ...

ST. CLAIR

They're not you know. They've hired some foreign contract-killer - to do him in - Aeezh - don't bite!

133. INT. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

133.

Illuminated clock on bedside table reads 4.45. DENISE and ST. CLAIR are in bed: he is fast asleep, his face half buried in the pillow, snoring gently from his exertions. DENISE lies beside him, staring sadly up at the ceiling in the semi-darkness. HOLD.

FLASHBACK:

134. EXT. BOIS DE BOULOGNE. PARIS. DAY.

134.

Sky, with trees in f.g. C.U. FRANCOIS, in his Paratrooper's uniform, smiling lovingly into CAMERA.

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134.

CAMERA moves back slightly to include DENISE in profile, smiling, pregnant. FRANCOIS kisses her on the forehead, and places his hand lightly on her pregnant stomach. There is no sound, apart from the TICKING of the bedside clock.

FLASH CUT TO:

135. EXT. SAND DUNES. SKY AND ROCKS. DAWN.

135.

A bitter skirmish in the half-light of dawn: FRANCOIS and TWO PARATROOPERS are backing away from CAMERA towards the safety of rocks in B.G. They are being fired at from off-scene. They return fire as best they can. Suddenly, a grenade explodes in front of CAMERA with a blinding flash, obliterating the PARATROOPERS completely. No sound, apart from TICKING of bedside clock.

136. INT. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

136.

DENISE lies there for a moment, staring up at ceiling, then eases herself out of bed. Gently, she slides the plug of telephone from socket and crosses to living-room. She closes living-room door and goes to telephone on hall table. She picks up the receiver.

137. INT. VALMY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

137.

A small, untidy bedsitter with a pile of unwashed crockery in sink and books, newspapers and magazines scattered everywhere. Cats' feeding bowls with remains of boiled fish surround the gas fire. Two cats sleep on edge of bed. The telephone is ringing as VALMY stirs beneath a pile of crumpled bedclothes. He gropes sleepily for the receiver:

VALMY

Yes....?

He is instantly wide awake and on the alert.

VALMY

Valmy here....

As he listens, his expression becomes more tense. Reaching out for his trousers, he starts putting them over his pyjamas, still listening to the call.

138. EXT. INTERPOL HEADQUARTERS, RUE PAUL VALERY. DAY 138.

SHOT from building across street, the roof of the Interpol Headquarters with its tangled porcupine of serials against a dawn sky. PAN DOWN to street below to see a solitary police car cruising and slowing down near entrance.

139. INT. CAR AS IT COMES TO A STOP. DAY 139.

CARON driving. LEBEL, who was fast asleep next to him, now wakes and yawns.

CARON

You've had a long night, sir.

LEBEL smiles wryly as they get out and enter building.

140. INT. BASEMENT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM. INTERPOL HQ. DAY. 140.

LEBEL and CARON enter briskly in the wake of an Interpol OFFICIAL.

Two of the walls are covered with grey fronted ceiling to floor cabinets with a three foot square cut out in each containing a wave band and a hang-up telephone in front of a work bench. The third side contains tape recorders and the fourth displays a row of twenty clocks, all showing the time in key cities around the world.

OFFICIAL

Scramblers are on, sir -

LEBEL gestures his thanks and continues as OFFICIAL leaves.

LEBEL

All I found in Central Records was that, in the last ten years, there've only been four contract killers in France. We've got three - the fourth is serving a life sentence in Africa somewhere - so, our man must be from abroad. Surely to God he must have come to someone's attention, somewhere.

The radio-telephone receiver is buzzing. LEBEL picks it up, yawning. The clock reading LONDON is at 8.29. The second hand ticks steadily around the face.

LEBEL

Who do I speak to first?

CARON

Assistant Commissioner Mallinson, sir.
Scotland Yard Special Branch.

141. EXT. MALLINSON'S OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD. DAY.

141.

C.U. Big Ben: it reads 9.15. ZOOM back into MALLINSON'S OFFICE which is located on the top floor of Scotland Yard affording an excellent view of the Houses of Parliament.

THOMAS, a stocky, grey-haired Welshman in his fifties, with a florid complexion, faces MALLINSON across the desk.

THOMAS

It's pretty irregular, all this unofficial secrecy.

MALLINSON

The French can get into an awful flap, especially if they think that someone may be gunning for De Gaulle. I am sure it's all very important, Thomas -

(he doesn't think it is)

- but I'm short-staffed as it is, so don't spend too much time on it, there's a good chap.

THOMAS

Seems to me it's only a question of looking up the files on the political loonies. X

MALLINSON

(vaguely)

Yes, that's the sort of thing. Jolly them along. But keep it, you know, brief.

142. INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD. DUSK

142.

THOMAS

(over)

If I could have a couple of lads with half a day off to help me, I'd wrap it up this afternoon.

MALLINSON

(over)

But don't tell anyone where this request came from ...

C.U. clock: it reads 6.20. THOMAS sits behind his desk before a mountainous pile of dossiers. TWO DETECTIVES, both young and in plain clothes, are working through the last remaining files that haven't as yet been checked.

142. CONTD.

142.

They transfer them to the mountainous heap on the desk.
the SECOND DETECTIVE glances anxiously up at clock.
THOMAS catches him.

THOMAS

... go on you two, I'll finish this
lot. There's nothing here, anyway ...

The TWO DETECTIVES get up and reach for their jackets.
The SECOND DETECTIVE leaves first, shouting his
"goodnights" as he goes. 1st DETECTIVE stops at the door.

1st DETECTIVE

... If this contract-killer were English -

THOMAS

(correcting him)

British -

1st DETECTIVE

If he came from ... here, we wouldn't
have him on the files ... would we?

THOMAS

Go on.

1st DETECTIVE

Well, I mean, if he did all his work
abroad, it could be part of his scheme
to be respectable in his own country.

THOMAS

(stretching himself)

It's a point I suppose.

1st DETECTIVE

The S.I.S. might know, though. They
operate abroad; they might have tabs
on a bloke like that -

THOMAS

Leave it to me, son. You shove off
home. It's not worth the sweat ...
'Night.

1st DETECTIVE leaves. THOMAS flicks through two
remaining files then opens his tobacco tin and rolls
a cigarette. He reaches out and picks up 'phone.

THOMAS

Get me the Foreign Office
Extension one-two-seven
Good evening, Mister Lloyd, please.
Superintendent Thomas ...
He's where? Racing?

143. EXT. RUNNING TRACK. FORSYTH STADIUM. EVENING.

143.

THOMAS watches from grass verge as a starting gun is fired and the relay race commences around cinder track. LLOYD, in singlet and shorts, waits on the track to be passed the baton. His team has a clear lead, as LLOYD is handed the baton. He runs a few paces and drops it, stops to pick it up, and continues gamely. But the delay has caused him to be last in the race, and THOMAS roars with laughter as LLOYD trots home, shamefaced. He glares in the direction of the laughter, sees it is THOMAS .. and grins.

144. EXT. PITCH, FORSYTH STADIUM. NIGHT.

144.

L.S. from above: two lonely figures walking slowly across the deserted pitch. One of them is dressed in a tracksuit. The stands are empty, but the arc-lamps have been left on to give light to the cleaners who can be seen in the distance, clearing up litter.

THOMAS and LLOYD stroll across pitch. LLOYD is shaking his head in amused disbelief.

LLOYD

... what a bloody farce.

THOMAS looks at him.

LLOYD

The French Secret Service had a good old laugh over Philby, now it's our turn. I've got to file it for my boss, he'll fall about.

THOMAS

I didn't come out here to provide you with gags for the Foreign Office - I thought you could give me a lead. Besides, what I told you was in confidence. Your boss'll hear it soon enough for himself.

LLOYD

Oh, come on. I hate to be pipped by another department -

THOMAS

I can't.

LLOYD

Come on, Bryn.

THOMAS

(with a sigh)

Well don't attribute your report to me.

LLOYD shakes his head. The two men walk on in silence.
Suddenly:

LLOYD

(thoughtfully)

Philby ...

THOMAS

Eh?

LLOYD

Remember when Philby went over from Beirut
in January sixty-one?

THOMAS nods, looking at him as they walk

LLOYD

Well, a lot of agents had to be moved very
fast and one of them was our top man in the
Caribbean. I shared an office with him
afterwards, and he told me something I'll
never forget - it was bloomin' fantastic.

THOMAS

What was that?

LLOYD

Only a rumour, mind you -

THOMAS

Go on.

LLOYD

Ever heard of a dictator called Trujillo?

THOMAS

Didn't he run the Dominican Republic? -

LLOYD

About the time of the Philby business he
was assassinated on a lonely road outside
the capital. According to reports he was
killed by artisans, but this bloke told me
there was a rumour going that Trujillo's car
was stopped by a single shot from a marksman
with a rifle. It was a helluva shot - from
a hundred and fifty yards at a car travelling
at seventy miles an hour - can you imagine?!

THOMAS

(impressed)

Crikey!

144. CONTD.

144.

LLOYD

The shot went right through the little triangular window on the driver's side, the only thing that wasn't bullet-proof. It hit the driver in the throat and he crashed. Then the partisans closed in and blew the lot up. Fantastic, isn't it?

THOMAS

Who was he? -

LLOYD

Who, the marksman?

THOMAS

Yes.

LLOYD

According to the rumour, he was an Englishman.

THOMAS

Did he have a name?

LLOYD

I can't remember what it was. As I say it was only tap-room gossip.

Pause.

THOMAS

Would your agent have filed a report on this?

LLOYD

They always do, it's standard practice - if only to justify their expenses. Why? Do you want me to look it up?

THOMAS

It'd be handy. How soon can you let me know?

LLOYD

Tonight, or tomorrow - but don't go chasing it too seriously -

THOMAS

No, no - it's just on the off-chance -

The arc lamps are suddenly switched off, casting the ground in total darkness. Both men, stranded in centre of pitch, roar with laughter.

LLOYD

Got your copper's torch, have you?

145. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. NIGHT. 145.

This is the second meeting of the DEPARTMENT HEADS. They are all seated in their places. LEBEL this time has plenty of elbow room on each side. The clock reads 10.10. The meeting is in progress. FLAVIGNY is speaking:

FLAVIGNY

Last night, Customs on all border posts were told to check the luggage of every fair-haired male foreigner entering the country. Their passports will be checked by the D.S.T. for possible forgeries.

MINISTER glances at LEBEL

MINISTER

Commissioner, your report, please

LEBEL

(flatly)

The replies to the seven calls I made via Interpol came in during the day. They are as follows: Holland and Belgium; nothing. Italy: several known contract-killers, all employed by the Mafia, who are not interested in political killings. West Germany: one possibility - Dieter Kassel, a former S.S. major. He now lives in Madrid.

ROLLAND

Kassel is being checked out by our people. I hope to have an answer in the morning.

LEBEL

South Africa: one possible - an ex-gunman for Tshombe in the Congo, now believed to be in Colombia. They're checking further. The F.B.I. in America have gone through their list of possibilities and report no-one absent. Lastly, Britain: nothing as yet, but the Special Branch are still checking.

ST. CLAIR

Slow as always.

LEBEL

Scotland Yard is very thorough, Colonel. They're not to be underestimated.

LEBEL closes his file and looks up. The FOURTEEN MEN around the table look at him without expression.

145. CONTD.

145.

ST. CLAIR

Your report suggests that, far from keeping it secret, you've broadcast this knowledge half-way round the globe -

BERTHIER

Excuse me, but I think you misunderstand. The police are used to carrying secrets that, if revealed, might ruin half the politicians in power.

MINISTER smiles wryly at this, gathers up his papers and stands.

MINISTER

On that note, gentlemen, I think it best that we adjourn until tomorrow night.

They all stand as he leaves briskly by the side door.

146. INT. LIVING ROOM, THOMAS' HOUSE. NIGHT.

146.

THOMAS is stretched out, dozing in an easy chair before a television set which is on, very low, and shows the Royal Family scuttling through the heather at Balmoral as National Anthem comes to an end.

ANNOUNCER

(over)

... And that, brings this evening's viewing to a close. The time is now coming up to twelve=twenty. Don't forget to switch off the set ... Goodnight.

While ANNOUNCER is talking, telephone rings at THOMAS' side. He wakes instantly and grabs receiver.

THOMAS

Hallo? - Barrie - Any joy? ...

(he seizes his notebook)

What was it? ... Charles ... Calthrop.

One ell, one pee. Charles Calthrop. Thanks Barrie, I'll check it out with the passport office first thing.

He replaces receiver, stands yawning; then switches off the television set.

147. EXT. PASSPORT OFFICE, PETTY FRANCE. DAY. 9 a.m.

147.

As a UNIFORMED OFFICIAL unlocks the glass door and draws them back so that they remain permanently open, a police car comes to a halt at the kerbside and THOMAS steps out, accompanied by the TWO DETECTIVES. They enter the building as Big Ben can be heard chiming nine o'clock.

148. INT. ARCHIVES, PASSPORT OFFICE. DAY. 10 a.m.

148.

A long, corridor-like room, packed solid on both sides by filing cabinets. THOMAS is in the foreground, leafing through scores of application forms. the TWO DETECTIVES can be seen further down the room. One of them closes a filing cabinet and approaches THOMAS.

THOMAS
(without looking up)
What's the score? ...

1st DETECTIVE
In the past five years there've been six Charles Calthrops, counting this one - two from London, one from Liverpool, one Aberdeen, one Manchester, one Birmingham.

THOMAS takes form and studies it. He looks doubtful.

THOMAS
Sixty-five ... Bit too old for what we're looking for, ain't he?

1st DETECTIVE
I wouldn't know, Super. I'm not really sure what we're looking for.

THOMAS
Go see the supervisor. Borrow all their photographs, get them copied, send them back right away. Get in touch with these people - ask to see their passports, see if there's an entry stamped for ...

149. EXT. CALTHROP'S GREENGROCER'S SHOP. MONTAGE. DAY. 10.15 a.m.

149.

A tall, thin runner-bean of a GREENGROCER is sorting out the vegetables in the stand outside his shop.

THOMAS
(over)
... the Dominican Republic in 1961.

A police car draws up and a DETECTIVE and UNIFORMED PC get out and walk over to him, the DETECTIVE flashing his warrant card.

DETECTIVE
Mister Calthrop?

GREENGROCER
That's right.

DETECTIVE
Would you mind stepping inside, sir. We'd like to have a look at your passport.

149. CONTD.

149.

The GREENGROCER looks bewildered and, wiping his hands on his apron, leads them into the shop.

150. EXT. PIERHEAD, LIVERPOOL DOCKS. MONTAGE.
DAY. 11 a.m.

150.

Start with a crane swinging away from a cargo ship to be loaded with crates labelled for export. An EXPORTER in a shortie raincoat and soft brimmed hat watches the proceedings as a police car races along the pier and stops by the ship. TWO PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES step out.

DETECTIVE

You Charles Calthrop?

EXPORTER

(turning)

Aye.

151. INT. CORRIDOR, BLOCK OF FLATS, LONDON. MONTAGE. DAY.

151.

INSERT C.U: black-printed card over doorbell. It reads: 'CHARLES H. CALTHROP'. Bell is being rung insistently.

L.S. corridor in posh block of flats. the 2nd DETECTIVE, who has been ringing for quite a while, gives up and walks away.

152. INT. THOMAS' OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD. DAY.

152.

It is 4.30 p.m. THOMAS is behind his desk, wolfing down a sandwich and drinking coffee. He seems a bit marked.

1st DETECTIVE

None of them ever heard of the Dominican Republic.

THOMAS

What about this last one - Charles Harold Calthrop? -

2nd DETECTIVE

The flat was locked. No answer to the doorbell. I didn't question any neighbours. He has an ex-directory number. It didn't answer.

THOMAS stabs his finger at the 1st DETECTIVE.

THOMAS

You, lad, get onto the Inland Revenue. I want the man's tax file - and find out who employed him for the past three years.

The telephone rings. THOMAS curses and picks it up sharply.

152. CONTD.

152.

THOMAS

Thomas. Yes, that's right ...

He looks suspiciously at the mouthpiece.

THOMAS

Look, is this some bloody joke?!

(slight pause;
with respect)

What, now? Personally? ... I'll, I'll ...

There is a click at the other end. THOMAS hesitates before replacing the receiver. He looks the picture of puzzlement.

1ST DETECTIVE

Anything wrong, Super?

Silence. THOMAS stares at him. Then suddenly he bounds into life, pulling out drawers and slamming cupboards. The 1ST DETECTIVE watches him charging about with increasing bewilderment.

THOMAS

Don't just sit there, help me find a clean collar!

153. EXT. THE CENOTAPH. WHITEHALL. LONDON. DAY. 4.55 pm 153.

The busy afternoon traffic flowing up and down Whitehall. We pick up THOMAS as he appears from behind a double-decker bus and runs to safety on the island surrounding the Cenotaph. He tips his hat respectfully as he passes the banks of wreaths and crosses nimbly to the other side of the wide street to:

154. EXT. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. DAY. 5 p.m. (RAIN?) 154.

THOMAS. Behind him is a sign reading 'City of Westminster, Downing Street, W.1.

We TRACK with THOMAS as he walks apprehensively along Downing Street in the summer sunshine(?), amid groups of foreign tourists, clicking away with their Leicas. He pauses for a moment on facing Number Ten, then crosses the narrow street and after having a brief word with the CONSTABLE on duty outside, the door bell is rung and THOMAS enters.

155. INT. MALLINSON'S OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY. 155.

C.U. MALLINSON on the telephone.

MALLINSON

Superintendent Thomas, please.

26.1.72

155. CONTD.

155.

As he listens, his face shows an incredulous look of complete bewilderment.

MALLINSON

He's gone where?

156. EXT. DOWNING STREET. LONDON. DAY.

156.

It is 5.20 p.m. The door of Number Ten from across the street; the TWO POLICEMEN on duty chatting amiably against the railings. The door opens and THOMAS steps out into the afternoon sunshine, looking a picture of staggered incredulity.

PAN from behind the heads of the tourists as THOMAS walks very quickly down the street towards Whitehall, replacing his trilby on his head.

157. INT. MALLINSON'S OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. DAY. 5.30 pm 157.

MALLINSON is behind his desk, looking up incredulously at THOMAS, who reports of his meeting with the Prime Minister. The occasional sound of tugs hooting warning of their passing on the river below can be heard through the open window.

THOMAS

... The Prime Minister said that General de Gaulle was his friend, and if there's the remotest danger of his life being threatened by a person of these islands, then it was to be stopped. He's given me full powers and top priority.

MALLINSON

Is this some sort of Celtic joke?

THOMAS

Of course not, sir.

MALLINSON

How many men do you need?

THOMAS

Six.

MALLINSON

Six?!

THOMAS

The best men you have, sir.

MALLINSON

Well, where's the notification for all this?
- Where's the proper authority?

157. CONTD.

157.

The telephone on the desk rings. MALLINSON snatches it.

MALLINSON

(bellows)

Yes.

MALLINSON stands up as he listens and he says:

MALLINSON

Yes, yes of course, sir.

158. INT. CORRIDOR. SCOTLAND YARD. LONDON. 6.45 p.m. 158.

1ST DETECTIVE is walking down corridor carrying a buff-coloured file, as INSPECTOR HUGHES, in plain clothes, hurries after him and grabs his arm. 1ST DETECTIVE turns.

HUGHES

What's all this about anyway?

1ST DETECTIVE

I don't rightly know, sir.

HUGHES knocks on THOMAS' door.

THOMAS

(over)

Yes?!

HUGHES opens door. THOMAS sits behind his desk. The 2ND DETECTIVE and FIVE INSPECTORS sit and stand before him, making rapid notes.

159. INT. THOMAS' OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. LONDON. 6.45 pm 159.

INSPECTOR HUGHES and 1ST DETECTIVE enter the densely packed little office, thick with cigarette smoke. There is a feeling of a strategy meeting.

THOMAS

Right, join the pack - I'll give you the details later. We're looking for a Charles H. Calthrop - here's his photo -

He takes a photograph from a pile on the desk and hands it to INSPECTOR HUGHES.

THOMAS

It's a passport job - four years old.

HUGHES stares down at picture as 1ST DETECTIVE passes the buff-coloured file to THOMAS.

1ST DETECTIVE

I've got Calthrop's Inland Revenue file.

159. CONTD.

159.

THOMAS

Great. Let's have a look.

He grabs the file from the desk and studies the pages.

THOMAS

... Spent the past year unemployed, and before that had been abroad for a year. Between sixty - sixty-one, Calthrop worked for a firm called N.S.A. - Nottingham Small Arms.

1ST DETECTIVE

They make bikes, don't they? -

THOMAS

They make more than bikes -

He picks up 'phone.

THOMAS

Get me that number in Paris.

He replaces receiver and hands file to 1ST DETECTIVE.

THOMAS

Find out who the Managing Director is and make an appointment for me to see him tonight.

1ST DETECTIVE hurries out as THOMAS swivels in his chair to 2ND DETECTIVE.

THOMAS

Go back to the flat - talk to any neighbours you can find, local tradesmen, anybody who can tell you where he is.

THOMAS turns to INSPECTOR ROSS:

THOMAS

Ross, go with him and take charge. Show the photo to people - and if you get nowhere, find a magistrate - get a search warrant - and go over Calthrop's flat.

Both men leave. THOMAS continues his briefing, speaking rapidly.

THOMAS

Where was I? Find out all you can about this Calthrop. By tonight I want to know him better than his own mother. Has he a family? Where are they? Where did he go to school?

26.1.72

159. CONTD.

159.

THOMAS (Contd.)

What about his military service? Get his shooting record, if any. Jobs held, job references. Bank account. Acquaintances, friends. There was a national census in 1961. He should be on it. I want everything they've got.

1st DETECTIVE returns.

1st DETECTIVE

You have an appointment with the Managing Director of N.S.A. at eight thirty - name of Monson.

160. OMITTED.

160.

161. INT. SITTING ROOM, MONSON'S HOUSE, VIRGINIA WATER.
8.45 p.m.

161.

A large and splendid room, done in farmhouse style, with mock-tudor beams running the length of ceiling. MONSON sits opposite THOMAS by fireplace. His manner is suave and relaxed. He purses his lips sardonically and jiggles the ice cubes in his whisky glass. THOMAS sits uncomfortably on edge of his chair, holding a glass of sherry.

THOMAS

Mr. Monson, your firm employed Charles Calthrop as your Carribbean representative in December nineteen-sixty and January sixty-one.

No reply. MONSON squints up his eyes and studies THOMAS.

THOMAS

Did he ever visit the Dominican Republic?

No reply. MONSON sips his drink.

THOMAS

I'm asking you...

Slight pause. Suddenly MONSON puts down his glass on a side table with a bang.

MONSON

Superintendent, this is all rather unsuitable, don't you think? You asked that I banish my solicitor from the room so that we could have a 'private chat', and now you want to know details of my firm's business transactions!

26.1.72.

161. CONTD.

161.

THOMAS

(doggedly)

So Calthrop did visit the Dominican Republic?

MONSON

Yes he did, and what is more he sold a consignment of army surplus weapons to Trujillo's police chief, thereby bringing much benefit to this country's balance of payments.

THOMAS is excited by the news; he leans forward earnestly.

THOMAS

Where was he when Trujillo was assassinated?

MONSON

I've no idea! In a bar I expect, judging by his style of life in England.

THOMAS

But couldn't he have got into trouble - I mean - selling arms to a deposed dictator?

MONSON

He got out on a fishing boat to Bermuda. Then he flew home.

THOMAS

Why did he leave you?

MONSON

Superintendent, the second-hand arms business is highly competitive. Let us just say that we were not entirely satisfied with Calthrop's loyalty to the company.

THOMAS

One last question: could he use a rifle?

MONSON

(after a pause)

... Not to my knowledge. He always said his job was to sell them, not to fire them.

THOMAS, following his excitement at the thought of getting somewhere, is visibly deflated by this information.

26.1.72.

162. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.
10.15 p.m.

162.

This is the *fourth* Ministry Conference. CU LEBEL as he reports:

LEBEL

... his name is Charles Harold Calthrop. His passport 'photo will be here in the morning. Special Branch are checking for us and will let us know.

re 28/11/71
sc 245 p 137 !!

PULL BACK as DEPARTMENT HEADS let out a collective sigh of relief, like a train arriving at its platform after a long journey. There is a general mood, almost of levity, as MINISTER says:

MINISTER

Excellent. Thank you, Commissioner. It may be that this Calthrop has already entered the country, in which case he may be staying at a hotel.

DEPARTMENT HEADS murmur assent.

MINISTER

Feliset?

FELISAT

Minister?

MINISTER

I want every hotel card in the past seventy-two hours checked by the police. The same goes for you, Pascal, with those cards that have been filed for the greater Paris area.

PASCAL

Yes, Minister.

MINISTER

The rest of you will circulate to your staff the name and photograph of this man. He is to be arrested on sight and my office notified at once.

DEPARTMENT HEADS mutter assent.

MINISTER

I want every border post, airport, seaport, fishing village alerted - General Colbert?

COLBERT

Minister?

26.1.72.

162. CONTD.

162.

MINISTER

Calthrop is possibly still abroad, so will you get your agents working on that? In the meantime, complete silence must be maintained until he crosses the border...

(he stands)

Thank you, goodnight.

He leaves briskly by the side door. DEPARTMENT HEADS stand, and break up quickly as they go to take command of the various Departments.

163. INT. CORRIDOR. BLOCK OF FLATS. LONDON. 12.30 a.m.

163.

C.U. a man's foot giving the lock of an apartment door a ferocious heel-smash. The noise reverberates down the corridor and O.S. a dog starts barking.

INSPECTOR ROSS, 2nd DETECTIVE and UNIFORMED POLICEMAN stand in dimly lit corridor. 2nd DETECTIVE carries attache case of finger-print equipment

An OLD MAN in a dressing gown opens his front door further down corridor to see what the commotion is, a whippet yaps at his feet.

OLD MAN

(slightly worried)

Oh. It's you again.

The OLD MAN goes in, to peer at them through the half-closed door.

ROSS gives the lock another ferocious heel-smash. The lock splinters. Both men rush the door with their shoulders and it flies open. They enter, leaving UNIFORMED POLICEMAN standing guard outside.

164. INT. BEDROOM. CALTHROP'S FLAT. 1.00 a.m.

164.

Every light has been switched on as ROSS and 2nd DETECTIVE empty the cupboard drawers of all the contents, tipping it onto bed. ROSS rips a pillow out of its case and begins to stuff case with the contents as 2nd DETECTIVE starts on the bookshelves, knocking the books onto the floor while he searches at the back.

165. INT. CORRIDOR. BLOCK OF FLATS. 2.10 a.m.

165.

A GROUP OF NEIGHBOURS have gathered around CALTHROP's door. Standing in their dressing gowns, they cease chatting among themselves and move back as ROSS and 2nd DETECTIVE come out carrying suitcases and files. One holds a pillowcase which acts as a sack. They close the door and proceed down the corridor, watched by the

165. CONTD.

165.

NEIGHBOURS, leaving UNIFORMED POLICEMAN on guard.

166. INT. THOMAS' OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT.

166.

It is 2.30 a.m. THOMAS looks up, bleary-eyed and unshaven as ROSS and 2nd DETECTIVE enter carrying the swag from CALTHROP's apartment.

2nd DETECTIVE

We've gone over the lot, sir. He's away, right enough.

THOMAS

Let's see what you got.

ROSS tips the pillowcase onto the floor as the 2ND DETECTIVE opens the suitcase for THOMAS' inspection. THOMAS kneels down and sifts through the various contents. Suddenly he grabs a small blue book.

THOMAS

What's this? -

ROSS

His passport. We've checked it. It's him all right. Look -

He takes the passport and flicks the pages. Jabbing his finger at an entry, he shows the page to THOMAS.

C.U. INSERT: the entry visa for the Dominican Republic, dated December 1960.

ROSS

(over)

There's no exit stamp though, so he must have got out on the sly.

THOMAS takes passport from him, glances at it for a moment, then waves it gently in front of ROSS' face.

THOMAS

You haven't grasped it, have you?

Baffled silence. THOMAS continues:

THOMAS

Oh yes, it's our man. Definitely. But doesn't it occur to you that we're holding his passport in our hands? And if he has left the country, then what is he travelling on? Eh?

167. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE, POLICE JUDICIAIRE. 3.a.m.

167.

CARON is sitting at his desk, looking as though he has never slept in his life, checking through a stack of reports of such multitude that they give him the appearance of having shrunk. LEBEL is curled up on the camp bed, snoring loudly.

The telephone rings and CARON grabs the receiver, as LEBEL stirs from his slumbers.

CARON

Commissioner Lebel's office...
Yes...

LEBEL sits on the edge of the camp bed, yawning and rubbing his eyes; only when CARON replaces the receiver does he glance questioningly at him.

CARON

That was the Head of the D.S.T. It seems no one called Calthrop has crossed any border point legally since the start of the year. And no hotel has taken in a guest under that name.

LEBEL nods, dead tired.

CARON

Maybe he's given up and gone into hiding...

LEBEL sighs wearily and shakes his head.

LEBEL

No... if the British found Calthrop's passport in his flat, it was because he no longer needed it.

He stands, stretching himself and yawning.

LEBEL

Don't count on this man making too many errors. He's not the type... I'm beginning to get a feeling about the Jackal.

168. EXT. NARROW ALLEY, OFF VIA VIGEVANO, MILAN. 8.00 a.m. 168.

A mews containing longish rows of garages, several of them empty. JACKAL is paying MECHANIC, who points to garage further down and returns to work on a wrecked car, after giving JACKAL keys. JACKAL drives towards far end of mews. CAMERA following. He backs the ALFA into a fairly large garage - closes door from inside, switching on light.

26.1.72.

169. INT. MEWS GARAGE, MILAN. 8.00 a.m.

169.

JACKAL opens a canvas hand-grip and pulls out brand new pair of cheap overalls, tabs still on them. He puts rest of contents on car seat: a pair of pliers, soldering-iron, cotton gloves and a protective face-shield.

One of the JACKAL's suitcases is also in evidence. JACKAL opens it, picks out MARTIN's clothes, putting the row of medals in his pocket. He pulls out steel tubes containing rifle wrapped in hessian. He unwraps first tube.

170. INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. 8.30 a.m.

170.

C.U. cup of thick black coffee being stirred. TILT UP to THOMAS looking exhausted, rubbing a hand over his stubbled chin. PAN to office where HUGHES and other INSPECTORS are standing waiting for the briefing to begin, along with first TWO DETECTIVES. After sipping his coffee, THOMAS concludes his instructions to re-called INSPECTORS.

THOMAS

He may be abroad and travelling on a false passport. What you're going to do now is go down to the Passport Office. Get the complete list of every passport application for the last three months.

HUGHES

Sir -

THOMAS

(anticipates)

I don't care who's closed, wake the buggers up. Then take all those papers to Somerset House, get dug in and start checking the applicants' names against death certificates. Not birth certificates - mind you -

There is a question mark on the men's faces.

THOMAS

If you find a passport application filed by a person who died as a child - who doesn't exist any more - the imposter could be our man. Off you go.

The SIX INSPECTORS file out as THOMAS reaches for 'phone.

171. INT. NEWS GARAGE, MILAN. 9.00 a.m.

171.

WHITE ALFA is jacked up. Blue sparks from soldering-iron spit harshly at us from beneath chassis. CLOSE IN ON JACKAL in greasy overalls, sweating, lying on garage floor, wiring tubes into flange of near fender, spot-welding places where wire touches fender. He stops to wipe perspiration from his forehead.

172. INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. 10.00 a.m.

172.

C.U. THOMAS' telephone ringing.

THOMAS, looking half dead from lack of sleep, is shaving with electric razor. He picks up 'phone:

THOMAS

Yes... How's it going, Hughes...?
How many applications? ... 8,041?!
- You'll be there a week! I'll send
you more staff.

He hangs up, muttering;

THOMAS

... Bloody holiday season!

173. INT. NEWS GARAGE, MILAN. 10.30 a.m.

173.

Soldering-iron is off. JACKAL wriggles out from under WHITE ALFA and stands up, pushing up his goggles. He looks exhausted. He steps out of overalls and bundles soldering-iron and gloves in them, throwing the bundle into the open boot. He puts metal clippers into glove compartment. Suitcase with military greatcoat lies open on front seat.

174. INT. SOMERSET HOUSE. DEATH CERTIFICATES SECTION. 12.00 a.m.

174.

The new MEN have settled in. The entire STAFF, as before flicking laboriously through the pile, chairs scraping as they occasionally get up to check a form against one of the volumes on the shelves. HUGHES is on 'phone in f.g.

HUGHES

About four thousand more to go, Super.
If we work through lunch, we should be
finished by tonight. Thank you, sir.

175. EXT. HILTON-TYPE TOURIST HOTEL, MILAN. 12.30 p.m.

175.

TOURISTS mill around the front entrance, climbing into taxi cabs and motor coaches, squawking like seagulls, as JACKAL leads PORTER to his WHITE ALFA ROMEO parked at the curb. PORTER puts bags in boot, JACKAL tips him, gets in and drives off into the busy traffic as cathedral clock tolls the half hour.

176. INT. DEATH CERTIFICATES SECTION, SOMERSET HOUSE. 5.00 p.m.

176.

The DETECTIVES and DETECTIVE SERGEANTS are still ploughing through the papers. A DETECTIVE approaches HUGHES and hands him an application form. HUGHES stares down at it in silence, then rises and goes to 'phone by the wall. He dials, still looking at form.

HUGHES

Supt. Thomas' office... Hughes here, sir.

(he reads from form)

Paul Oliver Duggan. Born April 3rd 1929, in Sambourne-Fishley. Applied for a passport on July 14th this year. Passport mailed July 17th to an address in Paddington. It'll probably turn out to be an accommodation address.

Slight pause.

HUGHES

Why? Because Duggan died at the age of two and a half on November 8th, 1931.

177. INT. THOMAS' OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD. 5.00 p.m.

177.

THOMAS speaking into telephone:

THOMAS

How many forms have you got left? Three hundred? Leave two men to finish them, just in case. Send the others back here. Check the Paddington address and bring back Duggan's photo.

178. INT. THOMAS' OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD. 5.30 p.m.

178.

HUGHES, looking down at THOMAS' desk.

HUGHES

Calthrop's a crafty bastard - look.

178. CONTD.

178.

CAMERA pulls back to include THOMAS. HE and HUGHES are comparing the two unseen photos of Calthrop and Duggan. HUGHES points to one of the photos and continues:

HUGHES

He's changed his hair colour and gone on a crash diet, see?

THOMAS nods.

THOMAS

And with a pair of elevator shoes, he walks out as Duggan. Simple.

179. EXT. TOBACCONIST'S SHOP. PRAED ST. PADDINGTON.
6.00 p.m.

179.

Praed Street, remarkable for its seediness, with HUSTLERS and PROSTITUTES in the doorways and PASSENGERS hurrying to the station. A POLICE CAR approaches and comes to a halt outside the shop. HUGHES and a DETECTIVE SERGEANT step out and knock on door of shop which has a sign reading: 'CLOSED'. The TOBACCONIST puts his head out of upstairs window, adjusting his spectacles.

HUGHES

Open up, dad.

180. INT. TOBACCONIST'S SHOP. PRAED ST. PADDINGTON.
6.00 p.m.

180.

A clutter of girlie magazines and tobacco tins. TOBACCONIST cowers next to DETECTIVE-SERGEANT while HUGHES leans across counter talking on 'phone:

HUGHES

... He takes in mail for customers of no fixed address. I showed him Duggan's photo. He thinks he remembers him, but he can't be sure ...

(he glances up at

the frightened

TOBACCONIST)

... How many people use this service?

TOBACCONIST

Fifty - maybe sixty -

HUGHES

Fifty - maybe sixty -

181. INT. THOMAS'S OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. 6.00 p.m.

181.

THOMAS, rubbing his eyes wearily, is seated behind his desk, speaking on 'phone.

THOMAS

There's nothing we can nick him on -
let him go back to his girlie mags,
we've got other things to do.

He presses down on the receiver button, then releases his hand.

THOMAS

Get me Paris -

182. EXT. A STRETCH OF MEDITERRANEAN COAST ROAD. 6.05 p.m.

182.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of JACKAL in WHITE ALFA as it races along the coast road against a backdrop of infinite blue sky and sea, JACKAL'S hair tossed by the wind. PAN with the CAR and ZOOM IN CLOSE to road sign, reading: GENOA/VENTIMIGLIA/FRANCIA.

183. EXT. FRENCH FRONTIER. VENTIMIGLIA. 6.10 p.m.

183.

JACKAL's car approaching. PAN with it into line of cars waiting for Customs clearance, moving in CLOSE as JACKAL drives up slowly to join the queue of traffic. As cars inch slowly to parking ramp, JACKAL becomes tense. His expression alters to that of something bland when a POLICEMAN beckons him up to parking ramp. He moves forward with great confidence.

The POLICEMAN takes JACKAL's passport and examines it carefully, looking down at JACKAL then back again to photograph.

POLICEMAN

(muttering)

One moment -

He goes with passport into Customs shed. Presently, he reappears at the window with a PLAINCLOTHESMAN who gazes briefly at JACKAL before emerging from shed, followed by POLICEMAN.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

This your passport, sir?

JACKAL

Yes.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

What is the purpose of your visit to France?

183. CONTD.

183.

JACKAL

Tourism.

The PLAINCLOTHESMAN nods and goes to the front of the ALFA to inspect the licence plate.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

You buy this in Italy?

JACKAL

No, it's hired. I shall be returning it to Milan in about a week.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Could I see the papers, please?

JACKAL extends the international driving licence, the contract of hire, and the two insurance certificates. The PLAINCLOTHESMAN examines them in silence, then looks up.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Where's your luggage?

JACKAL

In the boot.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Bring them inside, please.

He walks back into shed as JACKAL steps out and unlocks boot. The POLICEMAN helps him with the suitcases. As luggage is being lifted out, we see that the old military greatcoat and scruffy trousers have been rolled into an untidy ball and stuffed in a corner of the boot.

The POLICEMAN and JACKAL go into Customs hall.

184. X INT. CUSTOMS HALL. FRENCH FRONTIER. VENTIMIGLIA. X 184.
6.10 p.m.

PLAINCLOTHES POLICEMEN hover in various areas of the Customs shed carefully scrutinising the few TOURISTS - all fair-haired men - who are having their luggage examined. Eyes, eyes, everywhere as suitcases are thrown open or being snapped shut. Clothes turned over, keys brought out of pockets and handbags, and passports are returned. JACKAL is facing the window, while TWO CUSTOMS OFFICERS examine his suitcases.

From JACKAL's POV, through the window, a SECOND PLAINCLOTHESMAN is seen, looking at engine of Alfa. He closes bonnet and goes around to the boot, opening it and unrolling the greatcoat and old trousers. He looks at them for a moment, then bundles them up again and tosses the ball back into the corner, closing the boot.

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184. CONTD.

184.

ONE CUSTOMS OFFICER picks up shaving-lotion flasks containing hair-tinting dyes, looks at them, and puts them back. He closes suitcase as JACKAL hands him the form. The 2ND CUSTOMS OFFICER snaps other suitcase shut, and nods at PLAINCLOTHESMAN, who takes the form and checks it against passport. He seems satisfied and hands passport back to JACKAL.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

Thank you, sir.

185. EXT. FRENCH FRONTIER. VENTIMIGLIA. 6.35 p.m.

185

JACKAL slams boot of his car shut and locks it. He climbs into driving seat and starts the motor, going slowly past Customs shed and down the ramp on the other side. He looks relaxed and happy; the tension has gone out of him.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT dramatizing JACKAL's entry into FRANCE. As he cruises along the tarmac'd road, we see a huge roadsign reading: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING FRANCE.

186. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.
EVENING.

186.

LEBEL is not at his place at conference table. The DEPARTMENT HEADS talk among themselves whilst the MINISTER quietly taps a pencil on the table and throws occasional impatient glances towards the double doors. Wall clock reads 7.05.

ST. CLAIR

(blandly)

I would think, once we've got his new name, Lebel shouldn't have any trouble catching him.

BERTHIER

It's not that simple, Colonel. There are two million foreigners in France at this time of the year -

DEPARTMENT HEADS looks up anxiously as door opens and LEBEL hurries in looking flustered and apologetic.

LEBEL

(muttering)

I'm very sorry, Minister -

MINISTER nods impatiently and gestures to LEBEL to take his seat at table.

MINISTER

Commissioner Lebel has asked that this meeting be brought forward because he has received some vital information on the British suspect - Commissioner?

DEPARTMENT HEADS turns to face LEBEL as he announces:

LEBEL

Calthrop is travelling on a false passport in the name of Paul Oliver Duggan. The passport number is 569491. The photo will reach us in a few hours.

DEPARTMENT HEADS stare at him incredulously, totally lost for an opinion.

COLBERT

What do we do now?

Pause. When LEBEL speaks, his voice has a new authority. Quietly, and without haste, he issues his orders like a general deploying his troops.

LEBEL

The Duggan passport was issued on July 17th. No need to check further back ..

186. CONTD.

186.

LEBEL (contd)
 than that. Special Branch in Britain is trying to trace him through the passenger lists of all the airlines and cross-Channel ferries. If they pick him up in Britain, they'll detain him. If we locate him inside France, we arrest him. But if he's located in a third country, Action Service should deal with him.

ROLLAND nods in agreement as ST. CLAIR interjects:

ST. CLAIR

But, Commissioner, how long are we -

LEBEL cuts him dead.

LEBEL

(curtly)

In the meantime, gentlemen, I'd be grateful if you would all agree to do this my way.

DEPARTMENT HEADS nod, and ST. CLAIR sits staring at LEBEL in silent anger.

187. EXT. PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS. NICE. 7.15. pm.

187.

HIGH ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT of JACKAL in WHITE ALFA as it drives along the Promenade des Anglais in the evening tourist traffic. PAN with CAR as it turns into the forecourt of the Royal Hotel.

188. INT. FOYER & 'PHONE BOOTHS. ROYAL HOTEL. NICE. 7.20 pm.

188.

An ELDERLY COUPLE and a SHEIKH with THREE OF HIS WIVES are the only people in the hall as JACKAL strides confidently towards 'phone booths. The SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR looks up from her novel as JACKAL approaches.

JACKAL

Paris, please. Molitor 5901.

She gestures to booth and JACKAL steps inside, closing the door behind him. JACKAL picks up the receiver and speaks briefly.

189. INT. VALMY'S FLAT. 7.20 pm.

189.

VALMY is speaking on telephone:

VALMY

...The Jackal is blown. Wolenski talked before dying. Repeat, the Jackal is blown

190. INT. FOYER & PHONE BOOTHS. ROYAL HOTEL. NICE. 190.
7.25 pm.

JACKAL is inside booth, talking on 'phone. His lips move as he asks a short, terse question. He listens, frowning again, his fingers drumming nervously on the glass-panelled door. He puts down the 'phone and steps out. After paying SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR, he walks away, lost in thought.

191. EXT. MAIN ROAD. NICE. DUSK. 191.

JACKAL, still looking pensive, at the wheel as the road widens and we leave Nice behind. JACKAL comes to a junction and brakes sharply. A sign stands in the middle of junction with two arms pointing in opposite directions. One arm reads: 'MENTON/ITALIE'. The other arm reads: 'GRASSE/LYON/PARIS'.

JACKAL studies the signs without expression. After a moment's hesitation, he swings the wheel over, the tyres scream and he roars off up the Paris road.

192. EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD TO GRASSE. DUSK. 192.

JACKAL in Alfa climbing leisurely up near-deserted mountain road. At the top, we can see the picturesque perfume town of Grasse.

193. INT./EXT. JACKAL'S CAR. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. DUSK. 193.

Rain is lashing the windscreen of JACKAL's Alfa as it enters the long drive of a gabled hunting lodge. The coat of arms on the ornate wrought-iron gates has been embossed with the words, 'HOTEL DU CERF'. After pausing momentarily to look at the sign, the car drives on.

It comes to a halt at the foot of a long flight of steps leading to the front entrance of the hotel, the windscreen wipers ticking like a demented clock. A PORTER in a green apron hurries down the steps towards the car, bearing a large umbrella. He bends down CLOSE TO CAMERA and nods a greeting to us. Then he opens the car door.

194. EXT. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. DUSK. 194.

From above, we look down on JACKAL alighting from the car. The huge umbrella covers him protectively and we only catch occasional glimpses of his legs and arms, as he leads the PORTER to the boot of his car and opens it. The PORTER grabs what luggage he can manage and escorts JACKAL up the steps into the hotel.

195. INT. FOYER. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. DUSK. 195.

JACKAL is at reception desk of wood-panelled foyer as pretty, blonde RECEPTIONIST hands the room key to PORTER.

195. CONTD.

195.

RECEPTIONIST

Room fourteen - Thank you, Mister Duggan.

PORTER leads JACKAL to a striking ornamental lift, its doors decorated with kingfishers and mandarin ducks, and presses button.

From JACKAL'S P.O.V.: a pair of shapely legs descending stairs. Gradually, a distinguished-looking woman in her early forties comes into view. She is still beautiful; she carries herself with an air of aloofness. There is a reserve and a hint of sadness about her. She is COLETTE DE MONTPELIER.

JACKAL follows with his eyes as she enters foyer, sweeping past him without acknowledging his presence on her way to dining room. JACKAL is still watching her depart as lift comes to a halt and the PORTER piles the luggage inside.

196. INT. DINING ROOM. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. EVENING. 196.

The few GUESTS in the dining room are elderly, except for one YOUNG COUPLE. COLETTE is alone, seated at a table some distance from JACKAL. She has finished her sorbet and is dabbing the corners of her mouth with a napkin.

JACKAL is at the far side of the room near the window. He throws occasional glances in COLETTE's direction - furtive, copulative, little shafts of desire - which do not go undetected.

COLETTE glances over at him and, when their eyes meet, averts her head and rummages in her handbag for a cigarette.

JACKAL, watching her. Then our view of her is blocked by TWO ELDERLY MATRONS passing between the tables, one leaning heavily on the other. The older of the two stops, gasping as though exhausted. Her companion reaches out and leads her on.

A WAITER is lighting COLETTE's cigarette for her. JACKAL watches. COLETTE exhales.

COLETTE

I'll take coffee in the lounge.

The WAITER bows as she rises and leaves. JACKAL watches her depart.

197. INT. LOUNGE. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. EVENING. 197.

The room is long and decorated like a hunting lodge. Silence. COLETTE sits well back in her chair. Behind her, in a corner of the large room, the TWO ELDERLY MATRONS sit facing each other, the younger one staring dully at the rain hammering on the window, and the older woman slumped in

197. CONTD.

197.

her chair, asleep. A WAITER brings COLETTE's coffee pot on a tray and sets it down.

COLETTE

Is there a TV?

WAITER

(with pride)

We have a television room, Madam -

COLETTE looks relieved

WAITER

But the set hasn't arrived yet.

COLETTE nods listlessly and WAITER takes his leave, holding open the door for JACKAL, who enters and sits at some distance from her, then rises and goes over to take a farming magazine from coffee table.

JACKAL

Do you mind ...?

COLETTE looks at him.

JACKAL

My sitting here?

COLETTE shrugs and turns away.

JACKAL

(smiling: politely)

Thank you.

Silence. Behind COLETTE, the TWO ELDERLY MATRONS remain in their positions. COLETTE glances quickly over to JACKAL and then picks up a magazine too, flicking disinterestedly through the pages.

JACKAL

Boring, aren't they?

COLETTE looks up.

JACKAL

The magazines.

COLETTE

I find them fascinating.

JACKAL

What, articles on pig-breeding and combine harvesters?

COLETTE

I'm enthralled by combine harvesters.

JACKAL looks at her in surprise.

COLETTE

In fact, I yearn to have one... as a pet.

She doesn't take her eyes off the mag. JACKAL narrows his gaze; he can't make out whether she's mad or having him on. He shifts uneasily in his chair.

JACKAL

I'm from the city myself so I wouldn't appreciate the.... merits of farming.

No reply. She's not giving anything away. JACKAL, after clearing his throat.

JACKAL

I'm an executive on the board of the Hilton Hotel chain.

COLETTE puts down her magazine, all smiles.

COLETTE

Oh, you rent rooms for a living...!

Behind COLETTE, we see the sleeping old lady tilt slightly to one side of her armchair. The other continues to stare out of the window.

198. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE, POLICE JUDICIAIRE. EVENING.

198.

C.U. LEBEL picking up 'phone.

LEBEL

... Lebel. Yes... When did you say? This afternoon?

He slams down receiver as CARON looks up.

LEBEL

(excitedly)

Duggan crossed the border at Ventimiglia two hours ago. Call Thomas at Scotland Yard and tell him we'll handle it from now on -

CARON picks up his desk 'phone to call London.

CARON

Where is he?

198. CONTD.

198.

LEBEL

How the hell should I know? Because of all this secrecy, we'll just have to wait for the damn hotel cards to come in the normal way.

He flops down in his chair, annoyed and exhausted.

199. INT. LOUNGE. HOTEL DU CERF, GRASSE. NIGHT.

199.

C.S. COLETTE is having liqueur with her coffee. She is amused by JACKAL's curiosity. Behind her, we see the younger of the TWO ELDERLY MATRONS shake the still sleeping one, as COLETTE says:

COLETTE

No, of course I don't live in the Alps. I just went there, that's all. For a visit.

JACKAL

Climbing?

COLETTE

Good Lord no. I spent the day at the cadet academy in Barcelonnette amongst a lot of jaundiced military types, watching my son receive his commission.

JACKAL mouths a silent 'ah' of understanding.

COLETTE

He's twenty years of age.

JACKAL frowns slightly, then he smiles.

JACKAL

I never know when you're being serious.

The younger of the TWO ELDERLY MATRONS gets up and tip-toes quietly out of room. The older one remains slumped in chair.

COLETTE

That part's true... unfortunately.

JACKAL smiles.

JACKAL

Why 'unfortunately'?

COLETTE

Hmmmm?

199. CONTD.

199.

JACKAL

I don't see anything unfortunate -

COLETTE

(quickly)

I am not begging for compliments
Mister Duggan.

The younger of the TWO ELDERLY MATRONS returns with
WAITER. They silently approach the sleeping old WOMAN,
and WAITER feels her pulse.

JACKAL

The waiter's here - would you like
another liqueur?

COLETTE

No, I must go to bed. I've got to
leave first thing in the morning -

JACKAL

- Are you sure? -

COLETTE

Positive -

(she gets up)

Good night, Mister Duggan.

She leaves room, smiling slightly at JACKAL.

JACKAL watches her go, then looks on idly as WAITER and
younger of the TWO ELDERLY MATRONS stare at each other
over the sleeping figure of old WOMAN.

200. INT. FOYER. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. NIGHT.

200.

O.S. the distant hooting of an ambulance.

CAMERA BEHIND JACKAL as he saunters into foyer from lounge.
A tight-knit group of HOTEL STAFF are gathered in a circle
by the reception desk, talking to each other in intense
whispers. As JACKAL passes a window, we catch the
spinning orange light of the ambulance as it screeches
to a halt outside. JACKAL stands in hall looking lost
as TWO AMBULANCE MEN hurry in and approach lounge door.
The HOTEL STAFF drift towards the front door, still
chatting intensely. JACKAL moves over to deserted
reception desk, leaning against it. He watches as the
TWO AMBULANCE MEN come down hall, followed by surviving
ELDERLY MATRON. They carry the body of the old woman on
the stretcher, covered by a sheet. The HOTEL STAFF open
the front doors to allow the AMBULANCE MEN through. They
exit into the teeming rain. JACKAL takes the opportunity
to look at register book. He turns back a page and sees:

200. CONTD.

200.

C.U. INSERT:

'MADAME DE MONTPELIER/
HAUTE CHALONNIERE/CORREZE/
ROOM NO: 36'

The ambulance light is retreating from the window as JACKAL goes towards lift.

201. INT. LIFT AND CORRIDOR, HOTEL DU CERF, GRASSE. NIGHT. 201.

JACKAL steps out of lift and, after quick consultation with the direction of the room numbers, heads off down the corridor. He stops at number 36 and listens. Then he glances to the handle. A sign swings on it reading: 'DO NOT DISTURB'. After a moment listening, JACKAL tries handle. The door opens easily and he steps into the room, closing the door behind him. Stay on the door for a moment. There is silence.

202. INT. THOMAS' OFFICE. SCOTLAND YARD. NIGHT. 202.

THOMAS is dozing in his chair when the intercom 'phone gives a shrill buzz, waking him up with a jolt. He reaches over and switches it on.

THOMAS

(sleepily)

Yeah-p ...

HUGHES

(over)

Friend Duggan left London on a scheduled BEA flight on July 22nd for Milan. Paid cash at the airport for the ticket.

THOMAS

All right, listen. Keep checking airline bookings to see if his name crops up again - and make sure he's not listed on some return flight.

He switches off the intercom and picks up a telephone.

THOMAS

The Paris number, please -

203. INT. COLETTE'S ROOM, HOTEL DU CERF, GRASSE. PRE-DAWN. 203.

A thin finger of light from the break in the curtains filters across room, picking out a rumpled satin dress between door and foot of bed, the discarded brassiere and limp nylons on carpet. The JACKAL's clothes are tossed carelessly over the end of the bed. The two figures in the bed are muffled in shadow. COLETTE

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203. CONTD.

203.

lies on her back and gazes up at ceiling, the fingers of one hand running idly through the sleeping JACKAL's hair. She glances at small travelling clock beside her bed. It reads 4.45.

COLETTE
(in a fierce whisper)

Hey...

JACKAL mutters, half asleep.

COLETTE
(whispering)

Paul...

JACKAL eases himself on to her and starts to kiss her breasts. COLETTE takes his head in her hands and gazes at him, shaking her head.

COLETTE
I've got to leave in two hours...
and you must go back to your room...

JACKAL kisses her quickly on the mouth before saying in low whisper:

JACKAL
Husband meeting you?...

COLETTE shakes her head, gazing up at him. ..

JACKAL
(very low)
That's all right then...

COLETTE
Mmm?

JACKAL
You've got nothing to worry about.

COLETTE
(distant)
My husband's in Paris...

JACKAL nuzzles her ear.

JACKAL
(very low)
Even better...

They kiss, she struggling quietly under the force of his body.

26.1.72.

204. EXT. HOTEL DU CERF, GRASSE. MORNING.

204.

After the torrential rain, a brilliantly sunny morning. We are looking down from the front steps of the long drive where a POLICEMAN is cycling wheezily towards us. He dismounts and climbs the steps, a leather satchel slung over his shoulder.

205. INT. FOYER, HOTEL DU CERF, GRASSE. MORNING.

205.

The POLICEMAN enters hotel lobby, where a buxom MAID is running an electric floor-polisher over woodwork. COLETTE, dressed to leave, is making out a cheque at reception desk as POLICEMAN approaches and beats out a hearty tattoo with the palms of his hands on the desk. MANAGER looks up, slightly embarrassed at POLICEMAN's heartiness.

POLICEMAN

Morn-ing!

MANAGER

Excuse me, Madam -

MANAGER goes to desk drawer and hands over the registration cards. CAMERA EMPHASIZES THEM.

MANAGER

Only three new guests last night.

POLICEMAN

You're not doing so well this season.

MANAGER is mortified. POLICEMAN puts the cards in his satchel and sits down on the lobby bench, scratching himself and yawning sleepily. The MAID works her polisher back and forth.

POLICEMAN

Get us a cup of coffee, there's a good girl.

MAID

In a minute.

PORTER picks up COLETTE's case, smiling 'goodbyes' at MANAGER.

MANAGER

Have a pleasant journey, Madam -

COLETTE

Thank you -

She follows the PORTER out to her car.

26.1.72.

206. INT. POLICE STATION, GRASSE. DAY.

206.

C.U. satchel being emptied of hotel cards onto desk. PULL BACK to show hearty POLICEMAN stacking them into a neat pile. A POLICE SERGEANT, coat unbuttoned, a cigarette dangling from his lips, sits behind the desk, casting a sour glance at him.

POLICEMAN

The daily grind!

POLICE SERGEANT picks up the cards, 'cuts' them like an expert dealer, and hands them back to POLICEMAN. He casts glance at clock, which reads 10.23, then at hearty POLICEMAN.

POLICE SERGEANT

Don't mess around - just put them in the rack for Lyon.

POLICEMAN, still incurably cheerful, places the cards in a rack as a side door opens and a MOTOR CYCLE COP pokes his head out.

MOTOR CYCLE COP

Is he back yet?

POLICE SERGEANT gestures with his head and MOTOR CYCLE COP enters and removes the cards and other documents in Lyon pigeon-hole. He goes out.

In b.g. a YOUNG POLICEMAN sits at a small desk in the corner reading a Maigret novel propped up against his typewriter. Above him, the clock reads 10.23. X

207. EXT. THE MAIN STREET, GRASSE. DAY.

207.

JACKAL's car cruising as town hall clock strikes the half-hour. It stops outside post office.

208. INT. MAIN POST OFFICE, GRASSE. DAY.

208.

Small, and crowded mainly with PENSIONERS drawing their pension. JACKAL goes to one of two telephone booths and closes door.

209. EXT. THE MAIN STREET, GRASSE. DAY.

209;

C.U. JACKAL's face as he comes out of post office. It is a deeply concentrated expression. He looks around him at the shop signs, sees a hardware store where tins of paint are on display. After looking in the window, he goes inside.

210. INT. POLICE STATION, GRASSE. DAY.

210.

Silence. POLICE SERGEANT sits at his desk, writing, while the YOUNG POLICEMAN continues with his Maigret novel in the far corner. Only the steady TICK of the clock is heard.

The telephone rings. POLICE SERGEANT, without looking away from the work, picks it up.

POLICE SERGEANT

Yeah...

As he listens, his expression becomes taut with interest. He snaps his fingers to attract the attention of the YOUNG POLICEMAN, who looks up, simultaneously sweeping his novel off the typewriter.

POLICE SERGEANT

Get me Lyon, right away...

The YOUNG POLICEMAN leaps up at once and reaches for second telephone.

211. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE, POLICE JUDICIAIRE. MIDDAY.

211.

C.U. 'phone lying on LEBEL's desk off cradle. PAN UP to CARON ushering LEBEL back into office. LEBEL rushes over and picks up 'phone.

LEBEL

Hallo, hallo? D.S.T? Yes... ..

He listens, then glances up triumphantly to CARON, covering the mouthpiece with his hand.

LEBEL

We've got him. He registered for two days at the Hotel du Cerf in Grasse, starting last night.

He speaks into mouthpiece again, signalling to CARON to take dictation.

LEBEL

Repeat that again... a hired white Alfa Romeo sports two-seater. Licence number MI - 61741.

CARON takes it down as he dictates.

LEBEL

No no, stay by the 'phone until I call you back. Don't do a thing. I don't want him disturbed yet.

211. CONTD.

211.

He slams down the receiver.

CARON

Shall I put on an all-stations alert?

LEBEL

Not yet. He might be stopped by a country cop who doesn't know what it's about. He'll kill anybody who tries to intercept him. I want a whole army round that hotel - right from this minute. Isolate the place, let no-one in or out. Hold all 'phone calls - we'd better get down there right away.

212. EXT. JACKAL'S CAR. TRAVELLING SHOTS. DAY.

212.

L.S. of Alfa, viewed from across the River Drome, as it descends a mountain road, the rays of the hot sun gleaming on the bonnet.

M.S. of Alfa as it rounds a bend and onto a long woodland lane, profuse with tall pine trees.

213. EXT. HELIPORT. SATORY CAMP. DAY.

213.

LEBEL and CARON climb aboard helicopter, its blades turning. Helicopter takes off immediately.

214. INT/EXT. JACKAL'S CAR. TRAVELLING SHOT. DAY.

214.

C.U. of JACKAL from behind as he drives. Through the windscreen we see a car parked at the edge of the woods.

As we pass car, we PAN with the JACKAL as he looks at parked car. There isn't anybody in it.

215. EXT. LONG WOODLAND LANE. DAY.

215.

L.S. with parked car in f.g. as JACKAL's Alfa comes silently to a halt some yards in front of it. JACKAL gets out and walks back to parked car. As he reaches it, he looks cautiously towards woods. We PAN with his gaze.

216. EXT. IN THE WOODS. DAY.

216.

A teenage BOY and GIRL lie smooching on the grass behind some bushes near the road. The BOY is getting serious about his intentions:

BOY

Go on...

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216. CONTD.

216.

GIRL

No...

BOY

Go on...

GIRL

(giggling; weakening)

No.

217. EXT. LONG WOODLAND LANE. DAY.

217.

JACKAL is behind parked car, quickly unscrewing back licence number plate. The front licence number plate lies on the ground beside him. He glances over his shoulder to see if any vehicles are approaching, and looks at his watch to estimate how long he has left before the TEENAGERS emerge, then continues.

A distant shout from woods beyond causes him to watch the bushes warily as he removes number plate.

GIRL

(over)

I said no!

218. EXT. LONG WOODLAND LANE. DAY.

218.

The parked car is now without licence number plates, for JACKAL has got them under his arm as he returns to his Alfa. He gets in and quietly drives away.

219. EXT. ROAD NEAR HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. DAY.

219.

POLICEMEN are hauling steel road blocks from back of wagon and moving them into position across road. Further down road, by a roadsign reading: 'GRASSE 3km', a uniformed POLICE INSPECTOR is placing his men strategically along the ditches. They carry submachine guns.

220. EXT. POLICE STATION YARD. GRENOBLE. DAY.

220.

Three Black Marias are parked in the yard in front of a pile of traffic signs (all in French) stacked neatly against the wall. Most prominent is one reading 'GRENOBLE. DIVERSION AHEAD'. POLICE are pouring from the back entrance of the station carrying submachine guns and rifles. They climb into the Black Marias. The doors are slammed shut and the vans drive off out of the yard. CAMERA stays on the traffic signs indicating Grenoble.

221. INT/EXT. BLACK MARIA. TRAVELLING SHOT. DAY. 221.

From inside the Black Maria, a double row of solemn-faced POLICEMEN sitting in the back with submachine guns and rifles resting on their laps.

222. EXT. A COUNTRY LANE. GRENOBLE. DAY. 222.

The CAMERA POSITIONED across the road from the sign reading 'GRENOBLE' as two Black Marias roar away from it towards Grasse.

223. INT./EXT. JACKAL'S CAR. TRAVELLING SHOTS. DAY. 223.

M.C.U.: JACKAL's hands steering. PAN UP to show JACKAL in profile, driving.

JACKAL's P.O.V.: through windscreen: signpost pointing ahead reading: 'DIE'.

C.S.: JACKAL through windscreen, smiling.

224. INT/EXT. JACKAL'S CAR. OUTSIDE VILLAGE OF DIE. DAY. 224.

JACKAL, SHOT FROM BEHIND, as he drives slowly through village main street towards a war memorial in the square. A MOTORCYCLE COP on his bike is seen approaching him. The MOTORCYCLE COP halts by memorial and waves JACKAL to pull in. A wail of oncoming sirens is heard O.S.

C.U. of JACKAL's face. His eyes narrow and he whispers savagely to himself:

JACKAL

I'll kill you, you bastard.

The COP suddenly looks in the opposite direction, waving Alfa to side of street.

COP

Pull over - pull over!

JACKAL obeys. From JACKAL's P.O.V.: a convoy of four Citroen police cars and six Black Marias roar towards us. The COP leaps smartly to attention and salutes as first of the cars races by. Convoy passes Alfa Romeo and disappears down village street. MOTORCYCLE COP waves JACKAL on. The white Alfa slides into gear, passing MOTORCYCLE COP still kicking starter of bike.

225. INT. JACKAL'S CAR. DAY. 225.

Sound 2 CV license

CAMERA IS BEHIND JACKAL as he drives slowly down an incline and across a ford in a freshwater stream. Beyond we can see a thick belt of trees.

226. EXT. TREES NEAR RIVERBANK. DAY.

226.

It's a haven of tranquillity, apart from the incessant chatter of birds. The white Alfa is parked beneath the trees, its windows covered in sheets of newspaper held down by brown sticky paper. JACKAL is stripped to the waist, standing before the open boot of car. He is now wearing gloves. In the boot, we see a half-gallon open tin of Midnight Blue paint, a spray gun and a neatly folded ground-sheet. JACKAL affixes a nozzle to the spray gun and points gun at the car, spraying on a test patch of the Midnight Blue paint. As he does, we hear the SOUND of helicopter approaching. JACKAL looks up.

Overhead, a black helicopter clatters eastwards. We pan with it.

227. EXT. SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD. GAP. DAY.

227.

LEBEL and CARON walking briskly from helicopter towards a waiting police car accompanied by ASSISTANT POLICE CHIEF. Gap's Police Chief, DUBOIS, runs forward and salutes.

DUBOIS
(deferential)
Chief Inspector Dubois, Commissioner -
Good morning, sir -

LEBEL
Good morning, what time were your
men in position?

DUBOIS
Twelve-fifty, sir.

LEBEL
Are all the access points to the
hotel blocked off?

DUBOIS
Yes, sir.

LEBEL
Anybody intercepted?

DUBOIS
Local fishmonger. He makes a
daily delivery to the hotel.
We'll hold him at the station till
after we've hit.

They climb into police car.

LEBEL
Good, let's go.

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227. CONTD.

227.

Car races off across muddy football pitch towards road.

228. EXT. ROAD NEAR HOTEL DU CERF. GAP. DAY.

228.

L.S.: the steel barriers positioned right across road. Behind them stand empty Black Marias, motor-cycles, and squad cars. In front, along the ditch, we can just see the tops of POLICEMEN's heads as they wait in the undergrowth, their submachine guns nosing through the long grass. Other POLICEMEN are staked out along borders of the property.

A police car approaches and halts sharply at barriers. LEBEL, CARON and DUBOIS get out. After a brief conference, the barriers are parted enough to allow LEBEL, CARON and DUBOIS through, followed by several gun carrying POLICEMEN. LEBEL, DUBOIS and CARON - who carries a submachine gun beneath his mac - head for the driveway of hotel followed by the others.

229. EXT. HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. DAY.

229.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT: LEBEL, DUBOIS, CARON and several armed POLICEMEN walk up drive. The rest stay at the gates and fan out in strict formation across the grounds. LEBEL, DUBOIS and CARON enter the hotel. The other POLICEMEN ~~stay outside~~ follow

230. INT. FOYER, HOTEL DU CERF. GRASSE. DAY.

230.

The RECEPTIONIST looks up sharply from her Paris Match as LEBEL, DUBOIS and CARON enter. CARON remains posted at door while LEBEL and DUBOIS cross to reception desk. DUBOIS flashes his warrant card.

DUBOIS

You have an Englishman named Duggan staying here - Where is he?

RECEPTIONIST

Mister Duggan's gone, sir.

LEBEL reacts, he can hardly believe his ears. His shoulders sag; he suddenly seems tired and much older.

DUBOIS

Gone?

RECEPTIONIST

He left this morning - just after eleven -

LEBEL turns quickly and walks out. CARON follows him.

231. EXT. HOTEL DU CERF, GRASSE. DAY.

231.

POLICEMEN have fanned out across the grounds and are standing facing the hotel awaiting further orders. LEBEL comes out and stands on front steps, his hands dug deep inside his trouser pockets, gazing up at the surrounding hills. CARON joins him.

LEBEL

It's strange he was checked in here for two days, then just after eleven he asks for his bill and leaves... Look, he's got five hours start, put out an alert for the car.

CARON hares across to main gates. LEBEL shouts as an afterthought:

LEBEL

And have the men called in - we've got to get back to Paris!

232. EXT. TREES NEAR RIVERBANK. DAY.

232.

The ALFA, parked beneath the trees, is now midnight blue. The newspapers have been removed from the windows and the stolen licence plates screwed into position. JACKAL is beneath the chassis, working like a beaver to disconnect the steel tubes from their hiding place. The steel tubes, wrapped in hessian, fall with a clunk, one by one. JACKAL crawls out from underneath and pulls groundsheet out after him. The groundsheet contains the wire cutters, and steel tubes. He dresses hurriedly, preparing to leave.

233. EXT. BANKS OF THE RHONE. DAY.

233.

The main road to Marseilles is heavy with traffic: lorries thunder by and caravan enthusiasts head for the Cote d'Azur. The BLUE ALFA, in midst of traffic, crosses the bridge and heads for a road on the Western bank.

234. EXT. JACKAL'S CAR. TRAVEL SHOT. AUVERGNE. DAY.

234.

M.L.S. of BLUE ALFA as it climbs the mountains of Massif Central.

235. EXT. JACKAL'S CAR ON LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD. TRAVEL SHOT. DUSK.

235.

BLUE ALFA racing furiously along mountain road as dusk settles on a valley. The lights of the car are switched on as it passes us. PAN WITH ALFA as it speeds towards hairpin bend. As it does, a Peugeot suddenly comes around the corner. The BLUE ALFA swerves madly to avoid it, glances off the rear fender

235. CONTD.

235.

of Peugeot, and crashes into the mountainside. The DRIVER of the Peugeot is thrown forward in his seat by the glancing blow, his forehead hitting the windscreen. JACKAL gets out of the wrecked BLUE ALFA and stumbles across to the Peugeot. He goes to door of Peugeot and stares in at DRIVER, slumped unconscious over the wheel of his car, its motor still running.

236. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.
NIGHT.

236.

The atmosphere is tense, tempers are frayed. All the DEPARTMENT HEADS are aware that an error of judgment has been made, and look towards LEBEL for an explanation.

FLAVIGNY

(to LEBEL)

You've made a serious mistake - the life of a policeman can't be allowed to stand in the way of protecting the President.

LEBEL blinks.

MINISTER

(sharply)

This morning's operation was ridiculously slow - you missed him by one hour!

BERTIER

What choice do we have, Minister? We must operate in the normal way, otherwise the press will be on to us. The card was collected at the normal time and sent to Lyon through the normal channels.

237. EXT. JACKAL'S CAR, TRAVEL SHOT. BRIOUDE. NIGHT.

237.

The PEUGEOT on the outskirts of Brioude. JACKAL driving down a slight hill, his eyes blinking constantly to keep awake.

238. EXT. LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD. PRE-DAWN.

238.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of the wrecked BLUE ALFA being inspected by a MOTOR CYCLE COP who makes scrupulous notes. There is no trace of an accident having occurred on the spot, and no sign of the DRIVER of the PEUGEOT. The MOTOR CYCLE COP gets on his bike and roars off around the hairpin bend.

26.1.72.

239. EXT. PARK. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. EARLY MORNING. 239.

The chateau looks out over a rolling vista of heather-clad hills, looking calm and peaceful in the early morning light. We see JACKAL's "new car" coming up the drive. It is nothing more than an advancing dot at the moment, against the b.g. of parkland and trees.

240. INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. MORNING. 240.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose a large room, practically bare of furniture, with french windows looking out on long drive and rolling parkland of estate. The windows are open, letting in bright sunshine.

COLETTE is helping the Chateau's aged retainers, ERNESTINE and LOUISON to move an antique tallboy into the centre of room. Smaller items have already been placed there: gilt picture frames, a commode, a nest of tables and the like; but the tallboy is proving too much for them and attrition mounts as they all attempt to lift the piece over the thick carpet.

Both ERNESTINE and LOUISON are looking very glum. ERNESTINE particularly is most disapproving about the removal of the piece, and grumbles fitfully to COLETTE.- who seems quite determined to ignore the disapprobation.

ERNESTINE

... Such a shame to sell it...

COLETTE

Lift your end up... Now push -

ERNESTINE

I remember it back in the old days -

COLETTE

Push -

ERNESTINE

It's always been in the family, this has -

COLETTE

Stop moaning Ernestine and concentrate on what you're doing - Up a bit more -

The car comes closer up the drive..

COLETTE

Up a bit! -

240. CONTD.

240.

LOUISON

I'm trying, Madam -

COLETTE gives a sigh of exasperation.

COLETTE

You take my end -

COLETTE changes ends with ERNESTINE and LOUISON.

ERNESTINE

The old Baron loved this piece...

COLETTE

Now bring it towards me -

ERNESTINE

It was his favourite -

The tallboy suddenly tilts forward, causing cupboard doors to fly open and a glass shelf falls crashing onto floor. LOUISON instinctively lets his end go to pick up the pieces, and the tallboy topples forward even more dangerously. COLETTE and ERNESTINE seize hold of it with all their might.

COLETTE

(screaming)

Louison! -

The old man looks up at her, not realizing the danger. Suddenly the tallboy is righted in one strong movement.

PAN to JACKAL standing holding LOUISON's end of the tallboy, grinning. COLETTE stares at him, a look of stunned surprise on her face. JACKAL gazes back at her.

JACKAL

Where do you want it put?

C.U.: ERNESTINE and LOUISON standing together, staring at him, flabbergasted.

241.

INT/EXT. SMOKING ROOM & LARGE ROOM. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. DAY.

241.

Through the window we see the last of the furniture being loaded on a removal van with sign reading: 'PIERRE BRESSON, AUCTIONEERS, CLERMONT-FERRAND' on the side.

PULL BACK to Smoking Room. It has a military look about it, with various types of rifles and other mundane souvenirs of the war scattered about the room.

26.1.72.

241. CONTD.

241.

Photographs rest on the mantelpiece, all having some connection with the owner's past: photos of Colette and husband in hunting rig standing triumphantly over dead stag; photos of them both at a gymkhana. But the emphasis is on World War Two. O.S. the van driving away.

JACKAL, who has been keeping out of sight of furniture movers, is peering closely at an autographed picture of De Gaulle when suddenly he glances quickly to his right. PANNING with his glance, we see COLETTE standing watching him at door. Behind her lie a series of interconnecting rooms. All empty. Pause.

How long has she been there? JACKAL replaces the photo on mantelpiece. COLETTE looks at him, before stepping into room.

COLETTE

I hope the rooms come up to the Hilton Hotel standard.

JACKAL looks at her, waiting for some further comment: There isn't one. JACKAL picks up a German Luger.

JACKAL

(softly)
You've got some nice... things, here.
(holding up Luger)
Your collection?

COLETTE

No no.

JACKAL

Your husband's?

COLETTE

He was in the Resistance.
(slight pause)
Don't worry -
(slightly bitter)
He won't be back.

JACKAL looks at her in silence. COLETTE turns away.

COLETTE

You must be hungry.

She goes to door; but JACKAL catches her arm and whirls her around. Holding her - gazing down at her. Silence.

COLETTE

Why did you come here?

241. CONTD.

241.

JACKAL

To see you.

She gazes at him, frowning slightly.

JACKAL

I had to.

They look at each other. He moves to kiss her, but she averts her head slightly, and smiles.

COLETTE

You look a mess from all that travelling.

JACKAL

(grinning)
Does it matter?

Silence. COLETTE gazes up at him, then suddenly she puts her arms around his neck and his lips down on hers, kissing passionately.

242. INT. JACKAL'S ROOM. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. 242.
EVENING.

The room is empty, but the sound of the bath being run is heard off, and JACKAL is quietly humming a tune.

There is a knock on the door. Presently, COLETTE looks into the room.

COLETTE

Paul?

JACKAL

(over)
Yeah?

COLETTE

Is there anything you want laundered..?

JACKAL

(over)
No, I'm alright thanks -

COLETTE comes into the room and casually inspects JACKAL's suit which is lying on the bed.

COLETTE

Your suit looks as if it could do with a press -

242. CONTD.

242.

The bath tap is turned off.

JACKAL

Eh?

COLETTE

Your suit - shall I get Ernestine to press it?

JACKAL

(pre-occupied)

Fine -

The bathtap is turned on again, as COLETTE picks up suit and empties pockets: handkerchief, wallet, comb, pen - she places these on bedside table. Car keys, war medals... She stares at them, frowning, as she puts them down. Then, with a glance towards bathroom door, she moves to JACKAL's half-open suitcase which is lying on the bed. She takes a quick peek inside. The hessian-wrapped tubes rest on top, the steel poking through at the top. COLETTE senses the danger in this sinister package; she looks frightened, slightly alarmed. Suddenly, sharply:

JACKAL

(over)

Colette?!

COLETTE jumps back, but she's not quick enough. JACKAL is standing at bathroom door, a towel around his waist. He gazes at her without expression.

243. EXT. POLICE POUND, BRIOUDE. DAY.

243.

A police towing truck carrying the wrecked ALFA comes to a halt in the small yard at the back of the police station. A dungaree-clad POLICEMAN approaches the ALFA, takes down the number on his clip-board and then - on seeing the make - inspects the car more closely. He stares down at one of the wings.

C.U. the thin veneer of blue paint has been scratched away by accident, showing white underneath.

The POLICEMAN hurries to the main building of the police station.

244. EXT. LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD. DUSK.

244.

A grey day with a steady drizzle of rain. The site of the crash has been cordoned off with flashing amber lights. VALENTIN and LEBEL, flanked by TWO INSPECTORS, are studying a map of the area. All carry black umbrellas. A tiny group of UNIFORMED POLICEMEN in capes and carrying walkie-talkies, stand watching by a Citroen and a Police Van. A helicopter can be seen in b.g.

VALENTIN

There's road blocks across every highway as you instructed.

(he extends his arm)

We've searched in a ten-kilometre radius of hills, farmhouses, cafes, hotels - the lot.

LEBEL

He can't have got far. Not with two suitcases. He may have been hurt in the crash, and gone into hiding.

(he studies map)

We'll extend the search by fifty kilometres.

VALENTIN

That's possible. I just haven't got the men. It's all up and down. It'd take days to work through these mountains.

He points to rugged countryside around them. LEBEL nods curtly.

LEBEL

I'll send you two hundred men from Lyon and Valence. As soon as they arrive start putting up road blocks immediately on highways, country lanes, even cow paths.

VALENTIN

It'll take at least twenty-four hours to cover the area, you don't understand this countryside -

LEBEL walks towards helicopter.

LEBEL

I'm not here to understand - I'll keep in touch from Paris.

He climbs into helicopter as the blades rotate.

245. INT. DRAWING ROOM. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE.
NIGHT.

245.

O.S. sound of telephone being dialled as CAMERA slowly

245. CONTD.

245.

PANS the large room. Practically bare of furniture, the French windows look out on the rolling parkland lit by a full moon and star-filled sky. CLOSE IN on JACKAL dressed only in a bathrobe, standing by a telephone in corner. He dials 'MOLITOR 5901', tensing as 'phone rings.

246. INT. VALMY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

246.

C.U. VALMY, sitting up in bed, talking on telephone.

VALMY

... They've found the wrecked car.
They know it's yours, and they're
searching the whole province -

There is a click and line goes dead.

247. INT. COLETTE'S ROOM. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE NIGHT. 247.

COLETTE appears to be fast asleep as JACKAL enters silently. He moves stealthily towards bed and gets in beside COLETTE. Bedside clock reads 2.20. JACKAL lies staring up at ceiling. Suddenly:

COLETTE

Is something the matter?

JACKAL turns his head sharply to gaze at her before saying:

JACKAL

No, no - I just couldn't sleep,
that's all.

JACKAL stretches out his arm and embraces COLETTE. COLETTE rests her head tenderly on his chest, the reserve and aloofness has now vanished.

COLETTE

Paul ... I know you stole that car,
it's got a local number plate -

Silence.

COLETTE

Paul - it doesn't matter.

JACKAL turns his head away from her slightly - actually to cast a glance at clock. Thinking he's just avoiding her gaze, COLETTE takes his head in her hands to focus his eyes on hers.

COLETTE

I don't mind - just so long as you
tell me what you've done...

26.1.72

247. CONTD.

247.

JACKAL doesn't reply. He takes her hand and gently kisses the palm before half sitting up in bed. COLETTE looks up at him anxiously, her head in his lap.

COLETTE

Are the police after you?

JACKAL smiles sadly down at her, brushing back her hair from her eyes with his hand.

COLETTE

... I won't say anything ... You can stay here ... It's safe ... But you must tell me, Paul ...

JACKAL continues to smile sadly down at her, stroking her cheeks and neck.

JACKAL

(softly)
I know you won't say anything, love.
I know that ...

He bends down and kisses her on the lips, his body blocking our view of her. There is no sound - JACKAL is absolutely still and rigid. Then ... his hands slide away from her neck. He eases himself up away from COLETTE and rolls back beside her, his face expressionless. COLETTE lies there, dead. After a moment, JACKAL rises and goes to the door and locks it, removing the key.

Sweeping up his clothes, he goes through the bathroom to his bedroom and opens one of the two suitcases. He removes the dark-brown suit, brown brogues and - from chest of drawers - collar and tie. All that remains in case are his (Duggan's) clothes. He takes out hair-dye and nail scissors, slits lining of case with scissors and removes the Danish passport. He takes it with him into bathroom and props it on shelf, open at photo of Per Lundquist. Very carefully, he begins to snip at his hair with scissors. The hair-dye sits next to passport on shelf.

248. INT. STAIRWAY. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE.
DAWN.

248.

C.S. Grandfather clock reading 4.10. O.S. a door opening quietly. PAN to C.U. of hands with suitcases. JACKAL is emerging from his room. He locks door, pocketing key, and moves away from CAMERA towards staircase. Peering down over bannister rails, he moves silently downstairs. He is wearing the clothes of Per Lundquist. His hair has been dyed chestnut-brown and is shorter than before.

249. EXT. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. DAWN. 249.

Dawn is breaking over distant mountains as JACKAL drives Colette's car down long drive. We watch FROM ROOF OF CHATEAU, as the car passes main gate and heads along highway.

250. EXT. ROAD THROUGH HILLS. DAWN. 250.

JACKAL drives Colette's car through a range of snow-capped mountains. PAN with car in HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT before it disappears around a bend in road.

251. EXT. BRIDGE OVER RAVINE. MORNING. 251.

L.S. JACKAL's car crossing bridge and stopping in middle: No other vehicle is in sight. JACKAL steps out and goes to boot. He removes suitcase containing Duggain's clothes and carries it to parapet of bridge. ZOOM IN CLOSE as JACKAL sends the case plummeting over parapet. It vanishes with a crash below. JACKAL returns to car and drives across bridge.

252. INT. STAIRWAY. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. MORNING. 252.

ERNESTINE is stomping up the stairs carrying morning coffee on a tray. She knocks on Colette's bedroom door and goes to open it. It's locked. She knocks again.

ERNESTINE

(shrilly)

Your coffee, Madame!

No reply. ERNESTINE shrugs and lays down tray on a small table outside the door. She glances at Grandfather clock on staircase and shakes her head in mild disgust at her mistress's laziness. Clock reads 8.30.

253. INT./EXT. COLETTE'S CAR. TRAVELLING SHOT. TULLE. MORNING. 253.

C.U. from behind JACKAL as he drives car towards outskirts of Tulle. WORKERS are pouring through gates of a large factory as hcoter blows fiercely to announce another day's toil.

254. INT. STAIRWAY. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. MORNING. 254.

Grandfather clock reads 9.10 as ERNESTINE stomps up the stairs in her flat-heeled shoes. The coffee hasn't been touched. ERNESTINE mutters incoherently and raps on the door, simultaneously trying handle.

ERNESTINE

Madame? ... Madame?!

254. CONTD.

254.

No reply. She crosses staircase and knocks on Jackal's bedroom door. Nothing. ERNESTINE leans over the bannister rail and cries out in shrill tones.

ERNESTINE

Louison! ...

She doesn't get any reply there either. Muttering darkly, she scuttles down the stairs.

255. EXT. A SIDE-STREET. TULLE. MORNING.

255.

HOUSEWIVES are returning from the shops as JACKAL drives car down side-street and cruises to a halt. He parks the car among many others. He puts on his heavy-rimmed spectacles, gets out, and removes remaining suitcase from boot. Pocketing the car keys, he sets off up the road towards railway station in b.g. A distant train whistle is heard.

256. INT. BOOKING HALL. TULLE RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

256.

JACKAL is next in small queue at booking-office. He steps up, beaming beatifically at the grumpy old CLERK.

JACKAL

Good morring. A single ticket to Paris, please.

CLERK

What class?

JACKAL

Second - how soon will the train be here?

CLERK

In an hour.

JACKAL

When does it get to Paris?

CLERK

Eight-ten, tonight. Platform one.

JACKAL

Thank you ...

He gives banknote to CLERK, who passes him his ticket and change. JACKAL picks up his bags and crosses to ticket barrier. The ticket is clipped. JACKAL bends down to pick up suitcase and hand-grip.

JACKAL'S P.O.V.: the bottom half of a man in blue uniform. PANNING UP SLOWLY to take in a submachine carbine slung

256. CONTD.

256.

over shoulder of a young CRS MAN, trying to look sterner than his years allow.

CRS MAN
Your papers, please.

JACKAL smiles and proffers his Danish passport. CRS MAN flicks through it.

CRS MAN
Danish?

JACKAL
Please?

CRS MAN
Den-mark? You?

JACKAL beams and nods with delight,

JACKAL
Yes.

CRS MAN waves JACKAL through as another PASSENGER approaches ticket barrier.

257. INT. PLATFORM ONE. TULLE RAILWAY STATION. DAY.

257.

JACKAL steps onto platform carrying his luggage. The platform is almost empty. JACKAL wanders some way down station and sits on a bench to wait for train. Station clock reads 10.43.

258. EXT. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. DAY.

258.

ERNESTINE has lent her ample weight to steady a ladder which has been propped up against the brickwork beneath the window of Colette's bedroom. LOUISON is climbing shakily. He stops and peers through the window before turning, and in a hoarse whisper:

LOUISON
Madame is asleep.

ERNESTINE
(also whispering)
She never sleeps this late.

She waves her arm in fierce encouragement.

ERNESTINE
(hissing)
Go on! - Go on.

LOUISON, shaking his head, ascends and looks in.

259. INT. COLETTE'S ROOM. CHATEAU DE LA HAUTE CHALONNIERE. DAY. 259.

COLETTE's body lies, as though sleeping, in the double bed. Bedside table clock reads 12.05, as LOUISON's face stares in at window. Very gingerly, he eases up the window and steps into the room. He goes over to bed and tries, with first a little cough and then a whisper, to wake her.

LOUISON

Madame Madame

Nothing. Very tentatively, he reaches out and shakes COLETTE gently by the shoulder.

260. INT. PLATFORM ONE. TULLE RAILWAY STATION. DAY. 260.

Under the railway station clock hanging in f.g., reading 12.00, we see a passenger train slowly approach platform one. O.S., distant sound of factory hooters and church bells announcing midday. JACKAL rises and collects his luggage together as the train comes in.

ANNOUNCER

(over)

The eleven-fifty to Paris is now approaching platform one.

The train shunts to a halt, emitting vast clouds of steam(?) JACKAL goes to a compartment where an OLD LADY sits with a cat basket beside her and gets in, nodding courteously.

261. INT./EXT. RAILWAY COMPARTMENT. TULLE RAILWAY STATION. DAY. 261.

Station clock reads 12.10. The train still hasn't moved. JACKAL sits reading the book on French cathedrals while, outside, the CRS MAN talks to the GUARD. JACKAL watches from corner of his eye as CRS MAN gives a friendly wave to GUARD and patrols the platform, glancing into window of each compartment. The train starts with a mighty jolt, and as it slowly leaves station we pass CRS MAN still patrolling down platform. JACKAL is deep in his book.

262. EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN. TRAVEL SHOT. DAY. 262.

SHOT FROM COMPARTMENT WINDOW: We look down on the track below, the wheels in motion, rattling over rails, lashed by heavy rain.

263. INT. CORRIDOR. POLICE JUDICIAIRE. DAY. 3.15 p.m. 263.

CARON hurrying down corridor towards us. He goes into a door marked 'W.C.'

264. INT. W.C. POLICE JUDICIAIRE. DAY. 3.15 p.m. 264.

CARON enters and whispers at cubicle door.

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264. CONTD.

264.

CARON

Commissioner

O.S. toilet being flushed. LEBEL comes out from cubicle, putting on his jacket.

CARON

There's been a murder - about sixty kilometres from where the crash occurred - someone by the name of Colette de Montpellier.

LEBEL, at washbasin, frowns as he turns on the taps.

LEBEL

Do they know who did it ?

CARON

An Englishman's been staying there - He's disappeared - and so has her car!

LEBEL

... Dear God, I'm getting slow in my old age. Her name was on the guest list at that hotel in Grasse the night he stayed there!

He dries his hands.

LEBEL

Right - put out a general alert for the Jackal, give his description, there's no need for secrecy any more. It's a straight murder hunt now. Just find her car.

265. EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN. TRAVEL SHOT. LATE P.M.

265.

Against a darkening evening sky, we view train from an open compartment window as it enters a long curve in the track, the whistle sounding.

266. EXT. A SIDE STREET. TULLE. 6.30 p.m.

266.

A POLICEMAN is at police box telephone. Whilst he is speaking, he gazes at Colette's car parked some way down street among many others.

POLICEMAN

... Six-thirty time check - but listen, I've found that car.

267. INT. RADIO VAN. POLICE POUND. BRIOUDE. EVENING. 267.
8.00 p.m.

THREE POLICE OPERATORS continue to receive messages as VALENTIN barks down 'phone to Paris.

VALENTIN

... The CRS man at the railway station said only three men boarded the midday train to Paris. Two were locals, and the third was a teacher travelling on a Danish passport, aged about thirty-four, five feet ten, brownish hair, blue eyes - he can't remember the name.

268. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE. POLICE JUDICIAIRE. EVENING. 268.
8.05 p.m.

LEBEL is on 'phone looking absolutely wretched from lack of sleep. Whilst he is talking, CARON, similarly whacked, gives him a glass of Eno's which he drinks in one quick gulp.

LEBEL

Have you got a railway timetable handy..?
 What time is that train due at Austerlitz station?

His mouth drops open in surprise as he looks at office clock reading 8.05.

LEBEL

Ten past eight?!

LEBEL drops receiver, leaving it hanging loosely from cradle, and rushes for door.

LEBEL

Come on!

They both race out.

269. INT. AUSTERLITZ STATION. EVENING. 8.12 p.m. 269.

ZOOM IN TO C.U. of station clock as minute hand moves to 8.12.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN to express train steaming into station. It has hardly stopped before doors open and PASSENGERS spill onto platform. One of the first to leave main hall is JACKAL, carrying his suitcase.

270. EXT.V FORECOURT AUSTERLITZ STATION. EVENING. 270.
8.15 p.m.

JACKAL is third in queue at taxi rank. He waits patiently, confidently, as taxis roll up and collect fares. POLICE SIRENS are heard O.S. gradually getting closer as JACKAL

270. CONTD.

270.

moves up in queue. A third cab slides into rank and TAXI DRIVER leans in.

JACKAL

Do you know a good Turkish baths?

TAXI DRIVER nods. JACKAL climbs in with luggage, as taxi pulls out. O.S. POLICE SIRENS get closer.

271. INT./EXT. TAXI. TRAVEL SHOT. EVENING. 8.20 p.m.

271.

JACKAL'S P.O.V.: SHOOTING PAST DRIVER'S SHOULDER as taxi moves in mainstream of traffic. POLICE SIRENS are very close. Suddenly, from around corner, a police car accompanied by MOTORCYCLE COPS, their sirens blaring, race past. LEBEL and CARON are seated in back of car. A second police car converges from crossroads and streaks by. TAXI DRIVER automatically gives the 'Up yours' gesture as they pass and snarls:

TAXI DRIVER

They're in a hurry tonight ...

Taxi shoots forward.

272. INT. TURKISH BATHS. EVENING. 8.30 p.m.

272.

The baths are doing a brisk trade with MALE CUSTOMERS as JACKAL steps up to cash-desk. WOMAN CASHIER tears off ticket from a roll and hands JACKAL a couple of towels and a key on a leather thong. JACKAL crosses mosaic floor to swing doors.

273. INT. TURKISH BATHS. EVENING.

273.

JACKAL enters and walks towards the locker-room. TWO MEN exit amid a jet of steam from door with circular window in it. Dressed only with towels around their waists, they pass JACKAL in silence, staring at him. Something registers and JACKAL stops by door and looks in window.

JACKAL'S P.O.V.: through the steam one can discern couch beds with ghost-like figures lying on them, towels scantily wrapped around their waists. Others wander silently from bed to bed, stopping momentarily and staring down before moving on.

JACKAL continues down corridor.

274. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. NIGHT. 10.15 p.m.

274.

The meeting is strained and tense. All the DEPARTMENT HEADS seem under pressure - though none look as worn out as LEBEL.

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274. CONTD.

274.

LEBEL

It's obvious that the Jackal has been tipped off all along and yet he's decided to go ahead regardless. He's simply challenged the whole lot of us.

A frosty silence descends. The room is like an ice-box.

MINISTER

(his voice seems a million miles away)

Are you seriously suggesting that there is a leak from inside this room?

LEBEL

I can't say that. But the Jackal is now in Paris, with a new name and a new face. All we know is he's masquerading as a Danish schoolteacher.

DUMONT sighs heavily and shakes his head in exasperation.

MINISTER

Felisat, can you estimate how many Danes might have arrived in Paris today?

FELISAT

Probably several hundred at this time of the year.

MINISTER turns quickly to PASCAL

MINISTER

We must check out the men, personally.

PASCAL

I'll have every hotel visited at midnight, and three a.m. All registration cards will be collected, and every likely Dane will be investigated.

MINISTER

Good. In the meantime I'll plead with the President to cancel all public appearances.

275. INT. STEAM ROOM. TURKISH BATHS. EVENING.
10.25 p.m.

275.

The steam room is large, like a mausoleum, with a marble floor. Couches with rubber mattresses run length of walls. MEN of various ages and shapes saunter about in towels, some obvious queens. Others loll on couches or chat conspiratorially near showers. Some turn to stare

275. CONTD.

275.

at JACKAL as he enters. A new face. JACKAL goes over to a vacant couch and, with singular lack of modesty, stretches himself out, one arm resting lazily over his eyes.

JACKAL'S P.O.V.: vision half-blocked by his arm, we watch as MEN walk silently by through the steam, pausing momentarily to look into CAMERA. Some give shy little smiles before passing on; others give mean, sultry stares.

JACKAL sits up, removing his spectacles and wiping them clear on his towel. A slim, slightly balding middle-aged man JULES BERNARD, who has already passed the bed once and is hovering close by, sees it as his opportunity.

BERNARD

(with a smile)

Getting all steamed up?

C.U. JACKAL looking at him, blinking near-sightedly. Then he grins with cute sheepishness.

JACKAL

I think so ...

He puts on his glasses as BERNARD sits down on edge of couch.

BERNARD

I haven't seen you here before?

JACKAL

No, I am on holiday. From Denmark.

BERNARD

Really?! I know Copenhagen very well!

JACKAL

(demurely)

... Unfortunately I come from Silkeborg. It's a very small town.

BERNARD smiles, nodding ... and strokes JACKAL's leg. JACKAL gazes at him, then lies back tightening the muscles on his thighs. Pause.

BERNARD

(softly)

Would you like to come back to my place?

JACKAL gazes at him, stretched out on couch.

BERNARD

I live quite nearby.

Pause. JACKAL gazes solemnly, then grins.

JACKAL

... That would be nice.

276. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE, POLICE JUDICIAIRE. NIGHT
11.10 p.m.

276.

LEBEL leans against the window ledge, gazing pensively across the Seine.

CARON

Sir - this Jackal. He's got a Danish passport, right?

LEBEL nods wearily.

CARON

Well, he must have got it from somewhere - and if he's had to dye his hair, it looks as if he stole it.

LEBEL

Go on.

CARON

Apart from his trip to Paris in July, he's been based in London. Chances are he stole it in one of those two places.

LEBEL

What would you do if you were a Dane and lost your passport?

CARON

I'd go to the Consulate. Where else?

LEBEL

Sometimes, Caron, I think you'll go far. Get me Superintendent Thomas at his home, then the Danish Consul-General in Paris.

Looks at clock: it reads 11.10 p.m.

277. INT. ARCHIVES, PREFECTURE DE POLICE, PARIS. 4 a.m.

277.

Strong white lights shine down on large trestle table stacked with hotel registration cards. POLICEMEN work in their shirtsleeves, sifting through cards, with PASCAL walking back and forth overseeing the operation. He looks up as LEBEL enters briskly.

LEBEL

How're we doing?

PASCAL

Not well. Six hundred and seventy-seven Danes arrived in Paris yesterday. We're interviewing every man above five feet eight. No Danish schoolteacher has turned up, though.

277. CONTD.

277.

LEBEL

(nodding glumly)

Have the list sent over to my office as soon as you can.

PASCAL

Right -

LEBEL, after a quick study of the work in hand, leaves.

278. INT. ROOM. DANISH CONSULATE IN LONDON. DAWN.
5.30 a.m.

278.

Large office, Danish flag prominent. THOMAS, in flannels and sports jacket but wearing pyjama top as shirt, is talking on telephone. A tired-looking DANISH OFFICIAL hovers nearby.

THOMAS

You were dead right, Commissioner. A Danish schoolteacher had his passport stolen at London Airport on July 14th (*). Name: Per Lundquist of Copenhagen, aged thirty-three. Five feet ten. Chestnut brown hair, blue eyes.

279. INT. LEBEL'S OFFICE, POLICE JUDICIAIRE. DAWN.
5.30 a.m.

279.

LEBEL is on 'phone:

LEBEL

(excited)

That's it! That's the one! -

Cups hand over receiver. To CARON:

LEBEL

Ell for Lundquist. Per Lundquist. Look him up -

CARON flicks quickly through a list of names, pouring over the pages.

CARON

There isn't one -

LEBEL

What?! - One moment, Superintendent -

Grabs the list and searches for himself, becoming increasingly bewildered. Back into 'phone:

LEBEL

(totally confused, almost panicky)

... I just don't understand it ... We haven't got a Lundquist on the hotels list ... Not one -

(*) NOTE: Proper date to be worked out later.

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280. INT. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT. 6.15 a.m.

280.

C.U: DENISE as she picks up telephone receiver. PAN DOWN to her hand dialling the MOLITOR number ...

281. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR. DAY. 8 a.m.

281.

C.U: a small portable tape recorder on conference table; the slowly spinning tape playing back the series of whirrs as the seven figures are dialled ...

LEBEL

(over)

... The DST recorded this conversation at six-fifteen this morning. The number was identified as MOLITOR 5901 ...

Telephone ringing tone from tape, then click.

DENISE

(on tape)

Hallo?

VALMY

(on tape)

Yes?

DENISE

(on tape)

Denise

VALMY

(on tape)

Valmy here ...

DENISE

(on tape)

... They know he's a Danish schoolteacher. They're visiting every hotel in Paris.

Pause. Then two clicks as 'phones are hung up. LEBEL reaches out and switches tape off.

LEBEL

The contact was arrested an hour ago. Unfortunately, the information came from this room.

Silence. The hastily-assembled DEPARTMENT HEADS stare at him incredulously. ST. CLAIR has gone ashen-grey. His hands tremble slightly and he shuffles papers together into his folder.

MINISTER

Whose voice was that?

ST. CLAIR rises slowly. The eyes of DEPARTMENT HEADS swivel onto him.

ST. CLAIR

I regret to have to inform you ... Minister ... that it was the voice of ... a friend of mine. She's staying with me at the moment ... Excuse me.

ST. CLAIR picks up briefcase and leaves the room. The DEPARTMENT HEADS stare at their hands in silence.

MINISTER

Commissioner, I feel we owe you an apology.

Murmurs of assent.

LEBEL

(blinks)

Thank you ...

MINISTER

Now, I must report that the President will not change his mind.

LEBEL gives a little nervous cough.

LEBEL

It's just occurred to me that we have two days to catch the Jackal.

DEPARTMENT HEADS look startled.

FELISAT

How do you know?

LEBEL

Because he's not ready yet. I'm sorry ... it was silly of me not to have seen it before.

(to DUMONT)

Am I right in thinking that the President has no engagements outside the Palace today, tomorrow or Saturday?

DUMONT

Nothing.

LEBEL

And what is Sunday, August 25th?

General reaction of dismay. MINISTER smacks his forehead in annoyance.

MINISTER
Of course. Liberation Day ...

LEBEL
 That's what he's been waiting for.

MINISTER
 So we have a little over forty-eight hours.
 We must have been blind.

There is a mixed reaction from the group - relief,
 dismay, etc.

MINISTER
 (stands, smiling)
 All we want from you, Commissioner, is the
 passport photograph of Per Lundquist.

LEBEL
 Copenhagen has promised to send us it by
 this evening's conference.

DEPARTMENT HEADS stand as MINISTER moves towards side
 door. He stops.

MINISTER
 There is one thing - how did you know
 whose telephone to tap?

LEBEL shrugs and blinks several times, looking at the
 entire group.

LEBEL
 I didn't, so I tapped all of them.

282. INT. LIVING ROOM. ST. CLAIR'S APARTMENT.
LATE AFTERNOON.

282.

HOLD on living room door as O.S., as front door is heard
 opening and being slammed shut. DENISE calls out gaily:

DENISE
 (over)
 Are you back yet?

DENISE enters living room, dressed in a light raincoat
 and clutching a shopping basket. Suddenly, she stops
 and stares transfixed with horror at unseen object,
 dropping the shopping basket in fright. PULL BACK to
 show ST. CLAIR slumped in an armchair, dead. His
 military jacket is unbuttoned and his shirt is open at
 the neck. A half-spilled glass of whisky lies on the
 floor. DENISE doesn't move, continuing to stare rigidly
 at the dead man as LEBEL and CARON step silently into
 the room from kitchen.

283. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.
NIGHT. 10.00 p.m.

283.

C.U. MINISTER, speaking crisply:

MINISTER

We now have the passport photograph of Per Lundquist. The ban on publicity will be lifted. This is now a straight murder hunt.

DEPARTMENT HEADS take notes.

MINISTER

(to FLAVIGNY)

Lundquist's photo will appear in all the morning papers. We'll have news flashes on TV every thirty minutes.

(to FELISAT & PASCAL)

Every policeman and CRS man in Paris will be on the streets to check the papers of anyone remotely fitting the description.

(to BERTHIER)

Every detective will be taken off his job to help.

(to DELARUE)

How many men does that make?

DELARUE makes a quick calculation on his pad.

DELARUE

Almost a hundred thousand.

The MINISTER turns to BERTHIER again.

MINISTER

Berthier, use your contacts in the underworld to keep an eye out for this man.

(to LEBEL)

My congratulations on the splendid job You've done. We shall take over from now on. Don't let us detain you any longer. And again, thank you.

LEBEL, surprised and bewildered, rises from his seat. He bobs his head at assembly. Some smile back at him; others are indifferent. Picking up his briefcase, he walks quietly from the room.

284. MONTAGE OF SEARCH FOR JACKAL.

284.

Various SHOTS of POLICEMEN watching for possible suspects. (John Box Footage.)

285. EXT. PARIS STREET. DAY.

285.

Pick up BERNARD as he walks along busy street, laden with groceries, wine and a lobster. He passes a LOCETEL shop, which specialises in TV rentals. A small crowd have gathered to gawp at TV's which are on. He stops, and stares, amazed. On the fifty TV's is a picture of Per Lundquist. As BERNARD stares at the silent screens, the photo of Lundquist dissolves to familiar shots of Colette and her chateau. BERNARD, puzzled, continues home.

286. INT. LIVING ROOM, BERNARD'S FLAT. DAY.

286.

JACKAL is stretched out before TV set which is showing 'Adventures of Tin-Tin'. He looks around as BERNARD enters with groceries.

BERNARD

Did you see it?

JACKAL

See what?

BERNARD

Your face. It was on TV just now.

Slight pause.

JACKAL

What do you mean?

BERNARD

I was passing this television rental shop and I saw your face on the screen.

JACKAL looks at him, then laughs.

JACKAL

Nev-er

JACKAL leans over and switches off set.

BERNARD

No, leave it on -

JACKAL complies reluctantly, but keeps the sound down. BERNARD goes into kitchen with groceries.

JACKAL

... What was it about?

BERNARD

(over)

Don't know - but I swear it was you.

JACKAL prowls, restless, thinking. He sits down again. As TV warms up again, the image of 'Tin-Tin' continues, but no sound is heard from TV set.

286. CONTD.

286.

BERNARD busies himself in the kitchen, putting pot of water on stove. He takes the lobster and comes to kitchen door displaying it for JACKAL's benefit.

BERNARD

(joyfully)

See?!

At this moment, 'Tin-Tin' fades off the screen and Per Lundquist's face appears. BERNARD puts down lobster and excitedly reaches over to turn up the sound. As he sits down, ANNOUNCER'S VOICE says:

ANNOUNCER

(over)

... Police are still anxious to interview Per Lundquist in connection with the murder of Madame de Montpelier. Anyone seeing this man or having any knowledge ...

BERNARD turns to look in horror at JACKAL. But JACKAL is already standing behind him, staring down without expression. He reaches out and grips BERNARD's throat, seizing it before the man can scream so that, as he throttles him, the cry becomes a long, desperate moan. While JACKAL squeezes, he shakes his head almost in sorrow. BERNARD slumps to the floor, dead.

ANNOUNCER

(over)

... The body was discovered by the housekeeper and gardener, Ernestine and Louison Magny, who have been in service with the family for over fifty years ...

JACKAL switches off set. He picks up lobster and goes to kitchen. We follow as he puts it into the pot where the water is already boiling.

287. INT. BEDROOM, LEBEL'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON. 3.00 p.m. 287.

LEBEL is fast asleep as MRS. LEBEL enters.

MRS. LEBEL

Claude ...

She shakes him. No response.

MRS. LEBEL

Claude! ... Wake up!

She shakes him again. Still no response. She crosses to window and throws back the curtains. The bright afternoon sun spills into the room. LEBEL continues to sleep on blissfully. MRS. LEBEL shakes him roughly by the shoulder.

26.1.72.

287. CONTD.

287.

MRS. LEBEL

Claude, for God's sake, wake up, will you?! The Minister wants to see you.

She continues to shake him as LEBEL opens his eyes as though he has just been recalled from the grave.

288. INT. MINISTER'S OFFICE, MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.
AFTERNOON.

288.

The MINISTER, looking tired and strained, gestures LEBEL to a chair opposite his desk. LEBEL, slightly surprised at the immense tiredness of the MINISTER. Pause.

MINISTER

We can't find him. He's vanished.
Just disappeared off the face of the earth.

He sighs. Pause. LEBEL blinks several times and says nothing.

MINISTER

I don't think we ever really had any idea what kind of man you've been pursuing these past two weeks ...

LEBEL

What about tomorrow?

MINISTER

The President will be re-kindling his Eternal Flame at ten. High Mass at eleven. There's only one ceremony in the afternoon, at four o'clock. He'll present Liberation medals to veterans of the Resistance.

LEBEL

What about crowd control?

MINISTER

Crowds are to be kept back at every ceremony further than ever before. Steel barriers ...

289. EXT. A PARIS SQUARE. PRE-DAWN. SUNDAY, AUGUST 25.

289.

The day is about to break. In the half-light an enormous pile of steel barriers is seen stacked against side of Government building. A black cat sits on top of it.

MINISTER

(over)

... Go up several hours before each ceremony; every house inside the barrier-ring is searched from top to bottom, including the sewers.

C.U. SUN, a huge crimson ball rising above the Paris skyline. The day is already hot.

290. EXT. PLACE DE L'ETOILE. SUNRISE.

290.

MINISTER

(over)

... The police and CRS will be issued with special lapel badges at the last moment, in case he tries to masquerade as a security man ...

A line of POLICEMEN shuffle by a fit-up table next to Black Maria where UNIFORMED INSPECTORS and SERGEANTS issue them with new lapel badges. They drop old ones in cardboard box. ARC DE TRIOMPHE is in b.g.

291. INT. ORGAN LOFT. NOTRE DAME. EARLY MORNING.

291.

MINISTER

(over)

... There'll be marksmen inside Notre Dame, even among the congregation.

TWO POLICEMEN climbing to organ loft, their sub-machine guns hanging from their shoulders. The chairs in nave are empty of people.

292. INT. SACRISTY. NOTRE DAME. EARLY MORNING.

292.

MINISTER

(over)

... and the priests celebrating Mass will be searched for concealed weapons ...

PRIESTS robing for High Mass, assisted by ALTAR BOYS. A PLAINCLOTHESMAN and uniformed COPS stand at the door watching every move.

293. EXT. ROOFTOPS ALONG PROCESSION ROUTE. EARLY MORNING.

293.

L.S. long vista of empty rooftops.

MINISTER

(over)

... We'll have marksmen on every rooftop along the procession route.

294. C.S. of huge Tricolour flag being hoisted up under the Arc de Triomphe. SOUND of pigeons cooing.

294.

295. EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES. MORNING.

295.

Crowds are starting to assemble against steel barriers; large numbers of POLICE and stony-faced CRS MEN, sub-machine guns slung over shoulder, are scanning the faces, windows, rooftops, along the procession route. (JOHN BOX FOOTAGE).

295. CONTD.

295.

MINISTER

(over)

... DUMONT has drafted a number of especially tall officers to hedge around the President without him noticing.

L.S. LEBEL approaching CAMERA from a side-street. He is pounced upon by THREE COPS. He flashes his warrant card and they drop back and salute stiffly as he continues.

296. EXT. PLACE DE L'ETOILE. MORNING.

296.

O.S. Cathedral bell starts tolling ten o'clock. Crowd is now packed solid against steel barriers, craning their necks to see the ceremony. (JOHN BOX FOOTAGE). Mingling with crowd at the back is LEBEL, his eyes everywhere. He looks up to rooftops opposite. LEBEL'S P.O.V: PLAINCLOTHESMEN crouch behind chimney stacks, looking down on crowd below with binoculars, high-powered rifles by their side.

297. EXT. ARC DE TRIOMPHE. MORNING.

297.

A band is playing softly over C.U. of Tricolour flag fluttering gently in the breeze. C.U. Eternal Flame flickering.

L.S. SHOOTING OVER BONNET of black D.S. 19 Citroen as group of OFFICIALS move towards Arc de Triomphe. In the centre is a tightly-knit bunch of tall, distinguished OFFICIALS, and in their midst we see De Gaulle's 'kepi'.

C.U. De Gaulle's arm as he reaches out to re-kindle Eternal Flame.

298. EXT. PLACE DE L'ETOILE. MORNING.

298.

LEBEL is in front of barriers, watching. He walks slowly along route, stopping to talk briefly with uniformed INSPECTOR, who shakes his head. LEBEL continues along route, eyes scanning the crowd.

299. EXT. ARC DE TRIOMPHE. MORNING.

299.

Band strikes up quick march. Mounted squadrons of Republican Guard, Paratroopers and tanks start to move out. (JOHN BOX FOOTAGE).

C.S. YOUNG MAN on fringe of crowd dips his hand into inside jacket pocket and is immediately seized by TWO PLAINCLOTHES POLICEMEN standing nearby. He is rushed away to side-street, forced up against doorway and frisked. A cigarette case is removed from inside pocket and YOUNG MAN pantomimes protest. LEBEL watches, then walks on.

DE GAULLE has just climbed in black D.S. 19 Citroen and tall OFFICIALS step back as car drives away, DUVAL at wheel.

300. EXT. CHAMPS ELYSEES. MORNING.

300.

SHOT FROM ROOFTOPS as parade marches down Champs Elysees. Overhead, aircraft cast shadows over procession. Parachute and Alpine Troops march past, with the rumbling tanks closing parade.

C.S. ROOFTOPS: COPS replacing binoculars in case, slinging their rifles back onto their shoulders and climbing down off the roof as parade disappears down Champs Elysees.

301. INT. NOTRE DAME. MORNING.

301.

SHOT FROM ORGAN LOFT: the congregation and high Altar as Mass is celebrated by the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP of Paris, TWO PLAINCLOTHESMEN looking down keenly on congregation. THE NAVE: various shots of sharp-eyed PLAINCLOTHESMEN watching congregation as Mass continues OVER. LEBEL is in one of the shots, his eyes roving over the cornices. The CARDINAL raises his hands in blessing.

CARDINAL

Ore-mus ...

Congregation kneels in prayer; but not the PLAINCLOTHESMEN who remain standing at the side, their eyes open, watching.

302. INT./EXT. PORCH, NOTRE DAME. MORNING.

302.

Odd contrast to sound of Cathedral choir and congregation singing Credo inside as confusion erupts in porch. A CRS MAN is held against wall by TWO COPS and is being questioned by uniformed INSPECTOR. All talk in hissing whispers:

INSPECTOR

Where's your badge? -

CRS MAN

(anguished)

I don't know - I must have lost it -

INSPECTOR

Where'd you lose it? -

CRS MAN

It must have dropped out -

LEBEL comes out.

LEBEL

Take him down to the station -

302. CONTD.

302.

CRS MAN

Look, I've got mates outside - they can
vouch for me -

He's hustled away through main entrance doors.

303. EXT. COURTYARD, ELYSEE PALACE. 1.00 p.m.

303.

C.U. Palace clock reading: 1.00 p.m. GUARDS and POLICE stiffen as DE GAULLE's car sweeps into courtyard. They salute as car passes them and stops at Palace steps.

Visible relief on the faces of SECURITY MEN, all except for LEBEL, who stands alone in a corner of the courtyard. He is now anxious, concerned, really scared. He turns away from CAMERA.

304. EXT. PLACE DE RENNES. DAY.

304.

C.U. station clock reading: 1.20 p.m. The heat is sweltering. In centre of square, OFFICIALS mark out places with pacing sticks. (1)

The chain of crowd barriers stretch across Rue de Rennes 250 metres up street from square. Public are beginning to assemble. A very young CRS man, VALREMY, his blouse sticking to his back, and his sub-machine gun chafing his shoulder, guards one of the barriers. (2)

VALREMY'S P.O.V: an old man with one leg, hobbling down street on steel crutch, his beret stained with sweat and his long greatcoat swishing below his knees. A row of medals is pinned to the greatcoat. It's JACKAL. Several of crowd cast glances of pity as he approaches barrier.

JACKAL

(timidly)

Can I pass, please?

VALREMY

Let's see your papers.

JACKAL fumbles inside his shirt and produces Andre Martin's cards. VALREMY studies them.

VALREMY

Take off your beret.

JACKAL takes off beret and crumples it in his hand, gazing sadly at VALREMY who hands back cards.

VALREMY

What d'you want to go down there for?

JACKAL

I live there. I have a room at a hundred and fifty-four.

304. CONTD.

304.

VALREMY snatches back cards and looks at them. He glances at house above his head. It is 132. He hands back cards.

VALREMY

All right, but don't get into no mischief. Big Charlie's coming along in a couple of hours.

He allows JACKAL through, who hobbles off down the street and enters 154.

305. INT. CONCIERGE'S ROOM, 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY.

305.

CONCIERGE is seated knitting when shadow falls across her. She looks up startled to see JACKAL standing in doorway.

JACKAL

(timidly)

Excuse me, Madame, but... would you be so kind as to give me a drink of water. It's so hot waiting for the ceremony ...

CONCIERGE gets up at once, all smiles.

CONCIERGE

Of course! Come in, come in -

She gets tumbler and runs tap.

CONCIERGE

Are you getting a medal today?

JACKAL

(hobbling towards her)

I got mine two years ago. But one of my mates is -

X JACKAL brings his fist down on right side of CONCIERGE'S head. Tumbler explodes into fragments on floor. X
CONCIERGE slumps into shot. JACKAL opens front of greatcoat and unbuckles leather belt that keeps his right leg strapped up under buttocks. His face tightens with pain as he massages blood back into calf and ankle. Then, grabbing clothes-line from over sink, he trusses up CONCIERGE and gags her with tea towel, dragging her out of sight behind sofa and taking his crutch, leaves room.

306. INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING, 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY.

306.

JACKAL mounts last half-flight and pauses to look down lift shaft before going to door marked 'Mlle Beranger' on name plate. He knocks. No answer. JACKAL takes out key, opens door and goes in.

307. INT. BERANGER'S FLAT. DAY.

307.

JACKAL locks door from inside. The room is in semi-darkness, only a thin shaft of light falls onto carpet. Dust covers are on all furniture in room. JACKAL crosses quickly to window and unclips window lock, swinging one half of frame inward very slightly.

He's only just in time. On rooftops of distant houses opposite, CRS MEN are moving into position. JACKAL steps well back, keeping to the shadows. He can see the square, five floors down. He sets up living-room table, removing dust sheet and replacing it with a pair of cushions from armchair.

He strips off his greatcoat and rolls up his sleeves. He takes crutch and unscrews the piece section by section. The black rubber ferule on the end is unscrewed, revealing shells. The next section is removed and the silencer slides out. The thickest part of the crutch reveals breech and barrel of gun. From Y-shaped frame, he slides out two steel rods which, fitted together, become rifle's stock. Lastly, the padded armpit slides onto stock to become shoulder-guard, with the trigger embedded in the padding. He clips on telescopic sight, rests gun barrel on table and squints through telescope.

JACKAL lines up cartridges on edge of table. With finger and thumb he slides back rifle's bolt and eases first shell into breech. He locks it as O.S., station clock sounds the half-hour. JACKAL rests rifle carefully on cushions and fumbles for cigarettes. Leaning back, he draws hard on cigarette to wait.

308. INT. GARE MONTPARNASSE. DAY.

308.

Station clock reads: 3.20. L.S. LEBEL crossing deserted station. Distant figures of CRS MEN with sub-machine guns perched atop the great engine sheds, high above silent platforms. Suddenly, a loud, echoing shout makes LEBEL freeze in his tracks.

CRS MAN

Stay where you are! Don't move!

ZOOM IN on CRS MAN standing on engine shed, his sub-machine gun pointing down menacingly at LEBEL. Sound of running feet Off. ZOOM OUT to show TWO CRS MEN racing over towards LEBEL, their sub-machine guns at the ready. LEBEL waits, and when they run up flashes his warrant card. They stiffen and step back as he walks on, surveying security positions.

309. EXT. FACADE, GARE MONTPARNASSE. DAY. 309.

LEBEL comes out from main entrance and stands on top step. He is joined by TWO POLICE INSPECTORS and they confer, pointing to rooftops and steel barriers along Boulevard de Montparnasse and Rue de Rennes. CAMERA PANS as they point to show both streets with distant crowds behind steel barriers. Station clock reads: 3.40.

310. EXT. STEEL BARRIERS, BOULEVARD DE MONTPARNASSE. DAY. 310.

L.S. LEBEL working his way along barriers, asking CRS MEN questions. As he approaches and flashes warrant card, they stiffen to attention. Then shake their heads.

311. EXT. RUE DE RENNES. DAY. 311.

The station clock reads 2 minutes to 4, one minute to 4. An order is shouted and police, guards and officials stand stiffly to attention as the first of a line of sleek black Citroens cruise silently into square.

OFFICER

Guards ... Attennnn-tion

LEBEL is now at barrier, passing through the crowds who are straining to see arrival of President. LEBEL approaches VALREMY and flashes his warrant card. VALREMY stiffens.

LEBEL

Anybody pass this way?

At this moment, the band strikes up the Marseillaise as last of the Citroens enter square behind LEBEL. Some of the crowd take up the Anthem, making it impossible for us to hear what is passing between LEBEL and VALREMY who points in direction of 154. The only thing we hear is LEBEL saying:

LEBEL

A crutch? -

He breaks into a run towards number 154, turning to yell to VALREMY:

LEBEL

Follow me! -

The crowd behind barriers are in full voice and the officials in square are rigid as Marseillaise continues.

312. INT. HALLWAY & CONCIERGE'S ROOM. 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY. 312

LEBEL followed by VALREMY come crashing into the hallway, panting.

312. CONTD.

312.

LEBEL

Where's the concierge?!

VALREMY

Don't know sir -

LEBEL tries parlour door. It's locked. He smashes in frosted-glass panel with elbow, reaches inside and opens door. They dash inside to find CONCIERGE trussed up behind sofa, still unconscious.

313. INT. BERANGER'S FLAT. DAY.

313.

Down in the square below, the last notes of National Anthem die away, replaced by great silence.

GUARDS OFFICER

(over)

Pres-e-e-e-nt Arms!

OVER: three precise crashes as rifle-butts and magazines are smacked and heels come together.

JACKAL raises his rifle and squints down into square.

SNIPERSCOPE SHOT: the rifle picking out first WAR VETERAN. His head in C.U., very clear, very large, reminding us of melon in forest.

SHOOTING OVER JACKAL'S SHOULDER, we see tall OFFICIALS round Citroen part, falling back in two halves. From centre, DE GAULLE emerges and begins to stalk towards line of WAR VETERANS, accompanied only by MINISTER OF ANCIENT COMBATTANTS and OFFICIAL carrying a velvet cushion with ten medals on it.

314. INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING. 154 RUE DE RENNES. DAY.

314.

Through lift shaft, we see LEBEL racing up the stairs panting heavily, shortly followed by VALREMY, sub-machine gun at the ready.

315. INT. BERANGER'S FLAT. DAY.

315.

JACKAL takes careful aim.

M.S. of DE GAULLE saluting before stepping forward and taking medal from cushion. He stoops to pin it on WAR VETERAN's chest.

FLASH C.U. of JACKAL aiming rifle.

SNIPERSCOPE SHOT: DE GAULLE pinning on the medal. He stands up straight. The cross wires are on his temple.

C.U.: The trigger about to be squeezed.

315. CONTD.

315.

SNIPERSCOPE SHOT: DE GAULLE snaps his head forward and solemnly plants a kiss on each cheek of WAR VETERAN, as the 'phut' of the silencer goes for nothing.

X JACKAL reacts in astonishment and disbelief. He grabs X another cartridge from the table.

316. INT. TOP FLOOR LANDING AND HALL. 154 RUE DE RENNES.
DAY.

316.

LEBEL and VALREMY reach top floor landing and pause to listen as the click of the bolt is heard within Beranger's flat. LEBEL points to lock.

LEBEL

Shoot it off!

He steps back as VALREMY fires at lock. Wood, metal fly everywhere. Door buckles and VALREMY rushes in. LEBEL on his heels.

317. INT. BERANGER'S FLAT. DAY.

317.

JACKAL rises from behind table and, swinging in one smooth motion at a half-crouch, he fires from the hip. There is a 'phut' and VALREMY is struck in the chest by the bullet. He is dead, instantly. JACKAL grabs a cartridge from table. LEBEL and JACKAL face each other across the carpet.

LEBEL

Jackal ...

JACKAL

Lebel ...

JACKAL begins to stuff cartridge into breech. As he reloads, LEBEL drops to his knees and grabs sub-machine gun, swinging it upwards with one hand and clawing at the trigger. JACKAL snaps home the breech of the rifle.

LEBEL pulls the trigger of sub-machine gun. The exploding ammunition hits JACKAL in the chest, picks him up, and half-turns him in the air before slamming his body into an untidy heap in the far corner of the room.

LEBEL stands and looks down at his adversary.

In the square below, no-one has noticed the shooting. O.S. the band is playing 'Mon Regiment et Ma Patrie'.

318. INT. CALTHROP'S FLAT, LONDON. EVENING.

318.

C.U. CALTHROP's face, registering complete astonishment.

CALTHROP

What the hell do you think you're doing?

318. CONTD.

318.

PULL BACK to show CALTHROP standing at doorway with his fishing tackle, staring at HUGHES and 2ND DETECTIVE who are going through his things.

HUGHES

(warily)

... Who are you?

CALTHROP

Calthrop. Charles Calthrop. And this is my bloody flat!

HUGHES and 2ND DETECTIVE cast nervous glances at each other.

HUGHES

... I think you'd better come down to the Yard.

CALTHROP

(livid)

Too bloody right I will!

319. INT. MALLINSON'S OFFICE, SCOTLAND YARD. DAY.

319.

MALLINSON is lounging behind his desk, talking to THOMAS over a cup of tea.

MALLINSON

There can be no question, of Her Majesty's Government ever conceding that this Jackal fellow was an Englishman at all. So far as one can see there was a period when a certain Englishman came under suspicion, but he has now been cleared ...

320. EXT. SUBURBAN CEMETERY. DAY.

320.

Coffin of JACKAL is being lowered into the earth by TWO GRAVEDIGGERS, watched only by PRIEST and LEBEL. As it descends slowly:

MALLINSON

(over)

... Certainly the chappie masqueraded as an Englishman, but he also masqueraded as a Dane, and a Frenchman, so there's no way of proving his identity at all.

Coffin disappears. PRIEST sprinkles holy water into grave.

320. CONTD.

320.

LEBEL, still exhausted, tries to stifle a yawn and doesn't succeed. He turns to leave as the TWO GRAVEDIGGERS start shovelling back the earth and THOMAS says over:

THOMAS

(over)

X But if the Jackal isn't Calthrop -
then who the hell was he? ...

L.S. LEBEL walking away through the unkempt grass and gravestones.

- THE END -