

C A S T

John McKittrick (Kit)

Toni Donne

Inspector Tobin

Detective Sergeant Moore

Doctor Gudmundson

Mama Lepetino

Papa Lepetino

Ab Hamilton

Barbara Taviton (Barby)

Dr. Christian Skaas

Otto Skaas

Whitney Hamilton

Anton Bibescu

Carlo Lepetino

Jake Lepetino

Román

Pierre - elevator boy

Danny - cab driver

Prince Francois de Namur

THE FALLEN SPARROW

Screen Play

by

Warren Duff

FADE IN

EXT. SKYLINE OF NEW YORK - DAY

- 1 LONG SHOT - skyline, seen from the Pennsylvania railroad's approach; SHOOTING through the iron-lace of a crossing railroad bridge, getting the skyscrapers in the distance.
- PAN CAMERA DOWN to get a streamlined train as it speeds toward the city.

DISSOLVE

INT. TRAIN - PULLMAN - DAY

- 2 TRUCK SHOT. A porter finishes brushing a passenger; he takes his tip.

PORTER

Thank yo', sir.

He moves on down the aisle, we FOLLOW WITH him. He comes to the next occupied section, turns to face John McKittrick who is sitting staring out the window, his elbow on the window ledge, his cheek cupped in the palm of his hand.

PORTER (cont'd)

Brush yo' off, sir?

Kit is too deep in thought to come out of it. His face is hard, his eyes narrow as he stares out.

PORTER (cont'd)

(repeating)

Brush yo' off, sir?

Kit turns his face from the window, looks up. He shakes his head.

KIT

No, thanks.

PORTER

Cah'ry out this bag, sir?

He indicates a small bag on the opposite seat.

KIT

Come back for it.

He tips the porter.

(CONTINUED)

PORTER

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

Kit takes his arm from the window ledge; he leans forward, pulls the bag toward him. Passengers are moving forward toward the vestibule; they chatter among themselves: "Hard to get any kind of space these days." "Look at me - two days late - I got yanked off the plane at Phoenix." "What about rooms - Washington, I mean? Did you get fixed up?" Etc., etc. Kit moves so that his body hides his actions from those in the aisle. He opens the bag, takes out a small, flat automatic, shoves it under his coat near his left arm-pit. Then he takes out several old letters and envelopes and an old newspaper clipping. He shoves the bag to the other seat again, leans back, looks through the papers. The letters he stuffs in his pocket. He looks at the clipping. The lines on his face deepen.

INSERT

THE CLIPPING: It's creased and worn from a month's age. It reads: "POLICE DETECTIVE A SUICIDE - LIEUT. LOUIE LEPETINO JUMPS FROM HOTEL WINDOW."

3

CLOSE SHOT - Kit, staring at it. He refolds it, pockets it. He leans his head back against the seat, looks out the window. The train hits the tunnel, the window goes black; the lights of the car dimly reflect. Kit is staring at his own reflection in the black of the window. His eyes are deep and glazed and tired. The roar of the train rushing through the tunnel is loud now. Kit stares at the reflection of his own eyes. Softly, barely audible over this, though Kit's lips do not move:

KIT'S VOICE

All right - go on. Let's have it. Can you go through with it? Have you got the guts for it? Or have they knocked it out of you - have they made you yellow...?

PORTER'S VOICE

Take it now, sir?

4

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Kit rubs his hands over his face, then, after a moment, he turns; the porter is reaching for the bag.

KIT

Yeah. All right.

PORTER

Comin' right in, sir.

Kit nods; the porter moves off with the bag. Kit rises, picks up his overcoat, climbs into it, takes his hat, puts it on, moves down the aisle.

INT. TRAIN - VESTIBULE - DAY

5 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit. His hands in his pockets, as he leans against the corridor, the last in line. The train is slowing for the station. A girl in a mink coat moves down the corridor, thrusting her way past the lined up men. She comes abreast of Kit. The train lurches. The girl stumbles, brushes against Kit. He holds up his hands to save her.

6 CLOSE TWO SHOT. He looks down to see the white face, blue eyes, long lashes, black shining hair of a very pretty girl.

GIRL
(recovering)
I'm sorry.

KIT
It's all right.

She moves on. Kit turns to look after her.

7 REVERSE SHOT - Kit's ANGLE. The girl moves down the corridor. Her figure is decidedly interesting; her legs are exceptional.

8 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, looking after her; a short gleam of appreciation comes to his eyes, then he turns ahead again. The train has come to a stop - the line begins to move forward. Kit follows.

DISSOLVE

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION - TAXI STAND - DAY

9 MED. SHOT. The redcap has thrown Kit's bags into a cab. Kit is tipping him. He climbs in; speaks to the cab driver.

KIT
Sixteenth Precinct Headquarters.

The cabby raises an eyebrow but instantly dead pans again. He nods. The cab moves out.

DISSOLVE

INT. 16TH PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS - STATION ROOM - DAY

10 MED. SHOT. Kit walks in, carrying his two bags. He dumps them before the desk. The cop at the desk looks over his paper.

KIT
Where's Tobin?

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT
(eyeing Kit)
Who?

KIT
Tobin. Inspector Tobin. Toby.

SERGEANT
His office's down on Centre Street.

KIT
Don't give me that. He's hung
out here since he was a rookie.
Where is he?

SERGEANT
(squinting)
You're so smart - you find him.

Kit kicks his bags.

KIT
Keep an eye on these. I don't
want 'em hooked.

The Sergeant comes up from behind his paper again to
eye Kit as he walks toward the rear door.

INT. 16TH PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS - REAR ROOM - DAY

11 The room is empty except for a desk and a bench. Kit
crosses through, into the next office.

INT. 16TH PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS - TOBIN'S OFFICE - DAY

12 MED. SHOT. The same sort of small room, also with a
desk and a bench. Seated at the desk is Tobin, medium
sized but powerful, somewhere in his middle forties.
He wears his hat and has a lighted cigarette between
his lips. He is on the phone. On the bench is another
plain clothes cop, Sergeant Moore, big, lanky, red-faced.
He is immersed in a tabloid. Kit comes in, stands
before the desk, his feet spraddled. He waits, sizing
up Tobin.

TOBIN
(into phone)
Um hum... um hum.... sure, Joe.
Any time... um hum....
(lifts an eye
to Kit)
Sure...you call me.

He hangs up. He looks up at Kit.

KIT
You're Inspector Tobin?

TOBIN
Um hum.

(CONTINUED)

KIT
Head of Homicide?

TOBIN
Um hum.

KIT
Why'd you give out Louie's death
was accidental?

TOBIN
Louie?
(voice is quiet)
You mean Louie Lepetino?

KIT
Yeah.

Moore is staring up at him; Tobin swings around in his
chair.

TOBIN
(easily)
Because it was.

KIT
(also easily)
You know that's a lot of malarkey.

Moore gets up, moves slowly toward the desk.

MOORE
Who're you, Mister?

KIT
I'm John McKittrick.

13 CLOSER GROUP SHOT. The name is familiar; Tobin and
Moore exchange a glance, but Tobin's face is impassive
as he grinds out his cigarette. He nods.

TOBIN
Yeah - now I've got you. You're
old Chris' son. Glad to see you,
sit down.

(represses a yawn)
I used to work for your father
in the old East Side days. Too
bad he left the force. He
might've still been with us. I
got an opinion gettin' in the
big money never does anyone any
good...

KIT
(curtly)
All right, you've got an opinion -
but let's stop cuttin' up the
applecake. I came here to find
out about Louie.

(CONTINUED)

TOBIN
Friend of yours?

KIT
Since we were kids. You know
that.

TOBIN
(easily)
Where you been hiding out?

MOORE
(following up the shot)
Yeah - you weren't at the church.
Louie had a swell funeral.

The shot hits home; Kit frowns; he explains.

KIT
I was in Arizona on a dude ranch.
Taking a rest....

TOBIN
From Spain?

Kit nods.

TOBIN (cont'd)
Yeah - I heard something about
that.

KIT
I didn't know about Louie until
I read about it in a month-old
newspaper. I caught the next
train.

TOBIN
(regarding Kit)
Um hum...

KIT
(leaning forward)
You know Louie didn't kill himself.

TOBIN
(eyes veil his
interest)
I didn't say that. I said it
was an accident.

Kit rises angrily. He stands over the desk; his face
is hard.

KIT
The toughest cop on the force
falls out of a window! Don't
give me that! I knew Louie!

Tobin lights a match on the sole of his shoe; lights
another cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

TOBIN

Maybe playin' dude on an Arizona ranch you sort of got out of touch. Maybe you didn't know that Louie got mixed up in a crowd - your kind of crowd. Park Avenue and a couple of refugee princes. What do you think of that?

KIT

(clipped)

I don't like this. I don't like any part of it. You know Louie didn't fall out of any window. What's the angle?

TOBIN

(quietly)

There isn't any angle. Maybe you think you know more than the whole homicide squad - or maybe you got psychic on that dude ranch.

(gets up -
suddenly hard)

Listen: Arizona lets you guys play cowboy as long as you can pay for it. But I'll be blessed if New York's goin' to let you play detective - even if your name is McKittrick. Run along now. Forget it. You'll have more fun uptown.

There is a moment as their eyes meet and hold; Kit knows he can't get anything more.

KIT

All right, sweetheart. But let's leave it straight. I'm going to find out what happened - and I'm going to find out why you're covering.

TOBIN

Run along, son.

PAN WITH Kit as he goes to the door.

TOBIN'S VOICE

An' don't get a headache.

Kit stops; he's grinning a little. He turns.

KIT

Louie got me a permit to carry a gun. His "accident" doesn't shelve that, does it?

Changes
"THE FALLEN SPARROW"

14 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Tobin and Moore.

TOBIN

Good for a year.
(squinting at Kit)
Why'd you want to carry a gun?

15 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GROUP. Kit's grin widens but it isn't funny.

KIT

To shoot people with, sweetheart.

He goes out, bangs the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

16 MED. SHOT before an exclusive apartment house on the upper East Side. Kit is paying the cab driver; he carries his bags toward the apartment entrance.

WIPE

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - LATE AFTERNOON

17 MED. SHOT. Kit is pressing the bell; presently the door is opened by Ab Parker. Ab is in dinner clothes. He is surprised and delighted to see Kit.

KIT

Hello, Ab...

AB

Kit! Well, you old dog! Hello!

They shake hands warmly.

AB (cont'd)

What are you doing back?

KIT

Thought I'd had enough.

AB

Well, this is really good news.
Come on in...

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON

18 PANNING SHOT as Ab leads him in, taking one of the bags from him.

KIT

Mind if I bunk with you a few days?

AB

Try to go anywhere else. You'll have the place to yourself for a while. I've got to go to Washington late tonight.

(puts bag down)

Put 'em down anywhere -- the man'll unpack you when he gets back.

They put the bags down, Ab grabs Kit, leads him toward the living room. PAN WITH them as they cross.

AB (cont'd)

Come on -- I want a good look at you. How are you, anyway?

INT. AB'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

19 As they come in. Kit takes off his coat; Ab stands before him, smiling, looking him over carefully.

KIT

I'm okay.

AB

Yeah. You look it.

(grins)

I guess the ranch was the right answer.

(sincerely)

It's really great to have you back, Kit.

KIT

(simply)

Thanks, Ab.

He moves to throw his coat on a sofa. Ab continues to watch him.

AB

And you're okay?

KIT

Yeah.

AB

(insistent)

Sure?

20 CLOSE SHOT. ~~AB~~ KIT. He turns, smiles.

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10

KIT
I never felt better. Scars all
healed. Weigh what I should.
Eat well. Sleep well.
(holds out
his hand)
Steady as a rock.
(grins)

21 CLOSE TWO SHOT. Ab means it, but he says it lightly.

AB
No more noises?

KIT
(evading a
direct look)
No.

AB
Swell.

Kit still avoids Ab's eyes. He moves into the room.

AB (cont'd)
This calls for a celebration.
Have a drink?

KIT
Thanks.
(sits in a chair)
You going out?

21a MED. CLOSE SHOT - Ab. He has moved to the decanter,
begins to pour two highballs. He frowns.

AB
Barby's giving a party for
some refugees. That's her
latest craze. Come along, will
you? You won't have to dress.

21b MED. TWO SHOT. Kit hesitates slightly, then:

KIT
All right.

Ab moves to Kit, hands him his glass.

AB
Here. -- Wasn't Barby the
reason you came rushing back
to town?

KIT
No -- not exactly.

(CONTINUED)

AB
Here's to you, Kit.

KIT
Thanks.

They drink.

21c ANGLE SHOT. Ab is still studying Kit. Then:

AB
Was it because of Louie
Lepetino?

Kit glances quickly at Ab; their eyes hold for a moment.

KIT
What do you know about it,
Ab?

AB
Nothing much. I wasn't there
when it happened.

KIT
(studying his
glass)
One of Barby's parties -- and
Louie fell from the top floor
window.

AB
That's the way they tell it.

KIT
Who?

AB
All of them. You'll meet most
of 'em tonight.

Kit nods.

AB (cont'd)
Louie got you out of Spain,
didn't he?

KIT
How'd you know that?

AB
A guess.

21d ANOTHER ANGLE. Ab leans forward, watching Kit closely.

AB
Kit -- can you talk about it,
now?

Kit rises impatiently; his jaw muscles tighten involuntarily; he doesn't like the idea. He moves away, speaks with a show of defensive anger.

KIT

I tell you I'm okay... !

AB

Sure you are. But will you tell me about it? I'd like to know. I've got a reason.

21e CLOSE SHOT - Kit. Not looking at Ab; as before:

KIT

What is this -- a test?

21f CLOSE TWO SHOT.

AB

You know better than that.

KIT

(quietly)

What do you want to know?

AB

How it was in Spain -- when they held you. When you came back before -- you couldn't talk about it.

21g MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He moves to the fireplace, stands for a moment.

KIT

No. But I can now.

(takes a drink -

forces himself

to speak easily)

It was pretty tough. You didn't think you could take it -- but you did. It was like somebody'd stuffed you in a bottle and put the cork in. It was hot and it was dark -- and you lived mostly by the sounds...

He turns, faces across the room. At first he speaks easily, then with more tension as he gradually begins to relive it.

(CONTINUED)

You'd know it was morning when you heard the birds -- and you'd know it was Sunday because of the bells. In the dark there you'd get to know everything by the sounds -- like the padding in the corridor that'd be a barefoot peasant -- an' the boots of the Nazi guards -- and the screaming sometimes of some of the others. A key turning in a lock or a squeaky hinge -- there was water dripping out in the hall to the left somewhere -- that was bad sometimes because you didn't have much to drink. You got pretty good on sounds -- and they helped except when you knew it'd been long enough between times an' then you'd wait there for the boots to come -- and the drag of that foot -- when that came you knew they'd come in and take you upstairs and beat you and do their little tricks. Maybe it'd be only a little while between times...

(voice is rising
unconsciously as he
is carried back by
the memory)

and then I'd hear the drag of that foot -- and I'd try to get back against the wall like there was a hole there you'd crawl into -- only there wasn't a hole -- and I'd try to hide on the floor in the corner... feel like a dog that's been whipped and cut...

(emotion makes him
almost incoherent)

...and I'd cry an' yell -- tell 'em to stay out, the filthy rats... it was too soon... it'd only been the day before... it was too soon again.

(voice is uneven)

...I couldn't stand it again -- not so soon... they knew it... they didn't want me to die... they couldn't let me die... but I couldn't stand it again... I'd have to tell...

AB

Take it easy, Kit...

21h

MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT. Kit looks away, rubs his
hand over his eyes. Presently he continues calmly,
in an even, toneless voice.

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14

KIT

Well, that's the way it was --
over and over. There'd be the
sound of the limp in the hall --
I never saw him, the one who
limped, but then the others would
come in and take me upstairs.
They'd work over me. Between
times they had always thought up
new ideas, the sadistic swine.
Then they'd throw me back in the
cell -- and it'd go on all over
again.

(facing Ab - a
trace of anger)

Well, how'm I doing?

AB

(very quietly -
not looking at him)

I'm sorry, Kit... I didn't mean
to bring it back to you...

KIT

I tell you I'm all right! I've
licked it...

AB

I know...

(rises)

Louie got you out of all that...

KIT

Yeah.

He drains his drink; he wants no more, wants to get away
quickly.

KIT (cont'd)

(indicating)

That my room?

AB

Yes.

KIT

I'll clean up...

He moves out fast.

21i

CLOSE SHOT - Ab, looking after him, deep concern on his
face.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

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15

EXT. STREET - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

22

A tenement street crowded and dirty. A cab pulls up, Kit gets out, pays the driver as CAMERA MOVES IN and TRUCKS WITH him as he goes down the street. He looks around at the place of his boyhood. A priest passes him.

KIT

'Afternoon, Father.

PRIEST

'Afternoon, son.

Then the priest pauses; there is something familiar about the man but he can't place him. Kit only grins and goes on. He comes to the stairs of a tenement, mounts them quickly. He questions a group of women sitting on the stairs.

KIT

Mama Lepetino - second floor?

WOMAN

(nodding)

Second floor.

Kit goes up and in.

WIPE

INT. TENEMENT - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

23

Kit comes to the door, knocks on it, opens the door, goes in.

INT. TENEMENT - LEPETINO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

24

MED. SHOT. A good room for the building; well furnished; Mama's sons have money, she doesn't have to live here; but she won't move. Kit enters, takes off his hat, calls:

KIT

Mama...Mama Lopetino!

Mama, big and buxom and old-world, appears from the kitchen. She looks at Kit, her eyes wide.

MAMA

Kit! Kit....it ees you!

(yelling back
into the kitchen)

Papa - it ees Kit!

She makes it across the room as fast as she can; Kit meets her midway. She takes him in her arms.

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Mama is crying. Kit pats her. Papa Lepetino follows his big mustache into the room, to Kit. Kit offers his hand around Mama's back. Papa takes it.

PAPA

Ees nice, Kit. Ees nice!

MAMA

We knew you would come, Kit.
Always before - when he was boy -
when Louie was in trouble -
you'd come. Now...
(she cries)

(CONTINUED)

KIT
(comforting her)
I know, Mama

MAMA
He always try to do too much --
he try to fight the beeg fellows
and always he got hurt -- and you
would come help him. Now...

She cries, goes off into a string of Italian; Papa strokes his mustache and winks back a tear. Kit makes little noises of comfort to Mama.

PAPA
You find out, Kit?

KIT
Yeah. I'll find out. It wasn't
an accident.

PAPA
No.

KIT
You got any ideas, Papa?

PAPA
No. We do not see Louie for some
time before. He ees going around
with thees people.

KIT
What people?

PAPA
Thees very swell people.

Kit nods; he remembers Tobin's words. Mama has regained her composure.

KIT
(to Papa)
Inspector Tobin says it was an
accident.

PAPA
Yes. Why he say that?

KIT
I don't know.

MAMA
You stay an' have supper, Kit.

KIT
No, Mama -- I can't. I've got
to run. I'll be back in a couple
of days - then we'll have a real
visit.

(CONTINUED)

Kit kisses her; he turns. On a table is a large photograph of Louie. For a moment they all silently regard it.

MAMA

(tearful)

He was a good boy.

KIT

(simply)

He was a great guy.

PAPA

You find out, Kit?

KIT

I'll find out, Papa.

He goes to the door, grins at them.

KIT (cont'd)

(in Italian)

Adio mici amici.

(Good-bye, my friends.)

PAPA

(in Italian)

Adio mio figlio. Il dio ve
accompagni.

(Good-bye, my son. God go
with you.)

Kit goes out.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

26 MED. SHOT. In the East Sixties, just off Park. Kit and Ab are crossing from a cab to an old-family home. They mount the stairs to the vestibule, ring. The door is opened by a butler.

INT. TAVITON HOME - RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

27- MED. SHOT as Kit and Ab are let in. Beyond we glimpse
28 men and women in evening clothes, hear the sounds of a party. The butler takes Kit's hat, helps him out of his coat.

BUTLER

Good evening, Mr. McKittrick.

KIT

Evening, Peter.

(CONTINUED)

BUTLER

Good evening, Mr. Parker.

AB

Hello, Peter.

Relieved of their coats, they move on. Near the drawing room doors, they hear a girl's voice:

BARBY

Kit!

AB

Ah -- here's the Miss Taviton.

Barby comes running up to them. She is vivacious, excited, happy to see Kit, pleased with the change in him.

BARBY

Darling!

KIT

Hello, Barby.

BARBY

(looking him
over)

Kit, darling...you're looking
marvelous!

KIT

(grinning)

Thanks. You look good, too.

BARBY

Oh, this is wonderful!

She kisses him. Kit is strangely unresponsive to the kiss. Barby looks at him quizzically.

BARBY (cont'd)

(smiling)

Well? Why all the reserve?

KIT

(taking her arm)

Too many people around. I'll
see you later.

BARBY

Hello, Ab.

(to Kit)

Darling, ever since Ab phoned
I've been in a whirl. Come on
in -- there're some people I
want you to meet -- we were just
talking about you...

(turns her head)

Ab...?

(CONTINUED)

AB

In a moment.

Barby pays little attention to Ab, who turns, moves off.
She leads Kit into the room.

INT. TAVITON HOME - DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

29 FOLLOW SHOT. Barby guides Kit through the crowd,
protecting him, smilingly shaking her head when some of
the people try to detain him. It all moves fast; the
dialogue overlaps.

GUESTS

(ad libs)

Kit -- good heavens -- look at
the man!

Barby, let him alone -- let's
have him...

Kit -- it's great to see you!

Here -- have a drink, Kit...

May I kiss him, Barby?

Hello, Old-Timer -- glad to see
you back...

Etc.

Kit answers: "Hello, Ed; how are you, Martin; Bill;
hello, Julie; thanks, Steve, I need a drink," etc.

BARBY

(during this)

Let him alone...

No, you can't have him...

Go away, Julie...

You'll see him later.

Etc.

She steers him through to the fireplace.

30 MED. CLOSE SHOT at fireplace. Dr. Christian Skaas and
Otto Skaas watch as they come up. The doctor is
somewhere in his sixties, of an albino complexion. He
sits relaxed in his wheel chair, his knees covered with
a shawl. Otto, blond, blue-eyed, arrogant, is leaning
casually against the mantelpiece. Kit comes up with
Barby, meets the two pair of cold, smiling blue eyes.
The two men are strangers to Kit but he knows where they
fit; Kit's face tightens. He keeps Barby's arm linked
in his left; he has a highball in his right.

BARBY

Kit -- Dr. Skaas -- and Otto
Skaas -- John McKittrick.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

(easily)
How d'you do...

OTTO

How do you do.

DR. SKAAS

(smiling pleasantly)
How do you do, sir. Miss Taviton
was telling us that you fought in
Spain?

KIT

I was there for a while.

DR. SKAAS

I am very interested, Mr. McKittrick.
I am at present engaged on a work
having to do with the cruelties of
men - toward other men - from
earliest time to the present. Your
opinion on Spain's contribution would
be invaluable.

Kit meets the doctor's smile.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

Could an invalid impose on you to
visit him?

KIT

Glad to be of service.

DR. SKAAS

Thank you.

(chuckles)

I was just frightening Miss
Taviton. I was comparing modern
scientific torture with the
methods of the ancients.

Their eyes hold; the Doctor's smiling; Kit's steady.
But they both are aware of the game.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

Shall I continue?

KIT

(nods)

Go right ahead.

31

CLOSE ANGLE GROUP SHOT. Otto's eyes never leave Kit;
Barby, as she listens, tingles pleasantly with a sensation
of horror; her nostrils widen, her breath comes slightly
faster, her eyes are alive with the thrill. Skaas
mouthes his words lovingly, glancing from Barby to Kit.

(CONTINUED)

DR. SKAAS

I was saying that the ancients were far too violent. They concerned themselves with a purely physical torture - for instance, the old pastimes of boiling the body in oil - of breaking it on the rack - of crushing it in a press as grapes and olives were pressed in making wine and oil -- primitive ideas, you see - for release by death comes too quickly.

Kit nods; Barby's eyes gleam.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

The ancient Asiatics, on the other hand, displayed a greater cunning. Ah! And here it begins. Here we have the fore-runners of the moderns. There is imagination now, for now is conceived the idea of combining mental torture with the purely physical. For example - the old practice of dripping water - drop by drop - on the forehead of the victim...

Tiny beads of perspiration have appeared on the sides of Kit's nostrils. Skaas smiles up at him, but Kit grins, sips his highball.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

...drop by drop for hour after hour and day after day - until the weight of each drop - the shock of it - mounts until it becomes unbearable - and yet must be borne! Then - and here is the principle of all modern torture - release is given. The dripping is stopped. Yes! The victim is revived, just at the borderline of sanity. He is refreshed.

(smile is cherubic)

Then - ah! - then follows an interval during which the victim tortures himself - waiting - knowing that the operation will be repeated. And it is repeated, most assuredly -- with perhaps several new variations.

(pauses - smiles)

You see my point?

BARBY

(thrilled)

How perfectly ghastly...!

DR. SKAAS

(nodding)

You see the beauty of the idea?
That is good. Mental torture --
in which the victim actively
collaborates. I could tell you
of many, oh, of very many,
ingenious methods...

32 ANGLE SHOT. They are interrupted by others who come crowding up, some with their furs and overcoats. During this, Dr. Skaas smiles up at Kit who resists the temptation to wipe the perspiration from his nose.

GIRL

Barby -- come on -- hadn't we
better get started?

MAN

It's after nine, now...

BARBY

All right.

(to Kit)

Come along, Kit -- it's a Refugee
Ball -- it doesn't matter about
dressing...

OTTO

(taking her along)

Barby -- if you please...?

Barby and Otto move off with the others, Otto glancing arrogantly at Kit as he takes her off. Ab comes up to Kit, touches at his sleeve.

AB

Come along with me.

Kit follows him through the room.

DISSOLVE

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT - (PROCESS)

33 MED. CLOSE SHOT. A light snow is falling as the cab drives down Park Avenue. The cab is just moving out. Kit and Ab settle in their seats.

AB

Great bunch, what?

KIT

Who are the Skaases?

(CONTINUED)

AB

A couple of refugee pets of
Barby's. The doctor's the
famous Norwegian historian.
It seems he escaped from Norway
just before the Nazis got in.

KIT

Who's the blond wolf?

A shadow of pain crosses Ab's eyes. He turns away to
look out of the window.

AB

Otto? Yeah -- he's too interested
in Barby.
(glances back
at Kit)
Maybe you'd better smack him
down.

KIT

(grins)
Who is he?

AB

The nephew. They're both friends
of the Prince Francois de Namur.
Live in the same apartment house.
The Prince is big stuff with the
refugees -- The old Skaas seems
to be okay. He's been pretty well
identified.

KIT

How about Otto?

AB

He's taken on his father's word.
He got out by the underground.
Automatically that put him on the
proscribed list.

KIT

You believe all that?

AB

D'you mind if I don't?

KIT

(grinning)
I don't mind at all.
(sober)

Were the Skaases at the party
when Louie -- had the "accident"?

AB

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

The cab has pulled up, Ab moves forward in his seat, reaches for the door. Before he opens it,

AB (cont'd)

Look, Kit -- talk to Whitney about the Skaases.

KIT

Whitney?

AB

The Imp -- my cousin.

KIT

Oh.

AB

She'll be here tonight. Talk to her. She was at that party...

KIT

Thanks...

Ab moves to get out. Kit sits for a moment, looking after him, thoughtful.

DISSOLVE

INT. WALDORF HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

34 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney and Anton. On the dance floor, near the orchestra platform, Whitney is singing and Anton is accompanying her on the piano. The number is "Tsigane." Whitney Hamilton's voice is full and husky, surprising from such a slim-figured, childlike youngster. Anton is a swarthy, handsome young man with a shock of wild black hair. He plays passionately.

CAMERA SLOWLY DRAWS BACK getting the ballroom of the Waldorf, crowded, the dancers standing in couples around the edges of the floor, their dancing momentarily suspended as they watch and listen to the wild, pagan music.

35 CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Barby. (NOTE: We won't need a large set for the ballroom; simply an orchestra platform, for the rest of the room should be dark for our effect, so that we can shoot past the crowd to blackness, keeping everything in close shots.) On the floor; they sway slightly in time to the music, still in a dancing position. Kit frowns as he watches Whitney. He is trying to place her.

36

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Whitney and Anton, as they finish the number. The silence that breaks on the final note is almost a physical shock. Then the room breaks out in applause. Whitney smiles, bows; Anton looks about the room almost contemptuously. The orchestra resumes dance music.

24b

37

CLOSE FOLLOW SHOT - Kit and Barby. They dance. Barby smiles up at him.

BARBY

She's improved, hasn't she?

KIT

Who?

BARBY

Whitney. That's Whitney Hamilton.

KIT

(chuckles)

The Imp.

(CONTINUED)

BARBY

Oh, she's a big girl now. Sings
professionally at the Fifty.

KIT

Society stuff?

BARBY

Not so much. She's on her own.
Her father wouldn't have it.
Threw her out.

Kit looks off; follows Whitney's progress across the
room.

38 MED. SHOT - from Kit's ANGLE. Whitney moves through the
dancers toward a big table. She passes a couple. HOLD
CAMERA ON the couple who are Otto and the girl we saw
on the train.

39 CLOSE FOLLOW SHOT - Kit and Barby.

KIT

(suddenly)

Who's that girl?

Barby looks off.

40 CLOSE SHOT - Otto and girl. The girl is striking; she
wears a low-cut black gown against which the white skin
of her shoulders forms a sudden, startling contrast.

41 CLOSE FOLLOW SHOT - Kit and Barby. Barby frowns.

BARBY

The one dancing with Otto?

KIT

Yes.

BARBY

She's the Prince's granddaughter.

KIT

Prince Francois?

BARBY

(looking up at
him curiously)

How'd you know?

KIT

I get around.

- 41a CLOSE SHOT - the girl, dancing. She meets Kit's gaze steadily.
- 41b CLOSE FOLLOW SHOT - Kit and Barby. Kit still looking off at the girl.

BARBY

(smiles)
You've got a roving eye, Kit.
That's something new.

Kit looks down at her.

BARBY (cont'd)

What's the matter, Kit?

KIT

How?

BARBY

(frowning slightly)
We-ell, you're almost indifferent.
(laughs, moves
closer against him)
When I kissed you tonight - well -
I don't know...

KIT

You're spoiled.

BARBY

(shakes her
head)
What is it, Kit?

KIT

(looking away
from her)
Maybe I haven't big ideas any
more. Maybe I'm just a mugg.

BARBY

Don't get tough with me,
darling.

KIT

(very quietly)
When I came back from Spain -
when you came to the hospital -
I thought I got the brush-off
then...

BARBY

(shudders slightly -
goes close against
him)
You were so awful, darling...

KIT

Yeah. I know...

(CONTINUED)

They are near the edge of the floor, near their table. Kit drops his arms, still holding her hand to lead her off.

KIT (cont'd)

Let's have a drink.

They move off.

42 CLOSE FOLLOW SHOT - Kit, as he seats Barby at the Taverton table. Otto is coming from the floor to sit next to her. The eyes of the two men meet, Otto smiling. As Kit helps Barby into her chair.

BARBY

Kit -- Otto and I are going up to Franconia Notch for some skiing. Why don't you come along.

KIT

(smiles)

No, thanks.

BARBY

Oh, Kit, please...

KIT

Sorry -- I'm going to be busy. I'll see you when you get back.

OTTO

I am disappointed you cannot join us, Mr. McKittrick.

KIT

(meeting his
eyes again)

Sure.

Barby glances after him, frowning, annoyed as Kit moves away. FOLLOW WITH Kit, as he pushes through the crowd returning to tables squeezed near-by. He is bumped, we lose him. He comes through some other people, to his place at the opposite side of the table. HOLD HIM CLOSE so we do not see that Kit's chair is occupied. He swings in next to Ab, is about to sit. The light is dim for a moonlight dance effect.

WHITNEY'S VOICE

Don't sit on me!

Kit looks down.

43 MED. SHOT - Whitney is in his chair. She smiles at him.

WHITNEY

You'd muss my dress.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

I was about to suggest you go home and put one on.

She smiles, moves to share her seat with Kit.

44 ANGLE SHOT. Whitney smiles at Kit, looks him over.

WHITNEY

It's nice you're back, Kit - you're looking fine.

KIT

So are you. Your hair up and the braces off your teeth, you almost look grown-up.

WHITNEY

(in protest)

Oh, Kit -- stop it. -- Didn't Ab tell you about me?

KIT

No.

WHITNEY

What a dog of a cousin he turned out to be!

KIT

(to Whitney and Ab)

Look -- let's get out of here -- Let's go someplace and get a real drink.

WHITNEY

I'll go, Kit -- but I have to be at the club by midnight -- come on over there.

KIT

Ab?

AB

I can't. I have to leave for Washington in about an hour.

WHITNEY

(to Kit)

He's a working man, now.

KIT

All right, Imp, let's go.

AB

(leaning forward -
hand on Kit's arm -
quietly)

Kit - don't do anything until you hear from me.

(CONTINUED)

KIT
(looking at
him - then)
Sure.

45 MED. SHOT - Kit and Whitney rise. Kit turns to the others:

KIT
We're running on. 'Night...
They move out.

46 CLOSE SHOT - Barby. She looks after them, flushing with annoyance. Otto smiles.

DISSOLVE

EXT. CLUB FIFTY - NIGHT

47 MED. SHOT as Kit and Whitney walk to the entrance through the light snow. They enter.

WIPE

INT. CLUB FIFTY - NIGHT

48 A head-waiter leads Whitney and Kit to a table; Kit has checked his coat and hat. Whitney comes to the table.

WHITNEY
This will do nicely, Henry.
Kit helps her be seated.

KIT
Will they serve you a drink, Imp?

WHITNEY
They will -- but I don't want one.

KIT
(to waiter)
Brandy. Bring the bottle.

WAITER
Yes, sir.
He leaves.

WHITNEY
(grinning)
Going to howl?

KIT
No.

WHITNEY

It's a solution. Ask Ab.

KIT

Solution to what?

WHITNEY

Barby.

(meets the
unspoken question
in his eyes)Yes, of course. Ab's always
been in love with her.

KIT

I didn't know.

WHITNEY

He wouldn't have you know,
darling. He doesn't mind
second-fiddling to you - he
never has since college - but
not Otto.

50

ANOTHER ANGLE. A waiter brings a bottle and glass to Kit,
a glass of water for Whitney. Kit pours himself a drink.

KIT

Who is Otto Skaas?

WHITNEY

(sipping her water)

Could be an agent.

KIT

How about Dr. Skaas?

WHITNEY

Could be another one.

KIT

Why do you think so?

WHITNEY

(wrinkles her
nose)I'm smart. I can smell phonies.
Ab's smart, too.

KIT

(nodding)

What's Ab doing, Imp?

WHITNEY

He's working for the government.
Decoding. But he's on his own -
about the Skaases - I mean.

WHITNEY

I don't know anything, Kit.
It was one of Barby's big parties.
Everyone was packed into the play
room upstairs to hear Anton and me -
we were doing that song you heard
tonight.

She pauses, not liking the memory. Kit waits, watching her.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

Both the Skaases were there -
they were staying at Barby's at
the time. And Barby, of course,
and Louie -- and Toni Donne.

KIT

Go on.

WHITNEY

I was just finishing the chorus -
where it builds up to the climax -
when suddenly she screamed...

KIT

Toni Donne?

WHITNEY

Yes. She said she'd felt faint
in the crowd and had stepped
across the hall to the library
in front - just across from the
playroom...

Kit nods, knowing the room.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

When she was halfway into the
room, she said, she saw Louie
fall or jump, from the window.

KIT

Where were the Skaases?

WHITNEY

The doctor was sitting near me.

KIT

Otto?

WHITNEY

He was upstairs in his room. A
waiter had spilled wine on his
shirt and he'd gone up to change.

KIT

Perfect alibis.

(CONTINUED)

WHITNEY

Alibis have to be perfect, don't they, Kit?

KIT

And Prince Francois?

WHITNEY

He wasn't there. He's too feeble to go out.

- 53 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT. Kit sips his drink, looks at Whitney with some suspicion. During this Anton can be heard playing Whitney's music.

KIT

How do you know so much about these people, Imp?

WHITNEY

From Anton -- my accompanist.

She nods off. Kit turns to look.

- 54 LONG SHOT - Anton at the piano, from their ANGLE.

- 55 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney and Kit. His eyes narrow as he turns back to Whitney.

KIT

Where does Anton fit?

- 56 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney. For the first time she appears to lose her poise, to become confused and indirect.

WHITNEY

He's all right, Kit...

- 57 CLOSE TWO SHOT. Kit is studying her, suddenly suspicious of her. Whitney sees the question in his eyes, continues hurriedly.

WHITNEY

He's a lunk-head musician. He knows the Prince and Toni Donne -- that's all. He's all right.

(puts her hand
on his arm)

Let him alone - and stick to Toni Donne.

(nodding toward band
platform - rising)

That's me -- will I see you after the show?

(CONTINUED)

KIT

No.

WHITNEY

Will you call me?

KIT

Sure.

She moves off. Kit looks after her. Then he signals a waiter.

58 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the waiter comes over.

KIT

Tell Jake I want to see him.

WAITER

Yes, sir.

He moves off. Kit looks toward the platform.

58a MED. SHOT - platform, from Kit's ~~ANGLE~~ ANGLE. Whitney begins her number.

INT. CLUB FIFTY - NIGHT

59 MED. CLOSE SHOT. A small, intimate, cafe-society type of place. Kit is seated in a booth, a bottle of Scotch and a glass before him. He finishes a drink, looks off. Jake Lepetino moves toward the booth. Jake is a few years older than Kit, a product of the speakeasy age. He comes up, his face a blank, his eyes hard and unfriendly.

KIT

Hello, Jake.

JAKE

Hello, McKittrick.

He doesn't offer to shake hands. He slips into the booth.

60 CLOSER TWO SHOT.

JAKE

You heard about Louie?

KIT

I was over to Papa's this afternoon.

Jake's eyes lose their hardness; he warms, apologizing with well-manicured hands.

JAKE

We thought you did not care, Kit.
It took you so long to come.

KIT

I didn't hear for a month.

JAKE

(nods - then)
Your health -- is regained?

KIT

Yeah.
(drinks - then)
Who got Louie?

JAKE

(eyes flash)
If I knew?
(shakes his head)
It was no grudge. It was no
hood. I find that out.

KIT

Louie liked women, Jake.
Beautiful women.

JAKE

That is true.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Louie wouldn't jump from any window and he wouldn't let any guy get him in a spot. Someone pushed him -- and it had to be a dame. A beautiful dame.

Jake nods.

KIT (cont'd)

How'd he get mixed up in a society mob?

JAKE

I don't know.

KIT

Could it have been here, at the Club?

JAKE

Perhaps.

KIT

Toni Donne come here?

JAKE

I know so few by name, Kit.
(slowly - casually)
Barby Taviton comes here.

Kit meets Jake's eyes; he gets the implication. He looks half away - out over the floor.

61 ANGLE SHOT - getting the floor where Anton and Whitney are now coming forward for their number.

KIT

(half to himself)
That makes two dames. Toni Donne and Barby.

Anton is playing Whitney's introduction. Kit gestures toward him.

KIT (cont'd)

Where'd you get that pianist?

JAKE

Whitney brought him in.

KIT

(eyes narrowing)
What about him?

JAKE

(shrugging)
A musician...he's kind of funny.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

What do you mean?

JAKE

Funny crowd. The Skaas's --
that guy, Otto....

62 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney, as she starts to sing.

63 CLOSE SHOT - Jake and Kit. Kit is staring at Whitney.

KIT

Maybe there are three dames....

JAKE

(after a moment)

Anything I can do?

KIT

No. Thanks.

He rises, moves out.

DISSOLVE

INT. AB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

64 MED. SHOT. Kit is pressing the bell; presently the door is opened by a man servant, a dark, well-built, impassive-faced man.

KIT

Hello -- Mr. Hamilton tell you
to expect me?

ROMÁN

Mr. McKittrick? Yes, sir. I'm
Román, sir.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

65 FOLLOW SHOT. Kit enters, keeping on his hat and coat. The man closes the door, offers to take Kit's things; Kit shakes his head.

KIT

You're new, aren't you?

ROMÁN

I'm substituting for Henry, sir.
Will you come this way, sir?

He leads Kit through the living room which is dimly lighted, to a door, opens it, throws on the lights.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

66 MED. SHOT as Kit follows in.

ROMÁN

I've unpacked for you, sir.
Except the small case. That
was locked.

KIT

Thanks. That's all.

ROMÁN

Very good, sir.

He goes out. Kit closes the door. He returns to the small case; inspects it.

67 CLOSER SHOT. He unlocks the case, opens it. He goes through it carefully and is at once aware that it has been searched.

68 CLOSE SHOT - edge of case, as he examines it. We see that the lining has been cut at the edge and carefully pasted back.

69 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He grins. He throws his hat to a chair; puts his hands in his overcoat pocket. He frowns as his hand discovers something there. He takes it out. An old bill-fold and in it an old, crumpled, dirty, blood-stained letter. Kit stares at it, shocked.

70 CLOSE SHOT - the bill-fold. In faded gold letters is the name "Louie Lepetino." Kit's hands take the letter. In pencil, in a longhand scrawl, it is addressed to Louie Lepetino, 117th Precinct Headquarters, New York City. Kit takes the letter from the envelope. It reads: "Dear Louie: You've got to get me out. They're torturing me here in a prison camp - you've got to do something...." Kit's hands turn it over. On the bottom of the other side is the sprawled signature: "Kit."

71 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. Beads of sweat stand out on his forehead. He moves out of the room.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

72 MED. SHOT. Kit moves through, looking for a decanter. He finds one on a table. He pours himself a stiff drink and downs it. He reads the letter again. Fear is in his eyes now and cold perspiration stands on his forehead. His hand shakes slightly. He looks up as he hears footsteps in the corridor. He trembles slightly and pours himself another drink.

- 73 ANGLE SHOT - Kit. Suddenly he hears the measured sound of dripping water back of a door off. He moves quickly toward the door, opens it, goes into the pantry.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - PANTRY - NIGHT

- 74 As Kit moves through, turns the dripping faucet closed. He moves out again, hurriedly.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

- 75 ANGLE SHOT. He looks around the room, animal-like; the footsteps are heard in the hall again. Fear descends on Kit; the fear he has been fighting all these months. He moves to the windows overlooking Park Avenue. He opens them wide. The lights from the street reflect on his face; the sound of the street, the cabs, the far-off newsboys, the sound of people walking the pavement come up to him. Kit leans against the window frame, breathes heavily. But he can't shut out the sound of the footsteps. He looks down at the note; stuffs it hurriedly into his pocket. He goes to the sideboard, gets the decanter, brings it to the piano. He takes another drink. He sits at the piano. Terror is seizing him. As he lifts his hand it is shaking. He brings it crashing down on the keyboard. He begins to play. The darkened room seems to be closing in on him. He hears footsteps again. Kit plays, increasing the tempo and volume as he tries to drown out the noise and horror that is swirling through his head.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY

- 76 MED. SHOT. Madison Avenue, a smart shop; on the window neatly lettered: "Madame Detreux - Chapeaux." Kit crosses the sidewalk, turns the handle of the door and enters.

INT. HAT SHOP - DAY

- 77 A small, oval room; a lush satin and mirror decor. There are no hats in sight. Kit walks in, looks around. Presently Toni Donne comes from behind a satin curtain, descends the three velvet steps as if she were doing a number. Even in her shop dress she is stunning. Kit looks at her with appreciation.

TONI
(a professional
smile)
Good morning, M'sieur.

KIT
(heartily)
Good morning.

He stands taking her in appreciatively. Toni frowns slightly.

KIT (cont'd)
Hats.

TONI
I beg your pardon.

KIT
I said "hats". You have them here,
don't you?

TONI
But, of course.

KIT
Mmmm.
(looking around)
Do they come out on the hour -
like a cuckoo clock?

TONI
(smiling)
Our trade is mostly custom, sir.
Each hat is created to suit the
personality of the individual.

KIT
That must take a genius, when
you get some old girl with a
face like a pot roast.

TONI
(laughing)
A veil, M'sieur, does wonders.

KIT
(smiling intimately)
My name is McKittrick. John
McKittrick.

TONI
(professionally)
How do you do..

KIT
(gravely)
How do you do. Didn't I see
you at the Refugee Ball last
night?

(CONTINUED)

TONI

Yes.

KIT

You were dancing with Otto Skaas.
(pauses - then
simply)

I thought you were the most
beautiful woman in the room.

TONI

Thank you. But you were interested
in hats, Mr. McKittrick.

KIT

Vaguely. What time do you go to
lunch?

TONI

I don't go to lunch.

KIT

And I saw you on the train
yesterday, didn't I?

TONI

Yes.

KIT

If we're going to keep running
into each other, we might as well
be friends. The Plaza's only
a step around the corner...

TONI

I do not go out to lunch, Mr.
McKittrick. Good morning.

She starts for the satin curtain. Kit grins and calls
after her.

KIT

Miss Donne.

She stops, turns to him, frowning. She studies him for
a moment. Then:

TONI

Is that why you came here -- to
meet me?

KIT

Yes.

TONI

Why?

KIT

To save you trouble.

(CONTINUED)

TONI

What do you mean by that?

KIT

Can't you guess?

TONI

No.

KIT

Will you have lunch with me?

TONI

No. Will you please tell me what you meant?

KIT

I'd like to know about you. I'd like to know about Prince Francois.

TONI

You can read all about the Prince de Namur in any library.

KIT

I can't about you. Is he really your grandfather?

TONI

Of course.

KIT

(grinning)

I doubt it.

TONI

(angrily)

Good afternoon, Mr. McKittrick.

She turns, moves away, disappears behind the curtain.

79 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He smiles, moves to a small sofa, throws his coat and hat on it, then sits in a chair, tilts back comfortably, lights a cigarette.

80 MED. SHOT. Madame Detreaux comes from behind the curtain. She is surprised to see Kit. She raises her eyebrows.

MADAME

M'sieur...?

KIT

I'd like to see some hats.

MADAME

Yes, M'sieur.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

I'd like the young lady to show them to me.

MADAME

(after a moment)

Certainly, M'sieur.

She goes. A moment later, Toni, her face plainly showing her anger, comes in. She moves toward Kit. Her voice is icily professional.

TONI

What sort of a hat did you wish to see?

KIT

All sorts. Big hats, little hats. Just hats. Lot's of them.

(smiling
insolently)

Trot 'em out, Babe.

81 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT. There is fury in Toni's eyes but she speaks with cool professionalism.

TONI

We do not have "lots of hats."
Madame Detreaux is pleased to create models to suit the personality of the individual client.

KIT

Madame Detreaux is pleased to accept money for what she laughingly calls hats - and from clients without any personality or individuality whatsoever. Madame Detreaux should be ashamed and so should you. Now, trot 'em out...

Toni controls her anger; she moves to the wall, slides back a satin panel and brings out a hat. She holds it up. Kit cocks his head, surveys it critically.

KIT (cont'd)

That is a hat?

TONI

Quite so, M'sieur.

KIT

I'm beginning to see why you keep them hidden. Take it away.

Toni puts it away, brings out another.

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)
Mmmm. Let's see it on.

TONI
What?

KIT
Would you mind modeling it?

Toni puts it on; Kit leans back in his chair, smokes.
He studies the girl, admiring her legs and her figure.
She poses for him.

KIT (cont'd)
You wore your hair differently
last night.

Toni moves to take the hat off; Kit interrupts the action.

KIT (cont'd)
Would you mind walking it across
so I can see all its better
angles... ?

Toni crosses the room.

KIT (cont'd)
Mmmm. Not bad. As a matter of
fact -- very nice!

She turns, sees that he is staring at her legs. He meets
her eyes, smiles.

KIT (cont'd)
(settling back in
his chair for a
session)
Let's see some more.

Toni is furious as she moves to the satin cabinet.

DISSOLVE

INT. HAT SHOP - DAY

82- ANGLE SHOT. This is some half hour later and hats are
85 all over the place, on tables, chairs and sofas: a
surprising assortment. Toni, her face drawn with her
anger, her hair disturbed, is modeling another curious
creation. Kit is sprawled in a sofa much too small for
him, his eyes traveling the girl's figure.

KIT
Mmmm. Not bad... Let's see
another one.

Toni snatches off the hat. She faces him. She has had
enough.

TONI
I am sorry. You do not want a
hat.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

I really want to eat lunch.

TONI

I have told you I do not go out to lunch.

KIT

Let's see some more hats, Babe...

TONI

And don't call me "babe" again!

She throws the hat on the table, resists the impulse to stamp her feet, and turns to walk toward the curtain. Kit grins. He looks after her for a moment, then his face hardens. He turns abruptly and goes out.

DISSOLVE

INT. TAVITON HOME - LIBRARY - DAY

86

MED. SHOT. Kit is inspecting the window of the library overlooking Park Avenue, the window Louie fell from. Peter, the Taviton butler, stands beside him. Kit opens the window, looks down, then closes it.

PETER

It's almost incredible that Lieutenant Lepetino could have fallen from here, sir - you'll notice the rail at the bottom.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Yeah.

(slightly
sarcastic)

I supposed he jumped... ?

PETER

I don't know, sir. He jumped or
he fell...

KIT

Uh huh.

(casually)

He was a friend of Miss Barby's?

PETER

He had been to the house several
times, sir.

KIT

(turning from window)

Who handled the case?

PETER

Inspector Tobin, sir.

(shaking his head)

It was a terrible thing, sir.

He was a friend of yours?

KIT

He was. Dr. Skaas's room was
upstairs?

PETER

Yes, sir.

KIT

(moving out)

Let's see it.

As they leave:

WIPE

INT. TAVITON HOME - GUEST ROOM - DAY

87

MED. SHOT - as Peter lets Kit in; it is a small room,
furnished as a study. Kit looks around, goes to a
connecting door, opens it, looks in. He closes the door,
turns back into the room, CAMERA PANNING with him, as he
goes to the windows directly above the library windows.
He opens the windows, looks out.

KIT

This was the doctor's room -
not Otto's?

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Yes, sir. The doctor used
this as a study, sir.

KIT
(moving out)
Thanks, Peter....

WIPE

INT. FLORIST'S SHOP - DAY

88 MED. SHOT. Kit is at the counter, writing a note.
Beyond the counter a clerk is taking several dozen red
roses from a refrigerated case.

INSERT THE NOTE - as Kit writes: "Dear Miss
Donne, please forgive me and have
dinner with me. John McK."

The pen poises and then, under his signature, he writes
his phone number -- "Butterfield 8-1598".

89 CLOSE SHOT.

CLERK
There are three dozen, sir.
(holding them up)

KIT
Fine.

He seals the note, addresses it - glancing at an open
telephone book beside him. He pays the clerk.

KIT (cont'd)
Get them there sometime after
seven tonight.

CLERK
Yes, sir.

Kit moves out.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - DAY

90 MED. SHOT - an old row of brownstone houses on the upper
East Side, gone somewhat Bohemian. Kit walks up the
street, comes to a house next to an old bookstore with
a basement entrance; he goes up the stairs.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

INT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

91. Kit comes up to the landing, moves down the corridor to a door. He looks at the nameplate, pushes the bell. He looks around the hall. From off, comes the sound of someone practicing on the piano. The door opens; Whitney, dressed to go out, smiles at Kit. He brushes past.

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

- 92 PAN SHOT. Kit stalks into the room; he appears mad.

KIT

I ought to push your teeth down
your throat. Even as a kid you
were a little liar...

- 93- CLOSE SHOT - Whitney. Turning from the door she has
94 closed; moving into the room, looking at Kit wide-eyed
with surprise.

WHITNEY

What are you talking about?

CAMERA PANS WITH her as she comes to him.

KIT

Got a drink?

WHITNEY

(pointing to cabinet)
In there. What are you talking
about?

KIT

(going to cabinet)
Giving me that junk about Toni
Donne.

WHITNEY

What junk?

- 95 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, pouring a drink; he glances covertly at
Whitney, watching to see how she's taking it.

KIT

How could she heave a guy like
Louie out of a window?

- 96 CLOSE TWO SHOT - Whitney is coloring with anger - playing
into Kit's hands. He watches her closely.

WHITNEY

I didn't say she did.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

It's about the only thing you didn't say. Why are you trying to get her in trouble? Is she giving you competition for Anton?

WHITNEY

(angry)

Get out of here, Kit!

KIT

(paying no attention)

The way it sets up - it had to be a dame. But not Toni. She couldn't push around a hundred and seventy-five pounds. And it isn't in her face...

WHITNEY

(blowing up with exasperation)

Oh, for heaven's sake! You! Now it's you! Look into a pair of baby eyes -- and start drooling!

KIT

Anton goes for her, too. Is that it?

WHITNEY

I told you you could get out of here if you're going to talk like that!

KIT

I'll go when I get ready. Who is Anton? Where'd you meet him?

WHITNEY

Where does anyone meet anyone? I'm a singer and he's a musician. A superb musician. That's all he cares about - his music...

KIT

(insisting)

Where'd you meet him?

WHITNEY

At an audition.

KIT

How does he happen to know the Skaas's?

WHITNEY

In Europe, I suppose. I don't know. I don't know everything. You'll have to do some of the work yourself...

She has been trying to adjust her hat; she now stamps angrily into her bedroom.

97 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He looks after her speculatively. He picks up the phone. Stretches out with it on the sofa.

KIT

Long distance.
(studies the ceiling)
This is...
(glances at number
on the phone)
...Plaza 3-2099. I want to
speak to Mr. Ab Hamilton in
Washington - the Jefferson Park
Hotel. Ab -- A-B -- that's
right.

98 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Whitney has come back into the room. Kit looks up at her.

KIT

Mind if I use your phone?

WHITNEY

Help yourself. I have to go to
a rehearsal.

She goes out, still furious. Kit looks up at the
ceiling trying to think it all out.

DISSOLVE

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

99 ANGLE SHOT. The late afternoon sun comes in through the Venetian blinds making slotted pattern on the floor of the half-dark room. Kit is still in thought. The ringing of the phone disturbs him. He answers it.

KIT

Hello.
(pause)
All right. No. Cancel it.

He hangs up. Finishes his drink, rises.

100- TRUCK SHOT as Kit moves through the room, looking it
101 over. He goes to the open door of the dressing room,
looks in. He moves in.

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

102 Small and now dark, the only light coming slanting in from a small window near the top of one wall. (Get an effect suggesting the cell Kit described in his talk with the doctor.) Kit looks around the room, opens the doors of a tall, wide wardrobe, runs his hands through the clothes. Then, as he turns from the wardrobe, he hears it: a sound that comes from the outer corridor - the limping sound of the drag of a wasted foot. A step and then the drag.

103 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT - Kit, as he stands frozen at the sound. It comes again. Almost unconsciously, Kit crouches, his face assumes an animal-like expression of fear and, without realizing it, he pushes back against the dresses of the wardrobe, as if searching for a hole in which he can hide. The footsteps sound louder now. The veins stand out on Kit's temple. Sweat breaks out on his face. His eyes move around the room in terror. He finds he is cowering back into the wardrobe. With an effort of will he moves forward slightly and listens.

104 ANGLE SHOT - Kit's face, dimly lit. His lips don't move but his voice is heard.

KIT'S VOICE

You don't hear it. It isn't there. It's in your head - like the doc said...

He strains to listen. The sound is heard again.

KIT'S VOICE (cont'd)

All right - suppose it is there? What are you afraid of? You're in New York now. This isn't Spain. And you've got to find out. You've got to get hold of yourself. What'd you come back for? To hide because you hear the sound...

Slowly, Kit forces himself to move. PAN WITH him as he walks across the small room.

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

105 PANNING SHOT of Kit as he moves slowly through toward the door. He takes his automatic from under his left shoulder, holds it in his right pocket. He reaches for the door. He puts his hand on the knob. The sound is gone now. He opens the door.

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

106 ANGLE SHOT. The hall is empty.

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

107 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He slams the door shut viciously. PAN WITH him as he goes to the table and pours himself a drink. His hand is shaking.

DISSOLVE OUT

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 108 FOLLOW SHOT of Kit as he walks through the after-theatre crowd on Broadway. His coat collar is up, he sways slightly from the effect of the liquor he has taken. He turns into a side street, moves along.
- 109 CLOSER SHOT. Kit stops, lights a cigarette. He is aware he is being followed. He manages a guarded glance to the rear.
- 110 MED. SHOT - from Kit's ANGLE - A short, heavy set man has also stopped, apparently concerning himself with the poster in front of a theatre.
- 111 FOLLOW SHOT - Kit. He moves on.
- 112 MED. SHOT - the man. He follows carefully.

DISSOLVE

INT. JAKE'S BAR - NIGHT

- 113 CLOSE SHOT - a bottle of whiskey as Kit's hand pours a drink.

PULL BACK to get Kit at the bar. His hand is shaking as he lifts the glass. His eyes are clouded by the liquor. He turns to watch the floor through the arch as Anton and Whitney do their number. Jake saunters up to the bar; he looks Kit over but his eyes don't flicker.

KIT

H'lo, Jake.

Jake nods. Kit takes Louie's bill-fold from his pocket. He puts it on the bar.

KIT (cont'd)

You know this?

JAKE

(looking at it)

I gave it to him.

Jake takes out the letter; begins reading it.

KIT

It walked into my pocket. You could have put it there - Carlo could've - anyone at the Taverton's - anyone at the Refugee Ball - or there was a girl on the train...

(CONTINUED)

Jake meets his eyes.

KIT (cont'd)
Nobody could've frisked Louie.

Jake nods.

KIT (cont'd)
Only the guy who got him could
have got that.
(taps the wallet)
Suppose - suppose Louie was
already dead when he was thrown
from that window...?

Jake's eyebrows close in a frown.

JAKE
What about the cops? Wouldn't
they know how Louie got it?

KIT
(pouring
another
drink)
The cops say it was an accident.
They stick to that. Toby himself.

He drinks, sways slightly. Jake's face is dark; he
looks at the glass in Kit's hand.

JAKE
Better you lay off that stuff.

KIT
(with sudden anger)
Shut your face....!

Jake's eyes flash but he doesn't answer. Kit finishes
the drink. Jake taps the letter; he speaks slowly -
separating every word.

JAKE
You think it was because of this
Spain business...?

KIT
I don't know. Louie ever show you
any souvenirs I sent him from Spain?

JAKE
No.

KIT
(turning to face
the floor again)
I got a tail. Can you take him off?

JAKE
Sure.

He moves out. Kit watches him.

INT. CLUB FIFTY - FOYER - NIGHT

- 114 From Kit's ANGLE, off the bar. A cab driver is lounging there. This is Danny. Jake speaks briefly to him; they both glance off at Kit. The cab driver nods.
- 115 CLOSER SHOT - Kit. Anton and Whitney have finished their number; they take their bow and leave the floor. Kit moves out toward the foyer.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BOOKSTORE - BASEMENT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

- 116 Next to Whitney's brownstone. It is misting heavily. Kit is standing in the doorway, leaning against the old glass doors, smoking, waiting. He hears a cab come up the street. He leans forward, looking around the doorway and over the angle made by the balustrade of the stairs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

- 117 ANGLING from Kit's view. The cab comes to a stop before Whitney's house.
- 118 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He drops his cigarette, steps on it. He leans farther out.
- 119 Cab from Kit's ANGLE. The line of the balustrade cuts diagonally across the view of the cab. A man gets out, heavily overcoated and muffled, undistinguishable, in the mist. The cabby is paid; the cab moves away. The figure of the man moves across the sidewalk one step and is out of view. But the sound of his footsteps is the step and drag Kit heard before.
- 120 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, flattened against the doors; he hears the sound as the man continues up the stairs. Kit tightens his grip on the gun in his pocket; slowly his shoulders come up. He exhales slowly; he has a tight grip on himself. The brownstone door is heard to open and then close. PAN WITH Kit as he moves lightly up from the basement entrance.
- 121 MED. SHOT at brownstone building. Kit runs lightly up the stairs. He listens against the door; he tries it; it is locked. He runs down the stairs. Goes to the side of the building.

EXT. BROWNSTONE BLDG. - SERVICE ALLEY - NIGHT

- 122 Kit comes around, looks up. There is a fire escape above him. A jump and Kit has the lower rung. He pulls himself up; runs up the iron treads silently.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

CT

EXT. BROWNSTONE BLDG. - WHITNEY'S WINDOW AT FIRE ESCAPE -
NIGHT

- 123 A soft light comes from the window. Kit comes to it, presses his face to it, looking in. He taps softly.
- 124 ANGLE SHOT - SHOOTING INTO the window. Whitney is seen to come from the other room. She wears pajamas, her hair is ruffled, she holds a toothbrush in her hand. Kit raps again. Whitney now sees Kit's face. She moves to the window, opens it. She looks at him in astonishment.

WHITNEY

Are you crazy, Kit?

He climbs in.

INT. WHITNEY'S STUDIO - NIGHT

- 125 MED. SHOT. Whitney watches him as he climbs in.

WHITNEY

You're drunk!

KIT

No...

He moves quietly and quickly across the room toward the hall door. He stands close to it, listens. There is no sound.

- 126 CLOSER SHOT. Whitney moves toward him.

WHITNEY

Kit...

KIT

Shhh...

WHITNEY

(quietly)

What's the idea?

KIT

I'm looking for a man who came in this building.

WHITNEY

You are drunk.

KIT

I was. Not now.

WHITNEY

Who was the man?

KIT

I don't know.

WHITNEY

Look, Kit. I'm tired. I've worked all night. I don't want to play anymore. Go home, will you?

Kit leans against the side of the door, still alert; his eyes intent on Whitney.

KIT

I'm looking for a man -- who drags one foot when he walks. He came into this house.
(watching her)
Do you know anyone like that?

WHITNEY

No...

She moves back in the room, Kit's stare frightening her, beginning to be fearful of his sanity. Kit's head swings close to the door; he listens. There are footsteps heard from the hall, ordinary steps this time. Kit moves to the inner jamb of the door. The buzzer is startling in the silent room. Kit motions to Whitney.

KIT

Answer it...

His hand tightens on the gun in his pocket. Whitney hesitates, then moves to the door.

127 CLOSE SHOT at door as Whitney opens it; Anton stands there, excited. From farther down the hall other steps are heard and the sound of voices, one of them a policeman's.

ANTON

It is the police...

Kit has quickly removed his overcoat and hat and thrown them on a chair. Anton now sees him as he moves out. Whitney is annoyed; she waves her toothbrush.

WHITNEY

Fine! Ask 'em in and I'll see if I can dig up a few more toothbrushes...

She turns away into the room to climb into a robe.

ANTON

(eyeing Kit)

He says he saw someone come up the fire escape.

KIT

No one came in here.

The policeman appears at the door.

POLICEMAN
Hear any disturbance, Miss?

WHITNEY
No.

POLICEMAN
(glancing at
nameplate at
door -
making notes)
Miss Whitney Hamilton -- right?

WHITNEY
Yes.
(as cop looks
at Kit)
And Mr. McKittrick. A -- a
relative of mine.

The cop flashes them a wise look.

WHITNEY (cont'd)
We didn't hear anything, officer.
It must have been another floor.

POLICEMAN
Thank you, Miss.

He moves down the hall.

ANTON
You are all right, Whitney?

WHITNEY
(moving to door)
Yes, Anton. I am all right,
thank you.

ANTON
(still
eyeing Kit)
I did not know you had company...

WHITNEY
Good night, Anton...

She closes the door, turns back into the room, annoyed.

WHITNEY (cont'd)
Well, that's lovely! Anton'll
have a beautiful picture of me!

128 MED. SHOT. Kit has moved again to listen at the door.
Whitney curls up in a chair, her legs under her, lights
a cigarette, watches Kit curiously. Kit turns to look
at her. His eyes are hard.

KIT
I didn't know your playmate
lived in this house.

(CONTINUED)

WHITNEY

Kit, please believe me -- he's not my playmate. He has the rear apartment. It's handy for us for rehearsals.

KIT

When did he arrive in this country?

WHITNEY

About a year ago.

KIT

(grins - then)

And you've never seen a man who limps when he walks.

WHITNEY

No...

KIT

I saw him come into this house tonight. If he doesn't live here -- who did he come to see?

WHITNEY

I don't know...

(softly)

Are you sure you saw him, Kit.

Kit stares at her for a moment, trying to fathom her apparent innocence. He leans against the door.

KIT

Did you ever wonder why I was held prisoner for more than two years after the Spanish war was over?

WHITNEY

We heard you were dead -- then you returned...

KIT

I escaped.

WHITNEY

When you came back you wouldn't talk about it.

KIT

I couldn't. Did you ever wonder why I was so important?

WHITNEY

Ab did. We all tried to guess. Nobody knew.

KIT

(quietly)

Louie knew...

129 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney. She watches Kit eagerly.

KIT'S VOICE

He helped me escape -- through
some old country relatives...

130 ANGLE SHOT - Kit and Whitney.

KIT

He was killed because he helped
me. I'm sure of that.
(quietly)
He was the greatest guy I ever
knew. He'd have gone to hell
and back for me... Do you
understand?

WHITNEY

Yes...
(pause)
Why were you so important, Kit?

KIT

I had something they wanted...
(leans against
door - listens)
They haven't given up. Someone
squealed on Louie. And the guy
with the bad foot is here --
because I am here...

WHITNEY

Who is he, Kit?

KIT

I don't know. He flew in from
Berlin once a month -- at first.
I'd hear him in the hall. And
after every visit -- they'd
start it again...
(suddenly)

Listen!

He presses his ear to the door. Whitney rises, turns to
him. She listens. (We do not hear footsteps.)

WHITNEY

What?

KIT

(sweating)
Listen! Do you hear it?

She listens, her eyes on Kit, cautious, as if not sure
he is not crazy.

WHITNEY

No...

Kit ~~holds~~ holds his breath the better to listen.

KIT

Don't you hear the drag of a foot?

WHITNEY

(after a pause)

No, Kit...

He stares at her, sweat on his face.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

(softly)

You'll be back at the ranch if you go on like this...

Kit now understands that she believes the sounds to be in his head. He has a moment when he is afraid she may be right. He avoids her eyes, then he fights his fear of the man and his fear that he might really be crazy. He reaches for his coat, puts it on, pulls down his hat. He turns again to Whitney.

WHITNEY (cont'd)

(softly -
sympathetically)

Don't you think you'd better see your doctor...?

KIT

I did. He said rest, quiet, freedom from anxiety.

His hand is hard on the gun in his pocket. He moves to the door.

WHITNEY

Kit...

He opens the door, the corridor is empty. He moves out. Whitney stands in the doorway, looking after him, sympathy in her eyes.

INT. BROWNSTONE BLDG. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

131 ANGLE SHOT - SHOOTING UP stairs. CARRYING Kit as he moves to the stairs and down. He walks steadily but he is fighting a battle with his fear.

132 ANGLE SHOT - from first landing, as Kit comes down. He forces himself to walk across the darkened vestibule to the double doors. He opens one and goes out.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

133 Kit comes out. He looks up and down the deserted street. He puts his collar up against the falling mist. He goes down the stairs and moves along the street.

FADE OUT

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

134 ANGLING ACROSS bed to door. Kit is still sprawled in bed. The condition of the pillows and bedclothes testify to the restlessness of his sleep. There is a knock on the door. Kit rolls over too quickly; then he blinks, rubs his hand over his face which still shows the results of his nervous exhaustion and the continued drinking of the night before.

KIT

Yes?

ROMAN'S VOICE

Miss Toni Donne is on the phone, sir.

KIT

Thanks.

He is now alert as he swings his legs to the floor and picks up the phone.

(END OF PART I)

135 CLOSER SHOT - Kit.

KIT

Hello, Toni Donne.

TONI'S VOICE

Hello -- I called to thank you for the roses - they were very lovely...

KIT

I'm glad you liked them.
(grins)
Is that all?

TONI'S VOICE

(laughs)
All right. You're forgiven.

KIT

Can we go on from there?

There is a pause and no answer from Toni.

KIT (cont'd)

How about tonight? Will you have dinner with me?

TONI'S VOICE

We - ell --

KIT

Be a sport...

(CONTINUED)

TONI'S VOICE

Well, all right.

KIT

Great. Eight o'clock.

TONI'S VOICE

Yes. Call for me at Riverside
Drive. I'd like you to meet
Prince Francois...

KIT

(eyes narrow -
slowly)

Yes -- I'll be very glad to meet
the Prince...

TONI'S VOICE

Tonight then. Good-bye.

KIT

'Bye...

He hangs up; his exhaustion has left him. He snaps his
fingers with a clipped gesture of approval. He knows
the push has started. He rises and moves toward the bath.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

136 MED. SHOT. Kit, wearing a dinner coat under his overcoat,
is ringing the buzzer of the apartment. The door is
opened by Toni, wearing a simple, severe, low-cut gown.

KIT

Hello...

TONI

Good evening. Come in Mr.
McKittrick.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

137 MED. SHOT. Toni takes Kit's hat and coat.

TONI

I am afraid my grandfather is in
a bad mood.

(appeals with
her eyes)

He's very old. You will be careful
not to anger him, please?

KIT

I'll be very careful.

He is smiling down at her attractiveness; she becomes slightly uncomfortable under his stare. She turns, leads him into the living room.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

138 PANNING SHOT. The apartment is slightly run-down, yet there is a stately air about it, a few pieces of old-world grandeur, an atmosphere of pomp and ceremony. Toni leads Kit across the room toward a room toward the rear, the Prince's trophy room. The Prince's voice can be heard coming from the smaller room.

PRINCE'S VOICE

...moneygrabbers and tradesmen!
Presuming to set themselves above
the anointed. Consider the state
of the world they have erected!
Bah!

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

139 MED. SHOT. Dimly lighted, the walls fitted with some old brocade, cases of trophies and ancient treasures here and there against the walls. A fire is burning and the Prince, an incredibly old, hawk-like man, is standing before it, one claw-like hand on the large gold handle of his cane. Near him, in his wheel chair, sits the smiling Dr. Skaas. In the shadowy background, as if in courtly attendance, Anton can be seen. The Prince's tirade is interrupted by the entrance of Kit and Toni. She leads him to the Prince who glares at Kit with flashing eyes.

TONI

May I present Mr. McKittrick,
Your Highness.

KIT

I am honored, sir.

140 CLOSE GROUP SHOT. The old Prince measures Kit without replying.

DR. SKAAS

Mr. McKittrick... good evening,
sir.

KIT

Good evening.

He nods to Anton.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE

(acidly)
Mr. McKittrick? Just who are
you, young man?

Toni's eyes flash Kit a warning. He smiles.

KIT

No one in particular, sir.

DR. SKAAS

(chuckling)
Oh, hardly that, Mr. McKittrick.
A man of exceptional merit, I
should say. A man of adventure,
Your Highness. A fighting man...

PRINCE

(withering scorn)
Perhaps you can tell me...Mr. ...
(pronounces the name
with scornful
emphasis)
... McKittrick -- just what you
found to fight for in a world of
imposters and pretenders and
bourgeois tradesmen...

KIT

Perhaps I just wanted a fight...

DR. SKAAS

Something of an idealist, Your
Highness...

Kit is looking past the Prince; the Prince now follows his
gaze. Toni and Skaas keep their eyes on Kit.

141- MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANGLING TOWARD wall, where several
142 ancient battle standards, faded and tattered, bearing
the arms of the Prince's House, are hung.

PRINCE'S VOICE

You find my standards to your
interest, Mr. McKittrick?

143 CLOSE SHOT - group. Kit meets his eyes. There is a
tension in the room now; Kit's face has tightened.

PRINCE

Ha! There we found something
to fight for. Come -- I will
show you...

He moves across the room with the aid of his cane. Kit
involuntarily glances down at the man's feet -- but gives
no evidence of a drag. Kit follows; Anton wheels Skaas
across. Toni has but to turn.

PRINCE (cont'd)

The standards of the House of
St. Louis; my House, M'sieur.

Kit nods.

PRINCE (cont'd)

There is a living history.
Something you can't buy, or steal,
or invent.

(laughs scornfully)

Something to fight for, indeed.
Under those we have changed the
course of Empires. They represent,
M'sieur, a force of which you have
not the slightest comprehension,
believe me. They represent the
glory and honor of a hundred
generations annointed to rule.
Do you have trouble understanding
this, Mr. McKittrick? What a
simple banner can mean? Perhaps
this will help.

(indicates)

You see these ashes?

144 ANGLE SHOT including a small glass case mounted on a
table. Lined with black velvet, in the center, is a
mound of ashes and a few blackened tatters of cloth.

PRINCE

This was once a battle standard.
A proudful standard, M'sieur. An
enemy standard -- a flag of
revolutionists who assassinated an
ancestor of mine. They thought to
burn it to prevent it's capture.

(laughs)

They thought so -- but it is here
now -- in ashes -- it is here and
the honor of the House is secure.

(eyes blaze
at Kit)

You begin to see the force, M'sieur?
The doathless force? You begin
to see that one man's life -- or
the lives of a generation are
unimportant to such forces?

KIT

Mmmm hmmm -- I see.

PRINCE

(turning)

We'll have wine, Anton.

Anton moves to a cabinet. Dr. Skaas takes Kit's hand in
his, in an elderly man's gesture, holds it.

DR. SKAAS

These things are difficult for
an American to understand, yes?

KIT

No. Not for me.

DR. SKAAS

Excellent! You see, Your Highness,
as I said, a man of exceptional
merit.

(to Kit)

Your recent experiences have taught
you something of the traditions
of the old world?

KIT

(grinning)

Something.

145

ANOTHER ANGLE. Anton has brought forth a salver upon
which stand six goblets of rock crystal, frescoed with
gold of some ancient workmanship. Upon each goblet, in
the center, is a small medallion of a curious design.
Toni is pouring wine. Kit is staring at the medallion.
He is handed one, filled.

DR. SKAAS

Handsome cups, are they not?
You observe the medallion?

KIT

The Lion of San Rafael, isn't
it?

DR. SKAAS

(beaming)

Exactly. The Lion of San Rafael.
They originated in Spain, as you
might suppose. They traveled to
Italy...

(turns the cup
on the salver
near him)

...where they came into the
possession of the Prince's
family. In His Highness' veins
is the blood of the Borgias.

KIT

(studying the
cup)

Uh huh. Probably held poisons
in their time, then...

DR. SKAAS

Oh, undoubtedly...

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE

We'll drink, Mr. McKittrick.

Kit grins, exchanges his cup for that of the Doctor's, which is still on the tray.

KIT

Just an old Borgia custom,
Doctor.

(raises his glass)

To America, Your Highness.

They drink. Toni moves forward.

TONI

Will you excuse us now, Your
Highness?

PRINCE

(turning)

You may go.

KIT

Good night.

The others nod. Toni takes Kit's arm, leads him away. Anton is replacing the goblets; Dr. Skaas and the Prince exchange a glance; the Prince's lip curling in scorn.

DISSOLVE

INT. A NIGHT CLUB - AT BAR - NIGHT

146 A smart, intimate place; soft lights, music from the small dance floor, off. The bar is curved in wavy lines so that Toni and Kit, seated at it, partly face each other. A bar man has just delivered two champagne cocktails. Kit lifts his, smiles at Toni.

KIT

Well, finally...here's to us...

They sip, Toni looking at him over her glass.

147 ANGLE SHOT - Toni and Kit. Toni's smile slowly turns to a frown. She puts down her glass, regards it for a moment, then looks up at Kit.

TONI

(quietly)

What is it you really want of me?

KIT

A girl who looks like you do
shouldn't ask a question like
that -- and you know why.

(CONTINUED)

TONI

(shakes her
head)

No...

(studies her
glass --
twirls it)

You stared at me at the Refugee
Ball -- and it wasn't just the
way a man looks at a woman - you
went out of your way to learn
who I was and where I worked --
you came to the shop only to see
me. You didn't ask me out
tonight because your lady was out
of town. What is it you want?

KIT

(lightly)

In school -- did you ever talk
about what you wanted to be?

TONI

(surprised at
the change)

Yes, of course.

KIT

(blandly)

I always wanted to be the boy
who chased the beautiful
adventuress...

She regards him for a moment, not liking it.

TONI

You're not serious...

KIT

Absolutely.

(smiles)

Now it's my turn. You be as
frank, sweetheart. Did you go
out with me because you wanted
to -- or because you were told
to?

TONI

(quickly)

Told to?

KIT

Um hmmm.

(meeting her
eyes - steadily)

What kind of a girl are you
really, Toni? How many men
have been in love with you?

TONI

(shrugging it off)

Very few.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

The others were idiots.

(easily)

Was Louie Lepetino in love with you?

Toni glances at him quickly, then away. There is a pause before she answers him.

TONI

I knew him only a short time.

KIT

That wouldn't matter. Louie fell in love easily. With someone like you - he'd have been in love before he started.

(studying her)

He liked beautiful things.

TONI

(looking away -
quietly)

He was kind to me.

KIT

He was kind to you.

(sips his
drink - quietly)

So you pushed him out of a window.

Toni's eyes flash; she puts down her glass hard.

TONI

That's not true.

(rises)

I think you had better take me home.

She moves out. Kit rises, follows.

INT. A NIGHT CLUB - EDGE OF DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

148

It is fairly crowded; Toni circles the edge on her way to their booth to get her coat. Kit comes up, takes her arm, holds her, attempts to lead her out to dance. Toni tries to shake him off.

KIT

Toni...

TONI

No -- please...

KIT

(smiling - insisting)

Toni -- you can't make a scene. Think of the Prince! Think of those hundred generations... !

(CONTINUED)

Toni is aware that people are looking; she doesn't wish to make a disturbance; Kit is insistent. She allows him to take her on the floor.

149 FOLLOW SHOT as they dance. Kit holds her possessively and despite Toni's anger they dance well together. She looks up at him, her eyes still flashing but he smiles down at her, apparently sure of himself. The music changes into something softer; the lights go down. They have reached the far corner of the floor, behind an ornamental, modernistic tree in the floor itself; they are little more than shadows in the room. Kit kisses her hard. For a moment she permits it, then she struggles from the embrace; she looks up at him angrily. Kit still holds her, continues to dance. Kit laughs.

KIT

You're not in form tonight,
Madame La Princess. Don't you
know the adventuress doesn't
fight when she's kissed...

She breaks from him, Kit lets her go, and she crosses the floor. He follows, a faint smile on his lips.

150 CLOSE SHOT - booth, against the rear wall. Toni comes in, moves in to get her bag and wrap. Kit comes in, moves beside her, puts his hand on her wrist. She looks up at him, her anger still with her, but now controlled.

TONI

I don't understand you. You can
be a gentleman, or a...

KIT

A mugg. I was raised that way.
I was a mugg until I was fourteen
-- then I was made a gentleman.
Then some of the boys made me a
mugg again...

TONI

(searching his
face - after a
moment)

Why are you doing this to me, Kit?

KIT

(honestly)

I don't know. Maybe because I'm
fighting, too. I meant it when I
said it would be easy to fall in
love with you.

A pause, then:

(CONTINUED)

TONI

I came with you tonight because
I wanted to. Because in the
shop - even through your
insolence - I felt...

KIT

I know.

TONI

You didn't let me finish.

KIT

You didn't have to.

Their eyes meet in an understanding of the attraction
they both feel. Toni looks away. She moves a water
glass on the table, concentrates on it as Kit speaks.
He fights to regain his cynicism.

KIT (cont'd)

Where did you get Louie's wallet?

The shot hits; she looks at him quickly, troubled.

KIT (cont'd)

You dropped it in my pocket on
the train, didn't you?

TONI

(softly)

Yes.

KIT

Where'd you get it?

TONI

He gave it to me. It wasn't
that night. It was the day
before. He showed me a picture
of the two of you -- when you
were boys. He forgot it when
he left.

KIT

(cynically)

That's a honey!

TONI

You can believe it or not.

KIT

Why'd you put it in my pocket?

She meets his eyes; there is sympathy in hers.

TONI

To warn you. I didn't want any
more trouble. I -- I liked you
because of what Louie had told
me of you.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

How did you know I'd be on that train?

She concentrates on the glass; her voice is expressionless.

TONI

Don't you know that you've been watched since you first set foot in New York? I have seen many pictures of you. Pictures you do not know exist. I had access to information that told what train you'd be on. I could be killed for what I have just said.

151 ANGLE SHOT. Kit realizes the truth of her words, wonders why she has said them: for reasons he can't now understand -- or because she is actually drawn toward him. She meets his eyes steadily.

TONI

I've told you everything I know -- or everything I can.
(appealingly)
Believe me...

KIT

I'd like to...

His face is tired; he's sick of it; against his own will he's falling for the girl; and his old nervousness is returning. He rubs his hand over his face to keep it from twitching.

KIT (cont'd)

Let's drop it. Let's have some fun. I could use a big cut of the stuff...

TONI

So could I...

KIT

(taking her hand)
Come on -- let's see the town...

As they move to get up:

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

152 MED. CLOSE SHOT at door, as it opens to admit Toni and Kit. It is late; there is only one small lamp lighted in the living room. They have been laughing; Toni is carrying two small toy balloons and a souvenir of the evening. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

As she enters PAN WITH her. She stands and the laughter runs out of her. Her eyes are troubled as she again faces the room, as if a pall had descended on her. She glances at the incongruous balloons in her hands; turns to Kit who has stepped inside, closed the door behind him, is leaning on it, his hat thrown to a side table by the door. Their eyes meet, Kit smiling. Toni indicates the souvenirs.

TONI

What will I do with these?

KIT

Give 'em to the Prince. Tell him they're something that've been in the McKittrick family fifty generations...

She puts them on the table, turns to Kit again to say good night. She smiles again.

TONI

It was fun, Kit. Thank you.
Really -- thank you...

She extends her hand; Kit takes it, draws her to him. He kisses her. Toni responds.

152a CLOSE SHOT - Toni and Kit. As Toni draws from the closeness of the embrace, her eyes are troubled. She shakes her head.

TONI

We're not good for each other.

KIT

Aren't we?

TONI

No. There are many reasons. But I'd like you to believe in me, Kit.

(appeals with
her eyes - then)
It is possible -- we may be of help to each other.

Their eyes hold -- then she draws back.

TONI (cont'd)

Good night, Kit...

He picks up his hat, opens the door and goes out without a backward glance. Toni quietly closes the door after him.

10

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APT. HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

153 As Kit goes to the stairs and down; thoughtful.

DISSOLVE

INT. AB'S APARTMENT HOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

154 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Kit puts his key in the lock, turns it, opens the door.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

155 CLOSE SHOT. Kit enters, closes the door, walks through the darkened foyer, throwing his hat to a chair, goes into the living room.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

156 CLOSE SHOT. Kit enters, moves toward the light switch. He is only a silhouette against the windows of the opposite end of the room. Before he can snap on the switch he is sent reeling by a hard blow on the head. He swings away, saves himself from falling. A figure is upon him; Kit clutches at him. There is a short, vicious fight; the heavy breathing of the two men sounding loud in the quiet room. A sudden, expert blow to the man's jaw sends him down; there is a heavy thump on the floor.

157 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He leans against the wall, panting. He draws his gun. Only a faint glow from the windows illuminates his face in which fear shows plainly. He follows against the wall to a table. His hand reaches for the light switch on the lamp; it hesitates. For a moment he is afraid to press the switch -- afraid of the man he might face. He forces himself to move his hand - the light goes on.

158 MED. SHOT. Anton is slowly rising from the floor, still groggy.

159 CLOSE SHOT - Kit staring, surprised that his assailant is Anton. Then he moves quickly; pockets the automatic, walks to Anton as we PAN WITH him. Anton is just regaining his feet; Kit pushes him roughly to a sofa so that he falls to it, stands before him. The eyes of the two men meet, Anton nursing his jaw. Then Kit pulls up a chair. He straddles it.

160 CLOSE SHOT - Anton and Kit.

KIT

All right. Go on. Talk.

(CONTINUED)

ANTON

I'm sorry. You surprised me.

KIT

I surprised you! Swell.

ANTON

I was searching your apartment.

KIT

Don't give me that.

ANTON

(stubbornly)

It is true.

Kit rises, takes Anton by the coat, hauls him up, gives him a vicious blow on the face.

KIT

Now let's have it.

Anton's eyes water with pain but he stares defiantly.

ANTON

It is no good your hitting me.
I will only tell you what I
please...

Kit strikes him again.

KIT

Let's have it.

ANTON

(hurt, but
defiant - slowly)
You are one who should know that
a man cannot be made to talk...

Their eyes meet and hold; the remembrance of his own torture sickens Kit, makes him sick of what he is doing. He throws Anton to the sofa in disgust.

161 CLOSE SHOT - Anton, nursing his face. He stares up at Kit insolently.

ANTON

It would mean my death -- as
it would have meant yours...

162 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, staring down at him with hatred and revulsion as memory comes rushing back.

163 CLOSE SHOT - Anton. His eyes are bright; he is deliberately setting out to anger Kit, to get him off balance. He speaks quietly, reasonably:

(CONTINUED)

ANTON

You know that no matter what happened -- if you talked you would be killed. Is it not so?

164 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He turns away to avoid showing what is in his eyes; he picks up a cigarette box.

165 CLOSE SHOT - Anton and Kit. Anton smiles.

ANTON

That is why you were allowed to escape...

The shot hits home. Kit turns to him quickly.

KIT

Allowed... ?

ANTON

Oh, yes. It was so. You were permitted to send the letter. You were allowed to steal the Luger.

(smiles)

You were watched as you crawled through swamps and slept in dung heaps. Every minute you were watched. They laughed...

Kit's anger is overwhelming. He throws the cigarette box at Anton, narrowly missing his face, cutting the side of his shoulder.

KIT

They let me go, huh? Yeah - I should've known that. They couldn't beat it out of me -- and they couldn't kill me. They'd wait -- is that it?

(fighting for control)

All right. But they haven't got the standard. I've got it. And I'll keep it. You can tell 'em that. You can tell the little man in Berlin that. And you can tell 'em this -- they watched, maybe. But they slipped up.

Anton leans forward; this is what he is waiting for.

KIT (cont'd)

Because they didn't see where I...

He sees Anton's smile and stops, knowing he's made the slip.

ANTON

Then it isn't in this country?

(CONTINUED)

165 (CONTINUED)

Kit crosses to Anton, hauls him up, brings his right hand across his face, one-two, palm and back. Then he shoves him toward the door.

KIT

Get out...

He shoves him ahead of him.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - FOYER - AT DOOR - NIGHT

166 Kit throws Anton out and slams the door after him. He turns from the door. Sweat stands out on his face. His mind is working fast. He moves quickly toward the pantry door.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - PANTRY - NIGHT

167 MED. SHOT. Kit comes in, turns on the light, crosses quickly through, opens the door to the servant's room, goes in.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - SERVANT'S ROOM - NIGHT

168 It is dark, but in the light from the pantry, Roman can be seen moving from the door, fully dressed.

KIT

All right, Rollo -- get going.
Get out and stay out.

He picks up Roman's hat, throws it at him. Roman moves out, Kit follows.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - PANTRY - NIGHT

169 Roman comes to the door leading from the pantry to the main corridor, opens it. Kit comes up in time to grab the door and slam it after him. He moves through again, snapping out the lights as he leaves.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

170 As Kit comes through from the foyer. He stops to look around the room. Sweat is standing out on his forehead. He hears the sound of the drag of the foot again - he listens. Then he is not sure that he really heard it. Other sounds come to his ears. Terror - the terror of sounds, is overcoming him. He goes to a combination phonograph, starts the record. He increases the volume so the sound of the symphony swells. He pours himself a drink.

170a CLOSE ANGLE SHOT - Kit, battling his terror. As he pours another drink, his lips don't move but his voice is heard:

KIT'S VOICE

That's not the way. Drinking won't help. It's you -- yourself -- who's got to do it. You almost flunked it tonight -- like you flunked it at Whitney's. You've got to fight it out -- yourself. Face it. Find the man - and kill him. And you've got to do it quickly.

Kit throws the glass of whiskey across the room. He moves quickly from the phonograph, leaving it playing. PAN WITH him to his bedroom door. He opens it and goes in.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

171 He comes in, switches on the lights, looks around, slams the door shut and locks the turn-bolt. His hand is shaking. The phonograph continues to blast.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

172 SHOOTING AT AN ANGLE so that we get the open window, the curtains blowing lightly, the early sun just beginning to gain strength, and the door to the living room off, on an angle. From the living room comes the sound of a shot; the sound of a body falling. Kit, in bed, is heard to rise, throw off the covers; he comes into the shot, his back to camera. He stands poised. PAN WITH him as he returns to the bed, takes his automatic from the nightstand, throws on a robe. He moves quickly to the door, and poised for any eventuality, he opens it.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - AT BEDROOM DOOR - EARLY MORNING

173 Kit comes in; he looks down at the floor in the center of the room. PAN CAMERA AROUND to the floor. Stretched out there, a gun beside the right hand, as if fallen from it, is Ab Hamilton.

174 MED. SHOT. Kit goes quickly to the body, kneels beside it, careful not to touch the gun. He discovers that Ab is dead.

175 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. His grief and his anger.

176 MED. SHOT. He rises slowly; looks around the room. Ab's hat and coat are carelessly thrown on the sofa. There is no sign of a struggle. Kit moves quickly. He searches the apartment; goes to the windows which are locked; to Ab's bedroom.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - AB'S BEDROOM - MORNING

177 It is empty. He crosses through, looks in the bath, returns to the living room.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - PANTRY - MORNING

178 As Kit comes in; crosses through to the servant's room. He returns. He looks in the dining room. Returns. Goes to the living room.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

179 As Kit comes in. He walks to the body again, stands above it, looking down. Then he moves to the phone.

180 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit at phone. His face is tired, his eyes narrow slits. He dials a number. Presently:

WHITNEY'S VOICE

Hello?

KIT

Whitney? Kit...

WHITNEY'S VOICE

Yes, Kit, what on earth...

KIT

Listen to me: I want you to come right over.

WHITNEY'S VOICE

Now? -- What for? -- Can't you...

KIT

I can't tell you now -- Whitney, get over here right away.

WHITNEY'S VOICE

. All right...

He holds down the cradle, then releases it, dials another number. There is a short delay, then:

JAKE'S VOICE

(sleepy)

Hello, who is it?

KIT

(overlapping)

Jake? McKittrick.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE'S VOICE

(awake)
Yes, Kit?

KIT

I want a cab and a driver I can trust. Right away.

JAKE'S VOICE

I'll send Danny. He knows you.

KIT

Okay. Have him wait outside the apartment. Thanks.

He hangs up. He looks about again, starts to make a more thorough investigation.

DISSOLVE

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

181 The butler is ringing. Kit comes through, now dressed. He closes the doors between the foyer and living room, opens the hall door to admit Whitney. It is apparent she has dressed hurriedly; she is curious and questioning.

WHITNEY

Kit -- what is it?

He closes the door, turns to her, holds her by her arm. She stares at him curious, half-fearful.

KIT

Listen, Imp -- can you stand a shock?

182 CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Whitney. Kit is watching her closely, knowing that the shock of the news might knock out of her anything she may have been withholding.

WHITNEY

Yes, Kit -- what is it....?

KIT

(purposely
brutal)
Ab is dead.

The girl's eyes widen; she hardly believes.

KIT (cont'd)

He was shot. Here. A few minutes before I phoned you.

WHITNEY

(a moan)
No...

(CONTINUED)

Her knees buckle; Kit saves her from falling. He holds her close to him. She begins to cry.

WHITNEY (cont'd)
Oh, no, Kit -- no...

Presently she looks up. She is still sobbing.

WHITNEY (cont'd)
Where is he....?

Kit takes her by the arm, leads her to the door, opens it.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

183 PANNING SHOT. Whitney stands for a moment, looking at Ab; stunned. Then she moves forward to him, quickly, drops at his side. Kit comes to stand over her. She is crying.

WHITNEY
Ab! Oh, Ab....!

KIT
Don't touch anything, Imp...

184 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He turns away before her grief. A moment later he turns back.

185 MED. CLOSE SHOT. He comes to Whitney, lifts her to her feet. She looks up at him.

WHITNEY
How, Kit... how...?

KIT
(softly)
I don't know. I found him just as he is. I was asleep and I heard the shot. I came out and saw him like that. I searched the apartment -- there was no one here.

Her eyes are filling with horror; hysteria is near.

WHITNEY
Kit -- you didn't...

Her face is contorted; she begins to scream. Kit shakes her, to get the hysteria out of her.

KIT
Whitney -- stop it!

She is quieter.

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)
You know better than that!

WHITNEY
(masters herself)
But -- he didn't do it himself --
he couldn't --

KIT
No. We both know that. Whoever
did it -- made one mistake.

She nods; she is crying again. Kit puts his arms around her, leads her into his bedroom.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - KIT'S BEDROOM - DAY

186 He leads her to a large wing chair, she drops into it, leans her head against the wing; she is too hurt now for tears. Kit is pouring her a glass of brandy.

KIT
Why did he go to Washington?

WHITNEY
I don't know. He was working --
for the Government. -- That's
all he told me.

She takes the glass, sips from it. Suddenly:

WHITNEY (cont'd)
Kit -- could it have been
because of you....?

187 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He is climbing into his overcoat.

KIT
I don't know.
(comes to her)
Give me five minutes. Then call
Toby -- Inspector Tobin at
Sixteenth Precinct Headquarters.
Tell him what's happened. Tell
him I'll be back in an hour.
Tell him everything you know.
Understand?

She nods. Kit motions to the bedroom door.

KIT (cont'd)
Lock this door after me. I'll
leave the hall door unlatched.
(looks down at
her, his hand
under her chin)
Afraid?

She is, but she shakes her head. Kit bends down and kisses her on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)
Good kid... Come on, now...

He moves to the door, opens it, gives her a smile of assurance, goes out. She closes the door, locks it, leans against it and gives herself up to her grief.

DISSOLVE

INT. A PHONE BOOTH - DAY

188 CLOSE SHOT. Kit is waiting for his call to be answered. Then:

KIT
Hello, Mama? Mama Lepetino?
This is Kit... Yes, Kit... Mama,
did Louie ever show you any
souvenirs I sent him from Spain?
Uh huh -- I see. Nothing at all.
All right, Mama. Thanks. Yes,
I'll come in to see you. 'Bye.

He hangs up, dials again. When it is answered...

KIT (cont'd)
Hello, Carlo? This is McKittrick.
Did Louie ever show you any
souvenirs I sent him from Spain?
Yeah -- yeah. What? That's it.
I'll be right over.

He hangs up, moves out.

DISSOLVE

INT. CARLO'S KITCHEN - DAY

189 PANNING SHOT - as Carlo, in his undershirt and pants, leads Kit in, points up to a wall shelf.

CARLO
I was to keep them and say
nothing until you asked. Louie
put them there himself.

On the shelf are seashells, tankards, pottery. Kit knows the one, reaches up, takes a large shell. He examines it, Carlo watching. Then he puts it in his overcoat pocket.

KIT
I don't want the others. You
can throw them out. Thanks.

CARLO
You know who killed Louie?

KIT
I think so. I'll find him.

He is moving out.

DISSOLVE OUT

THE FALLING STAR
DISSOLVE IN

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

190 PANNING SHOT - as Kit walks in. PAN him across foyer to the living room.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

191 The room is busy; Moore, the coroner and others of the homicide squad are giving the place a thorough going over. Police photographers are taking pictures. Moore sees Kit, ambles to him.

KIT

Where's Tobin?

MOORE

(studying Kit)

In the kitchen - questioning the butler.

KIT

He's back, is he?

MOORE

Yeah. He's back.

KIT

Tell Tobin I'm here, will you?

MOORE

Are you kidding?

Kit moves on, through the room, goes into his bedroom.

INT. AB'S APARTMENT - KIT'S BEDROOM - DAY

192 MED. SHOT. Whitney is again seated in the big chair, looking small, frightened, grief-stricken.

KIT

You all right, Imp?

WHITNEY

Yes, Kit. I told them everything.

KIT

I'm sorry the way I broke it,
Imp -- I had a reason.

Tobin comes in.

Both Moore and Tobin are watching Kit; Moore leaning against the door. Kit looks from one to the other.

KIT

(slowly)

Yeah. I've got something somebody else wants. They've sent a guy after me. I don't know who he is -- that's why it sounds phony. All I know is that he limps.

TOBIN

(disbelieving)

Yeah? What's this got to do with Parker?

KIT

There's more than one man. I've spotted some of them. And I think Ab was looking them up.

TOBIN

What's this got to do with Parker's suicide?

KIT

(impatiently)

It wasn't suicide.

TOBIN

You going to start that again?

Kit's mouth twitches with anger. He turns to Whitney.

KIT

Didn't you tell him?

WHITNEY

Yes. I did.

TOBIN

(unimpressed)

Yeah. When he was a kid his brother fooled with a gun and it went off in the brother's face. After that just lookin' at a gun gave Hamilton the willies. Yeah. I heard.

KIT

He couldn't possibly handle a gun. I know that.

TOBIN

(blandly)

Well, maybe he got over all that. Because the way it stands, he committed suicide.

KIT

(angrily)

You're a fathead if I ever saw one, Tobin. I tell you Ab couldn't have shot himself....!

TOBIN

(eyeing Kit shrewdly)

Funny, you claimin' that. Because it puts your own pants right on the hot seat. Look at it: Nobody was here but you. Nobody was seen to come in or go out. You find him a couple of minutes after he's shot...

KIT

(meeting his eyes steadily)

Ab didn't kill himself.

TOBIN

The Parker's are an important family. I wouldn't take a chance on calling a murder a suicide - unless I was sure.

KIT

The Lepetino's aren't so important - is that it?

TOBIN

(eyes veiled)

You think this is tied up with Louie?

KIT

Maybe. Ab was suspicious of a man named Otto Skaas who was at the party when Louie got it. I think Ab was doing some investigating.

(CONTINUED)

196 (CONTINUED)

TOBIN'S VOICE

Otto Skaas was at Franconia Notch
early this morning.

Kit looks at him quickly, surprised that Tobin has so
quickly checked on Otto.

197 ANGLE SHOT - group.

TOBIN

This lame guy you were talking
about. Why's he after you?

KIT

He's after something I have. A
battle standard.

TOBIN

A what?

KIT

(impatient)

A battle standard - a pennant -
a flag.

Tobin and Moore exchange looks. Moore raises his eyebrows
expressively.

TOBIN

(as if humoring

Kit)

Where'd you get this flag?

KIT

In Spain. It belonged to my
brigade.

Tobin gestures with annoyance.

TOBIN

(expressively)

Oh - for cry -

(stops - thinking
of Whitney)

What're you giving me? You expect
me to believe you let a guy gun
for you - and let your friends be
bumped off one after another --
for some dopey pennant?

Kit's shoulders hunch; his face is twisted in anger. He
takes a step forward, quickly, his right fist coming up
from his knees. Moore's big, flat foot catches him
behind the knee of his right leg just in time. The kick
buckles the leg, as he swings around, Moore's fist taps
him on the jaw. Kit goes down. Whitney rises, moves
forward. Moore holds her back with his arm.

WHITNEY

Let him alone... !

(CONTINUED)

197 (CONTINUED)

MOORE

Take it easy, lady.

198 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He stays on the floor for a moment, his breath coming quick. He waits until he has control of himself, then he gets up slowly; his face is calm, only a twitching of his jaw muscles shows he is holding in.

199 ANGLE SHOT - group. Tobin and Moore watch him. He doesn't let himself look at them.

KIT

You wouldn't know, Tobin. Sure, it's a dopey pennant. You could buy one like it for ten bucks. But you couldn't buy this one.
(meets Tobin's eyes)
I got it - I kept it - and I'm goin' to keep it...

Tobin and Moore exchange another look of disbelief.

TOBIN

All right. Suppose Hamilton's death was the perfect crime. You think he was killed because he knew something about this pennant of yours?

KIT

He never heard of it.

TOBIN

(blowing)
Oh, for the love of...
(again remembers Whitney)

Then why do you think Hamilton was wiped out by this gang of yours?

KIT

Because he was after the Skaas'. Because Louie was after them - and he got bumped off.

TOBIN

Nobody bumped off Louie. Don't you think the department takes care of its men?

They are face to face now, Kit holding in by force; Tobin about to lose his temper.

KIT

Not too well!

(CONTINUED)

TOBIN

Listen, McKittrick: we've checked the Skaas's. So has Washington. So has the Refugee Committee. They're okay.

KIT

How about Anton Bibescu?

TOBIN

The piano player?

KIT

He was up here last night. He conked me as I came in.

WHITNEY

(moving forward)

No, Kit!

Moore blocks her off. Tobin speaks simultaneously.

TOBIN

Yeah?

KIT

I threw him out about two o'clock.

TOBIN

You threw out the butler.

KIT

Right afterwards.

TOBIN

That's not what he says. He says he heard you yelling. He looked in the living room and you were alone - yelling at nobody. Then you threw him out. Nobody had been in there.

Kit looks at him, at Moore and back at Tobin again, and then he gets it: they think him crazy.

TOBIN (cont'd)

(quietly)

Look, McKittrick: Louie told me you were in pretty bad shape when you came back from Spain. Maybe you're not yourself yet.

KIT

(quietly)

I'm nuts... is that it?

TOBIN

Just forget about flags, an' people who aren't here, an' people bein' murdered...

(CONTINUED)

KIT

(as before)

Who're you covering, Tobin?

TOBIN

(blandly -
continuing)

If you think someone's after you,
I'll detail a man to you, if you
want.

KIT

No, thanks. He'd probably fall
out of a railed window or shoot
himself with a gun he didn't have.
Okay, sweetheart. You work your
way and I'll work mine... But if
I commit suicide - you'll know
it's a phony - even if you watch
me write the farewell note.

Tobin stares at him, then motions to Moore. They move
to the door. At the door, Tobin turns.

TOBIN

You go 'round yellin' Hamilton
was murdered - you're likely to
find yourself on the hot seat.

They go out.

200 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Whitney. Kit turns away from
the door angrily, he speaks through clenched teeth.

KIT

The fatheaded stupe... !

201 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney, staring at him, fighting down the
thought that again came alive in her mind when she saw
Tobin doubting Kit's sanity.

202 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He has taken the shell from his
overcoat pocket, is prying it open with a nail file.

203 CLOSE SHOT - the shell, in Kit's hands; as the two halves
fall apart. A dirty, brown oval is revealed.

204- CLOSE SHOT. Whitney comes to him, watches as Kit rubs
207 off the dirt with his handkerchief. The object is
revealed as a small, round, gold medallion, the design
exactly the same as that on the Prince's cups. Kit
holds it up for Whitney to see.

WHITNEY

What is it, Kit? I've seen that
design before...

(CONTINUED)

KIT

On the Prince's cups. That's why they were on exhibition. For me to see.

WHITNEY

(examining it)
Is this -- from the standard?
(holding it up,
examining it)

KIT

Yeah.
(looks at her -
sees her
suspicion)
You don't believe me, Imp?

WHITNEY

(insincerely)
Yes -- of course I do...

He turns from her angrily.

KIT

No. -- Or else you're covering,
too. Why?
(his anger
is mounting)
Why does everyone dummy up?
What's the angle? Do you all
think I'm nuts?

WHITNEY

Kit -- please!

KIT

You believe Anton was here last
night?

WHITNEY

(quietly)
Yes, but he couldn't have killed
Ab. He came to my apartment
about three this morning.
(meets Kit's look)
No. There's nothing between us.
He came in because he was terribly
troubled. He seemed frightened.
He asked if he could stay and talk
to me. I made him some coffee and
we talked -- until you called...

KIT

You're a great bunch. You and Barby
and Toni. You're a walking string
of alibis. Anton couldn't have shot
Ab. He was with you. He couldn't
have killed Louie -- he was playing
your accompaniment. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

Changes
"THE FALLEN SPARROW"

204- (CONTINUED)
207

KIT (cont'd)

Otto couldn't have shot Ab - he was at Franconia with Barby. He wasn't in the room when Louie was killed. Dr. Skaas couldn't have killed Louie; he was in a wheel chair in front of you. And the old Prince never leaves the nest. And when Ab was shot, we'll probably find that Toni was sitting in Skaas's lap, playing checkers with the Prince.

(laughs)
Maybe the boys committed suicide after all...

WHITNEY

No, Kit...

Kit studies her for a moment then he turns away abruptly, picks up his coat, starts putting it on. He has his plan of action. He speaks rapidly, with authority.

KIT

Listen: get on the phone - get Barby at Franconia. Have her meet me in Jake's office, eight o'clock tonight. Have her bring Otto. You be there, too. And get Toni to come. Tell them it's important. And...

(flips medallion
in his hand)
...don't mention this...

WHITNEY

Tonight, Kit?

KIT

(pulling on
his hat)
I know -- but you'll have to. Understand?

WHITNEY

All right.

Kit moves to the door.

208 MED. CLOSE at door. Whitney comes after him, stops him with a hand on his sleeve. Again there is suspicion of his sanity in her eyes.

WHITNEY

Kit - do you know what you're doing?

(CONTINUED)

KIT

I think so.

(holds up the
medallion
again)

I'm going to find my man - the
one who limps. I'm going to
make him open up. -- This'll
do it.

Whitney stares at him unbelievably.

KIT (cont'd)

Where can I have it set as a
pendant on a gold chain -- by
tonight?

WHITNEY

There's a little place Jake
knows that could do it.

KIT

Thanks, Imp...

He goes out.

FADE OUT

(END OF PART II)

FADE IN

INT. CLUB FIFTY - AT BAR - NIGHT

209- CLOSE SHOT of the medallion now set as a pendant on a
210 thin, gold chain. It is held in Kit's hands. Over this
the music of the dance orchestra, the usual noises of a
bar.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to reveal Kit standing at the bar
admiring the pendant; there is a bottle of Scotch before
him and a whiskey glass filled; Kit sways slightly as he
lifts the glass and drinks; he appears slightly drunk.
Jake comes up to him, not liking Kit's condition.

JAKE

Miss Taviton and young Skaas.
In the office.

Kit nods. He pours himself another drink and then moves
out. Jake looks after him speculatively.

INT. CLUB FIFTY - JAKE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

211 MED. SHOT. The office is modernistic; concealed
lighting, etc. Kit enters to find Otto and Barby there.
He sways as he comes in, smiles foolishly.

KIT

Greetings.

212 CLOSE SHOT - Otto and Barby. Surprised at his
condition; Otto smiles half-contemptuously. Barby
moves toward him.

BARBY

Kit...

213 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Barby. She comes to him,
disregarding his condition; apparently greatly upset.

BARBY

This - is ghastly about Ab.
It can't have happened!

KIT

Seems very real to me. H'lo,
Skaas.

OTTO

I am most terribly sorry, Mr.
McKittrick.

Kit nods.

BARBY

Ab couldn't have killed himself.

KIT

You thought of that?

BARBY

We know how he felt about guns.

KIT

(gravely)

We do.

BARBY

Do you know what Ab was doing -
in Washington, I mean.

KIT

No.

BARBY

He said it was dangerous - Otto
thinks he might have been killed
by foreign agents.

KIT

Bright boy, Otto.

BARBY

What can we do, Kit? Can we find
out what he was working on? If
you were to go through his papers,
-- see the people he was working
with. If the three of us get
together we might at least find a
starting point...

KIT

(looking over
her shoulder)

The three of us?

BARBY

Otto can help.

214 CLOSE SHOT - Otto, half sitting on Jake's big desk.

OTTO

I have some understanding of
ciphers, Mr. McKittrick, if
there should be any among Mr.
Hamilton's papers. And I can
translate German.

215 MED. SHOT - group.

KIT

You think it smells of Nazis?

OTTO

(shrugging)

German or other languages. I
am something of a linguist.

216 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He smiles faintly; he's got the score; Otto wants to be in on it, to use Kit as a stooge. Barby is helping him, willingly or not.

KIT

Yeah. You'd be a help.

217 CLOSE SHOT - group.

OTTO

I am very happy. This may give me a chance to be of service to my own country.

KIT

A couple of the boys made their own chances.

OTTO

(a gesture of
humiliation)

It is true. But my father is a helpless cripple. I do not feel I can leave him. I am grateful for this opportunity to do some little thing.

Kit has apparently disregarded the last. He is smiling down at Barby. She turns away from his scrutiny.

BARBY

Is Whitney coming?

KIT

Yeah.

BARBY

See if you can find her, will you, Otto?

OTTO

Certainly.

He goes out.

217a- CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Barby. Kit is still smiling at her;
218 she looks at him, slightly surprised at his attitude. He takes her arm, turns toward the door.

KIT

C'mon, beautiful. Let's dance.

BARBY

Kit!

KIT

Sure. We'll dance on Ab's coffin. Why not? Ab liked people to have fun.

He tries to lead her out.

BARBY

Kit!

He moves her again; she looks at him, puzzled, and pulls back.

BARBY (cont'd)

Kit -- it's impossible. We
can't!

MOVE CAMERA IN CLOSE during the following.

KIT

This is something new. Barby
being proper. Worrying about what
people will think.

BARBY

You've been drinking too much...

KIT

You're a hypocrite. You like
anything that's wrong, and you
know it. You're a pagan. You
always have been.

BARBY

(shakes her head
but is interested)
Don't talk like that, Kit.

KIT

There's only one way to talk
to you...

He holds her close and kisses her. Presently she half
pulls away, but she is not angry; her eyes are glistening.

BARBY

Kit - I have to tell you - Ab
and I were engaged...

KIT

(laughing
at the irony)
Wonderful!

BARBY

(defensively)
After you came back, Ab didn't
want to hold me to it. I -- I
had to pretend. I couldn't hurt
him again.

KIT

(grinning)
And Otto?

(CONTINUED)

BARBY

(appealingly)

You were so different, Kit.

KIT

You should have been in Spain,
sweetheart.

BARBY

Why?

KIT

Anything for a thrill.

BARBY

(excitement
growing)

Is that why you went, Kit?

KIT

Why not? We're sort of alike.

BARBY

(softly)

I've missed you, Kit...

KIT

Have you, sweetheart... ?

There is a moment's look between them; Kit doesn't have to draw her to him, she is there, her lips on his. People are heard approaching. They break. Barby's eyes are gleaming. She moves from Kit.

219 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. There is a glint in his eyes; he hides a smile.

220 MED. SHOT - Toni, Whitney and Anton enter from the main room. Kit grins at them. Otto follows the others in.

KIT

Ah - greetings! Hello, Toni -
we've been waiting for you --
in a manner of speaking.

He moves toward the small bar; Toni, Whitney and Anton notice his stagger, are aware that he has been drinking heavily. Toni frowns.

TONI

Hello, Barby.

BARBY

Hello, dear. Hello, Whitney.

Whitney nods; her eyes still on Kit.

221 ANOTHER ANGLE as Kit shakily pours himself a drink.

KIT
Shall we all have one small drink?

TONI
(annoyed and slightly suspicious of his condition)
No, thank you.

KIT
No? All right. Here's to you, Toni - the most beautiful girl I have ever seen...
(drinks)

222 ANOTHER ANGLE - group. They react. Toni further annoyed, slightly embarrassed; Barby outraged; Otto smiling; Whitney disgusted; Anton, curious.

TONI
Why have you asked us to come here?

223 MED. CLOSE SHOT - including Kit.

KIT
You heard about Ab?

TONI
(eyes troubled)
Yes. I'm terribly sorry.

KIT
He shot himself with a gun he didn't have.

As he speaks he looks around at the faces before him, getting their reactions.

KIT (cont'd)
That's what the cops say. Bright, aren't they? Otto has a different idea. He thinks it might have been Nazis. Me -- I don't know. I had a hunch and thought I might have something to tell you all. But it didn't work. I drew a blank. I'm sorry.

TONI
Then there's nothing you really want us for?

(CONTINUED)

223 (CONTINUED)

KIT

I guess not.
(moves to her)
Except this...

224 CLOSER SHOT - Kit and Toni. He takes the medallion from his pocket, flips it in his hand.

KIT

This is for you. I want you
to wear it for me.

Toni stares at it in horrified fascination. Before she can protest, Kit is snapping it around her neck. He steps back. Toni holds it to look at it again, lets it fall. She is white with fear.

TONI

(a stifled cry)
No... !

225 CLOSE SHOT - group. Anton steps forward, staring at the medallion, incredulous. Otto's face is drawn tight.

KIT

(softly - sincerely)
The most beautiful thing I own --
to the most beautiful girl.

ANTON

(low - tense)
Where -- did you get that... ?

KIT

I picked it up in Spain...

226 CLOSE SHOT - Anton, looking from the medallion to Kit, trying to control his expression.

KIT'S VOICE

It's a little medallion that hung
on a standard...

227 CLOSE SHOT - Otto, recovering from the shock, regaining his smile of superiority.

KIT'S VOICE

It isn't worth much -- just sort
of a souvenir...

227a CLOSE SHOT - Barby, staring at the medallion, at Toni, then at Kit, outraged.

KIT'S VOICE

But it's beautiful, isn't it?
Like Toni...

227b CLOSE SHOT - Kit, watching their expressions.

2/16/43
98a

KIT

They go together. I thought
of that today -- and had it
set as a pendant. Wear it for
me, Toni...

227c CLOSE SHOT - Toni, white with fear.

TONI

I am sorry. I cannot accept it...

227d CLOSE GROUP SHOT. Kit meets her eyes.

KIT

You've got to...

TONI

(reaching to
unfasten the
chain)

No -- no...

OTTO

(slowly -
insistently)

You must not refuse it, Toni.

She looks at Otto; his eyes are steady.

OTTO (cont'd)

The Prince would not object to
your accepting it.

Toni's terror seems to increase. The others watch the
two. Kit's eyes narrow.

KIT

Wear it for me, Toni.

227e CLOSE SHOT - favoring Toni. She meets Kit's eyes. She
drops her hands. She has trouble finding her voice.

TONI

I am going home. Kit -- will
you please see me home?

KIT

Glad to.

(moves with her,
then turns to the
others)

I said I was sorry it was a false
alarm, didn't I? My apologies.

He follows her out.

227f CLOSE SHOT - group. As they stare after them. Anton has anger in his face; Barby, furious, moves for her wrap; Whitney looks at the others. Otto turns away to hide his expression from her.

WIPE

INT. CAB - NIGHT

228 CLOSE SHOT - Danny, the cab driver turning to get the address.

KIT'S VOICE

Riverside Drive. 1420

DANNY

Oke.

He turns front. Starts the cab.

229 CLOSE SHOT - Toni and Kit. Toni is huddled in her side of the seat. Kit turns to her and smiles.

TONI

(low)

You can stop the act now.

KIT

(dropping his
drunkenness)

Thanks.

He leans back in his seat; Toni fingers the medallion.

TONI

Why did you do this, Kit?

KIT

(matter-of-factly)

So they could all see it, of course.

(CONTINUED)

TONI

You know what it can mean. You
know what they might do. Do
you wish to be killed?

Kit looks out of his window; his voice is quiet.

KIT

I don't intend to get killed.
I want to find the man I'm
looking for. A man who limps
when he walks. Do you know him?

TONI

No.

A pause, then:

TONI (cont'd)

This won't help you find him.

KIT

You know better than that.

230 CLOSE SHOT - Toni. She shakes her head; turns away.
There are tears in her eyes.

TONI

No.

KIT'S VOICE

Don't lie to me.

TONI

Kit -- I can't wear this.
Please take it back.

231 CLOSE TWO SHOT.

KIT

(without turning -
harshly)

Stop it!

They ride on in silence.

WIPE

EXT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - NIGHT

232 PANNING SHOT as Kit leads Toni from the cab to the
doorway. She stands on a step above him, turns to him.
Her eyes are moist. He looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Believe me -- I want you to have it. I want you to wear it. I wasn't kidding when I said you were the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I meant that. I could have said more...

TONI

(crying silently)

No, Kit...

He holds her close and kisses her. Then:

KIT

I've meant everything I've ever said to you.

TONI

(slowly)

So have I, Kit.

Then she is out of his arms and she quickly goes in. Kit stands for a moment, then he turns.

PAN him to the cab. He gets in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

233 MED. SHOT.

KIT

Okay, Danny. To the apartment.

DANNY

Oke.

234 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He is lighting a cigarette. The hand that holds the match shakes. He inhales. The muscles of his jaw twitch. He rubs his hand over his face.

QUICK FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DR. SKAAS'S STUDY - NIGHT

234a ANGLE SHOT. This is an effect shot, staged so that it is dark and we see little of the room and only silhouettes of the people, with the exception of Toni, who is seated facing the camera and a group of men who are seated in the various attitudes assumed at a conference. These men who we should not be able to visibly identify are Dr. Skaas, Otto, Anton and the Prince.

(CONTINUED)

Toni's eyes stare forward, moving from face to face as the men speak; her face is drawn with fear, her hands are motionless in her lap. She is wearing the medallion. Time: several hours after Kit has brought her home. The entire conversation (with the exception of Toni's lines) is held in German. The men speak as business men would speak when discussing a business problem.

DR. SKAAS

...es ist ganz klar. Er glaubt, dass er uns zwingen kann unsere Karten auf den Tisch zu legen, wenn er uns das Medaillon schenkt.

... it is quite understandable. He thinks by sending us the medallion he will force our hand.

OTTO

Das beweist wenigstens, dass er die Standarte hier in America hat.

At least it proves that he has the standard in this country.

SKAAS

Vielleicht. Ich bin nicht so ganz davon überzeugt. Es könnte auch sein, dass er uns nur glauben machen will, dass das der Fall ist.

Perhaps. I am not sure. It may be that that is just what he wishes us to think.

ANTON

Ich denke nicht, dass er sie hier hat.

I do not believe he has it here.

SKAAS

Das wird sich ja bald zeigen. We will soon see.

PRINCE

So ist's eine Herausforderung? Ausgezeichnet. Ich wünsche, dass Sie sie annehmen.

It is a challenge, then? Good. It is my wish that you accept it.

The CAMERA IS MOVING SLOWLY FORWARD past the silhouetted figures toward Toni. During the following it continues moving closer until we are close on Toni at the time she speaks.

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE

Ja... Ja... Er glaubt er ist ein mutiger Mann. Er glaubt - aber er irrt sich. Er ist ein gebrochener Mann. Die ist einfach der letzte, verzweifelte Versuch eines Mannes, der sich dem Tode nahe fühlt. Nun denn - wir werden Herrn McKittrick's Herausforderung annehmen.

Yes. Yes, he thinks he is brave - but he is not. He is a broken man. This is but a last, desperate struggle of a man who sees his death clearly ahead of him. Very well, we will accept Mr. McKittrick's challenge.

(CONTINUED)

PRINCE'S VOICE

Was schlagen Sie vor,
Herr Doktor?

What do you propose,
Doctor?

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE

Sehr einfach, Eure Hoheit.
Toni wird der Koeder sein.

It is simplicity
itself, Your Highness.
Toni will be the bait.

TONI

(lev)

No. No -- I will not.....!

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE

Schweigen Sie!

Be quiet.

A pause; Toni drops her eyes.

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE (cont'd)

Er wuenscht mich kennen zu
lernen...Ausgezeichnet. Er
zoll die Gelegenheit dazu
haben. Ich weiss, wie ich
ihn hierher zu einer
Gesellschaft einladen. Du
wirst es dann so einrichten,
dass er sich meine Zimmer
ansieht ... allein...

He wishes to meet me.
Very well. He shall.
I now know how to make
him talk. Toni will
invite him to a party-
here. You will arrange
to have him visit my
rooms. Alone.

TONI

(intense agony)

No...! I cannot -- I cannot....
I will not.....

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE

(voice rising for the
first time -- dominant)

Du hast zu gehorchen! Du
wirst genau das tun, was
dir befohlen wird! Sonst
- Du weisst ja was die
Konsenzen sein werden.

You will obey orders.
You will do exactly
as you are told. Or
you know the
consequences.

There is a pause as Toni's resistance crumbles before his dominance. Her eyes are wet. After a moment her eyes drop, avoid Skaas's.

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE

So ist's richtig. Du
wirst ihn morgen anrufen.
Du wirst ihn bitten. Dich
aufzusuchen. Du wirst ihn
fuer morgen abend einladen.
Hast du verstanden?

That is better. You
will telephone him
tomorrow. You will ask
him to see you. You
will invite him here
for tomorrow evening.
You understand?

(CONTINUED)

Yes.

TONI

Gut.

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE
Very well.

PRINCE'S VOICE
Das ist alles. Sie koennen jetzt gehen. That is all. You may go, now.

Toni rises slowly. CAMERA PANS WITH her as she moves out. From the room comes the continued drone of German as they talk.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

234b TRUCKING SHOT. Toni comes from the room, walks down the hall. Tears are flowing down her cheeks, unminded. She walks as one in torment. We FOLLOW WITH her until she reaches the door. She leans against it for a moment. It appears that she is about to break. But she puts back her shoulders, opens the door, and exits.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - BUSINESS SECTION - DAY

235 A dark, drizzling day. Kit comes down the street, coat collar up, passes a cafe and comes down to a plate glass door marked: CAFE VANISE, CATERING DEPT. Kit enters.

WIPE

INT. CAFE CATERING DEPT. - DAY

236 MED. SHOT. A small, office-like reception room, fitted with desks and a counter. Kit walks to the counter.

236a MED. CLOSE SHOT at counter. A clerk comes to the far side of the counter.

CLERK

Yes, sir?

KIT

Hello. You catered a party for Miss Barby Taviton on the seventeenth of last month. If you'll remember, there was an accident there that night.

CLERK

(frowning)

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

I'd like to get the names of
the waiters you sent there --
particularly the name of a
waiter who spilled wine on the
shirt front of one of the guests.

CLERK

Are you from the police?

KIT

(looking at
him quickly)

No. Why?

CLERK

Well, they've bothered us about
it before.

KIT

(interested)

When?

CLERK

The next morning. -- The waiter's
name was Luigi Comintelli -- but
for any further information, you'd
better go to the police. They
arrested him.

KIT

The next morning?

CLERK

Yes, sir. But I'd like you to
understand that we...

Kit is grinning; he rubs his face as he turns away.

KIT

It's okay...

He moves out quickly.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

EXT. STREET - AT TAVITON HOME - DAY

- 237 MED. SHOT. Kit comes down the steps, pulling up his overcoat collar against the slashing rain. He looks up and down the street. There is no cab in sight. He crosses the street to hunt for a cab going West.
- 238 LONG SHOT as another man some distance down the street also crosses.
- 239 CLOSE SHOT - Kit seeing the man. Some sixth sense tells him the man is tailing him. He stands waiting for a cab. He looks down the street.
- 240 MED. SHOT from Kit's ANGLE. The man goes into a shop.
- 241 CLOSE SHOT. He moves down a west-bound street.
- TRUCK WITH him. He crosses the street at an angle, risks a backward glance.
- 242 MED. SHOT - the man, following.
- 243 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, now sure he is being followed. He stops, snaps his fingers in annoyance as if having forgotten something, turns on his heel abruptly and walks quickly in the opposite direction.
- FOLLOW WITH Kit. He comes abreast of the man who has been caught by surprise. The man attempts to turn to look in a window, but Kit's hands come up to the man's hat, one on the front, one on the rear of the oval, yanks it down over his eyes. His fist goes smashing into the man's middle, he bends forward, at the same time Kit's foot swings against the man's legs and he goes down. As he falls, Kit shoves him sidewise and he lands and rolls down the stairs of a basement entrance. He is out of sight in seconds. Kit moves to a small cafe next door. Enters.

INT. SMALL CAFE - DAY

- 244 MED. SHOT - Kit. He moves to a wall phone in the rear.
- 245 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He puts in a nickel, dials a number. Then:

KIT

Jake -- Kit. Danny there? Put him on.

(pause)

Danny -- meet me at the corner of...(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)
(takes out paper -
consults it)
...47th and 10th. I had a tail
but I shook him. Keep your eyes
open.

He hangs up. Moves to the washroom.

INT. SMALL CAFE - WASHROOM - DAY

246 PANNING SHOT as Kit comes in, looks around, moves to the windows in back. He opens one, boosts himself up, slips out. He closes the window behind him.

EXT. ALLEY IN REAR OF CAFE - DAY

247 As Kit leaves the building below the washroom window, crosses a small yard, scales a fence, drops into the alley. He moves quickly toward the street.

EXT. STREET - DAY

248 MED. SHOT. Kit comes out from the alley, looks up and down the street.

249 MED. SHOT - street, from Kit's ANGLE. It is clear.

250 MED. SHOT - Kit. He crosses the street.

WIPE

EXT. STREET NEAR 10TH AVENUE - DAY

251 MED. SHOT. Danny's cab is pulled up to the curb, waiting. Kit, rain-soaked, comes down the street, glances at Danny.

252 CLOSE SHOT - Danny. He shakes his head slightly as a signal that all is clear.

253 MED. SHOT - Kit. He passes the cab, goes up the stairs of an old house.

254 CLOSE SHOT - house entrance. Kit searches for a bell, rings it. He waits. Presently a blowsy landlady appears.

LANDLADY

Yes?

KIT

I want to see Luigi Comintelli.

(CONTINUED)

LANDLADY

Well, go see him. He ain't here.

KIT

He lives here.

LANDLADY

No more, he don't.

KIT

When'd he leave?

LANDLADY

More'n a month ago.

KIT

Remember the day?

LANDLADY

I don't know. A month'n maybe a week. Ask the cops about 'im. They took 'im.

KIT

(squinting)

Was it the sixteenth of last month? In the morning?

LANDLADY

I guess it was. Should I care?

She bangs the door. Kit turns away.

255 MED. SHOT - Danny's cab, as Kit comes to it, opens the door.

KIT

Sixteenth Precinct.

DANNY

Oke.

Kit climbs in. The cab pulls out.

WIPE

INT. 16TH PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS - STATION ROOM - DAY

256 MED. SHOT. The sergeant at the desk is buried in another tabloid. He looks at Kit expressionless as Kit crosses through.

INT. 16TH PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS - REAR ROOM - DAY

257 As Kit crosses through, opens the door to Tobin's office.

258 CLOSE SHOT - Kit as he comes in, pools of water running off him.

PAN WITH him as he moves in. Tobin and Moore are seated on either side of the pull-out shelf of the desk, playing gin rummy. Tobin gives Kit one look, nods toward a coffee pot and cups on a tray. Kit nods, pours himself a cup.

KIT

Thanks.

TOBIN

Looks like you need it.

He drinks. Tobin studies him, over his cards. Moore draws a card, lays down his hand.

MOORE

I go down for four.

TOBIN

(looking at
the cards)

Holy mud!

He tosses in his hand. Moore scores, starts to shuffle. Kit has dropped into a chair, is wringing out his cuffs.

259 ANGLE SHOT - group. Tobin and Moore watch Kit. He looks up, meets their eyes. There is an understanding look between them, now. Kit speaks with a trace of humility.

KIT

I guess we've both been doing
this wrong.

Tobin only stares.

KIT (cont'd)

Want to tell me about it, now?

TOBIN

What'd you want to know?

KIT

Louie didn't fall from the
Taverton library.

TOBIN

No.

KIT

Why wouldn't you tell me?

TOBIN

(grins)

You were spoilin' for a fight -
besides I don't like wise guys
telling me how to do my job.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Not enough.

TOBIN

(slower,
studying Kit)

All right. I knew what you'd been through in Spain. I didn't know how far you'd come out of it. I couldn't take a chance on your breaking. I figured if I got you mad enough - and you had what your old man had - it'd come out.

KIT

Why are you telling me now?

TOBIN

You haven't been foolin'.

(grins)

That was a nice job you pulled on Herman today.

Kit looks at him quickly. Tobin nods.

TOBIN (cont'd)

I put a man on you the day you got back.

KIT

You knew Anton was in my apartment that night?

TOBIN

Yeah. But Anton didn't come back.

KIT

Who did?

TOBIN

(frowning)

I don't know.

Kit rises, paces.

KIT

What happened to the waiter - Luigi?

TOBIN

We've got him on an old rap until we want him.

KIT

Will you give me the rest of it?

Tobin rises, comes around the desk.

TOBIN

Louie was doing a job for the Government - working out of here as a blind. He was after an espionage ring. We had orders to lay off and take his death as an accident.

(pulls out a
cigarette,
lights it)

We think Louie was pushed from the window on the floor above the library - from the room the old Skaas had. We know Otto was changing his shirt in the next room. We don't have the gun that shot the slug between Louie's eyes. It was a Colt automatic. Maybe they didn't think we'd autopsy someone who'd taken that kind of a fall. It isn't easy to do. But we have the bullet.

KIT

What about Ab?

TOBIN

We didn't know he was working on it. I only found out when I talked to Washington.

KIT

You don't know how Ab got it?

TOBIN

No.

KIT

Mind if I use the phone?

TOBIN

Help yourself.

261 CLOSER ANGLE - group. Kit crosses to the desk, sits on a corner of it, picks up the phone, dials a number, as:

TOBIN

What about that flag of yours?
That on the level?

KIT

Yeah.

(shrugs)
It's hard to understand.

(CONTINUED)

TOBIN

You talked to the Federals
about it?

KIT

No. They wouldn't be interested
anyway.

262 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Kit, His face is tight as he
thinks about it.

KIT

That's a personal matter -
between me and a little man in
Berlin. The brigade I was with
picked off one of his general
pals -- a mugg who was with him
since the beer-hall days. They
knocked off the pal - and a
whole division. He swore he'd
have every last man in the outfit -
and the standard to hang in
Berchtesgaden. I swore he wouldn't.

(gets

connection)

Hello - John McKittrick. Any
calls for me?

He listens and suddenly his looseness is gone; he is as
tense as a hunting dog on the point.

KIT (cont'd)

Toni Donne? Thanks.

(hangs up -

dials another

number; to

Tobin)

You any idea what brought Louie
to Skaas's room that night?

TOBIN

He was after some papers. We
heard he got the tip from your
girl friend.

(indicating

phone)

Toni Donne.

Kit's eyes narrow; the phone is answered; he leans
forward as he speaks.

TONI'S VOICE

(over phone)

Hello...

KIT

Hello, Toni.

TONI'S VOICE

Kit?

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE IN

INT. HAT SHOP - DAY

264 MED. SHOT as Kit enters. His overcoat and pant legs are wet and wrinkled and his hat is out of shape. A middle-aged saleslady turns to Kit.

KIT

Miss Donne?

SALESLADY

Mr. McKittrick?

Kit nods.

SALESLADY (cont'd)

She is in the workroom.

Kit crosses through, mounts the stairs, goes behind the satin curtains.

INT. HAT SHOP - WORKROOM - DAY

265 MED. SHOT. Toni is seated before a designing board, staring at it with unseeing eyes. She looks up as Kit enters. She rises as he comes to her.

266 CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Toni. Kit stands before her; her eyes are sad and fearful. After a slight pause:

TONI

The medallion did its job.

KIT

(grins)

I'm marked out - like Louie and Ab.

She doesn't reply. Kit takes her by the arm, draws her to him, holds her by the arms.

KIT (cont'd)

(softly)

Toni - we've got a lot to say to each other. For just now - there's only the two of us. There isn't anything else. Or anybody else. Listen to me. There isn't any need for lies between us.

TONI

(slowly)

I won't lie to you, Kit. If I can't answer - I won't lie.

KIT

Good.

TONI

What do you want to know?

KIT

You didn't see Louie Lepetino
fall from that library window.
He wasn't in the room. He was
in Dr. Skaas's room when he
was murdered.

TONI

(a slight pause)

Yes.

KIT

You helped kill him.

TONI

(anguished)

No!

She pulls away from him. When she turns back to him
there is fire in her.

TONI (cont'd)

I didn't know what was going
to happen. I was told to go
into the library as soon as
Whitney began to sing. To open
the window and wait there.

(steadily)

I have to do what I'm told.

KIT

Why?

TONI

There is a hold on me. That's
all I can tell you.

KIT

(nods; then)

Then what?

TONI

I opened the window. I -- I
saw the body fall past - and I
screamed.

KIT

You guessed who it was?

TONI

Yes -- later they told me he
fell from the window above.

(CONTINUED)

KIT

Who told you?

She shakes her head. He takes her by the arms again.

KIT (cont'd)

You're in America, Toni.

TONI

It makes no difference.

KIT

I can bring every power of the government to protect you.

TONI

(shaking . . .
head - then)

Are you working for your government, Kit?

KIT

No.

He drops his hands, turns away from her.

267 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. When he turns back his face is hard.

KIT

It was Otto who shot Louie.
But it wasn't Otto who got Ab.
(fixing her)
Who did?

268 CLOSE SHOT of the two.

TONI

I don't know.

KIT

Why were they killed?

TONI

I think - because they were coming too near the truth...

KIT

What truth?

Toni shakes her head.

KIT (cont'd)

(angrily)
Louie was killed because of me.
I'm the one they want. Because
I have the standard.

(CONTINUED)

TONI
(eyes flash
with fear)
You do have it?

KIT
Yes.

269 CLOSE SHOT - favoring Toni. Toni stares at him; her eyes slowly fill with tears.

TONI
Kit - give it up...

KIT
No.

Toni sinks into a chair, her hands in her lap -- there are tears in her eyes.

TONI
(with emotion)
I can't stand this any longer.
I'm sick to death at the
thought of what might happen
to you. I'm afraid. I'm
terribly afraid for you...

KIT
(not untouched)
Don't, Toni...

TONI
(crying)
Last night, all night, I lay in
bed and tried to think - why
men act as they do about little
things. I tried to understand.
I can't. What earthly good
does it do you to hold out? Do
you think it's heroic? It isn't.
It's senseless. It's childish.
Think, Kit...

He starts to interrupt, she rises -- moves to him.

TONI (cont'd)
No -- don't answer now. Wait.
Think of what it is: a dirty
bit of cloth. A little rag you
wouldn't bother to pick up if
you saw it in the street.
(suddenly overcome)
And you are willing...

She can't go on. She leans close against him, cries.
Then:

(CONTINUED)

TONI (cont'd)

You're not in that world, now,
Kit. You're in America. Give
it up and you'll be safe here.
Give it up and perhaps we'll
find some way to get away from
all of this -- the two of us.
Kit, darling -- please...

There is a moment as Kit holds her. Then he pulls away.

270 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Kit moves away. He comes back. Toni
has her back to him, her handkerchief to her eyes.

KIT

Maybe I can't tell it so you'll
understand - it's mixed up and
it's hard to tell - but I'll
try because I want you to know
how it is. More than anyone
else - I want you to know...
(paces - then)

At first it was something a kid
would do - a kid who had ideas
and ideals - hold out on the
dirty sadists. Then it meant
my life - holding out - because
if I gave in - they'd kill me.
Then it began to mean something
more. Can you understand that?
(sees she doesn't -
simply)

There are some things you've
got to do. It doesn't matter
what you think about it - or
how afraid you are. You've got
to do it. What else makes a
man stand up against a tank with
only a rifle in his hands? Why
do they hide out in the hills
after their army is gone and
keep plugging away knowing sure
as God's in Heaven their people
are going to be knocked out in
retaliation? Do you suppose
they think? I don't think so.
They just know. Inside them,
they know they've got to do it.
It's something they can't help.
(wets his lips)

That's the way it is with me.
I know I've got to hold out.
Maybe because the thing's a
symbol - a symbol of three
thousand men who had been my
friends - three thousand guys
who were shot down around me.
Maybe it's more than that.
Maybe it means everything that
people all over the world are
fighting for. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)
 (shakes his head)
 I don't know.
 (with all the
 intensity of
 his feeling)
 I just know that before I let
 the little man get his filthy
 hands on that standard - I'll
 burn in hell...

271 ANGLE SHOT - Kit and Toni.

TONI
 (softly)
 I'm sorry, Kit.

KIT
 You don't think I can win?

TONI
 I know you can't win.

KIT
 (coming to her)
 They've got you, Toni -- is that
 it? Or they've broken you.
 (as near to
 pleading as
 he can come)
 Don't let them. You belong
 with me, Toni...

TONI
 (shakes her head)
 You can't win, Kit.

Kit's anger mounts; his eyes blaze.

KIT
 Oh, yes I can! I learned how
 from them. Fight them the way
 they fight. Don't bother with
 words. They're for saps. Just
 go in for the kill... kill or
 be killed...

(holds her -
 pleading)
 Toni -- come along with me...

TONI
 (eyes wet)
 I can't. -- Oh, I know what you're
 fighting for. I've loved peace
 and right all my life. I've loved
 lots of little things. Things
 that were important to me. I loved
 the house we had in the village
 and the old dog I had and the snow
 in the hills in winter time -- (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

271 (CONTINUED)

TONI (cont'd)

I loved watching the children
in the village grow up. I lost
all of that.

(simply)

I love you, too, Kit, but...

He grabs her.

KIT

Toni...

TONI

(trying to
free herself)

No...

KIT

(holding her)

Listen to me: You've got to
make your choice. Now. There
isn't any more time.

TONI

(eyes filled)

I can't choose now.

KIT

You have to.

TONI

No. Tonight. Will you come
to the apartment, tonight?

Kit studies her. Has it come? Is this the invitation?

KIT

Yes.

TONI

There'll be a crowd. It's a
party for the doctor. But...

KIT

You'll choose?

TONI

Yes.

KIT

(slowly)

Will you arrange to get me
out - so I can have a look at
Dr. Skaas's rooms...

She is staring at him with fear-filled eyes.

(CONTINUED)

KIT (cont'd)

I don't expect to find anything
more than Louie did. But I know
the man who limps will come along.

(quietly but
deadly)

And when I meet him - I'm
going to kill him.

Toni is crying silently.

KIT (cont'd)

And you can tell him that.

TONI

I don't know him, Kit.

KIT

(holding her)

He'll come.

TONI

Suppose he doesn't?

(CONTINUED)

KIT

(emphasizing it
by separating
his words)

Then I'll burn the standard -
and they won't get the ashes
either -- I'll throw them out
over the bay...

Their eyes hold; Toni knows it's a challenge. Kit
watches intently.

TONI

All right, Kit...

He holds her close as she cries.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. AB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

272 Kit is pacing the sidewalk, waiting for Danny. He has
his overcoat over a dinner coat. He throws away his
cigarette as Danny's cab pulls up. He moves to it
hurriedly.

273 CLOSE SHOT at cab. Danny is grinning.

KIT

Okay, Danny?

DANNY

Okay, pal. We got both that
guy Otto and your ex-butler at
Jake's - on ice. They won't
bother you none.

KIT

Nice goin'.

He opens the cab door, climbs in.

KIT (cont'd)

Riverside Drive, Danny.

DANNY

Oke.

As the cab starts out.

DISSOLVE

274- OMITTED.
281

282 Toni is opening the door to Kit. He smiles at her; she is lovely in a very low-cut gown. He is not dressed.

KIT

Hello, sweetheart.

TONI

Hello, Kit...

She welcomes him with her eyes; he moves in.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

283 MED. SHOT. In the living room off are a number of people, some dressed, some not; they are refugees and foreigners, a swarm of decadent continental aristocrats; decorations and ribbons are prominent. There is music from a gypsy trio, wild and frenzied. Toni takes Kit's hat and coat.

KIT

You're lovely.

She smiles, almost sadly; then, quietly:

TONI

I will do as you asked.

KIT

Good.

TONI

My grandfather is not here.
He was taken to the hospital
this afternoon.

284 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. A flash of interest in his eyes: Is the old Prince the man who limps, then?

KIT

Serious?

285 CLOSE TWO SHOT.

TONI

He needs rest. Come in...

She leads the way.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

286 MED. SHOT. The trio is in the far corner of the room, two gypsies, and Anton at the piano. People are gathered around them, gesturing in time with the music.

287 CLOSE SHOT - Anton as he looks up and meets Kit's eyes. His face is drawn and white but expressionless except for his eyes which burn.

288 CLOSE SHOT - Kit meeting the look. Then he looks to:

289 CLOSE SHOT - Dr. Skaas in his wheelchair, a cherubic smile on his face; he nods pleasantly at Kit.

290 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. Toni has moved forward. Kit is standing alone.

291 CLOSE SHOT - Whitney. PAN her TO Kit, as she crosses quickly. She is pale, and small, and frightened. She comes to Kit, puts her hand on his arm.

KIT

How are you, Imp?

WHITNEY

(nervously
tense)

Kit - you can't stay here...

KIT

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

WHITNEY

(shaking her
head - impatient -
very low)

It's nothing I know -- it's
something I feel - something
that's here - that is wicked
and vicious and awful. I don't
know - but I feel it - it's so
real - it's like a blanket that's
smothering.

(a note of
hysteria)

I know I sound silly - but please
believe me -- you can't stay here...

KIT

(forehead
moist)

You've got night-club jitters...

WHITNEY

Kit - please...

She is half sobbing as she breaks off. Kit realizes she
is on the verge of hysteria; he frowns, afraid she will
spoil the arrangements. He pretends to give in to her.

KIT

All right. You go on - go
down to Jake's. I'll be down
in a few minutes.

WHITNEY

You promise?

KIT

Sure. Go ahead, Imp.

She turns from him quickly, glad to be going. She moves
toward the foyer. Kit stares after her. Then he turns -
moves across the room.

292 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Toni and Skaas as Kit comes up. Skaas
smiles.

DR. SKAAS

Ah, Mr. McKittrick - it is good
to see you. I am sorry the Prince
is not here. I shall have to
play host tonight. I make a
sorry host, I think.

(chuckles)

But I hope we may have our talk --
a long talk - tonight, if you
would be so kind...

Changes
"The Fallen Sparrow"

3/3/43
125

293

ANGLE SHOT - group. The music is growing wilder; the strings are at a very high pitch. For a moment, Kit has the sensation of being trapped. Sweat is on his forehead; he looks around, his eyes curiously like an animals. He forces a grin.

KIT

About tortures? There's one I know. You make a recording of a high, shrill note. You play the record over and over - and make the victim listen until his mind is just going. Then...

(grins but
is sweating)

...as you say, you refresh him.

DR. SKAAS

(ecstatic)

My dear Mr. McKittrick -- you have seen this?

KIT

I have.

DR. SKAAS

Ah! How we are going to get along.

(laughs)

Come - we'll have something to drink. Toni?

Kit glances at Toni, she meets his eyes soberly. She wheels the doctor's chair into the trophy room.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

294

MED. SHOT as Toni, Kit helping her, wheels in Skaas. A table is spread for buffet. There are decanters of whiskey and brandy. In the center is a tray on which is a decanter of wine and the golden goblets. As they come to the table the doctor gestures toward the cups.

DR. SKAAS

In your honor, my dear friend. The Prince was flattered that you admired his cups when you were here last. -- Toni - if you please?

Toni pours the wine for them. She hands a goblet to Kit, to Dr. Skaas - she keeps one for herself, as:

(CONTINUED)

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)
(chuckling
to himself)
A high, shrill note -- repeated
over and over.
(chuckles)
Exquisite.
(lifts his
glass)
We shall have a toast, my boy...

295 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT. Kit's eyes are lidded but they are very much alive. He smiles, reaches over and exchanges his glass for the doctor's.

KIT

The old Borgia custom, Doctor.

DR. SKAAS

Ah, yes. Your joke!

(smiles up
merrily)

And now a toast...

(lifting the
glass that
had been Kit's)

To us. Success in the new world...

They drink, Kit meeting Toni's eyes, which are wet.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

(fingering
his cup)

Poisons. Ah, yes. We were talking about them this afternoon - the Prince and I. Poisons and drugs. He had just been given an injection of Sclorodine. You are familiar with its properties, Mr. McKittrick?

KIT

I'm afraid not.

DR. SKAAS

(sipping his
wine - nods)

Yes. It is only recently that it was brought to my attention. Ah - the ancients! They had some remarkable drugs that have been lost to us through time.

296 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT - Kit, listening intently, trying to see through it.

DR. SKAAS'S VOICE

There was Andragora, which killed pain, so that a knife could be driven through flesh unfelt.

(CONTINUED)

Kit glances toward Toni.

297 CLOSE SHOT - Toni, deep sadness in her eyes as she watches Kit.

DR. SKAAS' VOICE

And there was vilellinum, which killed reason, by causing insanity. A single drop, Mr. McKittrick...

298 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT - Skaas and Kit. The doctor is looking up at Kit, his eyes twinkling. Sweat stands on Kit's face.

DR. SKAAS

...think of it. But it has remained for modern science to produce Scolorodine - which kills will, Mr. McKittrick.

KIT

Will?

DR. SKAAS

Yes, will. The will to resistance in any form. Particularly where speech is concerned. That is why your American papers have called it the "Truth Serum."

The muscles in Kit's jaw are almost out of control; he rubs his hand across his face.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

But I am boring you, my dear friend?

KIT

Hardly.

Shouts come from the other room; the music is faster, wilder. From the sounds we know that one of the gypsy girls is dancing. They all look off.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

299 Through the arch, from their ANGLE. The gypsy girl is doing an impassioned dance spurred on by the shouts of the onlookers.

300 CLOSE GROUP SHOT.

DR. SKAAS

We must see the dance. Do you
like gypsy music, Mr. McKittrick?

KIT

Very much.

DR. SKAAS

Good. Toni? -- If you please?

She goes to his chair. They move toward the other room.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

301 MED. SHOT as they come in. Toni wheels Dr. Skaas to the edge of the circle, then she moves forward toward the piano. Kit strolls up to the other fringe. Toni is seen to speak to Anton; his eyes light. He nods. He comes to a thumping stop of the music he has been playing. He begins Tsigane.

302 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He is staring at Toni.

303 CLOSE SHOT - Toni, as she moves back to the edge of the crowd. She meets Kit's eyes, her own deep and troubled.

304 MED. SHOT. Anton plays.

305 CLOSE SHOT - Anton and the violins behind him; they are putting themselves into it. The music rises. It is reaching an exceptionally high note.

306 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. The sound, the note, is bringing back tortured memories. It is with difficulty he keeps his face from twitching. Toni comes to him, stands beside him. He whispers.

KIT

Now.

She waits a moment, reading his eyes, then she nods. They leave the circle of the crowd. She leads him toward the trophy room.

307 CLOSE SHOT - Anton. His eyes follow Kit.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - A DARK KITCHEN - NIGHT

308 Toni is opening the door to the back stair.

TONI

Down one flight. The last door
at the end of the passage. It
is unlocked.

Kit hesitates, looking at her. He takes her in his
arms, kisses her. Then:

TONI (cont'd)

Please hurry...

Kit goes out. Toni closes the door.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - REAR STAIRWAY - NIGHT

309 FOLLOW SHOT as he moves down the dark stairs. He feels
for his gun, brings it out, examines it. He moves along
to a door. He opens it.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LOWER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

310 FOLLOW SHOT - dimly lighted, as Kit comes from the door
and moves down to the last door. He opens it. The
room is dark. He goes in.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - DR. SKAAS'S STUDY - NIGHT

311 MED. SHOT. The room is lined with books. A weak light
from the street light, filters in through the curtained
windows. Kit comes in, closes the door, stands motionless.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - PRINCE'S LIVING ROOM -
NIGHT

311a MED. SHOT. The music continues wildly. Toni returns
to the room, crosses through to stand at the edge of the
crowd, not far from Dr. Skaas. He barely glances at her;
she is staring at Anton. Skaas moves his wheel chair
around; he attracts no attention from the spectators
who are listening to the performance, as he wheels from
the room.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - DR. SKAAS'S STUDY - NIGHT

311b MED. SHOT. Kit is still standing at the door, fighting
against his growing nervousness. He crosses the room;
PAN WITH HIM; to a large desk. He keeps one hand in his
pocket, tight on his gun, as he searches through the desk
with the other.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - PRINCE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

- 311c MED. SHOT. Skaas wheels his chair in and up to the door that Kit used to exit. He stops. Then slowly, painfully, he pushes up against the arms of the chair, rising steadily. One foot reaches to the ground; he is standing now. Another, horribly mutilated foot is brought to the ground. It pains him. He moves forward and we hear his peculiar footsteps - the step and then the drag. He goes out the door and disappears down the stairs.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - SKAAS'S STUDY - NIGHT

- 312 MED. SHOT at desk. Kit has found some documents that interest him. Now he pauses to listen. There is no sound. He glances through the papers. He pauses again to listen. Now he hears the sound of the drag of a wasted foot. A step and then the drag. He is suddenly filled with panic; terrorized. He moves to the wall, puts his back to it. He fights against the almost overpowering impulse to cower. His forehead is wet with sweat; the veins stand out on his temples; his eyes are those of an animal's. A low agonized cry breaks from him: "Oh, Jesus God! -- Can I do it?" (He can't say the words, of course, but that is the tonal value.) The footsteps are coming nearer - the step and then the drag. Kit struggles for mastery. Saliva drools at his lips, but he braces himself. He manages to stand erect, facing the door.
- 313 CLOSE SHOT at hall door as it opens slowly and a figure comes in. The door is closed. The hand reaches for the light switch. A table lamp goes on. Dr. Skaas, standing on one good and one crippled foot, is facing Kit. He smiles almost apologetically.
- 314 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. Using his total will, he is standing erect. His eyes go down to the doctor's feet.
- 315 CLOSE SHOT - the doctor's feet. One foot is horribly crippled.
- 316 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. He is at last face to face with the man who limps when he walks. He slowly raises the hand that holds the gun.
- DR. SKAAS'S VOICE
Why do you not shoot, Mr. McKittrick?
You have a gun.
- 317 CLOSE TWO SHOT as Skaas hobbles closer to Kit, while Kit struggles for mastery over his fear.

(CONTINUED)

317 (CONTINUED)

DR. SKAAS

Yes, why do you not shoot? I can tell you, Mr. McKittrick, if it would please you to know.

(pronounces
the name as
contemptuously
as did the Prince)

Because you cannot. You haven't the courage. You thought you had, oh, yes! You sent me a message -- "I will meet him and I will kill him!" Ah, yes.

(laughs)

Very brave. Very brutal.

(chuckles again)

But it is not possible for you to carry out your threat is it, Mr. McKittrick?

He is moving slowly, painfully closer.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

No. We have broken you. When you came back to New York, you thought you were a man again. You thought you could face the one you were after - and shoot it out.

(smiles - shakes
his head)

But you are not a man. You are only a relic of a man. Look at you now - you are trembling...

318 ANGLE SHOT - favoring Kit. But Kit is not trembling. The sweat has dried on his forehead. His eyes have lost the glaze of fear. He laughs. His eyes meet those of Skaas.

KIT

No, perhaps I was - not now. I'm not afraid of you, Doctor. Seeing you was all I needed...

He grins, glances down at the deformed foot. The doctor colors; for the first time he loses his feeling of superiority. It is only for a moment, then he is back to his former manner.

DR. SKAAS

But you will not shoot. No, neither one of us will do any killing. I cannot kill you because you have information I must obtain. You cannot kill me because you lack the brutality to kill in cold blood. Oh, yes, you have the courage to die for your faith - but not to kill for it.

KIT

(grins -
pockets
his gun)

There's a gent at Sing Sing
who'll have sufficient fibre
to pull a switch.

DR. SKAAS

(smiles)

It is a pity you will not be
allowed to tell your government
all that you would wish -- Shall
we have our talk now - yes?

KIT

By all means. Otto killed Louie
Lepetino.

DR. SKAAS

Yes, it was Otto. He does
pretty well what he is told.
There is no imagination, you
understand, but at following
instructions - he was acceptable.

KIT

Who shot Ab Hamilton?

DR. SKAAS

I did.

(smiles)

Anton and I waited in your
apartment. We had sent Mr.
Hamilton a telegram, signed with
your name. He did not come at
the time we expected. I remained
hidden while you and Anton had
your little talk. You went to
bed - I waited for your friend.
It was childishly simple. At the
sight of the gun he was frozen.
I placed it to his temple and
fired. I went as I had come -
through the rear entrance
prepared for me by Roman.

319 CLOSE SHOT - Kit. His eyes are not blazing with anger.
He takes a step forward, his hand still in his pocket, on
his gun, but not holding it up.

KIT

Why did you shoot Ab?

320 CLOSE ANGLE SHOT - Kit and Dr. Skaas.

DR. SKAAS

(shrugging)

It was a logical development.
He had become something of a
nuisance with his investigations.

(cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

And it was also my purpose to dispose of your friends - until such time as you chose to see our point of view.

(smiles)

But you forced the issue.

(shrugs)

Well and good. There are other means by which you can be made to tell us what we wish to know.

(smiles)

I mentioned to you tonight - Sclorodine. Yes. The drug that destroys the will. Yes, you will talk to us, Mr. McKittrick, believe me.

Skaas looks at his wrist watch. Kit grins, shakes his head.

KIT

Don't worry about the time - I took care of your gunman - he won't be here.

DR. SKAAS

(nods

unconcerned)

Yes - I know.

(looks at his
watch again)

But that is not why I look at my watch. I think it is about time the drug has taken it's effect.

He smiles at Kit; Kit grins, shakes his head, but there is worry in his eyes.

DR. SKAAS (cont'd)

The drug that was in the goblet, Mr. McKittrick. Oh, yes, it was clever of you to exchange the cups. But you made a fatal mistake. You underrated your opponent. I had counted on your doing just that, my dear friend. The drug was in my cup.

KIT

(unsure)

No - don't give me that...

DR. SKAAS

Try to raise your hand.

321 ANGLE SHOT favoring Kit. Kit tries to bring his gun hand up; he finds that he cannot. His eyes go to Skaas in fear. Sweat breaks out again. He struggles with a mental torture.

KIT

(between
clenched
teeth)

You dirty sadistic swine...

Skaas unconcerned has taken a hypodermic case from his pocket. He opens it, shakes the needle. He clumps forward. Kit finds his knees beginning to buckle. A terrible paralysis is overcoming him. He struggles desperately against it. His lips seem to be mumbling a prayer. Skaas clumps nearer.

322 EFFECT SHOT distorted from Kit's ANGLE. The Doctor's head a bulbous, floating mass, as it comes forward.

323 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT. Kit, with a total effort of his will manages to swing his body sidewise, using every muscle of his body, swinging so that his right arm will come up. He has judged the position of a small, straight backed chair to a nicety. The arm with the hand still in the pocket, comes up to land on the back of the chair; using the leverage so afforded, Kit bends down, the gun comes up; he fires; one, two, three, four bullets smash into the approaching Doctor. A look of surprise comes on Skaas's face. He falls face down. The music is loud from the apartment below.

324 ANGLE SHOT - Kit. He supports himself by hanging to the back of the chair; his eyes go around the room. The window is only three feet from him. With a last desperate effort he throws himself to the window; his head and shoulders go through it. He yells to the street below.

KIT

Danny...

He drops to the floor.

DISSOLVE

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - SKAAS'S STUDY - NIGHT

325 LOW CAMERA SET-UP - SHOOTING UP to get the face of Danny, backgrounded by the ceiling, as he bends over Kit. He reaches out and takes a glass from him.

326 CLOSE TWO SHOT. Kit is stretched out on the sofa.
He draws in deep breaths.

DANNY
You feel okay?

KIT
(nods -
breathes,
then)
Tobin ought to be on his way by
now. I've got to get up.

DANNY
Sure you c'n make it?

Danny helps him rise; Kit swings his feet to the floor.
He gets up, Danny assisting.

KIT
(shaky on
his feet)
Yeah - go down front. If Anton
makes a dash for it - bean him.
Only Anton - get it?

DANNY
Oke.

He glances at Skaas on the floor. Then he and Danny
move out.

WIPE

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

327 SHOOTING FROM BEHIND Kit as he enters, crosses through
the darkened trophy room. The party is breaking up;
Toni is saying goodnights at the door. FOLLOW THROUGH
BEHIND Kit as he crosses the room, softly. He stands
just inside the shadows.

gb

328- CLOSE SHOT - Toni. Her face is pale, her eyes deep
329 circles.

TONI

Goodnight, Serge...

She sees Kit; a curious expression crosses her face.

330 CLOSE SHOT - Anton, staring at Kit as if at a ghost. He moves quickly, pushing his way through the people at the door. Toni moves toward the trophy room.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

331 The door to the kitchen is open; Kit can be seen in the kitchen. Toni crosses through slowly.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

332 MED. SHOT. Kit is leaning against the wall, weak.

333 CLOSE SHOT - Toni and Kit. Tears stand in Toni's eyes.

KIT

Where does the Prince fit in all this?

TONI

(quietly)

He's senile. He thinks they'll make him King of France.

(shakes her head)

He's dying in the hospital.

KIT

He's not your grandfather.

TONI

No.

A slight pause; Kit wets his lips.

KIT

I killed Christian Skaas.

Toni nods at the fact accomplished.

KIT (cont'd)

You sent him up to get me.

Her eyes are filled with tears; she shakes her head in a negative gesture.

(CONTINUED)

TONI

No -- you knew it was a trap.
I knew you knew. I had faith
in you.

(almost too low
to be heard)

And I had to do as I was told.

KIT

Why, Toni?

TONI

I married the real Otto Skaas -
the one here is a German. He
died in a concentration camp.
I have a daughter three years
old. She is in Germany, held
as a hostage.

Kit goes to her; holds her.

334 CLOSE SHOT - Kit and Toni.

KIT

Toni - you said you loved me.
Did you mean that?

TONI

(slowly; speaking
each word distinctly)
Yes. But it is no use. There
is nothing for us, Kit.

KIT

We'll get her out of their
hands. There are ways -
underground ways. We'll get
her away.

TONI

I won't risk her.

KIT

(holding her
to him)

We can get her away - and I can
fix it here -- you haven't been
to blame - you've acted under
compulsion. Come with me, Toni -
we'll have our own life together.

TONI

(crying)
No. It would always be between
us. There would come a time when
one of us would have to choose. How
do I know which I would choose? I
have other relatives there. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

TONI (cont'd)

I couldn't trust myself. You couldn't trust me. I am not like your men in the hills who can keep on and see their people slaughtered. I am not brave. I love -- and I do for those I love what I can.

KIT

You love me...

TONI

Yes. But I am afraid. I cannot risk my daughter.

KIT

You're not afraid, Toni -- it's something they've drilled into you. Let me show you the way out. Let me help you. I love you, Toni...

TONI

(crying)

You will have time to forget when I'm gone.

(slight pause -

looking up at him)

If you will let me go...

There is noise outside the building; a siren; men's voices. Kit breaks away. He moves out quickly.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

335 MED. SHOT. Kit comes hurriedly through, bolts the hall door. He turns back, goes to Toni who is standing in the trophy room.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

336 CLOSE TWO SHOT. He comes to her, holds her; he is tense.

KIT

Toni - you've got to make the choice now. The police are downstairs. We've only minutes.

TONI

Please let me go! Please let me go back to my child!

KIT

Listen to me. No harm will come to her. Believe in me, Toni. Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

She is staring at him; her tears stopped.

TONI

Can I...

KIT

You must. Go away, tonight. Go to Chicago. Take a new name. I'll square it here. When it's safe, I'll join you.

The heavy tread of the detective's feet can be heard outside in the hallway. Toni glances toward the door in fear. She makes her decision.

TONI

Bless you, Kit...

She leaves his arms, runs across to another room. There is a pounding on the door.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

337 Kit comes in, nervously waits for Toni. She returns wearing a coat, and putting a scarf around her head.

KIT

Have you money?

TONI

Yes.

The pounding is louder; voices. Kit goes with Toni as they quickly cross through the trophy room. PAN WITH them.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

338 CLOSE SHOT at door, as they come to it. Kit opens the door. The hammering on the hall door is loud now. Kit takes Toni in his arms and kisses her.

KIT

Hurry...

She goes. Kit closes the door. He walks through the kitchen.

INT. RIVERSIDE DRIVE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

339 MED. SHOT. The police have decided to force the door. Kit comes in; he yells.

KIT

Toby? Wait a minute!

(CONTINUED)

He goes to the door and opens it. Tobin and Moore come in; other police are in the hallway.

TOBIN

What's the idea?

KIT

I was doped. I'd passed out again.

(motioning)

He's downstairs. The rear apartment.

Tobin nods to Moore and the others. They go out and down. Tobin comes in. He closes the door.

340 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT. Tobin eyes Kit speculatively. Kit's face is tired. He sways on his feet. He drops to a chair, looks up.

KIT

I shot him. Maybe it was self-defense. Maybe not. I wanted to kill him. Then I didn't when the time came. Then I had to, to save myself.

TOBIN

It'll be up to the Federals.

KIT

He was the head of an espionage ring. He wasn't Christian Skaas. There're papers in his desk that'll help. You got Anton downstairs?

TOBIN

(nods; grins)

Yeah. He's got sort of a dent in his head.

KIT

Otto's in Washington. You can have him picked up at the Jefferson Park. Roman's at Jake's. On ice.

TOBIN

What about the girl?

KIT

(a pause - but meeting his eyes)

She got away.

TOBIN

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

KIT

(standing -
shakily)

Let her go, Toby. She helped me.

TOBIN

You think this'll stop - with the ones we've got? What about that flag?

KIT

It's hidden in Lisbon. I'm going over to get it - if I don't have to stand trial. I'm going to turn it over to some boys who can use it. There'll be brigades forming again....

TOBIN

(eyes hard)

Are you sure about the girl?

KIT

(hesitates for a
long moment)

I don't know.

(eyes are tired -
he looks away)

But we can find out...

He sways on his feet. Tobin catches him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. CLIPPER AIR BASE - DAY

341 LONG SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN from observatory. The clipper is warming up. Passengers are boarding.

INT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

342 MED. SHOT. Kit, Tobin and slightly behind them, two Federal men, are looking down, watching the passengers board. They are silent. Then their eyes show interest. Kit leans forward.

EXT. CLIPPER AIR BASE - NEAR PLANE - DAY

343 Toni, smartly gowned in a traveling outfit, is walking quickly toward the plane. She boards it.

INT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

344 MED. SHOT. Kit turns to the others; he meets the eyes of Tobin and the Federals. His eyes are sad. He shrugs imperceptibly.

TOBIN

I'm sorry, Kit.

He shrugs again.

KIT

According to how you look at it.
(almost to himself)
Another sparrow fell...

But his eyes are hurt as he moves toward the ramp. The men follow after him, slowly.

WIPE

EXT. CLIPPER AIR BASE - GANGPLANK OF PLANE - DAY

345 Kit nods at the officials, climbs aboard.

INT. CLIPPER - DAY

346 MED. SHOT. Kit moves down the aisle. He moves to the seat occupied by Toni. He sits on the arm of her chair.

347 CLOSE TWO SHOT. She looks up at him surprised. A quick flush crosses her face, her eyes are evasive.

KIT

You're going back to them?

TONI

I have to. I have to find my little girl.

KIT

(timed)

Where did you get your passport -
and the permit for the clipper?

TONI

(pleading)

I had to do it this way, Kit.
Believe me.

KIT

(shakes his head)

I wish there were a little girl,
Toni... I wish you had told me
the truth...

TONI

Kit -- trust in me... !

(CONTINUED)

A wild line from Kit for insertion in Scene 347
over Toni Donne's closeup:

KIT

You got your passport and the
permit for the Clipper through
the German Embassy.

TONI
Kit -- trust in me... !

KIT
(rising)
Come on.

TONI
No! You can't...

KIT
Come on.

He waits for her; she knows it's hopeless. She rises slowly, moves out before him.

EXT. CLIPPER AIR BASE - GANGPLANK OF CLIPPER - DAY

348 Kit stands in the hatchway as she climbs down. The two federal men and Tobin are waiting for her.

KIT
Goodbye, Toni.

She gives him one last look, her eyes are sad.

TONI
I'm sorry, too...

The men lead her off.

349 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, watching her being led off. He moves back. The hatchway is slammed shut.

350 CLOSE SHOT - Kit in seat. The motors are roaring. Kit stares at Toni.

351 LONG SHOT - Toni. She turns.

351a CLOSE SHOT - Toni. She looks at the plane. Tears are in her eyes.

352 CLOSE SHOT - Kit, watching Toni. His face twitches; he rubs his jaw. His eyes are wet.

353 CLOSE SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Kit. The ground begins to rush by.

353a CLOSE SHOT - Toni. Staring at the plane.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. AFRICA BATTLEFIELD - DAY

- 354 LONG SHOT. A column of tanks are roaring forward, their guns blasting. The leading tank is fitted with a short stick. From its' top a pennant flutters.
- 355 CLOSE SHOT - the stick and pennant. From the pennant, where it is fastened to the stick, hangs a curious, embroidered, gold medallion. Music is heard; a martial air underscored by the Marseillaise. The roar of the tanks is drowned out by the music which swells in volume...

FADE OUT

THE END