

"THE LAST OF SHEILA"

FINAL

7/19/72

"THE LAST OF SHEILA"

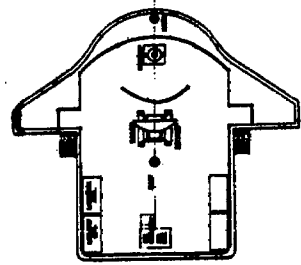
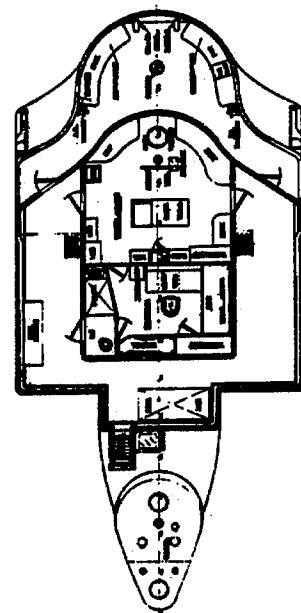
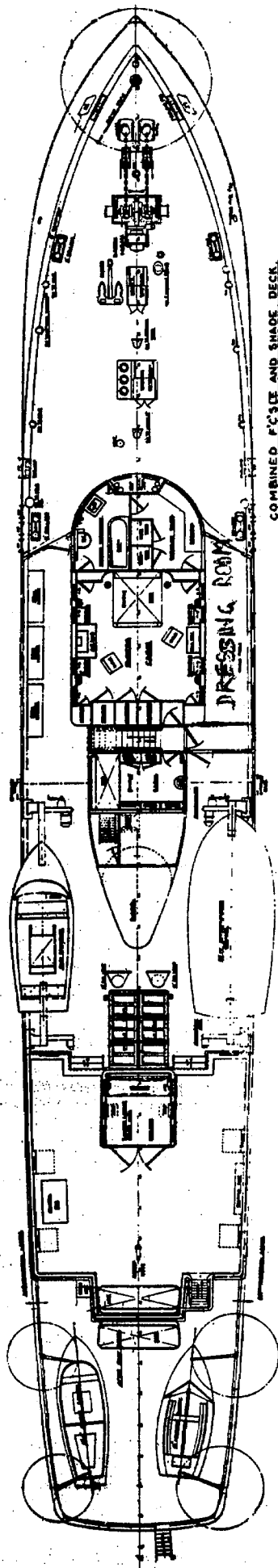
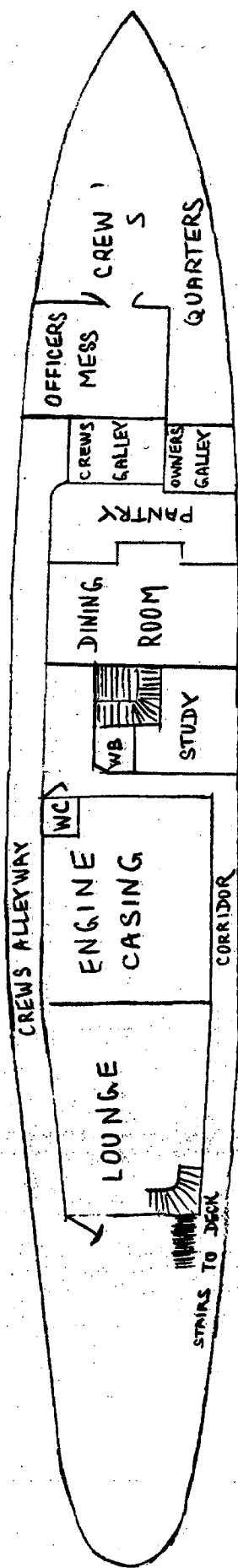
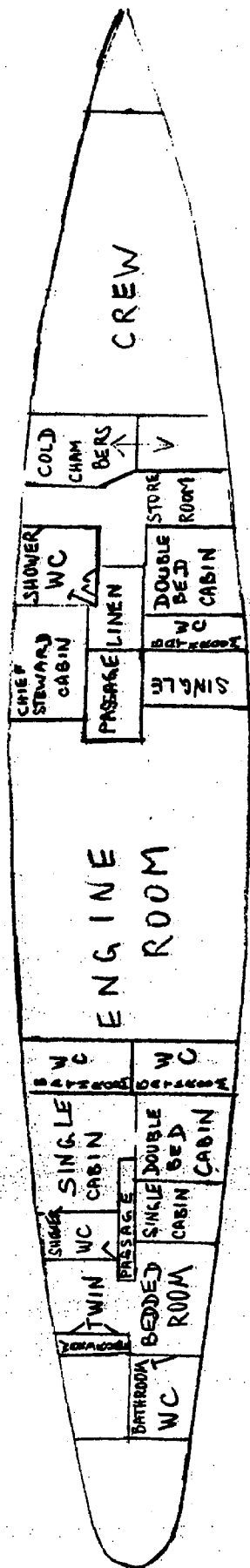
by

Stephen Sondheim

and

Anthony Perkins

7/19/72



FLYING BRIDGE

MAIN DECK

COMBINED FORE AND SHADE DECK

"THE LAST OF SHEILA"

FIRST TITLE: BEL AIR - 1971

THE TITLES CONTINUE OVER:

A lavish Hollywood party on a rainy night at a house in Bel Air. Complete with parking attendants, garishly-dressed guests, screamed hellos, drinking, pot smoking, etc.

A sudden, sharply-raised pair of VOICES -- a man's and a woman's -- and the front door is burst open and SLAMMED shut by a woman (SHEILA) wearing a red hostess gown and a lapel pin in the shape of an S. She stalks across the lawn, oblivious to the rain, and starts up the road.

CUT of a car careening up the road behind her. She hears the NOISE and turns just too late. The SOUND of braking. The car clips her, sending her flying to the side of the road. CAMERA CLOSES in on her body, we HEAR the car screech to a halt and footsteps running back to her. A pause, then the footsteps run back to the car. The SOUND of the door slamming, and the car ROARS off.

1. INSERT OF TABLE TOP DAY

TITLE OVER: CANNES - 1972.

Very close on some Scrabble tiles. We HEAR the sound of typing. CAMERA PANS slowly over a handful of darts held together with a rubber band and across to a large, partially completed jigsaw puzzle of a garishly-lit accident photograph. An ambulance, police cars. On a stretcher a carelessly thrown sheet reveals a woman's form. The arm and shoulder are exposed. We see the S-shaped pin on the woman's gown. A man stands to one side of the puzzle-photo, almost relaxed, hands in pockets.

2. INT. CLINTON'S STATEROOM DAY

A man is typing; we do not see his face. He pulls a large square card out of the typewriter, slips it into an envelope, seals it. On the front of the envelope he writes the name LEE. He places this envelope on top of another similar one, on which has been written the name TOM, puts another card into the typewriter, and resumes typing. This SOUND overlaps into, and out of, each of the following vignettes.

3. INT. TOM'S STUDY (SANTA BARBARA) DAY

A very large, panelled, bookshelf-lined room. In one corner a TV set is showing a Zachary Scott melodrama. The sound

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

is OFF, the room is in half darkness. There is a knock at the door. The desk light switches on, a remote-control switch extinguishes the TV. Tom is sitting at his desk, a dismantled film script in front of him.

TOM:

Come on in.

Lee enters, holding a glass in one hand and waving a telegram in the other.

LEE:

Guess what.

TOM:

Your father has had his body defrosted into life and he wants this house back.

LEE:

Almost. Clinton requests our attendance on his yacht for a week.

TOM:

(grabbing the telegram)

No kidding! Oh, God, could it be?

LEE:

I wouldn't count on it. No, I think he's just bored and wants to play games. And we'll go anyway.

TOM:

Ever the dreamer. Can I have a sip of that?

LEE:

Nope...You hate ginger ale.

As she starts out Lee rests her hand casually on the TV set. She turns back to him. Her eyes fall on the desk.

LEE:

Tommy, forget FREAKSHOW. Write something new. Clinton'll never produce it and he'll never give it back to you.

4.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On Tom's desk a framed photo of Clinton and Tom smiling, arms around each other's shoulders. They strike a formal pose, holding crossed croquet mallets.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

TOM:

(v.o.)

Probably.

5. INSERT OF TABLE TOP

DAY

The hand adds another envelope to the pile. It says:
CHRISTINE.

6. INT. CHRISTINE'S OFFICE IN BEVERLY HILLS

DAY

Distressed oaken beams and Louis XVI reproductions covered with naugahyde. Framed photographs of Yul Brynner and Virna Lisi, etc. CHRISTINE is scribbling rapidly on a pad and shouting into the phone. A sturdy woman wearing a suit and holding a dictation pad is watering some potted plants.

CHRISTINE:

... Uh-huh, who else besides me?
Uh-huh, uh-huh, both of them or just
her? Oh, good - the Scrabble set.
Tee-hee. Name eight Polish patriots
beginning with the letter "w"...
Well, I'm only coming because I need
another koorvah with good knockers on
my client list.

She scrapes a finger nail back and forth across the
receiver and holds it at arm's length.

CHRISTINE:

Speak up, will you? This connection
is ridiculous. I said I'm only coming
because I'm dying to see you!

(consulting her list)

Listen, how about Bridey Murphy - is
she coming? What do you mean, what
do I mean! Minus your usual fifty
dress extras this is the same B group
that was at your house the night
Sheila got bounced through the hedges.
Are we going to wear saffron robes,
shave our heads, and chant until she
materializes through a porthole?!

...Well, I'm giving it to Joyce Haber:
"Clinton Greene's Anniversary Wake"...
That's what I said, it's not right for
Haber, we'll just keep it our secret
instead...Loved your wire, can't wait
to see you. I've lost fifty pounds.
I'm a hollow reed, kiss kiss.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

She puts down the phone, addresses the sturdy woman.

CHRISTINE:

Call Haber and give her the dish.

Disguise your voice as a woman.

(reading aloud from a telegram on her desk)

..."my year of mourning being over"?

...Who's he kidding? We went to Streisand's opening at the Sands directly from the cemetery.

7. INSERT OF TABLE TOP

DAY

Clinton's hand adds another envelope to the pile: Philip.

8. INT. A VERY SMALL SOUND STAGE (LONDON)

DAY

Four small girls in dainty frocks are holding tins of pet food and each shrieking one word of an advertising jingle. Philip is sitting in a director's chair, supervising the rehearsal.

BRITAIN'S!

1st CHILD:

BEST!

2nd CHILD:

BOW-WOWS!!

3rd CHILD:

BARK!

PHILIP:

FOR BOFFERS!

LAST CHILD:

PHILIP:
Good! Again, please.

The children repeat the phrase, with Philip supplying the word 'bark'. From the back of the sound stage, an off-stage voice.

VOICE:

Phone, Mr. Dexter. It's your wife.

9. ANOTHER ANGLE

Philip takes the phone.

PHILIP:

(into phone)

Hello, darling...from whom?...oh,
Good God...when?

A door at the rear of the sound stage opens and another child, dressed like the other four, passes shyly in front of Philip.

CHILD:

Bark.

PHILIP:

(hand over mouthpiece)

Very good.

He beckons to the child and arranges its frock during the following speech into the phone.

PHILIP:

Well, send back a confirming wire
from us both...very well, darling,
from me...

The child squirms in his arms.

CHILD:

Bark! Bark!

A sponsor in the background taps his watch impatiently.

PHILIP:

Got to hang up, darling, one of my
cast is peeing on my leg, something
Garbo never did to me, even at her
moodiest. 'Bye, now...

(to sponsor)

Sorry.

(smiling broadly,
to the girls)

And once again, girls, wave the tins,
a bit more spirit. Here we go.

10. OMITTED

11. INSERT ON TABLE TOP

DAY

The hand adds two more envelopes to the pile. They say:
ALICE and ANTHONY.

12. INT. SOUVENIR SHOP, ROME AIRPORT

DAY

A young woman (Alice) standing at the gift counter with her back to the CAMERA. She calls out excitedly:

ALICE:

Ready?

Off screen, a chorus of foreign voices.

VOICES:

Ready!

Alice spins around with a broad smile. A few flash bulbs catch her in movement. She is holding a double armload of stuffed animals; pandas, monkeys, etc.

ALICE:

Again? Okay!

She turns her back to the CAMERA again.

ALICE:

Ready?

VOICES:

Ready!

She spins around into the glare of the flashbulbs once more. Anthony steps in to relieve Alice of the stuffed animals and hands them back across the counter to a flustered saleswoman. Two reporters, holding pads, close in to ask questions.

1st REPORTER:

Do you enjoy Rome?

ALICE:

Do I! I enjoy Rome for countless reasons!

2nd REPORTER:

Then why do you leave?

ALICE:

Well, the heat! And finishing my new picture starring with Kirk Douglas has exhausted me.

1st REPORTER:

Where do you go?

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

ALICE:

For a week in the Mediterranean.
 On the yacht of a famous producer.
 (hugging Anthony)
 But I'm not afraid! My husband
 will protect me!

ANTHONY:

Right, and I'm afraid our plane
 will leave without us, so if you
 gentlemen will excuse us...

Alice disengages herself from a display of toys against
 which she has been lounging during the questions.

13. ANOTHER ANGLE

As they hurry away through the airport someone tries to
 press a huge cognac bottle into her hand. Anthony shoves
 the man with some force.

ALICE:

Oh, Bunny, he didn't mean anything!

She kisses at him and smiles for the photographers as
 they hurry towards the gate:

14. INT. CLINTON'S STATEROOM

DAY

CLOSE on the typewriter typing: The Game Will Begin Every
 Night at Eight P.M. Sharp. Clinton's hand rips out the
 sheet.

15. ANOTHER ANGLE

The man at the typewriter is the man in the jigsaw - Clinton.
 He smiles with satisfaction.

16. EXT. DOCKSIDE CANNES

DAY

The guests have assembled, dressed for the voyage; Alice
 wears tinted sunglasses. VITTORIO, the steward, and two
 cabin boys are carrying luggage along the dock and up the
 gangplank onto the SHEILA, a huge yacht. They make several
 trips during the following sequence.

CHRISTINE:

Okay, first game of the week: who
 belongs to the Vuitton luggage?

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

ALICE:
(low to Tom)
What's Vuitton?

TOM:
Good.

LEE:
He brought it back from Rome last
winter.

ALICE:
(to Lee)
How much did you pay for it?

LEE:
Actually, you paid for it.

ANTHONY:
She means the rewrites Tom did
for us on the Western, Rabbit.

ALICE:
Well, it looks tacky.
(to Tom)
Why didn't you get Gucci?

PHILIP:
(to Christine)
She only respects what she can
pronounce.

ALICE:
(yelling to Vittorio)
Careful of the hanging things!

CLINTON:
No, husbands and wives separate....
Lee, between Alice and Anthony...

CLINTON:
What is this - a pogrom?

ANOTHER ANGLE

CLINTON, wearing a Polaroid camera, is lining up his six
guests by the stern of the ship.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.1)

CLINTON:

Philip, you there...Tom, the other
side of Christine, for balance.

He focuses. As he is about to snap the picture, Christine
lowers her sunglasses and stares at the handsome teenage
cabin-boy, GUIDO, who is handling her luggage.

CHRISTINE:

Attention avec le slant-board,
cheri.

CLINTON:

(annoyed)

He's Italian.

CHRISTINE:

I took the wrong three weeks at
Berlitz. All I know is "scusi" and
"pronto".

LEE:

"Pronto" will be enough.

CLINTON:

Squeeze in closer, everybody, or
you'll be out of the picture.

(archly)

And I don't mean this one.

As they stare at him, baffled, he snaps the photograph.

CLINTON:

(continuing)

Perfect. A study of six hungry
failures. I'm kidding, gang.

CHRISTINE:

(to Alice)

When you sign with me, he'll watch
his Jewish mouth.

(loud)

When's lunch?

The CAPTAIN appears at the head of the gangplank.

CAPTAIN:

(Italian accent)

When do you wish to sail, Signor
Greene?

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont 2.)

CLINTON:
 (appealing to the others)
 When do I wish to sail? Let's
 get out of this toilet toot sweet!

17. EXT. YACHT AERIAL SHOT

DAY

The SHEILA steaming away on the sunlit Mediterranean.

18. INT. LEE'S CABIN

DAY

Rather small and cramped. Lee is methodically unpacking, trying to find space for everything.

Tom is in the bathroom connecting with his cabin, arranging toilet articles on the bathroom shelves.

TOM:
 What did you think of that.

LEE:
 (the separate rooms)
 What do you think of this?

TOM:
 Yeah, but what did you think of
 Clinton's little teaser on the dock?

LEE:
 Sad.

TOM:
 How so?

LEE:
 That he's so insecure with people.
 That if he doesn't dangle the raw
 meat in front of you guys you won't
 play Charades with him.

There is a knock at Tom's door.

19. INT. TOM'S CABIN

DAY

Tom pokes his head out of the bathroom. Guido, the cabin boy, is standing in the doorway holding a small tray, glasses, bottles.

GUIDO:
 Bottle water?

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.)

Christine's voice comes from across the hall.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

Over here, schmuckface. Cabino
five-o, capeesh?

She appears, takes the tray from him, pats him out of
the door.

CHRISTINE:

Nice ass, but I think he's afraid
of me. Now I have to talk to you
very seriously.

TOM:

Clinton's project?

CHRISTINE:

That, too, but more important...
(lowering her voice)

This wall separates you from them,
Mr. and Mrs. Emil Nitrate. One
night, let's listen and make notes,
just the two of us...

(spotting Lee through
the bathroom door)

Oh, hi, darling! Are you over on
this side of the boat, too? Well,
just the three of us, okay?

TOM:

If you tell me what Clinton's pro-
ject is.

CHRISTINE:

Well, he's been hinting about a
biopic of the departed Mrs. G.

Stunned silence.

TOM:

You're kidding! Sheila?

LEE:

That's truly bizarre.

TOM:

No, no, not really. She's still
a compulsive subject with
Clinton...

(CONTINUED)

19 (Cont.1)

CHRISTINE:

The money he's spent on private investigators would have sent twenty Bolivians through medical school.

LEE:

But he never really cared about her.

CHRISTINE

How can you say that? He cared very deeply about her Arizona real estate holdings. Which you're now sailing on.

TOM:

Finding the guy who hit her is just another unsolved game to him.

CHRISTINE:

Absolutely. And now Tom gets to write it, Philip directs, and I have the key ad line already. "Alice Wood as her holiness who went from hotel hooker to Hedda Hopper without getting out of bed."

TOM:

God, I believe it.

LEE:

(frowning)

It's crazy.

CHRISTINE:

Just do me this. Minutes from now, when Clinton talks about this, and he will, be surprised.

She slips out through the door.

20. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

Large and comfortable. It contains, among other things, a piano, bookcases, sofas, coffee table, bridge table, and a bar. Games and jigsaw puzzles abound. Stairs next to the bar lead to the cabins below. A scoreboard on an easel near the bar reads:

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

	Philip	Tom	Lee	Alice	Anthony	Christin
Mon.						
Tues.						
Wed.						
Thurs.						
Fri.						
Sat.						

Clinton is posting the Polaroid on a bulletin board behind the bar underneath the card which reads:
 "The Game Will Begin Every Night At 8:00 PM Sharp."
 The guests are having drinks.

CLINTON:

...I'm thinking of calling it -
 don't be shocked - "The Last of
 Sheila"... Fox is interested..
 Paramount is interested... it's
 a perfect woman's picture, too bad
 RKO died, but with you talented people...

ALICE:

It's kinda like "Love Story"...

CHRISTINE:

Only she never makes it to the
 hospital.

ANTHONY:

(putting his arm
 around Alice)

Clinton, it's the picture we've
 been waiting for - if we're
 available.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.1)

CLINTON:

Provided they're not opening a
new shopping center in Anaheim,
you will be.

Vittorio enters with canapes and starts to serve them.
Clinton checks his watch.

CLINTON:

(continuing)

uh-oh--only two hours to Game
Time. Let me describe the week's
entertainment.

He takes the envelopes in the opening sequence from his
pocket.

ALICE:

The last time I played a game was
Charades at--

CLINTON:

At my house a year ago. The night
Sheila was killed.

A beat.

ALICE:

(brightly)

We all did.

CLINTON:

Except Lee. You were home sick
in Santa Barbara. You said.

LEE:

No. I was home sick of Santa
Barbara. I said.

PHILIP:

I like any game where you don't
have to move.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont. 2)

CLINTON:

Well, you don't have to for this one.
If you're smart enough.

PHILIP:

Meaning--?

CLINTON:

(smiles uninformatively)
It's sort of..I call it the Sheila
Greene Memorial Secret Gossip Hunt.

ALICE:

Are there prizes?

ANTHONY:

Sounds fascinating.

CLINTON:

And I haven't even described it yet.

Vittorio offers Christine the canape tray, which has three
canapes left on it.

CHRISTINE:

I couldn't. I'm stuffed.

He starts to leave; she stops him.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)
Can't you take a joke?

She takes all three canapes, wolfs them down.

CLINTON:

(annoyed)
I've made up six "Secrets", one for
each of you. Six little dishy pieces
of gossip.

21. ANOTHER ANGLE

Clinton reads the names on the envelopes, passes them out.

CLINTON:

Keep them secret.

MONTAGE: Hands receiving envelopes, opening them and taking
out the cards inside.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

ALICE:

(v.o.)
Gimme, gimme.

LEE:

(v.o.)
Can we look at them?

CLINTON:

(v.o.)
It'll help.

ANTHONY:

(v.o.)
How do you think these things up?

CLINTON:

(v.o.)
It's only taken me a month to prepare,
said he modestly.

22- SERIES OF INSERTS
26.

A) A woman's hand holding a card which reads:

YOU
are an
EX-CONVICT

B) A man's hand holding a card which reads:

YOU
are an
ALCOHOLIC

C) A card which reads:

YOU
are an
INFORMER

OVER these, we HEAR:

ANTHONY:

(v.o.)
Marvelous!

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)
It's what I've always wanted to be.

27. ANOTHER ANGLE

As they read the cards, Philip smiles at his, Christine laughs at hers, Tom is impassive, Anthony excited, Alice astonished. Lee raises her eyebrows, amused. Alice covertly tries to see Philip's card.

PHILIP:
(breasting it)
It says, "YOU are a SNOOP".

Alice giggles. Tom starts to crumple his card.

CLINTON:
No, don't throw it away! You keep
them until Saturday.
(to Christine,
especially)
And don't show them.

The men put the cards in their pockets. Lee and Alice in their handbags. Christine stuffs hers in her bosom.

CHRISTINE:
Anyone who wants to peek at mine
gets a kiss.

PHILIP:
What's the game?

CLINTON:
Every day we'll park in a different port
where you can find proof of one person's
"secret". I'll announce which "secret"
to look for, and I'll give you a clue
which'll tell you where to go or what to
do onshore. If you solve it properly,
it'll lead you to the place where the
"proof" is.

CHRISTINE:
And if we fail, what's the penalty,
keel-hauling?

TOM:
(hastily)
Supposing you announce, let's say,
"Pyromaniac" and, let's say, that's
my secret, why should I bother looking
for the "proof"?

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

CLINTON:

Because when the person whose secret it is finds the "proof", I'll take it away and the game for that evening will be over.

PHILIP:

And the people who haven't found it don't score, right?

CLINTON:

Right. If you could direct as fast as you catch on to games, you'd never be a has-been again.

ALICE:

What do we get if we win?

CLINTON:

Better billing.

TOM:

Let's play!

CLINTON:

(looking at his watch)

According to the old pizza-slinger who runs this tub for me, we'll be dropping anchor around 7 P.M. That's when you'll get your clues for the evening.

PHILIP:

And who are we looking for tonight?

CLINTON:

(after a moment, with a smile)

The Shoplifter.

28. EXT. LAUNCH

NIGHT

CLOSE on a shiny silver key in Christine's hand. She flips it over; on the back is stamped STERLING-18K.

29. ANOTHER ANGLE

The six are huddled on the two narrow seats, each holding an identical key. Some of the players are scrutinizing their keys closely; Tom and Philip are thinking, Alice staring out to sea. In the stern Vittorio steers the launch slowly toward Villefranche, lit in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

29 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

All right, who's got the Shoplifter Card?

No reply.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

Come on, we're not really gonna do this, are we? Run around this bombed-out backwater with a silver key up our ass?

TOM:

Which probably means that you're the Shoplifter.

CHRISTINE:

Tee-hee.

LEE:

(staring at the key)

Is this the only clue we get?

ANTHONY:

It must open a door somewhere.

ALICE:

Brilliant.

ANTHONY:

It's only a game, Rabbit - I thought you were looking forward to it.

ALICE:

It's dumb.

CHRISTINE:

(coyly)

Vittorio, honey.....

SOUND of a roaring MOTOR nearby. The launch rocks.

30. EXT. CLINTON'S LAUNCH

NIGHT

With Guido (the cabin boy) steering, it zooms up from the direction of the port, circling the other launch. Clinton stands in it, astride a large tarpaulin bag, bawling through an electric megaphone.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

CLINTON:

Stop shmeikling Vittorio, Christine -
 he doesn't know what the key means
 any more than you do - it's my secret!
 Everybody else solved it? Too easy?
 Hope so, 'cause I forgot to tell you,
 gang: Vittorio'll pick you up again
 at ten sharp - be on the dock by then
 or you'll have to swim back to the boat
 through the oil slick and beer cans...
 And no conferring! This is an individual
 competition... Stop pouting, Alice -
 you're having a terrific time!... Pardon
 my wake while I stir the soup.

His launch roars off to port.

31. EXT. VITTORIO'S LAUNCH

NIGHT

The SOUND of Clinton's launch grows fainter.

CHRISTINE:

Kill.

32. EXT. SILVER SHOP · VILLEFRANCHE

NIGHT

A small shop on the Croisette, the window full of silver
 objects. A sign above: ARGENT - ANCIENS ET NOUVEAU. Lee is
 inside, talking with gestures to the clerk. Christine ENTERS
 FRAME, sees Lee, enters shop.

33. INT. SILVER SHOP NIGHT
 As Christine comes in, a bell TINKLES over the door.

33A. ANOTHER ANGLE LEE AND THE CLERK

LEE:

This key - uh, clef - connais vous -?

CLERK:

(cold)

I don't speak English.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.; baby voice)

Don't hate me, I followed you.

(CONTINUED)

33A (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:
 (coming INTO FRAME)
 Look, I know it's against the rules,
 but let's knock this off together.
 I speak a little Frog -

LEE:
 Ask him if he knows where this key
 comes from.

CHRISTINE:
 (to the clerk, in
 perfect French)
 Pardon me, darling, but my friend wants
 to know -

34. EXT. SIDE STREET VILLEFRANCHE NIGHT

Anthony stands outside a closed locksmith's shop, pounding on the door. Behind him on the other side of the street is a cafe, a hotel, a bookstall and a pissoir with the back of a man's head visible above the partition.

35. ANTHONY'S P.O.V.

Through the door, the dark shop with a light on in the back. A dun-coloured OLD MAN walks toward the CAMERA, opens the door a crack.

OLD MAN:
 Oui?

Anthony dangles his key in front of the Old Man who takes it and slams the door in his face.

ANTHONY:
 Hey!

He rattles the knob.

36. EXT. CAFE VILLEFRANCHE NIGHT

A small cafe on the Croisette, beaded curtains separating it from an identical one next door. A few tourists, desultory waiters. Alice sits at a table, idly staring at her key. A WAITER brings her a drink: she smiles mechanically at him, takes it, flicks the key across the table.

37. EXT. LOCKSMITH'S SHOP

NIGHT

Anthony is pounding on the door. The Old Man opens the door a crack.

OLD MAN:

Cinq francs.

Anthony fumbles in his pocket excitedly, produces the money, shoves it through the crack in the door.

ANTHONY:

Okay, here - now what?

The Old Man takes the money, drops the key and a freshly-made duplicate into Anthony's hand, slams and bolts the door. Anthony curses under his breath and starts angrily up the street to the Croisette. Behind him, the man in the pissoir turns - it is Tom. He watches Anthony go, looks up at the hotel and starts briskly for it.

38. TOM'S P.O.V.

The marquee of the hotel: Le Sterling.

39. INT. LOBBY LE STERLING

NIGHT

Tom enters, key in hand, glances around. It is a sleazy place: dusty plants, a deserted newsstand. At the registration desk is Philip, back to Tom, talking to the desk clerk and brandishing his key. The clerk shakes his head, seemingly baffled. Tom sees Philip, ducks quickly up the stairs, looking at his key.

40. ANOTHER ANGLE

Philip and the Desk Clerk. Behind the clerk are pigeonholes for mail and keys.

PHILIP:

....if you'll just permit me to see -
(in French)

Let me see just one of your room keys
so that I can compare -

41. INT. SILVER SHOP

NIGHT

Lee faces the clerk, who examines the key closely. Christine bored, has moved to the end of the counter and is peering at the merchandise.

(CONTINUED)

41 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

Look at this chintzy toast rack or
is it a letter-holder? Paul and
Joanne would adore it - ninety francs.
Let's see, that's ninety divided by
four ...

CLERK:

(to Lee, in French)
It looks like a hotel key.

Lee's eyes widen at the word "Hotel".

LEE:

Merci!

She snatches the key back and leaves.

CHRISTINE:

(hearing the bell TINKLE)

Wait!

42. EXT. SILVER SHOP

NIGHT

Lee looks up and down the Croisette. Christine exits from the
shop behind her.

CHRISTINE:

What'd you find?

43. LEE'S P.O.V.

Over Christine's shoulder, we see Anthony approaching. He
looks toward the shop, spots the girls.

ANTHONY:

What'd you find?

CHRISTINE:

(whispers)

It's the key to the City.

(pointing up the street)

Go to the Mayor's office.

(clapping her hand
over her mouth)

Oooh - don't tell Clinton I told you.

ANTHONY:

Thanks - I haven't been getting any-
where. I lost five francs to some
dirty old shyster -

(CONTINUED)

43 (Cont.)

He hurries up the street. Christine looks after him, smiling

CHRISTINE:

Poor darling - he wants to win so badly.

She turns for appreciation from Lee, but Lee has disappeared. Christine stamps her foot, puts her hand on her hip.

CHRISTINE:

(continuting)

Noooo, that's not fair!

She shakes her key in impatience. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN and WOMAN walk by - tourists. They glance at her.

WOMAN TOURIST:

(in a low voice)

I haven't seen that one around before.

MAN TOURIST:

Probably just got out of jail.

They pass by.

44.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

NIGHT

Lee is rapidly turning the pages of a telephone book. CLOSE on Lee's forefinger running up a page till it gets to a listing of hotels.

45.

INT. LOBBY

NIGHT

Featuring Philip and the Desk Clerk. Philip is now behind the desk, matching his key against the ones in the rack. The Desk Clerk is indifferently running dental floss through his teeth. The TOURIST COUPLE from the Croisette approach the desk, address Philip.

MAN TOURIST:

Vingt-deux, s'il vous plait.

Philip hands him the key. The woman notices the silver key in Philip's other hand.

WOMAN TOURIST:

(to her husband)

I knew this hotel was an atcay ousehay. It's just like the one that whore had on the corner.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

PHILIP:
 (eagerly)
 Which corner, madam?

The woman, dumbfounded, indicates the direction of the Croisette. Philip rushes out.

46. INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL STERLING

NIGHT

Dim and respectably grimy. Tom walks briskly along the hall, glancing at the rooms. 12, 14, 16. He pauses outside of 18, glances up.

47. TOM'S P.O.V.

The door has a black "K" stencilled after the 18 and a "Do Not Disturb" sign.

CLOSE on the key in Tom's hand, showing "STERLING 18K". Tom inserts the key in the door, opens it slowly. We HEAR the SOUND of gunfire.

48. INT. ROOM 18K

NIGHT

Dark. In the light of a TV set showing a noisy Western dubbed in French, a man lies sprawled grotesquely on the floor, a meat cleaver buried in his back.

49. ANOTHER ANGLE

In the light spilling from the hallway we see Tom's horrified reaction. He steps further into the room. Not many furnishings, but each has a price tag on it: pictures, lamp, an open suitcase on the bed, jewelry on the night table, all tagged. Tom comes over to the body; CAMERA FOLLOWS as he kneels by it. We see the body's glassy eye and plaster face. We HEAR the hall door click shut, blotting out all light except for the TV set. Tom whirls.

CLINTON:
 (v.o.)
 Don't touch the dummy, dummy.

50. ANOTHER ANGLE

CLINTON:

Just figure out what happened and
get your buns out of here before
one of the other dodos comes in.

TOM:

Right.

CLOSE on the dummy as Tom examines it. Near one outstretched
hand is an open wallet, prominently displaying a police badge:
SURETE. The other hand clutches a price-tagged bottle of
Chanel No. 5.

CLINTON:

Tick-tock, tick-tock...

TOM:

(thinking out
loud)

Well, obviously this is the Shop-
lifter's room - everything still
has a price tag on it.

CLINTON:

Yawn.

TOM:

And this is a detective whom he's
killed ...And the bottle of perfume
is a clue to the Shoplifter's
identity.

CLINTON:

Do you move your lips when you read?

TOM:

Perfume..scent..money - French money
is francs, not cents....Chanel No. 5 -
Ah! Very good, Clinton, very good.

He turns the Channel Indicator on the TV Set to 5.

51. INSERT TV SCREEN

A series of blurred photographs taken in and around Hollywood
at various parties and premieres.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.)

CLINTON:

(v.o.; narrating in a
phony French accent)

'Ere are several shots -- all ze
known photographs of ze brutal
Shoplifter who has terrified ze
snivelling merchants of ze Cote
d'Azur for ze past twenty years.
Here is ze only head shot, taken
by Bruno of Hollywood.

A glossy photo of a younger Philip, holding a pipe, appears
on the screen.

TOM:

Clinton, I'm dazzled. Closed
circuit?

CLINTON:

What do you think it is, black
magic?

The film clip and narration starts again on the TV screen.
Clinton switches it back to the Western. SOUND of key in
lock. Clinton ducks behind the door. Lee enters. She
sees Tom, then the "body."

LEE:

(grabbing his
arm)

Is this it? Oh, my God, what's
that?

TOM:

Don't get your hopes up, darling -
It's not our host, who's standing
behind the door.

CLINTON:

Go play the pinball machines - I'll
see you at ten.

(CONTINUED)

51 (Cont.1)

TOM:
 (kisses her)
 Have fun.

He leaves, closing the door behind him.

52-

53. OMITTED.

54. EXT. CAFE

NIGHT

Alice sees Anthony approaching.

ANTHONY:
 Hi, did you get it?

ALICE:
 I don't feel like futzing around.

ANTHONY:
 I could kill that peroxided sow - she
 deliberately sent me in the wrong
 direction.

ALICE:
 Really.

ANTHONY:
 Listen, you seem a little--
 (taking her hand)
 Are you okay?

ALICE:
 (pulling away)
 Don't touch me, you shoplifter!

They both laugh. Anthony hurries off as Alice pretends to
 study the key. When he is gone, she shoves it aside and
 lights a cigarette as the WAITER brings her another drink.

55. INT. ROOM 18K

NIGHT

Philip's picture is on the TV set, Clinton's narration
 droning over it. Philip looks at it, smiling.

PHILIP:
 They don't retouch pictures like that
 anymore.

Clinton switches the set off.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

CLINTON:

Glad you finally got here.

(ushering him out)

That catsup was beginning to attract silverfish.

As Philip leaves, Clinton turns the "Do Not Disturb" sign around - the other side reads, "The Game Is Over".

56. EXT. LOCKSMITH'S SHOP

NIGHT

Christine knocks hesitantly at the dark door. Anthony spots her as he passes by.

CHRISTINE:

(cringing)

Did you see the mayor? Don't hit me.

ANTHONY:

(straightfaced)

How did you guess it was the key to the City?

CHRISTINE:

It was?

(walking swiftly up
the street)

I've spent the last hour ditching guys who thought I was offering them the key to my hotel room!

Anthony blinks in realization, looks up at the Hotel Sterling as Christine disappears.

57. INT. CORRIDOR

NIGHT

CLOSE on Anthony and the sign "The Game Is Over".

ANTHONY:

Balls.

58. EXT. CAFE

NIGHT

Alice signals to a passing waiter for another drink. Suddenly the beaded curtain behind her rustles as someone starts to part it. Alice turns, startled, recognizes the person; we can see a shape behind the curtain, but not who it is.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

ALICE:

(low)

Not here, for Pete's sake. Everybody's walking around.

She offers her hand to the unseen person through the curtain.

ALICE:

(continuing)

Listen, I want to see you and I've got to talk to you. It's about this game. I know what I said about being careful, but nobody'll be up on the top deck tonight, I mean late--

She looks off, abruptly withdraws her hand.

Anthony is approaching the cafe along the street, furious. Behind the beaded curtain, the unknown person moves away.

ALICE:

(brightly)

Hi, Bunny!

59. EXT. QUAYSIDE

NIGHT

The launch is throbbing, Vittorio at the stern. Tom, Lee, Philip and Christine are waiting in it.

CHRISTINE:

....You mean there's no such thing as 18-karat silver?

PHILIP:

Gold, my dear, only gold, and if I'd thought more clearly, I wouldn't have wasted fifteen minutes in some whore's apartment while she showed me her scrap-books from World War II.

LEE:

(concerned)

What is it, Tommy, your back?

TOM:

(wincing; holding his back)

All that running around...

LEE:

Maybe there's a drugstore still open.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

Tom waves her away. Anthony and Alice appear and start getting into the boat.

ANTHONY:

All right, who solved it? How many?

CHRISTINE:

(sweetly)

Didn't you?

LEE:

It was pretty dazzling, I have to admit.

TOM:

No information!

Vittorio starts to push the boat away from the landing.

ALICE:

Shouldn't we wait for Clinton?

VITTORIO:

He will be in the other launch, signora.

ALICE:

(to the others)

I'll be more into it tomorrow night...

CHRISTINE:

You better be, honey, or Jane Fonda'll be playing Sheila...

The boat roars off.

60. EXT. SUN DECK OF THE "SHEILA"

NIGHT

Near the lifeboats. A clear and starry night. The ship is moving. CLOSE on Alice lying on a deck chair, smoking marijuana, talking to someone OUT OF FRAME. She takes a deep drag, passes the cigarette to the person.

ALICE:

(staring upwards)

I was out of work. They'd gone through a shuffle at the model agency and I was broke--Jean wasn't keeping me any more--and it was in Best's, I just suddenly got this urge to take something, anything. I told myself it was 'cause I was broke but really it was this urge. So I ripped off a leopard coat.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

ALICE: (Cont.)

(turns, looks, smiles,
takes the joint back)Big brown buttons and slash pockets.
Poor thing.

(stares up again)

But of course I was caught. Some
gimlet-eyed dike with Joe Namath's legs
and a soft voice, 'Will you please
accompany me to the manager's office?'

(smokes)

And you know who got me out of it?

(looks over)

No, scratch that--I don't want you to
be jealous. We know how jealous you
get.

(hands back the joint)

Anyway, I got bailed out and nobody
knew. But nobody knew me then. That's
why I was so out of it tonight, but I
kept telling myself it's just a game.

(snorts)

Then I suddenly realized: it's not just
me.She brings out of her pocket a card which reads: YOU are a
HOMOSEXUAL. She shrugs affectionately at the O.S. person.

ALICE:

(continuing)

See, darling, I thought of you and I
thought: Clinton's got something going
for each of us. He's just mixed up the
cards!(takes the joint back
and puts the card away)

It's rotten--

(smokes, giggles)

but I'd like to know what the others are.
What's he got for Anthony? I mean, that's
the thing about secrets: we all know stuff
about each other, we just don't know the
same stuff. How did he find out? Sheila,
probably...

(passes the joint back)

Did you get the Shoplifter card? That'd
be ironic...you won't tell... What does
your card say....?(sits up suddenly,
listening)

Someone's--

(relaxing)

No.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.1)

ALICE: (Cont.)

(turns on one elbow)

How are you going to get through this trip without jumping on my bones and eating me alive, hm? But when we get back....

(closes her eyes;
shudders with pleasure)

Jesus.

She opens her eyes, leans into the CAMERA toward the person O.S., holds out her arms for an embrace.

ALICE:

...What does your card say?...

She BLACKS OUT the SCREEN.

61. INT. ALICE & ANTHONY'S STATEROOM

NIGHT

Anthony is lying on the double bed surrounded by Alice's collection of stuffed animals. He has a hand puppet on each hand. He is stoned. He wears foam-rubber earphones which are plugged into the cassette player. The hand puppets conduct the unheard music. Alice enters, starts undressing. Anthony holds a dialogue in squeaky puppet voices.

FIRST PUPPET:

Is she still upset?

SECOND PUPPET:

She doesn't look upset any more.

FIRST PUPPET:

She's got nice tits.

SECOND PUPPET:

(clapping hand over

First Puppet)

She's looking upset again.

FIRST PUPPET:

I guess she doesn't like games. She always loses.

SECOND PUPPET:

Talk about her tits.

ALICE:

(disappearing into the
bathroom)

Oh, for Christ's sake, you leech-- why don't you go down the hall and get yourself a job.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

SECOND PUPPET:

(sobbing)

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo...

62. INT. CLINTON'S CABIN

NIGHT

Clinton is lying on his double bed, leafing through a nudist magazine. Next to him on a small bedside table is a small loudspeaker.

ANTHONY: (v.o.)

....boo-hoo-hoo.

CLINTON:

Jesus....

Clinton reaches over and carefully turns a knob to another position on the speaker. He listens, hears nothing, turns the knob again, listens, hears nothing, turns the set off. We HEAR his door CLICK open. He looks up and flashes a mock smile. Christine enters, wearing a mini-nightgown and a sailor hat. She spots the nudist magazine.

CHRISTINE:

You started without me.

She switches the wall light off. Clinton flicks another switch, activating a strobe light. Christine moves forward.

63. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Dark, except for a small light over the bar, next to the Polaroid snapshot and the scoreboard, which reads:

	Philip	Tom	Lee	Alice	Anthony	Christine
Mon.	x	x	x	0	0	0
Tues.						
Wed.						
Thurs.						
Fri.						
Sat.						

Philip stands at the bar, preparing a drink. He chips at the ice bucket with an ice-pick. He mixes a Brandy and Soda, then steps out on the deck.

64. EXT. REAR DECK

NIGHT

CAMERA picks up the glowing point of a cigarette in the darkness. Lee's voice comes from the shadows.

LEE:

Oh, Mr. Dexter, will you sign my scrap book?

PHILIP:

(pulling up a deck chair)

Lee, my darling, what are you doing out here at this ungodly hour?

LEE:

Listen, have I ever told you how sweet you were to me when I was a child?

PHILIP

Nothing could have been easier.

LEE:

No, I mean it. At Daddy's legendary Sunday lunches.

PHILIP:

I can still see you on Olivia de Havilland's lap.

LEE:

Or under the table untying Errol Flynn's shoelaces?

PHILIP:

Couldn't you sleep?

LEE:

Yes, if I took a pill. But I'm trying to kick the monkey - if that's what it's called.

PHILIP:

It's the sound of the engines, perhaps.

LEE:

Murmuring, 'Sheila Sheila Sheila'... like that, you mean?

They laugh.

PHILIP:

Speaking of which, can you tell me how the hell Clinton affords this yacht?

(CONTINUED)

64 (Cont.)

LEE:

It's a subject he avoids, but I do know he rents it out mercilessly. Arab oil men and rock groups off and on like yo-yos. Plus, and I didn't want Tom to be disappointed, but, according to my Mother's haridresser at the Beverly Hills, Clinton's stock at the major studios is currently zero. He doesn't have his offices at Fox any more, Bob Evans ripped his name off the Wheel-dex after WINTER STRANGERS, that sort of thing.

PHILIP:

Then all that sleight-of-hand about Fox and Paramount fighting over the "Sheila" project - ?

LEE:

Exactly.

65. INT. TOM'S CABIN

NIGHT

Tom, in pyjamas and bathrobe, lies on his bed, smoking, thinking intently. He reaches a conclusion, puts his cigarette out, gets up and goes into the corridor.

66. INT. PASSAGEWAY BELOW DECKS

NIGHT

CAMERA TRACKS with Tom down the corridor as he heads toward Clinton's stateroom. He stops outside the closed door, sees light underneath, looks at it, thinks for a moment, reaches a decision, turns and heads up the stairs to the lounge.

67. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Tom comes to the bar, takes the lid off the ice-bucket, starts to look around the bar. He finds a glass O.S., fills it with ice. Suddenly he hears the VOICES from the deck. CLOSE on Tom as he listens...

68. EXT. REAR DECK

NIGHT

PHILIP:

...Well, well, another illusion in tatters. Studio Execs Ankle Sheila Bio-Pic. Clinton dropped the rubber worm and we bit. He gets company and we get -

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

PHILIP: (Cont.)
(censoring a rude word)
- tanned.

LEE:
What's next on your agenda? Has anything happened with the Shaw cycle?

PHILIP:
Darling, I wasn't able to launch that when Korda was making fifty pictures a year. I am trying to interest my pet-food sponsors --

Tom steps out onto the deck. He imitates Clinton's voice.

TOM:
What is this, BRIEF ENCOUNTER?
(normal voice)
Why aren't you all asleep?

PHILIP:
Well, we've suddenly discovered that we've all been killed in a terrible crash and we're on our way to the Great Beyond.

TOM:
With Clinton as God?
(to Lee)
Give me a sip of that.

LEE:
It's Bourbon.

TOM:
Right.

PHILIP:
(rising)
Well, I'm told calisthenics are at 8 sharp. We don't want to incur disfavor at this point, do we? Good night.
(leaves)

LEE:
Nice man.

TOM:
Come on back down.

LEE:
(rising)
I've only had one.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.1)

TOM:

Don't worry about it. Let's just get some sleep.

LEE:

I'd kill myself for a hot bath but Clinton has the only tub, if I remember right.

69. OMITTED.

70. INT. TOM AND LEE'S BATHROOM

Tom is rummaging in the medicine cabinet. Lee is hanging her robe behind the door.

TOM:

You want one of these?

Lee shakes out a sleeping capsule from the jar Tom hands her, pours herself a glass of water.

LEE:

(swallowing capsule)

Well, I may not really need it, doctor...

Tom embraces her passionately. They break. She senses his preoccupation.

LEE:

(affectionately)

What is it?

TOM:

I'm getting some strange vibes on this trip. Are you?

LEE:

Like what kind?

TOM:

Is this game only a game?

LEE:

Like how?

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

TOM:

Like I just want to see Clinton
for a minute.

LEE:

Now?

TOM:

He'll be up. The last time he slept
soundly was the night Sheila was
killed.

LEE:

I wonder if we're ever going to hear
the last of Sheila... Hurry back, will
you? These pills work fast.

TOM:

(looking at her
affectionately)

You know, my other seven wives were
never as understanding as you are.

He leaves.

71. INT. PASSAGEWAY BELOW DECKS

NIGHT

The CAMERA TRACKS with Tom down the hall to Clinton's state-
room as before, but this time the light is out under the
door and we can hear giggles from inside -- Clinton and
Christine. Tom registers annoyance and distraction as he
stands outside. As he turns to start back, he sees Philip
standing in the doorway of his stateroom, a pair of shoes in
his hand.

PHILIP:

Do you suppose if I leave these --?

TOM:

Sh!

He cocks a thumb at Clinton's door. More GIGGLES, followed
by MEOWING.

PHILIP:

Go to sleep -- they'll give us con-
flicting reports about it in the morning.

72. OMITTED.

73. EXT. THE OCEAN LONG SHOT DAY

the yacht at anchor off Cabrere, a small island with a ruined monastery jutting out into the sea.

74. EXT. FRONT DECK DAY

CLOSE on a hand setting a golf ball on a small mat of artificial turf. Littered around it are empty plastic golf ball wrappings. In the b.g. we HEAR Christine's voice humming "Don't Fence Me in", mixed with The Four Tops singing from their 'Greatest Hits' album. The golf ball disappears with a WHICK SOUND.

75. EXT. THE WATER DAY

The ball lands some 20 feet short of Clinton, who, wearing fins and a face mask, is cavorting in the water some 300 yards out from the ship.

CLINTON:

Lousy! Get your shoulder into it!
 -----Where's your coal miner's heritage!

Another ball splashes down a little closer.

76. EXT. FRONT DECK DAY

CLOSE on Anthony, sweating heavily. He flails wildly at another ball, which slices sharply off to starboard. Clinton calls in from a distance.

CLINTON:

Okay, white flag! I'm coming in. I'm not going to spend my vacation insulting people to action. I do that for a living, for shit's sake.

77. EXT. THE REAR DECK DAY

Vittorio, alone in the area smoking a small cigar, is cleaning up the afternoon's litter -- magazines, coke bottles, squeezed out Bain de Soleil tubes, a copy of "Death in Five Boxes" by John Dickson Carr. Christine's voice o.s. still humming snatches of "Don't Fence Me In." Vittorio surveys the tidied deck, glances at his watch, stifles a yawn. He peers over the port rail at Christine, who, topless and glistening with oil, is bobbing sluggishly on a rubber mat. Plastic eye cups, a tin foil nose protector, her hair carefully wrapped in a Turkish towel. Vittorio looks down at her spread-eagled form, steps away from the rail, and disappears below decks.

78. INT. BELOW-DECKS

DAY

We follow Vittorio as he heads for the crew's quarters. He stops at the Captain's cabin, listens at the door, which is just ajar. We HEAR the faint sounds of the Captain snoring. Vittorio continues towards the crew's quarters. In a narrow passageway he passes a small door, on which is a warning in Italian to keep out: ATTENCIONE in red letters. A small logo of a man being hit by electricity is fastened to the door. HOLD ON the door.

79. EXT. FRONT DECK

DAY

Anthony stands at the rail speaking earnestly to Clinton who is on his stomach in the water in a dead man's float, breathing through a snorkel.

ANTHONY:

... of managing Alice's career.

CLINTON:

(bubbling through snorkel)

Uh-huh.

ANTHONY:

I mean we do think of her career as our career sort of thing. Still my aspirations run closer to the production end, if you know what I mean.

CLINTON:

Uh-huh.

ANTHONY:

Promotion, casting ...

CLINTON:

Uh-huh.

ANTHONY:

What, and please be absolutely candid, would you say to me asking you for an associate producership on the upcoming film?

CLINTON:

(through the snorkel)

I'd say ---

He giggles uncontrollably, sputters, manages to say:

CLINTON:

I'd say, "Show us your tits."

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

And he disappears under the surface with a flick of his fins.
Anthony's face darkens with puzzled resentment.

CHRISTINE'S VOICE:

(v.o.)

Yoo-hoo! Vi - tto- rio!

Anthony leaves the shot.

80. EXT. PORTSIDE

DAY

Anthony leans over the port rail.

ANTHONY:

The crew's having their naps, Christine.

CHRISTINE:

Jesus! Watts, Pakistan, and now naps
for sailors. Drop me down a Tab,
will ya? My tongue feels like a Turkish
parade ground.

81. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

Tom is stretched out on the couch, a dismantled script
in front of him; he is doodling on a scratch-pad. He does
not look up when Anthony comes in.

ANTHONY:

(crossing to the bar)

Christine says her tongue feels like
a Turkish parade ground.

TOM:

(absently)

Right ...

82. EXT. IN THE WATER STARBOARD SIDE

DAY

Clinton is swimming around, calls up.

CLINTON:

Hey, Tommy! Come on in and let's
play a game of Sam Spiegel Script Conference.

CLOSE on Lee, who appears at the starboard rail.

LEE:

He's inside, Clinton, making some notes,
and I think his back's a little off
today.

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

CLINTON:
 (astonished)
 Notes on what? English subtitles for
 "A Fistful of Kishkas"? Hey, Tiny Tom,
 physiotherapy time!...

LEE:
 I don't think he hears you, Clinton.

CLINTON:
 Oh, look, this water is a perfect 72
 degrees! What's the matter with all
 you people!

83. INT. PHILIP'S STATEROOM

DAY

CLOSE on the wash-basin, swirling water, hands rinsing out
 cashmere socks. PAN OVER with dripping socks on a wire
 hanger to a spot where a ray of sun is shining through the
 porthole. Philip's face enters the shot, looking out
 onto the sea.

CLINTON:
 (v.o.; continuing)
 ...Alice! Philip! Jesus! ...

84. EXT. THE PORTSIDE

DAY

Anthony reappears at the rail.

ANTHONY:
 No Tabs in the lounge icebox.

CHRISTINE:
 (whining)
 Oooh! I want one! Angel, tell you
 what. Bring one up from the kitchen
 in a huge glass filled with cracked
 ice and a slice of lime and I'll work on
 Clinton to give you that job on the
 picture.
 (giggling)
 You could clean Alice's hairpieces...

ANTHONY:
 Bitch.

85. INT. ALICE AND ANTHONY'S CABIN

DAY

Alice is lying on the bed, eyes wide open, the Four Tops
 recording coming from two cassette speakers wedged into her

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

pillows. Christine's voice continues.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

It'd be just like always, except
you'd be getting paid for it...

86. EXT. THE PORTSIDE

DAY

Anthony has gone.

87. EXT. THE "SHEILA" LONG SHOT

DAY

The yacht at anchor in a calm sea. Essentially the same
as previous shot.

88. INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN

DAY

The Captain lies dozing in his bunk, the door to his cabin
ajar. The SOUND of the Four Tops is audible. The Captain
grimaces slightly and reaches over to switch on a long-
distance band of the portable radio: the SOUNDS of Italian
dance music mix with those of the Four Tops. The Captain
rolls over and goes back to sleep.

HOLD on the sleeping Captain for a beat.

The CAMERA adjusts to include the crack in the door. On
the floor of the passage outside the cabin, there appears
a sliver of sunlight -- a door leading from the deck has
been quietly opened.

89. INT. PASSAGE

DAY

TRACKING SHOT down the passage. The CAMERA pauses momentarily
at the Captain's slightly-opened door and moves on.

90. EXT. THE WATER

DAY

Christine paddles idly around on the rubber float. She hums

91. EXT. UNDERWATER SHOT

DAY

The hull of the ship, the propellers, Christine drifting
a little closer to the stern. The propellers gleam in the
sun.

92. INT. PASSAGE

DAY

We HEAR the creaking of the ship, the mixed sounds of Italian pop music and the Four Tops. CAMERA LENS hugs the wall of the passage. In detail we SEE a fire extinguisher, a metal plaque in a glass frame, a framed and faded photo of the ship's smiling crew.

The CAMERA passes the photo and a black vertical line of doorway molding. The large red letters ATTENZIONE start to fill the screen.

93. EXT. UNDERWATER SHOT

DAY

SHOOTING straight up, we SEE the hull, the propellers, the figure of Christine paddling around on her mat -- she is not paying close attention to her position. She drifts closer to the hull.

94. EXT. THE WATER

DAY

The CAMERA is half in the water and half out. Christine floats. Behind her the propellers gleam in the sun.

95. INT. PASSAGE

DAY

The first letters of ATTENZIONE begin to distort and lose focus. A corner of the opening door appears at one side of the screen. The CAMERA tracks into a small dark room with two closed metal fuse-box-like containers fastened to the wall. Warning signs and a heavy paper seal on one of them. In the shadows we cannot identify the hand that gently pulls the door of the box open, breaking the seal.

96. EXT. THE WATER

DAY

HOLD on Christine floating around and humming.

Abruptly, the propellers tear into the water and the ship shudders to life. Christine gives a short scream and, tumbling off into the water, disappears under the surface. She kicks and thrashes frantically with her arms as the propellers mangle the mat. She screams hysterically.

97. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

Guido is entering the cabin with a tray of glasses. He and Tom look up, startled.

98. INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN

DAY

The Captain picks himself up off the floor. He swears loudly in Italian and wrenches open the stateroom door.

99. INT. PASSAGE

DAY

The Captain flings open the door to the little room we have just seen. He punches a panel button; the engines die with a low groan. His hand touches the broken paper seal; he curses and steps quickly into the passage, colliding with Vittorio. The two men begin arguing volubly in Italian. The CAMERA continues out onto the deck. Clinton is climbing up over the rail on the port side. He skids on wet feet to the door of the passage, pushes open the door. It stays open and we see him interrupting the Captain and Vittorio near the door to the little room. The Captain, clearly flustered, tries to calm him.

CLINTON:

Listen, Captain, what the hell is this!

100. EXT. PORTSIDE

DAY

Tom and Anthony are trying to help Christine up the ladder. She is coughing and gasping and starting to giggle uncontrollably.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, God, I feel so loved and so cared for! I want movies of this.

Once on the deck, she holds on to the rail, but she cannot stand up.

CHRISTINE:

(laughing and
starting to cry)

Oops! Her legs were rubber and she kissed the decks. Put that in writing, folks, she kissed the decks.

Tom takes her arm. She shrinks away from him.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

Don't hit me! I'm going to sober up so fast!

She starts to crawl to the lounge. By now, Lee, Clinton and Philip are standing nearby, helpless and horrified. They try to help her. She staggers to her feet and pushes past them.

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

No, no I'm all right! Haven't you ever seen a nice Jewish girl in hysterics? Dibs on this story when we get back to Hollywood! This'll bring Louella out of, uh, what's its name... You know?

(laughing and giggling)

When you don't work any more? What is that word? What's the matter with you people? I think I'll have a little nap. Wake me when the credits are over. God, I feel so loved...

Giggling and sobbing, she staggers into the lounge and shuts the door behind her. The camera HOLDS on stunned group on deck.

101 -

104. OMITTED.

105. INT. TOP LOUNGE

DUSK

Tom is at the bar, pouring himself a drink and drawing a sketch on his scratchpad. Philip enters, carrying a well-thumbed copy of Shaw's plays, glances at the photograph above the bar, pours a vodka.

PHILIP:

What are you up to?

TOM:

I thought you'd never ask. It's where everyone claimed to be when the --

PHILIP:

Claimed?

TOM:

Look, we all know some grudge-bearing sailor did the deed, right? But see where each of us was when --?

PHILIP:

When the fan almost hit the you-know-what?

TOM:

No two people were together -- in fact, no one was in sight of any of the others for just those few seconds.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(looking at
the sketch)

Clinton...

TOM:

... could have climbed the ladder,
punched the button and jumped back
in. I asked Lee if she'd heard a
splash after the engines hit; she
said no.

PHILIP:

According to this, she could have
done it.

TOM:

Oh, easily -- merely by going around
rather than through the lounge, where
I was.

PHILIP:

For that matter, you --

TOM:

I could have done it, you could have
done it, Alice --

Clinton and Lee enter. Clinton heads for the bar, eyes
the sketch.

LEE:

Christine's had a dozen libriums and
she's merry as a grig.

CLINTON:

(heavily)

Philip and Tom are playing who pushed
the button this afternoon.

(to Tom)

Well, slap the cuffs on me, sergeant.
Are you kidding? Who knows from turning
on the engines? A rat ran through two wires.

TOM:

(crossing to the coffee table)

Okay, but may I remind everybody that in
this drawer where the playing cards are kept
is also a complicated photographic brochure
about this yacht -- every silver spigot,
right down to a glowing description --

(rummaging in the drawer)

-- of the linoleum pattern in the crew's
pantry? It wouldn't take a lightning mind to
trace out the position of the emergency controls
-- and it's --

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.1)

TOM: (CONT.)

(withdrawing his
hand, quietly)

-- and it's not here any more.

106. EXT. REAR DECK

EARLY EVENING

Dinner is being served though it is still light. Christine and Tom are missing. Lee appears worried. Vittorio passes the wine. Clinton looks off toward land, lights a Cigarillo.

CLINTON:

You know, tiny, tiny islands fascinate my ass. I have a crazy broker in London who sends me these brochures of islands for sale. All over the world, little impoverished islands. A few thousand bucks in cash and you're practically a king to six shepherds and their families or whatever. I read every brochure on every island and then I tear them in half and I drop them in the waste basket and I say to myself --

TOM:

(v.o.)

Clinton...

CLINTON:

And I say to myself if there's one thing I hate it's having my island speech interrupted.

(to Tom)

You're late, pussy, and Cook seems to have sent up this rather thick potato soup before --

(consulting a small
printed card)before the chestnut souffle...(a discreet word
from Vittorio)

Sorry, that was the chestnut souffle,
very good, very good.

Vittorio continues serving.

CLINTON:

Where was I?

PHILIP:

(without inflection)

You drop them in the waste basket --

CLINTON:

Right. Thank you. I drop them in the waste basket and I say to myself, nope, you poor people, you don't deserve a good king like me. That's what I say.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

CLINTON: (Cont.)

(observing Tom, who is still standing)

What's wrong? If Christine has hanged herself by knotting together my Port-hault sheets, I shall be --

TOM:

It's my back. I don't think I can play tonight.

CLINTON:

Oh, horse hockey!

He throws down his napkin, reaches under his chair and tosses a small package of printed folders on the dinner table.

CLINTON:

Here's brochures on this island, in case anyone's interested.

He gets up and meets Tom at the rail.

CLINTON

(continuing)

Okay, first off I'm not too sympathetic. I mean if you, a middle-aged man with a defective spine, choose to rattle with 180 pounds of water-logged luncheon meat, fine, but --

TOM:

Christine was in trouble. I'm sure if --

CLINTON:

Let's not let this topic degenerate into the discussion phase. What do you need? Pills? Vittorio!

107. ANGLE ON THE DINNER TABLE

Vittorio immediately hands Alice the huge salad bowl he has been passing and joins Clinton and Tom in the b.g. The salad bowl wobbles in Alice's grip.

ALICE:

(giggling)

More greens, anyone?

Anthony is puzzling over the brochure.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

ANTHONY:

Some day I'll start a collection of these. Listen to this:

(reads)

"The Isle off the Church off Cabrere..."

In the b.g. Vittorio touches his cap and exits below decks. Anthony continues, puzzled.

ANTHONY:

I guess that must mean O-F, "of"...

108. CLOSE ON PHILIP WITH BROCHURE

He holds it up to the light. It reads: "The Aisle off the Church off Cabrere..." Philip reacts, looks up at the group.

ANTHONY:

(v.o.)

"This Isle, now largely uninhabited by modest fisher-folk, was once the domain of the now-devastating Monastery of Forgotten Men..."

109. EXT. THE RAIL

DUSK

TOM:

Saturday?

CLINTON:

Saturday.

Vittorio appears, hands Clinton a small vial of pills.

CLINTON:

Then it's all settled. Here, Kiddando, two of these and you forget your own name. Okay?

He checks his watch, steps back to the table where Anthony is still reading from the brochure. Clinton massages Lee's shoulder with one hand, picks some food from her plate with the other.

ANTHONY:

(reading)

"...blah blah, the holy vows of silence were strictly observed and will be tonight so keep your fat trap shut, Christine." This is some kind of put-on!

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

CLINTON:
Brilliant. Isn't he brilliant?

PHILIP:
Actually, I believe it's our clue
for tonight.

Tom sits gingerly next to Lee.

TOM:
What is?

CLINTON:
(indicating Philip)
He's brilliant, too! My two brilliant
boys!

PHILIP
(to Tom)
Here, take mine. I think I've seen
enough.

CLINTON:
Well, bye-bye for now, gamesters.
You know, I really am touched at the
way you people humor my whims day
after day. The launch will be back
for you at 8:30 sharp.
(starts down the ladder)

ALICE:
What are we looking for?

CLINTON:
(disappearing)
The Homosexual.

CLOSE ON ALICE. She glances covertly at someone o.s.

ANTHONY:
In a monastery?

CLINTON:
(o.s.)
Where else?

110. INT. MAIN STAIRS

NIGHT

Lee and Tom are descending.

(CONTINUING)

110 (Cont.)

TOM:
(thoughtfully)
Honey, I know this isn't the kind
of junk you keep in your head, but...

LEE:
But what?

TOM:
Well, can you ever remember hearing
any gossip about Alice being arrested?

LEE:
(lowering her voice)
For taking something from a store?

111. INT. PASSAGEWAY BELOW-DECKS

NIGHT

Tom pauses in front of Christine's door.

TOM:
(to Lee)
Hold it.
(knocks, calls in
imitating Clinton)
Hi-de-hi-de-ho! Everybody on the
decky-wecky!

CHRISTINE:
(v.o.)
Just a sec!

After an instant she opens the door a crack and, seeing that
it's Tom and Lee, rushes back to her bunk to rescue half a
sandwich from a drawer, resumes devouring it with one hand
while struggling into a tight pair of slacks with the other.

112. INT. CHRISTINE'S CABIN

DUSK

She kicks the door closed behind them as they enter.

CHRISTINE:
You bastard - now there's pastrami
all over my panty hose. Clinton
screams bloody murder when I nosh.
Is it almost time to go, huh?

TOM:
You playing tonight?

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

LEE:

We were worried.

CHRISTINE:

I wouldn't stay on this jinx ship alone for you name it. Help me zip this, dear, I'm so ripped on those libriums...

The SOUND of a ships' bell is heard from on deck.

TOM:

One thing before we go: do you remember a blind item in Sheila's column a couple of years ago? "What once-famous director has been supplementing his income playing a non-kosher game of gin rummy at the Racquet Club recently?..."

CHRISTINE:

Eddie Rylands. He moved to London after that. So?

LEE:

You thought that was Ph --? Oh, come on!

TOM:

(laughing guiltily)

No, no, I just...

(to Christine)

So the Secret you got isn't by any chance like "Card Cheat", huh?

CHRISTINE:

Wouldn't you like to know?

TOM:

Okay, skip it.

(to Lee)

I'm going to grab a quick shower before we take off.

He starts to leave.

113. INT. TOM AND LEE'S BATHROOM TOM'S P.O.V. NIGHT

Lee is sitting in the shadows of her cabin, lighting a cigarette. SOUND of the shower.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

LEE:

Tom, do you think there's a homo-
sexual on board this yacht?

TOM:

(testing the shower)
God, I don't know. Is there a
dividing line today?

LEE:

Don't patronize me.

She stubs her cigarette out.

TOM:

Patronize? Is that really the word
you mean? What's the matter now?

LEE:

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

You said it: is this game only a
game?

TOM:

I'll be right out.

He shuts the connecting door, steps into the shower stall.
Lee lights another cigarette, calls through the door.

LEE:

I'll be up on deck.

She leaves the cabin.

114. INT. BATHROOM

DUSK

Angle featuring the shower door, water splashing against the
glass. After a moment, the CAMERA ADJUSTS to include the
interior of Tom's cabin, seen through the open bathroom door.
There is a subtle spill of light as the door to the passageway
opens.

115. INT. TOM'S CABIN

DUSK

CAMERA HOLDS on an out-of-focus figure moving to the pile of
clothes on the chair. A hand reaches for the trousers, picks
them up, starts quickly to investigate the pockets. In the
money section of Tom's wallet is a Secret card. CLOSE on the
card:

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

YOU
are a
HIT-AND-RUN KILLER

The hand replaces the card in the wallet, the wallet in the trousers, the trousers on the back of the chair.

116. EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD (CABRERE)

NIGHT

A SOUND of flapping as dark cloth billows in the wind into the CAMERA. The wind dies down; we see that the cloth is a monk's robe with cowl -- one of six hanging in a row on the gate to the Cloisters. In repose, they look like six hanged men.

117. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

Shattered windows, through which the lowering night sky is visible. A few half-rotten benches and wall-pews, otherwise empty. The remains of an altar on which lies a cassette-player. A pair of tall metal candleholders flank the altar, a lit candle in one. The rest of the church is in darkness.

A cowed figure, holding a flashlight, is lighting a candle in the second holder. It is Clinton. On the floor next to him is an open tarpaulin bag; inside it is another cassette-player and a couple of candles, as well as a large card that reads "THE GAME IS OVER". Clinton places the first cassette-player in a dark niche behind the altar, checks his watch, then pushes a button on the machine. No sound except the faint whir of the motor. He picks up the bag, looks around with a smile of satisfaction, switches off his flashlight with a click and disappears into the darkness at the front of the church.

118. EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD

NIGHT

Shooting through the gate. Approaching along a small road are Tom and Lee, followed closely by Philip, Alice and Anthony. Christine limps behind, shaking water out of a shoe and trying to read a brochure. O.S. we HEAR the sound of the motor-launch departing.

ANTHONY:

It's all rather like a Hammer film,
isn't it?

A rumble of THUNDER.

(CONTINUED)

YI YI
GROVE

CHAPEL



ROAD

COURT
YARD

ALTAR

GARDEN

GARDEN

CHAPTER
HOUSE

AMBULATORY

STOREHOUSE

CLOISTER
(GRAVEYARD)

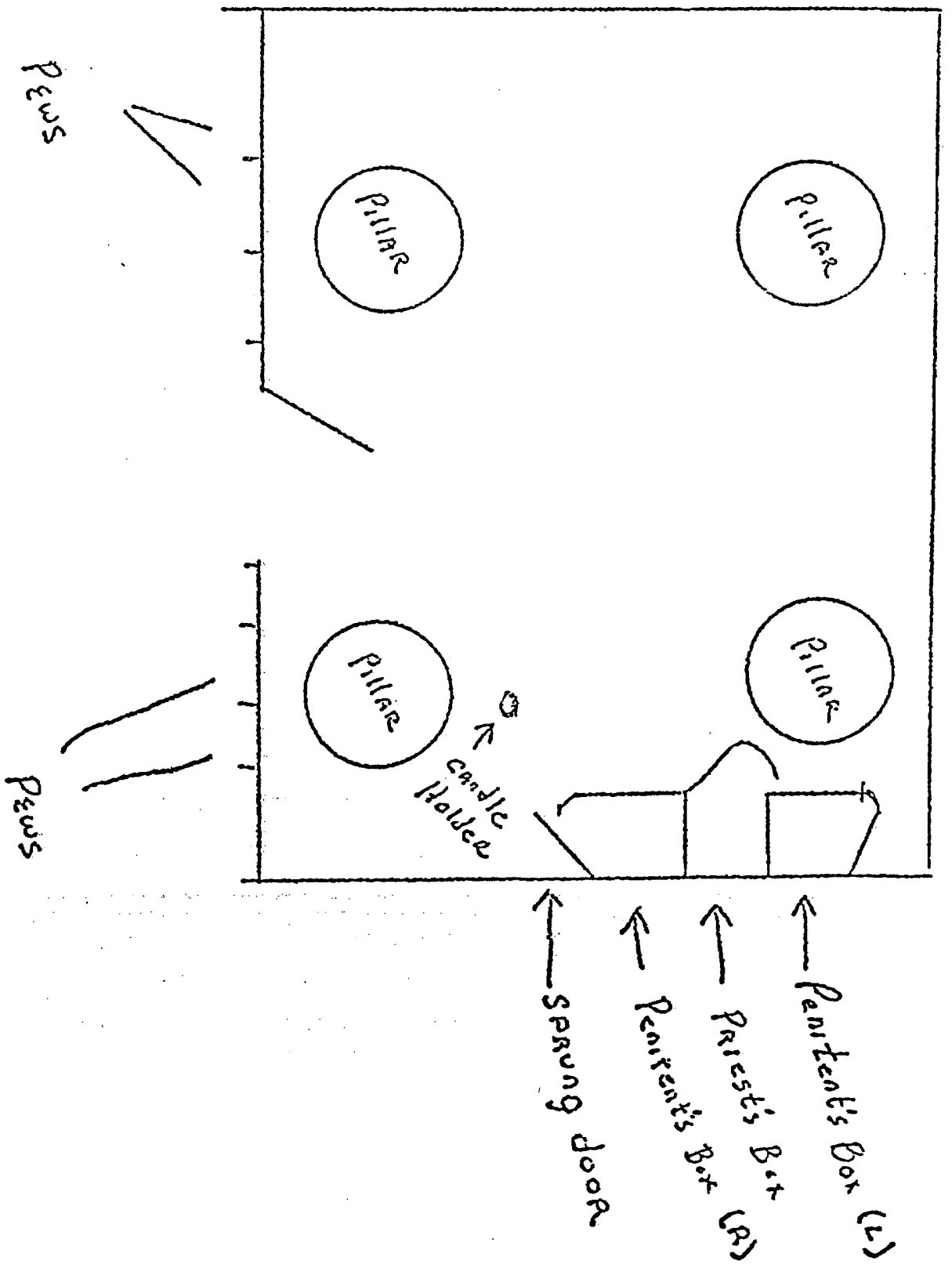
DORMITORIES

LAVABO

AMBULATORY

REFECTORY

CHURCH



118 (Cont.)

TOM:

And he's got the Sound Department
working overtime...

Alice sees the robes, gives a small shriek.

119. ANOTHER ANGLE ALICE'S P.O.V.

The monks' robes, illuminated by two torches hung on the Cloisters' gate. A slip of paper tacked above each identifies them: Fra Christine, Fra Philip, etc. A flashlight protrudes from a pocket in each robe.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

I fear it's going to be a costume
party.

120. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

CLOSE on Clinton's hand with wristwatch. It is 8:59. As we shall see, the Chapel is a small room off the church. Four vaulted pillars, partly destroyed. Rubble. A hole in the roof. No windows. The room is dimly lit by a single candle in a four-foot metal candleholder near the center of a high wooden Confessional. The Confessional is divided into three sections: on either end, Penitent's Boxes, entered through doors left and right. Center, the Priest's Box, entered through a door in the front. This door has a grille for air made of small strips of lathed wood, Jacobean style, partly broken. The CAMERA PULLS BACK from Clinton's watch enough to reveal that he is in the Priest's Box, affixing a curtain behind the front grille.

121. EXT. COURTYARD

NIGHT

Outside the gates, the six players are now dressed in the robes. Tom and Anthony are studying a sign hanging on the wall. The CAMERA PANS around as a beam of Tom's flashlight picks out the top line of the sign, ancient and cracked and hanging askew from one rusty nail. We see the Gothic letters: IN THESE RUINS MONKS' ATTIRE MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES IN RESPECT FOR THE DEPARTED BROTHERS.

122. ANGLE ON CHRISTINE, ALICE AND PHILIP

approaching the gate. Christine is putting on her shoe.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.)

TOM:

(v.o.; reading)

"Evening Tour commences at 9:00 p.m.
and ends at 9:30 regardless. To
begin before will enrage the spirit
of Fra Pervertus..."

123. ANOTHER ANGLE ON TOM

TOM:

"...which may oft be heard roaming
the night begging forgiveness for his
misdeeds. The vows of Silence must
be strictly observed, so keep --"

He stops. The others crowd in behind him to see why.

CHRISTINE:

Keep what, keep what? I'm scared!

The group snickers at what they read.

124. REVERSE ANGLE THE SIGN

Tom's flashlight illuminates the rest of it. It reads:

THE VOWS OF SILENCE MUST BE STRICTLY OBSERVED SO KEEP YOUR
FAT TRAP SHUT, CHRISTINE.

125. INT. PRIEST'S BOX

NIGHT

The door is closed and Clinton is sitting in the Priest's
chair. On either side of him are partly-damaged wooden
grilles opening onto the Penitents' boxes. The one on the
right still has a small sliding panel on the priest's side;
the one on the left side has lost its panel.

Clinton smiles, leans down and presses a button on the last
cassette machine, which is at his feet.

126. OMITTED

127. EXT. COURTYARD

NIGHT

CLOSE on Tom, looking at his watch. He suddenly tilts his
head up, as if hearing something.

CHRISTINE:

I'm cold. What time is it?

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.)

TOM:

Sh!

128. ANOTHER ANGLE THE GROUP

Taking Tom's cue, they all listen. In the distance we can HEAR the faint sound of a monk praying in Latin. It is Clinton's voice.

PHILIP:

It begins.

He opens the gate to the Cloister. The women go through. Anthony throws away a cigarette and follows. Philip and Tom play Alphonse and Gaston, bowing each other through.

129. EXT. CLOISTER OVERHEAD SHOT

NIGHT

The Cloister is a graveyard, with a Lavabo in one corner. Cracked and angled headstones struggle through weeds and small fallen trees. Surrounding the Cloister is the roofed ambulatory, leading on the East to the Chapter House and dormitories, on the South to a refectory and on the West to a Storehouse. North is the church.

Six cowed figures step hesitantly into the ambulatory and stand there.

130. ANOTHER ANGLE

CLOSE ON the group.

The praying monk's VOICE is coming from somewhere in the graveyard. The six stand, listening.

CHRISTINE:

That's Clinton.

ALICE:

This is weird.

ANTHONY:

All we have to do is find him --

PHILIP:

(schoolmarmish)

Vows of silence, vows of silence.

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont.)

Anthony heads briskly toward the SOUND of the voice at the South end of the graveyard, switching on his flashlight. Lee starts after him. Suddenly, from the East side of the Cloister another monk's VOICE (Clinton again) is heard praying. Lee and Anthony stop, bewildered. The rest look at each other.

And then more VOICES -- from the refectory, the Chapter House, the Storehouse. And Gregorian chants. A liturgical symphony from the seven cassette-players that Clinton has laid out.

131. CLOSE ON ANTHONY

Baffled and frustrated, turning every whichway.

ANTHONY:

What -- ?

132. CLOSE ON LEE

head immobile, eyes darting as she listens intently.

ALICE:

It's "The Sound of Music," for God's sake. How are we supposed to know which - ?

PHILIP:

We're wasting time.

He moves off along the Ambulatory, in the direction of the transept door of the Church.

133. ANOTHER ANGLE

Taking in the whole Cloister. The group starts to fan out in different directions - Anthony toward the Lavabo, Lee toward the refectory, Tom toward the Chapter House, Alice toward the dormitory. Christine, after a moment starts to follow Tom.

CHRISTINE:

(defensively)

Well, I've had a hard day and I'm scared.

But she stops. She looks at the disappearing figures, sighs, shrugs and heads toward the Storehouse, switching on her flash.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:
(singing nervously)
Come out, come out, wherever you are...

134. EXT. LAVABO

NIGHT

Anthony is near the partly-open door. The monk's VOICE is coming from inside. Anthony hesitates, listening to the other voices, trying to decide which to follow. The Lavabo VOICE coughs, then continues to pray. Anthony smiles smugly and steps inside.

135. INT. LAVABO

NIGHT

Anthony enters, shines his flash around, but it is too dim to see clearly. The VOICE is coming from a corner.

ANTHONY:
(whispering)
Clinton?... What am I supposed
to do?...

The VOICE drones on. Anthony moves toward the corner.

ANTHONY:
Look, I know it's the real you, I
heard you cough... The others are
on tape, right?

His flashlight beam picks up a cassette-player on a shelf behind the basin. Written in large luminescent letters on it is the word "WRONG".

136. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

Philip enters through the transept door. He moves with determination, apparently sure of what he's doing.

The CAMERA tracks with him as he passes the altar. From behind the altar we HEAR the monk's VOICE, backed by Gregorian chant.

Philip smiles at it but does not stop to look; he heads directly for the West end of the church. About halfway down he stops, cocks an ear. Sure enough, another monk's VOICE is heard praying behind the North wall.

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

The dim beam of Philip's flashlight reveals a partly-open door set in the wall. This is the door to the Chapel. Philip pushes it a bit more open. It creaks loudly. The VOICE inside and the Gregorian chant with it become louder.

137. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

Philip comes in, heads toward the Confessional. The VOICE is clearly coming from the Priest's box. Philip shines his light on the grille, but the curtain behind prevents him from seeing in. He tries to open the door, but can't.

138. INT. PRIEST'S BOX

NIGHT

Clinton is holding the door shut with his left hand. We do not see his face, only the cowl.

139. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

Philip goes to the Penitent's box on the right and tries to open it. The door moves a little, but sticks fast. Philip rattles the latch and yanks again -- to no avail. He moves around past the candleholder to the other Penitent's box. He opens it and steps inside.

140. INT. PENITENT'S BOX (LEFT)

NIGHT

Philip kneels in front of the grille to the Priest's box, a grille made of plain wooden strips, partly broken. He shines his light upward onto the grille.

141. CLOSE CLINTON'S PROFILE

as seen through the grille. At first, all we can see is the cowl. Then Clinton slowly turns into the beam till he faces the CAMERA full front. Under his cowl he has on a wig; he wears tinted sunglasses and lipstick; he looks exactly like a grotesque version of Alice

142. ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing both men. The SOUND of Clinton's recorded voice and the Gregorian chant continue underneath the dialogue.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

PHILIP:
That's disgusting. But clever.

CLINTON:
(whispering;
pleased)
Sh. Don't ruin it.

PHILIP:
(whispering)
You're supposed to be Alice, I
gather.

CLINTON:
And you're supposed to be in the
other box so I can use the slider.

He reaches back and demonstrates with the little sliding
panel on the other grille.

PHILIP:
Much more effective. But the
door's stuck.

CLINTON:
Damn... How'd you find me so fast?

PHILIP:
That "aisle off the church" pun in
the brochure. Not up to par, your
eminence.

CLINTON:
(getting up)
I'll fix the door.

He slides the grille door shut.

143. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

Clinton comes out of the Priest's box, Philip out of the
Penitent's.

CLINTON:
(still whispering)
They must have loused it up when
they moved it.

He is now at the door to the Penitent's box on the right;
he starts fiddling with the handle, tugging.

(CONTINUED)

143 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

Can I help?

CLINTON:

Just piss off, my son.

144. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

CLOSE on the word "WRONG" written on the cassette-player behind the altar, caught in the beam of Tom's flashlight. CAMERA pulls back to reveal Tom looking back over his shoulder as he hears footsteps.

145. ANOTHER ANGLE TOM'S P.O.V.

Philip is coming down the North aisle towards the altar. He starts out to the transept door and into the Cloister, lighting a cigarette.

146. ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing Tom, who switches off his flash and moves into the darkness in the direction from which Philip came. The CAMERA tracks ahead of him as he comes closer to the Chapel door. He stops outside, listens to the VOICE and the chant within, switches his flash back on, enters.

147. INT. CHAPEL TOM'S P.O.V.

NIGHT

Clinton is tugging vainly at the door to the Penitent's box (right) and cursing under his breath. The candleholder is between him and Tom, so Clinton's wig and glasses are not clear.

TOM:

(v.o.)

For shame.

Clinton, startled, stops cursing and hastily draws his cowl around his face and heads for the Priest's box, beckoning Tom to the Penitent's box on the left.

148. INT. STOREHOUSE

NIGHT

The SOUND of the monk's voice praying. A flashlight beam weakly illuminates the interior of a huge wine cask, picking up a mouse which scampers away from a cassette-player, on top of which is written the word "WRONG."

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

SOMEONE:
(v.o.; sotto voce)

Damn.

The CAMERA pulls back to reveal a cowed figure in what we can now see is a vault below ground. The figure hits the side of the cask in anger and rushes up the stairs.

149. INT. PENITENT'S BOX (LEFT) TOM'S P.O.V. NIGHT

Clinton's face -- wig, glasses, lipstick and all -- can be seen grotesquely through the grille in the beam of Tom's flashlight.

CLINTON:
(whispering)
Wanna kiss me?

150. CLOSE ON TOM

kneeling.

TOM:
You could do with a little more
rouge.

151. ANOTHER ANGLE

showing both men.

CLINTON:
Is the volume too high? From out
there?

TOM:
Too low, if anything.

CLINTON:
(leaning wearily
back in profile)
Nothing's going right. I'll open
it wider.

152. INT. MONKS' DORMITORY

NIGHT

A long hall with a series of partly-opened doors leading to individual cells. Very dark. The SOUND of the praying voice and Gregorian chant fills the hall. A cowed figure (the same one we saw in the vault) holding a flashlight opens one door after another, increasing from impatience to near-frenzy.

153. INT. MONK'S CELL

NIGHT

The figure enters, the CAMERA shooting over its shoulder. It makes for one corner of the room. The flashlight beam plays over the corner, finally coming to rest on a shelf. There sits a cassette-player: "WRONG." The figure, in a rage, sweeps it off the shelf and onto the floor.

154. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

A flashlight beam swinging around wildly. Behind the altar the VOICE prays. The figure moves toward it; when it speaks, we realize that it is Christine.

CHRISTINE:

(singing tone-
lessly)

"I feel a song coming on..."
Clinton?

She jumps as the chapel door CREAKS open. She HEARS the voice and the Gregorian chant from inside the Chapel, swings her beam toward it, moves down the church aisle, the CAMERA TRACKING with her.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

Come out, come out, wherever you
are...

A RUMBLE of thunder.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing;
looking up)

Just give us the news, please.

She is now outside the Chapel door. It CREAKS. She starts in.

155. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

Clinton is moving towards the Penitent's box on the right. As with Tom, the candleholder prevents Christine from seeing his glasses and wig -- he holds the cowl around his face, cursing softly.

CHRISTINE:

Am I the first?

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

Clinton gives a mighty, angry yank at the door to the box. It comes open but scrapes along the floor, sticking at an open position; it is off the frame. Clinton tries to move it back, but can't. Christine comes further into the room.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

All right, now what? Who's the fag?

Clinton beckons her to the box on the right, heads toward the Priest's box. The CAMERA FOLLOWS Christine into the Penitent's box. She kneels, her light shining up at the grille. The sliding panel is shut behind it. Christine looks over her shoulder.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing;

whining)

Don't leave me... Clinton?... I
hate being scared. Don't scare --

The panel suddenly slides open, revealing Clinton looking like Alice. Christine gives a girlish scream.

CLINTON:

Sh!

CHRISTINE:

(whispering)

Then Alice is the Homo - ?

Clinton leans back in profile, sighs.

CLINTON: (whispering)

Just keep your voice down and get
the hell out.

CHRISTINE:

(admiringly)

This is just the best game I've ever --

The panel slides shut, cutting her off.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

-- played.

She gets up.

156. ANOTHER ANGLE

The Confessional seen over the shoulder (from the back) of a cowed figure (the one we last saw in the dormitory)

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

standing at the Chapel door. Christine is leaving the Penitent's box and moves around the candleholder TOWARD the CAMERA. She gives a little start as she sees the figure standing there.

CHRISTINE:

(whispering, to
the figure)

Oh, darling, it's brilliant!

She exits from the room, out of FRAME. The figure stands motionless. The praying VOICE drones on.

FIGURE:

(whispers)

Clinton?...

157. REVERSE ANGLE LOW ON THE COWLED FIGURE

It quietly shuts the Chapel door and bolts it, then leans against it for a moment.

158. ANOTHER ANGLE FROM THE FIGURE'S BACK

It moves toward the Priest's box, the CAMERA TRACKING with it. It stops in front of the curtained grille and speaks into the interior.

FIGURE:

(whispers)

Clinton, I want to talk to you...

CLINTON:

(v.o.; whispering
from inside)

Into the booth.

The figure quickly enters the open Penitent's box on the right.

159. EXT. CLOISTERS

NIGHT

LONG SHOT. Rain pelting down.

160. EXT. CLOISTERS GATE

NIGHT

The torches are guttering. The rain is slowly washing the letters off the names tacked onto the gate and the sign next to them. The CAMERA HOLDS on them an inordinate length of time. Suddenly a FLASH of lightning.

161. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

Alice, standing near the altar, looking for the altar VOICE with her flashlight. She looks up, frightened, at the lightning. A clap of THUNDER, combined with a CRASH from the Chapel. She whirls around.

162. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

The metal candleholder has smashed through the front grille of the Priest's box. The door slowly swings open from the weight of it as the cowed FIGURE withdraws it. Clinton's body slumps out from behind the door, his head crushed, blood pouring out. The candleholder clatters to the floor. The SOUND of rain falling.

163. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

Alice moves hesitantly down the North aisle to investigate the source of the noise.

164. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

The figure runs to the Chapel door, the CAMERA TRACKING with it. Just as it starts to unbolt the door, the handle RATTLES from without. The figure stands motionless.

165. INT. CHURCH

NIGHT

Alice is trying the handle of the Chapel door, in vain. It is bolted.

ALICE:

(whispering)

Hello?...Clinton?...

She tries the handle again.

ALICE:

(continuing)

Is somebody there?...What's going on?

A slithering SOUND at her feet. Alice looks down, reacts. CLOSE on Alice, yelling into the door.

ALICE:

But that's impossible! That's not fair, Clinton!

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

She waits a moment - no response. In frustration, she pounds her fist against the door and moves grimly off toward the transept. The CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal a sign that has been shoved out under the door. It reads "THE GAME IS OVER."

166 - OMITTED
167.

168. EXT. HARBOR AT CABRERE WEDNESDAY DAY

Next morning. A gray day. The ship sits at anchor below the hill and the monastery.

169. INT. DINING ROOM DAY

The six are at brunch, waiting for the meal to begin. A waiter stands ready to serve, but Clinton's chair is empty. There is an uncomfortable silence. Vittorio enters and whispers into Philip's ear. Philip nods and Vittorio exits.

PHILIP:

(to the others)

Vittorio thought that Guido had picked him up, and vice versa. But he isn't in port and he hasn't slept in his bed.

Tom and Philip exchange glances.

ANTHONY:

It's part of the game! A clue!

PHILIP:

He didn't fill in the scoreboard.

CHRISTINE:

Maybe he's still romping around Dragonwyck.

ANTHONY:

Lying in a box of earth with a stake through his heart.

TOM:

He seemed edgy last night. But then the door was stuck and the cassette wasn't loud enough and --

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

ALICE:

What door?

CHRISTINE:

The Confessional, darling.

TOM:

Hey!

CHRISTINE:

Come on, who cares about the game
at this point? Something's flooey!
Where is he?

Tom frowns, slowly turns toward the porthole.

170. ANOTHER ANGLE

The monastery through the porthole.

171. INT. CHURCH

DAY

CLOSE on the sign "THE GAME IS OVER," in front of the chapel
door. Feet around it.

172. ANOTHER ANGLE THE GROUP

Tom in the forefront. He tries the Chapel door; it opens.

ALICE:

That's funny...

They all enter.

173. INT. CHAPEL

DAY

CLOSE on Tom and Philip looking down just inside the door.
Behind them, the others.

TOM:

Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

Alice stifles a scream. Bustling.

ANTHONY:

(herding the
women)

Out! Out!

(as Christine
starts to protest)

Just out!

174. ANOTHER ANGLE

taking in more of the room. As Anthony ushers the women out and shuts the door behind them, Tom goes over to the body of Clinton. It is lying, pulped face up, under one of the columns. Its hand holds the cassette-player. Stone fragments lie around it, a particularly large one near the head. Tom looks up.

175. ANOTHER ANGLE THE COLUMN

A large piece of acanthus capital is missing. It has evidently dropped on Clinton's head. Philip looks up also.

PHILIP:

Apparently, there is a God.

He kneels down, turns Clinton over slightly. There is blood on the back of his cowl.

TOM:

Don't.

He looks toward the Confessional, puzzled.

176. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM FROM TOM'S P.O.V.

More rubble and acanthus stones in the corner. The candleholder -- with candle -- is back in place, the Confessional as it was, with the right-hand door sprung open but with the Priest's door shut, the grille on it missing from in front of the curtain. The SOUND of the Chapel door closing with a creak, as Anthony enters.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

ANTHONY:

It must have been that fierce lightning-bolt. Loosened the keystone...what'll we do with the ladies?

PHILIP:

Tell them to wait.

Anthony leaves.

TOM:

Shouldn't we notify the authorities?

PHILIP:

On an island with two cafes and a weaver?

TOM:

There's something wrong here.

PHILIP:

(laconically)

Where's your fingerprint kit?

CLOSE on Tom, puzzled. He examines the large stone, turns it over; it is covered with dried blood. He looks up at the column, frowning.

177. TOM'S P.O.V.

The CAMERA TRAVELS around the ceiling, TAKING IN the tops of the four columns, all of which are acanthus-leaved, scarred, cracked and broken in numerous places.

ANTHONY:

(v.o.; from just outside)

I think you should go to the landing and wait for us...

MURMURS from the women outside. CAMERA PANS DOWN to the stone in Tom's hand; it is grooved.

178. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

Philip discovers and withdraws a six-inch piece of plain wood from the folds of Clinton's robe and looks at it. Tom sees him, looks toward the grille-hole on the Priest's door. Philip follows his gaze, rises and goes to the sprung door, tries to move it, unavailingly.

PHILIP:

I see Clinton finally got this door open. Breaking it in the process, as usual.

A creaking SOUND. He looks toward the Chapel door.

179. ANOTHER ANGLE PHILIP'S P.O.V.

Anthony pokes his head in.

ANTHONY:

Alice is sick. We're going back to the boat.
(exits)

180. ANOTHER ANGLE

Philip comes around to the front of the Confessional and opens the Priest's door. The interior of the box is as we last saw it, the panel on the right closed. Philip slides it open, revealing the broken grille. He looks at the broken grille on the left, then suddenly spots something on the floor and hunches down.

181. CLOSEUP FLOOR OF PRIEST'S BOX PHILIP'S P.O.V.

A full-length filter-tip cigarette butt, the filter slightly flattened, the center crushed, an ash of about one inch. Philip picks it up; it sticks to the floor slightly and reveals a small scar on the wood.

TOM:

(v.o.)

What.

182. ANOTHER ANGLE

Tom looking down over Philip's shoulder. Philip gets up and proffers the cigarette butt to Tom.

PHILIP:
Another vital clue.

TOM:
(sharply)
Clinton didn't smoke -- cigarettes.

They look at each other for a moment.

183. INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN

DAY

The Captain is speaking rapidly, in Spanish, into the ship-to-shore radio. Tom and Vittorio stand behind him. The Captain turns to Tom.

CAPTAIN:
There is no sea-plane of avail in Majorca. The police will arrive late tonight or early in the morning. By craft. It consumes six or eight hours. We will harbor here until.

184. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

Alice, very pale, sits at the coffee-table, a brandy in front of her. Anthony sits next to her, solicitous. Christine is staring out the porthole, Lee is working intently on the lucite jigsaw, Philip at the bar. The atmosphere is strained. Tom comes in; they all look up.

TOM:
Sorry, gang. We'll probably have to go to Majorca before we get back to Nice.

ALICE:
That means an inquest, and reporters.

CHRISTINE:
(angry)
Get your left profile ready.

ANTHONY:
Shut up!

Christine turns back to the porthole.

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.)

ANTHONY:

(continuing; to

Alice, softly)

We can't very well bury him at sea.

PHILIP:

No, there's too much pollution in the Mediterranean already.

He opens the ice bucket. The ice is melted into a mass. During the following, he looks for an icepick and, failing to find one, starts hammering at the ice with a heavy bottle opener.

ALICE:

It's such a shame, it would have been a wonderful movie.

(as the others stare at her)

I mean "The Last of Sheila". No, I mean it would be a wonderful tribute to Clinton if we --

CHRISTINE:

He's dead! What are you talking about some goddamn movie! He's dead!

They all turn to her in astonishment, except Philip. There are tears in her eyes.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing; to Philip)

And will you stop hocking that ice bucket?

Philip stops, takes some ice, makes himself a drink.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

... I want my Bloody Mary straight up.

The group relaxes.

LEE:

Me, too.. Bourbon..

Tom shoots her a warning glance. She looks at him pleadingly.

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.1)

ANTHONY:

(to Christine)

Clinton's -- uh, misadventure --
is unfortunate, but an accident is
an accident and a film is a film.

TOM:

Has it occurred to anybody that this
is not the first accident?

Dead silence. The ship shudders as the engines stop. Philip
brings drinks to Christine and Lee.

TOM:

(continuing)

Yesterday, the propeller. Last night
the keystone.

ALICE:

Couldn't we just have a lap dissolve now,
showing us each asleep in our own houses?
(rising)

And I have a headache.

She starts for the door.

TOM:

I'm only -- exploring, mind you,
but suppose the propeller wasn't
an accident. Suppose it was a -
mistake.

LEE:

You mean somebody was trying to
kill Clinton?

TOM:

Why should anyone want to kill Chris?

CHRISTINE:

Yeah - we're not in Hollywood.

ANTHONY:

(to Tom)

Oh, come off it!

TOM:

Look, I assumed Clinton was swim-
ming near the propeller - I heard
him yelling. Didn't you? Didn't we
all?

PHILIP:

(after a moment)

What fantasies are you building?

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.2)

TOM:

(to Alice)

Why did you say "That's funny" when we were outside the Chapel this morning?

ALICE:

(turning at the door)

Because it was locked when I left last night.

TOM:

(to the others)

Then all I want to know is, why was it unlocked today and why did Clinton put the sign out?

ANTHONY:

Because the game was over.

ALICE:

(turning)

It was, but it shouldn't have been! I had the "Homosexual" card and it should have gone on until I found him.

TOM:

Exactly.

A beat. Alice lights a cigarette.

TOM:

(continuing)

There were three interesting points in that room this morning.

Anthony snorts in contempt.

PHILIP:

Apart from Clinton's body, you mean.

ANTHONY:

Interesting, how? He obviously was leaving -- the cassette-player was in his hand -- the storm shook the place, and a stone fell on him.

TOM:

Not unless he was crawling.

CHRISTINE:

Crawling?

(CONTINUED)

184 (Cont.3)

TOM:
The stone that fell on Clinton's
head came from the base of the
column.

185. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

DAY

Sc. 177. Tom is examining the stone, then the column. We
CAN SEE that what he says is true.

TOM:
(v.o.)
It was grooved. The tops of the
columns are shaped like acanthus
leaves, the bottoms are grooved.

186. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

TOM:
Interesting Point Number One...
Then there's this piece of wood.

He takes the piece of wood from his pocket and puts it on
the table.

LEE:
What's that?

PHILIP:
I found it in the folds of Clinton's
robe.

TOM:
It's from the grille on the door to
the Priest's Box.

PHILIP:
Interesting Point Number Two.

ANTHONY:
I didn't see any grille on the Priest's
door.

TOM:
Oh, right -- you never found Clinton,
you said.

ALICE:
What do you mean, he said?

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

TOM:

There was a grille last night, but not this morning. That grille was removed. Why? And where's the rest of it? And what was this --

(taking the cigarette

butt from his pocket)

-- doing in the Priest's Box?

Clinton didn't smoke cigarettes.

He puts the cigarette butt on the table. Everybody stares at it.

LEE:

(picking it up)

Newport.

They all look at Alice smoking. Alice looks back, puffs defiantly, glances at Anthony.

ALICE:

I'm not the only one who smokes Newport.

(quickly, to the others)

Come on, there's cartons all over the ship!

LEE:

(indicating her pack)

I'm smoking them, too.

CHRISTINE:

What's the diff?

TOM:

(to Christine)

Did you smoke in there?

Christine shakes her head.

TOM:

(continuing, to Anthony)

You?

ANTHONY:

I never found him.

TOM:

(after a beat)

Of course, I forgot.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.1)

TOM:
(to Lee)
Honey?

LEE:
I may have. I don't remember.

TOM:
But surely not in the Priest's
Box.

LEE:
No, of course not.

She frowns in concentration, but Tom has turned to Philip
questioningly. Philip shakes his head slowly. A pause.

TOM:
Interesting Point Number Three. A
cigarette nobody smoked.

Silence.

TOM:
(continuing)
See, I don't believe Clinton died
near the pillar at all.
(to Philip)
I think he died in the Priest's
Box. And not from a stone, falling
or otherwise.

CHRISTINE:
Then what happened?

A beat.

TOM:
I think he was about to leave, when
somebody -

187 -

188. OMITTED

189. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

LIGHTNING flash. A glimpse of Clinton's face in the slit
between the curtains behind the Priest's grille. The cowed
figure smashes through the grille with the candleholder.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

TOM:

(v.o.)

-I'm not saying one of us, but
 somebody - came in. He smashed
through the grille -

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

With what, pray tell?

TOM:

(v.o.)

I don't know. Maybe something he
 brought with him.

Clinton's body falls out of the Priest's Box - Sc. 162.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

He or she.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

The candleholder, perhaps?

TOM:

(v.o.)

That crossed my mind.

190. INT. CHURCH (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Alice trying the door handle - Sc. 165.

ALICE:

(whispers)

Hello?...Clinton?...

LEE:

(v.o.)

Maybe it was an accident.

Alice tries the door handle again.

TOM:

(v.o.; skeptical)

Maybe. But at any rate, somebody
 decided to make it look like an
 accident.

ALICE:

Is somebody there?...What's going
 on?...

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

TOM:

(v.o.)

See, I'm theorizing that he - or
she - stood there assessing the
situation for a moment -

191. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

The cowed figure is leaning against the door, smoking.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

- which could account for the
cigarette -

The figure goes to the Priest's Box, throws the cigarette
away and picks up the flashlight, the beam illuminating the
interior with the sign "THE GAME IS OVER" next to the body.
The figure picks the sign up, crosses back to the Chapel
door quickly and slips it out underneath.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

- slipped the sign under the door to
be sure there wouldn't be any more
interruptions -

The figure drags Clinton's body across the floor, leaving it
under the pillar.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

- and then dragged Clinton over,
placing him under the pillar -

The figure lifts the grooved stone high above its head and
smashes it down.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

- and smashed the stone down,
thereby making his first mistake.
He assumed the stone was from the
top of the column - it wasn't. But
then there was very little light.

The cowed figure returns to the Priest's Box, gets the
cassette-player and brings it back to the body, placing it
in Clinton's hand.

TOM:

(v.o.)

Now there was the problem of the
wood.

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

LEE:

(v.o.)

What problem?

TOM:

(v.o.)

Darling, he couldn't very well
leave the grille broken.

The figure gouges out the rest of the grille with the
candleholder, leaving a clean hole. It sets the holder
back up and, still holding the flashlight, starts collect-
ing the wood fragments from the floor of the Priest's Box.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

He hoped it would go unnoticed
if the frame was empty. Unfor-
tunately - second mistake - one
piece had lodged in Clinton's
robe.

CAMERA PANS along the floor to the piece of wood in the
folds of the robe, then BACK to the candle on the floor,
in the beam of the flashlight. The figure's hand, hold-
ing the light, comes into FRAME and picks the candle up,
setting it back into the holder. CAMERA PANS UP with it
and we see the figure holding the wood fragments in the
other hand. It flashes the beam around the room, check-
ing - the light rests on the Priest's Box. The figure
goes and shuts the door.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

The only thing left to do then -

The figure is at the Chapel door, listening intently
to Alice's footsteps. Ever so quietly, it unbolts the
door, opens it and leaves.

TOM:

(v.o.; continuing)

- was get rid of the splintered
pieces.

192. EXT. CLOISTER (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

The figure looks around, sees no one, and tosses the sticks
into the high grass.

(CONTINUED)

192 (Cont.)

TOM:
(v.o.; continuing)
Probably into the sea.

ANTHONY:
(v.o.)
Wow.

TOM:
(v.o.)
And the game was over.

193. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

There is a pause.

CHRISTINE:
Well, I think we can agree that
none of us did it, can't we?
I mean, who would? I really mean
who wouldn't but I mean who really
would?

ALICE:
Right! We aren't the only people
around here! If Clinton was mur-
dered, it could've been dozens of
people. Like there must be a lot
of crazy peasants on this island.
Or -
(lowering her
voice)
-how about the wops on the boat?
How about -
(mouthing the
word)
-Vittorio?

ANTHONY:
That's not what he means, honey.
He's saying one of us did it.
Haven't you been listening?

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.)

TOM:
Hold it, please.

CHRISTINE:
Well, I don't feel accused --
that's your problem.

TOM:
Hold it!

ANTHONY:
(bitterly)
I feel personally accused.

TOM:
I'm sorry, I'm exploring. I'm
not accusing anyone.

PHILIP
(quietly)
Yet.

TOM:
Just let me finish. Five minutes
and then I'm going to have five
Scotches and take a long nap.

LEE:
Tommy, you think you know who?

TOM:
No, but --

ALICE:
Stop telling us what you don't
know. Tell us what you do know!

TOM:
Well... There is someone who
might clear this up for us.

LEE:
Who?

TOM:
Clinton.

(CONTINUED)

A beat.

CHRISTINE:

So help me, God, if this is all a
hoax and he waltzes through that
door now, he gets a cut-glass ash-
tray right between the eyes.

TOM:

There's no hoax. Clinton's dead,
all right.

ANTHONY:

Say what's on your mind.

TOM:

Okay.

He crosses to Lee.

TOM:

(sotto voce)

Watch their faces closely.

(sipping from her drink)

Mind?

LEE:

(to Philip)

Make me another.

Philip makes her another drink.

TOM:

(looking around)

I think it's all tied up to the
game we've been playing this week.

Do you all have the cards that
Clinton handed out the first night?

ANTHONY:

(scornfully)

Aren't we past that?

Tom doesn't answer.

ANTHONY:

(continuing)

I'm not sure where mine is.

(CONTINUED)

Tom ignores the threat. There is an uncomfortable silence.

ANTHONY:

(continuing)

Well, I'll have a look through my things.

He exits. Lee takes her drink from Philip, who moves thoughtfully toward the center of the room. Christine empties her purse on the couch. A thousand things tumble out, including a pack of Newports.

CHRISTINE:

Whoops?

She tosses it over her shoulder. Alice is taking her card out of her slacks.

ALICE:

(to Philip)

I wonder how we're gonna feel an hour from now.

PHILIP:

(taking his card out)

As soon as Tom finishes writing the scene, I'll tell you what attitude to play. I've done it before.

At the bar, Lee puts a hand on Tom's shoulder.

TOM:

I'm beginning to wish I hadn't started all this.

LEE:

You could stop right now.

TOM:

But it's going to be interesting.

He kisses her on the cheek. Anthony reappears with his card. Tom looks at him questioningly.

(CONTINUED)

TOM:

(continuing)

Okay? Thanks. Now, forgetting all the mysterioso, will everyone put their cards -- if you'll pardon the expression -- on the table?

They do. Tom arranges them face up in the center. The five crowd around to look.

194. INSERT THE FIVE CARDS

YOU are a HOMOSEXUAL; YOU are a LITTLE CHILD-MOLESTER: .
YOU are an EX-CONVICT; YOU are a SHOPLIFTER: YOU are an
INFORMER.

ALICE:

(v.o.)

Informer?

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

Ex-Convict?

TOM:

(v.o.)

And Child-Molester.

ANTHONY:

(v.o.)

That's only five -- who has the
other one?

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Tom?

195. ANGLE ON TOM

He holds up his card.

TOM:

I'll show mine in a minute.

196. ANGLE ON PHILIP

He frowns, looking at the card, starts to speak, changes his mind.

197. ANGLE ON ANTHONY

ANTHONY:

I want to see it now!

PHILIP:

Let's give him a chance, shall we?

Anthony's face darkens, but he is silent. Tom puts his card face down on the table. The players take seats at different places in the room.

TOM:

All right. We all knew about two of these Secrets, we've played them: Shoplifter and Homosexual. The others we're seeing for the first time: Ex-Convict, Informer and Child --
(looking down)

-- excuse me, Little Child-Molester. And mine. So this was Clinton's idea for a week of fun -- him assigning Secrets, us discovering them. And it was a good game. But some of us began to suspect that there was more to it than met the eye. That Clinton had not chosen these six secrets at random but that each player had been at some time in his life "guilty" --

(making quotation marks with his fingers)

-- of one of them.

CHRISTINE:

Oh, no.

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

TOM:

Not guilty of the Secret he was assigned. Clinton was a far more elegant game-player than that and he certainly didn't want us refusing to play on the first night, which we might well have done if we'd been assigned our own Secrets. So it was more than a game -- it was a private joke.

He looks around the room.

ANTHONY:

What does your card say?

TOM:

In a minute... A man is dead, evidence indicates that it's murder, and we've discovered that the murdered man was playing a sadistic game with his guests -- a game whose central theme was six hidden shreds from the past.

(pause)

Any questions?

(another pause)

CHRISTINE:

(dully)

But he knew I never meant to --

TOM:

(quickly)

Christine, wait. Wait.

Christine stares into the floor.

CHRISTINE:

Okay...

ANTHONY:

(after a moment)

Bull shit! Nobody would have knocked Clinton's brains out because of some stupid secret!

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.1)

TOM:

I agree. Look at these cards --
 enough to make us squirm, sure.
 Enough to remind us of just how
 nasty Clinton could be, sure.
 But enough to kill him? No.

PHILIP:

Do let us see your card, old man.

Tom tosses his card on the table.

198. INSERT TOM'S CARD

YOU are a HIT-AND-RUN KILLER.

199. ANGLE ON PHILIP

PHILIP:

Hit-And-Run Killer?

REACTION SHOTS of the others.

ALICE:

That's what I call a sick joke.

TOM:

(shaking his head)

Clinton always took his games
 seriously. He wouldn't have
 spoiled this with a sick joke.
 No, it seems clear enough --
 he believed one of us guilty
 of a hit-and-run killing.

ALICE:

Sheila.

PHILIP:

And so the game was Clinton's
 revenge...

ANTHONY:

On...

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

TOM:

... the person whom he believed -- but couldn't prove -- to be guilty of Sheila's death. On the last night, Saturday, my turn, he was going to pull the plug on that person.

PHILIP:

How do you know?

TOM:

He told me yesterday when he gave me the pill for my back.

LEE:

Who else knew?

TOM:

Clinton hadn't trusted anyone with a single detail of this game, remember. I believe that.

CHRISTINE:

Okay, what's everybody waiting for? Let's all run around in a circle.

No one moves.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing)

I mean, this is musical chairs, isn't it musical chairs?

PHILIP:

In Tom's mind, anyway.

ALICE:

Right, it's just Tom's damn fantasy.

A beat.

TOM:

But you're all sitting here.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.1)

They look at him half-expectantly. He takes a deep breath.

TOM:

(continuing)

Okay, I'll start.

He draws the Homosexual card to him, leaving it at the table edge.

TOM:

(continuing;

to Lee)

I lied to you the other night.

(to the others)

I had a thing, I guess you could call it that, with Clinton, after Sheila's death. It wasn't much more than me feeling sorry for him. It didn't last long, it's in the past now, and more than ever right now.

(to Lee)

Believe me, it was just some... door that opened and I went in. But I didn't like the air in there.

A pause. Alice starts to speak.

ANTHONY:

Excuse me, darling.

(to Tom)

But am I just being slow? Are you saying, are you claiming that Secret, that Homosexual Card, meaning you're in the clear?

Well, I don't know about the rest of you and I'm in no position to challenge your little story, charming as it was, but it's also possible that Clinton may have come up with some dirty half truths about me --

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.2)

ANTHONY: (Cont.)

(upset, to Philip)

-- Or you?

(to Lee)

-- Or you?

(clutching Alice's
hand)-- Or any of us could have...

(to Tom)

What gives you the right, the
exclusive right, to that card?

TOM:

(after a moment)

Fair enough. I just looked at the
cards and I only saw one that
applied to me.

(smoothly)

Of course if the same is true of
you, then that's another story,
Anthony, and it may mean that
Clinton's game is invalid.(as Anthony re-
mains silent)

Well?

ANTHONY:

(threateningly)

Who says it's true? Who says
I'm...

TOM:

Nobody says you're anything. I
looked at the cards and I said I
was the Homosexual, that's all.

ALICE:

But that was in the past.

TOM:

They're all in the past.

A pause.

TOM:

(continuing)

Anyone want to say anything?

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.3)

Silence. Everybody looks uncomfortable.

TOM:

(continuing)

I mean, if ever there was an unofficial investigation, quote unquote, this is it, right? Or should I tell you that Lee and I once heard rumors about a shoplifting incident concerning somebody in this room?

Silence. Alice starts to speak, stops herself. Tom sighs.

TOM:

(continuing)

Look, the authorities -- but why twist anyone's arm?

(patiently)

As I see it, we're in this. Up to here. It's a murder, isn't it?

A moment. Then Alice suddenly slides the Shoplifter Card towards herself.

ALICE:

Okay. Thanks. I mean it. Right. Shoplifter applies to me. It's the only one. I took a coat, blah, blah, etc., etc. Please, Anthony, no shocked looks. When we get back to town, I'll swipe you some ID bracelets. You'll forget about it.

A pause.

TOM:

Right, well, me for the five Scotches.

He starts for the bar.

PHILIP:

Uh -- Tom -- if I may --

TOM:

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.4)

PHILIP:

This leaves the other four of us
somewhat dangling, wouldn't you
say?

CHRISTINE:

(brightly)

Unh-unh! Hello!

She pounces on a card. The others turn to her and see --
as we do -- that it is the Informer Card. There is a pause.

CHRISTINE:

(continuing;
quietly)

What can I say?... Years ago I
dropped a few names to the House
Un-American Activities Committee.
They just slipped out. Then those
people didn't work for a while.
Now they work. Sometimes I try to
get them work. Sometimes I see
them on the street. Sometimes
they cross the street. So what?

A beat.

PHILIP:

There is one thing that confuses me.

TOM:

Shoot.

PHILIP:

Just pursuing a thought, you under-
stand, but as I see it, the logical
person to have killed Clinton is you.

TOM AND PHILIP:

(together)

Because...

PHILIP:

Sorry, go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.5)

TOM:

No, go ahead. I need some ice.

Lee holds up her glass. Tom takes it and his, and strides to the bar.

CHRISTINE:

(slowly)

... Right.

ANTHONY:

Because no one else felt so threatened. You were the only one --

PHILIP:

-- who knew about the Hit-And-Run Killer Card.

TOM:

I was the only one meant to know about it. Remember, Clinton would never have spoiled his game by giving that card to the person he thought to be the killer. Actually, I was horrified when I saw the card and I spoke to Clinton about it. He laughed and said he'd just made up a lot of melodramatic Secrets. But I'm guessing that the real killer overheard our conversation and understood Clinton's real motive.

Anthony laughs abruptly, glancing at the three cards left in the center of the table.

ANTHONY:

You're cold, Tom. You think it's me, don't you? Your wife was a hundred miles away, your sophisticated director friend seems cool enough -- but I'm a little nervous. You dislike me too much.

TOM:

I have no reason to dislike you.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.6)

ANTHONY:

I feel it, though.

TOM:

I don't think this is the moment --

ANTHONY:

It's my moment. Time for my theory.

TOM:

Sure.

ANTHONY:

Tonight we saw all the cards for the first time. It didn't take us long to find the truth in three of them. And your mind worked fast -- I could almost hear you thinking as you quickly labelled Lee the Ex-Convict on some trivial charge -- arrested in an anti-war rally, sentence suspended sort of thing. And Philip can kid his way along with some witty Child-Molester jokes and that leaves me.

(looking around)

Well, I've done time. Yeah, I've been in prison twice for - assault - and I can prove it. Can anyone else here make that particular claim?

Lee lights a cigarette. No replies. Anthony grabs the Ex-Convict card.

ANTHONY:

(continuing; to Tom)

Disappointed?

A pause.

PHILIP:

(smoothly)

Actually, I was arrested some years back.

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.7)

ANTHONY:

Uh-uh, love, see that card? Not
just arrested. Arrested is quite
different.

Lee snuffs out her cigarette after one puff. She crosses
to the bar, pours herself a drink.

200. CLOSE ON PHILIP

201. HIS P.O.V. INSERT SHOT LEE'S CIGARETTE BUTT

202. ANGLE ON TOM

He too is looking at the cigarette.

TOM:

(suddenly)

As a matter of fact, I think
we've ... At this point, I
don't think we can go any
further.

ALICE:

(incredulous)

What?

TOM:

What I mean is, we've established
what we set out to prove.

ANTHONY:

What is this?

TOM:

I mean, we're agreed that all this
was in... I mean, we can't... we
can't draw any ironclad conclusions.
It's all theoretical, at least.

(CONTINUED)

202 (Cont.)

ANTHONY:

(ugly)

Fine. It's theoretical, but hardly
fair to stop now, Johnny.

(to Philip)

How about it, Philip? Care to
choose from what's left?

Philip looks at the two cards left. YOU are a LITTLE CHILD
MOLESTER; YOU are a HIT-AND-RUN KILLER. He is silent.

ANTHONY:

(continuing)

Come on. Dented fenders or a little
petting in the playground?

All eyes on Philip. Philip looks at Tom. Silence. From
the top of the stairway, Lee's voice.

LEE:

Everybody stop.

Christine gives an involuntary jump.

LEE:

(continuing)

By which I only mean, just please
... let me get this over with.

203. CLOSE ON TOM

TOM:

Honey...

204. CLOSE ON LEE

LEE:

I was drunk. I was too drunk to
drive.

205. ANOTHER ANGLE

Tom starts across the room quickly. Lee's hand tightens on
the bannister.

LEE:

No, Tom! Please, please, please
stay there. I'm so sorry I never
told you. You would have helped
me do the right thing, but by then
it was too late.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

LEE: (CONT.)

I drove down the coast to the party. I overshot the driveway. I didn't even see her. The car skidded. I panicked. I turned around and drove back to Santa Barbara. I don't know how I made it. Next morning I left you the note about having to visit my school friend and drove as far away as I could. Vegas. I traded cars at the rental place and drove home that afternoon. I've lived with it ever since. But I thought I was safe -- until the game. It was things you said, Tommy -- I started thinking and I looked at your card. And --

206. INT. PRIEST'S BOX (RIGHT) (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

SHOOTING down through the grille into the Priest's Box. Lee's flashlight illuminates her face.

LEE:

-- I know the point of the game.

207. REVERSE ANGLE LEE'S P.O.V.

Clinton leans back wearily, in profile.

CLINTON:

Do you...

LEE:

It's vicious and I want you to stop it!

CLINTON:

Go away.

LEE:

Why did you wait so long?

CLINTON:

(the whisper becoming
a hiss)

I only found out last week. Remember Harry's Rent-a-Car? Las Vegas? I happened to meet Harry.

Lee stiffens.

208. INT. PRIEST'S BOX CLINTON'S P.O.V.

NIGHT

LEE:

It was an accident. I swear -- it
was an accident.

CLINTON:

He said he hoped you weren't still
worried about the damage to the car.

LEE:

(voice rising)

I'd been drinking and I was all over
the road --

CLINTON:

(v.o.)

The police never checked for out-of-
town cars.

LEE:

(louder)

Why are you doing this?

No

CLINTON:

(v.o.; still

whispering)

Sh -- you want to tell the world?

LEE:

(softly)

No.

CLINTON:

(v.o.)

That's what gave me the idea for the
Game.

(intensely)

'Cause the harder you hold a secret in,
the more it wants to get out. See you
Saturday.

LEE:

Don't. Don't do it. It was an acci --

Clinton slams the panel shut.

209. INT. PENITENT'S BOX

NIGHT

Lee reaches up to the grille, claws at it.

LEE:

(whispering desperately)

Clinton! Please!

She hurries out of the box.

210. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

Lee comes around to the Priest's Box, tugs at it.

211. INT. PRIEST'S BOX

NIGHT

CLOSE on Clinton's right hand holding the door shut.

212. INT. CHAPEL

NIGHT

LEE:

(tugging)

Clinton!... Clinton, goddamn it!

She bangs on the Priest's door with her flashlight. Fearful of the noise, she turns and glances at the locked Chapel door. sees with relief that it seems solid. She notices the candleholder and drops her flashlight, the beam slashing across the bottom of the Priest's door. She picks up the candleholder in both hands, the candle falling on the floor. She starts battering at the Priest's Box with it, crying and losing control of her voice.

LEE:

(continuing)

Clinton!

She batters at it again. The room is suddenly lit by a flash of LIGHTNING. The Chapel shakes. We see a glimpse of Clinton's face in the slit between the curtains behind the Priest's grille.

LEE:

(louder)

Clinton!

She batters at the grille on the door. It gives way suddenly and the candleholder goes completely through with a crash. The door slowly opens from the weight of Clinton's body as it slumps out - Sc. 162.

213. INT. LOUNGE

DAY

The rumble of THUNDER dies away. CLOSE on Lee, her eyes closed. A moment, then she opens her eyes.

LEE:

It's funny -- I'm so tired. Hey, Tommy, you're so smart, except you thought it couldn't be me. He wouldn't stop whispering. He told me over and over. He was so mean.

(CONTINUED)

213 (Cont.)

TOM:
(in a whisper)
Lee, you don't have to --

LEE:
Do me one thing, don't everybody
jump on me. I just want to make a
clean exit down these stairs by my-
self. Don't worry, everybody, I'm
okay.

She takes the Bourbon bottle off the bar and descends the
stairs. There is a silence. Tom stands stunned, puts his
hands over his eyes.

PHILIP:
(in a low voice)
Sorry, Tom, but I must say that
"clean exit" line bothers me.

TOM:
(looking up sharply)
Oh, no.

He dashes down the stairs.

214. INT. THE CORRIDOR

DAY

Tom runs up to Lee's door and tries it. It is locked.

TOM:
(urgently)
Lee! Lee!

No answer.

TOM:
(continuing)
Lee, open up!

214A. INT. TOM'S CABIN

DAY

Tom swiftly reaches for the bathroom door.

214B. INT. BATHROOM

DAY

ANGLE on Tom's hand on the bathroom door leading to Lee's
cabin.

(CONTINUED)

214B (Cont.)

TOM:

Goddamn it, Lee, unlock this door
or I'll break it down.
(listens)

LEE:

(v.o.)

Hey, I like you, but go away. Let
me get myself together in here, okay?
I want a nap. I'll feel better. Then
we'll talk about all kinds of stuff.
Not right now, Tom, but I'm okay.
Swear to God, I'm okay.

TOM:

All right, darling, if you say so.
I'll come back in a little while.
(no reply)
Okay?

He stares thoughtfully at the door for a long moment.
He exits the shot.

215. INT. DINING ROOM

NIGHT

Alice, Anthony and Christine are finishing dinner at the
table. They keep their voices low. Christine has pushed
her plate away and is sitting with her head in her hands.

CHRISTINE:

I can't believe you're telling me
this. I must be dreaming.

ALICE:

I'm calling Stan to ask for my
release the minute we get home.

ANTHONY:

Make me the heavy, darling. He
knows I've never liked him.

ALICE:

And don't tell him we're going ahead
with "The Last of Sheila." I don't
want him leaking it to Skolsky.

CHRISTINE:

And don't tell him you're signing
with me.

(putting her head
in her hands again)

God, what a sick business.

(CONTINUED)

215 (Cont.)

Philip comes in, napkin in hand, and sits at the place he has been occupying during the meal.

PHILIP:

What is - ?

CHRISTINE:

Alice just told me the deal the Morris office made for her on the Kirk Douglas picture and I'm in shock. We'll get them, honey...

(to Philip)

How's Tom?

PHILIP

He says he doesn't want to eat.

Christine gestures below decks.

PHILIP:

(continuing)

Not a sound. He's been down there half a dozen times.

ANTHONY:

She probably passed out, huh?

ALICE:

I never knew she was a boozier.

PHILIP:

In and out.

CHRISTINE:

She was AA for a while.

Tom enters, stands by the table. He picks up a cold morsel from the serving table. Christine pats the chair next to hers. Tom shakes his head.

TOM:

Still locked. And she doesn't answer.

PHILIP:

I'm sure the captain has keys to all the rooms.

TOM:

(holding up a key attached to a wooden tag)

I just got it from him, but should I wake her, I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

215 (Cont.1)

CHRISTINE:
Want me to go with you?

TOM:
(shaking his head)
Thanks.

He slowly crosses to the stairs and descends them.

ANTHONY:
(after a moment)
Quite a change in him since this
afternoon.

Philip gets up and takes his coffee out on the deck.

ALICE:
Oh, Anthony, cool it for just once,
will you?

216. INT. THE CORRIDOR

NIGHT

A hand inserting the key into the lock. The door opens.
We see a form huddled in a corner of the bunk.

TOM:
(v.o.; softly)
Lee, darling. Lee?

His hand tentatively touches her shoulder.

TOM:
(v.o.)
Lee?

She groans and turns over. Tom sees a half-empty Bourbon
bottle on the floor and picks it up. He sighs, sets his
jaw and starts to unscrew the porthole window.

217. EXT. REAR DECK

NIGHT

Philip is sitting in the shadows smoking a cigarette. He
turns his head as he hears the porthole being opened. He
gets up and takes three steps to the rail and peers over.
Sound of liquid pouring and a bottle hitting the water.

218. PHILIP'S P.O.V.

We can just see the shape of the Bourbon bottle floating in
the water. We HEAR Christine, Anthony and Alice talking
as they step out on deck.

(CONTINUED)

218 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

When I saw her in the Chapel, murder
was scrawled all over her face. God,
when I write my autobiography, that
line's gonna need help.

ANTHONY:

(v.o.)

I felt undercurrents all evening.

ALICE:

(v.o.)

Now you felt undercurrents all evening.

CHRISTINE:

(shudders)

...That door creaking open and Clinton
getting so physical... And then that
awful far away look in his eyes...

219. ANGLE ON PHILIP

staring thoughtfully at the floating bottle.

220. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Tom appears at the head of the stairs. He looks exhausted.
He stands in the middle of the room as if uncertain what to
do. Philip's voice calls out from the rear deck.

PHILIP:

Tom?

221. EXT. REAR DECK

NIGHT

Tom peers into the blackness and sees Philip is alone.

TOM:

Where are the others?

PHILIP:

Disappeared, dear boy. Separately
or together, I can't say. How are
things below decks?

TOM:

I don't know -- she put away half a
bottle. She's awake now but she feels
awful. Doesn't want to talk a lot.
Begged me not to keep checking up on
her.

PHILIP:

Let's take a stroll around the deck
and then have a lot to drink.

222. INT. LOUNGE

LATE AT NIGHT

Tom is sprawled out asleep on the sofa, the captain's pass-key and an empty glass next to him on the floor. Philip sits in an armchair, staring fixedly at the table, on which remain the stick of wood and the cigarette butt.

PHILIP:

(softly, after a moment)

Tom?

No response. Philip rises.

223. ANGLE ON TOM'S SLEEPING FIGURE, THE GLASS, THE PASSKEY

Philip's figure bends into the frame and out again. The key is gone. We HEAR his footsteps on the stairs.

224. INT. THE CORRIDOR

NIGHT

CLOSE ON PHILIP tapping urgently on Lee's door.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Lee! Lee!

225. CLOSE ON THE KEY IN THE LOCK

The door opens. Lee's bunk is empty.

226. ANGLE ON PHILIP, PUZZLED

He unlocks the bathroom door and strides through into Tom's room. Empty. He steps into the hall.

227. ANGLE ON CHRISTINE'S DOOR

A light shows underneath. Philip crosses and taps on it.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

Who is it?

Philip pushes the door open. Christine is sitting up in bed dressed in a negligee. Guido, the cabin boy, wearing a tank top with the word "Sheila" stenciled on the back, is sitting on the foot of the bed. They are playing cards. Guido gives a guilty start.

PHILIP:

Sorry.

CHRISTINE:

It's okay. Have you met my fiance?

(CONTINUED)

227 (Cont.)

Seen Lee?

PHILIP:

CHRISTINE:
No. Is there anyth---

Philip closes the door. He looks at Alice and Anthony's door. No light. He hurries upstairs.

228. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

A hand shakes Tom's shoulder urgently. Tom awakens immediately and sits up.

TOM:
What? What is it?

ANGLE on Philip.

PHILIP:
Lee's not in her room.

TOM:
(frowning)
Where is she?

PHILIP:
Not in your room, not with Christine.
Alice and Anthony are asleep.

Philip and Tom look at each other. Tom springs to his feet.

229. INT. CORRIDOR

NIGHT

Tom and Philip hurry down the steps. They check Lee's cabin. Nothing.

PHILIP:
What do we do?

TOM:
I don't know. Wake the captain.
Search the ship.

Philip looks down the hall. Tom dashes up the stairs. Philip goes down the hall and opens Clinton's door. Philip takes in the empty room at a glance, starts to go. His attention is caught by the bathroom door. He hesitates a moment, walks over and opens it.

230. ANGLE ON THE BATHTUB

Lee lies dead in a pool of blood-red water, her wrists slit. On the floor is a pair of bloodstained nail scissors.

231. EXT. HARBOR AT PALMA (THURSDAY) AFTERNOON

CLOSE on the back of an open police van. The second of two tagged bodies slides in. The doors shut. The van drives up the dock.

232. EXT. RAIL

Christine, Alice and Anthony watch the van drive away. Anthony lowers his Super 8.

ALICE:

Is it terrible? Is it really terrible to wonder if I can get an appointment with a hairdresser in this town?

Vittorio is bringing hand luggage out on the deck.

ALICE:

Oh, Christine, do you need all that for just one night in town?

CHRISTINE:

Darling, I've always dreamed of being interrogated in a damp cellar by some brutal slob and I want to look my best tomorrow morning.

ANTHONY:

(looking off)

What is this, a taxi strike? If we don't get to the Victoria, they'll give our rooms away. I'll be right back.

He disappears down the gangplank.

CHRISTINE:

(waving off-screen)

Plus Guido said he'd take me dancing tonight if I'd pay the check. Isn't that dear?

She picks out her luggage for Guido to carry down the gangplank. Tom steps out on deck carrying a small overnight bag. Alice goes to him sympathetically.

ALICE:

I can't tell you how sorry I am.

TOM:

I know... You free later?

(CONTINUED)

232 (Cont.)

ALICE:

Listen, darling, thanks for leaving
out the - you know, about us -- yesterday.

TOM:

Well, I thought --

ALICE:

-- that there was enough flak in
the air already, right? Well, there
is. Look, let's cool it for a while.
Aside from the bad press angle, let's
be honest with each other. I admit
that your being available and my not
being... it's not the same. Listen,
you'll always be the world's most
attractive man...

(her eyes widen)

God, what a thought I just had.

TOM:

Namely?

ALICE:

If you get married again, give me
a ring. Isn't that awful?

Philip steps out on deck. Tom removes his hand from
Alice's arm.

CLOSE on Philip's reaction.

Anthony screeches up in a cab, yells out the window.

ANTHONY:

Come on, hon.

Alice hurries down the gangplank, waves back at Philip and
Tom.

ALICE:

See you tomorrow!

Christine and Alice climb into the cab and it drives off.

PHILIP

Goodbyes after a week at sea are
always so sad.

Tom smiles ruefully, stares out to sea.

(CONTINUED)

232 (Cont.1)

TOM:

Whose fault is all this?
 Clinton's? Lee's? Mine? Or
 Sheila's for being a tough broad
 who liked to wander around Bel Air
 at two in the morning? Does that
 make any sense?

PHILIP:

Nothing makes any sense... And some-
 thing Clinton said keeps rattling
 around in the back of my head --
 if I could remember it --

TOM:

(snapping out of it)
 You be at the Victoria?

PHILIP:

My invitation was for a week on a
 yacht. I didn't bring money for
 jam.

TOM:

I'll see you tomorrow, I guess.

He steps off the gangplank and starts down the dock.

233. EXT. PALMA

NIGHT

The Waterfront. CAMERA TRACKS with Tom as he walks
 moodily past cafes, tourists, traffic. He spots
 Vittorio in the crowd, strolling with an attractive
 girl. Vittorio waves cordially and disappears, cha-
 chaing, into a restaurant-discotheque. Tom reaches the
 end of the sidewalk, pauses to stare out onto the jetty
 where the yachts are anchored.

234. TOM'S P.O.V.

The Sheila, in the distance, light coming from the lounge.
 The light goes out. After a moment it comes on again.

235. ANGLE ON TOM

He reacts, puzzled.

236. EXT. LONG SHOT THE QUAY AND THE SHEILA NIGHT

Tom walks out on the pier. The light goes out again.
 Tom approaches, steps over a rope hanging across the
 gangplank and starts up.

237. EXT. DECK

NIGHT

Tom steps quietly around to the side passageway, tries to see in through the porthole. No light shows inside.

238. EXT. COVERED PASSAGE

NIGHT

The corridor is dark. Tom opens the door and slips in. SOUND of a foot hitting the floor in the dark.

239. INT. THE LOUNGE

NIGHT

Tom closes the door behind him, stands against the wall in the dark. After a beat, we HEAR Philip's voice.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Anthony?

TOM:

It's Tom. What's going on here?

The lamp comes on. Philip is sitting at a table. In front of him are the cigarette butt, the piece of wood and the stateroom key. On the tile floor nearby are several burned-out cigarettes, each shaped similarly to the one found in the priest's box, one still burning.

TOM:

Well, Jesus, are you waiting for the other members of your coven, or what?

PHILIP:

I've been calling your hotel all evening. Something's not right.

TOM:

What are you doing?

PHILIP:

Experimenting.

(indicates the cigarette butt on the table)

Look at this cigarette. It's what I went down to ask Lee about last night. Afterwards, I dismissed it from my mind as a whim. But tonight...

(as Tom looks blank)

It's the shape.

(lights a cigarette)

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.)

TOM:

Funny, that bothered me, too.

Philip tosses his cigarette at Tom's feet under the table.

PHILIP:

Stamp it out.

After a baffled moment, Tom awkwardly does.

PHILIP:

(lighting a fresh
cigarette)

Now...

(turning out the
light)

try this one.

He tosses the cigarette at Tom's feet.

PHILIP:

Just once. Quickly!

We hear Tom attempt to stamp it out. Philip switches on the light. The cigarette is still burning but the filter has been crushed.

PHILIP:

Let it burn out... You see, if it's dark and it's awkward for you, you may stamp out the filter instead of the lit end.

TOM:

If you only have one shot at it.

PHILIP:

(musing)

As Clinton did?

TOM:

Clinton?

PHILIP:

It was in the box where he was killed, after all.

(as Tom starts
to interrupt)

Bear with me.

(holding up the
piece of wood)

Remember, we both thought this came from the Priest's grille.

240. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 137: The Priest's grille in the beam of Philip's flashlight - Jacobean.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

It doesn't. That wood was lathed. This is plain. It's from the side grille.

241. INT. PENITENT'S BOX (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 140: The broken grille, from Philip's P.O.V. - plain.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

How did it find its way into Clinton's robe?

242. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

TOM:

Someone broke the side grille.

(realizing)

You're saying 'who'.

PHILIP:

(nods)

Could we be shy one actor in the piece?

TOM:

Meaning someone who saw the whole thing...

PHILIP:

None of it would seem quite so sinister if it weren't for this.

(holding up the key)

I didn't think about it till this afternoon. We found Lee in Clinton's stateroom. But her cabin was locked from the outside. How could she have locked it behind her when the only key to the cabins was up here in this very lounge.

TOM:

She probably went into the john and out through my cabin.

PHILIP:

No. The bathroom was bolted from the inside. I had to unbolt it myself.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont.)

TOM:

(crossing to the bar)

There's got to be some explanation...

PHILIP:

The point is, while you and I were
carelessly strolling around the decks
last night, anyone could have taken
the key.

Absently, Tom tries to break some melted ice with his hand,
looks around the bar, picks up the bottle opener and starts
hammering at the ice.

PHILIP:

(sighing)

Then again, maybe Clinton broke the
grille, nobody else was there and I'm
just puttering my way through the
debris of my rusty imagina -

He stops short, staring at the ice bucket. CLOSE on Philip.

243. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

DAY

Sc. 175: Philip kneels, turns Clinton over; there is blood
on the back of his cowl.

244. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

Tom...

TOM:

(putting ice in
the glasses)

What?

245. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK)

DAY

Sc. 213: CLOSE ON Lee.

LEE:

... He wouldn't stop whispering...

246. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

Where's the icepick?

247. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK)

DAY

Sc. 184: Philip hammers at the ice with the bottle opener.

TOM:

(v.o.)

Huh?

248. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

(rising, excited)

I said, where's the bloody icepick!

TOM:

(baffled)

I don't know, it must be --

PHILIP:

It's been missing since yesterday
afternoon!

(he blinks)

249. EXT. REAR DECK (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 218.

CHRISTINE:

... and that awful faraway look in
his eyes...

250. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Tom finishes pouring the drinks, brings one to Philip.

PHILIP:

Tom, the back of Clinton's cowl was
stained with blood!

TOM:

(catching his
excitement)Of course! You can't strike a man
in the face and the back of the neck
with the same blow!

PHILIP:

Lee only thought she'd killed Clinton.

TOM:

Did the police examine - ?

(CONTINUED)

250 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

Why bother? She'd confessed.

(takes a long swallow)

Thomas, we've lost our touch. A good director and a good detective ought to pay more attention to detail. Detail... We're ready for the final cut.

TOM:

Okay. Whoever was watching -

PHILIP:

Allow me: The important moment happened before Lee went into that room.

251. INT. PENITENT'S BOX (LEFT) (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

Shooting through the grille towards Clinton. A cowed FIGURE, back to camera, lights a cigarette.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Whoever it was lit a cigarette and dropped it through the grille --

252. INT. PRIEST'S BOX (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

The cigarette drops through the broken grille.

CLINTON:

Hey -- !

He leans down to stamp it out, tries once.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

-- and as Clinton leaned down to stamp it out --

The figure smashes through the grille with an icepick in its hand, a handkerchief wrapped around the handle, and stabs Clinton halfway between the side and the back of the neck. The figure holds the squirming body down.

PHILIP:

(v.o., continuing)

-- stabbed him in the back of the neck with the icepick. Then I assume he started to leave the field --

253. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

The figure hurries to the door, unbolts it.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

But the timing was unlucky.

A RUMBLE of thunder.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.; Sc. 154)

Just give us the news, please.

The figure jumps back in a panic as Christine starts to push her way in.

254. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

Christine was chattering last night...

255. EXT. REAR DECK (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Philip at the rail -- Sc. 218.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

... that door creaking open and
Clinton getting so physical...

256. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

The door was open when I entered
that room.

TOM:

(excited)

Me too. Clinton wanted it to be open
all the time -- so everybody could
hear the tape.

PHILIP:

Exactly. Who'd closed it? Why did
it 'creak' open for Christine?

257. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 155: The figure jumping back as Christine starts to push her way in, as above. It curses softly.

TOM:

(v.o.)

Because he was trying to get out.

PHILIP:

(o.s.)

Exactly. He was compelled to improvise.

CHRISTINE'S P.O.V. Sc. 155: "Clinton" is moving towards the Penitent's box on the right. The candleholder prevents her from seeing his face clearly. He holds the cowl closely.

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

He impersonated Clinton but the grille he'd smashed meant he couldn't let her into the left side, so --

"Clinton" gives a mighty yank at the door to the right box. It comes off the frame and sticks at an open position --

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

-- He forced open the door at the opposite end.

CHRISTINE:

All right, now what? Who's the Fag?

"Clinton" beckons her to the box on the right, heads toward the Priest's box. But this time the CAMERA CONTINUES with him as he passes the Priest's door and scurries around to the left-hand Penitent's box. He enters it.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

He might have hoped to make a run for it, but the sprung door meant that Christine would have an easy view of anyone sneaking out of the Chapel.

258. ANGLE ON CHRISTINE - Sc. 115.

CHRISTINE:

(whining, looking
over her shoulder)

Don't leave me... Clinton?... I hate
being scared. Don't scare --

(CONTINUED)

258 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

I happened to notice that, when
we discovered the body.

259. INT. PRIEST'S BOX (FLASHBACK) FIGURE'S P.O.V. NIGHT

The figure reaches through the grille with its left hand
and, using the icepick -- buried up to the hilt in Clinton's
neck -- as a handle, sits the body back up, turns its face
towards Christine, and slides the panel open with his right.

260. CHRISTINE'S P.O.V. SC. 155.

Clinton's face. Christine gives a girlish scream.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Small wonder Clinton had an "awful faraway
look in his eyes.

FIGURE:

(imitating Clinton)

Sh.

261. ANGLE OVER FIGURE'S SHOULDER

The Priest's box with the dead Clinton and Christine beyond,
peering through the grille.

CHRISTINE:

(whispering)

Then Alice is the Homo--?

The figure twists Clinton's head slightly so that it leans
back.

FIGURE:

(whispers)

Just keep your voice down and get
the hell out.

CHRISTINE:

This is just the best game I've ever --

The figure slides the panel closed with his right hand.

(CONTINUED)

261 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

The moment Christine left, he
intended to duck out as soon
as he safely could.

262. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 156: Christine passing the new cowled figure at the
door.

CHRISTINE:

Oh darling, it's brilliant!

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

But the timing continued to be
unlucky.

Christine EXITS. The new cowled figure stands tensely by
the door, as in Sc. 156, only now we see its face: Lee.

LEE:

(whispers)

Clinton?

THUNDER. Lee shuts the Chapel door and bolts it.

263. CLOSE ON the murderer in the Penitent's box, motionless.

264. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

He was trapped. She wouldn't
leave until she'd had a showdown
with Clinton. So he drove her
into a state of hysteria, convinced
that she'd panic and run.

265. MONTAGE (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Shots of Lee's scene with "Clinton" -- Scs. 206-209.
No sound.

(CONTINUED)

265 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

He was taking a chance, of course
 -- she might have raised her
 voice enough to attract attention.
 Then again, the door was closed and,
 as Clinton, he could always threaten
 to expose her.

Lee tugs at the Priest's door -- Sc. 210.

266. INT. PRIEST'S BOX (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 211: "Clinton's" right hand holding the door shut.
 CAMERA PANS UP. With his left hand, the murderer shoves
 Clinton's head near the curtain at the front.

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

But God was on the murderer's side
 -- for the moment -- and Lee pre-
 sented him with the best possible
 solution. She exploded.

267. LEE'S P.O.V. (FLASHBACK)

Sc. 212: Clinton's face in the slit between the curtains,
 lit by lightning.

LEE:

(battering at
 the door)

Clinton!

She batters at the grille. It gives way and the candle-
 holder goes through.

268. INT. PENITENT'S BOX (LEFT) (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

Over the murderer's shoulder, looking into the Priest's box.
 He quickly lets go of the door, removes the icepick from
 Clinton's neck and crouches down, disappearing into the
 blackness below the grille.

269. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Philip and Tom, lost in thought. After a moment:

TOM:

...She killed a dead man...

PHILIP:

And needlessly committed sui -

He stops in midsentence. They look at each other.

TOM:

(flat)

Somebody killed my wife.

(grimly)

Not Christine...Alice?...Anthony -

(thunderstruck)

Oh, my God!

PHILIP:

What?

TOM:

Hold on - I'll be right back.

He rushes out down the circular staircase.

270. INT. PASSAGEWAY BELOW-DECKS

NIGHT

Tom flings open the door to Alice and Anthony's stateroom, starts pulling open bureau drawers.

271. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Philip, at the bar, puts ice in his glass and is reaching for the Scotch bottle when he spots the Polaroid snapshot next to the scoreboard. He gazes at it, frowning.

272. CLOSE ON PHILIP AND THE SNAPSHOT

His finger touches the figure of each of the players in the picture, left to right.

273. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK)

DAY

Sc. 20: The players sitting around, listening to Clinton.

(CONTINUED)

273 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

I like any game where you don't
have to move.

CLINTON:

Well, you don't have to for this
one. If you're smart enough.

274. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

CLOSE on Philip, excited. He rips the photo off the wall,
looks around the room quickly.

275. INT. ALICE AND ANTHONY'S CABIN

NIGHT

Tom slams the last drawers shut. He stops suddenly, his
attention caught by a reflection in the mirror. The CAMERA
PANS UP to the mirror, showing Alice's menagerie of stuffed
animals on the bed.

276. REVERSE ANGLE

CLOSE on the animals. Tom comes into frame, picks out the
two hand-puppets.

277. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Philip reaches for the wastebasket, rummages through it,
overturms it, picks the Secret Cards out of the rubble on
the floor.

278. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK)

DAY

Sc. 27: Philip conceals his card; Alice giggles; Tom starts
to crumple his.

CLINTON:

No, don't throw it away! You keep
them until Saturday.

279. EXT. RAIL (FLASHBACK)

DUSK

Sc. 109: Tom and Clinton at the rail.

TOM:

Saturday?

(CONTINUED)

279 (Cont.)

CLINTON:

Saturday.

280. INT. DINING ROOM (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

Sc. 215: Christine, Philip, Anthony and Alice at the table.

281. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK) Sc. 20

CLINTON:

...If you're smart enough.

282. INT. LOUNGE NIGHT

Philip takes the cards and photo over to the table, studies them intently. Silence, except for the SOUND of the clock ticking. Behind him, a figure passes the porthole above his head, moving toward the rear deck. HOLD on Philip.

283. EXT. REAR DECK NIGHT

Shooting through the glass door, Philip in the b.g. PAN DOWN to a hand quietly turning a key and locking the door. CAMERA PANS slowly across the door.

284. INT. LOUNGE NIGHT

Philip leans back, lights a cigarette, stares into space.

285. EXT. RAIL (FLASHBACK) DAY

Sc. 232: Philip steps out on deck. Tom removes his hand from Alice's arm.

ANTHONY:

(v.o.)

Come on, hon!

286. INT. LOUNGE NIGHT

Philip thinks, exhales.

287. INT. COVERED PASSAGEWAY NIGHT

A hand turning another key and locking the lounge door.

288. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Philip still thinking, goes back to the bar, opens the bottle of Scotch. As he pours it out, he reacts to the SOUND of the liquor.

289. INT. DINING ROOM (FLASHBACK) Sc. 215

NIGHT

CHRISTINE:

She was AA for awhile.

290. EXT. REAR DECK (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 218: The Bourbon bottle floating in the water.

291. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Philip presses the buzzer on the bar. We hear it buzz briefly in the distance as Tom comes up the stairs.

PHILIP:

What did you find?

TOM:

The beginnings of an idea...You look pleased with yourself.

PHILIP:

(crossing to the table with his drink)

I've had the beginnings of an idea, too. For a scenario. Of course, it may delay my Shaw cycle a bit, but I do think it's commercial.

(settling himself, as

Tom looks baffled at his change of mood)

It's about a middle-class writer married to a beautiful and wealthy young woman.

TOM:

Is this an original or an adaptation?

PHILIP:

(continuing)

After a few years she begins to bore him - not her money, she herself. Then, while rewriting a picture in Rome, he meets a cheap but not untalented young starlet -

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.)

TOM:

Aren't we getting a little off the subject?

PHILIP:

(smiles)

I told you something had been nagging me, something Clinton had said or done? He said we didn't have to move to play the game...if we were "smart enough"... And just now I noticed this -

292. INSERT POLAROID PHOTO

The group standing under the prow of the yacht.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

I thought he was being unusually finicky when he was lining us up. See anything odd?

TOM:

(v.o.)

What's odd?

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Everybody's been posed under a letter.

They stand under the letters on the prow: Philip under the S, Alice under the H, Lee under the E, Anthony under the I, Christine under the L and Tom under the A.

293. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

TOM:

So?

PHILIP:

Now have a look at these Secret cards.

294. INSERT THE SIX SECRET CARDS

laid out on the table.

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

There's something peculiar about
one of them.

Silence.

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

Come, come, Tom, where's that puzzle-
mind?

His finger points to the Little Child-Molester card.

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

"Little Child-Molester." Little
Child-Molester? As opposed to what,
Big Child-Molester?

TOM:

(v.o.)

I still don't get it.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

The word "little" -- what's it doing
there?

Silence -- he sighs impatiently.

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

The first night the Shoplifter...

His hand places the Shoplifter card to one side:

YOU are the SHOPLIFTER

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

The second night the Homosexual.

He places the Homosexual card next to it, over-
lapping:

YOU are the HOMOSEXUAL

PHILIP:

(v.o.; continuing)

Now we don't know which the third was
to be, but Clinton told you that the
Hit-and-Run Killer was to be last...

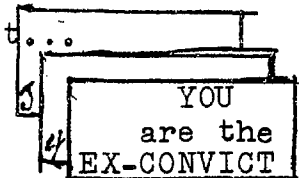
He pushes the Hit-And-Run Killer card to the other side.

(CONTINUED)

294 (Cont.1)

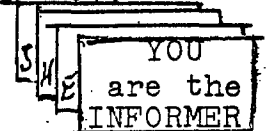
PHILIP:
 (v.o.; continuing)
 So let's try the ex-Convict next...

He slides the Ex-Convict card into place:



PHILIP:
 (v.o.; continuing)
 And then, just for fun, the Informer...

He slides the Informer card into place:

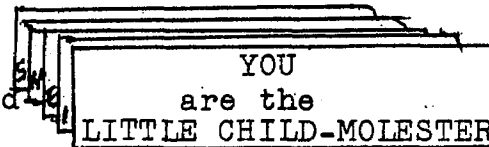


TOM:

(v.o.)
 "Sheila".

PHILIP:
 (v.o.)
 Clinton needed the "L" from
 "Little"....

He slides the Little Child
 Molester card over.



295. CLOSE ON PHILIP

PHILIP:
 God knows, he could have found other
 secrets for each of us. But he wanted
 to make a game for himself, too: How
 to find six secrets that formed an
 appropriate acronym. The "L" was the
 only problem.

TOM:
 Clever son-of-a-bitch.

PHILIP:
 Cleverer than that: This picture --

296. INSERT POLAROID PHOTO AND CARDS

PHILIP:
 (v.o.; continuing)
 - showing the six of us carefully
 posed under the initial letter of

(CONTINUED)

296 (Cont.)

PHILIP: (Cont.)

(v.o.)

each of our assigned "secrets".
 Something in plain view the whole
 week, something he could Lord over
 us Sunday morning.

(tracing them)

Shoplifter, Homosexual, Ex-Convict,
 Informer, Little Child-Molester...
 Hit-and-Run Killer?

He slides the Hit-and-Run Killer card over into place.

297. ANGLE ON TOM AND PHILIP

You
 are the
 Hit-and-run Killer

PHILIP:

But the last of "Sheila" should
 be an "A". Hit-and-Run doesn't
 begin with an A, does it, Tom?

TOM:

A mistake.

PHILIP:

Not Clinton's. I remember something
 else about the first day: you started
 to crumple your card. This one -

(holding up the Hit-
 and-Run card)

- is smooth. That was dumb, Tom.
 What was your original card?

(as Tom remains
 silent)

Let me make an educated guess.
 Something about Lee... "Arsonist?"

No, that doesn't sound like Lee...

"Adulterer?" No, that's you...

"A"... "A"...

298. INT. DINING ROOM (FLASHBACK) Sc. 215

NIGHT

CHRISTINE:

She was AA for awhile.

299. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

"Alcoholic" - that's a secret
 like the others - not too heavy,

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.)

PHILIP: (Cont.)

(v.o.)

not too light. After all, Clinton was only a minor-league sadist - his aim was to make us uncomfortable, not violent. As he kept saying, it was only a game. You made it more than that.

TOM:

Why should I want to kill Lee?

PHILIP:

Alice. And Lee's estate must be worth about three million.

TOM:

Five.

PHILIP:

You'd always known that she'd killed Sheila, hadn't you?

TOM:

(lighting a cigarette)

Sure, I knew it the day I got my statement from Harry's. Dented fenders. A change of cars in Vegas. I didn't have to be a genius to put two and two together.

PHILIP:

Fade In. Exterior Nice. Day. The yacht. The Game. You get the Alcoholic Card and realize what Clinton's up to.

TOM:

Not until Alice generously told me her leopard coat story.

PHILIP:

That late? Anyway, it was an irresistible opportunity to get rid of your wife and your enemy with one -

TOM:

Enemy?

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.1)

PHILIP:

The lover who dropped you.

TOM:

I dropped him.

PHILIP:

(nods)

So he dropped your screenplay?
 The one you'd worked on for two
 years? The one he wouldn't pro-
 duce but wouldn't give back? And
 I dread to imagine your feelings
 the other night upon discovering
 that all our great expectations of
 further employment were as wind
 in a crapper. So, selecting the
 icepick, a classic woman's weapon -

300. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 67: Tom at the bar, taking the lid off the icebucket,
 looking around. CAMERA LOWERS enough to show him picking up
 the icepick. SOUND OF VOICES off camera; he gives a start
 and pockets it.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

When did you take it, I wonder -

301. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

PHILIP:

You skipped down to expunge Clinton,
 type up a new card that would in-
 criminate Lee, and toddle off to
 sleep soundly, to await the alarums
 of the morning -

(realizing)

Ah! I should have recognized the
 hatred in your face outside Clinton's
 door.

302. INT. PASSAGEWAY BELOW DECKS (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 71: Tom registering annoyance outside Clinton's door
 as Philip comes out of his cabin.

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Was that to have been the moment of truth?

From inside Clinton's stateroom, the SOUND of giggling.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Alas, Clinton and Christine were having their own moment of truth... Dissolve.

DISSOLVE TO:

303. INT. CLINTON'S STATEROOM (FLASHBACK) EARLY EVENING

Tom at Clinton's typewriter, typing out a card taken from the stack on the desk.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

Next day you did substitute the card -

Tom finishes: YOU are a HIT-AND-RUN-KILLER. Next to the typewriter is the original: YOU are an ALCOHOLIC. He rips the card out of the typewriter, puts it in his pocket, picks up the other, and leaves.

304. EXT. SIDE DECK (FLASHBACK) EARLY EVENING

Tom tears the alcoholic card into pieces and flings them into the ocean, then steps into the lounge.

305. EXT. REAR DECK (FLASHBACK) EARLY EVENING

Sc. 106: The group having dinner. Tom steps out, Clinton looks up.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

- and arranged for Lee to see the wrong one, making her think Clinton had sadistic plans to expose her.

306. INT. LOUNGE NIGHT

PHILIP:

The stage was set. She was primed, and regardless of where, when or how

(CONTINUED)

306 (Cont.)

PHILIP: (Cont.)

the crime was committed, subsequent investigation of the cards would now point to Lee as the only person with a motive strong enough for murder. Of course, if you'd understood Clinton's acronym at all, you could so simply have replaced your 'Alcoholic' card with another 'A' secret -- Automobile Killer, for example. But...

TOM:

(after a pause)

Would you care to explain how I started the propellers with Guido in the room?

PHILIP:

No. That was my contribution to the week's entertainment.

TOM:

(surprised)

You wanted Clinton dead, too?

PHILIP:

I merely wanted him stopped. From playing with our minds. You see, I'd helped Alice out of her little-unpleasantness - lo, those many years ago, so when we began the Game looking for a 'Shoplifter' I was suspicious. I decided to play a game of my own.

Tom puts his cigarette out carefully. Philip rises cautiously and heads for the bar.

PHILIP:

As you so astutely pointed out yesterday, I blundered.

Surreptitiously, he presses the buzzer as he makes a drink, covering the distant SOUND with his words:

PHILIP:

(continuing)

But it gave you courage to carry on.

TOM:

(charmingly)

What do you think - am I going to get away with it?

(CONTINUED)

306 (Cont.1)

PHILIP:

(ignoring him)

You pretended your back was hurting,
to coax Clinton into revealing when
your 'Secret' was to be played.

307. EXT. THE RAIL (FLASHBACK)

DUSK

Sc. 109.

TOM:

Saturday?

CLINTON:

Saturday.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

It was only Tuesday. Four days'
grace. Better still -

CAMERA PANS over to the monastery.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

- the Brighton Strangler couldn't have
asked for a more appetizing opportunity.

308. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

TOM:

(toneless)

Who was he.

PHILIP:

(nervous)

You had to find Clinton before Lee
confronted him with the false card -

309. INT. CHURCH (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 145: TOM'S P.O.V. - Philip coming down the north aisle.

310. ANOTHER ANGLE (FLASHBACK)

Sc. 146: Tom switches off his flashlight and moves into the
darkness.

(CONTINUED)

310 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

So you followed me because I'd been
boastful enough to hint that I'd
figured out the Clue.

Tom switches his flashlight on and enters the Chapel.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

After my session, you came in -

311. INT. CHAPEL TOM'S P.O.V. (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

Sc. 147: Clinton tugs vainly at the door to the right-hand box, cursing. He sees Tom, hastily draws his cowl around his face, and heads for the Priest's box, beckoning Tom.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

- and proceeded to play Clinton's game.

312. INT. PRIEST'S BOX (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

Sc. 151.

CLINTON:

Nothing's going right. I'll open it
wider.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

As well as your own.

313. INT. PRIEST'S BOX (FLASHBACK) NIGHT

CLINTON'S P.O.V. This time we see Tom's face as he drops
the lit cigarette through the grille.

CLINTON:

Hey - !

He leans over to stamp it out. Tom smashes through the grill
and stabs him, holding the squirming body down.

314. INT. LOUNGE NIGHT

PHILIP:

Then you did your ventriloquist act
for Christine and Lee - I should have

(CONTINUED)

314 (Cont.)

PHILIP: (Cont.)

realized: we've all seen you impersonate Clinton.

TOM:

(chuckling at himself)

You know too much to live.

PHILIP:

(appreciating the
joke but edging toward the door)

How convenient for you that Lee exploded, but how inconvenient that she thought quickly and arranged everything to look like an accident.

315. INT. CHAPEL (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Sc. 191: Lee unbolts the door and leaves. Tom comes out of the Penitent's box, sees that she has rearranged everything, frowns in anger.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

You must have been furious. So you rearranged everything to look like a murder that looked like an accident.

Tom picks up the acanthus-shaped stone that Lee had used and carries it to the pile of rubble in the center.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

She'd picked up the right stone. You replaced it with a wrong one.

Tom takes a grooved stone from the pile, carries it back, lifts it high and smashes it down on the unseen Clinton's body. CAMERA PANS SLOWLY BACK to the pile of rubble in the corner - when it STOPS, the ANGLE is the same as the SHOT of the rubble in Sc. 170.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

I'd wager that other stone - stained with blood - is still in the corner. As well as the cigarette that Lee actually smoked.

CAMERA PANS OVER, REVEALING a cigarette butt in the rubble.

(CONTINUED)

315 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

But no matter. You knew that the next day, when you conducted your brilliant investigation, Lee would assume she'd made the mistake. And it was brilliant. What better detective than the man who committed the crime? Every hesitant conclusion, every stumbling interpretation... And when you suddenly panicked, "protecting" your wife - it was dazzling, dear boy.

316. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Philip glances at the door to the rear deck, looks back covertly at Tom. Tom smiles. Philip thoughtfully eyes the door at the other end of the lounge. Tom's smile broadens - he strides to the bar, takes the hand-puppets from his pocket, puts them down in front of him.

PHILIP:

And what did you hope to prove with those? That Anthony - ?

Tom, ignoring him, jams the buzzer down, holds it buzzing during the following speech.

TOM:

(biting the words)

Let's celebrate. A little cold duck, some club sandwiches, a pitcher of Sangria and an order of French fries. But we're not gonna get any of it, because that Dago steward snuck off for the evening and at this very minute is balling two stewardesses from Air Linguine.

(releasing the buzzer,
imitating Lugosi)

Don't worry, my dear. It will only hurt for a minute, and then - eternal life.

PHILIP:

What's my line supposed to be -
"You're mad"?

TOM:

You're damn right I'm mad.
Not insane, just plain mad.

(CONTINUED)

316 (Cont.)

PHILIP:

(laughing nervously)

What's the next sequence? Another
fake suicide?

(nastily)

I don't drink Bourbon.

Tom reacts in surprise; Philip continues breathlessly.

PHILIP:

A man who finds a half-empty bottle
of Bourbon next to his unconscious
wife doesn't take the trouble to open
a porthole and pour it into the sea.
He pours it down the drain. Unless
there's something else in the bottle
he's anxious to get rid of.

TOM:

Like?

PHILIP:

Like chloral hydrate.

317. INT. LOUNGE (FLASHBACK)

NIGHT

Tom is at the bar, breaking Lee's sleeping capsules into a
bottle of Bourbon.

PHILIP:

(v.o.)

No one else on board drank Bourbon,
so you were safe. You'd planned the
obligatory confession scene for the
morning after the murder and you
knew she'd need some fortification
when you started turning the screws.

318. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Tom steps out from behind the bar. The puppets are now on
his hands. Philip looks at them quizzically.

TOM:

(explaining)

I couldn't find any gloves.

PHILIP:

What - ?

(CONTINUED)

318 (Cont.)

TOM:

(advancing)

I'm completing your scenario, you limey faggot. Exterior - Palma. Dawn. A cabin boy shrieks. A body is seen floating between two yachts. The fitting end to a hack career. The Last of Philip. P for putz. Fade out on another convenient suicide.

He grabs Philip, starts to strangle him.

319. OMITTED.

320. CLOSE ON PHILIP

During the following montage, we INTERCUT distorted views of Tom from Philip's P.O.V. and HEAR the SOUNDS of muffled struggling and one sharp CRASH of a table-lamp being overturned.

321. FLASHBACK - MONTAGE OF LEE'S MURDER from her drugged P.O.V.

Tom opens the cabin door, walks over to her bed.

Tom empties the Bourbon into the sea and tosses the bottle out.

He undresses her, picks her up and carries her down the hall.

He enters Clinton's bathroom; she sees the tub.

He turns off the taps; she sinks into the water for a moment and surfaces.

She sees her wrists being held gently, the nail scissors in Tom's hand.

Tom bends down.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

Will you two knock it off!

322. INT. LOUNGE

NIGHT

Tom, startled, releases Philip, who stumbles against the table. Christine's head bobs up at the top of the stairs; she is wearing the same nightgown and sailor cap she wore in Sc. 62. She is clearly stoned.

(CONTINUED)

322 (Cont.)

CHRISTINE:

(coming into
the room)

What are you guys into? "She
killed her, he killed him" - do
it tomorrow when you can get a
secretary!

PHILIP:

It was time for a break anyway,
don't you think, Tom?

CHRISTINE:

(rattling on)

I'm trying to sleep!

Guido, saucer-eyed, appears behind her in his underwear.

CHRISTINE:

Tee-hee. Well, not exactly. Guido
took over for Vittorio tonight and
asked me to stand his watch with
him. I told him there was a tiller
in Clinton's bedroom and he believed
me. Let's face it, I've always had a
weakness for mirrors, but when he tried
to turn on the strobe, all we got was
you guys on Clinton's intercom - yak
yak and I personally counted forty
drinks, and now la cocka e limpa, and
where are the French fries? Tell
him you're not mad at him!

PHILIP:

(in Italian)

Guido, my boy, carry on.

(in English)

This lounge depresses me anyway.

Perhaps you'd like a voyeur - ?

Guido recognizes the word and laughs delightedly.

PHILIP:

I'll just sit in a corner and type
up a few notes -

(to Tom)

- on our scenario. A sealed copy
will be off to my solicitors' first
thing in the morning. In case we
forget any details.

(to Tom)

I'm not going to show it just yet.

(CONTINUED)

322 (Cont.1)

PHILIP: (CONT.)

It needs work. Perhaps we'll
get to it after the Shaw cycle.

CHRISTINE:

(moving toward
the stairs)

You still trying to get that dead
horse off the ground?

PHILIP:

(looking at Tom)

I can make the first five for a million
apiece. And Tom's agreed to adapt
some of the dialogue as well.

(to Christine)

I think the hula-hoop generation
is ready for "Saint Joan", don't you?

Christine, Guido and Philip start down the stairs.

CHRISTINE:

Honey, the hula-hoop generation died
twenty years ago - right after Shaw did.

PHILIP:

It's shocking how "Back To Methuselah"
has never been filmed - it's his best
play.

As they disappear below, the CAMERA PANS SLOWLY OVER to
Tom. His face is blank.

CHRISTINE:

(v.o.)

Sure, it'll make a fortune. Like the
Edsel. I'm calling Valerie Hobson and
Margaret Lockwood in the morning -
they'd be just right for it and they
could probably use some representation...

As her VOICE drifts into the distance, the CAMERA PANS onto
the coffee table and into the smiling faces of the Polaroid
photo. IT MOVES into the letters on the prow, ENDING CLOSE
on the letter "A". We HEAR the SOUND of typing.

"THE LAST OF SHEILA"

FADE OUT:

THE END