

Trouble in Paradise

SEQUENCE A

FADE IN NIGHT

MED. SHOT DOOR OF A HOUSE

A cheap residential district. The house has no architectural character; it is not certain where we are. Near the entrance door is a garbage can, full.

A dog is nibbling at some of the garbage. We hear whistling, footsteps. A garbage man comes into the picture. He shoos the dog away. Without pause in whistling, he lifts the garbage can and, followed by camera, goes to the end of the block, which is only a few steps. Now we discover we are in Venice. In the background is a major canal and a typical bridge--romantic background. Gondolas are passing. In the foreground at the sidewalk is the garbage gondola, piled high with garbage. The man dumps his load, leaves the empty can on the sidewalk, gets in the gondola, and paddles away with the grace of a gondolier. Now, in a beautiful tenor voice which is quite a contrast to the garbage, he starts singing a passionate Italian love song.

LONG SHOT A GONDOLA

Two tourists. Husband and wife. They are in a sentimental

embrace. In back is the gondolier. Camera follows gondola a few seconds, coming closer.

ANOTHER GONDOLA

Camera shoots down. Gondola is covered by a typical little canopy, so that gondolier cannot see the passengers. Camera cuts canopy on one side so that we don't see, at first, who is paddling. In the gondola seat is a woman in evening gown, lots of jewels. She lies in the arms of the gondolier. They kiss. Camera moves up and discovers who is paddling the boat. It is the husband of the lady who is having such a good time with the gondolier. Husband is in tuxedo and straw hat, smoking a long cigar. He is enjoying it like a child with a new toy.

HUSBAND

Darling!

WIFE'S VOICE

Yes, sweetheart.

HUSBAND

What a canal!

SIDEWALK

in front of the hotel. Camera shoots down from the hotel on the sidewalk, including part of sidewalk and canal. The water reflects the electric-lighted name of the hotel. At

sidewalk is moored a gondola in which are four people. A man climbs out, starts to sing, the others in the gondola playing accompaniment. We hear a romantic Italian song, irresistible. The four look up to the hotel windows, expecting coins.

HOTEL ROOM INT.

photographed against the open window. In the background is the canal. Through the window we hear the street singers. Near the window is a table where five men are in a poker game, not listening to the music. We hear, over the music, the rattling of the chips. After a few moments the noise of the chips stops and the singing comes through more clearly. Casually one of the men, cards in hand, walks to the window, closes it, and returns to game.

ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM CLOSE SHOT

at open window. A woman is on a chair by a small table, telephoning.

WOMAN

Uh-huh ... Uh-huh ...

During the scene we hear the same street singers. The woman, annoyed by the singing, closes the window.

ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM

Shooting over the bed toward an open window. Same singers

are heard. On the bed, in the foreground, is a woman lying in her chemise and crying. In the background, sitting on the arm of a chair which is by the open window, is an elegantly dressed man. Evening clothes, overcoat, hat, walking stick. Annoyed by the crying and by the outside music, he gets up and slams the window shut with a bang.

FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT

In the background is an open window with French doors leading to a little balcony. This room is on the other side of the hotel, looking out on a side canal. Close outside the window we see trees. The same music is still audible, but much fainter. Near the window is a desk. The drawer is open and all the papers are scattered on the floor. At the other side of the window is a trunk, open, all the drawers out and the contents thrown around. Room looks as if it has been rifled. For a little while we hear nothing but the faint music. Then we hear the door buzzer. There is no reaction. The buzzer rings again. Suddenly from behind the camera, a man comes into the picture. He is in a tuxedo. His back is to the camera, so we cannot identify him. He goes quickly to the window, jumps from balcony to a tree, and, climbing down, disappears. Buzzer rings again.

Camera goes toward the tree to a very big close-up of a little branch. We see, on this little branch, a false moustache. We hear the man reach ground and receding footsteps as he hurries away. Again we hear, a little fainter, the buzzer.

[EXT.HOTEL MED. SHOT

On wall in moonlight. We see shadow of tree and of man as he reaches the ground. In silhouetted shadow, we see him take off moustache and sideburns and toss them out of the picture.

FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT

toward window, low. Camera draws back and comes to a close shot on the feet of a man outstretched on the floor behind the camera. Buzzer is heard again, loud.]

HOTEL CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

at room door. We see the numbers 253, 5, 7, 9. At the door are two Italian dames, obviously disreputable. One is pushing the buzzer. They speak in Italian, but their emphasis and pantomime make the following clear to English-speaking audiences: Girl No. 1 brought Girl No. 2 to see the gentleman of room 253. Girl No. 1 rings again. Girl No. 2 complains to Girl No. 1 that she should have known better than to have brought her here and wasted her time. Girl No. 1 apologizes and indicates her watch as if to say, "The appointment was definite. I can't understand it." She rings again--viciously this time.

LONG SHOT FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM

Sprawled on the floor, his head resting on a chair, François is motionless. We see that a crime has been

committed. François is an elegant man, about thirty-five, a conceited bon vivant. He is in a tuxedo. We hear the buzzer, insistent.

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

at door Girl No. 1 presses buzzer angrily. Girl No. 2 accuses her loudly. Girl No. 1 answers just as loud. Girl No. 1 now bangs on the door, shouting insults to occupant of the room. Girl No. 2 joins her.

CLOSE SHOT HOTEL CORRIDOR

at door across the hall from room 253. It is numbered 254. We hear the voices of the angry Italian girls. The door opens, and an old gentleman, white beard, dressing gown over evening clothes, steps out. He politely but firmly asks, in Italian, for silence.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR ROOM 253

The girls turn quickly toward the man. No. 2 says she can talk as much as she wants to.

CLOSE-UP OLD GENTLEMAN

He states emphatically that he won't stand for this.

CLOSE-UP GIRL NO. 1

She looks over the old gentleman and makes a nasty personal remark.

CLOSE-UP OLD GENTLEMAN

He loses his temper and insults the girls venomously.

CLOSE SHOT TWO GIRLS

They are at the height of their fury. No. 2 walks out quickly toward the old gentleman.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR ROOM 254

Old gentleman is in the open doorway. Girl approaches. The two stand toe-to-toe trading verbal punches. The old man, disgusted, retreats. He is about to close door, but girl, still vociferous, follows him into his room and closes door behind her.

CLOSE SHOT GIRL NO. 1

Still in front of 253. In the sudden silence, she looks amazed toward 254. No. 2 has disappeared!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR ROOM 254

Door opens quickly. No. 2 sticks her head out and, with a characteristic jerk, says in Italian, "Come in." She disappears, door slightly ajar.

CLOSE SHOT GIRL NO. 1

at 253 She goes to 254, enters, closes the door. The camera swings fast to opposite side of corridor and stops at 253. We hear telephone ringing inside.

FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM

Shooting from outside of the window into the room. In the foreground is the window frame. We see François on the floor. Phone is ringing. François awakes, tries to struggle to his feet. But, still under the influence of dope, he falls. As he falls he drags with him, from nearby little table, a tray with glasses, making a loud noise.

(The window frame in the following moving shot across windows outside will be done with a miniature hotel building.)

Camera swings swiftly along the hotel front, around the corner of the hotel, and up to the third floor. It stops at a little balcony. Behind the balcony, leaning against one of two open French doors, stands Gaston, in a tuxedo, smoking a cigarette, looking romantically into the night. We see, in the room, a waiter setting a dinner table for two. The waiter arranges some flowers; then he comes forward, offering Gaston the menu. Gaston does not respond.

WAITER

(breaking into Gaston's reverie)

Yes, sir?

(Gaston still looks into the
night.)

What shall we start with, Baron?

GASTON

(coming to)

Oh, yes ... Well, that's not so easy.

(Half to himself.)

Beginnings are always difficult.

WAITER

Yes, Baron.

GASTON

(directly to the waiter,

presenting a problem)

If Casanova suddenly ... turned out
to be Romeo ... having supper with
Juliet--who might become Cleopatra
... How would you start?

WAITER

(in a professional and

prosaic tone)

I would start with cocktails.

GASTON

Um-hum. Very good. Excellent!

Suddenly Gaston sees something on the canal.

MED. SHOT GONDOLA

In gondola, Lily, in evening dress, looks up at Gaston and waves graciously.

BALCONY CLOSE SHOT

Gaston and waiter. Gaston bows--the bow of a gentleman to a lady of degree--and waves back. This is the woman he is waiting for.

GASTON

(still looking at Lily)

It must be the most marvelous supper.

We may not eat it, but it must be marvelous.

WAITER

Yes, Baron.

GASTON

(turning)

And, waiter--you see that moon?

WAITER

Yes, Baron.

GASTON

I want to see that moon in the champagne.

WAITER

Yes, Baron.

(Writing; very businesslike.)

Moon in champagne.

GASTON

(groping for words)

I want to see--

(An ecstatic sigh escapes him.)

WAITER

(continuing to write)

Yes, Baron.

GASTON

And as for you, waiter--

WAITER

(eagerly; expecting a tip)

Yes, Baron?

GASTON

I don't want to see you at all!

WAITER

No, Baron!

(With a little bow, waiter

starts to leave. Suddenly he

sees something on the back of
Gaston's jacket. Gaston looks
at him, puzzled. Waiter
reaches over, lifts a leaf
that is clinging to the coat,
and holds it up.)

I beg your pardon.

GASTON

(takes the leaf calmly)

Thank you.

Waiter goes. We hear the door shut. Gaston is thoughtful a
brief moment. Then idly he tosses the leaf over the balcony
rail into the night.

TELEPHONE ROOM OF HOTEL CLOSE SHOT

of an operator. In the background we see two other
operators. We hear the girls answering in Italian. Our
operator is delivering a lengthy message. While she is
talking she looks up to the switchboard because she sees:

CLOSE SHOT SWITCHBOARD

at No. 253. The light is flashing on and off very quickly.
We hear the operator's voice, still busy with the message
she is delivering. Now she plugs in on 253.

CLOSE-UP OPERATOR

OPERATOR

Si, signore.

(We see by her expression
that the man in room 253 is
reporting the robbery;
excitedly.)

Yes, sir! Right away!

She disconnects 253 and plugs in on the manager. She tells
the manager, in Italian, what has happened.

CLOSE SHOT GLASS DOOR

In Italian, English, French, and German: Manager. Door
opens and manager hurries out.

BIG CLOSE-UP OPERATOR

talking very fast in Italian, reporting the robbery to
someone else.

CLOSE SHOT A DOOR

opens, and another man, apparently a detective, comes out.

STAIRCASE

Another hotel attendant is running up.

BIG CLOSE-UP TWO MAIDS

talking excitedly in Italian, apparently discussing the

robbery.

ANOTHER PART OF CORRIDOR

Camera shoots down over the back of a waiter. He holds high over his shoulder a tray on which are several empty dishes. A little bellboy is standing beside the waiter, looking up and explaining in Italian excitedly what has happened.

STAIRCASE

TWO maids on opposite landings. Steward comes up stairs and tells them of robbery.

TELEPHONE ROOM

Another operator talking excitedly.

CORRIDOR

A hotel official dashes along. We hear many voices talking at the same time. Camera pans with him up to room 253 where he stops. Door is open. Half in room, half in corridor, are hotel attendants, detectives, the manager. With excited gestures, they are discussing the situation in Italian. Their voices become increasingly loud.

MED. SHOT

to room 254. It opens quickly. Girl No. 2 appears, hair slightly disarranged. She looks annoyed and shouts in Italian for them to keep quiet.

MED. SHOT

of room 253. The men stop talking, look quickly over toward the girl.

CLOSE SHOT GIRL NO. 2

Indignantly and crudely, she wants the noise to cease. She closes the door.

MED. SHOT AT ROOM 253

The men, talking quietly, go into the room and close the door.

GASTON'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT

at door, inside. Gaston opens it, and Lily enters quickly. Gaston closes the door, looks at Lily questioningly. She is excited and out of breath.

LILY

Oh, my gracious--he almost saw me.

GASTON

(the crook in him worried
for a second)

Who?

LILY

(almost hysterical)

The Marquis de la Tours. He was in

the lobby. But I don't think he saw
me. I'm positive he didn't. Thank
heaven! ... But when I came up here,
right out in the hall there was
King Boris of Alconia!

GASTON

The tennis player?

LILY

The tennis player. He saw me. He
bowed. What could I do? I nodded.

(Summing up in panic.)

Baron, I shouldn't have come!

GASTON

(goes to her, takes her hand;
with great feeling)

But you came. And you must forget
everything--

(Lily looks at him,
a little afraid)

except that you are here, Countess.

Gaston helps her off with her wrap, puts it on a chair.
Lily nervously walks out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT AT WINDOW

shooting from inside. Lily comes in, stops at a chair, sits nervously, stands, moves to window, and looks off from balcony. Gaston comes in. He touches her hand. She turns to him.

LILY

Out there in the moonlight
everything seemed so perfect, so
simple--but now--but now--

Gaston, thinking her mood is changing to a love mood, is about to embrace her.

LILY

(in a frightened tone)

Do you know King Boris?

GASTON

No--no.

LILY

Do you know the Marquis de la Tours?

GASTON

(with a little smile)

I would like to.

LILY

(agitatedly)

You'd better not. He's really very
dull. But anyhow, when the king
tells the marquis he saw me, the
marquis will tell the marchesa. And
the marchesa is the best friend of
the Duchess of Chambro. And she
will phone the Princess de Costa.
The princess doesn't like me--but I
don't care!

GASTON

Why should you?

LILY

(as if arguing)

But she talks a lot. And before
this night is over, all Venice will
know it. And tomorrow it will be
Grand Canal gossip! ... Oh!

Exhausted, she moves away, drops into an armchair. Gaston
goes to her, sits on the arm of the chair, leans over.

GASTON

(tenderly)

Don't stop. Keep right on
complaining. It's beautiful.

LILY

(looks at him for a
moment, quietly; then)

You know, when I first saw you, I
thought you were an American.

GASTON

(flattered)

Thank you!

LILY

(With great delight)

Someone from another world--so
entirely different. One gets so
tired of one's own class--princes
and counts and dukes and kings--ah!
And everybody talking shop--always
trying to sell jewelry ... And then
I heard your name and found you
were just one of us.

GASTON

Disappointed?

LILY

(leaning back with lure)

No--proud. Very proud!

Gaston takes her in his arms and kisses her. She returns his embrace. We hear the phone ringing. The embrace breaks, and both look startled. Gaston obviously is nervous because he is a crook. We don't know why Lily is nervous. Gaston goes quickly toward the phone.

CLOSE SHOT LITTLE TELEPHONE TABLE

Gaston enters, picks up the phone.

GASTON

Hello ... The countess?

CLOSE-UP LILY

She is still in the chair. Frightened, she rises quickly.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

GASTON

Just a moment.

(Hands over the receiver.)

The Duchess of Chambro.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

at the window. She is perplexed for a moment. Then she hurries out toward the phone.

CLOSE SHOT

at the phone. Lily enters. She makes a gesture as if to say, "You see? They know already!"

LILY

Hello, Your Grace. Yes, Your Grace.

How did you know I was here? Oh,
the marquis--

(She gestures to Gaston as if
to say, "Didn't I tell you?")

Yes, Your Grace. I see.

(Gaston walks out
of the picture.)

Dinner tomorrow--at your palace. Oh,
I'd be delighted. King Boris will
call for me ...

(She makes a gesture of
annoyance to Gaston.)

SECOND-CLASS HOTEL ROOM

It is very much in disorder. On the night table is a phone.
The woman who speaks is frowsy, fat, common. She is
apparently Lily's companion, maid, and intimate friend.

WOMAN

(voice guarded and low)

Listen, Lily. When you come home,
slip up the back way. I can't talk
now, but do what I tell you.

(In a loud voice.)

And listen, Lily. You know what
that darn dog of yours did--?

CLOSE SHOT LILY

at the phone.

LILY

So, he really did! How charming!
Well, my compliments to the duke.
Goodbye.

(She hangs up, faces Gaston,
makes a desperate gesture.)

There you are. The scandal is on!

MED. SHOT GASTON

standing by the dinner table, thoughtful. He looks over to
Lily.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

She has sunk into a sofa.

LILY

(half-despairingly)

Oh!

(She puts her head
in her hands.)

MED. SHOT GASTON

looks sadly at the table, realizing that the dinner he had pictured so charmingly may be spoiled. He goes to Lily.

MED. SHOT LILY

in the chair, still holding head in hands. Gaston enters, touches her hair lightly, controls himself.

GASTON

Countess, I'm sorry.

(With great feeling.)

If you think it's best for you to
go--well--

CLOSE-UP LILY

She looks up at Gaston, amazed.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He looks at Lily with great tenderness.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

She looks tenderly at Gaston. She rises, camera rising with her to include both Gaston and herself. She touches his arm. She is moved and confused. Her real feeling starts to break through at this manifestation of chivalry.

LILY

(in a tremulous voice)

I think that's very nice--yes, very
nice.

(They look at each other
a few seconds.)

I think--I think we should have a
cocktail.

Gaston is delighted. He kisses her hand, goes quickly to
the dinner table.

CLOSE SHOT

at the dinner table. Gaston walks in, picks up the cocktail
shaker. He shakes it, smiles happily at Lily.

MED. SHOT FRANÇOIS'S HOTEL ROOM

François has recovered his memory. His hair is still
disarranged, eyes still glazed. For a few moments, he is
incoherent, then he gradually becomes almost normal.
Grouped near him are five Italian hotel officials, a
detective, and the manager. They are gesturing excitedly,
all talking at the same time. The dialogue is fragmentary,
ad lib, Italian. The manager, who speaks English, turns to
François.

MANAGER

(indicating the detective)

The representative of the police
wants to know how much money you

had, M'sieu Filiba.

FRANÇOIS

I had exactly twenty thousand lire.

I had just cashed a traveler's
check and put it in my wallet.

Manager turns to the others and translates. They go into a
huddle and talk excited Italian.

MANAGER

(to François)

Why did you let this man in, M'sieu
Filiba?

FRANÇOIS

Well, he knocked at the door. You
see, I was expecting two--uh--two
business associates.

Manager turns again to our Italian friends and again we see
the same excitement.

MANAGER

(again to François)

And then what happened, M'sieu
Filiba?

FRANÇOIS

I said, "Come in." And there he was.
A fine-looking man with a moustache
and long sideburns. He said, "Good
evening. I'm the doctor." I said,
"Doctor?" He said, "Yes, the doctor.
I came to see about your tonsils."

Manager turns back, translating. It creates a sensation.

MANAGER

(to François)

The representative of the police
wants to know if there is anything
wrong with your tonsils.

FRANÇOIS

No!

MANAGER

(to group)

Niente!

FRANÇOIS

That's just what I tried to tell
him. Well, one word led to another.
He really was a very charming
fellow. So we talked for about ten

minutes.

Manager translates. Again excitement.

MANAGER

(to François)

What did you talk about?

FRANÇOIS

About tonsils.

MANAGER

(to the group)

Tonsili!

FRANÇOIS

So I said to myself, "All right, if he wants to look at them, let him look at them. No harm in that." And then he said, "Say ah." And then I said, "Ah." And that's all I remember ... And when I woke up, I still had my tonsils, but my pocketbook was gone.

Manager translates. Again excitement.

GASTON'S HOTEL ROOM MED. SHOT

at dinner table. Gaston and Lily are seated, eating. Waiter is pouring champagne.

GASTON

(With casual interest)

Was it lots of money?

WAITER

Oh, it must have been, Baron. The gentleman occupies the Royal Suite-- two fifty-three, five, seven, and nine. I think his name is M'sieu Filiba.

Lily apparently is even less interested.

GASTON

You're not safe anywhere nowadays.

WAITER

But please, Baron. We're not supposed to breathe a word of it. You won't tell anybody I told you?

GASTON

You can trust me.

WAITER

Yes, Baron. Thank you.

(Waiter goes.)

HOTEL CORRIDOR MED. SHOT

at door of Gaston's room. The number is 300-302. Waiter comes out, closes door.

GASTON'S ROOM CLOSE SHOT

at dinner table. Lily serenely continues to eat.

GASTON

That's hotel life. In one room a
man loses his wallet

(very tenderly)

and in another room a man loses--
his head.

(He tries to kiss Lily.)

LILY

(holding him off gently)

Please.

(Very sincerely.)

When I came here it was for a
little adventure--a little game
which you play tonight and forget
tomorrow. But something has changed
me--and it isn't the champagne.

(Gaston, also with sincerity,

takes her hand.)

The whole thing is new to me. Very new. I've got a confession to make to you.

(After a slight pause.)

Baron, you are a crook.

(Gaston's expression

doesn't change.)

You robbed the gentleman in two fifty-three, five, seven, and nine.

(Still Gaston's expression

doesn't change. After a

slight pause, Lily turns

back to the table.)

May I have the salt?

GASTON

(passes the salt with

an elegant gesture)

Please.

LILY

Thank you.

GASTON

The pepper, too?

LILY

No, thank you.

GASTON

You're very welcome.

(There is a short silence as
both continue with the meal.

Then, with great candor.)

Countess, believe me, before you
left this room I would have told
you everything ... And let me say
this with love in my heart--

Countess, you are a thief.

(Lily drops her
knife and fork.)

The wallet of the gentleman in two
fifty-three, five, seven, and nine
is in your possession. I knew it
very well when you took it out of
my pocket.

(With great charm.)

In fact, you tickled me.

(Moving closer to her.)

But your embrace was so sweet ...

(He caresses her hand
lingeringly. Then he gets up,
walks out toward the open
window.)

CLOSE SHOT

at the window. Gaston enters, closes the window, and pulls the curtains. Looking back at Lily with smiling promise, he returns to the table.

CLOSE SHOT TABLE

Gaston goes to her, takes her hand, and draws her to her feet. She looks at him expectantly. Gaston takes her in his arms. It looks like the start of a passionate love scene. Suddenly, unexpectedly, he grabs her by the shoulders, shakes her violently.

INSERT

Of their feet. Wallet falls from Lily's dress.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND LILY

Gaston reaches down, picks up wallet, puts it casually in his pocket, then gracefully holds chair, inviting her to sit.

GASTON

Countess.

Lily sits with all the poise of a lady. Gaston sits. They continue the meal as if nothing has happened.

LILY

I like you, Baron.

GASTON

(fervently)

I'm crazy about you.

(He reaches in his side
pocket, takes out a diamond
brooch which Lily wore when
she came in.)

By the way, your pin.

Lily is flabbergasted. She looks down to her bosom. Indeed,
the pin is missing. She accepts the pin.

LILY

(With a little
smile of shame)

Thank you, Baron.

GASTON

Not at all, Countess ... There's
one very good stone in it.

LILY

(as she fastens the pin)

What time is it?

Gaston reaches for his watch, discovers it is missing. He
gives Lily a look of admiration and astonishment. Lily
smiles triumphantly, opens her purse, lifts out the watch,

hands it to him. He takes it with a bow.

LILY

It was five minutes slow, but I
regulated it for you.

They bow to each other like two Chinese mandarins.

GASTON

(tenderly)

I hope you don't mind if I keep
your garter.

Lily almost leaps out of her chair. She raises her skirt;
her hand searches for the garter. It is missing. Gaston
takes the garter out of his breast pocket, shows it to her,
kisses it, puts it back, and buttons his coat. Lily is
delighted. This is the highest compliment ever paid to her.
She slides into his lap, embraces him.

LILY

Darling!

(They kiss; very excitedly.)

Now tell me--tell me all about
yourself. Who are you?

GASTON

You remember the man who walked into

the Bank of Constantinople and
walked out with the Bank of
Constantinople?

LILY

(thrilled)

Monescu!

GASTON

Gaston Monescu.

LILY

(melting away)

Gaston!

They embrace and kiss again.

COUCH

Lily is lying on the couch, Gaston at her side, leaning
over adoringly.

GASTON

I love you. I loved you the moment
I saw you. I'm mad about you. My
little shoplifter! My sweet little
pickpocket! My darling!

He takes her in his arms. They embrace and kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

COUCH

Camera hasn't moved but has dissolved the two lovers out of the picture. From outside the picture we hear the switch turned, and the light that fell on the couch goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

WINDOW

A hand comes in and opens the curtains. The moonlight streams in.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

at the door of 300--302. Gaston's arm, in the sleeve of a dressing gown, comes out and fastens on the hook below the number a Don't Disturb sign, clearly printed in several languages. He closes the door.

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

at the end of the corridor. Around the corner comes our Italian group. Loudly, in Italian, they are still discussing the robbery. Camera goes with them. In front walks the manager, who talks back and forth. The noise

increases. Suddenly the manager looks in direction of rooms 300--302.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

We see Don't Disturb sign.

CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER PART OF THE CORRIDOR

Manager, having seen the sign, turns to the others with a loud "Shh!" They quiet down.

CORRIDOR LONG SHOT

of door to 300--302. The Italians are passing door very quietly. Suddenly the detective wants to say something. We tremble for Gaston and Lily. Manager again with "Shh!" Detective is silenced. Entire group goes quietly out of picture. We stay a few moments on the empty scene. Camera moves up to Don't Disturb sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT GRAND CANAL

Camera moves with the garbage gondola. It is filled to overflowing. The garbage gondolier has done a good evening's work. He is paddling with a flourish and singing an operatic aria.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE B

FADE IN

MINIATURE OF PARIS

Shooting over the roofs and presenting a beautiful view.
The camera pans back away from Paris and in the foreground
we see factory chimneys, so that we get the impression we
are moving into the factory district of Paris.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG FACTORY WHISTLE

It is blowing loudly.

DISSOLVE TO:

BIG GATE

of the factory. Above gate, in large letters: Colet et
Compagnie, Paris. Gate opens. Hundreds of workers, men and
women, come out. They are hatless; it is lunch hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

[FADE IN

PARIS Shot of Eiffel Tower at night, emitting radio waves.
Sound of Morse code signals.

DISSOLVE TO:

RADIO STUDIO ANNOUNCER AT MIKE CLOSE-UP

ANNOUNCER

(reading copy)

Geneva ... From Geneva comes the
news that the world-famous
international crook, Gaston Monescu,
robbed the peace conference
yesterday. He took practically
everything, except the peace. The
police arrested him and confiscated
all the stolen goods, but he managed
to escape in an unexplainable
manner. This is the Paris police
reporter speaking.

Announcer exits. A second announcer enters.

SECOND ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, this program
comes to you through the courtesy
of Colet and Company, manufacturers
of the most famous perfumes in the
world. Remember--it doesn't matter
what you say; it doesn't matter how

you look; it's how you smell. Thank
you.

(Starts to sing.)

"Colet, Colet, Colet and Compa-ny"

CLOSE SHOT

Colet et Compagnie sign in front of retail establishment.

Song continues.

SECOND ANNOUNCER VOICE

"are makers"

Shot of kiosk sign for Colet et Cie.

VOICE CONTINUES

"of the"

Shot of flashing neon sign for Colet et Cie.

DISSOLVE TO:

SONG CONTINUES

"best perfume."

SECOND ANNOUNCER

(Still singing)

"If you and your beloved can't agree,"

NEON SIGN

showing man spraying sleeping woman with perfume atomizer.

Woman wakes up and stretches.

SONG CONTINUES

"permit us to sug-gest perfume."

SECOND ANNOUNCER

(singing)

"Cleopatra was a lovely tantalizer.

But she did it with her little atomizer."

CLOSE SHOT

Girl spraying herself with atomizer bottle.

SONG CONTINUES

"We'll make you smell like"

ANOTHER GIRL

applying perfume with glass applicator.

SONG CONTINUES

"a rose; every"

OVERHEAD SHOT

Large factory complex, camera advancing.

SONG CONTINUES

"nose in Paris knows"

LONG SHOT

Factory gates with sign, Colet et Cie. Hordes of workers pouring out.

SONG CONTINUES

"Colet and Compagnie."

DISSOLVE TO:]

DIRECTORS' ROOM

of Colet et Cie. Camera is moving over a long table. We see only the forward half of the table--serious-looking businessmen. Camera stops at the head in front of M. Giron, chairman of the board, a distinguished elderly man. He is addressing someone at the unseen other end.

GIRON

I'm sure, Madame Colet, if your
husband were alive, the first
thing he would do in times like
these--cut salaries.

There is an approving ripple of voices from the other directors.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE COLET

in a beautiful light morning dress at the other end of the table.

MARIETTE

Unfortunately, M'sieu Giron,
business bores me to distraction--
and besides I have a luncheon
engagement. So I think we'd better
leave the salaries just where they
are.

(Rising.)

Goodbye!

GIRON

(rising)

Goodbye, Madame Colet.

VOICES

Goodbye, Madame Colet.

DISSOLVE TO:

JEWELRY STORE, VERY ULTRA CLOSE-UP

at counter. We see some expensive-looking small purses,
compacts, laid out on velvet. Behind counter, an elegant
clerk is talking to Mme. Colet, who is out of the picture.

JEWELER

This one, Madame Colet, is only
three thousand francs.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

Side of counter, now in a beautiful afternoon gown.

MARIETTE

Oh, no. That's entirely too much ...
How about that one?

CLOSE-UP JEWELER

JEWELER

(picks up a handbag,
reads the price)

That's sixteen hundred and fifty

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Sixteen hundred and fifty! That's
outrageous!

CLOSE-UP JEWELER

JEWELER

(pointing to another)

Here's one for nine hundred.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Hmm ... not bad ... How about that
one?

CLOSE-UP JEWELER

He looks down inside the showcase, reaches in, takes out a
beautiful handbag, much larger. It is studded with diamonds.

JEWELER

(With a smile)

Oh, this one ... Madame--well,
that's a hundred and twenty-five
thousand francs.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE

But it's beautiful. I'll take it!

CLOSE-UP JEWELER

JEWELER

Thank you, Madame Colet.

Picks up an elaborate box. As he puts handbag in box we

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET IN PARIS CLOSE SHOT

at door to shop of a fashionable furrier. We hear, from outside the picture, the purr of a motor and the sound of brakes as a car comes to a stop. Proprietor opens door from inside, comes toward camera, beaming, bows in the direction of the unseen car.

PROPRIETOR

How do you do, Madame Colet?

DISSOLVE TO:

[SAME SHOT

But now the proprietor has seen her out. Sound of car starting and going.

PROPRIETOR

(obsequiously)

Goodbye, Madame Colet.

DISSOLVE TO:]

CLOSE SHOT

at door in office building, shooting from corridor into a nondescript little waiting room. Door is open so that we

can't see sign on it. In doorway stands a fat little Turk with a pointed black beard. He bows repeatedly to someone behind camera.

MAN

Goodbye, Madame Colet.

He goes back into office, closes door. Now we read the sign:
Dr. Isar Ben Marguli, Astrologer.

DISSOLVE TO:

FINE RESIDENCE STREET MED. SHOT

in front of Mariette's house. Mariette's very expensive car, shooting from house to car. At open car door stands footman, looks toward entrance of the house, bows.

FOOTMAN

Yes, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRCASE MARIETTE'S HOUSE INT.

shooting from stairs down to hall against entrance door. In foreground, the lower part of staircase. In background, the elaborately furnished hall. Butler stands at foot of staircase, looking up.

BUTLER

No, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

UPPER PART OF STAIRCASE

Camera shoots up. On landing at head of stairs, the maid.
Background, expensive upper hall. Maid looks at Mariette,
who is apparently halfway down staircase.

MAID

Yes, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

Background, glimpse of hothouse. Foreground, near flower bed,
the gardener.

GARDENER

Yes, madame.

DISSOLVE TO:

DRAWING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

At fireplace stands François Filiba, back to camera; we
don't recognize him.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

No, no, no, no, François! I tell you no!

ARMCHAIR

Mariette, in a precious armchair by fireplace. We see reflection of the fire. She is in beautiful evening gown. At her side, on a little table, a glass of champagne.

MARIETTE

(almost dreamily)

You see, François, marriage is a beautiful mistake which two people make together.

(Sitting up; in a down-to-earth tone.)

But with you, François--

(Friendly; shaking her head.)

I really think it would be a mistake.

FIREPLACE

François, still with back to camera. He stiffens at this rejection. He turns, affronted, faces Mariette. Now we discover he is François, the man who had trouble with his tonsils in Venice.

DISSOLVE TO:

GOLF COURSE CLOSE-UP

of the major, a man about forty-five, in smart golf togs.
He looks dejected.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

Don't be so downhearted, Major.
You're not the only one I don't
love.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

on golf course, also in smart sport clothes. She is getting
set to swing at the ball and is more concerned with her
golf form than with what she is saying.

MARIETTE

I don't love François, either.

She swings, hits the ball, turns, watching it, smiles. It
was a good shot.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRCASE IN MARIETTE'S HOME

Maid comes down, leans over railing, addresses someone
behind camera.

MAID

Madame will be ready in two minutes.

SOFA IN FRONT HALL

François and Major, seated. Both in full evening dress--
overcoats on, top hats on knees, opera sticks in hands.
Expressions serious as they nod to maid, then lean back
without looking at each other.

FRANÇOIS

(after a moment of
frigid silence)

I know you don't like me, Major.
And to be perfectly frank, I dislike
you intensely. But since we have to
be in each other's company this
evening, we might as well make
conversation.

(He expects a reply
but gets none.)

Well, Major, what's your answer?

(Major still doesn't
answer. Furiously.)

For heaven's sake, man, say
something!

MAJOR

(turns, looks him up and
down; distinctly and slowly)

Tonsils.

François leaps to his feet, outraged at being reminded of the humiliating episode.

DISSOLVE TO:

OPERA HOUSE CLOSE SHOT

Part of the orchestra; shooting on an angle down, so that we photograph part of the orchestra and a portion of the footlights without the singers. We hear the orchestral music and the singers' voices.

OPERA BOX

Door opens. Mariette and Major come in. Mariette looks annoyed. She sits. Major sits.

CLOSE SHOT

Door to box, from interior. Door opens. François appears. He is very angry. The argument with the major apparently reached its peak before they came into the opera house and at the last moment he refused to accompany them.

FRANÇOIS

(whispering but final)

Goodbye!

(He closes door, disappears.)

CLOSE SHOT

Mariette and Major. Major paid no attention to François.
But Mariette, more annoyed than before, looks toward door,
then back to Major.

MARIETTE

You should be ashamed of yourselves.
Two men of your standing, always
quarreling.

MAJOR

He started it.

MARIETTE

But you're the more intelligent one.

MAJOR

That's true.

MARIETTE

Then why did you do it?

MAJOR

Because I hate him--because I love
you!

MARIETTE

You should have more self-control.

You were in the army.

MAJOR

Well, he was in the navy.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

It opens again. François appears again.

FRANÇOIS

(With increased finality)

Goodbye!

(He closes door again.)

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE AND MAJOR

MARIETTE

I want you to go out and apologize

--right away!

Major leaves against his will.

OPERA CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

at to box. François is in a chair by the door, opera hat

and overcoat still on. Door opens and Major comes out.

François gets up. They glare each other.

MAJOR

See here, my good man. You've been

saying goodbye for the last half
hour, and staying on. I wish you
would say how do you do, and go!

MED. SHOT BOX

Mariette, listening to the music. Suddenly door opens. She
turns as Major comes in and sits beside her. She looks at
him questioningly.

MAJOR

(proudly)

Well, he left.

(Mariette is surprised.)

I tell you, apologizing is a gift!

(He nods pompously as if

to say, "I have this gift.")

ORCHESTRA SEATS CLOSE-UP

of Gaston. He is looking through opera glasses up at
Mariette's box. Camera is so close to the opera glasses
that we can't see Gaston's face. We see his hand adjusting
the opera glasses.

MARIETTE'S BOX

Gaston's viewpoint, photographed through an opera-glass
vignette. We see Major and Mariette. Camera stops in front
of the railing. We see Mariette's hand holding the handbag.
Camera centers the handbag. We hold this, then camera pans

up to Mariette's face. She is looking at the stage. Camera pans quickly down again to handbag. We stay on the handbag. Major's hand comes in and touches Mariette's hand caressingly. She brushes his hand aside. Camera moves quickly up to Major. He is looking ardently at Mariette. He leans over to her. Camera with him. Both in the picture. A dialogue scene now follows, but even though it is a close-up, we can't hear them because they are through binoculars from a distance. In this inaudible but visually expressive scene, Major tells her he can't understand her attitude toward him. She impatiently asks him to leave her alone to enjoy the opera opera. Major persistently says he loves her. Mariette insists that he stop it. She takes out of her lap (which is not in the picture) opera glasses and holds them to her eyes. Major gives up, leans back in chair. Camera centers Mariette, alone. Then camera, still framed in opera-glass vignette, pans down and comes to rest on handbag, now lying on the railing unprotected.

CLOSE-UP CONDUCTOR

from viewpoint of the stage. He is looking up at the singers. Then he looks down to his score.

SCORE CLOSE-UP

from viewpoint of the conductor. It is the first act, at about page twenty. We hear the soprano singing.

SOPRANO'S VOICE

I love you, I love you, I love you!

CHORUS'S VOICES

She loves him, she loves him, she
loves him!

Without changing camera angle, we see the pages being turned
as if by a breeze, and

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SCORE

at about page ninety; at least one act has been played. We
hear same soprano singing--but a different tune in a
different key.

SOPRANO'S VOICE

I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!

CHORUS'S VOICES

She hates him, she hates him, she
hates him!

CORRIDOR MED. SHOT OPERA HOUSE

toward the sumptuous down-staircase. We see, in corridor,
at opposite sides of staircase, doors to ladies' and men's
restrooms. Door to the ladies' restroom is in foreground. A
gentleman is pacing up and down. Door opens; a lady comes

quickly to the gentleman. They exchange a few words, which we don't hear. (Music of opera comes in dimly) Gentleman reaches in pocket, gives her a coin. Lady goes back quickly. As she is about to enter restroom Mariette comes out, excited, rushes past gentleman down corridor and out of picture.

MARIETTE'S BOX

Major sits alone. The music comes in full volume. Mariette enters, looks at her chair, at railing, at Major. During the following, both search around in the box.

MARIETTE

My bag!

MAJOR

Your bag?

MARIETTE

(impatiently)

Yes, my bag!

MAJOR

Didn't you take it with you?

MARIETTE

Apparently not. Don't you know
where it is?

MAJOR

No--I'm sorry.

MARIETTE

But you saw it here.

MAJOR

Yes, I saw it--but--

MARIETTE

Well, where is it?

CLOSE-UP CONDUCTOR

disturbed by the agitated sounds, looks up at Mariette's box, sternly reproving.

BOX

Mariette and Major are standing, searching.

MARIETTE

It couldn't have walked out by
itself!

Major inadvertently tips over a chair.

GALLERY

Two typical music lovers. One is bent forward, eyes fixed

on the stage. The other leans back, eyes closed in ecstasy. First man, suddenly annoyed by sounds from the box, says, "Psst!" Second man suddenly wakes up, looks angrily at first man, says, "Shh!" The two glare at each other.

CORRIDOR

outside Mariette's box. (Music continues, slightly muffled.) Door opens. Mariette and Major come out, shut door. Major is carrying hat and coat. They are still searching, looking everywhere. Camera moves with them as they go down the corridor. Mariette goes into ladies' room. Major automatically follows her; door closes behind them. An instant later, Major scurries out. Followed by camera, he hurries away, embarrassed, stops, turns.

CLOSE SHOT

at door to ladies' restroom. The maid, a middle-aged woman, looks grimly at Major.

CLOSE-UP MAJOR

He doesn't know what to say or how to act. At this moment the music stops. We hear the bursting final applause.

CORRIDOR

Doors to first balcony open, and many people hurry out. We still hear applause.

STAIRWAY AND CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BOXES

On either side, a door to a restroom. At top of stairway stands Major. People emerging from boxes. Mariette comes out of ladies' room, goes to Major. We see by her gestures she hasn't found her bag. More people pass from behind camera. Mariette and Major are caught in the crowd and disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRWAY SAME CAMERA ANGLE

Last patrons leaving down the stairs. They disappear; corridor and staircase are empty. Door of men's room opens; out comes a lone figure, Gaston. Immaculate in evening dress, top hat, overcoat, and stick, he strolls toward the stairs and starts down.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE C

FADE IN

JEWELRY STORE

(Not the one where Mariette bought her bag.) Shooting from inside store through window toward street. In front of window appears Major. He looks, sour and depressed, at the window display. Camera moves with him as he enters shop and goes to counter. Camera pulls back, and now we discover

François at the counter. Both look straight ahead; they don't see each other yet. Clerk enters.

CLERK

(to Major)

Yes, m'sieu?

MAJOR

I would like to have--

He sees François, and François sees him.

FRANÇOIS

(cheerfully)

Good morning, Major.

MAJOR

(embarrassed)

Good morning.

(Stuttering; to clerk.)

I'd-I'd-I'd like to look at some
cuff links.

CLERK

Very well, m'sieu.

Clerk goes. Major ignores François. François smiles,
ironical.

FRANÇOIS

(with feigned innocence)

Nice day, Major.

MAJOR

(grunts)

Umm.

FRANÇOIS

You're looking fine, Major.

MAJOR

(turning)

Now see here, my good man. I've had
just about enough of your insulting
remarks!

Another clerk enters. He puts several handbags on counter
for François. François regards them smilingly. Major is
speechless.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT SIGN

on cheap hotel in suburb of Paris, shooting up from street.
Sign reads Paris-Astor Hotel. Camera pans down. In entrance
doorway, the bellboy--on his cap: Paris-Astor Hotel--

shabbily dressed, leaning lazily against door, bag of cherries in hand. He eats and spits the stones into street with a minimum of energy.

CLOSE SHOT COUCH IN CHEAP HOTEL ROOM

Lily, in negligee, lying on couch, face covered by newspaper she is reading while she has breakfast, which is on a little table beside her. The dishes are clean but cheap looking. Lily lowers the paper and looks slyly up. She sees:

OTHER SIDE OF ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Gaston, in dressing gown, sitting in armchair, reading a newspaper.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

She watches Gaston, looks down to table, back at Gaston. She wants to put something over without being seen-- something important. Now, quick, she decides to do it, come what may. She picks up a French roll--still watching him-- dunks it in the coffee, takes a hurried bite, and disappears again behind paper.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

GASTON

(looking up from the paper)

I don't agree with this review at all. I thought Martini's singing

was adequate, but to call him a
great singer--ridiculous!

CLOSE-UP LILY

Still reading her paper.

LILY

(without looking up)

I always liked him. Especially last
year in Munich ...

CLOSE-UP GASTON

GASTON

(drops paper)

Last year? It can't be that long.

CLOSE-UP LILY

LILY

(drops paper)

Yes! Don't you remember the day you
took that Chinese vase from the
Royal Palace

(with tenderness)

and made it into a lamp for my night
table?

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He looks at her with emotion, gets up, and goes to her.

MED. SHOT LILY

Gaston sits close to her, caresses her hair.

GASTON

I remember the lamp, I remember the
night table, and I remember the
night.

(They kiss.)

Everything will be all right again.

(As he gets up; with a

valiant little smile.)

Prosperity is just around the corner!

He goes out of the picture. Lily smiles after him with total
confidence.

CLOSE-UP GASTON'S CHAIR

Gaston returns, sits, picks up paper, resumes reading.

CLOSE-UP LILY

at her paper. Suddenly she stares at something on the page.

She leaps to her feet.

LILY

Gaston!

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He looks up.

CLOSE-UP LILY

Paper in hand, followed by camera, she goes to the bureau, opens a drawer, and takes out Mariette's handbag. She looks at the bag, rereads the item in the paper, looks back again.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

Puzzled, he gets up.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

Followed by camera, she hastens to Gaston, hands him the paper, points to the item.

LILY

Read this.

INSERT

A large classified ad with headline: Handbag Lost--Twenty Thousand Francs Reward. Before we can read the rest, camera moves close to the headline. Under the insert, we hear:

LILY'S VOICE

The description fits. That's our bag!

CLOSE SHOT LILY AND GASTON

Gaston has finished reading.

GASTON

Twenty thousand francs ... If we
sold it we'd get--

(He takes the bag from
Lily, examines it like
an expert.)

Well, it's worth forty thousand at
the most. She paid probably sixty
thousand. When we sell it ... I'd
say five thousand.

LILY

Darling, then let's be honest and
return it to the lady.

GASTON

And take the twenty thousand francs ...

LILY

Right.

GASTON

(with sudden emotion)

Sweetheart, what day is today?

LILY

The fourteenth of May.

GASTON

And tomorrow is the fifteenth. And
the day after tomorrow--

LILY

(not knowing what he wants)

The six--

She catches Gaston's eye. Her face lights up. Very tenderly
she embraces him.

GASTON

We'll go to Venice, to the same hotel!

LILY

(romantically)

We'll take the Royal Suite!

GASTON

Two fifty-three, five--

LILY

Seven and nine!

GASTON

And we'll celebrate the second
anniversary of the day we didn't get
married!

LILY

Darling!

They kiss. After they have held the embrace a few moments,
we hear a knock the door. They look toward the door, hide
the handbag instantly.

GASTON

Come in.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Porter comes in, carrying a pair of shoes.

PORTER

(putting them on the floor)

Your shoes, Professor Bernard.

As he goes

[Their embrace continues. They look at each other dreamily.]

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE D

FADE IN

MARIETTE'S LIVING ROOM MED. SHOT

Mariette and an elderly woman who has seen better days. Her clothes, once elegant, now are shabby. She is unwrapping a package as camera moves toward both to a close shot. She takes out a handbag which also seen better days, holds it toward Mariette pathetically. Mariette responds with a kindly look.

MARIETTE

No, I'm sorry, but that's not the bag.

WOMAN

(restraining a sob)

I know it isn't. But it's pretty--
isn't it?

MARIETTE

(sympathetic)

Very pretty.

We hear phone ring. Mariette, annoyed at the interruption, goes out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE TABLE

Mariette enters, picks up phone.

MARIETTE

Hello ... Yes ... Where did you
find the bag?

(Amused.)

Where?

(Even more amused.)

Where? What?

(Smiling broadly.)

What was in it?

(With a change of
expression, outraged.)

How dare you!

(She slams down
receiver.)

CLOSE SHOT ELDERLY WOMAN

bag in hand, with patient hope.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

at phone. Her expression softens. Followed by camera, she
goes to woman.

WOMAN

You wouldn't have any use for it?

(Mariette hesitates.)

You see, I have another bag, and I
really don't need this. So, if you'd
like to buy it ...

Mariette sees tears in the woman's eyes.

MARIETTE

(reaching into drawer
of nearby table)

Would two hundred francs be sufficient?

WOMAN

(this is much more
than she expected)

Yes, madame.

Mariette hands her the money.

WOMAN

(overwhelmed)

Oh, thank you, madame!

She goes out of picture toward door. Mariette looks after
her with compassion, which is broken by the ringing phone.
Increasingly annoyed, she goes to phone, newly purchased
bag in hand.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE

Mariette enters edgily.

MARIETTE

Hello ... Yes ...

She tosses handbag out of picture.

ARMCHAIR

Bag falls on armchair into an assortment of several other bags. Mariette must have been buying bags for hours.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

What? Yes, this is Madame Colet.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

at the phone

MARIETTE

What? Yes, I lost my bag. Yes. Last
night at the opera ... No, no, I
don't want to buy a piano!

(She hangs up angrily.)

LONG SHOT HALL

Shooting from the direction of the living room toward the house entrance door. Hall is filled with men and women, some well dressed, some shabby. Some carry packages. Several women hold, each, two "found" bags. One woman carries a

crying baby. Butler's voice comes behind the camera.

BUTLER'S VOICE

Next, please.

A young Russian Bolshevik, unshaven, with bushy hair, moves toward camera.

LIVING ROOM MED. SHOT

at open door. Bolshevik enters, followed by butler, who shuts door behind them as Bolshevik goes to Mariette.

During all this, we hear:

MARIETTE'S VOICE

No ... No, it was not insured. But
right now it's too late.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE

MARIETTE

What?

(Bolshevik enters.)

I may lose it again? But I haven't
found it yet! I'm sorry. Goodbye!

(She turns toward

Bolshevik distracted)

Yes?

BOLSHEVIK

(heavy Russian accent)

So you lost a handbag, madame?

MARIETTE

(impatiently)

Yes.

BOLSHEVIK

And it had diamonds in the back.

MARIETTE

Yes.

BOLSHEVIK

And diamonds in the front.

MARIETTE

Yes.

BOLSHEVIK

Diamonds all over.

MARIETTE

Well, have you found it?

BOLSHEVIK

(screaming)

No!

(Raising his arm
like a prophet.)

But let me tell you--any woman who
spends a fortune in times like these
for a handbag--phooey, phooey,
phooey!

Butler enters officiously.

BUTLER

(to Bolshevik)

I must ask you

BOLSHEVIK

(brushing butler aside)

And as Trotsky said--

(in Russian)

"Any woman who spends a fortune for
a silk purse is a sow's ear."

(In English.)

And that goes for you, too!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

to hall. While Bolshevik is ranting, it opens; Gaston
enters briskly with an authoritative air, shuts door behind
him.

MARIETTE, BOLSHEVIK, AND BUTLER

Mariette is startled; she doesn't know who or what the gentleman is. Bolshevik is frightened. Butler is momentarily nonplussed.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

He steps forward commandingly.

MED. SHOT MARIETTE AND BOLSHEVIK

Gaston goes to Bolshevik, puts his arm patronizingly on his shoulder, and tells him politely but emphatically, in Russian, to leave. Bolshevik makes a protesting remark. Gaston tells him vigorously and effectively to scram. Cowed, the Bolshevik goes.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Butler, recuperated and full of dignity, opens door to the hall. Bolshevik appears, turns to Mariette and Gaston.

BOLSHEVIK

(in a final outburst)

Phooey! Phooey! And--

(Looking for another word

but failing to find it;

twice as loud.)

Phooey!

Butler shoves him out, follows, shuts door.

CLOSE SHOT

Mariette and Gaston. Mariette is more bewildered by Gaston than by the Bolshevik.

GASTON

(looking after the
departed man)

His phooey is worse than his bite.

(Turning to Mariette.)

I must apologize for entering
unannounced. If I am not mistaken,
Madame Colet?

MARIETTE

Yes...?

GASTON

Will you be good enough to look at
this bag, madame?

(He brings the bag
forth, hands it to
Mariette.)

MARIETTE

(with instant and
joyful recognition)

That's it! Yes, that's it! ...

Jacques!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

It opens and butler enters.

BUTLER

Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Dismiss all the people in the hall.

The bag has been found.

BUTLER'S VOICE

Very well, madame.

MARIETTE

And Jacques. Call up the major and
tell him-- No, don't call him. Let
him keep on searching! And Jacques--

(Phone rings. Mariette
picks up receiver and
speaks before the other
party can speak.)

Sorry--the bag's been found.

(She hangs up.)

And Jacques--

CLOSE SHOT BUTLER

BUTLER

Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Call Cohen, Cohen, Ginsburg, and
Renault. Give my thanks to M'sieu
Renault.

(In high spirits.)

Thank them all!

BUTLER'S VOICE

Very well, madame.

We hear door closing. Mariette looks happily at bag, turns
to Gaston.

MARIETTE

Where did you--

She discovers that Gaston is no longer standing beside her.
She looks around.

CLOSE SHOT ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM

A beautiful Chinese vase on a table. Gaston, looking at vase with appraising eye, is absorbed, unaware that Mariette has addressed him.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

She goes toward Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

still studying the vase. Mariette appears. He turns to her.

MARIETTE

(happily)

Where did you find it?

GASTON

You know the main staircase in the opera?

MARIETTE

Yes.

GASTON

Then you go to the left. There's a landing.

MARIETTE

(eagerly)

Yes.

GASTON

Then you go into the foyer.

MARIETTE

Yes.

GASTON

And as you leave the foyer, there is
a little niche.

MARIETTE

I know that niche.

GASTON

And in that niche, there is a
statue of Venus.

MARIETTE

I remember.

GASTON

(irrelevantly)

You like that statue?

MARIETTE

(nonplussed)

Not particularly.

GASTON

Neither do I.

(Without any transition.)

That's where I found it.

MARIETTE

(naively, not suspicious)

I don't know how I could have lost
it there. I was nowhere near that
niche.

GASTON

Oh ... That's strange. Maybe--are
you sure this is your bag?

MARIETTE

(a little nettled)

Of course it is! Are you doubting
me?

GASTON

(polite but precise)

Not in the least, madame. But you
see, it's a very expensive bag--one
has to be careful.

MARIETTE

(half-annoyed, half-laughing,
and a little conceited)

Well--I am Madame Colet.

GASTON

(urbanely)

And I am M'sieu Laval--if you will
allow me to introduce myself.

Mariette is perplexed. Their relationship has somehow been
transformed. She is uncertain. Then she yields.

MARIETTE

(With a little laugh;
extending her hand)

Well--how do you do, M'sieu Laval?

GASTON

The pleasure is mine, madame.

He bends over and kisses her hand. Camera goes quickly to a
close-up of a beautiful diamond ring. As he kisses the hand
Gaston's eye appraises the ring.

STREET IN PARIS

François, package under arm, walking. It is apparent that
he has purchased the handbag.

LIVING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

at table. Gaston has just opened the bag.

GASTON

(With the air of an honest
man taking inventory)

One purse--

(shaking it)

empty. One vanity case--

(opening it)

MARIETTE

But really, m'sieu, this isn't
necessary.

GASTON

Please, Madame Colet, I believe in
doing things correctly. Shall we
continue?

(He empties the bag.)

Two hairpins, one cigarette lighter,
one box of real matches, and-- Oh,
yes, this letter from Major--

MARIETTE

(quickly)

Oh! You didn't read it!

GASTON

Naturally I did.

MARIETTE

Oh!

GASTON

You needn't be embarrassed, madame.

A lady as charming as you would, and
should, get love letters.

MARIETTE

(embarrassed and flattered)

M'sieu Laval!

GASTON

But one suggestion, madame.

(Shaking his head.)

Not the major.

(Mariette looks startled,
as if to say, "How did
you know?")

I don't mind his grammatical
mistakes. I'll overlook his bad
punctuation. But the letter has no
mystery--no bouquet--no ...

(Changing the subject,

taking a lipstick out
of bag.)

And one lipstick ...

(Reading markings on
bottom; disapproving.)

Scarlet number four.

MARIETTE

What's wrong now?

GASTON

With your skin, I prefer crimson.

MARIETTE

(now on a vital theme)

Too much blue in crimson.

GASTON

That's what you need!

MARIETTE

No, no, no!

(She sits on couch.

He sits beside her.)

I disagree with you completely! I
tried it once--

GASTON

What shade of powder do you use?

MARIETTE

Peaches and cream.

GASTON

That's too dark.

MARIETTE

(fighting for her life)

Do you realize I have light eyes?

GASTON

But, Madame Colet, that's a matter
of eye shadow. I can straighten that
out in two seconds.

We hear a knock on the door.

MARIETTE

(annoyed at interruption)

Come in!

CLOSE-UP DOOR

Butler comes in, shuts door quickly behind him.

BUTLER

(With a sour expression)

The major.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND MARIETTE

On couch. She makes a gesture of exasperation. So does Gaston. They look at each other helplessly. Then Gaston takes charge. He rises and goes toward butler.

HALL MED. SHOT

at living room door. Major stands waiting. Door opens; butler comes out, followed briskly by Gaston.

GASTON

(before Major can speak)

I'm sorry, m'sieu, but Madame had better not see anyone.

Major stares blankly. He never saw Gaston before.

GASTON

You see, the bag has just been found, and the reaction of relief from her former excitement and strain is just a little too much for her. It's not very serious, but just the same we'd better not take any chances.

MAJOR

(assuming Gaston
is a physician)
Just as you say, Doctor.

GASTON
Thank you, Major.
(Goes back toward
living room.)

MAJOR
Good day, Doctor.

GASTON
Good day, Major.

The camera goes with Major toward entrance door. Major
looks crestfallen.

STREET
in front of Mariette's house. François, followed by camera,
goes to the door, rings bell. Door is opened by butler, and
Major comes out, butler remaining in doorway. Major and
François stare at each other. Major looks pointedly at
François's package. Then Major turns to butler.

MAJOR
Jacques, has the bag been found?

BUTLER

Yes, Major.

Major turns with bright smile to François, who looks glum and glances instinctively at his package.

MAJOR

Is Madame feeling well?

BUTLER

No, Major.

Major is still looking at the unhappy François and having the time of life.

MAJOR

Is Madame seeing anybody this
afternoon, this evening, or even
tomorrow?

BUTLER

No, Major.

MAJOR

You may shut the door, Jacques.

Butler closes door. François, miserable, turns away from Major.

MAJOR

Well. that leaves you holding the
bag. Goodbye!

Major lifts his hat, goes out of picture to right. François
looks after him angrily, then goes out of picture to left.

LIVING ROOM COUCH CLOSE SHOT

Gaston and Mariette. There is a moment of silence.

GASTON

(rising)

Well, I think I'd better be going.
Goodbye, Madame Colet.

MARIETTE

(rising)

Goodbye, M'sieu La-- Oh, yes ...
This is a rather delicate matter and
I don't want to ... You see, if you
read my advertisement carefully, you
must have noticed that there was ...

GASTON

In other words, madame, it
embarrasses you to offer me the
twenty thousand francs reward.

MARIETTE

Yes.

GASTON

Don't be embarrassed, madame. I'll take it. I need the money. I wish I were in a position to ignore the whole matter. But you know, madame, the stock market, bank crash ... To make a long story short--a member of the nouveaux poor.

MARIETTE

(looks at him sympathetically)

Then I'm glad I lost the bag! I'll write you the check immediately.

(Followed by camera, she goes.)

HALL MED. SHOT

at staircase. Coming from living room, Mariette goes up the stairs, followed by camera. At first landing, as Mariette reaches door--

GASTON'S VOICE

Madame Colet!

MARIETTE

(turning)

Yes, M'sieu Laval?

GASTON BELOW

Shooting down from her angle.

GASTON

Do you know my first name?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

No. What is it? Tell me.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

Followed by camera, he runs up stairs. At the landing, he goes close to her.

GASTON

(whispering ardently)

Gaston!

She looks at him with a confused smile.

GASTON

(Still ardently)

And do you know what I'd like to have you do with that check?

MARIETTE

(softly, curious)

What?

GASTON

(passionate)

Make it out to cash!

MARIETTE

As you like.

(She opens door and

he follows her.)

LONG SHOT PRIVATE OFFICE OF FORMER SECRETARY, WITH GLIMPSE
INTO ADJOINING ELEGANT BEDROOM

In foreground at desk, is Mariette. In bedroom background,
Gaston is seen examining a painting on the wall with the air
of a connoisseur. Camera moves to close-up of Mariette. She
is opening and shutting drawers.

MARIETTE

Now, where can that checkbook be?

Oh, dear me, dear me! She must have
left it somewhere. It's always the
same--when you're looking for
something, you can't find it.

(She continues mumbling

and slamming drawers.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

at the wall, still admiring the painting. Now he draws painting slightly away from wall and glances behind as if looking for a safe. He allows painting to drop back into place. Followed by camera, he goes on looking around. He stops before window, looks out, studying possible entrances and exits.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

at desk, still searching.

MARIETTE

I can't find that checkbook. I
should have discharged her six
months ago! I really don't know
what to do. Where can I look now?

(Turning to Gaston.)

M'sieu Laval, I'm very sorry, but--

She tops short. Gaston is not there. She sees:

DOOR TO FORMER SECRETARY'S BEDROOM

It is open.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

Followed by camera, she goes to bedroom.

BEDROOM MED. SHOT

at open door. Mariette enters, stops.

CLOSE SHOT BED

Gaston is studying bed with the eye of a connoisseur.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

in doorway. She looks mystified. She moves toward him
lightly because:

CLOSE SHOT BED

Gaston apparently doesn't know she is in the room. He is
still studying bed with scholarly concentration. Mariette
enters, stops beside him.

GASTON

(with respect for the bed)

Eighteenth century.

MARIETTE

(getting it; impressed)

Yes!

GASTON

Early eighteenth century. I should
say around--seventeen thirty.

MARIETTE

Right!

GASTON

(examining headboard)

Beautiful specimen.

MARIETTE

It is beautiful. But I got a little
tired of sleeping in antiques, so I
gave it to my secretary.

GASTON

(specially interested as
he learns this is not
Mariette's room)

Oh?

(He wants to hear more.)

MARIETTE

This used to be my secretary's room.

GASTON

(with affected nonchalance)

I see.

(Going very close to
headboard, touching woodwork
with expert hand.)

She must have been very happy here.

MARIETTE

(with a smile)

Too happy. That's why I discharged
her.

GASTON

(his eye caught by carving
on one of the posts)

Isn't that wonderful!

(He turns to Mariette.)

You see, madame--

(He stops, noticing
something on the wall.)

MED. SHOT

In the wall is a safe. Camera moves to close-up of safe.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GASTON

GASTON

(inspired)

Let me tell you something, madame,
as a man who has had all kinds of
secretaries ... I wonder if she put
that checkbook in the safe!

MARIETTE

I hardly think so. But let's look.

(She goes toward safe.)

CLOSE SHOT SAFE

Mariette enters, starts turning knob, lips moving silently as she articulates numbers to herself. The camera pans her out and stops before Gaston who is now close behind her, concentrating on the combination.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE'S HAND

turning knob back and forth.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON'S HAND

It is instinctively turning an imaginary knob, following Mariette's pattern.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GASTON

Mariette opens safe. Gaston takes a swift good look into safe, but acts casual in case Mariette turns around.

MARIETTE

(rummaging with her hand)

No, no. No, it's not here.

(Suddenly.)

Oh! What do you think of that?

(She brings out two crisp
packages of bank notes.)

A hundred thousand francs!

(With a half-smile.)

You know, I didn't have the
slightest idea--

GASTON

(severely)

But, madame, you keep a hundred
thousand francs--in your safe--at
home?

MARIETTE

(worried)

You think that's too much?

GASTON

(emphatically)

No! Not enough!

(With the air of a banker.)

In times like these, when everything
is uncertain, every conservative
person should have a substantial
part of his fortune within arm's
reach.

MARIETTE

(nodding with the gravity

of a woman accepting her

banker's advice)

That sounds sensible.

(She goes out of the picture,
thinking it over.)

CLOSE SHOT LITTLE SETTEE

Mariette enters, sits.

MARIETTE

Very sensible!

Gaston enters, sits beside her.

GASTON

(sternly; an uncle)

Madame Colet, I think you deserve a
scolding. First, you lose your bag--

MARIETTE

(gaily)

Then I mislay my checkbook--

GASTON

Then you use the wrong lipstick--

MARIETTE

(almost laughing)

And how I handle my money!

GASTON

It's disgraceful!

MARIETTE

(with a flirtatious look)

Tell me, M'sieu Laval, what else is
wrong?

GASTON

Everything! ... Madame Colet, if I
were your father--

(with a smile)

which, fortunately, I am not--

MARIETTE

(coquettish)

Ye-es?

GASTON

And you made any attempt to handle
your own business affairs, I would
give you a good spanking--in a
business way, of course.

MARIETTE

(complete change of
expression; businesslike)

What would you do if you were my
secretary?

GASTON

The same thing.

MARIETTE

You're hired!

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE E

FADE IN

BOARD OF DIRECTORS ROOM

Camera moves along the table in close shots of members of the board. An excited murmur runs along the table. Camera stops in front of M. Giron, the chairman, who is talking to the man beside him. Now he turns to opposite end of table, rises.

GIRON

Speaking for the board of directors
as well as myself, if you insist, in
times like these, on cutting the
fees of the board of directors, then
we resign.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

at opposite end. He gets up with an air of authority.

GASTON

Speaking for Madame Colet as well as
myself--resign!

CLOSE-UP GIRON

GIRON

(haughtily)

Very well!

(He hesitates.)

We'll think it over, M'sieu Laval!

DISSOLVE TO:

INSURANCE OFFICE CLOSE SHOT

of insurance agent at his desk. He is looking over Mme.
Colet's policies.

AGENT

Now, M'sieu Laval, as for Madame
Colet's life insurance, it totals
one million francs. There is five
hundred thousand fire insurance and
four hundred thousand against

burglary.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

in a different suit. He begins to calculate with his fingers and murmurs figures.

GASTON

(after a moment)

Then we'd better increase the
burglary insurance to eight hundred
and fifty thousand francs.

CLOSE-UP AGENT

AGENT

(happily; with a little bow)

Thank you, M'sieu Laval!

CLOSE-UP COOK

in the kitchen. Big, fat, motherly looking.

COOK

No potatoes, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE-UP GASTON

In still another suit. He is standing, looking stern.

GASTON

No potatoes!

CLOSE-UP COOK

COOK

Yes, M'sieu Laval.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP BUTLER

in hall.

BUTLER

(answering a question)

No, M'sieu Laval!

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP

A fluffy, pretty little maid in Gaston's bedroom, holding a duster.

MAID

(playing naughty)

Maybe, M'sieu Laval!

DISSOLVE TO:

GYMNASIUM CLOSE SHOT

of Mariette's feet and legs in gymnasium outfit, shooting down on an angle. Feet rise and camera follows movement arc-wise, comes to rest on Mariette's face.

MARIETTE

(holding the position)

Is this what you mean, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

erect in sweater, arms folded.

GASTON

Absolutely, Madame Colet.

DISSOLVE TO:

CORRIDOR CLOSE SHOT

Gaston in doorway to his office. Evening; lights are on. He wears a dark business suit.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

(coaxingly)

Now, M'sieu Laval, please!

GASTON

Frankly, madame, I'm too tired.

UPPER STAIRCASE

from Gaston's viewpoint. Mariette, in evening dress, is near landing. From downstairs, the music of a tango and laughter of guests.

MARIETTE

Don't you want to come down and
join the party? Just a little tango
--no? Oh, you with your messy old
papers and contracts and money-money
-money--all those uninteresting
things!

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

in doorway.

GASTON

They're very interesting to me,
madame. And somebody in this house
should worry about money. No,
madame, really, I have to be up
early in the morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

OFFICE CLOSE SHOT NEXT MORNING

of Gaston at window, walking up and down dictating, followed by camera. We hear click of a typewriter.

GASTON

New paragraph. Furthermore, it is
Madame's wish--

CLOSE SHOT SECRETARY

Typing away at an appropriate desk is none other than our
Lily. She is demure in a little blouse and skirt.

GASTON'S VOICE

--that while half of the interest
shall be deposited as usual in
Madame's account--

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

GASTON

--the other half, contrary to
custom, shall be delivered in cash
into Madame's personal custody.

(Followed by camera, he
goes to Lily and takes
her in his arms.)

Darling, that means that on the
second of June we'll have eight
hundred and fifty thousand francs.

LILY

(ecstatically)

And her jewelry is worth a fortune!

GASTON

No jewelry! Hands off jewelry! If
we're broke--all right. I might
pick up a million-franc necklace.
But in times like these when we're
doing a cash business--why take a
chance on jewelry?

Lily gets up, goes to him.

LILY

(the way a wife talks
to a husband when she
wants something special)

I know you're awfully busy, and I
don't like to trouble you. But she
has one little necklace--you know,
that one with the seed pearls? It's
so quiet and simple. It would go
just beautifully with my neck.

Gaston takes her in his arms, moved. They kiss. There is a
knock at the door. They leap into employer and employee
positions.

GASTON

Come in!

DOOR

Butler enters.

BUTLER

M'sieu Laval, Madame would like to
talk to Mademoiselle Gautier for a
moment.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND LILY

GASTON

Very well, Jacques.

We hear door close as butler goes. Lily turns to Gaston. He
looks her over, straightens her hair a little, then pulls
the zipper on her blouse high up to the neck.

DISSOLVE TO:

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT

Mariette in bed. Breakfast table. She is reading a magazine.
Knock on door.

MARIETTE

(putting down magazine)

Come in.

DOOR CLOSE SHOT

Lily enters. She is now wearing glasses. (Under no circumstances shall her appearance be exaggerated. Lily is playing the part of a modest, polite little secretary.)

LILY

Good morning, madame.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Good morning, mademoiselle.

(She makes a gesture
inviting Lily to come
closer.)

CLOSE SHOT LILY

She approaches Mariette.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

in bed. Lily enters.

MARIETTE

(indicating a chair)

Please.

LILY

Thank you.

Lily sits on a small chair by the bed. Breakfast table is
between them.

MARIETTE

(busy at the
breakfast tray)

You've had your breakfast--oh,
but of course you have.

LILY

Yes, madame. You see, I have to get
up very early.

(Chattering.)

My little brother goes to school--

(With controlled pathos.)

You see, Mother is dead.

MARIETTE

(pouring her own coffee;
making conversation)

Yes, that's the trouble with
mothers. First you get to like them
and then they die.

Lily nods sad agreement. Her glance drops to the floor.

INSERT

of a diamond ring on floor by bed.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

She looks at ring with undisguised desire for an instant.

Then she reaches for it.

INSERT

Lily's hand lifts ring from floor.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND LILY

Seeing that she has been observed, Lily hands ring to
Mariette.

MARIETTE

Oh, thanks.

With indifference she throws it over toward night table on
the other side of the bed.

NIGHT TABLE

A little jewel box, open. The ring falls in.

CLOSE SHOT LILY

She looks toward the jewel box with regret, fingers itching.

She pulls herself together and sits on her hands.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND LILY

Mariette is just about to reach for the cream. Lily, quick and polite, takes the cream pitcher and pours for Mariette.

MARIETTE

Thank you! ... Now, mademoiselle,
the reason I asked you to come--

LILY

Two lumps, madame?

MARIETTE

Please!

(Lily puts sugar
in coffee.)

Thank you.

LILY

(taking a spoon)

May I?

Mariette nods graciously. Lily stirs the coffee. Then she sits and resolutely puts her hands under again.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

She lifts cup, sips coffee. She looks over at Lily.

CLOSE-UP LILY

Looking downward modestly.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

She watches Lily a moment to make sure she is not looking.

Then she dunks a roll in the coffee and takes a quick bite.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND LILY

MARIETTE

Now, Mademoiselle Gautier--

LILY

Yes, madame?

MARIETTE

You see--

(She has just picked up
some potato a la Julienne
--thinly shredded, noodle-like
and crisp--on her fork. Then
she speaks furtively as she
suddenly remembers.)

Oh, not a word to M'sieu Laval!

LILY

About what?

MARIETTE

(almost in a whisper)

Potatoes. He doesn't want me to eat
them--

(with a little laugh)

and naturally I don't want to upset
him.

LILY

(with a poisonous

little giggle)

Naturally not!

Slowly her giggle dies out, and she looks at Mariette with
sly contempt.

MARIETTE

Now. Uh--mademoiselle--in the short
time you have been M'sieu Laval's
secretary, have you noticed any
change in him?

LILY

(on guard)

Well--uh--yes and no.

MARIETTE

To me he seems rather nervous.

LILY

Nervous?

(She takes a chance.)

Um-hum. He smokes too much!

MARIETTE

No, he works too much.

(Lily nods with

great relief.)

He's chained to his desk. Too much
detail. Now, if you could take over
some of his work--

LILY

(with deadly sweetness)

So he wouldn't be confined so much
to his office--

MARIETTE

(innocently pleased)

Yes! And he would have a little
more time for--

LILY

For all the really important
things--

MARIETTE

Right!

LILY

(rising)

I'll do my best, madame, even if I
have to work every night.

MARIETTE

(frightened)

Oh, no, no, no, no, my dear child!
That's ridiculous. You go home as
usual--five o'clock every day. Now
I'm going to be a little bit of a
tyrant--I insist. It'll be nice for
your little brother, too. Five
o'clock--remember!

LILY

Very well, madame. Thank you.

(She starts to leave.)

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Lily opens door.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

And, my dear--

LILY

(turns)

Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

How much is your salary?

CLOSE SHOT LILY

in doorway.

LILY

Three hundred francs.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Well, in times like these most
people are cutting salaries, but
suppose we say, in your case,
three hundred and fifty?

CLOSE SHOT LILY

LILY

Oh, madame, you're just too sweet
for words!

(She goes, shutting door.)

MED. SHOT OFFICE

close to door. Gaston is pacing up and down. Lily enters, quickly closes door behind her. She takes off her glasses. She is seething.

GASTON

Well, what does she want?

LILY

(bitterly)

You! And she's willing to pay as high as fifty francs!

GASTON

What?

LILY

(violently)

But it's not enough!

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT

Mariette, still in bed, talking into phone.

MARIETTE

Now, François, don't be silly. I have nothing against you ... Oh, no,

that's all forgotten ... What? ...

Not this week, François ...

(Happily.)

Business, François, business!

OFFICE MED. SHOT

which during the scene moves to a closer shot of Gaston and Lily. As we pick them up both are pacing up and down at the height of unpleasantness.

GASTON

You're talking like a child. You know exactly what we're here for and what it's all about.

LILY

(stopping)

This woman has more than jewelry.

GASTON

(dismissing it)

Ah!

LILY

Did you ever take a good look at her--uh--

GASTON

Certainly!

LILY

They're all right, aren't they?

GASTON

Beautiful. And what of it?

(Going close to Lily;
with conviction)

Let me tell you something: so far
as I'm concerned, her whole sex
appeal is in that safe!

LILY

(looks at him a moment;
suddenly fearful)

Gaston. Let's open it--right now!

Let's get away from here!

(With great unhappiness;
holding back her tears.)

I don't like this place!

GASTON

(taking her in his arms)

Oh, no, darling. There's more sex
appeal coming on the first of the
month. It's only ten days ...

(Rolling it on

his tongue.)

Eight hundred and fifty thousand
francs.

LILY

(clinging to him)

Darling, remember you're Gaston
Monescu. You're a crook. I want you
as a crook. I love you as a crook.
I worship you as a crook. Steal,
swindle, rob--but don't become one
of those useless, good-for-nothing
gigolos!

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE F

FADE IN

OFFICE CLOSE SHOT

of clock on desk. It is 5 P.M. We hear five chimes. Against
this shot of clock:

LILY'S VOICE

Good night, Gaston darling.

GASTON'S VOICE

Good night, sweetheart.

We hear sound of a kiss.

LILY'S VOICE

Well, I leave you alone with that
lady--but if you behave like a
gentleman--

(Slowly.)

I'll break your neck!

(With tenderness.)

Goodbye, darling!

We hear door open, close, and the sounds of Gaston
returning from the door, humming.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SAME CLOCK, SAME ANGLE

It reads 5:12. We hear a knock at the door.

GASTON'S VOICE

Come in.

Sound of the door opening.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

(pretending surprise

at not seeing Lily)

Oh, M'sieu Laval ...

GASTON'S VOICE

Yes, Madame Colet?

MARIETTE'S VOICE

Has Mademoiselle Gautier gone?

GASTON'S VOICE

Yes--uh--

MARIETTE'S VOICE

(With feigned regret)

Oh, that's too bad. You see, I
wanted her to do something. Well,
I guess I'll have to do it myself.

GASTON'S VOICE

What is it, madame?

MARIETTE'S VOICE

I wanted to ask her to ask you if
you'd be good enough to go out to
dinner with me tonight.

We hear her laugh. He joins her. As the laugh gets louder we

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SAME CLOCK

Five past nine. Light is different, room being almost in darkness. We hear phone ring several times. Nobody answers.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP SAME CLOCK

Ten to eleven. So dark that we can barely see the hands. From outside, faint voices. We hear door open, and a bar of light falls across clock.

GASTON'S VOICE

Good night, Madame Colet. And let me tell you again--you dance like a dream.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

(coyly)

Oh, no, it's the way you lead.

GASTON'S VOICE

No, madame, it's the way you follow.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

No, m'sieu!

GASTON'S VOICE

Yes, madame!

MARIETTE'S VOICE

Well, the evening is still young.

Let's go down to the living room and
talk it over.

(Cheating by an hour.)

It's only ten o'clock.

She laughs. He apparently joins her again.

DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM CLOSE-UP

of a different, more decorative clock on mantel. Hands stand
at eleven. As clock strikes eleven, with dainty, rapid
chimes, pan along one side, following mantel, until clock is
out of picture, and we see two half-empty champagne glasses.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT WINDOW

Open window frames a view of garden. Foreground is dark.
Above trees, a church steeple with a clock large enough so
that we can read the time. It is twelve. As we hear, in
splendid tones and a slower rhythm, the tolling of midnight,
pan over to the side. Steeple is out of picture and full

moon comes in.

DISSOLVE TO:

HALL UPPER END OF STAIRS

Close shot of hall clock near Mariette's bedroom door. Hands indicate the hour of two, and deep tones strike the hour. Apparently there is only a dim light. Camera pans to door of Mariette's bedroom. In half-open doorway stands Mariette, evening dress, looking toward office door, eyes languorous.

MARIETTE

(reluctantly)

Good night, M'sieu Laval.

CLOSE SHOT OFFICE DOOR

In half-open doorway stands Gaston, white tie and tails.

GASTON

(low tone)

Good night, Madame Colet.

MED. SHOT HALL

At one end, at her open bedroom door, is Mariette. At other end, as we have seen, is Gaston. They look at each other for a vibrant moment.

MARIETTE

(since nothing happens; sadly)

Good night.

GASTON

(also sad)

Good night.

Mariette goes into her room, closes door. Gaston stands a moment in his doorway, undecided. Then, with a decisive air, he goes halfway toward Mariette's door. He stops abruptly at the one light, a lamp on the wall. He turns it out. Then he goes back to his office-bedroom slowly. Camera moves closer to him and up to his door. He goes in, shuts door, and we hear the lock click from inside. Camera pans quickly to Mariette's door. We hear similar click.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE G

FADE IN

LIVING ROOM

A large window, consisting of four or five framed units, fronts on a terraced garden in which a small informal party is underway.

Close shot of the first frame, showing part of garden and

terrace. Windows are shut; we cannot hear what is going on. Beyond window, on terrace: a group of society people, teacups, butler serving cakes from tray. Mariette comes from garden to join group, a cordial hostess As she moves her eye is caught elsewhere.

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY to the last window frame, following her glance, and stops before Gaston and two very attractive young ladies who seem delighted at what he is saying. Mariette comes quickly into the picture and, pretending she wants to introduce him to someone else, takes Gaston from his dangerous companions.

CAMERA MOVES

back along window with them. As soon as the two young ladies are out of the picture, Mariette brings Gaston intimately close toward window and camera. (Assumption is that living room is empty and no one can see them from behind camera.) Charmingly and with a twinkle in her eye, she reprimands him, in a guarded whisper, about flirting. He answers and apparently says something that makes her laugh, disarming her. With a sudden return to party manner, she moves with him along the framed windows. Camera goes with them as she introduces him to a few little groups. By this time, they are back in the first window frame, and now they move out of picture.

CAMERA CONTINUES

past window and discloses inside corner of living room. In a chair, sitting stiffly as if in a waiting room, is M. Giron, the chairman of the board, briefcase on knees, flower in buttonhole. He seems in a bad mood--apparently the financial cut hasn't agreed with him. We hear a door opening.

BUTLER'S VOICE

M'sieu Giron, Madame will be with you presently.

GIRON

Very well, Jacques.

We hear door closing. Giron, irritated, gets up and, followed by camera, goes toward the window.

TERRACE CLOSE SHOT

at window shooting into living room. Giron comes toward window and looks into garden. His face gets stern and angry as he sees:

GARDEN CLOSE SHOT

Giron's view, of Gaston and the major, animatedly conversing. Camera angle must be so that Gaston is more prominent, thus giving impression that Giron's attention is focused on Gaston.

GASTON

No, no, my dear Major. There's a limit to what you can do with infantry. If have you the proper artillery backing, I would say-- maybe.

TERRACE CLOSE SHOT

toward window. Behind window stands Giron, muttering imprecations under his breath.

CLOSE SHOT MAJOR AND GASTON

MAJOR

No, no, no! I disagree with you absolutely. That's the trouble with you artillery men.

GASTON

Now just a minute, Major--

MAJOR

No, Captain, I tell you--

Mariette comes into the picture.

MARIETTE

Now, Major, you mustn't monopolize

M'sieu Laval.

(To Gaston.)

Please!

(She leads Gaston away,
camera with them. They
stop before another group.

She introduces Gaston.)

May I present M'sieu Laval? Madame
Chotard, Madame Leconte, Madame
Poncelet.

(Camera moves with them
to a lady and a gentleman.)

Madame Rudaux, M'sieu Legrand--
M'sieu Laval.

(They move to François
and a lady.)

M'sieu Laval--Madame Boucher. M'sieu
Filiba.

(François bows, not
recognizing Gaston.

Camera moves along
with them to others.)

M'sieu Laval--Madame Jeantaud,
M'sieu Gentil.

Gaston, his back to camera, bows politely; then suddenly--
a second "take"--he looks over his shoulder toward François.
It is apparent he has recognized François. Mariette moves
Gaston along.

CLOSE SHOT FRANÇOIS AND LADY

LADY

That's that M'sieu Laval.

FRANÇOIS

Laval? Who is M'sieu Laval?

LADY

I don't know. She says he's her
secretary.

François turns and looks searchingly at Gaston, who has
paused with Mariette at another group.

FRANÇOIS

Oh? ... So!

LADY

And he says he is her secretary. Maybe
I'm wrong--maybe he is her secretary.

(She laughs cynically.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

Mariette has apparently left the last group, and he remains.
The others, at the moment, are busy with tea and cakes; no
one talks. Gaston, back to camera, steals another look over

his shoulder at François.

CLOSE SHOT FRANÇOIS

from Gaston's viewpoint. He is staring at this new and dubious figure in Mariette's life--Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

with the group. He sees that François is staring at him, becomes a little uncomfortable. With sudden decision, he turns to the group.

GASTON

Excuse me, please.

Followed by camera, he steps over to François. Camera stops in a close shot on Gaston, François, and lady. Gaston bows to lady, faces François.

GASTON

Pardon me, m'sieu, but I have the feeling we have met somewhere before.

FRANÇOIS

(snobbish, polite)

I'm sorry, but I don't seem to recall the occasion. No, I'm afraid ...

GASTON

(courteously)

Well--then it must be my mistake.

(Bowing.)

I beg your pardon.

He smiles, ignoring the snub, as François stands with frozen superiority. Gaston goes. François looks after him.

FRANÇOIS

(to the lady)

That man never met me, and he knows
it. Trying to make social
connections!

LIVING ROOM MARIETTE AND GIRON

On a table is a pile of business papers and an empty
briefcase. Giron has fountain pen in his hand, ready to
turn it over to Mariette for signature.

MARIETTE

(With a despairing

little laugh)

But my dear M'sieu Giron, I'm
having a tea party. Must I be
bothered with all these papers now?

GIRON

I'm sorry, madame, but there are
still certain matters which I think
you should attend to yourself. And
I, personally, would not care to
refer them to--to--

(He hesitates.)

MARIETTE

To M'sieu Laval?

Giron doesn't answer. There is a pause.

GIRON

(With dignity)

Madame Colet, I've enjoyed the
confidence of your family for more
than forty years.

(With great feeling.)

I was a school friend of your
husband's ...

MARIETTE

(looking at his white hair,
which tells the whole story
of her marriage; grimly)
I know!

GIRON

Madame, let me ask you: Who is
M'sieu Laval, anyhow? Where does he
come from? What is he?

MARIETTE

(crispily)

He is my secretary! I hope that
answers all your questions, M'sieu
Giron.

GIRON

(after a pause)

You know what Paris is saying
about the Countess Falconier and
her chauffeur?

MARIETTE

(outraged--furious, then
icy; turning to door)

Jacques!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

It opens; butler enters.

BUTLER

Yes, madame?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GIRON

MARIETTE

Ask M'sieu Laval if he will be
good enough to come in.

BUTLER'S VOICE

Very well, madame.

We hear the door closing.

GARDEN CLOSE SHOT

of lady and François at a table. François is very fidgety.

LADY

Now, please. Please calm yourself!

FRANÇOIS

I'm like that--I can't help it! I
know I never met that man, and yet--

(Looking in Gaston's
direction.)

Laval, Laval ... You know, if I
like a man, I remember him. And if
I don't like a man, I never forget
him. In a nutshell, madame, it's
little things like that that drive
me crazy! Excuse me!

(He gets up and walks
out of the picture.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

in garden. He is about to join another group when François
stops him.

FRANÇOIS

M'sieu Laval ...

GASTON

Yes, M'sieu Filiba?

FRANÇOIS

You see--

(He stops to look Gaston
over from all angles,
tortured with uncertainty.
Shaking his head and
smiling.)

No, no! And yet--

(He looks at Gaston
intently again.)

Did I--did--now where could we have--

They are interrupted by entrance of butler.

BUTLER

(to Gaston)

Pardon me, m'sieu. Madame Colet
would like to see you in the
living room.

GASTON

At once, Jacques.

(To François.)

We'll continue later.

He goes. François now has jealousy added to his confused
suspicion. As he glares after Gaston the major enters.

MAJOR

Now see here, my good man, let's
face the facts. I'm having a dinner
party, and one man turned me down
at the last minute.

(Very cutting.)

Have you a dinner jacket?

(François stiffens.)

MED. SHOT LIVING ROOM

Giron and Mariette. The situation is tense. Gaston enters.

GASTON

(With a bow)

Madame.

MARIETTE

Will you be good enough to run
through these papers with M'sieu
Giron?

GASTON

I'll be delighted.

MARIETTE

(to Giron, sharply)

And so will M'sieu Giron.

Giron bows. Mariette turns.

LIVING ROOM DOOR

Mariette goes out.

CLOSE SHOT GIRON AND GASTON

For a moment the men eye each other. Gaston smiles, but
Giron maintains a frigid face. Gaston calmly takes the
papers, sits, and starts to go over the figures.

GIRON

M'sieu Laval, there are several
things I've wanted to ask you for
quite a while. I understand you are
from Marseilles.

GASTON

(pretending to be absorbed
in the figures; absently)

Um-hum ...

GIRON

(persistently)

You must be related to the Lavals
of Marseilles.

GASTON

(With pretense of being
mildly distracted)

Just a second.

He goes over the papers even more thoroughly, turns several
pages, then turns back, apparently comparing items,
muttering figures to himself.

GIRON

(sarcastically)

I hope you find the figures correct.

GASTON

(pointedly)

I hope so, too.

GIRON

(with indignation)

M'sieu Laval, I have enjoyed the
confidence of this family--

GASTON

(not looking up)

For more than forty years. So Madame told me.

GIRON

(change of tone;

very deliberately)

And I have known the Lavals of
Marseilles for more than thirty
years.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

Deaf to Giron, concentrating on figures, he turns absently
to the window and suddenly comes awake, for he sees:

CLOSE SHOT WINDOW

Gaston's viewpoint. Outside window, on terrace, stands
François. He is staring at Gaston as if to say, "Where did
I see him?"

BIG CLOSE-UP GASTON

He smiles cordially at François.

CLOSE SHOT FRANÇOIS

through window. He begins to smile, then shakes head as if saying, "No, that's not the fellow." He goes out of the picture.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON AND GIRON

Gaston still smiling toward window. Now he turns back to the papers and begins muttering more figures.

GIRON

(in a cutting voice)

M'sieu Laval, you seem to be
avoiding my questions.

GASTON

And you, M'sieu Giron, seem to be
disturbing my examination of this
report.

GIRON

Examination! M'sieu Laval, what are
you insinuating? I have enjoyed the
confidence of this family for more
than forty years. How long have you
enjoyed Madame's confidence? Three
weeks, I believe.

GASTON

(coolly)

Two weeks and three days.

GIRON

(nastily)

Um-hum!

GASTON

(very softly)

Are you insinuating anything, M'sieu
Giron?

GIRON

(With equal softness

and a sudden smile)

No, not at all!

GASTON

(beaming)

Well, that's fine. Then you are not
insinuating that I am avoiding
questions. And I am not insinuating
that you won't let me examine this
report.

GIRON

(continuing the friendly

note; with an innocent

chuckle)

I was only asking if you are related
to the Lavals of Marseilles.

GASTON

(even more friendly)

And I was only asking you if you
would let me examine your report
without interruption.

GIRON

(like a man about to
make a new friend)

I don't see why any man should get
excited when he is asked about his
hometown.

GASTON

And I don't see any reason for any
man getting nervous when somebody
checks over the figures of his
report.

GIRON

(sudden change; enraged)

Are you insinuating that this is
not an honest report?

GASTON

(With vigor)

I am only insinuating that you are
nervous.

GIRON

(furious)

Nervous! Why should I be nervous?

GASTON

(With deadly sincerity)

I don't know, M'sieu Giron!

Outraged, Giron picks up the batch of papers, shakes it in
Gaston's face.

GIRON

Are you trying to say that there
is anything in these figures to
make me nervous?

Gaston pauses, and we see his suspicion has become a
certainty.

GASTON

(with a quiet smile)

No, not at all.

With quick, casual movement, Gaston takes the report from Giron's hand, drops it in desk, locks desk, and puts key in his pocket. Giron is speechless, frightened to his heels.

GASTON

(getting up; amiably)

We'll keep these papers here.

(Taking Giron by the arm,
he leads him toward door.

Camera follows them from
behind.)

And tomorrow morning I'll drop in at
your office, and I'll tell you all
about the Lavals of Marseilles.

(Giron looks back over
his shoulder toward the
desk in a panic.)

And there won't be any tea party to
interrupt us!

They reach the door. He escorts Giron out, follows, closes
the door.

GARDEN CLOSE SHOT

at a table. On table is an ashtray. François is sitting by
table, an unlighted cigarette in his hand, very thoughtful,
still trying to place Gaston. He puts cigarette in his
mouth, takes a match from ashtray, which is equipped with

matchbox. He lights cigarette and suddenly looks at ashtray.

CLOSE SHOT ASHTRAY

It is made in the shape of a gondola.

CLOSE-UP FRANÇOIS

staring at the gondola. We see that his mind is grappling,
trying to connect gondola, Venice, and Gaston. He rises,
brain working.

MED. SHOT DOOR IN ENTRANCE HALL

In the half-open doorway stands Gaston.

GASTON

(out toward street)

Goodbye, M'sieu Giron!

He shuts door quickly and goes out of picture toward stairway.

LONG SHOT STAIRWAY

Gaston runs quickly up.

MED. SHOT OFFICE

at the door. Gaston opens door, enters, closes it quickly
with great excitement.

CLOSE SHOT DESK

Lily is typing. She is startled at Gaston's sudden entrance

and gets up.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

at door. Followed by camera, he goes to Lily.

GASTON

Do you know who is here?

(There is a knock on the
door. Lily goes quickly
back to typewriter.)

Come in!

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Butler opens.

BUTLER

M'sieu Laval, M'sieu Filiba would
like very much to see you.

CLOSE SHOT LILY AND GASTON

GASTON

In a moment.

We hear door shut. Lily gets up, puzzled. The name sounds
slightly familiar to her.

LILY

Filiba ...

GASTON

Yes--Filiba! Venice--Grand Hotel--
room two fifty-three--

LILY

(it dawns on her)

Five, seven, and nine--

GASTON

Yes!

(With swift reassurance.)

Now don't worry!

Followed by camera, he hastens out, closing door behind him.

LONG SHOT STAIRWAY

Gaston comes quickly down, goes out toward entrance door.

ENTRANCE HALL CLOSE SHOT

of François, waiting, hat in hand, ready to leave. Gaston enters.

FRANÇOIS

I wanted to say goodbye to you.

GASTON

(quickly)

Goodbye, M'sieu Filiba.

(He starts away.

François stops him.)

FRANÇOIS

But before I say goodbye I want to
ask you one question: Have you ever
been in Venice?

GASTON

No.

FRANÇOIS

You've never been in Venice?

GASTON

No ...

(Suddenly.)

Have you ever been in Vienna?

FRANÇOIS

(taken aback)

No.

GASTON

Amsterdam?

FRANÇOIS

No .

GASTON

Constantinople?

FRANÇOIS

No .

GASTON

(with astonishment)

You've never been in Constantinople?

FRANÇOIS

No !

GASTON

But you have been in Venice?

FRANÇOIS

Yes !

GASTON

Let me tell you, Venice can't
compare with Constantinople.

FRANÇOIS

But--

GASTON

I don't care what you say! In
Constantinople at least you have
streets, sultans, pashas--

FRANÇOIS

(up a new alley; with a
new, naughty interest)

And harems ... ?

GASTON

All kinds.

François leans over and whispers a question. Gaston nods vigorously, then leans over and whispers in François's ear. François's eyes get bigger and bigger. The two men look at each other with a big smile. François extends his hand.

FRANÇOIS

(as they shake;
almost singing)

Well--Con-
stan-ti-nople!

Followed by camera, François goes toward street door, opens it, then stops and turns around. His face suddenly sobers. He looks at Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

at foot of staircase. He bows smilingly to François.

CLOSE SHOT DOORWAY

François looks searchingly at Gaston for a long moment,
then turns and departs, still puzzled.

MED. SHOT GASTON

Once door is shut, there is a swift change on his face. He
turns and dashes upstairs.

OFFICE CLOSE SHOT

at door. Gaston enters and, followed by camera, goes swiftly
to desk, past Lily, who stands fearful and ready for action,
straight to the phone.

GASTON

Élysée seven, eight, nine, two.

(To Lily.)

We have to clear out.

(Into phone.)

Railroad station? Ticket office,
please.

LILY

(excitedly)

He recognized you!

GASTON

No--not yet--but--

(Into phone.)

Two tickets to Berlin--first class
and sleeper--night train ... Right
... Right ... Leave them in the
name of--Don Ignacio Fernandez ...
Right ... Thank you.

(Hangs up.)

LILY

(who already has got at
a telephone directory)
Spanish passports?

GASTON

Correct. Now the train leaves--

LILY

At twelve twenty. I know.

(She grabs phone.)

Lyons two, four, seven, one.

(Hand over mouthpiece.)

Two more days and we'd have seven
hundred and fifty thousand francs
more!

GASTON

Well, we'll have to take what's

here. A bird in hand is worth two
in jail.

LILY

(into phone)

Hello ... Is this the Spanish
consulate? This is Doña Ignacio
Fernandez.

(In Spanish.)

My husband and I are leaving tonight
for Berlin ... Is it too late to get
a visa this afternoon ... ? Thank
you, thank you.

(She hangs up. To

Gaston; in English.)

How long will it take you?

GASTON

I don't know. Fortunately, she has a
dinner engagement tonight. I'll meet
you at the station--midnight.

(Lily hastens out. Phone

rings. Gaston answers.)

Hello ... Yes? What? ... You found
a handbag? Well, you're three weeks
too late!

(He hangs up. Lily

swiftly returns, wearing

hat and jacket.)

LILY

Well, see you at the Berlin Express.

GASTON

By the way, how is your German?

LILY

Grossartig--kolossal!

GASTON

Also, um zwoelf Uhr.

LILY

Am Berliner Zug.

GASTON

Auf wiedersehn.

LILY

Auf wiedersehn.

A quick kiss. She speeds out.

GASTON

(into phone)

Marchand two, nine, one, one ...

Hello ... Is this the Petit Flower

Shop? This is Don Ignacio Fernandez.
I'd like you to take five dozen
roses--deep red roses--and I'd like
you to put them in a basket and send
the basket tomorrow morning to
Madame Mariette Colet. The Madame
Colet ... Yes ... You have the
address? ... Good! And attach a
card: "In memory of the late M'sieu
Laval" . . Tomorrow morning--ten
o'clock . . . Yes. [What? ... Charge
it to Madame Colet. Yes.] Thank you.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE H

FADE IN

DINING ROOM MAJOR'S APARTMENT

Table is for twenty-four people. Butler at table. Major
enters, half-dressed: tuxedo trousers, stiff shirt without
collar, dressing gown. Butler gives him the place cards,
already stacked in order. Major puts first card at head of
table. As he does:

INSERT TABLE

Major's hand puts down card reading Major.

CLOSE SHOT MAJOR

Looks at second place card, smiles, puts it at next place.

As he does:

INSERT TABLE

Major's hand puts down card reading Madame Colet.

CLOSE SHOT MAJOR

Looks at next card. Smile disappears. He gives butler a reproving look. Followed by camera, he goes with the card to other end of the table.

INSERT TABLE

Major's hand puts down card reading M. François Filiba.

DISSOLVE TO:

FRANÇOIS'S BATHROOM

François, in underwear, shaving brush in one hand and safety razor in the other, sitting on edge of bathtub, still trying to figure out where he saw Gaston.

DISSOLVE TO:

STAIRCASE MARIETTE'S HOUSE MED. SHOT

at door to her bedroom. Mariette, in evening gown and wrap, comes out. About to go downstairs, she stops. Followed by

camera, she goes to office door, knocks. Door opens, and Gaston appears.

GASTON

Yes, madame?

MARIETTE

(very charming)

What are you going to do with my day
tomorrow, M'sieu Laval?

GASTON

(looks at her a moment

with real feeling, knowing

he is saying goodbye)

Well, we'll have breakfast in the
garden.

MARIETTE

(nodding)

Um-hum ...

GASTON

Then riding together.

MARIETTE

(nodding)

Um-hum ...

GASTON

Then lunch in the Bois--

MARIETTE

Together.

GASTON

Then a little nap--

MARIETTE

(restrains an automatic

"together" and smiles,

a bit embarrassed)

How do you like my dress?

GASTON

(meaning it)

Beautiful.

MARIETTE

(seductively)

Hair?

GASTON

Marvelous.

MARIETTE

(closer; softly)

Lipstick?

Gaston leans to inspect her mouth; any moment they might
kiss.

GASTON

Crimson!

MARIETTE

(Still softer)

Correct!

(After a slight pause;

extending her hand.)

Good night.

GASTON

(taking hand; slowly)

Good night.

(He kisses her hand.)

MARIETTE

(without withdrawing hand)

Good night.

GASTON

(slowly letting hand drop;

in a slightly different

voice)

Goodbye.

He remains in doorway looking after her as, followed by camera, she goes to the staircase. When she is down a few steps:

GASTON'S VOICE

Madame.

MARIETTE

(pausing on steps)

Yes?

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

in office doorway.

GASTON

Are you staying out late?

STAIRCASE

from Gaston's view. Big close-up of Mariette. She looks at him with eagerness, thinking he has amorous designs.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He sees she misunderstood, is a little embarrassed.

STAIRCASE

Close-up of Mariette. She misinterprets his embarrassment.

MARIETTE

Why do you ask?

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He cannot tell the truth and is so truly smitten that he
hates to lead her on.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

convinced he is shyly in love with her and needs assistance.

MARIETTE

(repeats softly)

Why do you ask, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

GASTON

(with a helpless smile)

Do I have to answer?

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

Her lips form the inaudible whispered answer.

MARIETTE

(soundlessly)

No!

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

in doorway. He bows, returns into office; door shuts.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

Looks after him an instant, then, followed by camera, goes slowly downstairs, very happy; her love affair is coming to a head. She stops. On impulse, she turns and, followed by camera, goes quickly up stairs to his office and enters, closing door behind her.

DISSOLVE TO:

LILY'S HOTEL ROOM

Lily is packing--Gaston's clothes and her own. She gaily hums a well-known Spanish fandango.

LONG SHOT UPPER STAIRCASE

Mariette's home, including office door and door to Mariette's bedroom. Butler comes up stairs, goes to Mariette's door, knocks. Door to office opens and Mariette comes out, now without her wrap.

MARIETTE

Yes, Jacques?

CLOSE SHOT BUTLER

Turns, puzzled to see Mariette in office doorway.

BUTLER

The car is waiting, madame.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

I won't need the car, Jacques. I'm
not going.

She turns back, shuts office door.

CLOSE SHOT BUTLER

at bedroom door.

BUTLER

(dazed)

Very well, madame!

Followed by camera, he starts down staircase, muttering to
himself.

CLOSE SHOT OFFICE DOOR

Door opens; Gaston comes out quickly.

GASTON

Jacques!

BUTLER

on staircase; from Gaston's point of view. He stops.

BUTLER

Yes, M'sieu Laval?

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

GASTON

Madame has changed her mind. She'll
be down in a minute.

He goes into office, shuts door.

CLOSE SHOT BUTLER

BUTLER

(still one beat behind)

Very well, m'sieu!

Followed by camera, he continues down stairs, punch-drunk.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GASTON

in office. Gaston has just closed door.

MARIETTE

But I told you I don't want to go.

GASTON

But you have an engagement, and I
don't want people to talk.

MARIETTE

Talk? About me--about us?

GASTON

Precisely.

MARIETTE

(ironically)

Afraid I'm ruining your reputation,
M'sieu Laval?

GASTON

No--yours, madame.

MARIETTE

(after a slight pause)

M'sieu Laval, I've got a confession
to make to you ...

Gaston, remembering that Lily once used the same phrase
before she hit him a crook, turns with a flash of alarm.

MARIETTE

You like me. In fact, you're crazy

about me. Otherwise, you wouldn't
worry about my reputation. Isn't
that so?

Gaston looks at her with relief and delight. She is as
charming as if she herself were a crook.

MARIETTE

But incidentally, let me tell you,
I don't like you. I don't like you
at all!

(Going close to him.)

I wouldn't hesitate one instant to
ruin your reputation--like that!

(She snaps her fingers.)

GASTON

(loving the game;
stepping closer)

You would?

MARIETTE

(even closer)

Yes, I would!

GASTON

(snapping his fingers)

Like that?

MARIETTE

(snapping her fingers again)

Like that!

GASTON

(playing tough)

I know all your tricks.

MARIETTE

(also tough)

And you're going to fall for them.

GASTON

So you think you can get me?

MARIETTE

Any minute I want!

GASTON

You're conceited--

MARIETTE

But attractive--

GASTON

Now, let me tell you--

MARIETTE

Shut up--kiss me!

(Gaston embraces and
kisses her. She kisses
him ardently, then frees
herself for a moment,
holds him off.)

Wasting all this marvelous time
with arguments!

(Kisses him again. He
takes her in his arms.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON'S TELEPHONE

It rings several times. No one answers.

LOWER HALL TELEPHONE CLOSE SHOT

It is ringing--a different tone from the one we have just
heard. Butler enters and answers.

BUTLER

Hello ... Well, I'll try him again.

(He pushes a button.)

Yes, he's in his office, but he's
busy ... Madame Colet? She's still
here--yes ... But she's busy, too
... Well, I'll ring again.

LANDING ON UPPER STAIRCASE MED. SHOT

office door. Telephone still ringing inside. Nobody seems to answer.

LILY'S HOTEL ROOM CLOSE SHOT

Lily at phone, putting down receiver. She sits, very thoughtful. She tries to hum the fandango she had been humming so gaily before. Now it comes in fragments as she moves about, sits, gets up. She is worried and suspicious.

DISSOLVE TO:

MED. SHOT UPPER STAIRCASE

Hall clock is striking eight. Butler comes up stairs, goes to office door, and knocks. To his multiple confusion, behind him Mariette's door opens and Gaston appears.

GASTON

Yes, Jacques?

CLOSE SHOT BUTLER

He turns to Gaston's new location.

BUTLER

M'sieu Giron is downstairs.

GASTON

(with vast authority)

Tell M'sieu Giron I can't see him

now. Impossible!

(Butler is about to leave.)

And, Jacques. Dismiss the car! Madame
is not going.

(He turns back into
Marianne's room,
shuts door.)

BUTLER

(by now a confirmed cynic)

Yes, M'sieu Laval!

Followed by camera, shaking his head, he goes down.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE'S BEDROOM DOOR

It opens. Mariette appears.

MARIETTE

Jacques!

CLOSE SHOT BUTLER

BUTLER

(looking dizzily in
wrong direction)

Yes, madame--

(Turning.)

Yes, madame!

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

MARIETTE

Don't dismiss the car! I'll be down
in a few minutes.

(She shuts door.)

BUTLER CLOSE SHOT

He finds his jittery way down the stairs.

BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT

Mariette and Gaston at foot of bed. Bed is untouched. On
bed is her wrap. Mariette picks up wrap.

GASTON

(passionately)

I want you to stay, Mariette.
You've got to stay. You can't go
now!

MARIETTE

I must go.

GASTON

I'm crazy about you!

MARIETTE

(holding him off)

I know it.

GASTON

I love you.

MARIETTE

I believe you.

GASTON

Then why do you want to go?

MARIETTE

Because I want to make it tough for
you.

Gaston takes her in his arms, kisses her passionately. She
returns kiss with even greater passion.

MARIETTE

(still in his arms;
genuine feeling in
its full wisdom)

We have a long time ahead ...

CLOSE-UP A MIRROR IN THE ROOM

The couple are seen at one angle, as dialogue continues.

MARIETTE

Weeks ...

CLOSE-UP ANOTHER MIRROR

Another angle on the couple as she says:

MARIETTE

months ...

MED. CLOSE SHOT ON THE EMPTY BED

Their embracing shadows lie the length of the bed, giving the effect of two bodies in a sex embrace on the bed, as she says:

MARIETTE

years! ...

CLOSE SHOT BOTH STILL EMBRACING

She continues:

MARIETTE

Think of that, Gaston--the future
lies bright before us!

A real struggle goes on in Gaston. She kisses him tenderly, frees herself, and, followed by camera, goes to door, stops, turns.

MARIETTE

(breathless; in a very
low voice, making the
rendezvous for later)

Eleven o'clock!

(She is gone; door closes.)

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

A man in love, completely shaken. He sits on bed, thinks,
then takes telephone slowly, decisively.

GASTON

Élysée seven, eight, seven, nine.

LILY'S HOTEL ROOM

The luggage is packed and in order. Followed by camera, Lily,
dressed for travel, paces nervously up and down. Phone rings.
She rushes to phone.

LILY

Hello ... Darling! Oh, darling,
it's good to hear your voice! I
thought you'd never call! I tried to
get you ... What? What?

(Camera moves to
big close-up of her.)

Tomorrow morning? Why?

(Tears come into her eyes.)

Of course ... Um-hum ... Um-hum ...

(With a brave,
cheerful tone.)

That sounds reasonable--very
reasonable...

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE I

FADE IN

LIVING ROOM MAJOR'S HOME CLOSE-UP

of Mariette. It is after dinner. We hear voices and music. Her thoughts are with Gaston. She sips from a champagne glass. Medium close-up to include her chair and a small table. She puts glass on the table and, oblivious to other guests, leans back dreamily, anticipating a night of love, eyes closed.

Camera pans to a couch not too near Mariette. François and the major, smoking cigars. Camera moves to close-up. They are watching Mariette. They exchange a look of understanding. They have become friends, realizing that neither has a chance with Mariette.

MAJOR

(intimately)

No doubt about it--it's that
secretary.

FRANÇOIS

Funny, the kind of men women fall
for.

MAJOR

No color, no sparkle--but
dependable.

FRANÇOIS

The type they marry.

MAJOR

You know, I'm not the marrying type.
I like to take my fun and leave it.

FRANÇOIS

(inspecting the
major; friendly)

Nice suit.

MAJOR

Like it?

FRANÇOIS

Smart. London, eh?

MAJOR

Ogilvie and Oglethorpe.

FRANÇOIS

I thought so.

Both men lean back. A moment of silence.

FRANÇOIS

(patronizingly)

He's really not a bad fellow.

MAJOR

Just dull.

FRANÇOIS

Insignificant ... He's a secretary,
always was a secretary, always will
be.

MAJOR

(with a smile)

Funny--the first time I saw him I
thought he was a doctor!

FRANÇOIS

(sitting up suddenly)

Doc--!

François looks stricken. Major, worried, thinks François has a heart attack. François gets up; Major gets up. François stares into space, then unseeingly at Major. Major becomes alarmed. François sits. Major sits with him. With sudden decision, François snaps his fingers, stands up. Major also stands up. François, followed by camera, goes straight to Mariette. Major, in a daze, follows. Mariette is still dreaming. François taps her on the shoulder. She looks up. His expression frightens her. François, waving his hand, tries to talk. The words don't come. Finally one escapes him.

FRANÇOIS

Tonsils!

(Major and Mariette think
the man has gone insane.)

Positively tonsils!

DISSOLVE TO:

VERY CLOSE SHOT GASTON'S BEDROOM WINDOW

from outside. Behind the glass, Gaston's hand drumming on the pane nervously. Camera pulls back, and we see Gaston looking into the night, waiting restlessly. Suddenly he turns around sharply toward the door. Apparently someone has knocked at the office door. Camera swings over to the

next window, and we recognize the office, which adjoins Gaston's bedroom. Through office window we see butler, who has knocked on bedroom door, waiting. Bedroom door opens, and Gaston emerges. It is apparent that butler delivers a message. Camera moves down one floor and stops in a close shot of living room window from outside. Behind the glass stands Giron. He also drums nervously on the pane.

LIVING ROOM CLOSE SHOT

at door to the corridor. Door opens. Gaston enters.

CLOSE SHOT GIRON

He turns. Gaston comes into picture.

GASTON

(impatiently)

I'm very sorry, but this is no time,

M'sieu Giron--

GIRON

(emphatically)

I've got to see you.

GASTON

But not now.

GIRON

Right now! It's very important,

M'sieu Laval.

GASTON

It may be important to you, M'sieu
Giron--

GIRON

No, to you--M'sieu Monescu.

Pause, as they face each other.

GASTON

(cordially)

Won't you sit down?

EXT. MAJOR'S VILLA

In entrance driveway stands Mariette's car.

CLOSE SHOT

of entrance door. Mariette comes out, followed by Major and
François. All are excited.

MAJOR AND FRANÇOIS

But, Mariette, please... Now
listen--it's true ...

Followed by camera, they approach car.

MARIETTE

It's absolutely ridiculous! I don't
believe it!

MAJOR AND FRANÇOIS

But, Mariette--

MARIETTE

I'm awfully tired anyhow. So please
leave me alone. Good night!

(She steps into car.

Chauffeur shuts car door

and goes out of picture

to driver's seat. François

and Major linger awkwardly.

Door opens and Mariette

leans out.)

I had a very lovely time!

(Door doses.)

LONG SHOT

Shooting toward the car from opposite side. View of house
and Major and François is covered by car. Car pulls away. We
see Major and François moving toward house, chummy,
animatedly talking.

FRANÇOIS

So I said to myself, "All right, if

he wants to look at them, let him
look at them. No harm in that." And
then he said, "Say ah!" And that's
all I remember ...

They disappear into house.

MARIETTE'S LIVING ROOM MED. SHOT

Gaston and Giron at door to hall.

GIRON

(thinking he is the winner)

So ... You will pack your things at
once!

GASTON

(with deceptive humility)

Yes, m'sieu.

GIRON

And you will be out by tomorrow
morning.

GASTON

Very well, m'sieu.

GIRON

Otherwise I'll call the police

GASTON

Yes, m'sieu.

(Giron is about to leave.)

M'sieu Giron!

GIRON

What is it?

GASTON

(opening a new subject)

You have enjoyed the confidence of
this family for more than forty
years. You must be a man of about--
about sixty-five.

(Giron looks puzzled
and uneasy.)

Let's see--

(Gaston counts on
his fingers.)

You will be exactly eighty-seven
when you come out of prison.

GIRON

(outraged)

What do you mean?

GASTON

You say I am a crook.

GIRON

I know it!

GASTON

(amiably curious)

Then why didn't you call the police?

Why don't you call the police?

(Conversationally.)

I'll tell you why--you crook, you.

GIRON

(trembling with indignation)

M'sieu ...

GASTON

(helpfully)

Monescu.

GIRON

M'sieu Monescu!

GASTON

(with a smile)

Just call me Gaston.

INT. MARIETTE'S CAR

as it drives along. Close shot of Mariette. She knows that François told the truth.

MED. SHOT ENTRANCE DOOR

to Mariette's house. It opens, and Giron emerges, full of dignity and indignation. Gaston, in the doorway, is a smiling host.

GASTON

(calling after him)

Good night, Adolph!

Giron stops in his tracks as Gaston shuts door.

STAIRWAY

Gaston hastens up. He reaches landing and is about to enter his office, when outer doorbell rings. Exasperated, he hastens down.

HALL CLOSE SHOT

at entrance door. Gaston opens. There stands Giron, furious.

GIRON

Don't you dare to call me Adolph!

Gaston slams door in Giron's face and turns back.

STAIRWAY

Gaston starts up.

UPPER LANDING is about to enter office, thinks a moment,
then goes toward Mariette's bedroom door.

LONG SHOT HER BEDROOM INT.

It is dark. Door opens. Gaston enters, shuts door, turns on wall switch, flooding room with light. He moves to a night table by the bed, on which is a small lamp, turns on the lamp, then goes back to wall switch and turns off main lights. Room is now in soft shadow, with only the small light. He turns to window, sees that shade is not down, goes toward the window.

CLOSE SHOT

of same window from outside. Gaston appears, is just about to pull down shade when he glances toward his own bedroom in other wing of house. He sees:

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY

to other wing of house and stops outside Gaston's bedroom window. Behind window stands Lily looking across at him. The situation is clear; she knows the worst. She looks menacingly calm.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM WINDOW

from outside. Gaston is in trouble and he knows it. He goes quickly toward door.

GASTON'S BEDROOM WINDOW

from outside. Lily, having seen Gaston leave Mariette's room, pauses, makes up her mind, then draws the curtains closed.

GASTON'S BEDROOM INSIDE CLOSE SHOT

at door. It opens. Gaston rushes in, looks toward window, doesn't see Lily, turns, and sees:

CLOSE SHOT LILY

at the wall safe. She has one hand on the dial and is facing Gaston defiantly.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

Followed by camera, he goes to Lily.

GASTON

Are you insane? You've to get out
of here at once! She may come back
any minute.

LILY

(grimly)

What time is your rendezvous?

GASTON

(frantic)

Now, Lily--

LILY

Yes, M'sieu Colet?

GASTON

(staggered; recovering;
desperate)

You have to get out of here!

LILY

(bitterly)

That's what I'm here for--to get
out! I want to get away from here,
from you--as fast as I can and as
far as a hundred thousand francs
will take me.

(She returns to the
safe, hand on dial.)

Sixty-five, ninety-four--

GASTON

Don't you realize--

LILY

Thirty-five to the left--sixty-
three, eight ... I wouldn't fall for
another man if he were the biggest
crook on earth ... Seventy-six,

eighty-four, fifty-five--

(Suddenly facing

him; bitterly.)

What has she got that I haven't got?

GASTON

Lily, you must listen to me.

LILY

Shut up! Don't make up any stories!

GASTON

But, Lily--

LILY

Don't you dare lie to me!

(Ironically.)

I know you love me.

(Pause. He is helpless.)

Well, why don't you say something?

Come on--be brilliant. Talk yourself
out of it--bluff yourself in!

(Gaston makes an
effort to speak.)

Shut up, you liar, you!

(She turns back to safe,
opens it, looks inside.)

That's what I want!

(Taking out the stacks
of bank notes.)

This is real! Money! Cash!

STREET

in front of Mariette's house. Her car comes, stops.

MED. SHOT HALL

Gaston's door. Lily comes out, very excited, closing door behind her. Followed by camera, she runs down steps, across hall, toward entrance door. Doorbell rings. She stops.

BUTLER'S PANTRY

Butler in a chair, half-asleep. Bell rings again. He gets up and goes out.

HALL MED. SHOT

at entrance door. Lily has disappeared. Butler comes, opens door. Mariette enters.

BUTLER

Good evening, madame.

Sweeping past him, followed by camera, Mariette goes up stairs. She pauses at her bedroom door. Changing her mind, she goes to Gaston's door. She knocks.

MED. SHOT MARIETTE'S BEDROOM DOOR

from hall. Gaston opens the door. He sees Mariette, smiles, and opens her door very wide, welcoming her to her own room.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

at Gaston's door to his office-and-bedroom suite. She smiles at him enigmatically. Instead of responding, she opens his door and goes in, leaving door open. As she goes she gives him another smile, as if to say, "This is where it's going to be."

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

puzzled, but not worried. He closes her door and goes toward his own door.

GASTON'S BEDROOM

Mariette stands in the center of the room. Gaston enters, closes door, goes toward her. Camera moves to close shot of both. She embraces him--they kiss. Then, languorously, she takes off her wrap. He helps her. She drops wrap on bed. Then she reaches for her necklace with the seductive air of a woman about to disrobe. She takes off the necklace, the jeweled pin on her bosom, then her bracelets and rings.

MARIETTE

(as he watches her;

a lover, but careful)

When a lady takes her jewels off in

a gentleman's room, where does she

put them?

GASTON

(gallantly)

On the night table.

MARIETTE

(provocatively)

But I don't want to be a lady.

She kisses him lightly and moves out of the picture, the
jewels in her hand.

CLOSE SHOT SAFE

Mariette enters with the intention of opening the safe.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He is startled. He goes quickly toward her.

CLOSE SHOT SAFE

Mariette is about to turn the dial. Gaston enters.

GASTON

(helpfully)

May I?

MARIETTE

(again with that

smile; playful)

Ah, let me have a little fun.

GASTON

(playing the game; graciously)

Please!

(He moves away.)

CLOSE SHOT ARMCHAIR

Gaston enters, sits on the arm of the chair, and leans back, smiling, on guard.

MARIETTE

(beginning to dial)

Now let me see--sixty-five, ninety-four--

GASTON

Thirty-three--

MARIETTE

No--thirty-five!

(She laughs.)

CLOSE-UP GASTON

He laughs, too. They are apparently having a jolly time.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

She continues to dial.

MARIETTE

Thirty-five ...

(Very casually.)

You know, François--M'sieu Filiba--
thinks you're a very remarkable man.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

For one swift instant his face tells us that now he knows
the worst.

MARIETTE'S VOICE

He was at the dinner tonight.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

MARIETTE

(continuing to dial)

Sixty-three, eight--

CLOSE-UP GASTON

GASTON

Mariette!

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

She turns toward him charmingly.

MARIETTE

(with pretended innocence)

Yes, Gaston?

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GASTON

GASTON

What would you say if you found
your safe had been robbed?

MARIETTE

I wouldn't say anything--I would
act.

GASTON

Call the police?

MARIETTE

Instantly.

GASTON

(as if to say,

"It's a good idea")

Um-hum ...

MARIETTE

(lightly)

But why talk about robbery on a

night like this?

She pauses--is it ironically? He is not quite sure. He takes a last chance.

GASTON

(ardently)

You look beautiful.

MARIETTE

Thank you.

(Turning back

coolly to safe.)

Seventy-six, eighty--

GASTON

(rising; the game

is over)

Mariette!

MARIETTE

Yes, Gaston?

GASTON

You have been robbed--for years. And not a hundred thousand francs, but millions. And you know who did it? Adolph.

MARIETTE

Adolph?

GASTON

Adolph J. Giron.

MARIETTE

(laughing at him)

And you expect me to believe that?

GASTON

Naturally not. But I expect the
police to believe it.

(He goes out to
night table.)

CLOSE SHOT NIGHT TABLE

Gaston enters, picks up telephone.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

at the safe. Frightened, she goes quickly to telephone.

CLOSE SHOT TELEPHONE

Mariette enters, takes receiver out of Gaston's hand, sets
it back.

MARIETTE

No!

GASTON

Why not? He's a thief--he's a
criminal.

MARIETTE

I don't believe it!

GASTON

Then why are you afraid to let me
prove it?

Mariette turns away. She is beginning to suspect there might
be truth in what he says.

GASTON

(ironically)

It would be a terrible scandal,
wouldn't it?

MARIETTE

(to herself)

Giron...!

GASTON

Yes, Giron! Chairman of the board of
Colet and Company. Honorary

president of the Orphans' Asylum.

Adolph J. Giron--distinguished
citizen! ... Well, shall I call the
police?

(Mariette's silence
eloquently says no.)

I see! You have to be in the social
register to keep out of jail. But
when a man starts at the bottom and
works his way up--a self-made crook
--then you say, "Call the police!
Put him behind bars! Lock him up!"

(He glares at her
indignantly, then
goes to the safe.)

CLOSE SHOT SAFE

Gaston enters, gives the dial one turn, and safe opens. The
papers inside are in complete disorder.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

staring at the open safe.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

He goes toward her.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

Gaston enters, bows formally.

GASTON

I don't seem to have my calling
cards with me, Madame Colet. So
permit me to introduce myself
informally--Gaston Monescu. I
assure you in my own circles I am
very well known.

Mariette looks at him sadly for a moment. She gets up,
restraining tears.

MARIETTE

You wanted a hundred thousand
francs, and I thought you wanted
me.

Gaston is deeply moved. Mariette turns, moves sadly toward
window.

CLOSE SHOT WINDOW

Curtains are now open. We see the church steeple--the same
one we saw romantically before. Mariette enters and leans
her head against the window, her back to the camera. The
church clock strikes eleven.

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

He is crushed. Followed by camera, he goes to her, stops at

her side.

GASTON

I came here to rob you--but
unfortunately I fell in love with
you.

(No reaction.)

Mariette!

She turns, looks at him.

MARIETTE

(bitterly)

Why did you take the money?

Gaston is speechless; the truth is too complicated.
Despairing, she goes. He stands looking after her. We hear
her steps as she crosses the room; then we hear the door
shut. He turns to the window. Suddenly he stares toward
Mariette's bedroom window.

CLOSE SHOT

Mariette's bedroom window from outside. Behind the window
is Lily, looking across at him implacably. She has witnessed
the scene at the opened safe and has come to her own
conclusions.

GASTON'S BEDROOM WINDOW

from outside. Close-up of Gaston. He looks at Lily,
dumbfounded.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT

at door to corridor, from inside. Mariette enters. Suddenly
she turns, and she too is dumbfounded, because she sees:

CLOSE SHOT WINDOW

from Mariette's viewpoint. Lily is still looking out at
Gaston, her back to Mariette. She hears the door close,
turns, sees Mariette, takes in the situation at a glance,
and goes, proudly direct, toward her.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

Lily enters. They face each other.

LILY

Madame, the only thing that seems
to stand between you and romance is
a hundred thousand francs. Well, he
didn't take it.

(She brings the bank

notes out of her jacket.)

I took it--all by myself. Now you
can have your romance!

MARIETTE

(scornfully)

I think you'd better go.

LILY

Ever had a romance with a crook?

MARIETTE

I beg your pardon!

LILY

Let me give you a little advice.

When you embrace him, be sure to put
on your gloves. It would be too bad
if your fingerprints were found ...

MARIETTE

Mademoiselle Gautier--or whatever
your name is--I thank you for your
advice, but I must ask you to go.
You've got your money--

LILY

(violently)

I don't want your money!

MED. SHOT ALL THREE

as Gaston appears. He stops inside the door. Both women turn.

LILY

(looking at Gaston,
but talking to Mariette)
You wanted to buy him for fifty
francs. Well, you can have him for
nothing!

(She tosses the money
out of picture.)

CLOSE SHOT BED

The money falls on bed.

CLOSE SHOT GROUP

Lily walks toward Gaston.

LILY

And you--

GASTON

(pleadingly)

Lily--

(He takes her arm.)

LILY

(freeing herself)

Leave me alone! You were willing to
sacrifice a hundred thousand francs
for her.

(She turns to Mariette,

sizes her up.)

Well--

(she has a sudden idea)

she's worth it!

[(To Mariette.)

You were willing to pay a hundred
and twenty-five thousand for a
handbag. You can pay a hundred
thousand for him!]

CLOSE SHOT BED

Lily enters, takes the money she had gallantly relinquished.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE AND GASTON

standing like two guilty schoolchildren. Lily comes into
picture, walks past them to door, opens door, turns.

LILY

Goodbye--Madame Colet and Company!

(She leaves, slamming door.)

GASTON

(calls)

Lily!

He dashes to door, goes out, closes door. Behind the door we
hear their excited voices. Mariette goes a step closer to the
door. She is in a state confused suspense. Suddenly the

voices cease. We hear, muffled, a woman's footsteps running down the stairs. Then, following, a man's footsteps. Then silence. Now, Mariette, followed by camera, goes to the bed and sinks into it heartbroken: she will never see Gaston again.

MED. SHOT DOOR

Outside we hear the slowly returning footsteps of Gaston.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

sitting up on bed. She turns toward door with hope.

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Gaston enters, closes door, and moves toward Mariette. He looks very grave.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

sitting on bed. Gaston goes to her. Pause.

GASTON

(with great feeling)

Goodbye...

MARIETTE

(getting up; also

with feeling)

Goodbye.

GASTON

It could have been marvelous ...

MARIETTE

Divine ...

GASTON

Wonderful ... But tomorrow morning,
if you should wake out of your
dreams and hear a knock, and the
door opens, and there, instead of a
maid with a breakfast tray, stands
a policeman with a warrant--then
you'll be glad you're alone.

MARIETTE

(sighs)

But it could have been glorious.

GASTON

Lovely.

MARIETTE

Divine ... But that terrible
policeman!

GASTON

Goodbye ...

(He takes her in his
arms. They kiss. He
goes to door.)

CLOSE SHOT DOOR

Gaston opens door, turns to her.

GASTON

You know what you're missing?

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

She shuts her eyes and dreamily nods.

CLOSE-UP GASTON

in doorway.

GASTON

(shaking his head)

No ...

(Out of his coat pocket

he takes the necklace

of seed pearls.)

That's what you're missing! ...

Your gift to her.

CLOSE-UP MARIETTE

For an instant she is taken aback; then she smiles.

MARIETTE

(graciously)

With the compliments of Colet and
Company!

CLOSE SHOT GASTON

He bows, goes. Door shuts behind him.

CLOSE SHOT MARIETTE

She looks after the departed Gaston a moment. Her mood is
broken by ringing of telephone.

MARIETTE

(into phone)

Hello ... Yes ... What? ... Yes ...

No, no. Thank you very much, but
the handbag has been found

(sadly and with

another meaning)

exactly two weeks and three days
ago.

(She hangs up.)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAXICAB MOVING AT NIGHT ALONG PARIS STREETS

Close shot of Gaston and Lily. There is a strained silence
between them. Gaston smiles toward her. He is trying to

make up, but she sits frozen. He smiles again, anticipating the surprise he has in store for her. He reaches for the pearls in his pocket. A look of dismay crosses his face-- the pearls are not there! He looks in all his pockets, can't find them. Suddenly, with suspicion, he looks sidelong at Lily. She responds to his look with a triumphant smile. From her bosom she brings forth the string of pearls and holds it up. He is amazed, can't figure it out. She reaches behind and brings forth a handbag, which we recognize as the one originally stolen from Mariette, and she drops the pearls into the bag. Gaston is now smiling with admiration, yet he looks sly. As Lily drops in the pearls she glances into the bag. Her expression changes. Something is missing. She looks suspiciously toward Gaston. Nonchalantly, he draws, from his inside breast pocket, the precious bank notes, and slips them too into the bag. They smile at each other. Together forever, they embrace and kiss.

FADE OUT

THE END

Screenplay by Samson Raphaelson

*****SONGS*****

Trouble in Paradise

Most any place can seem to be a paradise
While you embrace just the one that you adore
There needn't be an apple tree with magic powers
You need no garden filled with flowers
To taste the thrill of sweet greed hours
Gentle perfume and cushions that are silk and soft
Two in the gloom that is silent but for sighs
That's paradise while arms entwine and lips are kissing
But if there's something missing
That signifies
Trouble in paradise

Colet and Compagnie

Colet, Colet, Colet and Compagnie
Are makers of the best perfume.
If you and your beloved can't agree,
Permit us to suggest perfume.

Cleopatra was a lovely tantalizer.

But she did it with her little atomizer.

We'll make you smell like a rose;

Every nose in Paris knows

Colet and Compagnie.