

# 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.

(Marianne 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  
Marianne'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 Marianne.)  
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  
Marianne 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  
Marianne.

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

(crisply)

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 Livals 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 Laval's 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

Éysée 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  
Mariette'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?  
(Con 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.