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IT TAKES A THIEF

NICE GIRLS MARRY STOCKBROKERS

formerly:

KISS OF DEATH

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IT TAKES A THIEFNICE GIRLS MARRY STOCKBROKERSCAST

AL MUNDY

SHARON
BURKHARDT
BILL DOVER
IGOR
PAUL TRIONNE
MICHELLE DeBECK
ROGER CROVENEY
DOCTOR
YVONNE
MARIE

SILENTS:

DIPLOMATIC COURIER
SUZANNE
PAULETTE
PORTERS
GIRL - SECRETARY
MODELS
SEAMSTRESSES
FITTERS

SETSINTERIORS:

HALLWAY
ELEVATOR
ELEVATOR SHAFT
CAR
AL'S APARTMENT
SHARON'S CAR (PROCESS)
SHARON'S APARTMENT
DRESSING ROOM
HOSPITAL CORRIDOR
EMERGENCY ROOM
MAISON DeBECK - SALON
PAUL'S OFFICE
SHARON'S OFFICE
CORRIDOR
CORRIDOR AT PAUL'S OFFICE
VAULT
CORRIDOR AT SHARON'S OFFICE
MAISON DeBECK - FRONT DOOR
MAISON DeBECK - BASEMENT
MAXIM'S
AUDIENCE - COURIER

EXTERIORS:

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
PARIS (STOCK)
ORLY FIELD (STOCK)
AIRPORT OUTSIDE
CUSTOMS OFFICE
SHARON'S CAR
CORNER OF BUILDING
PARIS STREET -
SHARON'S CAR (STOCK)
PARIS APARTMENT
BUILDING (STOCK)
MAISON DeBECK
BUILDING LEDGE
BALCONY
HOSPITAL
PAUL'S WINDOW
FRONT DOOR
MAXIM'S (STOCK)

IT TAKES A THIEF

NICE GIRLS MARRY STOCKBROKERS

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. WASHINGTON - NIGHT - STOCK 1
Establishing.

2 EXT. BUILDING - WASHINGTON - NIGHT 2
A nondescript place. Closed for the night. Dark. Headlamps of car swing round corner blindingly. Car drives in, halts. Al gets out. He's in dinner jacket. He looks around briefly. Feeling we get is that he's going to rob this place. He crosses to building, is lost in shadows of its entrance.

3 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 3
Dark. Start on big closeup keyhole: Vaguely, shadowily discernible in the gloom -- and this close. O. s., in the corridor beyond, we hear stealthy footsteps, quick and cautious. They halt. A beat. Light suddenly floods in, dazzling, through the keyhole. Not satisfied with big closeup, camera moves in for even bigger closeup -- like trying to get right inside the keyhole, now so brightly illuminated -- as a lock-picking device is inserted from the other side. It's obviously in expert hands -- probing, clicking, testing, etc., -- enhancing the impression that Al is the thief out there. We don't actually see the device conquering the lock's tumblers, etc., -- we simply hear the final and decisive click which tells us that this has been done. The wire device is withdrawn. So is the light -- illumination weakening. As the door swings inward, opening -- we pull back as the flashlight sweeps around, blinding us. Through its spread of light, we see the vague shape of a man entering the room. It could easily be Al. He turns, shuts the door carefully behind him. Swings flashlight around again to probe the furthest corners of the room.

4 INTRUDER'S POINT OF VIEW 4
flashlight probing. We see enough, in the darkness, in isolated pick-outs by the flashlight's beam, to tell us that this is a modestly-furnished and quite ordinary office.

5 BACK TO SCENE

5

Intruder-who-could-be-Al -- still vaguely and unidentifiably shaped for us in the gloom, and wielding the flashlight -- moves into room's center. We pull back slightly and realise we are watching the above on a TV Monitor Screen in:

6 INT. MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

6

A beat as we continue to watch the Intruder seeking something as before. We hear a door opening: It's not clear whether this is here (in Monitor Room) or there in the room with the Intruder. We hear footsteps, likewise doubtfully located. And we pan from the Monitor Screen to answer all questions with a view of Al as he arrives here and is therefore obviously not committing robbery there. He halts, looks sourly at TV screen, is clearly not pleased to be here and therefore looks even more sourly at the now-revealed person who summoned him: Dover, seated before TV Monitor watching intently. A beat.

AL

No.

DOVER

No what?

AL

(indicating
TV screen)

No I don't think that's such a great program it's worth interrupting my date.

DOVER

Sit down, Al.

AL

(grudging)

Only till the commercial.

He sits. Impatiently. They watch the TV screen. Dover indicates it and informs:

DOVER

That's the chief's office.

CONTINUED

AL

I feel privileged -- and choked up. To be watching ---

DOVER

That guy is an enemy agent.

AL

(unimpressed)

Can't you play your little war games without me? Next time you'll get me out of bed to take part in fire-drill.

DOVER

This is no simulation, Al. That guy is an enemy agent for real.

AL

For real. In the SIA Chief's office ---

A beat. Al can't fail to be intrigued -- but mockingly, he can and does continue to refuse to be deeply impressed.

AL

You let in an enemy agent -- right into SIA HQ, Washington. Right into the big man's office.

DOVER

Correct.

AL

And if he finds the safe?

DOVER

We let him open it.

AL

Suppose he can't? Is that why I'm here -- to go down and help him?

DOVER

He'll manage. He's the best man they've got at that work.

Al's professional interest is aroused -- but he'd die rather than let Dover know this. Nevertheless, he turns his head and watches the TV screen for a little while.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED - 2

6

AL

That good, he should have found
the safe by now.

DOVER

(suppressing
smile)

It's well-concealed.

AL

Uh-uh. It's in back of the fireplace.

DOVER

Correct. How did you know?

AL

(looking back
at Dover)

You guys don't have the imagination
to stow it anywhere else.

DOVER

So much imagination, you should
know what's going on without me
telling you.

AL

(patiently)

But I don't care what's going on
down there -- 'cause back in my
apartment is my own game: will-
she-won't-she -- and this delay
may have already cost me the decision.
So --

(rising)

-- it's been nice watching you
watching him but the excitement's
too much for my heart.

(to screen)

You're not even warm, you klutz.
The fireplace, the fireplace.

7 TV SCREEN

7

Intruder's flashlight roves briefly, rests on fireplace.
Intruder moves toward it.

8 BACK TO SCENE

8

Dover nods approvingly.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

DOVER

All going according to plan.

AL

(moving to
leave)

Including me.

DOVER

To Paris.

AL

Maybe tomorrow.

DOVER

Tonight for sure.

AL

I've got other plans.

DOVER

(indicating
TV screen)

And he's got the combination --
fast.

Instinctively, Al looks at TV screen. He's impressed -- but
still grudging.

AL

Son of a gun. Not bad.

9 TV SCREEN

9

Intruder, with flashlight propped as worklight, has swung
safe out of inside of chimney and is in the act of pulling
open the safe door.

10 BACK TO SCENE

10

Al is a little angry with himself for having unbent sufficiently
to show that much interest.

AL

I guess you made it easy for him ---

DOVER

Uh-uh. This has got to feel right
to him. Watch. What he's looking
for isn't right up front.

11 TV SCREEN

11

Intruder methodically searches amidst contents of safe,
discarding everything he touches.

12 BACK TO SCENE

12

Dover watches screen intently as:

DOVER

And when he finds it -- I'll tell
you all about your trip to Paris ---

AL

(patiently)

Some other time, William. Right
now, there's nothing in Paris ---

Dover, eyes never off screen, "casually" throws a magazine on
the control-console in front of the TV screen. Al's eyes
snap to it.

13 INSERT - MAGAZINE

13

French: "L'Esprit de Paris." On the cover: a gorgeous
brunette.

AL

-- I want to see ---

But, from his tone, it's clear he's already changing his mind.

14 CLOSEUP - AL

14

reacting.

DOVER (o.s.)

Her name's Yvonne.

AL

(eyes never off
the magazine)

Has he found what he's stealing yet?

DOVER (o.s.)

Any second now. Why?

AL

I want to hear all about my trip
to Paris ---

15 BACK TO SCENE

15

Dover smiles to himself slightly. Tenses, while continuing
to watch TV screen.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

DOVER

There you go.

16 TV SCREEN

16

Intruder picks up an envelope from safe's interior. Opens it. Quickly checks contents: a thin booklet. Pockets it. Closes safe. Begins to swing it back out of sight into the chimney wall

17 BACK TO SCENE

17

Dover heaves a sigh of relief, turns to face Al for the briefing.

DOVER

He's got what we wanted him to get.
The SIA Master Code.

AL

Who's Yvonne?

DOVER

If precedent is followed, it'll
move, fast, to Paris.

AL

Who's Yvonne?

DOVER

And your assignment is to find out
how such stolen information is then
passed on to Moscow.

AL

Who's Yvonne?

DOVER

They've got a prize haul there --
the Master Code.

AL

Who'd Yvonne?

DOVER

One thing they don't know, though.

AL

Like me -- they don't know who's
Yvonne?

DOVER

It's last year's code.
(deadpan)

You may be wondering how Yvonne
fits into all this?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

AL

Who -- me ?

DOVER

She's a leading Parisian fashion model.

AL

I'm her devoted follower, as of two minutes ago.

DOVER

Don't joke.

AL

I'm deadly serious.

Also, he hasn't taken his eyes off the magazine -- and we've cut to it from time to time in the above.

DOVER

Yvonne works for us, SIA. We planted her in one of the big French fashion houses -- Maison de Beck.

AL

That's the way to moonlight -- model by day, mayhem by night.

DOVER

We've suspected for some time that Maison de Beck is a drop for secret information -- and a clearing-house for onward transmission. But we've never been able to prove it -- or establish the modus operandi. Yvonne recently reported she'd exhausted every line of inquiry she could think of. And requested another agent be assigned. That's you, Al.

Dover rises.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED - 2

17

DOVER (Cont'd)

So you fly to Paris tonight.
Yvonne will meet you, fill you in
on everything she knows. Which
isn't much.

AL

(looking at magazine cover)

Oh I wouldn't say that ---

DOVER

I'm talking about Intelligence!

AL

(innocently)

Me too. I prefer 'em with some
brains ---

DOVER

I said don't joke. We lost two
operatives on this inquiry before
Yvonne was assigned. Make no
mistake: they'd wipe her out,
and you, just like that.

To illustrate, he turns to the monitor-screen and switches
it off.

18 TV SCREEN

18

We have time to see that the scene on the monitor is now
minus Intruder -- that Dover's hand is leaving the switch --
and the picture ~~dwindles~~ to black.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

19 EXT. PARIS - DAY - STOCK 19

Establishing.

20 INT. ARRIVALS' HALL - ORLY AIRPORT - DAY 20

Vicinity of newsstand. Start with close shot newsstand: there's a big display of "L'esprit de Paris" magazines -- dozens of 'em -- the issue bearing Yvonne's cover photo, as just seen. Al arrives in frame, carrying suitcase, pauses, looks at magazines in anticipation. He's almost knocked flying by a beautiful blonde (Sharon) who rushes into scene.

SHARON

Darling!

She flings her arms around Al, clasps him tight. Automatically, he completes the embrace.

21 CLOSER ANGLE - AL AND SHARON 21

She kisses him quickly and lightly -- and whispers through a prop smile:

SHARON

You are Al Mundy?

AL

Enthusiastically. If I'm not I'll change my name.

SHARON

So now I'll never know.

AL

Never know what?

SHARON

What I'd've done if you'd said you weren't Al Mundy.

AL

Am I ever going to know?

SHARON

Know what?

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

AL

Who you are?

SHARON

I'm Sharon Foster.

AL

From Travelers' Aid?

SHARON

Yvonne sent me. I'll explain later.
For now -- pretend you know me.

AL

Intimately?

SHARON

Well, not too ---

But her words are smothered by Al's kiss -- and the breath is squeezed from her by his embrace. She surfaces from the experience; more than a little breathless.

SHARON

(confused)

That wasn't necessary.

AL

Honey -- when I know people --
I know 'em.

SHARON

(miffed)

Well, you're not nice to know. I mean -- it was only so's if I was followed, they'd think we were old friends -- or cousins at the most, I mean -- you didn't have to ---

AL

("solemn")

I did. You -- you inflamed my senses. I couldn't help myself.

(lightly)

Besides, you were right. You were followed.

SHARON

(thrilled, forgetting
her protests)

No! Was I really?

AL

Got a mirror?

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

She nods.

AL (Cont'd)
Check out -- in back of you.
(for benefit of
Passers-By)
Shiny spot, darling -- right
on the tip of your nose.

She takes out mirror, holds it up.

22 MIRROR POINT OF VIEW - REFLECTION

Man dressed in brown, (Burkhardt), near ad-billboards, "reading"
newspaper.

SHARON (o.s.)
The one reading the newspaper?

AL (o.s.)
Uh-huh.

23 BACK TO SCENE

Sharon is having difficulty containing her excitement. She
ostentatiously "checks her appearance" in the mirror as:

SHARON
How can you tell?

AL
Because he wasn't reading the
paper. It was catching shadow
instead of light.

SHARON
This is so groovy! I've never
been followed before!

AL
That, I seriously doubt --

SHARON
No, I mean when I've helped Yvonne.
It's always been fun -- but --
never as much as this --

AL
That's the way I feel -- about my
career so far --

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

A look between them. Only for a moment. But some kind of feeling is beginning to dawn in both of them. Al snaps out of it first -- by a fraction of a second: She too senses that it's a dangerous moment, emotionally.

AL

Let's make it look good to the last for whoever-that-guy-is.

(takes her arm)

Know him?

SHARON

Never seen him before in my life.

AL

(lightly)

You can say the same about me --

But, in their expressions, briefly, is the knowledge that that's different. Arms linked affectionately, they walk away out of frame. We:

PAN

to see Burkhardt, watching them go. He's indecisive: Can't quite make up his mind about them. Rubs his chin. Begins to follow them.

24 EXT. PARIS APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - STOCK

Typical -- establishing. On one of the Grand Boulevards.

25 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sharon and Al, seated at opposite ends of couch.

SHARON

-- Yvonne and I share the apartment, and both work for Maison de Beck.

AL

Are you a model too?

SHARON

(laughs)

Not me. I don't look good in clothes.

AL

I'll pass on that.

SHARON

(prettily confused)

You know what I mean.

AL

Yes -- but I still don't know what you do at Maison de Beck.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

SHARON

Fashion photography. Michelle was looking for an American girl. Yvonne recommended me.

AL

Who's Michelle?

SHARON

Michelle de Beck -- one of the owners.

AL

And the other?

SHARON

Paul Trionne. You know that name?

(NOTE: Suggestion: So's we're not asking the audience to absorb information about mere and unidentified names -- will there be time to have magazine pages printed showing Michelle and Paul featured in photos? They could be in the article in "L'Esprit de Paris" which carries model Yvonne on the cover. If this can't be done, the above can be illustrated by Sharon pointing out the people she's talking about, in the magazine.)

AL

The fashion designer. Who's so 'in' it may take surgery to get him out.

SHARON

He's brilliant. Used to work for Michelle and rather than lose him to a competitor, she took him in as a partner.

(a beat)

Now I've told you everything, Mr. Mundy.

AL

So you want me to tell you what this is all about?

SHARON

Oh no. Yvonne warned me from the start: help out -- and shut up: never ask.

(a beat)

Incidentally -- I wonder where Yvonne is ---?

Al looks up sharply, and speaks the same way, instantly alerted. Sharon rapidly and genuinely becomes enchantingly feminine and disconnected. In the circumstances, however, Al isn't entirely enchanted by her.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 2

25

AL

Wonder? Don't you know?

SHARON

Not exactly.

AL

Isn't she at work?

SHARON

Oh not today.

AL

Then why didn't she meet me at the airport?

SHARON

Didn't I explain?

AL

(through his teeth)

No honey -- you didn't.

SHARON

She was going to meet you and started on the way -- but came back with two loaves and a string of garlic.

AL

Why?!

SHARON

To fool him she'd been shopping.

AL

To fool who?

SHARON

The man who was following her.

AL

She told you she was being followed?

SHARON

Why yes. She didn't know what to do. Didn't want to lead him to you at the airport -- so I offered ---

AL

(quickly)

-- to meet me and bring me here once we'd lost the shadow.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 3

25

SHARON

Which we did.

(all the time in
the world, while
Al, very anxious,
fumes)

That was so thrilling -- the way
you drove -- confusing him ---

AL

(heartfelt)

That's nothing to the way you're
confusing me.

SHARON

(astounded)

Me? What have I ---?

AL

("patiently")

Sharon: Yvonne should have been
here to meet us when we got back
just now.

SHARON

She might have stopped out.

AL

What for -- more garlic??

SHARON

Why are you so worried?

AL

(ignoring,
most urgent)

Did you see the guy who was
shadowing Yvonne?

SHARON

Not to describe his looks. I
looked out the window -- here --
he was on the other side of the
street ---

AL

His clothes? You saw ---?

SHARON

Awful. Terrible cut -- no style ---

AL

Color?

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 5

25

SHARON

Mud-brown -- just awful -- they --
(light dawns
hoarsely)

Oh Al! It was -- it was the same
man we saw at the airport!

AL

Why didn't you tell me all this --- ?

SHARON

(deeply confused)
I don't know. You didn't ask. I
forgot. I didn't think. Other
things on my mind -- since we met --
I ---

Phone rings. Grateful for the interruption, she snatches it.

SHARON

Hello.

(relief)

Yvonne!

(Al reacts)

(very fast)

Yes. Sure. Now? Right. Au 'voir.

She replaces the phone. Dialog and action are very rapid indeed
from now until end of scene.

SHARON

She is at work. Paul called her.
Last minute fittings.

AL

What's the rush?

SHARON

Only the Fall showings -- starting
Wednesday! Just one of the biggest
events of the fashion world, that's
all!

AL

OK. OK. When do I see her?

SHARON

Now. We're to go to Maison de Beck
now. She couldn't say much -- but
she has something very important
to tell you.

AL

Then let's go.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 6

25

SHARON

All right.

She turns, hurries to door. Al follows closely. Suddenly, she stops, turns and Al tangles with her at speed.

SHARON

(aghast)

We can't!

AL

(disentangling)

Can't what?

SHARON

Go to Maison de Beck!

AL

Why not?

SHARON

I can't take a stranger in there just before an important showing. It's against the rules. Paul and Michelle would absolutely hemorrhage.

AL

Tell 'em I'm your brother.

SHARON

Oh they know I have no family.

AL

Then tell 'em I'm your keeper; they must know you're nuts.

(a brief beat)

Sharon. Move. You've got to get me in there to talk to Yvonne.

SHARON

There's no point in going till we figure out --

(inspired)

What about Roger?

AL

(nonplussed)

I don't know. What about Roger? For that matter who is Roger?

SHARON

My fiance.

AL

(delighted)

A brilliant invention. That's it. I'm your fiance -- Roger ---

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED - 7

25

SHARON

It's no invention. I'm really
engaged to a Roger.

Slight regret reaction from Al. And a tiny cloud over Sharon's
outlook too. Both are instantly dispelled however by urgent
practicalities.

SHARON

And no one there's ever met him.
You could easily be him.

AL

Consider me him. Tell me about
myself.

SHARON

Last name Summers. You're a stock
broker in business with your father.
Summers and Summers. On ---

AL

Wall Street.

SHARON

You live on ---

AL

Long Island. I sound real exciting.

SHARON

Roger Summers -- that is your life.
Let's go. And don't forget your
bag.

AL

Why do I need ---?

SHARON

To register at a hotel, of course.

AL

What 'of course?' Oughtn't I to
stay here?

SHARON

What?

CONTINUED

AL

With you to cover me?

SHARON

What??

AL

(explaining,
patiently)

You're my cover. I mean I'm supposed to be your fiancé. You remember your fiancé -- Romantic Roger, the Dow Jones Don Juan? How can I stay at a hotel as Roger Summers when my passport says Al Mundy?

SHARON

(knowledgeable)

Surely you people never go anywhere without a dozen or so blank passports?

AL

I packed in a hurry.

SHARON

Well you're not unpacking here -- in any circumstances.

AL

I've got no choice.

SHARON

You can't stay here!

AL

Yvonne will chaperone.

By this time, he's hustled her to the door.

AL

Out. Out.

Sharon starts to protest, but -- they're out.

FLIP OVER TO

26

INT. SALON - DAY

26

backstage area. Many flimsily-clad models around, busily running back and forth and into and out of gowns, etc. Sharon and Al enter frame. Models ad lib "Hellos" to Sharon, and eye Al appreciatively. Sharon pointedly introduces him, in a "hands off" tone:

SHARON

My fiancé, girls -- Roger Summers.

She grabs his arm possessively -- and it's difficult to tell whether this is part of the act or genuine and uncrushable jealousy on her part --- At any rate:

SHARON

Are you wearing a tight collar?

AL

No. Why?

SHARON

Your eyes are popping.

AL

(dutiful
fiance)

Sorry, dear. But this is so different
from life in the counting house
~~amongst~~ all that dreary money --

Paul Trionne strides in furiously and tempermentally from one side.

PAUL

Sharon! You know better than to
bring a stranger in here!

SHARON

He's not a stranger, Paul. This is
my fiance, Roger Summers.

Michelle enters.

SHARON

Madame de Beck -- Michelle -- May
I present ---?

CONTINUED

Michelle cordially extends her hand.

MICHELLE

(interrupting)

You don't have to introduce Roger,
Sharon.

(to Al)

Sharon has talked about you so
much I feel we're old friends.

Al takes her extended hand, his eyes focused on Michelle's.
There is a flash of mutual interest between them.

AL

I hope we shall be -- very soon.

Al kisses Michelle's wrist in Continental fashion.

MICHELLE

(to Paul)

We can make an exception this time,
Paul. I'm sure Sharon's fiance
isn't a spy.

Paul continues to eye Al suspiciously.

PAUL

Do you have a camera?

AL

(smiles)

No -- and I couldn't draw a pair
of jockey shorts from memory.

Paul relaxes and extends his hand.

PAUL

Forgive me if I seem rude, but
some of our competitors are most
unscrupulous -- and two days before
an important showing...? You
understand....

AL

(Shaking hands)

Of course.

SHARON

(looking about)

I don't see Yvonne.

MICHELLE

She's changing over.

Paul glances impatiently at his watch.

PAUL

And taking long enough.

(to Michelle)

Do be an angel, ma cherie, and give
her a hand.

Michelle nods, smiles at Al, and exits. Paul heaves a
weary sigh.

PAUL

(to Al)

Be glad you're not a couturier,
m'sieur. These showings! Four
times a year! So exhausting! The
biggest buyers in the world waiting
breathlessly to see the new Trionne
look...his hemline...his neckline...
his....

He is interrupted by Michelle's terrified SCREAM from an
adjoining room. All react. Al is the first to dash in the
direction.

27 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

27

A small room with several outfits draped on dummies, a
dressing table, full-length mirror, etc. In b.g. an open
window leads to a small balcony. Michelle is standing in
the center of the room, a look of horror on her face as
Al comes charging in, followed by Paul, Sharon, and others.
Michelle, speechless, can only point toward the corner.

28 CORNER OF THE ROOM - YVONNE

28

Yvonne is lying on her face, the handle of a large pair of
cutting shears protruding from her back.

29 TWO SHOT - AL AND SHARON

29

As Sharon screams at the sight -- and sobs -- and Al com-
fortingly takes her in his arms.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

30 INT. SALON - DAY - TWO SHOT - AL AND SHARON 30

Continuous action: Al comforting Sharon. We go into close up Al to register his intrigued reaction to;

31 AL'S POINT OF VIEW 31

The body -- very quickly seen again -- then zoom down to the victim's right hand. It's twisted to reveal the palm. In it: a few black sequins. Beside it: on the floor -- more sequins.

WHIP PAN TO

32 MICHELLE - AL'S POINT OF VIEW CONTINUED 32

We now make a point of what was only casually observed when she was first seen: that she is wearing a dress plentifully featuring such sequins. A beat. Michelle tears her reluctantly fascinated gaze from the body -- looks up -- and meets Al's scrutiny from across the room. Her eyes are moist with tears -- apparently genuine -- as seems her tone for:

MICHELLE

I don't begin to understand --
Why would anyone do a thing like
this?

33 BACK TO SCENE 33

Paul, sickened by the killing, nevertheless has his own priorities and, unguardedly, expresses them.

PAUL

On the eve of the Fall showings, too.

A beat. Everyone is naturally shocked at this callousness. Paul looks confused but is too arrogant to explain or diminish his remark. General conversation breaks out -- amongst Models etc., -- and gives cover for Sharon to whisper to Al (who responds in the same tone:)

SHARON

Why don't you hit him?

AL

Gonna be too busy catching you.

CONTINUED

33

CONTINUED

33

SHARON

Catching -- ?

AL

When you faint.

SHARON

(indignant)

I never faint.

AL

Don't argue: swoon -- *

Surreptitiously, but most effectively, Al knees her sharply in the back-hollows of her knees. Her legs give way and she falls helplessly. He catches her "adroitly" with a "concerned" ---

AL

My darling!

-- and conversation ceases all around in response to the incident. Sharon is furious, her eyes open as Al (his back to the general group) puts her "gently" on the floor and, continuing thought from * above:

AL

(to Sharon)

-- and stay swooned.

Reluctantly, fuming, still very angry, she nevertheless snaps her eyes shut to complete the swoon-effect. Al strokes her hair, and lightly slaps her face and otherwise behaves like a distraught fiance trying to restore his love to consciousness. Paul and Michelle hurry into picture.

MICHELLE

Oh poor Sharon.

PAUL

Fortunate child. She has escaped, for a few moments, from this appalling reality.

MICHELLE

(tearful)

She was so close to Yvonne.

AL

I'd better get her out of here ---

MICHELLE

Of course.

Paul becomes a great organizer and crowd-controller.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED - 2

33

PAUL

Stand back, everyone. Touch
nothing -- until the police
arrive.

34 CLOSE TWO SHOT - AL AND SHARON

34

Al puts his arms around her and lifts her. She nods, quickly, to show that she now understands the need for the swoon.

35 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

35

Sharon is now contrite.

SHARON

You were right. Roger Summers
couldn't afford to be questioned
by the gendarmes -- with a pass-
port in the name of Al Mundy. I'm
sorry. I should have fainted like
you told me, without argument.

AL

(mock-stern)

Always do like I tell you --
because I'm always right.

SHARON

(spirited)

I don't buy that -- any more than
I buy Michelle killing Yvonne.

AL

I don't buy it, baby -- but -- in
a stunningly original phrase, it's
the only lead we've got. No one
else around here was wearing
sequins ---

SHARON

It's no lead at all -- because
Michelle's not ---

AL

(patient)

Not the type?

The way he says it stings her to respond:

SHARON

Oh don't be so -- so experienced!

CONTINUED

AL

(reasonably)

You've got to realize: in the right scene, everyone's the type. Or, to put it another way, there's no such thing as the type.

SHARON

(grandly)

I don't know what you're talking about.

AL

Exactly. Let's leave it at that. And get you to the airport.

SHARON

Airport? I'm staying right here to help you.

AL

You're not ---

SHARON

Now don't say I'm 'not the type.' Oh I admit I haven't done anything heroic before, but, in the right scene, everyone's the type. Or, to put it another way ---

AL

Hey -- you're being fresh!

SHARON

Don't make fun of me!

AL

All right.

(shrug)

Take it neat.

(factual, unexcited)

You're next. By all the rules. Figure. They know you're Yvonne's roommate -- and that you fooled with SIA work. Believe me -- they could easily kill you.

SHARON

(fury)

I wasn't fooling. I was a real help. Yvonne told me -- and she told Washington ---

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED - 3

35

AL

Not so loud -- or you won't be able
to walk without chiming.

SHARON

What?!

AL

All those medals on you -- from
every country in NATO.

SHARON

(barely
controlled)

Why won't you take me seriously?

AL

I take you seriously -- as a nice
cute little kid who's in way over
her head. You've done all you need.
Now get on the next plane back to
Roger. Is that serious enough?

SHARON

Why drag Roger into this?

AL

He came of his own free will.

SHARON

Which is how I got into this --
and I'm staying the same way. Just
you listen.

Al patiently lets her talk on -- fast and passionate.

SHARON

You think I'm a born-rich parasite
who only plays -- at everything from
fashion-photography to state secrets.
Well maybe I was like that. Until
what happened -- to Yvonne ---

She breaks off, controls her emotion quickly.

SHARON

I'm going to finish what she started.
You've got yourself a partner --
like it or not. On this job, in
this town, you need me.

A beat. Basically, Al admires her spirit. Why argue any
further? So:

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED - 4

35

AL

Maybe I do at that. To cut some
corners.

(challenge)

Get me into Maison de Beck tonight,
for a lookaround.

SHARON

(crisply)

No problem. I often work late in
my darkroom --

(figuring rapidly)

Only trouble is, this time of year,
so close to the show, a lot of
working late goes on, in all depart-
ments.

(checks watch)

We couldn't safely take a good look-
around everywhere until real late.

AL

(deadpan)

Whatever you say. How do we fill
in the time --- ?

SHARON

I could show my fiancé round Paris.

AL

He'd rather relax -- right here.

He does so -- on the couch. And looks at her -- with a smile
she can interpret any way she wants.

36 INT. SALON - NIGHT

36

A very distressed Paul is seated with Michelle. Judging by
materials etc., strewn about, they have been working on various
clothes. They are alone, drinking coffee, work finished.

PAUL

Yvonne was so sweet -- I'm completely
shattered ---

MICHELLE

Should we postpone our Fall showing?

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

PAUL

With all our most important buyers
already in Paris, Michelle? They'd
never forgive us. No, ma cherie.
We'll just have to steel ourselves
and see it through.

In b.g., a door opens. Burkhardt, in deliveryman's coveralls,
enters, carrying a bolt of cloth.

BURKHARDT

Monsieur Paul Brionne?

PAUL

Yes? What is it?

("realizing")

Oh yes. Special delivery. The new
silk I ordered.

BURKHARDT

Where do you want it, monsieur?

PAUL

My office. On the 5th floor. Wait
outside there for me. I'll be right
with you.

37 ANOTHER ANGLE

37

as Burkhardt goes.

PAUL

(rising)

I hate to sound cold-blooded,
Michelle but --

(helpless shrug)

-- business must go on. You run
along and get a good night's sleep.

He follows Burkhardt out. Michelle sits glumly a long moment,
heaves a despondent sigh, then exits.

38 INT. CORRIDOR - DE BECK'S SALON - NIGHT

38

Burkhardt, bolt on shoulder, waits outside Paul's office door.
We get time to establish this door: it is completely smooth
and lockless. Then Paul arrives, from direction of elevator.
He is extremely agitated -- in contrast to Burkhardt's total
and calm self-possession. With shaking hands, Paul takes a
strip of metal from his pocket. It is attached to a chain,
exactly as if it's a key (which, electronically speaking, it
is). He holds it out in front of him -- against a certain
section of the smooth door. There is a buzz. Burkhardt sighs.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

BURKHARDT

The precautions you take -- for a few designs for clothes!

A click. The door springs open. Paul, thin-lipped and angry, snaps, but quietly, as they enter:

PAUL

Secrecy in my business is as vital as in yours -- but we don't go so far as murder to preserve it!

They're in.

39 INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

39

It is elegantly furnished. Unceremoniously, Burkhardt dumps the bolt of cloth on the antique desk, turning at once, with:

BURKHARDT

I hope you are not going to be boring, Paul -- on the subject of eliminating Yvonne.

PAUL

I do not consider it a bore to remind you that I never agreed to murder.

BURKHARDT

Oh? I was under the impression you so hungrily desired what we have to offer that you implicitly agreed to anything.

PAUL

No.

(very shaken)

Why did you kill her?

BURKHARDT

(examining his fingernails)

I could take no chances -- once I had reason to believe she was working for the SIA.

PAUL

(staggered -- and afraid)

What -- reason?

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

BURKHARDT

She telephoned Washington.

PAUL

(aghast)

That proves nothing!

BURKHARDT

Agreed -- but in the circumstances
it suggested far too much.

He rises suddenly, and now speaks much more sharply and impatiently.

BURKHARDT

Enough, Paul. You do not understand
these matters -- and you never will.
Do your part -- enjoy the spoils --
and close your eyes to all else.
Believe me, it is best that way.

Burkhardt unrolls the beginning of the bolt of cloth and reveals
the stolen codebook within. He hands it to:

PAUL

(rejecting book)

I'm not going to do it. Find another
way of transmitting ---

BURKHARDT

(evenly -- but with
great menace)

Now listen, Trionne. It cost us
plenty to buy you the partnership
in Maison de Beck and set up this
operation. We intend to get our
money's worth ---

PAUL

(tremulous)

I don't care -- you killed -- you
killed on the smallest of suspi-
cions ---

BURKHARDT

I told you: I could take no chances.

(more silkily)

And neither can you -- if you really
want Maison de Beck to become Maison
Trionne.

The phrase acts like hypnosis on Paul. He repeats it softly.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED - 2

39

PAUL
Maison Trionne ---

BURKHARDT
(tapping book)
For transmitting this -- you'll be
paid more than enough to buy out
Michelle -- the chance you've always
wanted -- to dominate your own
salon -- undisputed master -- of
Maison Trionne.

A beat. Paul is transported by the mere thought. Burkhardt suddenly thrusts the book at him. Paul almost snatches it. Manages to control his voice somehow as:

PAUL
(hushed)
All right, Burkhardt. Call your
superiors. Tell them to be sure
their courier is here Wednesday.

Burkhardt nods and exits (door opens automatically with his approach to it, via some ray or other. Paul opens drapes to reveal huge stainless steel vault door with three intricate-looking dials.

40 INT. SHARON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

Sharon sits, somewhat primly, some distance from Al. He, as before, is comfortably flat on his back on couch, head cushions propped. He is looking at her unblinkingly. She is increasingly uneasy under his gaze. A long beat.

SHARON
Why are you staring at me?

AL
Because you're a nicer shape than
the lamp shade, record player or
antique clock.

SHARON
Well don't.

AL
O.K.

He stares at the ceiling instead. A beat.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

AL

Do you like ceilings?

SHARON

Oh don't be silly.

AL

But this is a real exciting ceiling.
I can tell at a glance: Early
Napoleonic, and last repainted during
the 58th anniversary of the Folies
Bergeres. As a ceiling buff I
can assure you ---

SHARON

Please don't bother.

AL

You don't know what you're missing.

SHARON

I do.

AL

(sigh)

And I thought we had something in
common.

No response. A beat.

AL

I also thought it would be fun being
engaged to you.

No response. A beat. Doorbell rings.

AL

(rising)

Expecting anyone?

SHARON

No.

AL

You'd better open the door. I'll
be close.

SHARON

Not -- too close ---

She rises, begins to cross to the door.

41 ANGLE ON DOOR

41

Sharon enters picture, opens door. The visitor is Michelle.

MICHELLE

Sharon, my dear -- forgive me for
breaking in on you like this -- but
I have been so worried about you
since -- Yvonne ---

SHARON

Thank you, Michelle. But I am all
right now.

MICHELLE

Are you sure? You look as if you
are still under a strain ---

Al appears.

MICHELLE

-- and no wonder.

(confused, on
seeing Al)

Oh -- I didn't mean -- I mean I
meant ---

AL

(mercifully)

Hi, Michelle.

MICHELLE

So stupid of me -- I'd forgotten
-- your fiance -- Roger -- of course ---

AL

Come on in.

A quick-flashed look from Sharon to Al: she doesn't approve
the invitation.

MICHELLE

Oh no -- such an intrusion -- on
your reunion -- after so many months ---

AL

Don't worry about that. We'd
passed the peak. We were just
looking at the ceiling and discussing
Napoleon. Come on in.

SHARON

(as Michelle
enters)

He's trying to be amusing, Michelle.

42

BACK TO SCENE

42

Michelle turns to Al, approvingly.

MICHELLE

Rightly so. You must keep Sharon's
mind off the tragedy.

AL

I try. Don't I, Sharry?

He gives Sharon's face an "affectionate" pinch -- which makes
her gasp.

SHARON

You sure do.

("sweetly", to
Michelle)

He works on the theory that pain
takes the mind off anything.

AL

('concern')

Oh did I hurt you, Sharry-Parry?

SHARON

Not really --

(with relish)

-- Rodgy-Podgy. I mean -- the
flesh isn't actually hanging in
strips.

AL

('contrite')

Here, let me kiss it better.

He leans in and does so.

MICHELLE

Enchanting ---

SHARON

(forced)

Isn't he?

MICHELLE

I meant the two of you.

(to Sharon)

Count your blessings, Sharon.
Appreciate him.

AL

Listen to Michelle, Angel-Face.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

SHARON

(even more
"sweetly")

How can I not, Devil-Eyes?

MICHELLE

(to Sharon)

You are most fortunate to be so
adored. Alas, for a woman, a
career is not enough.

SHARON

(with deliberation)

Sometimes, I think it is ---

MICHELLE

Eh bien -- I am happy to see my
visit was not necessary. You are,
so obviously, in tender, loving hands.

AL

You said it, Michelle.

He puts his arms around Sharon, as if entitled. Sharon, still
compelled to enact his fiancée, puts her hands on his arms and
gazes "lovingly" into his eyes.

MICHELLE

Charming. And now I know I am
intruding.

Al continues to look into Sharon's eyes while:

AL

(polite but
firm)Yes.

MICHELLE

Good night my dears ---

She turns, goes to door. Opens it, turns to look back at them
o.s. Reacts sentimentally.

43 MICHELLE'S POINT OF VIEW

43

Al, in embrace, now kissing Sharon on the lips. Door closes
softly o.s. As it does so:

44 CLOSER TWO SHOT - AL AND SHARON

44

as she immediately hauls off and whacks his face. He seems not to feel it -- so impressed is he by the kiss.

SHARON

And now, we go out for a drink.

AL

('innocent')

Why?

SHARON

Because I'm not staying here alone with you another minute.

Now he 'feels' the smack. Puts a hand to his cheek.

AL

(flat)

Ouch ---

45 INT. BAR - NIGHT - AL AND SHARON

45

Dimly lit, intimate atmosphere. Softly, an Accordionist plays melancholy music o.s. Sharon is still quite distant in her attitude toward Al, not looking at him. A beat as drinks are served to them. Then:

AL

(like a cop
giving evidence)

So then we went out for a drink like she said -- and she told me she'd never forgive me as long as she lived.

(no response:
no look)

That's an extract from my report.

(no response:
no look)

We have to tell everything, you know.

(no response:
no look)

The red tape. You wouldn't believe.

(resuming
"report" tone)

So I said that's too bad except that after this caper we weren't ever going to see each other again, so what difference if she forgave me or not? And ---

CONTINUED

Now Sharon turns toward him, sharply, instinctively.

SHARON

What do you mean?

AL

("report" tone)

'What do you mean,' she said.

SHARON

Why -- won't we ever see each other again --- ?

Al drops the deliberately flat "report" tone, but, as always, stays cool in tone and outlook.

AL

Because I say so. And I'm always right.

Sharon completely and drastically drops her aloofness, having been shocked into now trying for a compromise.

SHARON

Look -- just because you got fresh and I got angry -- we don't have to make a Federal -- I mean -- can't we be just friends?

AL

(wise smile)

No, baby. And I'd rather tell you that now, than Roger tell you later.

(lightest)

Besides -- good spies don't become emotionally involved with each other -- didn't you know that?

He finishes his drink.

AL

Now: do we have time to take in my favorite bar in Paris?

She nods. It seems she doesn't trust herself to speak at this moment.

MIX TO

46 INT. 2ND BAR - NIGHT - AL AND SHARON

46

They are dancing. The atmosphere is even less well-lit and more intimate here. The music is just as nostalgic. They dance without exchanging a word -- dreamily -- not really daring to look at each other.

MIX TO

47 EXT. RIVER BANK - PARIS - NIGHT - AL AND SHARON

47

Coat-collars turned up, they're leaning on balustrade overlooking the Seine. On the appropriate shot (from the "river") past them, we see Notre Dame Cathedral in b.g.

SHARON

That was -- nice. You dance very well.

AL

(modestly)

If me and the music stop at the same time -- it's an achievement.

SHARON

Roger doesn't dance at all.

AL

Well dancing isn't everything.

SHARON

That's what I say.

(a beat)

Some people just don't have any rhythm.

AL

Very true.

SHARON

He could take lessons.

AL

Sure he could.

SHARON

But dancing isn't everything.

AL

That's what I say.

A beat. She checks her watch.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

SHARON

OK. Now we can go to de Beck's.

AL

Where?

(remembers)

Oh yeh -- yeh -- You don't have to. Like I told you before -- it could be dangerous ---

SHARON

I'm with you. Let's go.

They turn away together.

48 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - DE BECK'S SALON

48

At elevator, indicator reads "5" as car arrives. Pan off as door begins to open. Door to Paul's office opens and he emerges. He holds a heavily-sequined pink gown over one arm. Office door swings shut behind him. He reacts to people o.s.

PAUL

What brings you here at this hour?

49 SHOT

49

Reveal Sharon and Al, coming from elevator area.

SHARON

I couldn't sleep. Got some magazine layouts to prepare.

PAUL

Your fiance is going to help you?

AL

If that's all right.

PAUL

But of course, Roger.

AL

(indicating dress)

That's pretty. Bet it'd look good on Sharon.

PAUL

I'm not quite satisfied with it. I take it home for more work. We have a big day tomorrow, Sharon. Don't stay too long in that darkroom.

CONTINUED

I promise.

Ad lib good nights as Sharon and Al walk down corridor. We angle so that we see Al surreptitiously react to the impregnable office door -- then pick up Paul walking in opposite direction. Phone bell rings o.s. He reacts with weary impatience, turns around and hurries back to his office door. Using strip of metal as before, he opens office door and enters. Phone continues ringing within. Office door swings shut behind him, as before. He picks up phone.

PAUL

Maison de Beck -- and who calls at this time of -- ? Oh. Cable. From New York. A moment.

(gets pencil and paper)

For whom? Mademoiselle Foster? (grudging)

Oh very well. I will take it. (takes dictation -- with appropriate reactions)

SURPRISE SURPRISE WILL ARRIVE PARIS THURSDAY TO HELP YOU BUY TROUSSEAU STOP CAN'T WAIT TO SEE MY DEAR BRIDE STOP ALL MY LOVE ROGER.

(a beat)

From New York? You are sure? (hollow)

Thank you -- (grim)

Yes. I'll see she gets it!

He slams the phone down. He turns swiftly into:

registering fury. Still holding the pink dress, he rushes forward suddenly, toward door, to leave -- toward us -- creating ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

51 INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

51

Taking care not to be seen from outside, Sharon looks out window to street below. A beat.

SHARON

Paul's left.

Al enters frame, looks down equally cautiously.

SHARON

That's his car. Leaving now. Where do you want to start looking around?

AL

His office.

SHARON

I'd say that's impossible. Paul's office? Why, one day he left his little electronic thing at home and even he couldn't get in there without it.

AL

Which proves no man should ever go anywhere without his little electronic thing.

SHARON

Don't tell me you've got one?

AL

To my everlasting regret -- no.

SHARON

Then we'll never open his door.

AL

Forget his door.

SHARON

It's forgotten.

AL

Think of his window.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

SHARON

I'm thinking of his window --

(patiently --

as to an idiot)

Out there -- five floors up.

AL

Right.

SHARON

Along a narrow ledge. I couldn't
walk along ---

AL

(glance out

window)

It's wide enough.

SHARON

For a man.

AL

(glancing

bosom-wards)

Try not to breathe deep.

(delayed)

Who said you were coming with me
anyway?

SHARON

I did.

AL

Why?

SHARON

Because Yvonne would have.

AL

You stay here.

SHARON

No.

AL

Do as you're told.

SHARON

I'm going with you.

She opens the window. Breeze ruffles her hair. She looks down. Blenches a little.

- 52 EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT - SHARON'S POINT OF VIEW 52
dizzy drop.
- 53 INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - NIGHT 53
Sharon assumes air of nonchalance. Al shrugs, begins to get out of window on to ledge. Sharon watches him go o.s. Then she gulps, goes closer to window and starts to climb out.
- 54 EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT - SHARON'S POINT OF VIEW 54
as she moves out. For a ghastly moment, leaning out, only the sheer drop to the street below can be seen: All visual contact with the building is lost.
- 55 EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - NIGHT 55
Al stands on ledge, a couple of feet from the open window, facing the wall. One hand is extended to help Sharon, now halfway out -- and looking down in helpless fascination.
- AL
Don't look down.
(grasps her hand)
Keep watching me. Straighten up
-- face the wall -- and keep watching
me. Easy. Slow. No hurry.
- Gingerly, crouched on the ledge, holding his hand, she obeys. When she's in position they move off along the ledge, hands joined, Al leading. We establish:
- 56 EXT. PAUL'S WINDOW - NIGHT - BALCONY 56
shooting across it to the "distance" Al-Sharon on the ledge. Then, returning to:
- 57 EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - NIGHT 57
-- and Sharon and Al, we ---
- INTERCUT
as desired

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

- A. Their feet
- B. Their joined hands
- C. Their breeze-whipped faces.
- D. The vertiginous drop below.

and, utilizing view from Paul's balcony, show them getting nearer and nearer to it. When they're a short distance away ---

- E. Sharon -- slips -- sways -- gasps -- tightens her grip on Al's hand -- emits a strangled fear-choked cry as he lets go of her hand -- but only to whip his arm across the small of her back and slam her hard against the wall to prevent full fall.

A beat. Sharon trembles noticeably. Al pushes harder against her in an attempt to steady her completely.

SHARON

(grip of fear)

I can't move ---

AL

We're almost there ---

SHARON

I can't ---

She's now shaking violently. Al snaps, sharply:

AL

Look at me.

She turns tearful eyes to him.

58 SHARON'S POINT OF VIEW

58

Al -- but very vaguely -- in a tears-blocked effect.

AL

Just -- move -- with me.

59 BACK TO SCENE

59

Sharon is now crying freely.

SHARON

Al -- Al ---

Al slowly begins to move, holding her. She shuffles shakily after him along the ledge.

SHARON

Hold me -- hold me ---

60 EXT. PAUL'S WINDOW - BALCONY - NIGHT

60

Angle on Al-Sharon, approaching along ledge. Never leaving her untended for a moment, Al helps her on to the safety of the balcony. Sobbing, she collapses into his arms. He comforts her.

The embrace develops into a kiss. When it ends, there's an --

61 EXCHANGE OF CLOSE UPS

61

between them -- more eloquent in expression than any yearning words between them could be.

62 ANOTHER ANGLE

62

as they break free, on Al's firm but reluctant initiative, and he tries the window. It is, of course, locked. He takes a compact burglar's kit from his pocket.

SHARON

Ready for anything, aren't you?
A pocket burglar's kit ---

AL

My father's 16th birthday gift to me.

(Sharon laughs
skeptically)

Featuring the Mundy Telescopic
Jimmy -- my Pa's invention -- a
boon to the underworld and so
kind to the hands.

He demonstrates by extending a 5" stainless steel jimmy to double its length. And starts prying away at the window with it.

63 INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

63

Start on the door in the gloom. Hear jimmy sound o.s.
PAN.

to window. Al and Sharon vaguely silhouetted. A moment. Lock on window yields. Window opens. Sharon and Al enter. Al looks around -- registers drapes -- moves to drape-cord, Sharon following. He parts drapes, reveals vault. Al surveys it briefly, crouches before it at once, prepares to go to work.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

SHARON

Uh -- aren't you going to look
for a burglar-alarm?

AL

No need. I know the company that
makes these vaults.

Sharon watches him with increasing interest and respect.
Justifiably, because, Intercut, we see Al working with his
customary skill and precision. He tapes a wire to the vault
door and grounds it to a nearby waterpipe.

AL

All set for the Grand Opening.

He rubs his fingers to sensitize them. Starts on dial one.

SHARON

(registering)

I believe -- your father really
did give you those tools ---!

AL

And why wouldn't he?

He's through with dial one. Moves to dial two, works on it as:

SHARON

You mean -- he was a professional
burglar?!

AL

(dead pan)

No.

(works)

I mean --

(moves to
dial three)

-- I already had a bicycle.

Sharon reacts -- half-smile, half-frown -- not knowing whether
to believe him or not now. He completes on third dial, dusts
his hands, pulls open vault door. They enter:

64 INT. VAULT - NIGHT

64

Clothes hang on racks.

AL

These goodies for the Fall Showing?

SHARON

What the world's women are waiting
to see: The new Trionne look.

CONTINUED

Al takes one number off the rack. High-styled ultra-mod outfit of medallions linked with mesh. Angle to see it clearly.

AL (Cont'd)

Crazy! Weighs a ton!

SHARON

Only half-a-ton. It's made out of medallions and copper mesh.

AL

Did Paul use a seamstress or an iron foundry?

He replaces the number, shaking his head over its oddity. The heavy outfit swings on the rack. Its "hem" knocks audibly against something. Al looks down.

The base of the metallic dress is knocking against a bin (waste-basket size) full of sequins -- thousands of 'em.

AL

Are they secret too?

SHARON

I don't see how they can be -- and I want to go home ---

AL

(overlap)

Then why does Monsieur Paul keep 'em in fashion's Fort Knox?

He bends down, digs his hands deep into the thousands of sequins, and comes up with -- the codebook. Sharon is thrilled -- but obviously can't wait to leave now.

SHARON

That's what we came for?

(Al nods)

Now we can go?

Al puts codebook back -- deep in sequins.

AL

Now we can go.

SHARON

(an outraged wailing)

Whaaaat?? We went through all that -- just to leave here what we found here??

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

AL

Finding it -- ~~establishing~~ this place is deeply involved -- is only half the job. We have to learn how they're transmitting.

SHARON

(crestfallen)

Oh yes. I forgot.

(bouncing back)

But I was right about Michelle: now it's obvious -- Paul's the guilty one, and --

(in a rush,

straight on)

-- let's get out of here?

AL

(dead pan)

Have you got to where you like shuffling along narrow ledges?

SHARON

(palpitating)

Al! We don't have to go back that way -- do we?

AL

(affectionate headshake)

My guess is Paul's office door opens automatically from the inside. Is there a back way out of the building -- in case the regular entrance is being watched?

SHARON

Sure. Through the storehouse.

He nods, moves to leave vault.

AL

Ok. And -- about the sequins there. I want to know why Paul keeps them in a vault. I'll have them analyzed. So grab a handful?

SHARON

(dead pan)

Suppose they're counted?

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

This stops him in his tracks for, as we have laboriously underlined, there are thousands of sequins in the bin. He looks at her in reproof for stupidity -- but she cannot maintain the pose. She is too triumphant over having pulled his leg for once -- and breaks into uncontrollable giggles.

65 INT. STOREHOUSE - DE BECK'S - NIGHT

65

(Suggest: sound-stage would do: no-- or little-- set-building required: only props, as necessary.) Start on close shot the soulless, featureless head of a tailor's dummy, eerie in the gloom. Pan to establish other dummies (some of plaster, modernistic, used in commercial exhibits) -- dress racks, sewing machines -- mirrors -- cloth-bolts -- remnants -- packing cases of all kinds and sizes, etc. All the discard and paraphernalia of a fashion house. It's all stored here, seemingly on the principle of never-throw-anything-away -- and without any pretense of order or organization. Sharon and Al enter picture, at about halfway across the available space, near the dummy originally seen to open the sequence. They are hurrying toward the marked exit. They are not especially concerned to be quiet: they have no reason to believe that what is to happen will happen! Suddenly, from behind a bale or packing case, several yards away, with the advantages of surprise, distance and a gun - steps:

BURKHARDT

Stand absolutely still.

Without hesitation, Al shoves Sharon to one side, behind a bale or packing case, and himself ducks behind the dummy. Burkhardt fires. The dummy spins away under the impact, spurring straw from its wound, exposing Al. Al goes for the nearest cover - complete or not - and this is the beginning of a brief but actionful scene. The basic elements are: Al, obviously trying to disable Burkhardt and disarm him. He hurls missiles of all kinds at Burkhardt: he shoves toward him whatever's on wheels (basket-carts for example). And he braves gunfire in attempts to dive down on or otherwise get to physical grips with his adversary.

CONTINUED

Burkhardt responds with constant and unrelenting gunfire -- some of it aimed at Sharon, who does her best to distract Burkhardt.

Effects include: plaster-cast dummy-head disintegrating powderily under gunfire; colorful bolts of cloth flung, unrolling through the air; bullet slicing through an entire rack of dresses; mirrors shattered; bullets ricocheting off sewing machines, smashing bobbins; and etc.

Al and Sharon manage to work their way toward each other -- and toward the exit -- but without seriously inconveniencing Burkhardt. When they make their final run, across the last few yards, to the Exit, Burkhardt, surprisingly, doesn't fire. He doesn't have to. Paul, in concealment throughout, as "reserve", appears behind Al, slugs him into unconsciousness. Burkhardt rushes in, grabs Sharon. She struggles. Paul standing over him, Al stirs feebly, tries to rise, can't. Lies still.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

66 INT. VAULT - NIGHT

66

Start on an out-of-focus swirling pattern, predominantly bronze in color. O. S., sound of tinkling brass accompanies. Gradually, focus clarifies and sharpens and we are looking at the medallions on the way-out dress previously seen. It is above us on the rack, in distorted, elongated perspective, swaying slightly. Pan to see, much closer, knelt beside us (we are on the floor), looking exasperated rather than fearful -- Sharon.

67 SCENE

67

reveals that all the above has been Al's point of view. He is seated on the floor, propped against wall, his arms tethered behind him but we don't yet see how. He has just blearily emerged from his KO, and only gradually gets to grips with past and present. Sharon's tone is curt until indicated.

AL

Who slugged me?

SHARON

Paul.

AL

(glumly)
KO'd by a couturier. I'll never
live it down.

SHARON

Be satisfied just to live.

AL

You could be right.

(beat --
realizes)

Handcuffs, huh? What kind?

SHARON

I'm only expert at describing
clothes, not ---

AL

Take a look at the cuffs just
the same?

CONTINUED

67

CONTINUED

67

She does so and, as if commentating at a fashion show, sarcastically describes them thus:

SHARON

This season's law-and-order bracelets combine stunning simplicity of line with practical efficiency. They fit so tight-tight-tight we like to call them wrist huggers -- and they are joined by a darling little rigid steel bar. And for that characteristic touch of mystery and intrigue? Yes. It's there. Paul Trionne has done it again. There is no lock -- no spring -- no catch --
(phoney laugh)
-- at least -- not any that can be seen.

AL

You should write the fashion notes in the 'Police Gazette.'

SHARON

(superior)

Handcuffs aren't fashion. They're accessories ---

Throughout the following, these two shots are intercut at discretion.

68

AL'S POINT OF VIEW

68

The metallic dress hanging from the rack.

69

CLOSEUP AL

69

reacting to it, brow wrinkled, figuring something out.

70

BACK TO SCENE

70

SHARON

So: I have a way with words. Do you have a way with made-to-measure handcuffs?

AL

I'm working on it. But I'm not doing as great a job as you.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

AL

Acting like you're not scared.
A beat. And her tough act collapses.

SHARON

Am I that obvious?

AL

Seems we were -- to Paul. How -- ?
(but he figures
quickly -- needs
no explanation)
Roger. Somehow -- Paul found out
I'm not Jolly Roger?

SHARON

Uh-huh. He got a cable from New
York ---

AL

-- and I get the picture.
(straight on)
Electricity.

SHARON

Huh?

AL

Ideally -- an outlet with a control
switch. Look around -- quickly.

Sharon gets up and, though puzzled, starts looking. Al gets
to his feet and also searches (mostly at floor level, around
wall-skirting).

SHARON

(while searching)
I guess this is something to do
with getting us out?

AL

It's almost everything to do with
getting us out.

SHARON

Almost? What else then?

Al pauses near the metallic dress, surveys it lovingly as he
talks of it.

AL

This dress. This mini-suit-of-
armor. This -- plus electricity --
will spring us.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED - 2

70

SHARON

(a beat)

Well -- here's your electricity!

Al turns around eagerly.

SHARON

Over here. Outlet -- and switch!

Pleased, Al begins to hurry to her -- but they hear sounds of someone working on the combination dials outside. They hurry back to their original positions.

71 ANGLE

71

as vault door opens. Burkhardt steps in -- positions dominantly, holding gun on Al and Sharon. Paul enters, keeping clear of any possible line of fire. He halts. Light from the adjoining office silhouettes him and Burkhardt, putting Al at a visual disadvantage (even if he had his hands free and made some kind of disturbance). Intercut Al, Sharon and Burkhardt as desired during:

PAUL

You know how busy I am at this time -- so I will waste no words on preliminaries. The program is as follows. Shortly, two of our colleagues will take you both, under sedation, to the airport -- and then to Moscow. There, Monsieur Mundy -- as your passport describes you -- correctly, I trust? -- you will be exhaustively interrogated. I urge you to tell everything you know of SIA activities and personnel. Mademoiselle Foster will undergo -- unpleasant experiences -- should you not do so.

A beat.

PAUL

I think that's all. At least, that's all I know. Your ultimate disposition ---

He shrugs.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

PAUL

A show-trial? Or quite a pleasant life -- as an important defector from the West and SIA --? That depends, I imagine, on the extent of your cooperation -- But I really don't know ---

AL

Neither do I.

PAUL

I beg your pardon?

AL

I really don't know -- what your Buddies expect me to know.

PAUL

Surely you can think of a more convincing delaying tactic than that?

AL

It's true. I'm not in the confidence of the U.S. Federal Government. In fact, it's not so long since I was in one of their jails.

PAUL

You are, of course, joking.

But, in what seems a mandatory cut to Sharon, she registers, with sadness, she knows he is not.

AL

Listen. I'm a thief. From a long line of thieves. SIA arranged to parole me -- if I worked for them -- on jobs like this for example -- where safecracking's needed.

PAUL

Moscow will decide whether or not to accept your curious story. Our task is merely to get you there.

Brusquely, Paul turns to leave.

AL

Paul.

Paul turns -- as if patiently doing Al a great favor. Light from the office now catches Paul's face and we can see his expression.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED - 2

71

AL (Cont'd)

You win. But -- I don't know
how you've won. And, as a pro-
fessional, I'd like to know.
How you transmit the information.

Paul smiles. But says nothing.

AL

Dot-dash code in the stitching --
microfilm in the hemline -- hollow-
ed-out heels -- No. It can't be
any of those oldies. Yvonne would
have gotten wise to that kind of
gimmick earlier.

(a beat)

How's it done?

(a beat)

What do you use? -- and silently ---

Paul thoroughly enjoys Al's apparently total mystification.

AL

What harm can it do if I know
now?

Tensely, Sharon registers that she senses Al is not quite
so cravenly ignorant as he sounds.

AL

What do you use to transmit?
(suddenly)

These?

And, with this change of tone, Al kicks out -- at the binful
of sequins near his feet. It spills -- thousands of sequins,
in a darkly-gleaming patch on the floor. Trigger-tense,
Burkhardt fires in that area. The bullet scatters some of
the sequins anew.

But Al is only interested in Paul's expression: which --
unmistakably -- briefly registers that Al has guessed cor-
rectly. Al grins. Inwardly furious, Paul turns on his
heel and goes. Breathing deep, Burkhardt follows, gun on
Al and Sharon to the last. The door closes behind them.

72 TWO SHOT - AL AND SHARON

72

Sharon darts a penetrating look at Al. Dialog-pace is very
rapid.

CONTINUED

72

CONTINUED

72

SHARON

You were really telling me all that, weren't you?

AL

Sure. In case you were still dreaming -- or thinking I was still dreaming. I'm not for you. Nice girls marry stockbrokers. No girl in her right mind, nice or not, marries some guy who never knows what continent he's gonna be on tomorrow night: who can be thrown in jail any time a grateful government becomes ungrateful. And who isn't the marrying kind anyway.

She's about to speak.

AL

No. Finish. That's it. I'm right. I've never been more right -- believe me.

She looks very sad and upset, but he brushes aside her desire to speak, with:

AL

(new tone,
brisk and
businesslike)

Two wires. We need two wires.

She pulls out two copper lengths, still attached to the dress. He turns around, takes the wires in his tethered hands.

AL

Now unwind two more from the other side of the dress.

As she obeys, Al goes to the spot where Sharon reported finding the outlet and switch. He looks down.

73

INSERT - AL'S POINT OF VIEW

73

Outlet and switch on one panel (ordinary domestic design). The switch is down. The two wires fall down into frame, on the floor, just below the outlet-and-switch panel.

74 BACK TO SCENE

74

Sharon has unravelled two more "wires" from the other side of the dress, as ordered.

AL

Wrap them around the steel band
in the handcuffs. Tight.

75 INSERT - AL'S HANDS

75

Wires are wrapped around the steel bar as ordered, by Sharon's hands.

76 BACK TO SCENE

76

Al gets down, lies on his side.

AL

Put the other two wires in the
outlet.

Her eyes widen, but she goes toward the outlet.

PULL BACK TO

Shows the set-up. Al on the floor: wires lead from his handcuffs to the dress: wires lead from the other side of the dress to the outlet where Sharon is inserting them into the holes. This completed:

SHARON

(discouragingly)

And when you say 'Go!' -- you
expect me to press the switch?

AL

Right.

SHARON

Do you know what you're doing?

AL

Not entirely.

SHARON

You could be killed!

AL

Yvonne was killed. If you want
to see her murderer caught -- press
that switch.

CONTINUED

76

CONTINUED

76

A beat. And Sharon crouches down by the outlet and switch. She puts her finger beneath the switch lever.

AL

Now.

She presses the switch up. A blue flash at the handcuffs point -- and a shock of such force that Al is brought up to his knees, rigid and sweating. She switches off. Panting, Al reacts to the pain he's endured -- and tugs his hands in opposite directions. But the handcuffs still hold.

AL

Now.

Sharon presses the switch up again. She cannot bear to watch. Al is now pitched forward on his face by the same electric shock effect. Sharon switches off. Al lies on his front, gulping.

77

ANGLE

77

on his hands. He pulls in both directions. The handcuffs glutinously ease apart, the steel bar sufficiently melted by the double electric shock administered. Sharon hurries across to him. Al sits up. At least his hands are now free, though, of course, cuffs are around his wrists still. He's obviously still shaken by the drastic release method -- but grins:

AL

When Roger Junior plays spies --
don't let him try that trick --
no matter how low the voltage. It
could, like you said, kill.

The tension at last proves too much for Sharon. She bursts into brief sobs -- and embraces Al. Once again, no words are needed to express the emotions involved.

78

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

78

A truck halts -- outside back entrance to de Beck's. Two men get out: Agents #1 and #2. Both are tough and in coveralls. They enter the building.

79

INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

79

Door opens. Agents #1 and #2 enter. Agent #1 pockets electronic-key device. Crosses to vault door, starts work on dials. Agent #2 draws gun.

80 INT. VAULT - NIGHT 80

Al and Sharon, in shadow, listening tensely to sounds of work on dials o.s.

81 INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 81

Agent #1 completes work on third dial. Steps aside, taking hypodermic syringe from coveralls pocket. Agent #2 steps forward, pushes door open and enters ---

82 INT. VAULT - NIGHT 82

-- treading innocently on ---

-- the metallic dress, spread carpet-like immediately inside the doorway. It flashes and sparks plentifully because --

-- one set of wires, now made longer than before, runs along the floor from it to the outlet holes -- and the switch on the panel is up already -- current on and staying on.

At this intensity and duration, the electric shock effect is even more drastic. Agent #2 collapses quickly, his gun sliding across the floor.

Sharon acquires it.

Dropping hypo, drawing gun in panic, Agent #1 leaps in, over the dress -- but is tackled at once by Al, fast, appearing as if from nowhere and going for his gun.

Fight.

Al disarms Agent #1 -- but doesn't gain possession of his gun, so has to fight on. Sharon has both guns, but can use neither for fear of hitting Al -- and anyway looks too petrified to even dream of firing them.

Al finally fights Agent #1 to a standstill, and slams and holds him slumped against the wall. Two gun Sharon appears, gulping and wide-eyed with excitement.

AL

In this order, Sharon: We clean this place up so that Monsieur Paul figures we've gone with Hypodermic Harry as planned.

83 INT. VAULT - DAY

83

Cleaned up -- including re-wired metallic dress back on its rack. Paul is admiring it, making notes.

AL (o.s.)

Harry and Tovarich Sparky spill their guts -- especially about the communications -- potential of sequins ---

84 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

84

(Actually: plain table against wall.)

Under Gendarme guard, Agents #1 and #2, still looking dazed and sorry for themselves, sign statements.

AL (o.s.)

And, I guess, you, me and the gendarmes are booked for a surprise appearance at de Beck's Fall Fashion Show ---

FLIP TO

85 INT. SALON - DAY - THE FASHION SHOW

85

We are on Marie as she models one of Paul's creations. As camera pulls back, she walks, turns, poses and walks back down an aisle. Seated on both sides are distinguished-looking buyers both male and female...Michelle, up front, describes each number. (Note: This description will be changed to fit the particular number worn.)

MICHELLE

Here, Trionne has designed a romantic dream of a dress -- fabulously feminine yet artlessly adorable. Note the clinging lines, the provocative neckline with its tantalizing cleavage....

There is applause as Marie moves toward the exit.

86 AT A CURTAINED DOOR - BURKHARDT AND PAUL

86

Paul and Burkhardt are peering into the salon from the rear.

BURKHARDT

Third seat from the right. Front row. The man with the beard. Ten minutes after he leaves, the information will be on its way.

87 INT. AUDIENCE - COURIER - THEIR POINT OF VIEW 87

A distinguished-looking man with a precise Van Dyck beard, looking very much like a buyer, is in the front row, three seats from the right. He applauds with the others. A silver-knobbed cane leans against his gilt chair.

88 MICHELLE 88

as Suzanne comes out wearing the pink sequin evening gown.

89 BURKHARDT AND PAUL 89

BURKHARDT

Now, Paul. The lights!

Paul turns a switch.

90 FASHION SHOW 90

Revolving psychedelic lights illuminate Suzanne as she walks gracefully past the audience.

MICHELLE

And now, a Tricorne creation drenched in moonglow. A daringly décolleté gown of cloud-pink chiffon covered with a dazzling fantasy of multi-colored sequins....

91 COURIER 91

He now elegantly and idly holds the cane in one hand, vertical to the floor. He taps the top of the silver knob.

92 INSERT - SILVER KNOB 92

A small panel neatly slides open. Within: the glint of a camera-lens.

PAN TO

93 SCENE 93

The parading model, emphasising the swirling sequin-filled skirt.

- 94 ANOTHER ANGLE 94
Suzanne starts to exit. Applause begins.
- 95 COURIER 95
Taps the top of the cane.
- 96 INSERT - SILVER KNOB 96
The small panel closes.
- 97 SCENE 97
Courier calmly rises and prepares to leave.
- 98 PAUL AND BURKHARDT 98
Quietly elated, watching.
- 99 ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR DOOR 99
Al appears with two Gendarmes. He indicates across room to Courier. One Gendarme moves through crowd in that direction.
- 100 SCENE 100
Courier confronted by Gendarme -- and arrested. Confusion in the fashionable crowd. Show halts in turmoil. Excited buzz of conversation.
- 101 PAUL AND BURKHARDT 101
At curtained door. Aghast at what they see o.s. in the salon; They turn to flee. Useless.
Paul is seized by Gendarme #2. Surrenders at once, in fear.
Al grabs Burkhardt who, more ambitiously, goes for a gun. Al socks him.
Pull back to see Sharon -- photographing the scene enthusiastically -- click -- click -- click -- as ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

102 EXT. MAXIM'S - PARIS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - STOCK 102

103 INT. MAXIM'S - CORNER TABLE - NIGHT - TIGHT 3-SHOT 103

Al, Michelle and Sharon dining.

AL

They literally had it sewn up. Or rather -- sewn in. Paul personally stitched specially-treated sequins on the skirt, in a pattern, amongst regular sequins. Under black light and infra-red photography, they stood out -- and spelled-out the information, in code.

MICHELLE

So your problem is solved. But mine?

(sigh)

I have to find another top designer.

AL

Maybe I can help, Michelle? Anything I can do -- to make up for having suspected you ---

MICHELLE

I'd like that -- Alex ---

PULL BACK

enough to include a fourth diner -- man -- but only see his back.

FOURTH DINER

I can't get over Sharon -- doing a cloak-and-dagger for the SIA. It's -- I -- she's -- isn't she wonderful?

AL

(quietly)

Wonderful, Roger. Just -- wonderful ---

Al and Sharon look at each other. Unspoken words in their eyes. Camera moves into close two shot of them. Freeze -- then --

FADE OUT

THE END