

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

Billy Wilder  
I.A.L. Diamond

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON

FRANK FLANNAGAN.....Gary Cooper  
ARIANE CHAVASSE.....Audrey Hepburn  
CLAUDE CHAVASSE.....Maurice Chevalier  
MICHEL.....  
MONSIEUR X.....  
MADAME X.....  
COMMISSAIRE DE POLICE.....  
THE BARONESS.....  
THE FOUR GYPSIES.....  
LADY WITH CHIHUAHUA.....  
CONDUCTOR AT CONSERVATORY.....  
BELL-CAPTAIN AT THE RITZ.....  
CONCIERGE AT THE RITZ.....  
VALET AT THE RITZ.....

"LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON"

FADE IN:

1 PARIS - A SHIMMERING SUMMER DAY

THE CAMERA, somewhere on top of Montmartre, sweeps over the city. Over this we hear, surprisingly enough, the theme music of "Dragnet" and a French voice, narrating a la Jack Webb.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

This is the city. Paris, France.  
It is just like any other big  
city - London, New York, Tokyo.  
Except for two little things. In  
Paris, people eat better - and  
in Paris, people make love....  
well, perhaps not better, but  
certainly more often.

The CAMERA has PANNED DOWN to a charming little square in the foreground. Against a railing, a young couple stand intertwined in each other's arms, lost in a passionate kiss. A municipal sprinkling wagon rumbles past the couple, deluging them with water. The lovers, soaking wet, don't bat an eyelash. They still stand there, oblivious, intertwined, kissing.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

They do it any time - any place --

2 THE SEINE - NEAR THE PONT DE BEAUX ARTS

A man and a woman are sitting on the quay in an embrace, kissing.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

- on the Left Bank --

CAMERA PANS across the Seine. A policeman stands kissing a chambermaid.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

- on the Right Bank --

CAMERA PANS up to the bridge. There is still another couple, similarly occupied.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

- and in between.

## 3 BUTCHER SHOP

A brawny butcher is kissing a woman customer. In one hand he holds a butcher knife, in the other a leg of lamb.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

The butcher --

## 4 BAKERY SHOP

A housewife has flung her arms around the baker, and is kissing him. In each hand she holds a long loaf of French bread.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- the baker --

## 5 A FUNERAL PARLOR

A gloomy undertaker, in a silk top hat, is kissing a bereaved widow. In his hand is a funeral wreath.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- and the kindly undertaker.

## 6 BOIS DE BOULOGNE

A young couple are lying on the grass, in a tender embrace. In the background, a tandem bicycle is leaning against a blooming chestnut tree.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

They do it in the summer --

DISSOLVE to the same couple, in the same position, but more warmly dressed. The same bicycle is leaning against the same tree. There is snow on the ground, on the bare branches of the tree, and on the seats of the bicycle.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- and in the winter.

## 7 A MARTIAL MONUMENT

At the foot of the monument a bearded general, in full regalia, is pinning a medal on the uniform of a younger officer. He kisses him on both cheeks.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Generals do it --

## 8 PARIS SIDEWALK

A couple of clipped French poodles, the female sporting a chic bow, are straining at their leashes, trying to nuzzle up to each other.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- poodles do it --

## 9 TERRACE OF THE CAFE DE FLORES

At a table sits an odd couple. He wears a beret, corduroy pants, sandals without socks, and an esoteric fringe of beard around his immature face. As for her face, we can't see it at all - her long unkempt hair obscures it completely. Protruding through the mass of hair is a straw, through which she sips an aperitif. The young man is looking at her lovingly. Finally he can't stand it any more. He gently pulls the straw away, parts her hair like a curtain, and kisses her.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- and once in a while, even Existentialists do it.

## 10 TUILERIES GARDENS

A little boy stands facing a little girl. He is concealing a bunch of flowers behind his back. She is covering her eyes with her hands. He holds the tiny bouquet out to her. She drops her hands, sees the flowers, kisses him, overjoyed.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Young love --

## 11 OUTSIDE CARTIER'S

An aging lady, reeking of perfume and money, stands facing a Latin-type gigolo. She is concealing a watch-case from Cartier's behind her back. He is covering his eyes with his gloved hands. She opens the case, takes out a diamond-studded watch on a platinum chain, dangles it in front of him. He drops his hands, sees the present, kisses her, overjoyed.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- and old love.

## 12 PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO

A young married couple - she in a white veil, he in a cutaway -- stand in front of a painted backdrop of lilac blossoms and flying doves. The photographer, with his head under a black cloth, squeezes the camera bulb as the newlyweds kiss tenderly.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Married love --

## 13 PLACE VENDOME - EARLY MORNING

It is a loose, high shot of the practically deserted square, shooting past the tall column in the center toward the Ritz Hotel.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

-- and illicit love. That is where I come in. It was Monday, June eleventh, 6:15 a.m. I had been working the night-watch on the Place Vendome, outside the Ritz Hotel.

CAMERA ZOOMS up toward the railed balcony running around the top of the column. Standing there surreptitiously, armed with a camera with a telescopic lens, is CLAUDE CHAVASSE (Maurice Chevalier). He wears a dark business suit, and a black derby. Hanging on the railing is an umbrella, and resting against the column is an open briefcase.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

My name is Claude Chavasse. I am what you would call a private eye.

His eyes are glued to a curtained window on the second floor of the Ritz. Suddenly he sees something suspicious. He aims his camera.

The curtains of the window are being pulled open from inside. Now we can see a tall man wearing a white dinner jacket with a red carnation in the buttonhole, his tie open and hanging loosely. This is FRANK FLANNAGAN (Gary Cooper). He surveys the empty Place Vendome below, then turns back reassuringly to a woman standing in the room behind him. She is wearing a flashy evening wrap, and is just putting on a black veiled hat. They kiss goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

Chavasse, half-hidden behind the column, snaps the picture.

## CHAVASSE'S VOICE

In order to protect the innocent,  
I will call this the case of  
Madame X. Of course, she was not  
entirely innocent. While Monsieur X  
was attending a business conference  
in London, she was conferring nightly  
in Suite 14 of the Ritz.

He has wound the film in the camera, and is now focussing it on --

Madame X, slipping out of the Ritz. She is not leaving through the main entrance, with the revolving door, but through the service entrance at the side of the building. The veil covers her face, and she is bundled up in her evening wrap. She reconnoiters the terrain, then hurries over to a cab.

Chavasse, the telescopic lens angled steeply down, snaps a picture.

Madame X gets into the cab. The cab drives off.

Chavasse, on top of the column, dismantles the camera with brisk efficiency, stows the parts away in the briefcase. Then he picks up the umbrella, and exits through a small door leading to the spiral staircase -- like an executive leaving his office.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - 23 RUE RECAMIER - DAY

Chavasse drives up in his modest Citroen. He gets out, carrying his briefcase and umbrella.

## CHAVASSE'S VOICE

8:45 a.m. I arrived at Number 23  
Rue Recamier. This is where I  
live -- and this is also where I  
have my office.

As he starts into the apartment house, the CAMERA MOVES toward the old-fashioned business signs beside the entrance. A seamstress, a dentist, a stamp and coin specialist. We concentrate on one which reads:

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

CLAUDE CHAVASSE,  
DETECTIVE PRIVE  
DISCRETION GUARANTIE  
2me ETAGE

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

It is a very quiet neighborhood --  
my clients prefer it this way.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

Chavasse has come up the stairs, stops in front of a door with a small sign: CHAVASSE - DETECTIVE. From inside comes the sound of somebody practicing the cello. Out of his pocket he takes a huge key-ring, with about fifty assorted keys on it -- small keys, large keys, passkeys, skeleton keys. He unerringly picks out the right key, unlocks the door, lets himself in.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

And it is a neat, normal life we  
have here. There's just myself,  
my daughter, and her cello.

16 INT. CORRIDOR - CHAVASSE APARTMENT

The corridor, like the rest of the apartment, is neat and normal indeed. It is very comfortable and very middle-class.

Chavasse closes the door behind him. The cello is louder now. Chavasse parks the umbrella, hangs the derby on a hat tree.

ARIANE'S VOICE

Papa?

CHAVASSE

Good morning, Ariane.

Carrying the briefcase, he crosses to --

17 THE OFFICE

It is actually a combination salon and office. The usual salon furniture, plus a roll-top desk, a row of filing cabinets, typewriter. The large closet off the

(CONTINUED)



17 (CONTINUED)

salon has been converted into a darkroom. A pair of sliding doors, now open, lead to Ariane's room.

As Chavasse crosses to the desk, we see ARIANE CHAVASSE (Audrey Hepburn) in her room. She is in her early twenties, very slender, very piquant, very attractive. Dressed in a quilted robe, she is sitting at a music stand practicing the cello.

ARIANE  
Good morning, Papa. Did you  
have a hard night?

CHAVASSE  
So-so.

ARIANE  
Interesting case?

CHAVASSE  
So-so.

ARIANE  
(stops playing)  
Tell me all about it.

CHAVASSE  
Never mind.

ARIANE  
Why not?

CHAVASSE  
Never mind.

Ariane puts the cello aside, gets up, comes into the office. Chavasse has opened the briefcase, and taken out the camera.

ARIANE  
I'm worried about you, Papa.  
You've been working every night.

CHAVASSE  
It's my busiest season.

ARIANE  
You need a rest, Papa.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED - 2)

CHAVASSE

Thank you, darling, but in my profession -- it's like being a doctor. I have to be on call night and day. A good doctor can never rest -- not until the patient is out of bed.

ARIANE

I never thought of it that way.

CHAVASSE

You shouldn't think of it at all!

ARIANE

Sorry, Papa.

CHAVASSE

How are things at the Conservatory?

ARIANE

So-so. We're rehearsing.

CHAVASSE

Rehearsing what?

ARIANE

A symphony. Haydn's 88th. You see -- I always tell you what I'm doing. But you never tell me what you're doing.

CHAVASSE

That's because I love you. And because I want to protect you from these sordid matters I have to deal with. Now go back to your cello.

ARIANE

Yes, Papa. Wouldn't you like some breakfast?

CHAVASSE

Later. I have some work to do in the darkroom. I'm expecting a client.

He has taken the roll of film out of the camera, now crosses to the door of the darkroom, opens it.

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

When Mama was alive, I'm sure  
you discussed your work with  
her.

CHAVASSE

Your Mama was a married woman.

ARIANE

(with affection)  
I'm so glad.

She goes back to her room.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. DARKROOM

Chavasse is at work under a red light. Out of the  
developing pan, he takes the wet snapshots pertaining  
to the Case of Madame X, clips them on to a wire to  
dry. There is a knock on the door.

ARIANE'S VOICE

Your coffee's getting cold, Papa.

CHAVASSE

(opening the door  
to the office)  
One minute.

ARIANE

(poking her head in)  
Thirty seconds -- or the omelette  
will fall.

CHAVASSE

All right, all right.

As he washes his hands, Ariane inspects with great  
curiosity the wet snapshots hanging on the wire. A  
closeup of Flannagan, at the window of the Ritz,  
interests her especially.

ARIANE

Who's this man?

CHAVASSE

Ariane - please!

(CONTINUED)

18 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

He's very attractive.

CHAVASSE

He's very objectionable, and quite immoral.

ARIANE

He is?

CHAVASSE

And utterly no good.

ARIANE

What did he do?

CHAVASSE

That's enough!

He steps out of the darkroom, steers her away from the door.

19 THE OFFICE

Chavasse crosses to the desk, where Ariane has set down the breakfast tray -- coffee, milk, petit pain, omelette.

ARIANE

I don't think I've ever seen his face in the files.

CHAVASSE

Ariane! Have you been in to my files?

ARIANE

No, Papa. I mean - yes, Papa. Just a few of them - when I was dusting.

CHAVASSE

Ariane, you have been told a thousand times to stay away from those files.

ARIANE

I'm trying, Papa. But they're so fascinating. At the Conservatory, all the girls envy me because I have my own private library.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

(digging angrily  
into the omelette)Library? This is not a library  
-- this is a sewer.

ARIANE

How can you say that? Some of  
those cases are so romantic -  
I've read them over and over  
again.

CHAVASSE

What cases?

ARIANE

Well... I guess my favorite is  
the one about the Duchess of  
Devonry and her Alpine guide.  
It's so sad - and so beautiful.

CHAVASSE

Beautiful? Your father almost  
had a heart attack following them  
up the Matterhorn.

ARIANE

How she must have loved him - to  
give up everything - the Duke, the  
castle, the horses and the hounds -  
all for a lowly peasant.

CHAVASSE

He was young enough to be her son.  
It was a terrible scandal -- and  
it had to lead to a terrible end.

ARIANE

A glorious end! What woman could  
ask for more than to die together  
with her lover -- buried under an  
avalanche - locked in each other's  
arms forever.

CHAVASSE

Nonsense. They'll thaw out this  
summer -- and that'll be it.

ARIANE

How can you be so cruel, Papa?  
Don't you have any sympathy?

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED - 2)

CHAVASSE

I do. My sympathy is with the Duke. And the horses and the hounds.

ARIANE

What about the Case of Monsieur L, the banker who joined the circus?

CHAVASSE

You read that too?

ARIANE

Don't you find it touching? Vice-president of a large bank -- a wife, four children - falls in love with a trapeze artist, and becomes a clown - just to be near her.

CHAVASSE

More nonsense. He disguised himself as a clown to get away from the police -- because he'd embezzled money.

ARIANE

(not listening)

And then, when she fell from the trapeze and broke her elbow, he bought her a villa on the Riviera.

CHAVASSE

Would you like to know where my sympathies are? With the depositors -- it was their money that bought the villa.

ARIANE

I'm just beginning to realize, Papa -- you're very old-fashioned.

CHAVASSE

I guess I am.

ARIANE

(accusingly)

You enjoy your work.

CHAVASSE

I guess I do.

(CONTINUED)

19 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

You'd enjoy it even if you weren't paid for it.

CHAVASSE

I wouldn't go that far.

ARIANE

You enjoyed exposing Madame La Roche.

CHAVASSE

Madame La Roche?! I'm going to put double locks on everything around here.

ARIANE

Those passionate letters she wrote to that bullfighter, after he was gored by her husband --

CHAVASSE

(banging down the coffee cup)

Not another word! Ariane, you are not to come into this office without my permission, you are not to dust in here --

The doorbell rings.

ARIANE

I'll get it.

CHAVASSE

-- and you are not to answer the door. This is my client. Go to your room and practice.

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

She goes into her room, pulling the doors shut behind her. Chavasse hurries out to answer the door.

20 CORRIDOR

The bell rings again. Chavasse opens the door for his client - it is MONSIEUR X, a short, dapper man in his forties, carrying a couple of suitcases.

(CONTINUED)

20 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

Bonjour, Monsieur. Bonjour.

MONSIEUR X

Bonjour, Monsieur Chavasse. I came straight from the airport. My wife thinks I'm still in London.

CHAVASSE

Very clever. In here, please.

Monsieur X deposits the suitcases in the corridor, follows Chavasse into the office. From Ariane's room again comes the sound of the cello.

21 OFFICE

Chavasse comes in, followed by Monsieur X.

MONSIEUR X

What did you find out?

CHAVASSE

It'll be a few more minutes. The evidence is not quite dry.

Monsieur X sinks into a chair. Chavasse steps into the darkroom, starts to unclip the snapshots from the wire.

CHAVASSE

How was the weather in London?

MONSIEUR X

Miserable.

CHAVASSE

It was beautiful here. The nights have been so warm --

Monsieur X takes out a handkerchief, mops his forehead.

CHAVASSE

How was business in London?

MONSIEUR X

Terrible.

(CONTINUED)



21 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

That's a shame. Things have been very lively in Paris.

The cello exercises, from Ariane's room, grate on Monsieur X's nerves.

MONSIEUR X

Can't we stop this dreadful noise? I'm a very nervous man.

CHAVASSE

Of course, Monsieur.

Snapshots in hand, he crosses to the connecting doors, slides them open a few inches.

CHAVASSE

Ariane, please -- not now.

22 ARIANE'S ROOM

Ariane looks up, stops playing.

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

Chavasse slides the doors shut. But they are not completely shut -- there is a slight gap. As Ariane gets up, and puts the cello away, she hears from the office --

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

That's better, isn't it?

MONSIEUR X'S VOICE

Yes, yes. What did you find out?

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Patience, Monsieur. Now before I show you these photographs, I wish to point out that they were taken under very difficult conditions. The light was bad, the distance was considerable, and the angle was quite impossible.

Ariane can't help overhearing this exchange. Her curiosity piqued, she takes a couple of tentative steps toward the door.

23 OFFICE

Monsieur X is leaning forward tensely in his chair. Chavasse is spreading the snapshots out on the desk.

MONSIEUR X

Please, Monsieur. I am not interested in photography. What about my wife? Is the news good or bad?

CHAVASSE

That depends.  
(handing him a  
snapshot)  
Is this your wife?

Monsieur X takes out a monocle, holds it to his eye, studies the snapshot -- it is the one of Madame X getting into the cab. Because of the angle from which it was shot, the lady in question is not too recognizable.

MONSIEUR X

It looks like her.

CHAVASSE

Then I regret to inform you that it looks bad.

MONSIEUR X

There is another man?

CHAVASSE

There is. And I regret to say that he looks good.

He hands him the snapshot of Flannagan.

CHAVASSE

And here we have the two together.

He shows him the snapshot of Flannagan kissing Madame X. Monsieur X takes one look, then lowers the monocle and crushes it in his gloved hand.

CHAVASSE

However - we must not jump to conclusions.

MONSIEUR X

Who is the man?

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

Chavasse crosses to the filing cabinet, unlocks the drawer marked "F", takes out a thick file.

CHAVASSE

His name is Frank Flannagan.  
American. Texas. Oil. Very  
successful.

24 ARIANE'S ROOM

Ariane at the sliding door, listening intently.

25 OFFICE

Chavasse is taking the file over to Monsieur X.

CHAVASSE

He comes to Paris every year.  
And I always know when he comes,  
because my business improves  
noticeably.

MONSIEUR X

I should have taken my wife with  
me to London.

CHAVASSE

He does very well in London, too.  
(leafing through  
the file)

Also in Rome - Madrid - Vienna.  
Here are the Scandinavian countries.  
There was an episode in Stockholm  
involving two sisters --

MONSIEUR X

(putting a new  
monocle in his eye)

Yes?

CHAVASSE

But that is beside the point.  
What I am trying to say is, he  
has quite a reputation. Was  
voted Man of the Year by an  
American magazine.

MONSIEUR X

Time Magazine?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE  
No. Confidential.

Monsieur X crushes the second monocle.

CHAVASSE  
But we must not jump to conclusions.

MONSIEUR X  
How long has it been going on?

CHAVASSE  
I imagine ever since he was sixteen.

MONSIEUR X  
I mean, with my wife.

CHAVASSE  
A week or so. They are having supper every night in his suite at the Ritz.

MONSIEUR X  
The Ritz? Everybody knows us at the Ritz!

CHAVASSE  
I wouldn't worry. She is very discreet. She always uses the service elevator, and she always wears a veil.

MONSIEUR X  
That's good.

CHAVASSE  
It is Suite Number 14. She usually arrives there at nine o'clock. And you will be relieved to know that they are not alone.

MONSIEUR X  
They are not?

CHAVASSE  
No. There is always a four piece gypsy orchestra.

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED - 2)

MONSIEUR X

My wife hates gypsy music.

CHAVASSE

Actually, they are not gypsies - they are Hungarians. And actually, they are not all Hungarians -- two of them are Rumanians passing for Hungarians.

MONSIEUR X

Please, Monsieur. Don't bother me with details.

CHAVASSE

It is the painstaking attention to details that distinguishes the true detective from the ordinary snooper. Would you like to know the musical selections they play?

MONSIEUR X

No.

CHAVASSE

All right - I will tell you. They open the program with Zigeunerweisen - then a little Lizst, a little Lehar, a czardas or two - and at five minutes before ten, they always play Fascination.

MONSIEUR X

Fascination?

CHAVASSE

(hums a few bars,  
then - )

Quite pretty, isn't it?

MONSIEUR X

Yes, yes. What comes after that?

CHAVASSE

That's it. They play Fascination - and they leave.

MONSIEUR X

What about my wife?

(CONTINUED)

25 (CONTINUED - 3)

CHAVASSE

She stays.

Chavasse produces a snapshot. Monsieur X, a new monocle in his eye, inspects it. It shows the windows of Flannagan's suite, with light shining through the drawn curtains.

CHAVASSE

Here is eleven o'clock --

Now he shows him several other snapshots of the same windows, with the lights out.

CHAVASSE

-- twelve o'clock -- one o'clock  
-- two o'clock --

Monsieur X crushes the third monocle.

CHAVASSE

However, we must not jump to conclusions. It is an old hotel - with old wiring. Maybe there was a short circuit.

Monsieur Chavasse has taken a revolver out of his coat pocket.

CHAVASSE

What are you doing?

MONSIEUR X

I am jumping to conclusions.

He takes some bullets from another pocket, starts to load the revolver.

26 ARIANE

Peeking through the crack between the doors, riveted by the drama of it all.

27 OFFICE

Monsieur X is loading the gun, the muzzle pointed at Chavasse. Chavasse reaches out, and with one finger gently turns the muzzle aside.

(CONTINUED)

27 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

Please, Monsieur. Put that away.  
 You must not shoot your wife.  
 You will only bungle the job.  
 Your hand will tremble - at best  
 you will wound her in the leg or  
 the shoulder - you will take her  
 to the hospital - she will meet a  
 very attractive doctor --

MONSIEUR X

I will not shoot my wife. I love  
 my wife.

CHAVASSE

Well, you must not shoot yourself.

MONSIEUR X

Myself? I haven't done anything.

CHAVASSE

Quite true.

MONSIEUR X

What is the number of the suite?  
 Fourteen?

CHAVASSE

Exactly.

MONSIEUR X

And the gypsies leave at ten  
 o'clock?

CHAVASSE

Exactly.

MONSIEUR X

Then at ten o'clock I will walk  
 into Suite 14 and shoot.

CHAVASSE

The American?

MONSIEUR X

Exactly.

28 ARIANE

Her eyes popping, as she watches Monsieur X rise and  
 put the gun in his pocket.

29 OFFICE

A determined Monsieur X is now on his feet, and is heading for the corridor.

MONSIEUR X  
Goodbye, Monsieur Chavasse.

CHAVASSE  
(blocking his way)  
Wait, Monsieur. Do you realize  
that this is cold-blooded murder?

MONSIEUR X  
I do.

CHAVASSE  
And that you may have to spend  
years in jail?

MONSIEUR X  
I may.

CHAVASSE  
Is there nothing I can say to  
dissuade you from this foolhardy  
scheme?

MONSIEUR X  
Nothing whatsoever.

CHAVASSE  
In that case, Monsieur, you leave  
me no choice. I must insist on  
being paid as of immediately.

MONSIEUR X  
How much?

CHAVASSE  
Sixty thousand francs.

MONSIEUR X  
Sixty thousand?

CHAVASSE  
It should really be more. Because  
with Mr. Flannagan removed, there  
will be a sharp drop in my business.  
(Monsieur X peels  
off the money)  
Thank you. You may take the photo-  
graphs if you wish. There is no  
extra charge.

(CONTINUED)



29 (CONTINUED)

MONSIEUR X  
Send them to my lawyer.

They move out into the --

30 CORRIDOR

As Chavasse accompanies him toward the door, Monsieur X indicates the suitcases.

MONSIEUR X  
And my bags - you send them also  
to my lawyer.

CHAVASSE  
No extra charge.

MONSIEUR X  
(in the open door)  
He will call you if he wants you  
to testify at the trial.

CHAVASSE  
For that, there will be a small  
extra charge. Au revoir, Monsieur.  
Bonne chance.

He closes the door, walks back into his office.

31 ARIANE'S ROOM

For a moment, she stands there still under the spell of what she overheard. Then impulsively she slides the doors open.

ARIANE  
Papa!

32 OFFICE

Chavasse is at the desk, scooping up the broken monocles.

CHAVASSE  
Yes, Ariane.

ARIANE  
Papa --

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

What is it?

ARIANE

Papa --  
(losing her nerve)  
Can I practice again?

CHAVASSE

Of course, darling.

ARIANE

Maybe I'd better take the dishes  
out first.

(moving toward  
desk)

Did you break something?

CHAVASSE

No, my client did. Very nervous  
man. Very violent.

ARIANE

Oh.

CHAVASSE

Aren't you going to the Con-  
servatory today?

ARIANE

In the afternoon, Papa. Michel  
is picking me up.

CHAVASSE

Nice boy, Michel.

Ariane picks up the tray. Her eyes are on the snapshot  
of Flannagan.

ARIANE

He must be quite tall -- at least  
six foot three.

CHAVASSE

Who? Michel?

ARIANE

No --  
(pointing at the  
name on the file)  
-- Mr. Flannagan.

(CONTINUED)

32 (CONTINUED - 2)

CHAVASSE

Give me that!

He quickly takes the file out of her reach.

ARIANE

(studying snapshot)

He has such an American face -  
like a cowboy - or like Abraham  
Lincoln.

CHAVASSE

(snatching the  
photo away)

You know what happened to Lincoln.

(crossing to  
filing cabinet)

And right in the middle of a  
performance!

He puts the file and the snapshots away, slams the drawer  
shut with a sharp bang, Ariane winces.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 CORRIDOR RITZ HOTEL - EVENING

Start on and travel with LARGE SILVER CHAMPAGNE BUCKET,  
being wheeled down the corridor. Engraved on the bucket  
is HOTEL RITZ, and protruding from it are three bottles  
of champagne packed in ice.

CAMERA DRAWS BACK quickly to reveal the corridor, and  
a waiter wheeling a service cart with the champagne on  
it. Beyond him three more waiters wheel three more  
carts, with caviar on sculptured ice, pheasant sous  
cloche, and various other bizarre delicacies. The  
whole caravan converges on the door of Suite 14. The  
first waiter knocks, opens the door, and starts inside,  
followed by the others.

Peering around from behind a bend in the corridor,  
partially concealed by the elegant trunks stacked  
against the wall, is MONSIEUR X. He is a tense man,  
as he watches --

the waiters file into Flannagan's suite with provisions  
for the rendezvous.

Monsieur X tenses up even more as he sees --

(CONTINUED)

33 (CONTINUED)

four other men approaching from the opposite direction. They are the gypsy musicians, in somewhat seedy tuxedos, carrying their instruments. They disappear into Suite 14, as the waiters reappear, trundling the empty carts.

Monsieur X glances at his watch. So far, everything is proceeding according to schedule. He hears the service elevator come to a stop, takes a few cautious steps around the bend, freezes.

Coming out of the service elevator, at the end of the dim corridor, is Madame X, veiled and bundled up in her evening wrap.

Monsieur X ducks back behind the trunks, watches.

Madame X flits quickly toward Suite 14, slips inside. The moment the door closes, there is a welcoming burst of gypsy music.

Monsieur X instinctively reaches for the gun in his pocket, takes a few steps forward. Then he checks himself, glances at his watch -- the time hasn't come yet. He puts the gun back in his pocket, retreats around the bend of the corridor, settles back to wait grimly.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 INT. CLASSROOM IN MUSIC CONSERVATORY - EVENING

It is a rather simple room, with a raised platform for the conductor, and about twenty chairs and music stands for the pupils, who are rehearsing Haydn's Symphony No. 88.

Ariane, in a semi-long, full-skirted black dress, is playing the cello. Her performance is listless, her mind is far away. She tries to concentrate, but she cannot. Finally, she turns to the student sitting behind her. His name is MICHEL, he is 26, and he plays the oboe. He looks exactly like a 26-year-old oboe player.

ARIANE

What time is it now?

MICHEL

Nine-fifteen. Why do you keep asking?

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)

Ariane plays on for a few bars, trying to work out her problem, then turns back to Michel.

ARIANE  
Do you have a telephone coin?

MICHEL  
(taking coin out  
of his pocket)  
What's the matter with you,  
Ariane? You can't leave in the  
middle of rehearsal.

ARIANE  
(taking coin out  
of his hand)  
Thanks, Michel.

She leans the cello against the chair, rises, and tip-toes out. Michel looks after her, worried.

35 HALL - MUSIC CONSERVATORY

Ariane comes out of the classroom, and hurries down the empty hall to a telephone booth -- the coin in one hand, in the other the bow which she has taken along absent-mindedly. She steps into the booth, drops the coin in the slot, dials the operator.

ARIANE  
Operator? I want the Hotel Ritz  
... I have no time to look it up...  
please, operator... this is an  
emergency.

She becomes aware of the cello bow in her hand, looks around for some place to put it, finally thrusts it through the belt of her dress like a sword.

ARIANE  
Hello, Ritz? I want to speak to  
Mr. Flannagan -- Mr. Frank  
Flannagan.

36 SWITCHBOARD AT THE RITZ

The bell-captain, a very correct young man, is answering the call.

(CONTINUED)

36 (CONTINUED)

BELL-CAPTAIN

Sorry, Madame -- but Monsieur Flannagan is not taking any calls... Sorry, but he left express orders he is not to be disturbed... Sorry, Madame... absolutely not... Monsieur Flannagan has retired for the night.

37 ARIANE IN THE BOOTH

ARIANE

Look, you'd better put this call through... or Monsieur Flannagan will be retired permanently... Hello?... hello?

She shrugs, hangs up, stands there indecisive. She becomes aware of the music from the classroom, steps out of the booth, and rushes back.

38 CLASSROOM

The student orchestra is approaching the part where the cello solo comes in. Ariane hurries through the door. Michel watches her with concern as she sneaks back to her chair, grabs the cello, withdraws the bow from her belt like a sword -- barely in time for her cue. Her solo leaves a lot to be desired. The conductor listens to her, annoyed, until she hits a real clinker. He taps his baton sharply.

CONDUCTOR

Mademoiselle Chavasse... if you will pardon my curiosity... are you trying to produce music, or are you trying to saw that cello in half?

ARIANE

Sorry, Monsieur.

CONDUCTOR

In deference to Franz Joseph Haydn, who cannot be here to defend himself, let us call off this uneven contest. We will resume rehearsals tomorrow evening. Good night.

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED)

The conductor descends from the podium, the class breaks up. Ariane and Michel put away their instruments. He helps her into her black coat.

MICHEL

What's wrong, Ariane? If you're in some sort of trouble, you can tell me.

ARIANE

What time is it now?

MICHEL

Oh, not again, Ariane.

She pushes back his sleeve, and looks at the wrist watch.

MICHEL

I must say you're acting very strangely.

ARIANE

How would you act if you knew somebody was being shot?

MICHEL

I don't know. I'd call the police. Who's being shot?

ARIANE

Do you have another telephone coin?

MICHEL

(taking change  
out of pocket)

I think I have a right to know what's going on. Not just because I tell you the time, or pay for your telephone calls -- but because you know how I feel about you.

Ariane has already grabbed the coin from his hand, and is hurrying out into the corridor.

MICHEL

(plaintively)

Ariane -- who's being shot? Where? By whom? And what's it got to do with you?

## 39 TELEPHONE BOOTH - CONSERVATORY HALL

Ariane rushes in, inserts a coin, dials the operator.

ARIANE

I want the police, please.

Aware of the other students passing by, she closes the door.

ARIANE

Commissariat de Police? I wish to report a crime.

## 40 DESK IN POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Commissaire de Police, a bored veteran, sits at the desk, a half-finished game of solitaire in front of him. As he talks into the phone, he casually reaches out for a pad.

POLICEMAN

You wish to report a crime?  
Yes, madame. What is your name?

INTERCUT WITH ARIANE IN BOOTH.

ARIANE

Never mind. This is an anonymous call.

POLICEMAN

I see, Madame. What is the crime?

ARIANE

There's a man and a woman in the Hotel Ritz. Suite 14.

POLICEMAN

(making notes)

Man and woman - Suite 14 - Hotel Ritz. What is the crime?

ARIANE

You don't understand. The woman is married.

(CONTINUED)



40 (CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN

I understand. Hotel Ritz - Suite 14 - man and woman - woman is married. What is the crime?

ARIANE

She has a husband -- and he has a gun -- a great, big gun --

POLICEMAN

Ah - now we are getting somewhere! He has no permit?

ARIANE

That's not the point! At ten o'clock he is going to break into the room and shoot.

POLICEMAN

Madame, please -- do not excite yourself. It is not ten o'clock yet -- and there is no actual crime yet. Now at ten o'clock, if he does break into the room, and he does shoot, and he does not miss -- then you call us again.

ARIANE

That'll be too late. You've got to stop him. You must send somebody up there immediately.

POLICEMAN

Madame -- there are 7000 hotels in Paris -- 220,000 hotel rooms -- and on a night like this, I would say that in approximately 40,000 of those rooms, a similar situation... Now really, Madame, if we were to assign a policeman to every one of these situations .... No, no, Madame -- it just staggers the imagination. It would take more than the entire Paris police force. It would take the Fire Department, the Sanitation Department, and possibly the Boy Scouts. And certainly, Madame, we do not want young boys in short pants involved in situations like this.

## 41 CONSERVATORY HALL

Ariane, seen through the glass of the booth, hangs up the phone, dejectedly steps out of the booth. Michel is waiting outside the booth, holding the oboe case in one hand and the cello case in the other.

MICHEL

Ariane -- do you want me to drive you home, or are you going to spend all night on the telephone?

ARIANE

(thoughtfully)

Michel --

MICHEL

I'm sorry -- I have no more coins.

ARIANE

No, no -- I want you to take me home.

MICHEL

That's better.

He hands her the oboe case, keeps the cello case. They start down the corridor.

ARIANE

But on the way -- could we stop at the Ritz?

MICHEL

The Ritz?!

## 42 CORRIDOR RITZ - NIGHT

Monsieur X is pacing nervously back and forth. Outside some of the doors, shoes have been put out to be picked up and shined.

From inside Suite 14 comes gypsy music -- and as it gets more and more agitated, so does Monsieur X.

The elevator comes to a stop. Monsieur X takes immediate cover between the trunks. Out of the elevator comes a very elegant elderly lady, with a tiny grotesque-looking chihuahua on a leash. As the lady unlocks the door to Room 12, the chihuahua breaks loose, and darts toward Monsieur X's hiding place, yapping shrilly.

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

ELDERLY LADY

Picasso! Come back, Picasso!

Monsieur X, crouching between the trunks, finds himself menaced by the yelping Picasso, and in desperation, draws his gun and points it at the chihuahua. The dog lets go with one more piercing bark, then runs back frightened to his mistress.

ELDERLY LADY

What are you barking at? There's nobody there.

(she picks up Picasso,  
whacks him)

Bad dog!

She carries him into the room, closing the door behind her. The key remains in the lock.

Monsieur X straightens up, puts the gun away, mops his brow, consults his watch, and resumes pacing. Inside Suite 14, the gypsy music is building.

43 EXT. RITZ - NIGHT

A pigmy Renault, somewhat battered, speeds up and comes to a jarring stop. The sliding panel in the roof has been pushed back, and sticking out of it is Ariane's cello case. Michel is behind the wheel. Ariane gets out quickly.

MICHEL

(grabbing her arm)

Can't I go with you?

ARIANE

No. Wait here.

MICHEL

Why are you being so mysterious?

ARIANE

I'll be back in a minute.

MICHEL

You may need someone to help you  
-- a man -- maybe we ought to  
call your father.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

No, no -- certainly not my  
father!

She slams the car door, walks quickly to the main entrance, stops and glances up at the facade of the hotel, then hurries through the revolving doors into the lobby.

44 CORRIDOR RITZ - NIGHT

Monsieur X is stalking grimly up and down. A wild Rumanian hora the gypsies are playing in Suite 14 is tearing at his nerves.

Down the corridor comes a valet, gathering the shoes that have been set out to be shined into his apron.

Monsieur X steps quickly behind a luxuriant potted palm. The valet picks up a pair of shoes outside a nearby door, and as he comes abreast of the potted palm, he bends down to pick up the protruding shoes of Monsieur X. He notices that the shoes are inhabited, lets his eyes travel up the trouser legs. Now the valet and Monsieur X look at each other for a moment, in silence.

VALET

Pardon, Monsieur.

MONSIEUR X

Quite all right. I had them  
shined this afternoon.

VALET

Merci, Monsieur.

The valet walks on slightly puzzled. As he rounds the bend in the corridor, he passes Ariane, who has just hurried up the main staircase. She looks at the sign with the room numbers and directional arrows, starts toward Suite 14.

Monsieur X steps out from behind the potted palm, resumes pacing, just as Ariane comes around the bend in the corridor. She sees Monsieur X in front of Suite 14, but he does not see her. As Monsieur X is about to turn back in her direction, she retreats quickly around the bend.

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED)

As she stands there, uncertain what to do, the Rumanian hora comes to an end, and the gypsies go into Fascination.

Monsieur X reacts. He knows the zero hour is approaching, taps his gun pocket.

Ariane too realizes that time is running out. She looks around desperately, sees the key in the door-lock of Room 12.

She waits till Monsieur X starts pacing back toward Suite 14, and behind his back, darts quickly across the corridor, opens the door of Room 12, slips inside.

45 INT. ROOM 12 - NIGHT

This is the room of the elderly lady with the chihuahua. The lady is in the bathroom, the chihuahua is lying on the bed. As Ariane slips into the room, the chihuahua pricks his ears up, starts barking. Ariane looks around for a door connecting with Suite 14, and at the same time tries to shush the dog. There is no connecting door. Through the open French windows, she sees the balcony giving on the Place Vendome. The chihuahua is yapping frantically.

ELDERLY WOMAN'S VOICE

Picasso! Shut up, Picasso!

Just as Ariane ducks out onto the balcony, the lady emerges from the bathroom, in a dressing gown now, her face covered with cold cream.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What's come over you tonight?

All that barking.

(she picks him  
up, whacks him)

Bad dog!

46 EXT. SECOND STORY FACADE - RITZ - NIGHT

Ariane is climbing cautiously from the balcony outside Room 12 onto the balcony of the saloon of Suite 14. The French windows are open, gauze curtains billow in the summer breeze, and from inside comes the romantic strains of Fascination. Ariane peers through the curtains, into --

## 47 SALON SUITE 14 - FROM OUTSIDE

It is plush and ornate. The lights are dim. The gypsies, stashed away in a corner, are playing with schmaltzy abandon. Dancing in a slow circle, fused in each other's arms, are Frank Flannagan and Madame X. He wears a white dinner jacket, with the inevitable carnation in his buttonhole. She is in a black dress, and still has her hat on, with the veil up.

As Ariane watches wide-eyed, caught up in the romantic mood, Flannagan and Madame X float past the window, completely wrapped up in each other. Ariane snaps out of her daze, parts the curtains, and starts inside.

## 48 INT. SALON - NIGHT

Ariane makes a dramatic entrance from the balcony, but Flannagan and Madame X dance on, unaware of her presence.

ARIANE  
(breathlessly)  
Mr. Flannagan!

No reaction from the dancers. Ariane follows them around as they dance, taps Flannagan on the shoulder.

ARIANE  
(in a whisper)  
Mr. Flannagan --  
(the dancers stop  
and turn to her)  
pardon me for interrupting -- but  
this is urgent -- because you're  
going to be shot.

FLANNAGAN  
(bewildered)  
Shot?

ARIANE  
Sssh!  
(to the orchestra)  
Keep on playing.

FLANNAGAN  
Who are you? How did you get in  
here, anyway?

ARIANE  
Through the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

48 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

The balcony?

ARIANE

I had to.

(pointing at  
Madame X)Because her husband is outside  
the door with a gun -- a great,  
big gun.

49 CORRIDOR RITZ - NIGHT

A frenzied Monsieur X is prowling up and down the corridor, fanning himself with his Homburg. In Suite 14 Fascination is coming to a climax. Monsieur X passes a wall mirror, notices that his hair is disarranged, puts his hat down on a table, starts to comb his hair. In Suite 14, the gypsies bring Fascination to a rousing end. Monsieur X reacts, and scurries toward his hiding place behind the trunks. He realizes that he has forgotten his Homburg, dives back for the hat, ducks behind the trunks.

The door of Suite 14 opens, and the gypsies, carrying their instruments, start to file out. The last of them closes the door gently, and hangs a DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob.

Monsieur X's face contorts in a sardonic smile. He watches the gypsies disappear down the corridor, then he draws himself up, takes the gun out of his pocket, advances relentlessly toward Flannagan's door. He stops, rips the DO NOT DISTURB sign off, then takes a deep breath, kicks the door open.

50 INT. SALON SUITE 14

Monsieur X bursts in, eyes blazing, gun in hand. He looks around, spots the lovers on the chaise longue, in a dim corner of the room. Flannagan's back is toward him, obscuring the woman held tightly in his arms.

MONSIEUR X

(acidly)

Sorry, Mr. Flannagan -- but  
this is all for tonight.

(continued)

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED)

MONSIEUR X (cont'd)  
 (Flannagan turns  
 around casually)  
 Kindly disconnect yourself from  
 my wife.

FLANNAGAN  
 (easily)  
 I beg your pardon?

MONSIEUR X  
 (motioning with the  
 gun)  
 Over there -- where the light is  
 better.

Flannagan rises slowly, but doesn't move away from the  
 chaise. Sitting there is Ariane, her coat off, and  
 wearing Madame X's hat, with the veil down.

FLANNAGAN  
 Do we know each other?

MONSIEUR X  
 Only by proxy. I am the foolish  
 husband.

FLANNAGAN  
 Whose foolish husband?

MONSIEUR X  
 (pointing to Ariane)  
 Her foolish husband.

ARIANE  
 (peering over back  
 of chaise)  
My foolish husband?

Something in her voice makes Monsieur X dubious.

MONSIEUR X  
 Josephine?

He crosses to her, lifts the veil slightly.

FLANNAGAN  
 Well, is this lady your wife?

(CONTINUED)



50 (CONTINUED - 2)

MONSIEUR X  
(to Flannagan,  
puzzled)

Is your name Frank Flannagan?

FLANNAGAN

Yes.

MONSIEUR X  
Is this Suite 14?

FLANNAGAN

Yes.

MONSIEUR X  
Then she must be my wife.

FLANNAGAN  
(to Ariane)  
Are you?

ARIANE  
I don't think so.

Monsieur X has put the gun down on a table, and taken out a monocle. He is studying Ariane's face.

MONSIEUR X  
This is all very confusing.  
(drops the veil;  
to Flannagan)  
May I use your phone?

FLANNAGAN  
Help yourself.

Monsieur X crosses to the phone, picks up the receiver.

MONSIEUR X  
Hello -- concierge? Is there another Frank Flannagan in this hotel?...Well, is there another Suite 14?...This is the Ritz, isn't it?

(he hangs up, bewildered)  
I'm terribly sorry. But you must understand -- I'm terribly nervous.

FLANNAGAN  
(expansively)  
I understand. Have a glass of champagne.

(CONTINUED)

50 (CONTINUED - 3)

MONSIEUR X

Merci, Monsieur. I know it must look ridiculous -- but apparently I am the victim of misinformation -- a case of mistaken identity -- an optical illusion or something --  
 (he sniffs the air suspiciously)  
 My wife's perfume! I smell my wife's perfume!

Seized by suspicion again, he looks around the salon, dashes toward the bedroom door, flings it open, storms in. Flannagan and Ariane exchange a look, then Flannagan follows him into the bedroom.

51 INT. BEDROOM

Monsieur X is tearing around the room like a maniac, rummaging through the closets. Flannagan has come in and is leaning casually in the doorway, his arms folded, watching him. Monsieur X jerks open the door to the bathroom, looks around. His attention is attracted by the circular shower curtain, hanging over the bathtub. He makes a grab for it, meets no resistance -- there is just the curtain. He tears back into the bedroom, throws himself flat on the floor, looks under the bed.

FLANNAGAN

While you're looking -- if you happen to see my left slipper --

He glances over his shoulder at Ariane in the salon.

52 SALON

Ariane acknowledges the look, steps to the French windows leading to the balcony, peeks out.

53 EXT. SECOND STORY FACADE - RITZ

Madame X, carrying her wrap, is clambering awkwardly toward the balcony of Room 12, which is dark by now.

54 INT. BEDROOM

Monsieur X, fishing for something under the bed, comes up with Flannagan's left slipper.

MONSIEUR X

Is this it?

FLANNAGAN

(taking slipper)

Thank you.

Monsieur X scrambles to his knees, brushes himself off.

MONSIEUR X

I'm terribly sorry to cause all this trouble --

FLANNAGAN

No trouble. I'm glad you came. I've been trying to find this for a week.

He puts the slipper down, leads Monsieur X back into the salon.

55 SALON

Ariane has stepped away from the window, and as the two men come in, she surreptitiously signals Flannagan that everything is under control.

MONSIEUR X

You have no idea what I've been through today. I was so upset -- I had my hair cut three times.

FLANNAGAN

(glances at the back of his neck)

Looks good.

MONSIEUR X

Thank you. And I want to offer my sincere apologies to you and the lady.

ARIANE

You should really apologize to your wife.

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

MONSIEUR X

I should, indeed. She is probably  
in a movie, all by herself -- or  
in bed with a crossword puzzle --

Flannagan hands a glass of champagne to Monsieur X, one  
to Ariane, and lifts his own glass in a toast.

FLANNAGAN

To your wife -- wherever she may  
be.

56 INT. ROOM 12

It is dark but for the moonlight from the window.  
Madame X appears from the balcony, tiptoes across the  
room toward the corridor door. The elderly lady is  
asleep but Picasso, lying at the foot of the bed, is  
wide-awake. His eyes follow Madame X. He tries desper-  
ately to control himself, but finally he can't stand it  
any longer, goes into his ridiculous high-pitched bark.  
Madame X slips out into the corridor, closes the door,  
just as the elderly lady awakens. She looks around at  
the empty room, and the chihuahua keeps barking.

ELDERLY LADY

Picasso!

He doesn't stop. She grabs him by the scruff of the  
neck.

ELDERLY LADY

First thing tomorrow you're going  
to the analyst.

(she whacks him)

Bad dog!

57 INT. SALON SUITE 14

Flannagan is refilling the champagne glasses.

MONSIEUR X

(to Ariane)

You know, when I saw you coming  
down the corridor I could have  
sworn you were my wife.

ARIANE

You mustn't jump to conclusions.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED)

MONSIEUR X

No I mustn't. Actually, you don't  
look like her at all. She's much --

(he models a woman's  
figure in the air)

-- rounder. Not that she's heavy.  
She's very beautiful. As a matter  
of fact, I think she's one of the  
most beautiful women in the world.

(to Flannagan)

I do wish you could meet her.

FLANNAGAN

Thank you very much. But this is  
hardly the moment --

MONSIEUR X

Oh, of course -- I understand.  
I'm leaving right now.

(gulps the champagne  
down)

Good night, Madame. Good night,  
Monsieur.

FLANNAGAN &amp; ARIANE

Good night.

Monsieur X is out the door, and is about to close it,  
when he notices the DO NOT DISTURB SIGN on the floor.  
He picks it up, turns back.

MONSIEUR X

Perhaps I'd better put this back  
on.

He quickly ties a knot in the torn string, hangs the  
sign on the doorknob, gives them a sly wink, closes  
the door.

Ariane and Flannagan are alone in the suite.

FLANNAGAN

Thank you.

ARIANE

Not at all.

FLANNAGAN

(indicating balcony)

Did she make it all right?

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE

Oh, yes. There's nothing to it.

FLANNAGAN

(nodding toward door)

How about that guy? He told his wife he was in London. It's getting so you can't trust a husband any more.

ARIANE

He didn't even bother to knock.

FLANNAGAN

A madman running around the Ritz with a loaded gun.

ARIANE

Oh, it isn't just the Ritz. There are 7000 hotels in Paris -- 220,000 hotel rooms -- and do you know that in approximately 40,000 of those rooms -- especially on a night like this --

FLANNAGAN

(puzzled)

What are you talking about?

ARIANE

Those are official figures.

She takes off the veiled hat, hands it to him.

ARIANE

It was nice meeting you, Mister Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

Wait -- please. You can't leave like this. I don't even know your name. Who are you?

ARIANE

That's not important.

She goes to pick up her coat, which is lying across a chair.

FLANNAGAN

You seem to know who I am.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

Oh, yes. Frank Flannagan.  
American. Texas. Oil. Very  
successful -- and not just in  
oil.

FLANNAGAN

How did you know about tonight--  
about the husband coming here -- ?

ARIANE

You are six foot three, aren't  
you?

FLANNAGAN

Huh?

ARIANE

But you don't look a bit like  
Abraham Lincoln.

FLANNAGAN

Who said I did?

ARIANE

(putting on her  
coat)

This is a delightful apartment.  
I've never been to the Ritz  
before.

FLANNAGAN

(coaxing)

Come on, now -- how did you find  
out?

ARIANE

Oh -- a friend of a friend of a  
friend.

FLANNAGAN

A friend of a friend of a friend  
of whom?

ARIANE

It's a small world, you know.

FLANNAGAN

Small and bewildering. What made  
you come up here tonight? Why  
did you warn me?

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 4)

ARIANE

I tried to get you on the phone --

FLANNAGAN

Why?

ARIANE

It's very simple. I'm against violence. In my opinion, there's too much shooting in the world, and not enough love.

FLANNAGAN

How's that again?

ARIANE

I mean, if people loved each other more, they'd shoot each other less...

FLANNAGAN

Are you a religious fanatic or something?

There is a sharp knock on the door. They look around.

FLANNAGAN

Who is it?

MONSIEUR X'S VOICE

It's me again. The husband.

They look at each other. Flannagan quickly puts the veiled hat on Ariane's head, she slips out of her coat. They sit on the chaise, and resume their original embrace.

FLANNAGAN

Come in.

The door opens, and Monsieur X comes in.

MONSIEUR X

I hate to make a nuisance of myself -- but I forgot something.

He crosses to the table where he left the gun, picks it up.

MONSIEUR X

I bought it in London -- but maybe they'll take it back. I still have the saleslip. Goodbye.

(CONTINUED)



57 (CONTINUED - 5)

FLANNAGAN

Goodbye!

Monsieur X goes out.

ARIANE

(to Flannagan)

Goodbye.

She disengages herself from his embrace, rises.

FLANNAGAN

(in a whisper)

You can't go now. It wouldn't  
look right. He may be watching.  
I think he's still suspicious.

ARIANE

It's getting late.

FLANNAGAN

Just a few more minutes.

ARIANE

All right -- a few more minutes.

He hands her a glass of champagne, she sips it.

FLANNAGAN

Maybe I can get the gypsies back.

ARIANE

No, no, no -- no gypsies -- and  
no Fascination.

FLANNAGAN

I find it very helpful -- a little  
background music.

ARIANE

Helpful how?

FLANNAGAN

It's amazing what a couple of  
fiddles can do for you --  
especially if you're not much of  
a talker. And I'm not much of a  
talker.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 6)

ARIANE

Tell me, Mr. Flannagan -- when you're travelling around -- Rome, Madrid, the Scandinavian countries -- do you take the gypsies along?

FLANNAGAN

Of course not. Except once -- I sent my plane down for them, and had them join me in Stockholm. It was an emergency.

ARIANE

The episode with the two sisters?

FLANNAGAN

(looks at her  
speculatively)

You know quite a bit about me, don't you.

ARIANE

(lightly)

Quite a bit.

FLANNAGAN

Aren't you a little too young for that?

ARIANE

I was about to ask you a similar question. Aren't you a little too old for that?

FLANNAGAN

That hurts. First you save a man's life, then you stab him. Is that kind?

ARIANE

I really didn't mean it. I take it back -- if you take back what you said -- that I'm too young.

FLANNAGAN

I take it back.

ARIANE

Because actually, I don't much care for young men. Never did. I find them conceited, and clumsy and very unimaginative.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 7)

FLANNAGAN

That's more like it.

ARIANE

They'd never think of having  
gypsies with dinner.

FLANNAGAN

I'll have them here tomorrow  
evening -- when you come to  
dinner.

ARIANE

When I come?

FLANNAGAN

Of course.

ARIANE

That's out of the question.

FLANNAGAN

You're the strangest girl I've  
ever met. You won't tell me  
your name, you won't tell me --

ARIANE

(reaching for her  
coat)

Good night..

FLANNAGAN

Can't I take you home?

ARIANE

No, thank you.

FLANNAGAN

Why not?

ARIANE

It's too dangerous.

FLANNAGAN

Are you married?

ARIANE

No.

FLANNAGAN

But you live with someone.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 8)

ARIANE

Yes.

FLANNAGAN

A man?

ARIANE

Yes.

FLANNAGAN

Is he jealous?

ARIANE

Well -- let me put it this way.  
If he knew I was here tonight --

FLANNAGAN

But he doesn't.

ARIANE

I hope not.

FLANNAGAN

(helping her into  
coat)

And if you're careful, there's no  
reason why he should find out  
about tomorrow.

ARIANE

You don't know him.

She moves toward the door, oblivious of Madame X's  
veiled hat, which she's still wearing.

FLANNAGAN

Look -- tomorrow is my last day  
in Paris. I'm going back to the  
United States.

ARIANE

Have a nice trip.

FLANNAGAN

You wouldn't want me to spend my  
last evening alone.

ARIANE

Well -- the gentleman with the  
gun offered to introduce you to  
his wife.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 9)

FLANNAGAN

You're much more attractive than she is.

ARIANE

Or you can fly in the sisters from Stockholm.

FLANNAGAN

You're much more attractive than both of them put together.

ARIANE

Did you say you were not much of a talker?

FLANNAGAN

Eight o'clock?

ARIANE

Impossible.

FLANNAGAN

Nine o'clock?

ARIANE

Oh, no. That's much too late.

FLANNAGAN

Five o'clock? Four o'clock?

ARIANE

In the afternoon? When do you work?

FLANNAGAN

Whenever I'm not busy. Will you try?

ARIANE

I was told you're utterly no good.

FLANNAGAN

Then we'll both try. You try to be here at four o'clock -- and I'll try to be good.

ARIANE

(in the open door)

Good night, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

Good night -- thin girl.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED - 10)

He watches her walk down the corridor. As he starts to close the door, he notices the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the knob outside. He takes it off, closes the door, walks slowly across the room twirling the sign around his finger. He shakes his head -- he can't figure the girl at all.

58 EXT. RITZ - NIGHT

The Renault, with the cello sticking out of the roof, is parked at the curb. Michel sits there, waiting. He sees Ariane come out through the revolving doors. She is wearing the hat with the veil down, and seems to be in a complete trance. She passes the car and Michel, walks right on.

MICHEL

Ariane!

She continues walking. Michel scrambles out of the car, runs after her.

MICHEL

Ariane!

ARIANE

(stops and turns)

Michel. What are you doing here?

MICHEL

What am I -- ? I'm waiting for you.

ARIANE

You are? Oh, yes.

MICHEL

(helping her into  
the car)

What happened up there? What took you so long?

ARIANE

He wanted to call the gypsies back.

MICHEL

(perplexed)

Ariane, are you all right? And where did you get that hat?

(CONTINUED)

58 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

Michel -- do you think I'm too thin?

He looks at her oddly, gets behind the wheel. Ariane starts humming Fascination, as they drive off.

DISSOLVE TO:

59 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE RUE RECAMIER - NIGHT

A taxi with the meter running is parked in front of the entrance. The Renault drives up, stops behind the cab. Ariane gets out, still humming Fascination. Michel gets out on the other side, starts to lift the cello through the opening in the roof.

MICHEL

Will you please stop humming that idiotic tune? It lacks any musical merit whatsoever.

Ariane goes right on humming. She reaches for the cello, but he holds it back.

MICHEL

You haven't said one word to me -- you haven't answered one question --

He waves his hand in front of her eyes, trying to snap her out of her spell.

MICHEL

Ariane... it's me -- Michel -- your friend.

ARIANE

(taking the cello from him)

Good night, friend.

Still humming, she starts into the house. Michel looks after her, shrugs.

60 INT. STAIRCASE AND SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Ariane, hugging the cello, floats up the stairs to her own accompaniment of Fascination. Halfway up, she hears

(CONTINUED)

60 (CONTINUED)

laughter and voices from the landing above. She stops and looks.

Monsieur X is emerging from the Chavasse apartment, carrying his suitcases. Chavasse, wearing a bathrobe over his pajamas, follows him out.

MONSIEUR X

(jovially)

I can't wait to get home and tell my wife. We'll be laughing about this for weeks.

(he is laughing already)

Ariane steps back into the shadows of the half-landing.

CHAVASSE

I just don't understand it, Monsieur. I have been in this business for many years. My reports have always been one hundred percent correct.

MONSIEUR X

(chuckling)

You came very close. You had the right hotel, the right suite, the right man, the right gypsies -- but you had the wrong woman.

CHAVASSE

Are you absolutely sure?

MONSIEUR X

Absolutely. Different voice -- different figure -- different everything.

On the half-landing below, Ariane stands frozen. She cannot retreat without being seen from above. She quickly removes Madame X's hat, opens the cello case, and puts it inside.

CHAVASSE

Under the circumstances, Monsieur, I owe you an apology -- and a refund. Since I was only eight percent correct, I feel I should return twenty percent of your money.

(CONTINUED)



60 (CONTINUED - 2)

MONSIEUR X

No, no -- keep it. As far as I'm concerned you are the best detective in Paris.

(roguishly)

Just remember one thing -- you must not jump to conclusions. Good night, Monsieur.

CHAVASSE

Good night.

Still puzzling over the turn of events, he goes into the apartment, closes the door. Monsieur X descends the stairs with his suitcases.

Ariane, realizing that a meeting is unavoidable, tries to make the best of it. Holding the cello case up so that it covers her face, she starts up the stairs. Monsieur X, smiling smugly, passes Ariane. One of his suitcases bumps against the cello case, revealing her face for a split second.

MONSIEUR X

Pardon, Madame.

He hesitates momentarily, a vague sense of recognition somewhere in the back of his mind. He looks after Ariane, ascending with the cello case, then shakes off the notion as utterly ridiculous, and grinning happily, continues down the stairs.

61 INT. CORRIDOR - CHAVASSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ariane, carrying the cello case, lets herself in, and starts toward her room. From the office comes --

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Ariane?

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Come here, Ariane.

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

She takes a deep breath, starts toward the office.

62 OFFICE - NIGHT

Chavasse is pacing the floor, quite disturbed. Ariane comes in apprehensively, clinging to the cello case.

ARIANE

Good evening, Papa.

CHAVASSE

Aren't you rather late?

ARIANE

Yes, Papa. Michel and I went for a ride.

CHAVASSE

Where?

ARIANE

Oh, we just drove around -- Michel and I.

CHAVASSE

Nice boy, Michel.

ARIANE

Very nice. Good night, Papa.

CHAVASSE

How about the two of us having a little peppermint tea?

ARIANE

Peppermint tea?

CHAVASSE

I thought we could sit for a while and talk.

ARIANE

You ought to go to bed, Papa.

CHAVASSE

Oh, no. I couldn't sleep a wink. I've had a very strange experience -- most disturbing.

ARIANE

I'm sorry, Papa.

CHAVASSE

It's this case I've been working on -- I spent five nights on top of the column in the Place Vendome -- watching that American --

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

That's very interesting, Papa.  
But --

CHAVASSE

Nothing like this has ever happened  
to me before. Let me tell you about  
it --

ARIANE

Please don't, Papa.

CHAVASSE

You're a very smart girl. Maybe  
you can figure it out.

ARIANE

I don't think you should, Papa.  
I mean -- you don't want me to  
know about these sordid matters  
you deal with.

CHAVASSE

But you're my family. I have no  
one else to talk to. If your  
Mama were alive --

ARIANE

Mama was a married woman.  
(kisses him)  
Good night, Papa.

Carrying the cello, she walks quickly into her room,  
sliding the doors shut behind her. Chavasse looks  
after her, quite disappointed, starts to put the lights  
out.

63 ARIANE'S ROOM

Once in her room, Ariane locks the doors, puts the cello  
case across a chair. Without taking her coat off, she  
flops back limply on the bed. A vastly reinforced gypsy  
orchestra sneaks in with Fascination. She kicks off one  
shoe in a high, lazy arc, then the other. She folds  
her hands behind her head, stares raptly at the ceiling,  
letting wave after wave of the melody -- however idiotic  
and lacking in musical merit -- sweep over her.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 64 THE LITTLE SQUARE ON MONTMARTRE - MORNING

This is the same square as in the very first shot of the picture. The same couple are standing against the same railing in the same embrace. And again a sprinkling wagon passes them - but from the opposite direction - drenches them with water. Again they are oblivious. CAMERA PANS with the sprinkling wagon on toward the panorama of Paris. All the while, FASCINATION is still going strong.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 65 CHAVASSE BEDROOM - MORNING

Chavasse is standing in front of a mirror, putting on a bow tie, and reflectively humming FASCINATION. He breaks off, his mind again on the riddle of Madame X and the American. He shakes his head in puzzlement, resumes humming -- but now it all sounds like a series of questions, to which he has no answer.

From Ariane's room comes the sound of the cello. Ariane is practicing the solo from Haydn. Chavasse slips into his coat, puts a handkerchief in his breast pocket, starts into the office.

## 66 OFFICE

Chavasse crosses toward Ariane's room. Through a narrow gap in the sliding doors Ariane can be seen sitting at the music stand in her quilted robe, practicing the cello.

CHAVASSE  
(opening the doors  
a little wider)  
Good morning, darling.

ARIANE  
Good morning, Papa.

CHAVASSE  
Haydn's 98th?

ARIANE  
88th, Papa. Your breakfast is  
on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

(heading for desk)

88th. Just can't seem to get  
anything right lately.

He seats himself before the breakfast tray, unfolds the morning paper, starts eating and reading. From off, comes the sound of the cello. Suddenly there is a sour note. Chavasse flinches, looks toward Ariane's room.

67 ARIANE'S ROOM

Ariane glances up over the music stand toward her father in the office, smiles apologetically. She resumes practicing, turns a page on the music stand, without interrupting her playing. She seems to be totally absorbed in following the score.

Now the CAMERA SHOOTS PAST her head toward the music stand. We discover that she is not following the Hayden score at all -- it is the score on Flannagan. She has placed his file on top of the music sheets, and as she saws away at the cello, she is devouring the secret life of Frank Flannagan.

The thick file contains a series of photographically documented data. Snapshots with captions, typewritten reports, clippings from magazines. Flannagan with a variety of stunning beauties, in a variety of locales --

- (1) Flannagan in a motor boat, towing three beauties in Bikinis on water skis.
- (2) Flannagan in an open Cadillac convertible, with his arm around a young lady. It is night, and the car is parked in a deserted spot. Apparently they were surprised by the glare of a photographer's flashbulb. Flannagan is glowering into the lens, the young lady is holding up a handbag to conceal her face.
- (3) Flannagan, in a polo outfit, is receiving a cup from a beautiful Indian girl in a sari.
- (4) A photograph of the Taj Mahal, with a heavy arrow pointing toward an upper window.

(CONTINUED)

67 (CONTINUED)

- (5) Flannagan, sitting in a wooden tub, surrounded by six geisha girls, who are pouring water on him and scrubbing his back. It is magazine clipping, with a detailed caption in Japanese.

Ariane drinks in the contents of the file, her eyes wide as saucers. She turns another page, and as she reads on, her expression changes to one of shocked disapproval. She hits another clinker, looks up, once more forces a feeble smile in the direction of her father.

68 OFFICE

Chavasse, the coffee cup in his hand, is looking off at Ariane reproachfully. The sour note has made him spill some coffee on his tie, and he mops it up with a napkin.

69 ARIANE'S ROOM

Ariane, reassured that her father is not watching, continues practicing. She leans toward the music stand, studies more closely the item in the file which has outraged her particularly.

Pasted on a page are three snapshots -- Flannagan dancing with a young Italian beauty on a terrace overlooking the Grand Canal in Venice -- Flannagan and the same girl feeding the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco -- a closeup of the girl. Typed on the sheet is a staccato report on the case:

VENICE, MAY 1954.  
FRANCESCA DEL CORSO, ATTEMPTED  
SUICIDE IN FLANNAGAN'S HOTEL SUITE.  
RUSHED TO HOSPITAL BY GONDOLA.  
STOMACH PUMPED OUT.

Ariane, affected by the fate of poor Francesca, stares at the photographs, playing the same note over and over again.

70 OFFICE

Chavasse is getting ready for the day's work -- putting into his briefcase the camera, the telescopic lens, a flashlight, rubber gloves. He checks to make sure he has the large key-ring with all the keys, picks up his umbrella and the briefcase. Reacting to the monotonous grating on the cello, he starts into --

## 71 ARIANE'S ROOM

Ariane just barely has enough time to cover the Flannagan file with some sheets of Haydn.

ARIANE

You leave, Papa?

CHAVASSE

Yes, thank you. Your Mr. Haydn seems to have run out of ideas when he got to the 98th Symphony.

ARIANE

88th.

She rises quickly, interposes herself between the music stand and her father, adjusts his tie.

ARIANE

Working on a new case?

CHAVASSE

Yes - a client from Brussels. His wife ran away to Paris with the chauffeur. I must find them. The husband wants his car back.

ARIANE

Seems only fair.

CHAVASSE

Rehearsal this evening?

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

CHAVASSE

Will Michel bring you home?

ARIANE

I suppose so.

CHAVASSE

Nice boy, Michel.

ARIANE

You keep saying that.

CHAVASSE

Comes from a very respectable family. Father and two uncles work for the government - mother plays the harp - grandfather was  
(continued)

71 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE (cont'd)

a missionary in French Equatorial Africa -- and there hasn't been a scandal in the family since 1822.

ARIANE

Papa! You investigated Michel?

CHAVASSE

Yes, I have. I think I owe it to my only daughter.

ARIANE

You're spoiling me.

CHAVASSE

If I were an Indian potentate, I'd shower you with diamonds. If I were a cobbler, I'd sole your shoes. But since I'm only a detective, all I can offer you is a detailed dossier.

ARIANE

(putting her arms  
around him)

I love you very much, Papa.

CHAVASSE

And I love you more.

They kiss, and he walks out into the corridor. Ariane, quite touched by her father's affection, stands there until she hears the front door slam. Then she turns to the music stand, gathers up the Flannagan file, and weighing the mass of material in her hand, walks into her father's office.

72 OFFICE

Ariane carries the Flannagan dossier over to the filing cabinets. The lettered drawers are shut tight. She glances at the drawer marked "F", moves to the side of the cabinet, feels around for a certain spot, then raps it sharply three times with her fist. The drawer marked "W" springs open. She steps around in front of it, kicks it shut. Now the "F" drawer pops open. She replaces the Flannagan file, slams the drawer shut, starts pacing in a circle around the room. The drawer marked "F" slides open slowly. As Ariane passes it, she reaches

(CONTINUED)



72 (CONTINUED)

out without even looking, closes it. She walks on, deep in thought. Then, with sudden decision, she goes behind her father's desk, seats herself in the swivel chair. She picks up a sheet of blank paper, lifts the lid of the inkwell, dips a pen in, then sits back to formulate what she's going to write.

ARIANE  
(improvising to  
herself)

Dear Mr. Flannagan: After careful examination of your past record, I have decided that you are not the kind of man I would care to see again -- not even in the afternoon.

This seems to be it. She starts to write it out, but after about the fifth word she stops, crumples the paper up, decides to try another attack. She leans back in the swivel chair, concentrates.

ARIANE  
(to herself)

Dear Mr. Flannagan: I hope this letter reaches you in time to cancel the gypsies. I am not exactly the kind of girl you would be interested in. As a matter of fact, I am exactly the kind of girl you would not be interested in.

This sounds good to her, and she starts to put it on paper. But again she changes her mind, crumples up the sheet. She leans back to compose again.

ARIANE  
(to herself)

Dear Mr. Flannagan: I made a very serious mistake last night. I should have let you be shot!

Triumphantly, and with a flourish, she writes it out, folds the paper, puts it in an envelope. On the outside she writes: "FRANK FLANNAGAN, ESQ., HOTEL RITZ".

She places the crumpled drafts in a large ashtray, strikes a match, sets fire to them. As she studies the envelope in her hand, music segues subtly into "FASCINATION", keeps building. She doesn't seem quite so content with the letter any more. She looks at the fire, then gently holds out the envelope over the flames until a corner catches. She watches the letter burn in her hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 73 EXT. RITZ - AFTERNOON

Ariane is walking toward the Ritz. She is wearing a light summer suit, no hat. In one hand she carries the cello case, in the other a handbag with the initial letter "A" on it. She walks past the main entrance with studied casualness, and as she comes abreast of the service entrance, she sidesteps quickly into the building.

## 74 CORRIDOR RITZ - AFTERNOON

Ariane hurries down the corridor from the service elevator. She looks around furtively, is relieved that there is nobody in sight. Outside Suite 14, she leans the cello case against the ever-present trunks, opens it. Inside, resting rakishly on the head of the cello, is Madame X's hat. She takes the hat out, closes the case, then steps to the door and knocks tentatively.

## 75 INT. SUITE 14 - AFTERNOON

The door between the salon and the bedroom is open. There is some half-packed luggage around the bedroom. On the bed lies a bulging suitcase, the lid down, but not locked.

Flannagan, in shirtsleeves and stockinged feet, is stretched out on a couch in the bedroom, talking into a dictaphone. He has not heard the knock.

FLANNAGAN

(into dictaphone)

Arriving New York tomorrow morning,  
Arrange suite at St. Regis Hotel.  
Arrange meeting, Chase National  
Bank, tomorrow noon.

There is another knock on the door, louder this time.

FLANNAGAN

Come in.

He continues dictating, without looking up. In the background, Ariane walks slowly into the salon, holding her handbag and Madame X's hat. She stops timidly, looks around for Flannagan.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

(into dictaphone)

Item 7. Send flowers to the following and alert them to stand by.  
 (consulting little black book)

Miss Billings; Miss Chandler; Miss DeVoto; Mrs. Flagstad - disregard if Mr. Flagstad is in town; Miss O'Neil --

(now he sees Ariane)

Oh - hello.

(into dictaphone)

More later.

He switches off the dictaphone, gets up.

FLANNAGAN

Nice to see you again.

ARIANE

I'm a little early --

FLANNAGAN

Good. I'll be right with you.

He picks up his shoes from near the foot of the couch, starts putting them on. Ariane stands uncertainly in the middle of the salon, about twenty feet away.

ARIANE

I came early because I wanted to tell you that I'm not coming later.

Flannagan, who is tying his shoes, looks up quizzically.

FLANNAGAN

Let me get this straight. You came to tell me that you're not coming?

ARIANE

(holding out the hat)

Actually, I only came up here to bring back the hat.

FLANNAGAN

Just put it any place. And get yourself a drink.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE  
(putting hat on  
a table)  
No, thank you. I can't stay.

FLANNAGAN  
Why not?

ARIANE  
I told you it was going to be  
difficult. I have another date.

FLANNAGAN  
I see.

He has put his shoes on, looks at the suitcase on the  
bed.

FLANNAGAN  
Come in here, will you, please?

ARIANE  
Absolutely not!

FLANNAGAN  
I said please. I need your help.

ARIANE  
(a cautious step  
forward)  
What sort of help?

FLANNAGAN  
(pointing to the suit-  
case on the bed)  
Sit on this, will you?

ARIANE  
I will not!

FLANNAGAN  
(pressing down on the  
lid of the bulging  
suitcase)  
If you don't sit on it, I can't  
lock it.

ARIANE  
Oh.

She slowly advances into the bedroom, sees the luggage.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

Then you are leaving tonight.

FLANNAGAN

Eleven o'clock plane.

ARIANE

You don't stay in one place very long, do you?

FLANNAGAN

Not if I can help it. Climb up.

She backs up toward the suitcase, props herself up on top of it.

ARIANE

Who sits on your suitcase in all those other places?

FLANNAGAN

It's a problem, all right.

(snaps the locks shut)

You're just the right weight.

ARIANE

Am I?

FLANNAGAN

In Japan last year, they ruined a brand new suitcase -- whole lid crushed in.

ARIANE

What do you expect -- six geisha girls in one suitcase.

(he gives her a side-long glance; she slides off the suitcase)

Goodbye, Mr. Flannagan. And happy landing.

She starts toward the salon, but she doesn't get very far -- her skirt is caught in the suitcase.

FLANNAGAN

See -- you can't get away from me that easily.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED - 4)

ARIANE

Well -- open it.

Flannagan unsnaps the locks, frees her.

FLANNAGAN

Now we'll have to do it all over again.

ARIANE

I really must go. The hat's on the table.

FLANNAGAN

One drink?

ARIANE

I told you I had a date.

Flannagan puts on the jacket of his business suit (carnation in buttonhole).

FLANNAGAN

The man you live with?

ARIANE

No -- this is another man -- a younger man -- the man I play with.

FLANNAGAN

You mean there's one man you live with and another man you -- That's very intriguing.

ARIANE

Not really.

FLANNAGAN

Look, I'm not criticizing you. As a matter of fact, I'm all for it.

ARIANE

You would be -- a man with your record.

FLANNAGAN

What about my record?

ARIANE

(backing up toward  
salon)

I've been reading up on it.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED - 5)

FLANNAGAN  
(following her)

Where?

ARIANE  
Oh -- I have my own private  
library.

By this time they are in the salon, Ariane backing up  
toward the corridor door, Flannagan keeping pace with  
her.

FLANNAGAN  
What kind of library is that?

ARIANE  
All sorts of reference works.  
The World Almanac --

FLANNAGAN  
You read about me in the World  
Almanac?

ARIANE  
Naturally. It's very complete.  
Loaded with facts and figures.  
Like the ten tallest mountains -  
the population of Portugal - the  
average annual rainfall in New  
Zealand -

She is back against the door, cannot move any further.

FLANNAGAN  
What does it say about me?

ARIANE  
Oh, you're way above average.  
It doesn't just rain -- it pours.

FLANNAGAN  
You know -- you baffle me.

ARIANE  
I baffle you?

FLANNAGAN  
I can't figure you at all. Of  
course, if you gave me a little  
more time -- Let me take your  
jacket.

(CONTINUED)

75 (CONTINUED - 6)

ARIANE

No. I'm expected somewhere --  
momentarily.

FLANNAGAN

How soon is momentarily?

ARIANE

Twenty minutes?

FLANNAGAN

All right. I'll settle for twenty.

He starts to help her off with her jacket.

ARIANE

It's way on the other side of  
town...

FLANNAGAN

He's a younger man. He can wait.

ARIANE

Really -- I was only returning  
the hat.

FLANNAGAN

I know.

ARIANE

Maybe I should have left it at the  
desk downstairs.

FLANNAGAN

Oh, no. That would've been very  
risky. You know how people talk.

ARIANE

Well, I could have put it in a  
paper bag -- a big, brown paper  
bag.

FLANNAGAN

I'm glad you didn't. Somebody  
might have opened it.

ARIANE

Well, I could have written on it  
-- Personal.

FLANNAGAN

That they would have opened for  
sure.

(CONTINUED)



75 (CONTINUED - 7)

He has now removed her jacket, takes it across the room, drapes it over a chair. She follows him slowly.

ARIANE

Then I guess I did the smart thing.

FLANNAGAN

I think you did.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 INT. CORRIDOR RITZ - LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

The waiters are wheeling the carts with champagne, caviar and the other goodies down the corridor and into Suite 14. They move at a much faster clip now than they did the night before. From the other direction, the gypsies are descending on Suite 14, also on the double. The gypsies disappear into the suite, the waiters emerge, and the door closes. Inside, the gypsies plunge into a spirited opening selection.

DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. SALON SUITE 14 - TWILIGHT

The gypsies, in their usual corner, are now playing in a more sedate tempo. Flannagan and Ariane are dancing. Flannagan is in complete control of the situation. Ariane cranes her neck, looks into his eyes, and smiles wistfully.

ARIANE

In a way, I'm glad you're leaving tonight.

FLANNAGAN

You are?

ARIANE

It makes everything so much simpler.

FLANNAGAN

That's the way it should be. No involvements, no complication, no danger.

ARIANE

None at all.

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

The trouble is, people get attached to each other, it drags on, scenes, tears, everything gets so maudlin... I think people should always behave as though they were between planes.

ARIANE

That's very sound, Mr. Flannagan.

They stop near the table with the champagne bucket, and he fills two glasses.

FLANNAGAN

It's basic. He who loves and runs away, lives to love another day.

ARIANE

I must remember that.

FLANNAGAN

Works out great.

ARIANE

Works out for you.

FLANNAGAN

No -- all around! Everybody's happy, nobody gets hurt.

ARIANE

What about Francesca del Corso?

FLANNAGAN

Francesca del who?

ARIANE

Del Corso. The one in Venice who tried to commit -- you know, with the stomach pump -- and the gondola.

FLANNAGAN

I'm glad you brought her up. That's exactly the type to stay away from -- serious, sentimental, silly. It turned out I was the first man she'd ever been in love with.

ARIANE

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

77 (CONTINUED - 2)

The gypsies segue into a fervent rendition of FASCINATION. Ariane turns away from Flannagan, and sipping the champagne, moves toward the balcony. Flannagan, glass in hand, follows her.

FLANNAGAN

I suppose most girls are sentimental about their first love.

ARIANE

I suppose so. Just like their first pair of high heels.

They step out through the gauze curtains onto the balcony. She leans on the railing looking down on the Place Vendome, transfigured in the bluish glow of twilight. There is a long pause.

FLANNAGAN

Tell me -- do you remember the first man in your life?

ARIANE

Let me see --  
 (she turns around  
 slowly, looks up  
 into his face)  
 -- it's all a little blurry --  
 I guess I had too much champagne.

From the salon drift the lush strains of FASCINATION. Flannagan leans gently toward her, kisses her on the neck. She lets him.

78 CORRIDOR RITZ

Ariane's cello leans against the trunks, abandoned and forlorn. From Suite 14, the last of FASCINATION is heard. It swells to a romantic climax, and ends.

CAMERA PANS OVER to the door, the gypsies emerge with their instruments. The last of them closes the door gently, and hangs the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the door-knob.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 79 DESK OF CONCIERGE - RITZ - EVENING

The concierge is on the phone. A uniformed chauffeur stands waiting to one side.

CONCIERGE  
(into phone)  
Monsieur Flannagan? Pardon,  
Monsieur -- but it is ten  
o'clock -- your car is here to  
take you to the airport.

## 80 INT. SALON SUITE 14 - EVENING

Flannagan, alone in the room, is on the phone.

FLANNAGAN  
All right. You can send up for  
the luggage. Tell my chauffeur  
I'll be right down.

He hangs up, picks up Ariane's handbag lying next to the phone. He studies the initial for a moment.

FLANNAGAN  
(calling to the  
other room)  
Anna?

ARIANE'S VOICE  
No.

FLANNAGAN  
Annabella?

ARIANE'S VOICE  
No.

FLANNAGAN  
Agnes?

## 81 BATHROOM

Ariane, her jacket on, stands in front of the mirror, putting lipstick on.

ARIANE  
No.

FLANNAGAN'S VOICE  
Alexandra?

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

No.

FLANNAGAN'S VOICE

Antonia?

ARIANE

No.

She starts out of the bathroom.

82 SALON

Flannagan is walking up and down with the bag in his hand.

FLANNAGAN

Amanda?

ARIANE'S VOICE

No.

FLANNAGAN

Adolph?

Ariane comes into the salon, looks at him reproachfully.

ARIANE

Adolph?

FLANNAGAN

I'm sorry -- I've run out of A's.

Ariane takes the handbag from him, puts the lipstick in it.

FLANNAGAN

Come on, now -- what does it stand for?

ARIANE

Anonymous.

FLANNAGAN

Why won't you tell me your name?

ARIANE

What different does it make? Just two people who met between planes.

There is a knock on the door.

(CONTINUED)

82 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

Come in.

Two porters enter.

1ST PORTER

Baggage, Monsieur?

FLANNAGAN

(indicating bedroom)

In there. And there's some in the  
corridor.

1ST PORTER

Oui, Monsieur.

They proceed into the bedroom, and subsequently come out with the luggage. Flannagan picks up his dark blue Chesterfield, with a carnation in the buttonhole, and a black Homburg.

ARIANE

(looking around the  
room)Let's see -- have you forgotten  
anything?

FLANNAGAN

I don't think so.

ARIANE

(spotting Madame  
X's hat)

The hat. What about the hat?

FLANNAGAN

You want it?

ARIANE

No, thanks.

FLANNAGAN

Then we just leave it. I have no  
use for it.

ARIANE

You never can tell. Why don't you  
take it on the plane and give it  
to the stewardess?

FLANNAGAN

I don't know the stewardess.

(CONTINUED)

82 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE

You will.

She hands him the hat. He looks at her wryly, then walks over to the wastepaper basket, holds out the hat at arm's length, drops it in.

83 EXT. RITZ - EVENING

Flannagan's Rolls Royce is parked at the curb. The chauffeur stands waiting beside it. The doorman is helping the two porters load the baggage into the trunk of the car.

Through the revolving door come Ariane and Flannagan, followed by the concierge. Flannagan is wearing the blue Chesterfield with the carnation and the black Homburg, and is carrying a briefcase in his hand. The chauffeur meets him, relieves him of the briefcase.

Suddenly Flannagan notices that the porters are about to put a cello case into the trunk.

FLANNAGAN

(to porters)

Wait a minute. What's this?

Ariane sees the cello case, takes an involuntary step toward it, then controls herself.

PORTIER

It was in the corridor, Monsieur -- with your trunk.

FLANNAGAN

Well, it's not mine.

PORTIER

Pardon, Monsieur.

Flannagan takes out a roll of franc notes, starts handing out tips all the way down the line.

CONCIERGE

Merci, Monsieur Flannagan. Bon voyage.

DOORMAN

Merci, Monsieur Flannagan. Bon voyage.

(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED)

1ST PORTIER

Merci, Monsieur Flannagan. Bon voyage.

2ND PORTIER

Merci, Monsieur Flannagan. Bon voyage.

As he comes to the end of the line, he finds himself face to face with Ariane. There is a silent pause as they look at each other.

ARIANE

(as gay as she can manage)

Merci, Monsieur Flannagan. Bon voyage.

Flannagan is momentarily at a loss for words. Then his eyes stray down to the initial on her handbag.

FLANNAGAN

Agatha?

(she shakes her head)

Angela?

(she shakes her head)

Well -- whatever your name is -- you're very sweet. I wish we had more than just this one evening.

ARIANE

No you don't. Why drag it out -- scenes, tears -- everything gets so maudlin. This way it was just perfect.

FLANNAGAN

(looking around)

If only Cartier's were open, I'd buy you something very lavish.

ARIANE

I don't want anything from you.

(a beat)

Yes I do, too.

(she reaches for the carnation in his buttonhole)

May I?

(CONTINUED)



83 (CONTINUED - 2)

Flannagan nods. She takes it. The chauffeur steps up.

CHAUFFEUR

Pardon, Monsieur -- it is 10:15.

ARIANE

Goodbye, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

Goodbye, thin girl.

He steps into the Rolls. The doorman closes it. The chauffeur gets behind the wheel, the car drives off.

The concierge, the doorman, the porters and Ariane look after the car. Then the hotel personnel start back into the Ritz.

Ariane still stands there. All of a sudden, she remembers the cello, turns toward the first porter, who is carrying it toward the service entrance.

ARIANE

Wait, please. That's mine.

1ST PORTER

Yours, Madame?

ARIANE

(taking cello case)

Mine.

She starts slowly across the Place Vendome, a lone, melancholy figure, carrying the cello case in one hand, and holding up Flannagan's carnation in the other.

FADE OUT:

END OF PART I

FADE IN:

84      PARIS - A RAINY AUTUMN DAY

A statue of Cupid in the park, dripping with rain. Leaves are falling. It is all desolate, hopeless, and very wet.

85      CHAVASSE APARTMENT - SAME DAY

CAMERA PANS from the rain-streaked window in Ariane's room past the music stand, the cello leaning against the empty chair, and on to the bed. Lying fully dressed on top of the bed-cover is Ariane -- staring moodily at the ceiling. There is the sound of the apartment door being opened.

Chavasse is just arriving home. He wears the black derby and a mackintosh, and is carrying his briefcase and a wet umbrella.

CHAVASSE

(hanging up hat and  
coat)

Ariane? Is my lunch ready,  
Ariane?

There is no answer. He crosses to the door of her room, opens it, peeks in.

CHAVASSE

How about some lunch?

ARIANE

(eyes still on  
the ceiling)

No thank you, Papa.

Chavasse gives her an odd look, and goes into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, Chavasse opens the ice-box, takes out some sausage, cheese, and butter. He notices something way in the corner of the ice-box, which attracts his attention. He takes it out. It's a glass of water with Flannagan's carnation in it -- rather wilted, the petals turning brown around the edges. He puzzles over it for a moment, then carries the glass and the carnation into Ariane's room.

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

Ariane is lying in the same position on the bed, gazing at the ceiling.

CHAVASSE  
 (holding out the  
 glass with the  
 carnation)  
 Is this yours, Ariane?

ARIANE  
 (turning her head  
 slowly)  
 Yes, Papa.

CHAVASSE  
 What's it doing in the icebox?

ARIANE  
 Papa -- let's make a pact. I'll  
 stay out of your files -- and you  
 stay out of my icebox.

She takes the glass with the carnation from him. Chavasse throws her a worried look as he walks out. Ariane lies there, gazing at the carnation. But she isn't really focussing on the flower -- there is a faraway look in her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 PARIS - A BLEAK WINTER DAY

The statue of Cupid is capped with snow. There is more snow on the ground, and on the bare branches of the trees.

87 INT. CLASSROOM IN MUSIC CONSERVATORY - THE SAME DAY

Through the window snow can be seen. The students are rehearsing the Boccherini Cello Concerto.

Ariane, holding the cello, sits quietly waiting for her cue. As she turns a page of the heavy bound score, she sees --

Flannagan's carnation, between the sheets of music. It is pressed flat, and all dried out.

(CONTINUED)

87 (CONTINUED)

Into Ariane's eyes comes that distant look again. It is now time for her solo. The conductor points his baton at her. Ariane doesn't see it, just sits there staring at the flower. The conductor raps the baton sharply. Nothing happens. Michel, sitting behind Ariane, taps her urgently on the shoulder. Ariane reacts automatically, raises her bow, starts to play. The conductor and the other students gape at her, open-mouthed -- for Ariane is not playing Boccherini, she is playing FASCINATION, tenderly and with a lot of feeling.

DISSOLVE TO:

88 PARIS - A LOVELY SPRING DAY

The statue of Cupid again -- against the budding chestnut trees. A park attendant, with a bucket and a brush, is scrubbing Cupid's marble behind.

89 TABLE IN A MODEST OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - SAME DAY

Ariane and Michel are sitting next to each other on a banquette, having lunch. Their instruments are parked on a chair. On the table, lying in a straw basket, is a bottle wrapped in a napkin. Michel is eating heartily, but Ariane doesn't touch her food -- she sits there moodily sipping her drink.

MICHEL

Ariane -- do you like Tristan and Isolde?

ARIANE

Do I like whom?

MICHEL

Tristan and Isolde.

ARIANE

Oh, yes -- it's my favorite opera -- it's so beautiful -- when they're dying and singing.

MICHEL

Well -- my birthday is next week -- and mother is giving me a ticket to the opera --

(CONTINUED)

89 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

She is?

MICHEL

-- and father is giving me a  
second ticket -- so if you'd  
 like to come with me --

ARIANE

Of course, Michel.

MICHEL

I thought we'd go formal -- I  
 want you to put on your prettiest  
 dress -- because Uncle Pierre is  
 lending me his tuxedo.

ARIANE

That's nice.

Michel continues eating. Ariane empties her glass.

MICHEL

Come on, Ariane -- eat something.  
 You haven't been eating at all  
 lately.

ARIANE

I'm not hungry.  
 (holding out her  
 glass)

Just pour me some more of that.

Michel picks up the wine basket, fills her glass from  
 the bottle.

MICHEL

I don't understand you, Ariane.  
 In France, we have the best  
 wines in the world -- why do you  
 insist on drinking this horrid  
 imported stuff?

He has taken the napkin off the bottle, and holds it  
 up -- it's a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

ARIANE

I don't know -- it's just that  
 once you acquire a taste for it --

(CONTINUED)

89 (CONTINUED - 2)

She sips it as if it were the rarest of wines.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 OPERA - NIGHT

The lights in the sparkling, ornate crystal chandelier start to dim. Over scene, the orchestra goes into the overture of TRISTAN AND ISOLDE.

Sitting in the first row of the packed top balcony are Ariane and Michel. Michel, in his uncle's out-moded and much too tight tuxedo, has the score open in his lap, and is conducting along with the orchestra. Ariane is casually scanning the audience through a pair of mother-of-pearl opera glasses. After a moment, Ariane puts the glasses down, opens the program. Out of the corner of her eye she notices a white thread hanging from the left sleeve of Michel's tuxedo. She takes the thread between her fingers, pulls gently on it. It keeps coming out. She gives it a sharp tug, and the whole satin lining of the sleeve comes out with it. Michel looks up, startled. Ariane smiles apologetically, folds the lining neatly, and inserts it in his breast pocket for a handkerchief. Michel goes back to his score, resumes conducting. Ariane leans her elbow on the red plush railing, and cupping her chin in her hand, lets her eyes wander over the orchestra seats below. Suddenly her eyes widen.

Walking down the aisle are a couple of late arrivals -- Frank Flannagan, very resplendent in tails, white tie and white carnation, and with him a stunning Brunette in a black sequined evening gown and an opulent stole hanging down from her shoulder and dragging on the floor.

Ariane is leaning halfway over the railing, her eyes following Flannagan, her mouth slightly open.

Flannagan and the Brunette reach the fifth row, and sidle toward a pair of empty seats in the center.

Ariane fumbles for the opera glasses, raises them to her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

90 (CONTINUED)

Flannagan is helping the Brunette into her seat. From Ariane's point of view they look very small and very far away.

Ariane realizes that she is looking through the wrong end of the glasses, quickly reverses them.

Flannagan and the Brunette are seated by now. Ariane can only see their backs, but they seem to be quite chummy -- whispering into each other's ears, smiling at each other.

Ariane has her glasses riveted on the two below. Michel, conducting away, reaching out for the glasses without looking up from the score. Ariane slaps his hand. Michel looks at her, stunned. Ariane realizes what she's done, lowers the glasses, gives him a smile. Michel pantomimes that he wants her glasses to look at the orchestra. Ariane does not hand him the glasses, but just holds them out for him to look through. After a split second, she withdraws them again, focusses them on Flannagan below. Michel, looking slightly hurt, goes back to the score.

Ariane looks for a while, then puts the glasses down, sits back limply, letting the music of the Liebestod motif sweep over her. Amid the crashing Wagnerian chords, there insinuates itself the sound of a solo violin, playing FASCINATION. A tiny smile flickers across her face. Gradually, the other instruments take up FASCINATION -- until the entire complement of the orchestra is playing it, with all the blood and thunder of Wagner. Ariane, her face transfigured, sits there listening as though this were the most natural thing in the world.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 FOYER OF THE OPERA

It is intermission time. The foyer is crowded. Ariane and Michel come down the stairs, move through the throng. Ariane tries to control her excitement as she looks around for Flannagan. Michel, completely unaware of her preoccupation, is in high spirits.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

MICHEL

Verdi, Rossini, Mascagni,  
Puccini -- that is music for  
an organ-grinder with a monkey.  
But Wagner -- that's another  
matter entirely.

ARIANE

(scanning the  
crowd)

You conducted beautifully, Michel.

MICHEL

Wait till the last act -- when  
they play the Liebestod --

He starts humming the melody, conducting with animated  
gestures. There is a sharp rending sound as the right  
sleeve of Michel's tuxedo rips under the arm.

MICHEL

Oops!

(surveying the  
damage)

I'd better have that sewn to-  
gether -- you will pardon me,  
Ariane?

ARIANE

Sure.

Michel hurries off, clutching the torn sleeve.  
Ariane takes a position near a marble pillar, looks  
around, sees over the heads of the crowd --

Flannagan and the Brunette. The Brunette asks him  
for something. He takes some money out of his  
pocket, peels off a bank-note, gives it to her.  
She disappears in the direction of the powder room.  
Flannagan starts across the foyer toward the refresh-  
ment bar.

Ariane, seeing Flannagan approach, smiles at him  
expectantly. But Flannagan walks right past her,  
without the slightest sign of recognition. Ariane's  
face falls as Flannagan continues on his way.

Just then a man elbowing his way through the crowd  
with a drink in each hand bumps into Flannagan,

(CONTINUED)



91 (CONTINUED - 2)

spins him around. The man mutters an apology, moves off past Ariane. Flannagan, wiping off his lapel, glances after the man, annoyed.

ARIANE

Hello, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

(looking at her  
blankly)

Oh -- hello. How are you?

ARIANE

You don't remember me, do you?

FLANNAGAN

(he doesn't)

Of course I do -- let me see now  
-- where was it -- the Riviera?

(Ariane shakes  
her head)

Biarritz?

(she shakes her  
head)

Portofino?

ARIANE

Ritz Hotel. Suite 14.

FLANNAGAN

(vaguely)

Oh, yes. What's your name again?

ARIANE

It's not Adolph.

FLANNAGAN

(his face lighting  
up)

Of course! The thin girl! I'm  
so sorry -- but I've had such a  
crazy year -- always on the go --

ARIANE

How are the gypsies?

FLANNAGAN

They met me at the airport -- big  
reunion -- they cried like babies --

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

That's only natural. After all you've been through a lot together.

FLANNAGAN

What have you been up to?

ARIANE

Oh, I've had a pretty crazy year myself.

FLANNAGAN

You look good. Maybe you've lost a little weight --

ARIANE

I wouldn't be surprised. It's been one party after another -- never any sleep -- all sorts of fascinating men --

FLANNAGAN

Imagine running into you at the opera --

ARIANE

Yes. Two people meeting between the acts.

FLANNAGAN

I was afraid this evening was going to be a total loss.

ARIANE

Don't you like Tristan and Isolde?

FLANNAGAN

To tell you the truth, I'm here by mistake. It's my lousy French. I thought I was buying tickets for the Folies Bergere.

ARIANE

This has much more musical merit.

FLANNAGAN

Maybe so -- but did you get a load of that chorus? There isn't a dame up there that weighs less than 250 pounds.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED - 4)

Over Ariane's shoulder, Flannagan sees the Brunette emerge from the powder room, and stand there trying to locate her escort.

FLANNAGAN

(urgently)

Look -- I'm not alone here --

ARIANE

Neither am I.

FLANNAGAN

One of those fascinating men?

ARIANE

Of course.

FLANNAGAN

Anything serious?

ARIANE

Well -- he's serious.

FLANNAGAN

We simply must see each other again -- how about tomorrow night?

(snaps his fingers)

ARIANE

Just like that?

(snaps her fingers)

FLANNAGAN

Yeah.

(snaps his fingers)

Same hotel, same suite --

ARIANE

You seem to be taking a lot for granted, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

Oh, I forget -- you can't make it at night. How about tomorrow afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED - 5)

ARIANE

Look, Mr. Flannagan -- if you  
think all you have to do is  
snap your fingers --  
(snaps her fingers)

The Brunette has spotted Flannagan. He sees her thread-  
ing her way through the crowd toward him.

FLANNAGAN

Four o'clock. Don't disappoint  
me.

He waves his hand in his typical goodbye gesture, hur-  
ries off. Ariane lifts her hand, waves, stares after  
him. Michel approaches from behind her, his right arm  
pressed tightly against his side.

MICHEL

Well, I got it fixed -- but I'm  
afraid they sewed it a little  
too tight --

No reaction from Ariane. She is still staring after  
Flannagan, slightly dazed.

MICHEL

Who was that man you were talking  
to?

(no response)

Ariane!

(waving his left  
hand in front of  
her eyes)

Ariane! What's the matter with  
you?

ARIANE

(snapping out of  
her spell)

Oh, hello Michel -- what are you  
doing here?

Michel looks at her worriedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 92      INF. CHAVASSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Chavasse is in his office, carefully draping an ermine coat on a hanger. Lying on the desk is an opaque plastic clothes bag, with the zipper undone. The sliding doors to Ariane's darkened room are open.

Chavasse looks up as he hears the apartment door being opened and closed, and then Ariane's voice humming FASCINATION.

CHAVASSE

Ariane?

The light goes on in Ariane's room, and she appears in the connecting doorway, that dazed look in her eyes.

ARIANE

Greetings, Papa. You look just beautiful tonight.

CHAVASSE

Well! Have a nice time with Michel?

ARIANE

Oh -- it wasn't a total loss.

She resumes humming FASCINATION, swaying a little in the doorway, as Chavasse puts the ermine coat into the plastic bag.

CHAVASSE

What was the opera?

ARIANE

Tristan and Isolde.

CHAVASSE

Tristan and Isolde? Very sad case. Now if instead of doing all that singing they would have hired a good detective --

ARIANE

Good night, Papa.

She gives him the Flannagan wave, and humming FASCINATION, turns into her room. Chavasse zips up the clothes bag.

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

Do you mind if I hang this in  
your closet?

ARIANE

Of course not. What is it?

Chavasse follows her into her room, carrying the plastic  
bag with the fur coat.

CHAVASSE

An ermine coat. Clinet of mine  
-- very big businessman --  
export-import -- gave it to his  
secretary. Then one night he  
caught her taking outside dicta-  
tion... so of course, we re-  
possessed it.

ARIANE

Of course.

Humming FASCINATION, she unties the ribbon in her hair,  
while Chavasse hangs the plastic bag in the armoire.

CHAVASSE

He wants me to keep it here for  
a while. He had the sleeves  
shortened and is going to give it  
to his wife on their tenth wedding  
anniversary.

ARIANE

(dreamily)

I think that's very sweet.

She continues humming FASCINATION. Chavasse starts out  
of the room -- then suddenly the tune hits a nerve --  
he stops.

CHAVASSE

What's that you're singing?

ARIANE

(without hesitation)

Tristan and Isolde.

CHAVASSE

(humming the melody)

Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

92 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE

Oh, yes, Papa. I heard it in  
the opera tonight.

CHAVASSE

Funny -- I have a feeling I've  
heard it somewhere before --  
and I don't think it was at the  
opera.

(hums a little)

Well -- those composers -- I  
guess they all steal from each  
other.

(kisses her)

Good night, darling.

He exits into the office, pulling the sliding doors  
shut. Ariane falls back into a chair, legs out-  
stretched, arms dangling over the sides, gazes at  
herself in the mirror of the armoire. With a little  
squeak, the door of the armoire swings open. There  
is the plastic bag with the ermine coat inside. Her  
little mind starts working as she stares into the  
armoire. CAMERA MOVES closer and closer toward the  
plastic bag.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 EXT. RITZ - AFTERNOON

Ariane is heading for her rendezvous. She wears a  
simple, dark dress, no coat, and is carrying the  
cello case. Walking up and down in front of the  
hotel is the elderly lady from Room 12, with the  
chihuahua on a leash. As Ariane passes them, the  
chihuahua looks after her, starts to bark. Ariane  
slips into the service entrance. As the dog con-  
tinues barking, his mistress turns around, sees  
no one in sight.

ELDERLY LADY

Picasso! What are you barking at?  
There's nobody there.

Picasso persists in his barking. The elderly lady  
picks him up, whacks him.

ELDERLY LADY

Bad dog!

## 94 INT. CORRIDOR RITZ - AFTERNOON

Ariane is walking toward Flannagan's suite, carrying the cello case. Coming toward her is a maid with an armful of towels. Seeing her, Ariane stops, pretends to be looking around for a room number.

MAID

(helpfully)

If you are one of the gypsies,  
it's in Suite 14.

Ariane gives her a haughty look. The maid continues down the corridor. Ariane makes sure that the maid is out of sight, then leans the cello case against the trunks near Suite 14. She opens the case. There, instead of the cello, is the ermine coat. Ariane takes out the coat, closes the case, drapes the ermine around her shoulders to give it that casually elegant look. She steps to the door of Suite 14, knocks.

FLANNAGAN'S VOICE

Come in.

Ariane opens the door. From inside, comes the welcoming burst of HORA STACCATO. Ariane sweeps in grandly.

## 95 INT. SALON SUITE 14 - AFTERNOON

The gypsies, at their posts, are firing away. Flannagan, in a business suit, carnation in button-hole of course, is at the champagne bucket, filling a couple of glasses. Ariane makes an entrance, very poised, very sophisticated.

FLANNAGAN

Hi.

ARIANE

Good afternoon, Mr. Flannagan.  
(to gypsies)

Good afternoon, gentlemen.

The gypsies bow in unison, playing right on. Ariane looks around.

ARIANE

I see nothing has changed.

(CONTINUED)



95 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

Of course not. If you've got a winning combination, why mess around with it?

The gypsies have segued into a rendition of C'EST SI BON. Flannagan, mumbling the tune, comes up with the champagne glasses.

FLANNAGAN

Let me take your coat.

ARIANE

No, thank you. I'd rather keep it on.

FLANNAGAN

Isn't it a little warm for this time of the year?

ARIANE

I catch a lot of colds. Especially in the summer.

She seats herself on the chaise, wrapping the coat around herself elaborately.

ARIANE

It's Siberian ermine, you know. Quite expensive.

FLANNAGAN

Where does it come from?

ARIANE

Siberia.

FLANNAGAN

I mean, who gave it to you?

ARIANE

Oh, a friend. Very generous. And very rich. Export-import.

FLANNAGAN

Export-import? What does he export and what does he import?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE

Well, you know -- exports perfume -- imports bananas -- there's a fortune in it -- do you realize that for a bottle of perfume you get twelve bananas?

FLANNAGAN

Twelve bananas for a bottle of -- ? Doesn't sound like such a hot deal to me.

ARIANE

Oh, it's a tiny bottle of perfume -- and very large bananas.

FLANNAGAN

Well, I guess with a favorable rate of exchange --

ARIANE

I had a sable coat before that.

FLANNAGAN

He is generous.

ARIANE

Oh, that was from another man.

FLANNAGAN

Another man?

ARIANE

An Englishman. As a matter of fact, he was a Duke.

FLANNAGAN

You don't say.

ARIANE

Oh, yes -- castles and horses and hounds. We spent last Christmas in Switzerland. Everything was fine until he threatened to throw himself off the Matterhorn.

FLANNAGAN

The Duke?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

No -- this was somebody else.

FLANNAGAN

Somebody else? Who?

ARIANE

Aren't you getting a little personal? You notice I'm not asking you any questions.

FLANNAGAN

You're absolutely right. Let's forget about it.

ARIANE

Well, if you must know -- it was an Alpine guide.

FLANNAGAN

Oh.

ARIANE

He was very strong -- and very blond -- with edelweiss behind his ears -- and he had the most attractive knees.

FLANNAGAN

Knees?

ARIANE

You know -- they wear those short leather pants -- so naturally one thing led to another.

FLANNAGAN

Naturally.

ARIANE

He fell madly in love with me. Just a lowly peasant boy -- he wanted to kill himself when he heard we were leaving --

FLANNAGAN

We? That's you and the Duke?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED - 4)

ARIANE

No. That's me and a banker --  
from Brussels.

FLANNAGAN

You did have a busy year, didn't  
you?

ARIANE

Well, after all, Mr. Flannagan --  
you don't think I was just sitting  
around waiting for you?

FLANNAGAN

No, no, no, no -- nothing like  
that. It's just a little hard to  
believe -- I mean, a girl of your  
age -- all those men --

ARIANE

Of course, if you prefer to think  
that you're the only man in my  
life --

FLANNAGAN

I didn't say that.

ARIANE

Or that I've spent all this time  
crying over you and carrying on  
and swallowing things -- with  
the stomach pump and the gondola --

FLANNAGAN

If I thought that, I'd run like a  
frightened jackrabbit.

ARIANE

Don't be frightened, Mr. Flannagan.  
I'm not that type at all. I know  
the rules. Love and run -- every-  
body happy, nobody gets hurt --  
works out great -- all around.

FLANNAGAN

You put that very nicely.

He kisses her lightly on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED - 5)

ARIANE

It's basic.

He kisses her again. The orchestra leader alertly picks up the cue -- he abruptly cuts off the lively tune the gypsies are playing and leads them into FASCINATION. Flannagan has gotten up, pulls Ariane gently to her feet, takes her in his arms. She is still in the ermine coat. As they dance, Ariane softly improvises words to the tune of FASCINATION.

ARIANE

One should always love - and  
run away - so that one can live  
- to love - another day -

FLANNAGAN

Are those the words to this  
song?

ARIANE

No.

FLANNAGAN

You made them up?

ARIANE

You did, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

I did? How about that? Sounds  
pretty good.

ARIANE

It's brilliant, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

How does it go again?

ARIANE

(coming in on cue)

One should always love - and run  
away -

(she breaks it off)

How long are you going to be in  
Paris this time, Mr. Flannagan?

FLANNAGAN

Hmmm?

(CONTINUED)

95 (CONTINUED - 6)

ARIANE

When are you going to be running off again?

FLANNAGAN

I don't know. Two, three weeks.

(kisses her)

Maybe four. Who knows? I've hardly unpacked -- why talk about leaving?

ARIANE

Sorry.

FLANNAGAN

And take off that silly Siberian coat. You won't catch a cold.

ARIANE

I'm very susceptible, you know.

FLANNAGAN

Don't worry. I'll take good care of you.

Ariane drops her hands, lets the coat slip off her shoulders and fall to the floor. Flannagan takes her in his arms, even closer now, and they dance on, disregarding the ermine coat on the floor.

The gypsies are playing the last half of FASCINATION. The cymbalon player drops out, starts to pack up his instrument. Now the other two musicians stop playing, put their instruments away, don their hats. Finally only the leader is playing, carrying the melody on his violin. One of the other gypsies puts a hat on the leader's head, and they move toward the door with their instruments. The leader backs up, still playing, retreats through the door after the others. The door closes, and the final few notes of FASCINATION die away in the corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

96 INT. CHAVASSE APARTMENT - DUSK

The door from the corridor opens stealthily, and Ariane slips into the apartment, carrying the cello case. She tiptoes quickly into her room, shuts the door.

(CONTINUED)

96 (CONTINUED)

In her room, Ariane sets the cello case down noiselessly, opens it, starts to remove the ermine coat.

CHAVASSE'S VOICE

Ariane!

(Ariane looks around  
frightened)

Ariane!

The doors from the office slide open. Ariane hastily stuffs the coat back into the cello case, barely has enough time to close it before Chavasse appears in the doorway. She turns to face her father.

ARIANE

Yes, Papa?

CHAVASSE

(cat and mouse)

Since you've always taken such a great interest in my business -- let's see how good a detective you are --

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

CHAVASSE

For instance -- let us consider the Case of the Elusive Ermine.

ARIANE

The Elusive Ermine?

CHAVASSE

The fur coat -- the one I am keeping here for my client --

ARIANE

Oh -- that one.

CHAVASSE

Do you remember where we put it?

ARIANE

In a clothes bag --

CHAVASSE

Correct. And where did we put the clothes bag?

(CONTINUED)

96 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE

In the closet.

CHAVASSE

(points to armoire)

This closet?

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

Chavasse opens the door of the armoire, indicates the plastic bag which is hanging there, zipped up.

CHAVASSE

This clothes bag?

ARIANE

Yes, Papa.

CHAVASSE

Now let's see --

With a dramatic gesture, he unzips the plastic bag -- revealing the cello and the bow inside. Ariane stands frozen.

CHAVASSE

What have we here?

ARIANE

(in a small voice)

It looks like a cello, Papa.

CHAVASSE

Now let us be logical. If the cello is where the fur coat was -- where do you suppose the fur coat is?

ARIANE

Where?

CHAVASSE

Think!

ARIANE

(tentatively)

Where the cello was?

(CONTINUED)



96 (CONTINUED - 3)

CHAVASSE

(points to cello case)

In here?

(he opens it, dis-  
closing the ermine  
coat)

Very good!

(takes the coat out,  
holds it up with a  
flourish)

Bravo!

ARIANE

Thank you, Papa.

CHAVASSE

Now let us probe a little further.  
Who, in your opinion, did it? And  
what was the motive?

ARIANE

Papa -- don't you think this is  
enough for one lesson?

CHAVASSE

(sternly)

All right, Ariane -- why did you  
take that fur coat?

ARIANE

I didn't take it -- I borrowed it.

CHAVASSE

Why?

ARIANE

Why, why -- always why. Why do  
I have to be a detective's daughter?  
Why do I have to be questioned,  
cross-examined, investigated?

CHAVASSE

The motive, please.

ARIANE

All right -- I'll tell you -- I  
took it to the Conservatory --  
because I wanted to show it to the  
girls in class -- because they'd  
never seen an ermine coat before --  
that's all there is to it, Papa --  
that's the motive --

(CONTINUED)

96 (CONTINUED - 4)

CHAVASSE

You caused me a great deal of embarrassment. My client came by to pick it up -- he almost walked out with the cello.

ARIANE

I'm sorry, Papa. I only had it on for a few minutes -- his wife will never know.

CHAVASSE

Oh -- he's not giving it to his wife after all.

ARIANE

That's mean.

CHAVASSE

Seems she came back from a vacation in Spain, wearing one of those bracelets around her leg --  
(demonstrating)  
-- what do you call it?

ARIANE

An anklet?

CHAVASSE

That's right -- an anklet -- and it's driving him crazy -- out of his mind.

ARIANE

It is?

CHAVASSE

She says she got it from her sister -- but that's ridiculous. From a sister you get a brooch or earrings -- but not an anklet. There's something very provocative about an anklet.

ARIANE

That so?

CHAVASSE

So now he's going to have the sleeves lengthened again and give it back to his secretary.

(CONTINUED)

96 (CONTINUED - 5)

He carries the fur coat out into the office. Ariane starts to put the cello back in its case. Her eye is arrested by the small metal chain, with attached name plate, running through the handle of the cello case. An idea percolates in her mind. She undoes the chain, studies it, looks down at her ankle, and with an impish smile starts to twirl the chain around in her hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

97 EXT. LANDSCAPE NEAR PARIS - AFTERNOON

It is a lovely summer day. Flannagan and Ariane are having a picnic under a shady tree on the shore of a small lake. It is all very chic: the Rolls Royce parked nearby - the chauffeur serving champagne - the baskets of food from Maxim's - the low picnic table, plates and cutlery by Hermes. There is music too -- a Volkswagen bus is parked at a discreet distance, and grouped in front of it are the gypsies, in tuxedos, playing L'AME D'UN POETE.

Flannagan, in slacks and blazer -- carnation in button-hole -- is lying in the grass, idly picking daisies. Ariane, in tight pants and open-necked shirt, is chewing heartily on a chicken leg.

FLANNAGAN

(out of nowhere)

You know -- I've been thinking --

ARIANE

(never stops eating)

About what?

FLANNAGAN

-- that Alpine guide --

ARIANE

Who?

FLANNAGAN

The one with the leather pants  
and the flowers behind his ears --  
(puts daisies behind  
his ears)

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

Oh, him!

FLANNAGAN

Those other guys -- export-  
import -- and the Duke -- they  
don't mean a thing. But that  
character with the bare knees --  
he bothers me.

ARIANE

He should. He had the cutest  
dimples -- right here.

(points to Flannagan's  
knees)

His name was Sebastian.

FLANNAGAN

I know how those jokers operate.  
They get you on top of some  
glacier -- point out the sunset --

(raises arm, points)

-- and suddenly, whoosh!

(grabs her brusquely)

Like an avalanche!

He kisses her on the neck -- a long, hard kiss.

ARIANE

Not at all, Mr. Flannagan. He was  
a perfect gentleman. He used to  
kiss my hand.

FLANNAGAN

Oh, the old mountain-climbing  
technique. Working your way  
from crag to crag --

He kisses her hand, her forearm, her elbow, her upper  
arm.

FLANNAGAN

Like this?

ARIANE

You're getting warm.

(Flannagan kisses  
the lobe of her ear)

Would you pass the salt, please?

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED - 2)

FLANNAGAN  
Put away that chicken leg!

ARIANE  
I'm hungry.

FLANNAGAN  
Put it away!

ARIANE  
Yes, Mr. Flannagan. Any particular place?

FLANNAGAN  
I don't care.

ARIANE  
All right, Mr. Flannagan.

She neatly puts the half-eaten chicken leg into the breast pocket of his blazer. Flannagan takes her into his arms, kisses her on the mouth. In the middle of the kiss, his eyes fall on a shiny object encircling one of her ankles -- it is the cheap little chain she had taken off the cello case.

FLANNAGAN  
(letting go of her)  
What's this?

ARIANE  
What's what?

FLANNAGAN  
(pointing to her ankle)  
This.

ARIANE  
Oh. That's an anklet.

She takes the chicken leg out of Flannagan's breast pocket, resumes eating it.

FLANNAGAN  
New?

ARIANE  
No. It's platinum.

FLANNAGAN  
Never noticed it before.

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE

I only wear it when I don't have stockings on.

FLANNAGAN

Where did you get it?

ARIANE

In Spain.

FLANNAGAN

From whom?

ARIANE

Well, an anklet isn't exactly something you get from a sister.

FLANNAGAN

A man?

ARIANE

I'll say. He was a bullfighter.

FLANNAGAN

A bullfighter?

ARIANE

His name was Sebastian.

FLANNAGAN

What's this with you and those Sebastians?

ARIANE

I mean, his name was Miguel -- but it happened in San Sebastian.

FLANNAGAN

Any dimples on his knees?

ARIANE

No -- just scars. He was very brave -- and he had the narrowest hips -- you should have seen him in the ring --

She snatches up the tablecloth, without disturbing the dishes, gets to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED - 4)

ARIANE

-- he had more grace, more style --  
 (she demonstrates,  
 using the tablecloth  
 as a bullfighter's  
 cape)  
 -- the way he toyed with those  
 vicious beasts --

The gypsies alertly slide into a rousing bit of corrido  
 music -- EL GATO MONTES -- interspersed with an occasional  
 appropriate "Ole!"

ARIANE

-- his veronicas --  
 (holds tablecloth  
 with both hands,  
 lets imaginary bull  
 pass, swings around)  
 -- his reboleras --  
 (holding tablecloth  
 by its end, swings it  
 so it describes a  
 circle)  
 -- his chicuelinas --  
 (pirouettes, letting  
 tablecloth wrap it-  
 self around her)  
 -- and then -- he was fighting his  
 third bull -- he was all set for  
 the kill --  
 (feet together, she  
 rises on her toes,  
 extends the sword-arm  
 stiffly)  
 -- he turned to look at me up in the  
 box -- our eyes met -- for a split  
 second -- that's when the bull  
 charged --  
 (clutches her thigh)  
 -- ugh! --  
 (she doubles up, falls  
 into Flannagan's arms)  
 -- he was gored very badly -- I held  
 his hand while they gave him a blood  
 transfusion -- but two hours later,  
 we were dancing the paso doble --  
 his eyes were feverish -- the blood  
 was seeping through his bandages --  
 he was dying -- and yet, he had more  
 life in him than any man I've ever  
 known.

(CONTINUED)

97 (CONTINUED - 5)

Flannagan, his nerves on edge by now, grabs the anklet, rips it off her leg. Ariane looks at him with surprise.

ARIANE

Something the matter, Mr. Flannagan?

FLANNAGAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do that.

ARIANE

Did I say anything wrong?

FLANNAGAN

Believe me, it's got nothing to do with that Spanish bleeder. I just don't like anklets on women.  
(returns it to her)

ARIANE

You don't?

FLANNAGAN

I think they're very vulgar.

ARIANE

Why didn't you say so? It doesn't mean that much to me -- not any more.

With a careless gesture, she tosses the anklet in the direction of the lake.

98 LAKE - SUMMER AFTERNOON

The anklet strikes the surface of the water, sinks.

CAMERA PANS UP, revealing Ariane and Flannagan in a boat. Flannagan is rowing, Ariane is lying back nonchalantly in the stern. In another boat -- a larger one -- some distance behind them, are the gypsy musicians. They are playing the verse of FASCINATION -- while the chauffeur works the cars.

Flannagan rows in grim silence. Ariane's hand hangs over the side of the boat, and she lets it trail limply through the water. The boat passes under the overhanging branches of some trees which line the shore, and Flannagan noses the boat toward the bank.

(CONTINUED)



98 (CONTINUED)

The boat with the musicians comes to a discreet stop on the other side of the leafy curtain. They continue playing as though behind a paravent.

Flannagan, in the small boat, pulls his oars in. Ariane removes her hand from the water, waves it at Flannagan, splattering his face with moisture.

ARIANE

Cheer up, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

(grimly)

How many others were there?

ARIANE

Others?

FLANNAGAN

Men! How many other men were there?

ARIANE

You mean before I met you -- or since I met you -- or altogether?

FLANNAGAN

You know what I mean.

ARIANE

Well, let me see -- it's not so easy -- you sort of catch me unprepared --

FLANNAGAN

How many?

ARIANE

Maybe I could give you an approximate figure -- but I'm sure that wouldn't satisfy somebody with a business mind like yours --

FLANNAGAN

Come on!

ARIANE

Well, let me put it this way, Mr. Flannagan. You're the first American in my life --

(CONTINUED)

98 (CONTINUED - 2)

FIANNAGAN

That's something.

ARIANE

-- of course, there was a Canadian  
 -- very cute --

FIANNAGAN

Cute -- with dimples on his knees?

ARIANE

(trying to remember)

No -- no dimples. Definitely not.

FIANNAGAN

Scars, maybe?

ARIANE

No. Just a silver plate in his  
 right knee -- he'd been in a bad  
 spill -- he was a professional  
 ice-hockey player -- very high  
 scorer --

FIANNAGAN

You talk too much!

He takes her in his arms, kisses her hard.

In the other boat, the gypsies sweep into the chorus  
 of FASCINATION.

DISSOLVE TO:

99 CLASSROOM IN MUSIC CONSERVATORY - DAY

The student orchestra is tuning up -- a cacophony of  
 notes, scales and runs of melody.

Ariane is in her seat, rubbing rosin on her cello bow.  
 Michel is in the seat behind her, putting his flute  
 together.

MICHEL

Ariane, I must talk to you --

ARIANE

Give me an A.

Michel blows a note on the flute. Ariane tests her A  
 string, adjusts the tuning peg.

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED)

MICHEL

Ariane, I am not going to cover  
up for you any more.

ARIANE

Again.

Michel repeats the A on the flute, and Ariane continues  
tuning up.

MICHEL

Three times this week you stayed  
away from classes -- you missed  
two rehearsals -- what's going on?  
(raising his voice)  
What are you doing those afternoons?

ARIANE

Sssh!

MICHEL

Ariane, I love you. I have a right  
to know. I demand to know.

ARIANE

You wouldn't understand, Michel.

MICHEL

Is there another man?

ARIANE

Yes.

MICHEL

There is?

ARIANE

Yes.

MICHEL

Are you in love with him?

ARIANE

Yes.

MICHEL

How can you do this to me?

ARIANE

I told you you wouldn't understand.  
There hasn't been a scandal in your  
family since 1822.

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED - 2)

MICHEL

There may be one now. I may do something desperate.

ARIANE

(affectionately)

Don't be silly, Michel.

MICHEL

Ariane, no matter how much he loves you -- I love you more.

ARIANE

Oh, I'm sure of it. As a matter of fact, he doesn't love me at all.

MICHEL

He doesn't?

ARIANE

No. At least -- not yet. He doesn't believe in it.

MICHEL

In what?

ARIANE

But he can be jealous -- which is a good sign.

MICHEL

What are you talking about?

ARIANE

They're very odd people, you know -- when they're young they have their teeth straightened and their tonsils taken out and gallons of vitamins pumped into them -- something happens to their insides -- everything is immunized and mechanized and air-conditioned and hydromatic -- I'm not even sure whether he has a heart.

MICHEL

What is he -- a creature from outer space?

ARIANE

No. He's an American.

(CONTINUED)

99 (CONTINUED - 2)

Michel lets go with a dissonant scale on his flute.

DISSOLVE TO:

100 INT. SALON SUITE 14 - LATE AFTERNOON

Ariane, fully dressed but wearing only one shoe, is crawling on all fours through the salon, looking for something under the furniture. Flannagan, wearing a robe over shirt and trousers, is lounging back on the couch watching her, amused.

ARIANE

Where's my other shoe? This is ridiculous. It couldn't have just walked away by itself.

FLANNAGAN

Relax. It'll turn up sooner or later.

ARIANE

It's a quarter of six. I'm late. Come on -- don't just sit there -- help me.

FLANNAGAN

Glad to.

On the sly, he produces her other shoe from behind his back, slips it into the pocket of his robe. Then he gets down on all fours, joins the search.

FLANNAGAN

You sure you had them both on when you came?

ARIANE

Quite sure.

FLANNAGAN

Funny how things keep disappearing around here. Like my slipper -- couldn't find it for a whole week.

ARIANE

I can't show up in just one shoe.

FLANNAGAN

Why not? You have a beautiful foot.

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

I do not.

They find themselves facing each other under a table on which the telephone is standing.

FLANNAGAN

As a matter of fact, you're beautiful all over.

ARIANE

Is that your considered opinion?

FLANNAGAN

It is.

ARIANE

Mr. Flannagan, you're out of your mind.

(he kisses her)

I'm too thin -- and my ears are too big -- and my teeth are slightly crooked -- and my neck is too long --

FLANNAGAN

Maybe so -- but I love the way it all hangs together.

He pulls her toward himself, and as he kisses her, they tip over onto the floor.

ARIANE

Please Mr. Flannagan -- my shoe.

FLANNAGAN

It's that Parisian thing you've got -- that certain quelque chose as they say on the Left Bank -- that piquant soupçon of aperitif --

The phone on the table above them starts ringing. He kisses her, paying no attention to it.

ARIANE

Mr. Flannagan -- you're wanted upstairs.

FLANNAGAN

How many men have told you that? Come on -- how many?

(the phone keeps ringing)

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED - 2)

ARIANE

Mr. Flannagan -- the phone!

FLANNAGAN

Don't move.

(he picks up the  
phone)Hello? -- yes? -- who? -- Ingrid? --  
Oh, it's you, Dagmar -- oh, you're  
both on the phone -- where are you  
calling from, Stockholm? -- oh,  
you're in Paris --(a quick glance at  
Ariane)Look, I can't talk right now --  
it's a little awkward -- no, nothing  
like that -- it's just that my bath-  
tub is running over --

ARIANE

I'll turn it off.

She gets to her feet, hobbles off toward the bedroom  
on one shoe.

FLANNAGAN

(into phone)

-- suppose I call you girls back?  
-- well, how long are you going to  
be in Paris? -- oh, just overnight?

101 BEDROOM - SUITE 14

Ariane hobbles on, throws Flannagan an annoyed look  
over her shoulder, closes the door. She glances  
around, trying to locate her other shoe. Her eyes  
light on Flannagan's dictaphone, standing on a table  
beside the chaise longue. Her little mind gets to  
work again. She walks over to the chaise longue,  
sits down, fiddles with the switches of the dicta-  
phone. The recording band begins to revolve. She  
picks up the small mike, formulates her thoughts,  
and starts dictating, very businesslike.

ARIANE

Dear Mr. Flannagan: In reply to  
your inquiry as to the number of  
men in my life, here is an itemized  
list -- to the best of my recollec-  
tion.

(continued)

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE (cont'd)  
 (improvising as she  
 goes along)

Item 1: a red-headed algebra teacher.

Item 2: a very sweet boy who is now  
 a missionary in French Equatorial  
 Africa.

Item 3: a riding instructor --  
 formerly a Cossack.

(straining her  
 imagination --  
 then, with a proud  
 smirk)

Items 4 to 9, inclusive, cover a  
 bicycle tour I took with a group  
 of exchange students through the  
 Pyrenees. Item 10 --

102 INT. SALON SUITE 14

Flannagan is propped up on one arm under the table,  
 talking into the phone.

FLANNAGAN

-- cut it out, girls -- you can't  
 come over now -- I told you I was  
 just stepping into the tub --  
 stop giggling, you two -- I'll have  
 my chauffeur pick you up -- say  
 around eight-thirty -- Skol!

He hangs up with a sigh, looks toward the closed bed-  
 room door, crawls out from under the table.

103 INT. BEDROOM SUITE 14

Ariane, at the dictaphone, is really zipping along now.

ARIANE

Item 17: a Yugoslav sculptor.

Item 18: an Italian vice-consul.

Item 19: a Dutch alcoholic --

(she sees the door  
 from the salon start  
 to open)

More later!

She puts the mike down quickly, fumbles around with  
 the switches, as Flannagan comes through the door.

(CONTINUED)



103 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

Sorry. Couple of old friends --  
just got into town -- from Stock-  
holm -- I do a lot of business up  
there --

ARIANE

I'm not surprised. You seem to  
have bottling plants all over the  
world.

FLANNAGAN

Yes --  
(trying to change  
the subject)  
Now where were we?

ARIANE

Under the table -- looking for my  
shoe.

She starts toward the salon. Flannagan stops her, takes  
her into his arms.

FLANNAGAN

Forget the shoe! Look -- I've  
got something on for tonight --  
but I could cancel it --

ARIANE

I couldn't.

FLANNAGAN

I've only got a couple of more  
weeks left in Paris -- why don't  
we spend them together? Shut our-  
selves off completely -- rip out  
the phone -- barricade the doors --

As he holds her tight, she becomes aware of the shoe  
hidden in his pocket.

FLANNAGAN

-- we won't set foot out of the  
hotel -- have all our meals sent  
in --

ARIANE

(playing along)  
No -- no waiters. We'll lay in  
a supply of canned goods --

(CONTINUED)

103 (CONTINUED - 2)

FLANNAGAN

-- cases of champagne --

ARIANE

-- mountains of caviar --

FLANNAGAN

-- ice -- lots of ice --

ARIANE

-- let's have the gypsies here  
all the time --

FLANNAGAN

-- they can sleep out on the  
balcony --

ARIANE

It sounds delightful.

FLANNAGAN

Doesn't it?

ARIANE

There's only one thing missing --

FLANNAGAN

What?

ARIANE

-- my shoe.  
(flatly)  
May I have it now?

She takes the shoe out of his pocket, slips it on.

ARIANE

Goodbye, Mr. Flannagan.

She starts into the salon.

104 INT. SALON SUITE 14

Ariane comes in quickly, crosses to a table to pick up  
her gloves and bag. Flannagan follows her in.

FLANNAGAN

Where do you always go from here?  
Why are you always in such a hurry?

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

See you tomorrow at four.

FLANNAGAN

What do you do with your evenings?  
Why can't I ever see you in the  
evening?

ARIANE

I'm sorry, Mr. Flannagan. They're  
all taken.

FLANNAGAN

By whom?

ARIANE

Well, let's be fair, Mr. Flannagan  
-- you're just passing through --  
I've got to think of my year-round  
friends.

FLANNAGAN

What friends? Who are you, anyway?  
What's your name?

ARIANE

You know who I am, Mr. Flannagan.  
I'm the girl in the afternoon --  
the aperitif, as we say on the Left  
Bank --

She kisses him quickly on the cheek, hurries out into  
the corridor. Flannagan stands in the doorway, watch-  
ing her.

105 CORRIDOR RIEPZ - AFTERNOON

Flannagan, in the doorway of Suite 14, looks after  
Ariane until she disappears around the bend of the  
corridor. He steps back into the suite, closes the  
door. A split second later Ariane reappears, walks  
back to where her cello case is leaning against the  
trunks, picks it up, walks away again.

106 BEDROOM SUITE 14 - AFTERNOON

A thoughtful, somewhat depressed Flannagan takes off  
his robe, walks into the bathroom. Through the open  
door we see him turn on the faucets of the tub full

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

blast. He returns to the bedroom, pulls out his shirt, starts unbuttoning it. He notices the little light of the dictaphone flickering -- obviously someone has been tampering with it. He switches it off, then with a puzzled frown, presses the playback button.

ARIANE'S VOICE

Dear Mr. Flannagan: In reply to your inquiry as to the number of men in my life, here is an itemized list, to the best of my recollection.

- Item 1: a red-headed algebra teacher.
- Item 2: a very sweet boy who is now a missionary in French Equatorial Africa,
- Item 3: a riding instructor -- formerly a Cossack.

Flannagan sinks down slowly on the chaise longue, an idiotic smile on his face as he listens.

ARIANE'S VOICE

Items 4 to 9, inclusive, cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students through the Pyrenees.

- Item 10: a businessman from Brussels.
- Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman from Brussels.

He shuts off the dictaphone, takes out a filter-tip cigarette with a cork mouthpiece, puts it in his mouth. He starts the machine again.

ARIANE'S VOICE

- Item 12: The Duke. Item 13: the Alpine guide.

As he listens, he lights the cigarette, and it flares up -- he has lit the wrong end. He throws it away in disgust.

ARIANE'S VOICE

- Item 14: export-import. Item 15: the bullfighter. Correction, please -- between items 14 and 15 insert Canadian ice-hockey player. Item 17: a Yugoslav sculptor. Item 18: an Italian vice-consul. Item 19: a Dutch alcoholic -- more later!

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED - 2)

For a moment, after the recital finishes, Flannagan sits there staring at the dictaphone. Then he bursts into loud, scoffing laughter. He switches the machine off, rises. Still chuckling to himself, he strides toward the bathroom, where the water is still running. Suddenly his pace falters, and he throws a sharp backward look toward the dictaphone. Slowly, he retraces his steps, switches the machine on again.

As Ariane's voice is heard, repeating her confession, Flannagan lowers himself onto the chaise longue, his chin cupped thoughtfully in his hand.

From the bathroom door, a trickle of water appears, snakes its way across the rug to Flannagan's feet. But he is too absorbed to notice it. CAMERA PANS BACK along the rivulet of water into --

-- the bathroom. The bathtub is full and slopping over. The overflow covers the tile floor, and water is seeping under a locked door connecting with the adjoining apartment.

107 INT. ROOM 12 - (OCCUPIED BY THE ELDERLY LADY AND THE CHIHUAHUA)

The water from Flannagan's bathroom is seeping under the door of a closet, forming a little pool of water. Picasso, the maligned chihuahua, is investigating this phenomenon. His mistress is seated in a chair, drinking tea. The dog starts to bark. The elderly lady looks up with annoyance, and noticing the dark stain spreading on the rug, lets out a gasp.

ELDERLY LADY

Picasso!

She bounces out of her chair, scoops up the chihuahua, whacks him.

ELDERLY LADY

Bad dog!

DISSOLVE TO:

108 CORRIDOR RITZ - EVENING

The door of Suite 14 opens, and out marches a procession of hotel employees -- cleaning women with buckets and

(CONTINUED)

108 (CONTINUED)

mops, plumbers with squeegees and other tools. As they move down the corridor, the waiters approach, wheeling the carts with champagne, caviar, and dinner settings for three. They turn into Suite 14. Now the gypsies appear, carrying their instruments, follow them into the suite. As the waiters emerge, the gorgeous Swedish twins, INGRID and DAGMAR, dressed to the hilt, approach from the main staircase. They start into Suite 14, and are greeted by an onslaught of HORA STACCATO.

A pipsqueak of a bellhop, coming from the other direction, is watching the beauties as the door closes behind them. His eyes pop, and he turns to gaze at the door - continuing in the same direction, but walking backwards now. He backs into the trunks parked in the corridor, knocks a couple of them over, straightens them up, walks on.

Through the closed door of Suite 14, HORA STACCATO continues. Then the door is opened brusquejy, and the Swedish twins stalk out. They seem very angry. One of them slams the door shut, the other hangs the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob, and they march off grimly.

109 INT. SUITE 14 - EVENING

The gypsies are in their corner, giving HORA STACCATO a workout, but something seems to be wrong with this whole evening. They keep peering across the salon and through the wide open connecting doors into -

- the bedroom. Flannagan is just the way we left him, shirt unbuttoned and shirt-tails out. He is sitting on the chaise longue, listening to the dictaphone. A bottle of champagne and some glasses are on a cart by the chaise longue, and Flannagan is drinking as he listens over and over again to --

ARIANE'S VOICE

-- Item 3: a riding instructor --  
 formerly a Cossack -- a riding  
 instructor -- formerly a Cossack --  
 a riding instructor -- formerly a  
 Cossack --

He switches the machine off, refills his glass. Then, glancing off toward the gypsies, he fills four more glasses on the cart, gives the cart a shove. The cart with the four glasses of champagne sails smoothly out

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED)

of the bedroom into the salon, comes to a stop in front of the gypsies. Without missing a beat in their playing, the musicians bow deeply to him, raise their glasses in a toast.

Flannagan, paying no attention to them, has switched the dictaphone on again.

ARIANE'S VOICE

-- Items 4 to 9, inclusive, cover a bicycle tour I took with a group of exchange students through the Pyrenees -- a group of exchange students through the Pyrenees -- a group of exchange students through the Pyrenees --

He shuts off the dictaphone, gulps down the glass of champagne, picks up the bottle, sees it is empty. He goes into the salon, where the mobile bar is, starts to pick up a bottle of brandy. On second thought, he puts the bottle back, wheels the whole bar into the bedroom with him. Back on the chaise longue, he pours himself a stiff drink of brandy. Just then, from the direction of the gypsies, the cart comes sailing in, stops. On it are the four champagne glasses, empty. Flannagan fills the glasses with brandy, shoves the cart toward the gypsies again. He switches on the dictaphone.

ARIANE'S VOICE

-- Item 10: a businessman from Brussels  
-- Item 11: the chauffeur of the businessman from Brussels -- the chauffeur of the businessman from Brussels -- the chauffeur of the businessman from Brussels --

He shuts off the machine, downs the brandy in one gulp, pours himself some more. From the salon, the cart comes sailing up once more, the four glasses empty again. Flannagan puts the brandy bottle on the cart, gives it a heave toward the gypsies. He switches the dictaphone on.

ARIANE'S VOICE

-- Item 15: the bullfighter --  
Correction, please -- between Items 14 and 15 insert Canadian ice-hockey player -- insert Canadian ice-hockey player -- insert Canadian ice-hockey player --

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED - 2)

The cart comes rolling across the salon from the gypsies toward Flannagan -- on it the brandy bottle, empty. Without looking up, Flannagan pushes the whole mobile bar toward the gypsies. The two vehicles glide past each other like ships in the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 INT. SUITE 14 - DAWN

Start on the dictaphone, as it is playing back incessantly.

ARIANE'S VOICE

-- Item 18: an Italian vice-consul --  
Item 19: a Dutch alcoholic -- more  
later -- more later -- more later --  
more later --

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK: an unshaven Flannagan is still sitting on the chaise longue, his bleary eyes riveted on the machine. Through the window giving on the Place Vendome comes the faint light of a gray, melancholy morning. There is no music from the salon any more. Flannagan listens and listens -- then suddenly he can't stand it any more -- he rouses himself from his stupor, grabs the dictaphone, and smashes it on the floor.

In the salon, the gypsies, who have fallen asleep over their instruments, amidst the litter of glasses and empty bottles, sit bolt upright, awakened by the crash of the dictaphone. Like greased lightning they strike up HORA STACCATO.

Flannagan has risen wearily to his feet, and tucking in one of his shirt-tails, picks up a coat with a carnation in the buttonhole. Dragging it behind him, he moves through the salon toward the door, motions the gypsies to follow him. He walks out into the corridor and the gypsies, still playing, stagger after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

111 PARIS STREET - GRAY OVERCAST MORNING

Flannagan's Rolls Royce is weaving down the deserted street, and from inside come the spirited strains of HORA STACCATO. Once in a while, a violin bow flashes in and out of the open car window.

DISSOLVE TO:



## 112 A BRASS PLAQUE ON A BUILDING - GRAY MORNING

The plaque reads: BAIN TURQUE \* TURKISH BATH \* STEAM \* MASSAGE. Reflected in the sign, we see the Rolls Royce pull to an abrupt stop. HORA STACCATO comes to a dissonant end.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 113 INT. TURKISH BATH - DAY

A swirling mass of steam obscures everything -- but from somewhere inside this misty inferno we hear the gypsies playing FASCINATION.

The steamy fog lifts slightly, and we see Flannagan, sitting morosely on the topmost of a tier of steps running up one wall of the tiled room. He has a towel around his waist and is perspiring freely.

Another break in the billowing vapor reveals the gypsies, standing at floor level, still in their tuxedos and bathed in sweat. As they play, a string on one of the violins snaps. Its owner continues playing on the remaining strings. Another string curls up with a sharp twang, then a third -- leaving the fiddler playing on one string.

Flannagan is staring off gloomily into space, when a rift in the eddying steam discloses the figure of a man stretched out on a lower level. He is wrapped in a sheet, and has a towel over his head. As the music penetrates into his consciousness, he raises his head, listens. Then he removes the towel -- it is a perspiring Monsieur X. He sits up, removes the fogged monocle from his eye, wipes it with the towel, inserts it in his eye again, peers at Flannagan. He beams with recognition.

MONSIEUR X

Ah -- Monsieur Flannagan. It is so good to see you again!

FLANNAGAN

(barely glances at him)

Hello.

MONSIEUR X

How've you been?

FLANNAGAN

None of your business.

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED)

MONSIEUR X

You do not remember me? I am the husband -- the foolish husband -- with the gun.

FLANNAGAN

Oh.

MONSIEUR X

You might be interested to know that my wife has forgiven me completely.

FLANNAGAN

I'm not interested.

MONSIEUR X

It's just wonderful -- like a second honeymoon.

FLANNAGAN

Good for you.

MONSIEUR X

You come here often?

FLANNAGAN

Never.

MONSIEUR X

When a man sweats it out in the morning, it is either because he had a very good night, or a very bad night. Personally, I had a very good night.

FLANNAGAN

Shut up.

MONSIEUR X

What is the trouble, Monsieur? Stock market go down? Income tax go up? Baseball? Mickey Mantle -- he is in a slump?

FLANNAGAN

SHUT UP!

MONSIEUR X

Ah! L'amour! The tender passion -- the sweet poison --

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED - 2)

FLANNAGAN

Get lost, will you!

MONSIEUR X

Is it the charming young lady I met in your apartment? No -- it couldn't be -- she looked so innocent.

FLANNAGAN

(sarcastically)

Oh, yeah?!

MONSIEUR X

Of course, sometimes they fool you. A girl may look as pure as freshly-fallen snow -- then suddenly you discover the footprints of a hundred men.

FLANNAGAN

(grabbing him by the sheet)

What do you mean -- a hundred men?

MONSIEUR X

You see, Monsieur -- it is the terrible uncertainty that drives you mad. I know very well -- I was uncertain -- I was mad -- it was terrible -- and look at me now -- completely cured.

FLANNAGAN

(pushing him away)

You're bothering me --

MONSIEUR X

No bother at all. You need help, Monsieur -- and I know just the man who can help you. Let me get the address.

Monsieur X gets up, and wrapping the sheet more securely around himself, hurries out of the steam room. Through the glass-paneled door, we see him open a locker in the dressing room, fish a wallet out of his coat.

Vaguely discernible through the billowing steam, the gypsies, dripping with perspiration, are playing bravely

(CONTINUED)

113 (CONTINUED - 3)

on what is left of their strings. The leader tips his fiddle upside down, letting the water which has accumulated inside the violin run out of the sound holes, plays on.

Monsieur X comes hurrying back in with his wallet in his hand, rejoins Flannagan.

MONSIEUR X

He is the best man in Paris, Monsieur. A little expensive, perhaps -- but he is very thorough, very discreet --

He has now extracted a visiting card from the wallet, hands it to Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

(wearily)

Look, this is a personal problem --

MONSIEUR X

He will solve it for you, Monsieur -- one way or another. Either the young lady is innocent -- in which case everything is fine. Or she is guilty -- in which case I will sell you my gun, at a very reasonable price.

Reluctantly, Flannagan glances down at the business card. It reads: M. CLAUDE CHAVASSE \* DETECTIVE PRIVE \*  
17 RUE MALLEERANCHE \* PARIS Veme.

MONSIEUR X'S VOICE

Believe me, Monsieur, I am putting you in very good hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAST PART TO FOLLOW

## 114 EXT. HOUSE 17 RUE MALLEFRANCHE - OVERCAST MORNING

Flannagan's Rolls Royce whips around the corner, comes to a stop in front of the Chavasse house. Flannagan, unshaven, wearing a coat, wilted carnation, but no tie, hops out of the car, in his hand the card Monsieur X gave him. He checks the address, finds Chavasse's business sign beside the entrance, is about to rush into the house, then stops. The whole idea suddenly seems silly. He turns around, takes a couple of steps toward the car, hesitates again. Then, with a "why not?" shrug, he marches determinedly into the building.

## 115 ARIANE'S ROOM - MORNING

Ariane, in her robe, is getting ready to wash her hair. She has tucked a towel around her neck, set out a bottle of shampoo in the wash-stand, and is running water into the basin.

Chavasse, coffee cup in hand, stands in the open doorway connecting with his office, studying her.

CHAVASSE

Ariane, do you realize that in the last three weeks you have washed your hair exactly seventeen times? I find that very suspicious.

ARIANE

You do, Papa?

CHAVASSE

Especially if you add to it the flower in the ice-box -- the fur-coat in the cello case -- and most important of all, the clue of the upside-down stomach.

ARIANE

(wide-eyed)

My stomach?

CHAVASSE

Lately, when I wake you up in the morning, I have observed that you have been sleeping on your stomach. My tabulations show that 86 percent of women who sleep on their stomachs are secretly in love.

(CONTINUED)

115 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

Really? That's very interesting.

CHAVASSE

What interests me is -- who could  
the man be?

ARIANE

Michel?

CHAVASSE

I doubt it. If you look at the  
palm of your right hand, you will  
notice a tiny blister --(she does so, looks  
at him in amazement)-- which proves that you have been  
carrying the cello case yourself.  
It couldn't possibly be Michel.

(the doorbell rings)

Who is the man?

ARIANE

There's somebody at the door, Papa.

CHAVASSE

I'm not asking as a detective --  
I'm asking as a father.

(doorbell again)

ARIANE

I wish one of you would answer  
the door.

Chavasse shrugs, crosses her room, exits into the  
corridor. Ariane dunks her head into the basin full  
of water.

116 INT. CORRIDOR - CHAVASSE APARTMENT - MORNING

Chavasse opens the door. Standing outside is Flannagan,  
looking haggard and somewhat embarrassed.

FLANNAGAN

You Chavasse-y, the detective?

CHAVASSE

(not believing his  
eyes)

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

116 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

Sorry to barge in on you like this  
-- but you were highly recommended. --

CHAVASSE

(beaming)

This is a great honor. Come right  
in, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

You know me?

CHAVASSE

Do I know you? Does an art student  
know Picasso?! This way, please.

He leads Flannagan into --

117 THE OFFICE

Through the open doors we see Ariane in the bedroom,  
bending over the wash-stand, soaking her hair.  
Chavasse, preceding Flannagan, crosses to the connecting  
doors.

FLANNAGAN

Look, Mr. Chavasse-y, I got a  
problem. I want somebody in-  
vestigated.

CHAVASSE

You've come to the right place,  
Monsieur.

He slides the doors shut on the oblivious Ariane.

FLANNAGAN

There's this young lady -- almost  
a girl, I'd say -- and she's  
driving me crazy.

CHAVASSE

Driving you crazy? That's very  
funny --

FLANNAGAN

What's so funny?

CHAVASSE

Usually it is you who is in the  
driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

117 (CONTINUED)

FIANNAGAN  
(rubs his hand across  
his forehead)

Please -- I've had a very rough  
night --

CHAVASSE  
Would you like an aspirin?

FIANNAGAN  
No, thanks. I want this girl  
followed -- discreetly. Are you  
good at it? Because I don't want  
her to know.

CHAVASSE  
Monsieur, did you ever know that  
you were being followed?

FIANNAGAN  
Me? Followed?

CHAVASSE  
Then I'm very good at it! Now  
about my fee --

FIANNAGAN  
Don't worry about the money.

CHAVASSE  
I'm not worried, Monsieur. But I  
mean -- as one businessman to  
another -- with the franc the way  
it is -- up and down -- I would  
prefer to be paid in dollars --

FIANNAGAN  
Dollars -- traveller's checks --  
I don't care. Just get me the  
lowdown on this girl --

CHAVASSE  
(picking up notebook)  
Leave it to me. Now suppose you  
tell me everything you know about  
her.

FIANNAGAN  
I know nothing. Except that her  
name isn't Adolph.

(CONTINUED)



117 (CONTINUED - 2)

CHAVASSE

(putting it down)

Not Adolph. Well, that narrows  
it down considerably. Where did  
you meet her?

FLANNAGAN

In my suite at the Ritz.

CHAVASSE

You invited her?

FLANNAGAN

No.

CHAVASSE

You mean she just walked through  
the door?

FLANNAGAN

No. Through the balcony.

CHAVASSE

Isn't that rather peculiar?

FLANNAGAN

Not for her. She's a very peculiar  
girl.

CHAVASSE

What does she look like?

FLANNAGAN

Well, she's sort of --  
(tries to model her  
figure with his hands)

CHAVASSE

Say no more, Monsieur -- I know  
your type. Very voluptuous --  
always three, four pounds over-  
weight --

FLANNAGAN

No -- not this one. She's on the  
lean side -- a mere wisp of a girl  
-- not my type at all.

CHAVASSE

She must have something --

(CONTINUED)

117 (CONTINUED - 3)

FLANNAGAN

Definitely. She's got an uncanny talent for getting under my skin. I don't know where she comes from -- I don't know where she goes -- I suspect -- but I'm not sure --

CHAVASSE

You suspect what?

FLANNAGAN

It seems there are other men -- quite a few of them -- as a matter of fact, quite a lot of them -- but then again, she may be pulling my leg -- but then again, she may not -- how about that aspirin?

CHAVASSE

Of course. There's no extra charge.

He crosses to the sliding doors, and pulling them open, starts into --

118 ARIANE'S BEDROOM

At the wash-stand, Ariane is busily shampooing her hair and humming FASCINATION. Chavasse crosses toward the medicine cabinet beside the wash-stand to get the aspirin. Through the open door, Flannagan can be seen pacing in the office, then stopping to look out the window. Ariane squints up as Chavasse takes the bottle of aspirin from the medicine cabinet.

ARIANE

Headache, Papa?

CHAVASSE

(whispering, with relish)

No, I feel fine. It's the client. Hit and run lover -- got run over himself.

He moves away from Ariane, who has resumed humming FASCINATION. Chavasse picks up the tune, hums it gaily as he steps back into --

## 119 THE OFFICE

Chavasse, still humming, slides the doors shut.  
Flannagan turns toward him.

FLANNAGAN  
To look at her you'd think she  
was a student or something --

CHAVASSE  
(opening aspirin  
bottle)  
How many?

FLANNAGAN  
Nineteen.

CHAVASSE  
Nineteen?

FLANNAGAN  
Two aspirins -- nineteen men! All  
the way from a red-headed algebra  
teacher to a Dutch alcoholic --

Chavasse is humming FASCINATION as he pours a glass of  
water from a bottle on the desk.

FLANNAGAN  
(irritably)  
-- cut it out, will you? I've been  
hearing that all night.

CHAVASSE  
Sorry.  
(hands aspirins to  
Flannagan)

FLANNAGAN  
And in between, there was a riding  
instructor --  
(tosses aspirin into  
mouth)  
-- and an Alpine guide --  
(swallows another  
aspirin)

CHAVASSE  
Alpine guide? Just a minute --  
I had a case like this --

He takes out his keys, unlocks the filing cabinet.

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED)

FIANNAGAN

She met him on the Matterhorn.  
He had dimples behind his ears  
and edelweiss in his knees --  
or the other way around --

Chavasse has pulled out a drawer, and taken out a folder.

CHAVASSE

Here we are. She's an English duchess -- age 45.

FIANNAGAN

No -- she's no 45 -- and she's no duchess -- but she was mixed up with a Duke. And right after that, there was an export-import guy --

CHAVASSE

Export-import? Wait, wait -- that sounds familiar.

He pulls out another drawer.

FIANNAGAN

He exports perfume and imports bananas --

CHAVASSE

Wrong -- this one deals in mustard exclusively.

FIANNAGAN

Then there was a Canadian ice-hockey player and a banker from Brussels --

CHAVASSE

Brussels -- banker --  
(pulls out third drawer)

You know, I have a feeling I've run across this girl somewhere before --

FIANNAGAN

I wouldn't be surprised. Then there was a bullfighter -- he got gored --

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED - 2)

CHAVASSE

Bullfighter --

(pulls out still  
another drawer)

You know, this is maddening --

FLANNAGAN

That's what I've been trying to  
tell you --

CHAVASSE

It's like a hurricane swept through  
my files and jumbled everything up --

A horrible suspicion strikes him, and he glances quickly  
toward the door of Ariane's room. Flannagan stifles a  
yawn.

FLANNAGAN

Look, she's coming to see me this  
afternoon -- she'll be leaving the  
hotel around six -- suppose you  
follow her.

(moving toward door)

So long.

CHAVASSE

(holding him back)

Tell me, Mr. Flannagan -- when you  
said her name isn't Adolph --

FLANNAGAN

All I know is it begins with an A.

CHAVASSE

A?

FLANNAGAN

But it's not Anna, or Agnes, or  
Agatha --

CHAVASSE

That tune I was humming before --

(hums a few bars of  
FASCINATION)

-- it's not from an opera, is it?

FLANNAGAN

It's some old Hungarian schmaltz  
called Fascination -- my gypsies  
play it all the time.

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED - 3)

CHAVASSE

Of course!

FLANNAGAN

Of course what?

CHAVASSE

Never mind. Go on with what you were saying.

FLANNAGAN

I was saying it must be a very odd name. Everything about her is odd. Showed up one day wearing one of those things around her leg --  
(demonstrates)

CHAVASSE

An anklet?

FLANNAGAN

That's right. Another time she came in a fur coat -- in the middle of summer --

CHAVASSE

It wasn't ermine, was it?

FLANNAGAN

How did you guess? Some guy gave it to her -- but she'd never take anything from me --

CHAVASSE

Nothing?

FLANNAGAN

Nothing at all.

CHAVASSE

Not even a flower?

FLANNAGAN

Oh, yeah -- I did give her a flower once -- a white carnation -- say, you are good.

(CONTINUED)

119 (CONTINUED - 4)

CHAVASSE  
(leading her out  
into corridor)

Not really, Monsieur. It's just  
that sometimes, in my profession,  
you get lucky.

120 CORRIDOR - CHAVASSE APARTMENT

A grim-faced Chavasse accompanies Flannagan to the door,  
opens it for him.

CHAVASSE  
Goodbye, Monsieur.

FLANNAGAN  
Goodbye, Mr. Chavasse-y.

He raises two fingers to his forehead, waves them in  
his usual manner. As he starts out, the door of  
Ariane's room opens, and she comes out with a towel  
wrapped around her head. Humming FASCINATION, she  
walks toward the bathroom. Chavasse looks after her  
for a moment, deeply troubled, then steps out on the  
landing.

121 INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING AND STAIRCASE

Flannagan has started down the stairs as Chavasse appears  
on the landing, calls down to him.

CHAVASSE  
One more question, Monsieur.  
(Flannagan stops  
and turns)  
You are interested in this young  
lady?

FLANNAGAN  
Sure I'm interested. Why do you  
think I came up here?

CHAVASSE  
What I meant was -- are you in  
love with her?

FLANNAGAN  
Love? Who said anything about  
love? I said I was interested.  
I have many interests.

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

Sorry, Monsieur. Just asking.

FLANNAGAN

(continuing down  
the steps)

Okay, Six o'clock.

CHAVASSE

I may have the solution much  
earlier.

He steps back into the apartment, shutting the door  
after him.

122 INT. CHAVASSE APARTMENT

Chavasse stands in the corridor for a moment, shattered.  
Then he glances through the open door of Ariane's bed-  
room, starts slowly inside.

Chavasse comes into his daughter's room, gazes around  
tenderly at her possessions. He looks out the window,  
where a light drizzle of rain is beginning to fall.  
He sees the goldfish bowl, picks up some fish food,  
sprinkles it into the bowl. Then he slides open the  
doors to the office. There is the sound of something  
rolling across the floor, and Chavasse glances down.

The force of the doors rebounding has dislodged a  
bottle from under Ariane's chest of drawers. It rolls  
across the floor, stops at Chavasse's feet. It is an  
empty Pepsi-Cola bottle. Chavasse reaches down, picks  
it up, holds it pensively in his hand.

Ariane is heard approaching down the corridor, gaily  
humming FASCINATION. Chavasse hurriedly hides the  
bottle behind the record rack on top of the chest.

Ariane comes into her room. The towel is around her  
neck now, and she is starting to put her hair up.

ARIANE

The client with the headache gone?

CHAVASSE

The client is gone -- but not the  
headache.

(CONTINUED)



122 (CONTINUED)

He walks into the office, starts to close the various files he has pulled out.

ARIANE  
(following him in)  
Looks like somebody's been carrying  
on with half the alphabet --

CHAVASSE  
Sometimes I think I made a mistake  
letting you grow up in these sur-  
roundings. I should have sent you  
away to school after your Mama died --

ARIANE  
What's the matter, Papa? Just be-  
cause I've been washing my hair so  
often --

CHAVASSE  
I had no right to expose you to all  
this dirt I bring into the house --  
fly-by-night affairs and counterfeit  
love and disillusionment and heart-  
break --

ARIANE  
I would have been heartbroken if you  
sent me away.

CHAVASSE  
I guess I've been a very poor father.

ARIANE  
That's a very poor guess. You've  
been a wonderful father.

CHAVASSE  
Well, I'll try to do better from now  
on.

ARIANE  
I love you very much, Papa.

CHAVASSE  
And I love you more.  
(kisses her)  
Now go to your room -- I want to  
wind up this case.

(CONTINUED)

122 (CONTINUED - 2)

He crosses to the typewriter, inserts a sheet of paper in the carriage. Ariane exits into her room, slides the doors shut. Chavasse gazes after her for a moment, then starts typing. Outside, the rain beats against the windows.

DISSOLVE TO:

123 INT. SALON SUITE 14 - RAINY DAY

Flannagan, freshly shaved and wearing a business suit, is staring moodily out the rain-streaked window at the Place Vendome. There is a knock on the door.

FLANNAGAN

Come in.

The door opens and Chavasse enters, wearing a raincoat and the black derby, and carrying his umbrella and briefcase. His face is expressionless, his manner businesslike.

CHAVASSE

Good afternoon, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

(impatiently)

Any news? How are we doing?

CHAVASSE

(setting the briefcase on the table)

We're doing fine, Monsieur. I have the complete report.

FLANNAGAN

You do? Let's have it.

Chavasse takes a thick folder out of the briefcase.

FLANNAGAN

Is that her file?

CHAVASSE

No, Monsieur -- that's yours.

(takes out single typewritten sheet)

This is hers.

FLANNAGAN

One page? You call that complete?

(CONTINUED)

123 (CONTINUED)

CHAVASSE

It's right up to the minute, Monsieur.  
Completely complete. Her name is  
Ariane --

FLANNAGAN

Ariane? I wouldn't have guessed  
that in a million years.

CHAVASSE

She's a student at the Music Con-  
servatory -- plays the cello --

FLANNAGAN

The cello? I once knew a dame that  
played the saxophone --

CHAVASSE

Yes, Monsieur -- Atlantic City, 1947  
-- but to get back to this case --  
the young lady lives on the Left  
Bank --

FLANNAGAN

Alone?

CHAVASSE

No, Monsieur.

FLANNAGAN

With a man?

CHAVASSE

Yes, Monsieur. Her father.

FLANNAGAN

Her father? You sure?

CHAVASSE

Positive. As for the other men in  
her life --

FLANNAGAN

How many?

CHAVASSE

Just one, Monsieur. You.

FLANNAGAN

Me?

(CONTINUED)

123 (CONTINUED - 2)

CHAVASSE

That's right. I know everything about her from the day she was born -- she's never even been in love before.

FLANNAGAN

Come now!

CHAVASSE

You see, Monsieur, she is not what you would call a dame.

FLANNAGAN

(pleased)

Why, the little liar -- playing games with me -- made me so mad I was almost ready to pack up and leave Paris --

CHAVASSE

Maybe that would have been a good idea, Monsieur.

FLANNAGAN

(not listening)

Canadian ice-hockey player -- Alpine guide -- dimples -- what an imagination --

CHAVASSE

She is very imaginative, Monsieur.

FLANNAGAN

Why do you suppose she did it?

CHAVASSE

Why? I suppose she was trying to put herself in the same class with you --

(indicates Flannagan's file and single type-written sheet)

-- but that, of course, is impossible.

FLANNAGAN

(in high spirits by now)

You know, I think I'll skip the Riviera this year -- stick around here a little longer -- this is too much fun.

(CONTINUED)

123 (CONTINUED - 3)

CHAVASSE

You've had your fun, Monsieur.  
You'd better leave before it's  
too late.

FLANNAGAN

Too late for what?

CHAVASSE

Your record shows that whenever  
a girl gets serious, you run.  
Well, she's very serious, Monsieur  
-- so you'd better start running.

FLANNAGAN

But it's a little different this  
time --

CHAVASSE

How little? Instead of the usual  
two weeks it will last four weeks --  
or six weeks?

FLANNAGAN

I don't see that it's any of your  
business --

(there is a knock  
on the door)

Come in.

The door opens and the gypsies come in, wearing rain-  
coats over their tuxedos, and carrying their instrument  
cases. They nod to Flannagan, move off to their usual  
corner, start to take their coats off.

CHAVASSE

She will be here pretty soon,  
Monsieur -- you have to decide --

FLANNAGAN

Look, I hired you to give me infor-  
mation -- not advice.

(takes out a roll  
of bills)

Will a hundred dollars do it?

CHAVASSE

No.

FLANNAGAN

Two hundred?

(CONTINUED)

123 (CONTINUED - 4)

CHAVASSE

There will be no charge.

FLANNAGAN

Why not?

CHAVASSE

Because she is my daughter.

Flannagan stares at him dumbfounded.

CHAVASSE

Give her a chance, Monsieur --  
 she is so helpless -- such a  
 little fish -- throw her back in  
 the water --

124 EXT. RITZ - RAINY DAY

Michel's Renault drives up, pulls to a splattering stop. Michel is behind the wheel, and beside him is Ariane, wearing a polo coat and a kerchief over her head. The cello case is resting across the back of the seat, with the narrow end protruding between them. Ariane opens the door.

MICHEL

Ariane, is there no way I can stop  
 you from seeing this dreadful man?

ARIANE

Oh, I'm much more dreadful than he  
 is. I've had nineteen lovers.

MICHEL

Nineteen?

ARIANE

-- and more later.  
 (gets out of car)  
 I think right now he hates me.  
 Isn't it wonderful?

She drags the cello case out of the car.

MICHEL

Ariane -- you're confused.

(CONTINUED)

124 (CONTINUED)

ARIANE

No -- he is. But today is the day. Today I will tell him the truth.

(leans inside, kisses  
Michel on the cheek)

Goodbye, Michel.

Carrying the cello case, she hurries across the sidewalk toward the entrance.

MICHEL

(calling after her)

Be careful, Ariane. You know what kind of a man he is -- no tonsils and no heart and everything inside is mechanized. Remember -- he's an American!

Ariane disappears through the revolving doors.

125 CORRIDOR - RITZ

Ariane, in a gay mood, comes hurrying up the stairs with the cello. As she heads for Flannagan's suite, Chavasse, standing in a side corridor, looks after her sadly.

Ariane rounds the bend in the corridor, sets the cello case down against the trunks. As she steps up to the door of Suite 14, it opens and the gypsies come filing out wearing their raincoats and carrying their instruments. They look at Ariane unhappily as they pass her. Ariane, sensing that something is wrong, hurries inside.

126 INT. SUITE 14

Ariane comes into the empty salon, looks around. Through the archway, she sees an open suitcase lying on the bed, and several other pieces of luggage standing around half-packed in the bedroom.

ARIANE

Mr. Flannagan?

In the bedroom, Flannagan appears with several suits over his arm.

(CONTINUED)

126 (CONTINUED)

FLANNAGAN

Oh, hello there.

He dumps the clothes unceremoniously into the suitcase, starts to tuck in the loose ends.

FLANNAGAN

You'd think I would've learned to pack by now -- with all the travelling I do.

Ariane advances slowly into the bedroom.

ARIANE

Are you travelling again?

FLANNAGAN

Yes, sir! I'm off to the Riviera.

ARIANE

Oh.

FLANNAGAN

I looked out the window this morning, saw that rain, and made my mind up -- just like that.

(snaps his fingers)

ARIANE

Just like that?

(snaps her fingers)

FLANNAGAN

Well, actually it started last night -- you know those Swedish twins -- we had a big party -- they're on their way to Cannes and they want me to come along -- get a little sun -- you know how it is --

ARIANE

I know how it is.

(Flannagan tries to close the bulging suitcase)

I guess I'm just in time to help with your suitcase.

She hoists herself up on the suitcase, in a sitting position. As Flannagan looks at her, the phone rings, and he picks it up.

(CONTINUED)



126 (CONTINUED - 2)

FLANNAGAN

Yes -- did you try Air France? --  
no planes taking off at all?

ARIANE

(from suitcase;  
hopefully)

In Paris, this kind of weather  
sometimes lasts for weeks.

FLANNAGAN

(into phone)

How about the train? -- five  
o'clock? -- all right, get me on  
it -- and send up for my luggage.

He hangs up, crosses to the suitcase.

ARIANE

(as casually as  
she can manage)

How long will you be gone?

FLANNAGAN

(snaps one of the  
locks shut)

Who knows with those two crazy  
Swedes! And after that I thought  
I'd go on to Athens -- you know  
that Greek women have the whitest  
skin in the world?

(snaps second lock  
shut)

ARIANE

(sliding off suitcase)

That so?

FLANNAGAN

Look, I could say I'm going on  
business, and that I'll be back  
in a few weeks -- but I don't have  
to pretend with you. You're a  
sensible girl.

ARIANE

I try.

(CONTINUED)

126 (CONTINUED - 3)

FLANNAGAN

I wish there were more like you.  
(picking up dictaphone)  
I heard your record. Sure got a  
big kick out of it.

ARIANE

I thought you'd hate me --

FLANNAGAN

Hate you? Why? You don't know  
what a relief it is to run into  
a girl who thinks the same way  
I do.

(there is a knock on  
the door)

Come in.

Two porters enter, and during the ensuing, gather up  
the luggage.

FLANNAGAN

You French girls have the right  
idea -- it's bonjour and adieu,  
and in between a little l'amour --  
no big production, no hysterics,  
no mascara running --

ARIANE

Oh, we never cry, Mr. Flannagan.

FLANNAGAN

That's why I love this place.

ARIANE

Except once -- once I did cry --  
that's when Number 14 left.

FLANNAGAN

(promptly)

Export-import --

ARIANE

He slammed the car door -- and  
caught my thumb -- it really hurt.

FLANNAGAN

I'll be very careful.

(CONTINUED)

126 (CONTINUED - 4)

He puts his coat on, starts into the salon, with Ariane tagging along.

ARIANE

Can I come along to the station?

FLANNAGAN

In this rain?

ARIANE

Because if I come home too early  
-- the man I live with, he may get  
suspicious -- you know how it is.

FLANNAGAN

I know how it is.

He opens the door to the corridor.

127 CORRIDOR - RITZ

Ariane and Flannagan come out, walk toward the elevator. Ariane ignores the cello case leaning against the trunks but Flannagan spots it and gives her a quick sidelong glance. The porters emerge with the luggage, follow them toward the elevator. As they disappear around the bend in the corridor, Chavasse steps out from the side corridor near the service elevator. He picks up the cello case, starts slowly after them.

DISSOLVE TO:

128 INT. GARE DE LYON - RAINY AFTERNOON

Many trains, many passengers, arriving, departing. Porters, baggage carts, everything on the move, everybody in a hurry. A melee of sounds echoing under the vast glass dome.

In contrast to this bustle, Flannagan and Ariane are walking slowly toward the platform at the far end of the station. They walk side by side, in complete silence. Behind them are a couple of porters, carrying his luggage. Ariane steals an occasional glance at Flannagan. Flannagan avoids her eyes, keeps looking straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

128 (CONTINUED)

At the platform, the Nice Express stands steaming, ready for imminent departure. Passengers are boarding the train, baggage is being passed through the windows, conductors are checking tickets. Flannagan and Ariane make their way through this last-minute activity. Flannagan has taken his ticket out, checks the number of his Wagon-Lit.

ARIANE

(as they walk)

It's going to seem a little strange and lonely after you're gone -- at least for the first few afternoons.

FLANNAGAN

You'll be all right.

ARIANE

We did have a good time, didn't we?

FLANNAGAN

The best.

ARIANE

Will you be coming back to Paris next year?

FLANNAGAN

I guess so -- if I'm in the neighborhood.

ARIANE

Then maybe I'd better check at the Ritz once in a while -- if I'm in the neighborhood.

They have reached Flannagan's Wagon-Lit. He hands his ticket to the conductor. The porters start loading his luggage through the window. Flannagan turns back to Ariane.

FLANNAGAN

Well -- take care of yourself -- thin girl.

ARIANE

(looking away)

I will, Mr. Flannagan.

(CONTINUED)

128 (CONTINUED - 2)

FLANNAGAN

What's the matter?

ARIANE

Nothing --

Gently he puts his hand under her chin, turns her face toward him. There are tears in her eyes.

ARIANE

-- it's nothing, really-- it's the soot -- always happens to me in railroad stations -- I'm susceptible --

"En voiture" shouts from the conductors echo along the platform.

ARIANE

(reaching for  
his carnation)

May I?

He nods. She takes the carnation from the buttonhole of his coat.

FLANNAGAN

Goodbye, thin girl.

ARIANE

Goodbye, Mr. Flannagan.

He steps aboard the train. As he looks down at Ariane, tears are rolling down her cheeks.

FLANNAGAN

You promised!

ARIANE

(through her tears)

You don't have to worry about me, Mr. Flannagan -- there have been so many men before -- and there'll be so many after this -- it's going to be another one of those crazy years -- while you're in Cannes, I'll be in Brussels with the banker -- he wants to give me a Mercedes-Benz -- a blue one -- that's my favorite color --

The train starts moving. Ariane walks along the platform, trying to keep up with Flannagan.

(CONTINUED)

128 (CONTINUED - 3)

ARIANE  
 (raising her voice  
 to make herself  
 heard)

And while you're in Athens, I'll be with the Duke again -- he invited me to his hunting lodge in Scotland -- but I don't know whether I'll go -- because another man asked me to spend the summer with him in Deauville -- he owns race horses -- he's very rich -- Number 20 -- I mean, 21 -- you're Number 20 -- so you see, Mr. Flannagan, I'll be all right --

Flannagan can't stand it any longer. He swings himself down to the lowest step, and holding on to the stanchion beside the door, grabs her around the waist, and hoists her aboard.

129 WAGON-LET

Flannagan drags Ariane through the open door of his compartment.

ARIANE  
 (breathlessly)  
 Mr. Flannagan -- what are you doing?

FLANNAGAN  
 Be quiet, Ariane! Be quiet!

He covers her little face with kisses. She looks up at him through her tears, unbelieving.

130 STATION PLATFORM

Chavasse stands on the platform, holding the cello. He watches the train move away with a smile on his face. As the last car passes him, he lifts two fingers to his forehead, waves them in the Flannagan salute. Then he turns, starts toward the exit, carrying the cello. CAMERA PANS with him, revealing the four gypsies, in raincoats and hats, playing FASCINATION as they've never played it before.

FADE OUT:

T H E E N D