

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

An Original Screenplay

by

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MAIN TITLES

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Mr. and Mrs. Ben McKenna at the back of a motor coach with their seven year old son, HANK. We do not see much of the background which is receding from us. THEY are studying the countryside from the windows at each side of them. The CAMERA PULLS BACK down the aisle of the bus revealing the other passengers. They are a surprise, consisting of Arab men and women, with an occasional civilian and French Army officer. The CAMERA STOPS at the end of the bus.

EXT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The French driver and a couple of his companions, Arab.

EXT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES BACK TO THE REAR OF THE BUS, photographing the side windows. At the bottom of the screen is the destination board. By the time we get opposite the window out of which the McKennas are looking, we have been able to read the words "CASABLANCA -- MARRAKESH."

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben and Hank are looking intently out the window. Jo's interest seems only casual.

HANK

Daddy -- you sure I never been to Africa before? It looks familiar.

INT. BUS (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

Shooting through the McKenna's window at the landscape moving by. It is semiarid desert. A line of blue-grey mountains in the distant.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo studies the landscape.

JO

We saw the same scenery last summer driving to Las Vegas.

Hank turns, and smiles slightly.

HANK
Oh sure. Where daddy lost all that
money at the cr --

BEN
Hank!

HANK
-- table.

Ben gives his wife a look of exasperation, She smiles
at him.

HANK
Hey look - a camel!

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

Shooting through the McKenna's window. The bus is
entering a small Arab village, Squat stone and plaster
building, narrow streets, a few carts, donkeys and one
camel. A few pedestrians, mostly Arab men, few women.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben puts his hand on Hank's shoulder.

JO
This isn't really Africa, Hank. It's
French Morocco.

BEN
(To her)
Northern Africa.

HANK
Still seems like Las Vegas.

BEN
(Slightly indignant)
We're only a hundred miles north of
the Sahara Desert!

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The bus is passing through the center of the town. We
move past a few shops, everything looking drab and
meager. The sun is strong and hot.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

Hank studies the scene outside. He shrugs.

HANK

I dunno. In school they called it the
Dark Continent.

(He squints)

It's twice as bright as Indianapolis!

Jo and Ban smile at Hank.

BEN

Just wait till you see Marrakesh.

HANK

Marrakesh. Sounds like a drink.

Ben runs his tongue across his lips.

BEN

You bet it does.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The bus rolls on past the Arab village into the open
desert once again. It looks parched and grim.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Tired of watching the sameness of the desert, Hank
grows, restless. He looks about for something to do.
Ben leans back against the seat and closes his eyes.
Jo takes a paper-bound novel out of her bag, finds her
place. Hank decides to wander down the aisle of the
bus and test its possibilities for adventure.

The CAMERA DOLLIES BACK with him as he rather aimlessly
makes for the front of the bus,. Having left the Arab
village, the bus picks up speed, and is beginning to
bump and sway somewhat. When Hank is a little better
than half way down the aisle, the bus sways in a
particularly startling manner, causing Hank to stagger.
In order to steady himself, he thrusts out his hand to
grab the side of a seat. He misses the seat, and only
succeeds in clutching at the veil of an Arab woman.
Unfortunately, he pulls the veil from her face.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The startled woman, instantly horrified, covers her
face with her hands and gives a sharp cry,

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

With the bus still bumping and swaying, Hank staggers
a bit without realizing that he still has, hold of the
woman's veil.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The woman still covers her face, but from the seat next to her, and nearer the window, an Arab rises and makes a sharp comment in Arabic to Hank. The Arab's robes are brown, with a turban-like hat combining twisted strands of white and pale green cloth, The Arab starts to move past the woman, toward Hank, repeating his demand.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

People look quickly toward the sound, wondering at the reason for the trouble.

INT. BUS (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The bus driver scans his rear vision mirror for the source of the trouble behind him.

INT. BUS (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Hank looks up at the oncoming Arab, and retreats uncertainly, not realizing he is still holding the veil.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The Arab in the brown robes begins assaulting the boy in furious Arabic, indicating that he wants the veil.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Two Arabs, and a veiled woman, rise in their seats apparently disturbed by what the brown-clothed Arab is saying. They begin talking among themselves.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben and his wife, Jo, are straining from their back seat and looking down the aisle to see what is wrong. Ben looks at his wife quickly and then back, indicating that Hank is involved.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Still staring straight at the Arab, both frightened and fascinated by his verbal attack, Hank retreats.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Except for the French passengers, everyone in the bus is in a state of disturbance. The Arab continues to advance on Hank keeping up a steady tirade of Arabic.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben rises quickly and advances protectively toward his son and the oncoming Arab.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Hank retreats and squeezes himself against his mother, still with the veil in one hand. Ben faces the Arab who stops, but continues his monologue for Ben's benefit.

BEN

Now wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Simmer down.

The Arab continues pointing, talking.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

From a nearby seat a young Frenchman in civilian clothes rises quickly. The CAMERA PANS him to Ben and the Arab. He pushes in between the pair.

LOUIS

(To Ben)
Pardon me.

He turns to the Arab, moves him back a little, sharply silences his attack, and then begins, in Arabic, to explain firmly that the boy meant, no harm. It was an accident. The Arab isn't convinced, points to Hank.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The Frenchman leans toward Hank and takes the veil he is still unconsciously holding. He hands it to the Arab with a sharp command to return to his seat. The Arab turns away carrying the veil. As the CAMERA PANS him AWAY, we see the spectators resuming their seats, growing quiet.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Hank and Jo relax. Ben addresses the Frenchman, a pleasant-looking young man. He is LOUIS BERNARD.

BEN
I'd like to thank you. Without your help, anything might have happened.

LOUIS
(smiles pleasantly)
A pleasure, monsieur. There are moments in life when we all need a little help.

BEN
May I introduce my wife, Mrs. McKenna.

Louis turns pleasantly to Jo.

LOUIS
How do you do, madame. My name is Louis Bernard.

She returns his smile.

JO
Thank you, Mr. Bernard.

BEN
And this is our son, Hank.

LOUIS
Hallo, Hank.

He holds out his hand to Hank, who takes it.

HANK
You talk Arab talk.

LOUIS
A few words.

JO
Why was he so angry? It was an accident.

LOUIS
(Half shrugs)
The Moslem religion allows for few accidents.
(To Ben)
May I be permitted to sit down?

BEN
Oh, sure, sure. Of course. Next to Jo, there.

LOUIS
(Pauses)
I thought his name was Hank.

BEN
Oh, uh --

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

That's my wife's name. Jo. Jay oh.
No "e."

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Louis Bernard slides into the seat next to Jo, who moves over slightly. Ben sits on the other side so that Hank and Jo are between himself and Louis. In the rear windows behind them we see the retreating landscape of French Morocco.

LOUIS

How different.

BEN

For Josephine. Called her Jo so long,
nobody knows her by any other name.

HANK

I do. Mummy.

She smiles at Hank, rubs the back of his neck.

LOUIS

Now about the "accident." You see, a
Moslem woman never takes off her veil
in public under any circumstances.

HANK

They feed her intervaneously?

Louis looks at the boy with some surprise.

LOUIS

Quite a big word for such a small boy.

BEN

I'm a doctor.

LOUIS

Oh. Well, he sounds like one.

BEN

He can spell "haemoglobin" -- but he
has trouble with "cat" and "dog."

LOUIS

(Laughs)

And where do you practice, Doctor?

BEN

Indianapolis, Indiana. The Good
Samaritan.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo seems to be studying Bernard, as if puzzled.

LOUIS (O.S.)

What brings you to Marrakesh?

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben seems happy to talk with somebody new.

BEN

We've been to a medical convention in Paris. And while we were in Europe, I thought I'd like to see Morocco again.

HANK

Daddy liberated Africa.

Louis laughs a little. Ben seems uncomfortable.

BEN

I was up around Casablanca with an Army field hospital, that's all.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo has been listening. She seems annoyed at Louis Bernard's questioning. She interrupts.

JO

Do you live in Morocco, Mr. Bernard?

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

He smiles at her.

LOUIS

Oh no.

(To Ben)

I suppose you came directly from Paris?

BEN

We looked in on Rome and Lisbon a few days.

HANK

And Casablanca.

LOUIS

I hope you will have time to truly enjoy Marrakesh.

BEN

At the most we'll have three days.

LOUIS
You will naturally be stopping at the
hotel Mamounia or La Menara?

JO
Why?

LOUIS
(smiles)
They are hotels for tourists of good
taste.

The background, as seen through the windows of the
bus, indicates that we are in a built-up area.

INT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

It moves through the outskirts of Marrakesh, a somewhat
more populated section, although the streets are narrow
and crowded.

INT. BUS (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

A persists with Louis Bernard.

JO
Do you live in France, Mr. Bernard?

LOUIS
Sometimes.

HANK
Do you eat snails.

LOUIS
When I'm lucky enough to got them.

HANK
If you ever get hungry, our garden
back home is full of snails.

LOUIS
(Chuckles)
Thank you for the invitation.

HANK
That's all right. We tried everything
to got rid of them. We never thought
of a Frenchman.

Even Jo has to laugh at this, and as the bus continues
on into Marrakesh, the three see to be fairly good
friends brought together by the artless charm of a
little boy.

EXT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The bus moves slowly through the streets busy with bicycle riders, Arab women carrying things on their heads, men on foot leading donkeys, an occasional camel, carts, horse-drawn carriages carrying elegant Moslem women, and ancient French automobiles.

EXT. BUS - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The bus circles past the "Medina" of Marrakesh, the market place with its crowds, vendors, shoppers, beggars, and the curious. It swings in toward the bus stop.

EXT. BUS STOP - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The bus pulls up to a stop, the door opens, and the passengers begin to file out. The McKennas, together with Louis Bernard, are the last off the bus. Arab helpers have already climbed to the roof of the bus, to unload the baggage. The clean-cut airline baggage of the McKennas is in sharp contrast to the Hessianroped bundles of the Arabs. There are nearby fiacres to take the people to their various destinations in the city, and some small, undersized taxi cabs.

EXT. BUS STOP - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Hank rubs his backside a little.

HANK

Next time take the train.

BEN

(To Louis)

Would you like to share our taxi to the hotel?

LOUIS

That's kind of you, doctor, but unfortunately I have some business first.

Jo tries to be casual.

JO

What business are you in, Mr. Bernard?

But he has turned his head and speaks something in Arabic to a porter, who begins to gather the McKenna's bags, and one belonging to Louis. Louis turns to Ben.

LOUIS

However, I'll be there later - perhaps we might have a drink together.

BEN

All right. But I'll serve the drinks
in our suite.

LOUIS

In that case, I will take you to dinner.

BEN

No. Now that's not a fair bargain.

LOUIS

But I know Marrakesh. I can show you
an intriguing Arab restaurant where
the food is different, and the manner
of eating exotic.

BEN

(Gives in)

Well -- that's what we came here for.
Okay, Jo? Simple one of those Arabian
Nights?

Ben takes her arm, in a warm gesture.

JO

(Smiles agreeably)

Okay, But I'm no Scheherazade.

BEN

You'll do.

LOUIS

How would you prefer to travel to the
hotel? By taxi? Fiacre?

HANK

A wagon! I want to ride in a wagon!

He points out one of the open horse-drawn carriages.
Louis looks to Ben for confirmation. Ben nods assent.
Louis turns to the porter, and orders him in Arabia to
put the McKenna's baggage aboard the first available
carriage. He picks up his own small bag.

LOUIS

Au revoir. I look forward to cocktails.

He nods to Ben and Jo, and Pats Hank on the head.

JO

Goodbye.

BEN

See you later. And thinks again.

Louis smiles, turns and casually strolls off toward
the center of the market place. Hank watches him for
a moment, while Ben turns to see what is happening to
his bags.

HANK

I don't like people who pat me on the head.

BEN

(turns to Jo)
The carriage awaits, madame.

Jo turns from the retreating Louis, and steers Hank toward Ben, The CAMERA PANS them to the fiacre.

EXT. BUS STOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The McKennas follow their baggage aboard the carriage.

EXT. BUS STOP - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben settles the excited Hank into his seat.

HANK

How do you like this! A horse-drawn convertible!

Jo looks toward the market place, and something she sees makes her eyes widen with surprise.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

As seen from Jo's viewpoint, over the side of the carriage. The Frenchman, Louis Bernard, is talking wit the Arab in the brown robes and white and green hat. The same Arab who was assaulting Hank verbally on the bus. They are talking pleasantly, and smiling.

EXT. BUS STOP - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo turns to call Ben's attention to it, when there is a sudden crack of a whip, a shouted command to the horse, and the carriage starts of with an abrupt jerk. It throws her head back. Hank screams with delight.

BEN

Hold on. Hold on! Here we go!

The carriage moves into the street with a rapid pace. Jo looks again to find Louis Bernard.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Louis Bernard and the Arab have disappeared.

EXT. THE CARRIAGE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo slumps back into the seat, trying to evaluate what she has seen. The market place recedes in the background. Hank is now standing up, holding on to the side of the carriage and watching the sights.

JO

Ben -- I just saw Louis Bernard talking to that Arab.

BEN

What Arab?

JO

The one who was shouting at Hank for taking the woman's veil. He and the Frenchman were talking like old friends.

BEN

All right. Let's assume they knew each other, and Louis Bernard didn't bother to tell us. What does that mean?

JO

It means Mr. Bernard is a very mysterious man.

BEN

He struck me as quite normal.

JO

What do you know about him?

BEN

I know his name...and, uh....

JO

You see? And he knows you're an American living in Indianapolis, Indiana. A doctor at the Good Samaritan. You have a garden with snails, a wife, a boy who can spell haemoglobin. You went to a medical convention in Paris. Stopped at Rome, Lisbon, Casablanca. You once served in North Africa with an Army field Hospital --

BEN

Now hold on. Wait a minute. We were just talking casually...

Jo shakes her head.

JO

Not talking.

(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

He was asking, you were telling. You might as well have handed him your passport.

BEN

What difference does it make? I have nothing to hide.

JO

Maybe Mr. Bernard has.

BEN

Jo. I know this is mysterious Morocco. Inscrutable natives gliding through twisted, narrow streets, but --

JO

(Irritated at not
being taken
seriously)

Oh, Ben!

BEN

Then relax. You're just mad because he didn't ask any questions about you.

She looks at him briefly without any expression. Then she melts into a smile.

JO

Bitter medicine, doctor. But I'll swallow it.

The carriage swings into the driveway of the Hotel Mamounia. It is a rich-looking building, elegantly landscaped. The CAMERA PANS it to the entrance of the hotel. Several hotel employees move quickly to meet it. They help the McKennas descend, and assemble the baggage.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo and Hank look at the hotel.

JO

Well. This eases the pain.

HANK

What pain, mummy?

JO

Just an expression.

Ben beckons the porter.

PORTER

Bon jour, monsieur.

BEN
Will you take care of the driver?

PORTER
Oui, m'sieu.

BEN
My name is McKenna, Doctor McKenna.

PORTER
I'll take care of everything, m'sieu.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

A moderately well-dressed, middle-aged couple emerge from the hotel. The man is dressed in a dark grey flannel suit. The woman wears a light-weight, two-piece sweater and skirt, She catches sight of Jo McKenna. The man with her beckons to a porter. They are Mr. and Mrs. DRAYTON.

DRAYTON
Est-ce que vous etes libre? Jevous prend.

PORTER
Oui, m'sieu.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo looks at the couple, then looks quickly away.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

With a marked glance at Jo McKenna, the woman whispers something to the man. He follows her glance.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben reaches for Hank, and the McKennas move into the hotel. As they move past the CAMERA, Jo plucks at Ben's arm.

JO
We're being watched.

BEN
Oh come on.

Ben gives her a look of affectionate exasperation, and pushes her ahead of him into the hotel. THE CAMERA PANS BACK to the couple left standing outside. The woman is still looking after Jo McKenna.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

It is now evening, and we are in the double bedroom and single bedroom of the McKennas in the Hotel Mamounia. We are able to see through into the single room where Hank is, brushing his teeth while his mother supervises his getting ready for bed. Jo is already dressed for the evening in a smart-looking outfit. Ben is by the chest of drawers and mirror. He just lust finished putting on his shirt.

At the far end of the room there is a balcony overlooking the hotel gardens. By a small table stands Louis Bernard dressed with unobtrusive good taste. He is looking into the garden beyond. On the table are glasses and a shaker of martinis.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

In the single room occupied by Hank. Jo is putting his clothes away. Hank, having brushed his teeth and rinsed his mouth, emerges from the bathroom. He wears pajamas, but still has his shoos on.

HANK

How about it, mummy? One chorus.

JO

I'm a little out of form, Hank.

HANK

One chorus, and that's all.

JO

(Smiles)

All right, Mr. Hammerstein. What's your pleasure?

HANK

(Happily)

Quo Sera Sera. Like you and Alfred Drake. I'll be Alfred Drake.

JO

What's your key?

HANK

Whatever I happen to hit.

He hums a note to give her the key.

HANK

How's that?

JO

Pretty original.

HANK

Let's go.

He tap dances a vamp introduction to the song. He's quite professional. Then he stops, takes a pose, and begins singing in a small, but not untalented voice.

HANK

When I was just a little boy
I asked my mother "What will I be?"
Will I be handsome?
Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me:

Jo takes up the song. Her voice is obviously professional, but beyond that, quite beautiful.

JO

Que Sera Sera, whatever will
be will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera Sera
What will be will be
Que Sera Sera.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Louis Bernard looks up with some surprise, fascinated and delighted with Jo's singing ability.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben, who is putting on his tie, pauses, and listens. There is a slight smile of pleasure and affection on his face. Hank's voice comes over:

HANK

When I was just a child in school
I asked my teacher "What should I try"
Should I paint pictures?
Should I sing songs?
This was her wise reply:

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo does a turn, takes Hank's hand and he does a turn around her as she sings.

JO

Que Sera Sera, whatever will
be will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera Sera!
Whatever will be will be
Que Sera Sera!

Hank looks up happily to his mother, as she sings to him with love. Hank whistles a harmony accompaniment to the next verse.

JO

Now I have children of my own
They ask their mother "What will I
be?"
Will I be handsome?
Will I be rich?
I tell them tenderly:

They sing the chorus in harmony together.

HANK AND JO

Que Sera Sera, whatever will
be will be
The future's not ours to see
Que Sera Sera!
What will be will be
Que Sera Sera!

Just before they finish the song, there is a loud knocking at the outside door. The song trails off.

HANK

(Disgusted)
There goes our sock finish!

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

Ben goes to the door, tightening his tie on the way. He opens it. A waiter is there with a tray of food.

WAITER

Dinaire for thee boy.

BEN

(Pointing)
Right in there.

The waiter heads for the single bedroom, as the CAMERA PANS Ben back to the dresser.

LOUIS

I can't tell you how beautifully your
wife sings.

BEN

Yeah. She is pretty good.

LOUIS

She's marvelous. Too bad it was
interrupted.

Ben pauses in dressing, speaks almost to himself.

BEN
I've had the same feeling. Often.

Louis looks at him briefly. There is a rattle of dishes from the back bedroom.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

The waiter comes out of the bedroom, followed by Jo.

JO
(Indicating waiter)
He said the manager is going to send up somebody to baby sit.

BEN
Good.

The waiter nods politely, goes out the door.

LOUIS
Mrs. McKenna, permit me the pleasure of serving you a drink.

JO
Thank you.

He goes toward the balcony for the drink.

LOUIS
Were you on the American stage, Mrs. McKenna?

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo turns, and gives Ben a meaningful glance. "The Frenchman is asking questions again."

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben gives her a look of comic disparagement.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Louis comes up, hands her a martini.

LOUIS
Madame.

JO
Thank you. Let's sit where it's cool.

THE CAMERA PRECEDES Jo and Louis as they walk to the balcony. Ben, putting the finishing touches on his tie, watches them out of the corner of his eye.

Jo takes a seat, and Louis leans against the railing.

JO

Yes, I was on the American stage, and the London stage, and even the Paris stage.

LOUIS

Oh?

JO

I thought you might have seen me in Paris -- being French, and --

LOUIS

The theater, requires time, and for me time is often a luxury.

JO

Have you ever been to Paris, Mr. Bernard?

LOUIS

(studies her briefly)

I was born there.

Jo takes a sip of her drink, with some, frustration.

JO

What do you do for a living?

LOUIS

Buy and sell.

JO

What?

LOUIS

Whatever gives the best profit.

She puts down her drink with some exasperation. As she does, she glances back toward Ben. He's getting his coat, but pauses to give her a slight smile and a look that says "You're wasting your time."

JO

(More firmly)

Just what are you buying, or selling, now in Marrakesh?

LOUIS

(Sips his drink)

You know, I would much rather talk about the stage. If you tell me what to answer any?

Before he can answer, there is a KNOCK at the door, and he looks toward it. She gets to her feet, and starts for the door.

JO
I'll answer it.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Jo past Ben to the door. He has just put on his coat, and turns to follow her to the door. She opens it, and standing in the corridor is a silhouetted figure. We cannot see the face. Jo switches on a light, which reveals a rather studious looking man of medium height standing there.

BEN
Excusez moi, mais is cherche la chambre
do Monsieur Montgomery.

Jo looks at Ben helplessly, who looks over his shoulder toward Louis Bernard for help in translating the French.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

As the McKennas turn, the man in the doorway lifts himself on tiptoe a little and gives a sharp look in the direction of Louis Bernard.

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The man immediately turns his attention back to Ben, and begins talking in broken English.

RIEN
I am inquiring for the room of a
Monsieur Montgomery. He asked me for
a drink, and I --

BEN
Sorry, there's no Montgomery here.

RIEN
Then pardon me, monsieur, I regret
disturbing you.

BEN
It's all right.

As Ben closes the door, we see that Louis Bernard has been advancing into the room for a better look at the man in the doorway,

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The McKennas turn back to the room. Louis Bernard's face has changed slightly to the more serious. Hank's voice is heard off:

HANK
Mummy -- I can't cut this meat!

JO
I'll do it, Hank.

She goes out of the room, glancing briefly at Louis.

LOUIS
(To Ben)
May I use your telephone?

Ben gestures that the phone is his. The CAMERA PANS Louis to the phone, which he picks up, and begins talking in French asking first for the operator, and a certain number. Beyond that his conversation is a mystery, because his face reveals nothing. (Possibly speaks Arabic.)

INT. MCKENNA SUITE - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

As Louis Bernard talks on the phone, Ben goes to pick up his drink. He comes back into the room, as JO enters once again from the bedroom. She looks at Louis, then at Ben who shrugs his shoulders. Louis finishes his phone conversation, hangs up.

LOUIS
I am terribly sorry, but I cannot go to dinner with you tonight.

I had neglected an important matter which now requires my attention. Perhaps, another night...

He bows briefly and moves towards the door. The McKenna's look at each other quite bewildered.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. FULL SHOT

The CAMERA is slowly MOVING around the interior of an Arab restaurant catering to European tourists. It has a Moorish atmosphere, and the diners are sitting on cushions or low sofas. Long-robed waiters are padding in and out from the kitchens, quietly and efficiently serving food. There are no Arab women to be seen. The air has a smoky quality, and the room is filled with the murmur of voices and the clink of dishes. Perhaps soft music of an oriental nature is heard in the background. The light is supplied principally from candles.

As the CAMERA completes its sweep around and COMES TO REST on the entrance, we see Ben and Jo arriving.

A headwaiter, wearing a fez, comes forward.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The headwaiter bows slightly.

HEADWAITER
Bonsoir, Madame, Monsieur.

BEN
Good evening. My name is McKenna.

HEADWAITER
Of course. The hotel phoned. Follow
me please.

The headwaiter turns and moves into the restaurant, The McKennas follow him, the CAMERA PANNING them. Ben is interested in everything he sees. Jo glances at the diners, and then a look of surprise starts through her face.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

They are passing a couple who are seated on cushions eating. The couple look up at Ben and Jo. They are the same two people we saw come out of the Hotel Mamounia just as the McKennas entered. The woman had stared at Jo, and she does it again, nudging the man next to her with an elbow. The McKennas almost pass them, then stop. The woman continues half-looking over her shoulder again, then turns back to her dinner.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The headwaiter shows them to their seats -- two cushions directly behind those of the two people who stared at them.

HEADWAITER
I think you will find this comfortable.

He bows and departs. Jo seems disturbed, looks around as if trying to find another seat.

JO
Ben...

BEN
Sit down, Jo, please. People are
staring at us.

She sits on the far cushion. Her movements are graceful and easy as she sits tailor fashion. Ben, being tall and somewhat awkward, has trouble.

First he kneels, and then with much struggle manages to fold his long legs underneath him.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

He turns to Jo, expecting to find her amused at his antics, but instead her face is serious, and she has a secret look about her. She leans close to him.

JO

You're right. People are staring at us.

BEN

What people?

She gives a quiet, warning nod toward the two people sitting behind them. Ben cranes his head around, but all he can see is the back of a woman's head. He turns back.

JO

They stared at us when we went into the hotel.

BEN

Jo, will you stop imagining things?

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben looks at her, then slowly turns his head to look behind him at the couple. As he does, the woman behind him also turns. They are staring directly at each other.

MRS. DRAYTON

Good evening.

Hearing her voice, Jo turns, looks, and so does the man with Mrs. Drayton. The woman then turns half way around toward Jo.

MRS. DRAYTON

You must think me awfully rude. I've been staring at you ever since I saw you at the hotel.

Jo slides a glance of "see" at Ben.

MRS. DRAYTON

(She peers at Jo)

You are Jo Conway, the Jo Conway?

Jo visibly relaxes and becomes Jo Conway. It's Ben's turn to give her a triumphant look in return.

JO

Yes, I am.

Mrs. Drayton turns to the man next to her.

MRS. DRAYTON

Didn't I tell you? I knew I was right.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Another angle, featuring the man, and Ben.

MRS. DRAYTON

I'm Lucy Drayton, and this is my husband.

DRAYTON

How do you do, sir!

BEN

How do you do. We're Mr. and Mrs. McKenna.

DRAYTON

My wife tells me Mrs. McKenna appeared at the London Palladium a few years ago.

MRS. DRAYTON

Of course we hardly ever see a show. Edward is such an old stick-in-the-mud. So I have to console myself with your records.

DRAYTON

And I must admit I love 'em. I'm not one for this terrible Bee Bop or whatever you call it.

JO

(Laughs)

Thank you, Mr. Drayton.

MRS. DRAYTON

When are you coming back to London?

JO

Possibly never again, professionally.

MRS. DRAYTON

Don't tell me you've given up the stage.

JO

Temporarily.

BEN

It's just that I'm a doctor... Yes. And a doctor's wife...

JO

What Ben means is that there are no Broadway musical shows produced in Indianapolis, Indiana. Of course, if we lived in New York...

(For Ben's benefit)

...where I hear doctors aren't starving...

BEN

(To Jo)

I have nothing against working in New York. Nothing except the fact that it's very hard for my patients to come all the way from Indianapolis for treatment.

Drayton looks at his wife disapprovingly.

MRS. DRAYTON

Oh dear, oh dear. I'm always saying the wrong thing.

JO

Not the least, Mrs. Drayton.

MRS. DRAYTON

Tell me; Dr. McKenna do you always.....

BEN

Do you think we could get straightened around.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

We now find the Draytons and the McKennas are sitting in a group, eating dinner together. There is no back to back awkwardness. All are busily tearing whole roast chickens apart with their bare fingers. Drayton holds a piece of chicken aloft, demonstrating the proper Arab method of eating.

DRAYTON

Only the first two fingers and thumb of the right hand. Never use the smaller fingers. And always keep the left hand in the lap.

JO

Does it have something to do with religion?

DRAYTON

More social than religious, I'd say.

BEN

It seems to me if you have four good fingers, and a thumb, you should use them all.

JO

Three finger -- four fingers -- for my money this is nothing but chicken in the rough. We have it at every drive-in back home.

DRAYTON

Well, as I was saying, I was quite happy farming my bit of land It Buckinghamshire, when these chaps from the United Nations started worrying me.

MRS. DRAYTON

Edward was a big noise at the Ministry of Food during the war, you know.

DRAYTON

So, I pulled myself up by the roots, and here we are. United Nations Relief.

BEN

That sounds like interesting work.

DRAYTON

You should see my report on soil erosion in Morocco...

(Sadly)

But nobody reads it.

Jo is staring at the entrance to the restaurant. Mrs. Drayton follows her glance. The two men stop talking, and eating, and also look.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. LONG SHOT

Louis Bernard is standing in the entrance of the restaurant. On his arm is a rather elegantly dressed woman. She is also handsome and graceful. As he stands waiting for the headwaiter, Louis Bernard looks around the restaurant. His eyes stop when he comes to the McKennas. He looks directly at them without the slightest sign of recognition.

LOUIS

Trouvez nous un coin tranquille --
C'est possible? (Could you show me a
quiet place?)

WAITER

Certainment, monsieur. (Certainly,
Sir)

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo and Ben stare back. There is resentment in Jo's eyes, and conjecture in Ben's.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

The headwaiter comes up to Louis Bernard, exchanges a few words with him which we cannot hear, and then leads the couple to a set of cushions in the far corner of the room. As he moves away from the entrance, Louis Bernard does not look at the McKennas.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As the couple traverses the restaurant, our four diners watch them -- the Draytons out of idle curiosity, but the McKennas with growing astonishment as they realize that Bernard has no intention of recognizing them, or speaking to them. Jo turns back to Ben.

JO

Well just what do you think of that?
First he promises to take us to dinner --

BEN

Look, we only met him today. We can't expect him to change his whole life --

JO

Oh, Ben! What's the matter with you?!

BEN

Nothing! What's the matter with you?!

JO

I just don't like to be both privately and publicly insulted.

BEN

Can you blame him? Turning down an old married couple for a date with a girl like that?

JO

We're not an old married couple! All right -- He's a heel. I don't understand him -- and I'm beginning not to like what he's doing to our whole night.

Drayton, quietly amused, is listening to Ben and Jo. But Mrs. Drayton is embarrassed. She makes conversation at random.

MRS. DRAYTON

(To Drayton)

I must do some shopping in the market tomorrow. I do hope it'll be fine. Fine, but not too fine. Of course, I know our English weather is awful, but I sometimes think we don't know when we're lucky. All this sunshine, day after day. It seems unnatural, somehow.

Ben makes as if to rise, but Jo holds him down.

BEN

I want to get up.

JO

Ben, I know you -- once you get worked up, you'll start a fight. Now please, sit down and forget him.

DRAYTON

(To the McKennas)

By the way, it'd be pleasant if you'd let us show you round the market place, tomorrow.

JO

Louis Bernard, the big buyer from Paris, was going to take us through the market tomorrow.

BEN

(Starts to rise
aaain)

Good. I'll just go over and cancel out.

She pushes him down again.

JO

Ben, don't. Our dinner's getting cold.

(To the Draytons)

We'd love to go with you.

Ben glares in Bernard's direction, and then picks up a chicken leg.

JO

I don't know why Ben gets so worked up over unimportant things.

Ben looks at her slowly, and with some amazement. Then his eyes lift a little and he sees the headwaiter standing nearby gesturing to him to please use only three fingers. Ben looks down at the chicken leg. He is holding it gripped in his fist. This is too much. He throws the leg down to his plate in disgust.

INT. ARAB RESTAURANT - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Over in the far corner of the restaurant, the lady with Louis Bernard leans forward and murmurs something in French. Her gaze is across the room in the direction of the McKennas.

WOMAN

C'est les deux que cherchez? (Is that the couple you are looking for?)

Louis turns slightly and looks. He glances back at her and nods significantly.

LOUIS

Oui. (Yes.)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - ESTABLISHING SHOT

It is around eleven o'clock in the morning in the main market square at Marrakesh. This is usually the busy time of the day. There are coaches arriving from the countryside with the Arab farmers alighting with their baggage, veiled women getting off the coaches and going into the markets.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

A closer view of the shoppers -- veiled women, men on bicycles, carts and donkeys passing.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The water sellers move slowly through the market, their large hats tinkling with gay sounding bells.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The medicine man sitting among his medical wares -- Ben and Jo enter and look down at the collection of claws, lizards, and barnyard scrapings.

JO

Looks like he has a cure for everything.

BEN

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around these days.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Woman with sewing machine on head.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The bread vendors offering large fresh-baked loaves of bread. Scattered among the native populace are some tourists and perhaps some French residents.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Mr. Drayton is standing by an Arab who has a small gambling table set up, possibly roulette, There are others gambling. After a moment's hesitation, and a look around to see that he is safe from Mrs. Drayton, he chances a small bet. He loses.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

An old man squatting on his heels and surrounded by a small circle of onlookers is reading from a book. His voice intones monotonously. The CAMERA PANS to the RIGHT and we see Hank McKenna standing watching him. Hank is holding on to Mrs. Drayton's hand.

HANK

What's he doing, Mrs. Drayton?

MRS. DRAYTON

He's the teller of tales, Hank. He reads legends and famous old stories from history.

HANK

Wish he'd say something I could understand.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A larger group of people who are gathered around some acrobats who are performing rather well.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Standing on the fringe of the crowd watching the acrobats are the McKennas.

J0

Ben, I'm glad we came here. It's different, a little exciting.

BEN

Wouldn't you rather be in Now York --
rehearsing?

She takes his arm affectionately.

JO

Oh, all that talk last night was just
social chit chat, Every woman who ever
gave up the stage for marriage is
supposed to want to go back. I was
just playing a part expected of me.

She pauses a second.

BEN

Well, if you do -- let's talk about it --
seriously.

JO

No, if at all, let's talk about it
humorously.

HANK

Mummy! Daddy!

They turn in time to see Hank run up to them, followed
by Mrs. Drayton.

HANK

Come on with us! We're gonna see the
medicine man! Maybe you on learn
something, Daddy.

BEN

(Laughs)
You're probably right.

JO

(To Mrs. Drayton)
Any time he starts wearing you out --

MRS. DRAYTON

I've never enjoyed the market place so
much. Oh!

She dashes off in pursuit of the fast-moving Hank.

HANK

Come on!

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Standing on the fringe of the crowd watching the
acrobats are the McKennas.

JO

Ben, this whole market place is very different and exciting.

BEN

Just like the county fairs when I was a kid. They'd get everything but the balloon ascension.

Jo starts giggling. Ben looks it her.

BEN

That didn't sound too hilarious to me.

JO

I was just thinking...do you know what's paying for these three days in Marrakesh?

Ben chuckles.

JO

And the purse I bought in Paris...

Bill Edwards' tonsils.

HANK

Mummy! Daddy!

They turn in time to see Hank run up to them, followed by Mrs. Drayton.

HANK

Come on with us! We're gonna see the medicine man! Maybe you can learn something, Daddy.

BEN

(laughs)
You're probably right.

JO

(to Mrs. Drayton)
Any time he starts wearing you out...

Mrs. Drayton and Hank go out of the picture.

BEN

I don't know whether or not to believe you.

JO

Ben, glamour is a costume I put on once. It never fit too well. I'd rather live my own life than one written for me.

BEN

Including sleeping with a man who always smells of ether?

JO

I don't have to look seductive at breakfast and worry if the Times reviewer doesn't like my scrambled eggs.

Drayton appears behind them.

DRAYTON

How are the acrobats today?

BEN

Oh fine, fine. Haven't dropped anybody yet.

Ben takes Jo's arm and they saunter off, leaving Mr. Drayton to the acrobats. They do it in such a way as to indicate the group is not held together by any social formalities.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA DOLLIES along beside them as they pass down a line of Arab barbers all busily engaged with shaving and cutting the hair of their customers.

BEN

All the way home we'll be riding on Herbie Taylor's ulcors.

JO

And Allida Markle's asthma.

Her eyes widen a little in surprise, and somewhat hurt, at his statement.

BEN

Oh, I know it's just a song and a dance here and there... but it's all he thinks about. Show business.

JO

Ben, you're setting a trap for me.

BEN

He has a good mind. Give him a chance to develop it.

JO

You mean give him a chance to be a doctor?

BEN

I didn't say that.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANNING through the market place to a line of veiled women all working at Singer sewing machines. Drayton saunters behind them in the distance. Jo holds out her hand for Ben to shake it.

JO

All right, darling, a deal's a deal.

Ben takes her hand.

JO

For every time step he'll learn a new muscle -- and for every chorus, three bones.

Ben can't help chuckling.

BEN

And for every matinee?

JO

Two chapters of Grey's Anatomy.

They stop short of bumping into Hank and Mrs. Drayton.

HANK

Hey, Mummy.

(He points)

Sewing machines! Looks like a television commercial.

BEN

Now If we could only get four cases of the Seven-year itch, we could retire. Or, if Mrs. Yarros really has triplets, we could at least redecorate the house.

JO

(Laughs)

Oh, Ben, what would they say if they heard us?

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANNING through the market place to a line of veiled women all working at Singer sewing machines. Drayton saunters behind them in the distance.

BEN

One of the reasons I came to a place like Marrakesh is so that we could say things like this without anybody hearing us.

JO
I'd like to say something where nobody
can hear us.

BEN
This is the safest place.

JO
When are we going to have another child?
Ben looks at her with some surprise.

JO
You're the doctor. You have all the
answers.

BEN
Yeah -- but, but this is the first
time I've heard the question!
They stop short of bumping into Hank and Mrs. Drayton.

HANK
Hey, Mummy.
(He points)
Sewing machines! Looks like a
television commercial.

Jo laughs appreciatively, and rumples his hair.

JO
Having a good time, Hank?

MRS. DRAYTON
He's delighted with everything.

At this moment, Mr. Drayton saunters up, and for the first time the group is all together. Suddenly there as some shouts in the distance. Everyone's attention is drawn to the noise. Hank moves quickly, threading his way through some people for a better look, the CAMERA PANNING him away.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From Hank's viewpoint we see police chasing a white-robed Arab figure. The police consist of a couple of uniformed French officials and two or three others in local Arab dress, with rifles slung over their backs.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Hank, fascinated at the drama, dishes away to get a better view.

Jo and Ben miss Hank. Then see him moving through the crowd.

BEN

Hank! Hank -- come back here!

JO

Hank!

She starts forward after him, but Mrs. Drayton moves faster than anyone. She passes both of the McKennas and overtakes Hank.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Drayton reaches down and takes hold of Hank's shoulders, and pulls him toward her.

MRS. DRAYTON

Hank, it's best to keep away from trouble.

Hank is looking away toward the chase.

HANK

What's going on?

Mrs. Drayton looks toward the trouble.

MRS. DRAYTON

It looks as though the police are chasing somebody.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

A closer view of the chase brings us back to where the motor coaches are loading up, and for a moment the police are lost to view.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

A high view of the open air tannery with its circles of crude stone water tanks becomes the scene of a further part of the chase. We see the white-robed Arab leaping between the crude tanks with the police yelling and running after him in the distance. The difficulty of the obstacles enables the Arab to get ahead of them, and we see that he is now able to dodge through an archway into the grain market.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

As the chase passes through the grain market, it scatters grain and grain sellers in every direction.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

The pursued Arab dashes through an enclosure holding the donkeys which are used to carry grain to and from the market. There is quite a stampede, with the donkeys running, kicking, and braying in fright.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Through another archway the Arab now dashes down some of the narrow streets of the Medina. Sapling branches are laced overhead creating a latticed shadow pattern on the ground below.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

As the Arab moves along the narrow street, with the police in pursuit, progress is made difficult by the many shoppers and bicycle riders. One bicycle rider trying to avoid the oncoming Arab turns and drives helplessly into a lags pottery store. The sound of wreckage is enormous.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The Arab turns into another street where the rows of brilliantly dyed wool yarn hang, from overhead strung along sapling poles. There is in unfortunate collision between the fleeing Arab and a workman crossing the street with a large vat of blue dye on his shoulder. In a moment the whole narrow streetway is saturated with blue dye, and everyone is lifting his robe and hopping around to avoid being stained. The Arab continues on past. The police dash through the street trying to avoid the dye themselves.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The Police reach a narrow intersection where the blind beggars are squatting, begging alms. They pause. There is no sign of their quarry. Then one of them points to faint blue footprints dashing away to the left. They take up the pursuit once again.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

A high, overhead shot of the narrow streets showing that the police have caught sight of their man again. But there seems to be something strange about the chase now. Two white-robed Arabs are running. The second Arab we haven't seen before, but he is faster than the first man and is gaining on him.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

A closer, level shot, the CAMERA PANNING, shows, the two breathless men closing in on each other. As they reach an intersection in the streets, lighted by a shaft of sunlight, the new Arab comes up behind the original man being chased and whipping out a knife from under his robes, plunges it into the back of the first man. Then he turns and quickly moves away into a street on his left. The first Arab jerks his head up and backward with the sharp pain of the stabbing, Then he staggers into the dark shadows.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

A high shot shows that the stabbed man is almost out of sight for a moment so that the police continue their chase after the second man, who has swiftly darted down another side turning.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES IN behind the stabbed Arab. The knife is still in his back. We get a glimpse of his hands, vainly groping behind him. The CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he staggers out into the open market place. His shadow on the ground shows us the silhouette of the knife handle sticking out from his back. The CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE to follow the agony of his head and shoulders as he attempts to go forward.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

The CAMERA seems to pass BEYOND HIM for a moment, and there, a few yards away, stands Ben McKenna, and his group.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The Arab hesitates for a moment, but the attitude of his head shows us that he has seen McKenna. He makes his way desperately and painfully toward him. He is finding it difficult to remain upright and even take those last few steps.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A closer view of McKenna shows that those around him, including his wife and the Draytons, become frightened. He spreads his arms out to move them back protectively, waiting to see what is going to happen.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

As the Arab reaches McKenna, the knife drops from his back, and he collapses at Ben's feet. Ben endeavors to grab him as he falls. He misses his shoulders, and his hands close in and inadvertently grab the Arab's cheeks.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

A big close up of Ben's hands as his fingers slide off the Arab's face. He turns his hands up and we see they are covered with black grease paint.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The Arab's head his now dropped to the ground, and we see streaks of white flesh showing through the dark makeup which Ben's fingers had scraped off.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben drops to his knees to examine the man better. The Arab gasps out something in French.

LOUIS

Ils ont trouvés... ils ont réussi à trouver...

Ben looks at him puzzled.

LOUIS

(English)

McKenna... I'm... Louis.... Bernard.

Ben is quite surprised.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben glances swiftly at the fallen knife, and then reaches across Louis Bernard to turn him over and examine his wound. But the Frenchman reaches up with one arm and grabs Ben by the coat.

LOUIS

McKenna -- listen to me -- first!

With what strength he has, Louis drags Ben down until Ben's ear is near to his mouth. With a great effort Louis whispers to him.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

A big closeup of Ben's ear and Louis' mouth enables us to hear the whispering, but Louis' voice is fading so much that we cannot distinguish the words -- at least enough to make any sense out of what he says.

LOUIS

A man...a statesman...is to be
killed...assassinated...in
London...soon...very soon...tell
them...in London...to try Ambrose
Chappell...

Presently, the mouth stops speaking. It remains still and open.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As Ben backs away, we see the staring eyes, and open mouth of Louis. Ben quickly puts his hand inside the robes to feel for Louis' heart, The hand slowly withdraws. Ben rises.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The Arabs crowd in to see the details. Louis Bernard, the McKennas and the Draytons are in the center of a large flat cement section of the market place. The Police by now have caught up to the event, and dash quickly into the picture toward Ben and Louis. Instinctively Ben backs away, as do the Draytons, and Jo and Hank. However, Ben still stays closer than the rest. One of the police picks up the knife and examines it, another bends down to wipe the make-up off Louis Bernard's face. Ben looks around for his wife.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben beckons to his wife beyond him, to join him. Jo turns Hank over to Mrs. Drayton. Hank stands close to the English woman as Jo comes over. As Jo comes up to Ben, he is feeling in his pocket for something. Takes out a pen.

JO

Ben -- who is he?

BEN

Louis Bernard. Got something to write on?

She begins looking in her purse.

JO

Is he dead?

BEN
(Impatiently)
Yes. Yes. He's dead.

She produces a small address book. Ben snatches it out of her hand unceremoniously. He opens the book and begins writing something down fast. Jo watches him with mystified curiosity.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Drayton strolls up, out of curiosity. He has also seen Ben's hurried writing, but Ben casually puts the notebook back into his inside pocket, along with the pen. Before either man can comment on the writing, the voice of a policeman is heard, speaking in French.

POLICE ONE
Savez vous qui est cet homme?

The uniformed French policeman approaches Ben.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The policeman repeats his question as he stops in front of Ben.

POLICE
J'ai dit: Savez vous qui est cet homme?

Drayton steps forward to help. He addresses the police.

DRAYTON
Il ne parle pas francais. Je traduirai.

The policeman nods. Drayton turns to Ben.

DRAYTON
He wants to find out if you know this man.

The policeman watches their faces.

JO
Of course we know him!
(She points)
It's the frenchman, Louis Bernard.

Her gestures, and her comments, although in English, give the policeman all the information he needs.

POLICE ONE
(Looks at body)
Louis Bernard?

He moves away toward the body, which the other policemen are now covering with a sheet.

He gives them some instructions in French.

Ben looks at Jo in a way that says "Who asked you to say anything."

The French policeman returns to the group. He addresses Drayton.

POLICE MAN

Quel est le nom de ces personnes?

DRAYTON

McKenna.

POLICE MAN

Dites leur que j'aimerais qu'ils viennent tous les deux au commissariat pour faire un rapport.

Drayton nods unhappily, and turns to Ben and Jo.

DRAYTON

Just as I thought. He wants both of you to go to police headquarters to make a statement.

BEN

Do we have to?

DRAYTON

I'm afraid so.

(He turns to wife)

Our friends here have to go to the police Station. I'm going with them to give what help I can.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Drayton comes up to the group, still holding on to Hank's hand.

MRS. DRAYTON

You don't want your little boy to go, do you?

HANK

I wanna go. I never saw a French police station before.

MRS. DRAYTON

Perhaps it would be best if I took him back to the hotel.

JO

You're very thoughtful.

POLICE ONE
Ameeles aux Bureaux de Police.
(He moves out)

DRAYTON
(To Ben)
I think we'd better set off.
(To wife wryly)
Heaven knows how long we shall be.

POLICE TWO
Alons-y. Sil vous plait.

Police Two moves across the square with Drayton. Ben and Jo precede them. Drayton begins conversing in French with them about the crime, but we cannot distinguish their words clearly. Jo looks back and gives a little wave to Hank.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The McKenna's are walking across the square with the Police and Drayton a few yards behind them. The CAMERA MOVES with them. Jo moves close to Ben and speaks to him in a surreptitious manner.

JO
Why should he suddenly turn up in Arab-outfit, wearing makeup?

BEN
What's more important -- why was he killed?

JO
I'll bet he was a spy, or something like that.

Ben looks at her with some surprise.

JO
Ben, what did he whisper to you? What did you write down?

BEN
I'll tell you later.

Ben looks at his hands.

JO
What is it?

BEN
I don't feel very good after what I said about Louis Bernard last night.

JO looks away, equally embarrassed. Ben wipes his fingers with his handkerchief.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The main hallway and waiting room of the Police Station in Marrakesh. French and Arab personnel move up and down the wide hallway from one doorway to another. There is a babble of voices and the sound of phones heard off. The McKennas and Drayton are seated on a long bench, waiting to be called into the inner office of the Police Inspector. Drayton sits next to Ben. It is hot. Jo has eyes for everything, but Ben seems to be somewhat impatient. He looks at his watch for the third or fourth time in a minute.

INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Drayton notices him studying his watch. He leans to him, and at the same time wipes off the side of his on face with a handkerchief.

DRAYTON

Once we talk to the police inspector, I'll do my best to out some of the red tape.

JO

I have to stretch.

She gets up and saunters away, looking around the police station for whatever there is to see. Drayton speaks to Ben with reassuring geniality.

DRAYTON

I'm afraid the questions will go on till doomsday, if you admit knew this chap Bernard before.

BEN

I didn't know him at all. We only met yesterday on a bus.

DRAYTON

They're a cynical lot, these French -- they might refuse to believe that.

BEN

They'll have to believe me. It's true.

DRAYTON

It might sound a bit odd, from their point of view. They saw the poor chap whispering to you ... and then they saw you writing something down...

Ben looks at Drayton, waiting for his to go on.

DRAYTON

The question is, are you going to show them what you wrote down?

Before Ben can say any more, a policeman opens the door leading to the Police Inspector's office. He calls out.

INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Jo turns around at the sound of the door opening, and Ben and Drayton start to rise from the bench.

The policeman steps aside, holding the door, as a Police Inspector comes out of the office from behind him. He is a short, heavy-built-dark man. He does not smile.

INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The Inspector walks a few steps into the corridor, stops. Ben, Jo and Drayton approach him. Drayton speaks first.

DRAYTON

Ces personnes sont mes bons amis, les McKenna. Mon nom est Drayton. Ils ne parlent pas français et ils m'ont demandé de traduire.

The Inspector answers in English.

INSPECTOR

Thank you, Monsieur Drayton, but a translator will not be necessary.

(To McKenna)

Won't you come inside, Monsieur, Madame?

He stops aside, and wait.

INSPECTOR

(To Drayton)

Do to the kindness to wait. I might have questions for you later.

He motions to the McKennas. Jo goes past him first, into the office, followed by Ben, Drayton returns to the bench, and watches the trio as the office door closes on them.

INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

A medium-sized office, saved from plainness of civil service decor by a few personal decorations of the Inspector.

He waves the McKenna to chairs, as he goes around behind his desk and remains standing. Ben and Jo sit down. The Inspector looks at some papers on his desk, then holds out his hand.

INSPECTOR
(Precisely)
Your passports, please.

Ben looks at Jo, who fishes for them in her purse. She takes them out, hands them to Ben, who hands them to the Inspector. He scrutinizes them. Uncomfortable, Ben retreats to a chair and sits down, waiting. The inspector checks the pictures against the people he sees sitting in his office, then puts the passports down on his desk.

INSPECTOR
You entered French Morocco four days ago.

BEN
That's right.

INSPECTOR
You are a doctor, monsieur?

BEN
A surgeon. A tourist, and an American citizen.

INSPECTOR
Three good reasons why you should have nothing in common with Louis Bernard.

BEN
I didn't have.

INSPECTOR
You were recently in Paris?

BEN
A medical convention.

INSPECTOR
You come to Marrakesh with him in the same bus. You drank an apéritif with him in your hotel room. And you ate at the same restaurant last night.

JO
But at different tables.

The Inspector's eyes study her briefly, as if her comment was an unnecessary interruption. Then his eyes return to Ben.

INSPECTOR

So, Louis Bernard is a stranger to you?

BEN

I met him yesterday -- on the bus -- for the first time in my life.

The Inspector begins to let his skepticism be seen.

INSPECTOR

(ironically)

And yet -- out of five thousand people -- In a great market place -- he comes to you when he is about to die! Is that the action of a casual acquaintance, monsieur?

BEN

(Obstinate)

I know nothing about Louis Bernard.

INSPECTOR

No? Not even, I suppose, that he was an agent of the Déuxieme Bureau?

BEN

What's that?

INSPECTOR

Perhaps you have also never head of the American F.B.I.?

(Sadly)

It would be so much more easy for both of us, monsieur, if you would cease to pretend.

BEN

Now, look here...

INSPECTOR

(Patiently)

The dead man found out what he had been sent here to discover. That is why he was kill-ed. He told you what he had discovered. Why? Because he placed complete confidence in you. Voila.

BEN

Boy, you not only ask the questions you also answer them -- Wait a minute let me ask you a question.

INSPECTOR

Indeed, Monsieur?

BEN

Assuming Bernard trusted me as implicitly as you say, I would never reveal anything he said to me, would I?

INSPECTOR

Even Americans, I suppose, sometimes find it desirable to betray a confidence?

BEN

Let's get something straight. I'm a tourist traveling for pleasure. I somehow got involved in an unfortunate incident. I came down here to make a simple statement of fact, and not to be subjected to a police grilling.

INSPECTOR

Monsieur, I would like....

BEN

(Interrupting)

Now hold your horses! Just hold them.

The door opens suddenly. The two men look up.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

A policeman opens the door and leans in.

POLICE TWO

Inspecteur. On demande Monsieur McKenna au téléphone.

As he speaks, the policeman nods in the direction of Ben.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The Inspector impatiently tries to dismiss the officer with a gesture.

INSPECTOR

Laissez nous, nous sommes occupés.

Ben motions to the policeman to stay where he is

BEN

Wait a minute. A telephone call for me?

The policeman at the door looks at the Inspector briefly. The Inspector is disconcerted, but doesn't tell the man what to say, so he turns back to Ben and nods.

BEN

Where?

The policeman points over his shoulder to in outside office.

INSPECTOR

(To the world in
general)

Mais enfin, voyons!

BEN

I'll take the call now. You just take
it easy.

He goes out the door, closing it behind him. The
Inspector sits down heavily. Then he looks up at Jo.

INSPECTOR

Madame McKenna.

JO

I don't know a thing,

INT. POLICE STATION - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Ban as he follows the policeman down
the outside corridor, past Drayton who is still sitting
on a bench and watching Ben somewhat anxiously, and
into a small plain office.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The policeman enters the small office first. There is
a desk, more like a table, and a phone is lying on it
off the hook. The policeman picks it up, and hands it
to Ben. Ben holds it without speaking a second, and
waves the policeman out.

The policeman is indifferent. He leaves. Ben puts
the phone to his ear.

BEN

Hello.

INT. ROOM - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

A robed Arab is sitting in a chair holding a telephone.
The room is part of a rather elaborate Moorish house.
The Arab speaks in accented English.

ARAB

Doctor McKenna?

INT. SMALL OFFICE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As Ben answers, he idly looks through the open doorway toward Drayton sitting on the bench outside.

BEN

This is McKenna. Who's calling me?

INT. ROOM - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

The Arab doesn't bother to identify himself.

ARAB

You tell even one word of that Louis Bernard whispered to you in the market-place -- your little boy will be in serious danger.

The Arab starts to hang up.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

There is an audible click in the receiver held in Ben's hand.

BEN

Hello.

There is no answer. Ben lowers the phone slightly, looks at it a minute, then continues on downward with it, returning the receiver to the phone cradle. He stands a brief moment in thought, then half turns toward Drayton sitting in the corridor outside. He motions to Drayton to join him in the office

BEN

Drayton!

The Englishman gets up and comes into the small office.

BEN

Didn't your wife say she was taking Hank straight back to the hotel?

DRAYTON

As I recall. Why?

Ben picks up the phone, hands it to Drayton.

BEN

Call her. Somebody just threatened me about Hank. See if he's all right.

Drayton reacts with surprise, speaks into the Phone. He speaks French.

DRAYTON

Passez moi l'hôtel Mamounia, s'il vous plait. Voulez vous appeler la chambre deux cents dix sept s'il vous plait.... je vois, Puis-je parler au, concierge?...Ah! ici Mr. Drayton de la chambre deux cents dix sept. Est ce que ma femme est revenue a l'hôtel depuis une heure? Sa chambre ne répond pas.... je vois... bien... bien... merci... Oh! Un instant s'il vous plait.

BEN

Four fourteen.

DRAYTON

(To phone)

Voulez vous essayer la chambre quatre cents quatorze?...Merci.

Ben slowly hangs up. Looks at Ben.

DRAYTON

I can't believe it.

BEN

She didn't come back?

DRAYTON

At least nobody's seen her. What on earth...

BEN

Look -- you get back to the hotel right away -- and see if you can find out what's going on.

DRAYTON

It's so unlike my wife...

BEN

I'll finish up with the police and join you as soon as I can.

DRAYTON

Right. But don't worry. Probably some stupid misunderstanding.

(He starts out,
stops)

If I find out anything before you get back, I'll ring you here.

BEN

Just don't waste any time!

Drayton hurries out of the office. He goes one way, Ben the other.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

As Ben enters the office, both Jo and the Inspector look up him inquiringly.

JO
Who was it, Ben?

Ben adopts as casual an air as he can under the circumstances. He doesn't sit down. He speaks more to the Inspector than to his wife, avoiding her eyes.

BEN
It was the Concierge at the Hotel. He heard we were being held by the Police and thought there was some way he could help us.

JO
That was nice of him.

BEN
(Looking at Inspector)
I told him if we weren't back there in fifteen minutes to call the American Consulate in Casablanca.

The Inspector has realised that he won't get any more out of Ben.

INSPECTOR
(charmingly)
But, Monsieur, if you had only told me in the first place, that you wished to consult with your consul!

Ben gives him a look.

BEN
Let's go, Jo.

INSPECTOR
There is just one small formality. I must request you to sign a statement of the facts.

BEN
If it doesn't take too long.

INSPECTOR
But a moment. I will send for a typist.

Reluctantly the Inspector reaches for a phone on his desk. Jo looks at her husband somewhat puzzled.

JO
Ben...

He gives her a warning glance to be quiet. She does.
He reaches out, takes her hand.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARRAKESH STREETS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben and Jo are riding along in an open Victoria, headed back for the Hotel Mamounia. Ben seems preoccupied with his thoughts.

JO
(Holds out her hand)
Let me see the message.

BEN
I don't -- I don't think you should.

She holds out her hand more firmly.

JO
I'm your wife, Ben -- not the police inspector. Let's see it.

Reluctantly, Ben takes out the notebook, hands it to her. Ben watches her as she reads the note he has written.

The notebook page held by Jo on which Ben has scribbled Louis Bernard's message. It reads: "A MAN...A STATESMAN...IS TO BE KILLED...ASSASSINATED...IN LONDON...SOON...VERY SOON...TELL THEM...IN LONDON...TO TRY AMBROSE CHAPPEL..."

EXT. MARRAKESH STREETS - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo looks up, soberly.

JO
Why didn't you give this to the police?

BEN
Because I didn't want to.

JO
But Ben, a man's life --

BEN
(Interrupts)
...is at stake, I know, But I'm not sure of what's the right thing to do.

She closes the notebook. Ben reaches over, takes it from her and replaces it in his pocket. She stares ahead, with her own thoughts. Then she speaks.

JO

I thought we ought to go back to the hotel, pack our clothes, take Hank, and get out of this country as quickly as we can.

BEN

(Thinking)

Maybe.

JO

Hank, seeing a man killed in front of him. What a shock it must be to his mind.

BEN

(Quietly)

I know.

JO

Why don't you just give that note to the American Consulate -- Why get any more involved?

Ben is uncomfortable, and unhappy, but he tries to hide it. He leans toward Jo as if he's about to tell her something important. He reaches out, places his hand over hers.

BEN

Jo...about Hank...
(He trails off)

JO

What about him?

BEN

Well...he...he's the kind of a kid who can take of himself.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - MED. LONG SH

The Victoria turns into the Hotel Mamounia, and pulls up in front of the entrance. The McKennas dismount.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SH

Jo straightens out her dress, waits for Ben to accompany her into the hotel. The head porter is outside supervising some baggage with the lesser porters. He touches his cap to the McKennas.

BEN

(To Jo)

You get the key. I'll take care of the driver.

JO

Okay.

She turns and enters the hotel. Ben takes a bill out of his pocket, examines it, and hands it to the driver. The Victoria moves off. Ben turns to the Head Porter.

BEN

Uh...pardon me.

The head Porter turns to Ben respectfully.

HEAD PORTER

Yes, m'sieu?

BEN

Do you know Mrs. Drayton?

HEAD PORTER

The English lady?

BEN

(Nods)

Did you see her come back from the market place anytime in the past hour or so?

HEAD PORTER

(Thinks)

No, m'sieu.

BEN

Wait a minute. You don't understand... she had a small boy with her. Mine.

HEAD PORTER

No, m'sieu.

BEN

How about Mister Drayton?

HEAD PORTER

Oui, m'sieu. M'sieu Drayton check out.

BEN

He what?

HEAD PORTER

Checked out.

Ben stares at him.

BEN

He couldn't have.

HEAD PORTER

Oui, m'sieu. He did.

BEN
(Still can't believe
it)
No, Mr. Drayton, the Englishman with
horn-rimmed glasses.

The Head Porter nods in agreement.

HEAD PORTER
Oui, m'sieu. Checked out.

EXT. HOTEL MAMOUNIA - (DAY) - CLOSE SH

Ben turns slowly away from the porter, his face filled with disturbance. He looks up toward the entrance as he hears Jo's voice off.

JO
Ben, What's holding you up?

He quickly composes his face as best he can. The CAMERA PANS HIM over to the entrance where Jo is waiting with the key. He takes her arm and they enter the hotel.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

They enter the room, close the door. Ben goes immediately to their luggage, specifically to his medical bag. He opens it, and begins looking for something. Jo tosses her handbag on the bed, looks around the suite.

JO
Frankly, I'm exhausted. Don't you
feel well?

He doesn't answer her. She shrugs, and starts for the telephone.

JO
I'll call Mrs. Drayton and tell her
we're back. She can bring Hank up
here, or I'll go get his.

She picks up the receiver. Ben speaks without turning around.

BEN
Jo, hold the call for a minute.

JO
Why?

BEN
Because I asked you to.

She puts the receiver down slowly. She doesn't like his manner.

JO

Ben...we're about to have our monthly fight.

Ben takes two pills out of a small bottle. Closes the bottle, and his medical bag.

BEN

I hope we don't.

JO

Then stop playing Rasputin. I only said I was going to call Mrs. Drayton.

She reaches for the phone again. He turns.

BEN

Wait 'til I come back.

She hesitates. He goes into the bathroom, the CAMERA PANNING HIM.

She is puzzled with him. Shrugs her shoulders. Slumps to a sitting position on the bed. She ribs her face and her eyes with a gesture of fatigue. There is the sound of running water in the bathroom. When she looks up again, Ben is standing in front of her. In one hand he has his two capsules, in the other a glass of water. He holds them out to her. His manner is casual and pleasant.

BEN

Something to relax you.

She looks at the pills.

JO

I'm so relaxed I'm tired. You take them.

BEN

Jo, they're for you. I'm the doctor.

JO

Ben...

BEN

You know how you get when things happen -- tense and upset. Now do me a favor.

She stands up.

JO

Six months ago you told me I took too many pills!

BEN

Six months ago you weren't a witness to a murder. You've been excited, fatigued -- talking a blue streak and going around in circles.

JO

I have not.

Ben takes a deep breath.

BEN

Jo, I make my living knowing when and how to administer medicine. You'll feel a lot better tomorrow if you take these today. But you don't think so. Okay, I'll make a deal with you.

JO

I'm listening.

BEN

There's something about Louis Bernard, the police station, and this whole spy business that I haven't told you yet.

He holds out the capsules.

BEN

This is the price of curiosity.

Despite herself she's intrigued.

JO

What could it be?

BEN

There's one way to find out.

She reaches out, takes the capsules, pops them into her mouth. He hands her the water, she drinks some of it.

JO

All right, Doctor McKenna. I am now relaxed and listening.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben moves away from Jo, puts the glass on a dresser. She sits down on the edge of the bed like a little girl waiting to hear a bedtime story.

JO

Why don't I call Mrs. Drayton first. You can tell me while she's bringing Hank up.

BEN

Just a minute. This whole thing strange
right from the very beginning.

As he talks he moves about the room first one way,
then the other, watching Jo closely, almost as if he
were trying to lull her into sleep, or hypnotize her.

BEN

It was no accident that Louis Bernard
helped us out on the bus, and struck
up a conversation. You were right
about him.

JO

See.

BEN

Yes...yes, you were right about him.
He was...was strange.

Jo is beginning to appear a little drowsy. Ben watches
her closely.

JO

I know all that. Get to the surprise.

BEN

He got talking to us because he was on
the lookout for a suspicious married
couple.

JO

Nothing suspicious about us.

BEN

He was wrong. It was a different
married couple.

JO

And he was killed before he found them.

BEN

No. He found them. In the restaurant.
Last night. That's why he was killed.

JO

You'll be telling me next it was Mr.
and Mrs. Drayton!

BEN

(Quietly)
That's just who it was, Jo.

She rubs a hand over her face. The drug is taking.

JO

If that's a joke, I don't think it's a
very funny one.

She stops talking. He looks at her more closely. Then he walks over to her and sits down on the bed next to her. He looks at her intensely.

JO

Think I'll lie down.

He prevents her.

BEN

Listen to me. And listen carefully.

She comes awake more, studies him.

BEN

That phone call I received at the police station.

She nods dumbly.

BEN

It wasn't from the concierge at the hotel. It was from somebody with a foreign voice who said if I told anybody one word of what. Louis Bernard whispered to me in the market place that something...something might happen to...to, to Hank.

She comes suddenly as awake as she can.

JO

Hank? Why H... ?

BEN

They've taken him away.

She pushes herself to her feet. She is fighting the drug successfully. She almost shouts at him.

JO

Mrs. Drayton took Hank back to the hotel. She is downstairs!

He stands up.

BEN

Mrs. Drayton has vanished! She never came back here! And Hank didn't either!

JO

Well let's start looking for him. Mr. Drayton...Mr. Drayton should...

He takes hold of her arms.

BEN

Jo, Mr. Drayton, checked out of the hotel thirty or forty minutes ago!

She knocks his hands away from her arms in a sudden violent gesture, and all but screams.

JO

Ben!! I could kill you! Sedative!

He reaches for her again. She hits him away.

JO

All this time you, knew Hank was gone, and you wouldn't tell me.

BEN

I wasn't sure, until now.

She is fighting the drug which is beginning to take over again.

JO

He's my child more than yours! I had him.

He takes hold of her again. She struggles fiercely, trying to get away, to hit him, kick him.

JO

Let go of me! I'll never never never forget this! We've got to find Hank! We've got to find him.

He struggles silently with her, trying to push her down on the bed, and hold her until the drug does its work.

JO

You think you're the only one strong enough to take anything? Ben, Ben, I hate you, with my whole heart.

(She starts to cry)

Hank! Where is Hank? Hank, oh Hank! Get him, Ben. Please. You damn miserable human...how could anybody...do...

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

He has forced her down on the bed, pinioning her arms, even though her legs still struggle somewhat. She is having a hard time seeing, or talking. Her head waves back and forth. It's hard work for Ben to hold her.

JO

I...never wanted to...come here in...first...Place...oh Hank, Hank darling...if I ever...wake...I'll kill...you...you...

Her legs grow quiet. Her arm relax somewhat. She is still straining to move her head, and talk, but all that comes out are unintelligible sounds and a half moan of anguish. Then she's gone. Ben looks at her a moment, relaxes his grip. He lowers his head down against hers. He seem to be fighting the desire to cry. He finally gains control of himself. He lifts his head slightly, gives her a soft and heartfelt kiss on the cheek.

BEN

(Softly)

Darling, if somebody did this to me,
I'd say just what you said.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE MOT

Ben stands up. The weight of unhappiness is heavy on him. He gets a blanket from the foot of the bed and covers her up. He brushes back the hair from her forehead. Then he turns, and the CAMERA PANNING HIM OVER to the door. He takes one last look at Jo, then goes out the door, closing it softly behind him.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

As the light of sunset fades into growing darkness, the muezzin stands atop the minaret, arms raised to the heavens and giving out his high, sing-song call to prayer. The call is taken up by another voice somewhere in the city, and then another, and still another -- until the prayer is a continuous round of chanting starting close, moving away, almost fading, and then returning.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The chant of the call to prayer can be heard in the background. We are in the single bedroom, of Hank McKenna. There is one lamp burning over the empty bed, and another on the wall over the dresser. Ben is despondently carrying Hank's small suits, and other articles of clothing from the closet to in open suitcase on the bed. As he crosses with the final armload of clothes, he looks out of the door into the large bedroom.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

In the mirror, on the far wall, Ben can see the reflection of his wife stirring in her bed. He watches as she drags herself up into-a half-pitting position.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben quickly puts the final items of the boy's clothes on top of the rest in the suitcase and closes it. He picks up the suitcase and carries it into the larger room, the CAMERA PANNING him.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As Ben enters the main room, he glances at his wife.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo's eyes are beginning to open and close, and she shakes her head a little, as she tries to recover from the sedative he gave her.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben puts down Hank's suitcase, and crosses to their own luggage, the CAMERA PANNING him in such a way as to keep Jo in the background. He opens the suitcases, and begins taking clothes out of the dresser drawers to pack them.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo opens her eyes and looks about her. She tries to straighten up her hair a little. She takes in the room, and then as though a sudden thought strikes her, she looks toward the open door of her missing son's bedroom.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The empty boy's room as seen from her viewpoint.

Ben pauses in his packing a moment to observe her. The he continues on with his work.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo stares at the empty room for a moment longer, then turns sharply back toward her husband.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

From her viewpoint we see the back view of Ben as he continues packing. Ben half-glances over his shoulder now aware that she is fully awake.

BEN
There's still no news of him, Jo.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

She stares at him apathetically.

INT. MCKENNAS SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

We now see Ben's face as he packs his suitcases. Beyond him, past his shoulder, we see his wife staring in his direction. He continues to talk, although he finds it difficult to be matter-of-fact, moving back and forth from the dresser drawers to the suitcases.

BEN
Both the Draytons are definitely gone. The hotel register says they come from London. Drayton told the concierge he was a college professor. The only thing to do now is to get out of Marrakesh.

Her face shows a slight rise in reaction, mostly puzzlement.

BEN
As individuals we're helpless here. And because of that phone call, we can't bring the police in on it. I even thought of taking that chance.

He pauses, and glances at her to see how she reacts. She just stares at his her eyes a little dull.

BEN
But connect Hank's disappearance to Louis Bernard's murder. And the first thing they'd do would be to make me tell them Louis Bernard's message. That...that could be, Hank's...well, it wouldn't help him.

Ben goes to take some of Jo's clothes out of drawer, and comes up with a play script. He looks at it a moment, then back to Jo. Her eyes observe it, but she says nothing. Ben continues on to the suitcase, where he lays the script in with the clothes.

BEN
We're going to London.

She looks a little more sharply as if in question. He notices as he goes to the dresser for more clothes.

BEN

I found out. The Draytons had a private plane -- that's how they took Hank back. It could lend anywhere -- no question of a passport or anything.

He Packs some more clothes away. Jo doesn't stir, she just stares at him.

BEN

So we're going to London to find him.

He looks at her for a reaction. She turns her head away from him as if in disagreement, or perhaps fighting for control of her emotions. Ben crosses to her, the CAMERA PANNING him. He sits down on the edge of the bed, and takes out the small notebook from his coat. He opens it. In careful, low tones, he reads Louis Bernard's message.

BEN

(Reading)

A Man...a statesman...is to be killed...
assassinated ... in London...soon...very
soon...tell them...in London...to try
Ambrose Chappell...

(Looks up)

We're going to try this Ambrose Chappell
and if he has anything at all to do
with this, I'm going to offer him every
cent I've got to get Hank back. This
Ambrose Chappell guy is our only hope.
Understand, Jo?

Jo puts out a weary hand as though to dismiss the piece of paper, and all that it contains. Again she turns her head away. Slowly Ben puts the paper back into pocket. He speaks with a shade more urgency in his voice.

BEN

We've only got a few hours, Jo! We
have to get up and start moving.

Ben gets up, and the CAMERA PANS him to the dresser and the suitcases. Then he pauses and looks back at Jo who is still looking away. Jo turns back to look at Ben. She is studying him now as if she has just seen him for the first time. Her eyes are more alert. Ben turns back to his packing.

BEN

I've paid the bill, and there's a car
waiting downstairs. As soon as I pack,
we're leaving.

Slowly Jo gets off the bed, and comes over to Ben. He pauses, articles of clothing in his hands.

For a moment she stands there looking at him, and then impulsively she throws her arms around him and clings to him. Her anguish is genuine.

JO

Oh Ben, Ben, Ben...where is he? Where is he?

Ben kisses her on the cheek. She buries her head in his shoulder. Ben stares off into space as if he hopes to find in answer to her question.

FADE OUT.

Fade In:

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

CAMERA PANNING with B.E.A. Viscount as it taxis in to position.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

The first passengers emerge from the doorway of the plane, followed by Ben and Jo. There is a group of newspaper men and press photographers gathered around the gangway. There is a stir in the group as the McKennas appear. A couple of flash bulbs pop. An airlines official hurries up the gangway to Ben.

OFFICIAL

Would you mind waiting for the press photographers?

They nod agreement and the official joins the passengers as they go down the steps.

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo turns to Ben.

JO

How could they remember me so well, Ben? It's been four years since I played London.

BEN

I guess you're the kind of girl they don't forget.

JO

But how did they know...who could have told them...Ben, you didn't...?

She breaks off.

BEN

All I did was wire Val and Helen Parnell
to get us rooms --

He indicates fans and newspapermen.

BEN

But I didn't count on this --

Jo understands that his kind intention has slightly
miscarried. They look off as the yelling of the bobby
sox fans becomes louder.

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Fans behind the airport fence, holding out autograph
books and shouting for her autograph. Others try to
break from the barrier, but are restrained by the
police. Standing in the front row of the fans is a
sober-faced woman who is not shouting or holding out a
book.

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As the last of the passengers leaves the plane, Jo and
Ben take a position on the steps for the photographers.
Despite the long trip, her worry, her fatigue, Jo does
her best to act the part her public demands. She smiles
as well as she can, waves a little, turns her head to
the right and to the left to favor the photographers.

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The sober-faced woman, standing among the fans. She
has a rather grey, pasty face, and stares off at Jo
through horn-rimmed glasses that are encrusted with
dust in the corners of the lenses. After a moment she
pushes her way back through the crowd of fans and moves
out of sight.

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

As the photographers continue their work Ben and Jo
come down the remaining steps and are joined by a man
wearing ordinary civilian clothes. He takes a small
black identification folder out of his pocket and holds
it up for their inspection.

EDINGTON

I'm Inspector Edington of the Criminal
Investigation Department of Scotland
Yard.

There is immediate alarm in Jo's face, but she then controls it.

BEN
Yes? What is it?

EDINGTON
As things are, there's no need for you to go through the Customs. Will you come this way!

His tone and manner of asking them leaves little doubt that his question is an order. The McKennas glance at each other briefly. They realize that this is a further development of their involvement.

BEN
Whatever you say.

EDINGTON
(Smiles)
This Way, please.

He and the airlines official lead the McKennas toward another entrance to the Airport Building. As she follows, Jo seems tense and a little scared.

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The be-spectacled, pasty-faced woman who had been standing with the fans before, is now speaking rather cautiously into a telephone. We don't hear what she is saying, but the inclination of her head shows that she is making some reference to the new arrivals.

EXT. AIRPORT BUILDING CORRIDOR - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Another man is waiting for them at a door outside the airport building.

EDINGTON
This is Mr. Woburn -- Doctor and Mrs. McKenna.

WOBURN
How do you do?

BEN
Now what do you people want with us?

WOBURN
Mr. Buchanan would like to have a chat with you, inside.

BEN
Who is Mr. Buchanan?

WOBURN
Special Branch, Scotland Yard.

He gestures them to enter the building. They do, leaving Edington and the Airline official outside.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Woburn leads Ben and Jo into an inner office. It is a good-sized room, plain, but comfortable.

WOBURN
This is Mr. Buchanan -- Doctor and Mrs. McKenna.

BUCHANAN
How do you do?

Ben nods to him without speaking.

BUCHANAN
Thank you, Woburn.

Mr. Woburn quietly exits, closing the door behind him. The McKennas stand a moment, wondering what do.

BUCHANAN
Do sit down, won't you?

Jo hesitates, then sits down. Ben doesn't.

BEN
Why does Scotland Yard want to talk with us?

Buchanan sits down behind the desk. He's sophisticated and intelligent.

BUCHANAN
Let me say at once, we're shocked... that your son was taken from you in Marrakesh and deeply sympathetic.

EXT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Jo leans forward quickly, eager, hopeful, unable to restrain herself.

JO
Do you know where he is?

Ben is somewhat more reserved.

BEN
What about Hank? What have you heard?

BUCHANAN

(O.S.)

I only wish I could give you some cheerful news.

Jo settles back, unhappy, discouraged and a little resentful of Buchanan. Ben seems irritated by the disappointment.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Buchanan continues quietly.

BUCHANAN

We might find him. Quite soon, indeed, if we work together...Louis Bernard was sent to Marrakesh by the French at our request to check up on an assassination plot -- here, in London. A good agent keeps on staking his life. He doesn't always win.

Ben and Jo watch Buchanan carefully.

BUCHANAN

Bernard reckoned you were a man to trust. He relied on you, to come to us.

Jo looks at Ben. He thinks a moment, but says nothing.

BUCHANAN

Those people kidnapped your boy -- in order to keep your mouth shut. That's right, isn't it?

BEN

I think they took him for money.

BUCHANAN

Then why didn't you go straight to your Consulate in Casablanca? Why did you come to London?

Ben is silent. He can't think of an answer to this one.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo seems about to volunteer some information.

JO

Mr. Buchanan --

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben looks sharply at her.

BEN

Jo...

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Buchanan seem only casually obvious of the exchange.
But he has noted it In his mind.

BUCHANAN

You're convinced that these people
brought your son to London. You're
convinced you can find him -- off your
own bat. You can't. It's impossible.
But with the help we can give you,
there's a chance. A really good chance.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Before Ben can stop her, Jo bursts in hotly.

JO

They told us not to say anything!

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Buchanan turns to her and speaks gently, but with force.

BUCHANAN

Anything you tell me will be in the
most absolute confidence.

Ben starts to interrupt.

BEN

That might be true, but --

Buchanan holds up a hand to interrupt him.

BUCHANAN

(To Jo)

Your son is the trump card these people
hold. He's perfectly safe -- for the
moment.

JO

And when they've done what they're
going to do, they'll let him go. So
all we have to do is wait.

BUCHANAN
(Gently, to Jo)
No, Mrs. McKenna. If they consider
the boy a nuisance, afterwards -- I'm
afraid --

He gestures.

BEN
Now, don't try to frighten us, Mr.
Buchanan.

BUCHANAN
It's exactly what I'm trying to do --
frighten you. I'm trying to prevent a
man being murdered here, in London.

The Pressure on Jo is beginning to weaken her. Buchanan
persists.

BUCHANAN
If you don't tell me all you know, you
become an accessory before the fact of
murder. In English law, you become
just short of murderers yourselves.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo, a creature of emotion, is bewildered and upset and
tired of fighting Buchanan. She is ready to give in.
She looks to Ben.

JO
Ben, what can we do by ourselves? We
need --

BEN
(Interrupts)
You worked on the wrong McKenna, Mr.
Buchanan. Louis Bernard talked to me,
not my wife.

Buchanan turns to Ben.

BUCHANAN
Then you tell me.

BEN
Bernard spoke in French, and I don't
understand a word of the language.

There is a pause while Buchanan studies Ben.

BUCHANAN
And what did you write down on a piece
of paper?

Ben stands there. He has no answer. Jo gets up from her seat.

JO

Ben -- maybe they could find those people, and Hank, before --

BEN

(Interrupts)

Maybe. Maybe isn't good enough for me, and it shouldn't be good enough for you.

JO

You act as if you're the only one who's concerned about Hank.

BEN

Now Jo, I didn't mean it that way. We made up our minds what we were going to do -- now let's try to stick to it.

Ben turns to Buchanan.

BEN

We'd like to cooperate with you, Mr. Buchanan -- but -- but we just can't.

BUCHANAN

(quietly)

I have a son of my own. I don't know what I'd do...

Jo looks at Ben appealingly. Even Ben is uncertain now, trying to evaluate things quickly,

BEN

Well, maybe if we --

He is interrupted by a tapping at the door. Buchanan looks up, as do the McKennas. The CAMERA PANS Buchanan to the door as he opens it himself. His assistant Woburn is there. There is a whispered conversation. Woburn retreats, and Buchanan turns back to the room.

BUCHANAN

(Matter-of-factly)

A phone call for you, Mrs. McKenna.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Buchanan crosses and picks up the telephone from the desk.

BUCHANAN

Put the call through here, please.

He pauses a moment, then hands the phone to Jo.

BUCHANAN

Mrs. McKenna.

Jo steps forward, takes the phone hesitantly, looking at Bon for reassurance. He nods to her. Buchanan, meanwhile, has casually, but quickly gone out of the office, closing the door behind him.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

In the outer office Woburn quickly hands Buchanan the phone, who puts it to his ear.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo puts the phone to her ear. She speaks hesitantly.

JO

Hallo.

We hear a voice on filter.

MRS. DRAYTON

Mrs. McKenna?

JO

Yes.

MRS. DRAYTON

This is Mrs. Drayton. You remember me?

Jo pales and seems about to faint.

JO

Mrs...Drayton?

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben reacts with surprise, and gives a stop or two forward. He is tense.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo recovers herself.

JO

Where's Hank? Where have you got him?

INT. AIRPORT OUTER OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Buchanan puts out a hand. Woburn places a pen in it, and slides a pad along the desk under it. We hear Mrs. Drayton's voice over the filter.

MRS. DRAYTON
He's here. With me. You mustn't worry
about him, really you mustn't.

Buchanan pauses, with nothing to write.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo shows some relief, but she's still deeply concerned.

JO
Where is he? Where have you got him?

MRS. DRAYTON
I expect you'd like to speak to him,
wouldn't you?

JO
Yes. Please, please!

She looks towards Ben.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SH

Ben moves close to her, trying to pick up a little of
the conversation from the phone. She tips the phone a
little in his direction.

JO
Hello. Hello, Hank?

MRS. DRAYTON
Just a minute.

HANK
Mummy? Mummy is that you?

Jo fights sudden tears.

JO
Oh, Hank, Hank darling, are you really
all right?

HANK
I'm a little scared, mummy. But I'm
all right -- I guess. I miss you mummy,
I miss you so much.

She bursts out crying, unable to hold herself back any
more. Ben takes the phone from her quickly.

BEN
Hank. This is daddy.

HANK
Is mummy crying?

BEN

Where are you, Hank? Where are you?

HANK

I didn't mean to make her cry, daddy,
but I'm scared, and I want to see her.

BEN

(Desperation)

Hank, where are you? For Heaven's
sake, where are you?!!

HANK

Welbeck eight --

There is a sudden click. Ben rattles the receiver. All he gets is a dial tone. He hangs up, and turns to Jo who is quietly crying, trying to get over the shock of hearing Hank. Buchanan enters the office as Ben takes Jo by the shoulders and turns her around to him. He takes out a handkerchief, hands it to her. She covers her face for a moment, then dries her tears. She looks up at Ben.

JO

He was scared.

She starts sobbing soundlessly again, her body shaking. Ben takes her in his arms to quiet her. She quiets down slowly. Buchanan standing behind the desk doesn't look at the pair, but he speaks first.

BUCHANAN

It was a London telephone exchange.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Woburn comes in the office, goes to Buchanan.

WOBURN

(Tersely)

Public call box -- West One.

He shrugs as if to say "that's the end." Buchanan nods for Woburn to leave. Woburn does, casting a side glance of sympathy toward Jo and Ben. He closes the door quietly behind him.

INT. AIRPORT OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Buchanan looks at the pair, and sighs in a manner that suggests he recognizes defeat, when he sees it.

Jo now has herself under control. She leaves Ben's arms, and returns to her seat to gather herself together, dry her eyes. Ben turns to Buchanan.

BEN

Do I have to say any more?

He reaches for a pad and pencil. He scribbles something on it.

BUCHANAN

You may change your minds. If you do,
this number will reach me.

He tears off a page of the paper, and hands it to Ben.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

In a suite at Savoy's Hotel we see the door open and Ben and Jo McKenna are ushered into the suite by the frock-coated desk clerk. Behind them are two assistant porters carrying their bags. In the foreground, through which we are SHOOTING, are three large baskets of assorted flowers. They are obviously gift of greeting to London. The porters move off into the bedroom with the bags. They lay out the bags, open the drapes and windows, etc. The desk clerk turns on the lights in the main room, as the McKennas look about.

DESK CLARK

Everything all right, sir?

BEN

It's fine. Just fine.

DESK CLARK

(Hands Ben key)

Your room key, Sir.

Ben takes it. The porters come out of the bedroom. Ben reaches in his pocket, comes up with a bill, hands it to one of them. The porter touches his forehead in sort of a salute. The porters exit. The desk clerk follows, pauses at the door.

DESK CLERK

And I hope you have a most pleasant
stay in London.

Both Jo and Ben turn to look at him briefly. He is smiling, they are not.

BEN

Oh yes. Thank you.

The desk clerk goes out the door, carefully closing it. The McKenna are alone. Jo turns to look at the basket of flowers, and crosses TOWARD THE CAMERA to look at them. She takes a card in her hand, attached to the largest basket, reads the note.

JO

(To Ben)

It's from the Panell's. "Welcome home,
Jo. Look forward to seeing your family.
Especially the little--"

(She breaks off)

JO stands there a brief moment, takes a breath, and
looks at to otter two cards.

JO

Cindy and Jan.

(To Ben)

You don't know Cindy and Jan.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben puts the room key down on a table, and the CAMERA
PANS him over to a smaller desk containing the telephone
and telephone books. He sits down at the desk, and
reaches for the general telephone directory. He begins
flipping through the pages. Jo turns from the flowers
and walks over to him. He pauses, takes out of his
pocket the black notebook on which he wrote Louis
Bernard's message. He tears out the page, hands the
notebook to Jo.

BEN

You'd better keep your book.

He returns to the telephone book, after looking at the
note and placing it on the desk in front of him.

JO

What are you looking for?

BEN

The only clue we have which might lead
us to Hank. The place and identity of
Mr. Ambrose Chappell.

He finds what is apparently the right page. His finger
begins to trace down the list of names.

INSERT

Ben's finger going down the column of
names. "C - C - CHAPPELL - ABRAHAM
CHAPPELL - A.C. CHAPPELL & CO. ALFRED
CHAPPELL -- AMBROSE CHAPPELL!!"

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben pauses, notes the place on the Page, and reaches
for some notepaper and a pen from the desk.

BEN

There it is -- big as life -- Ambrose
Chappell.

He returns his eye to the book, as Jo leans closer to watch him. He begins writing down the name and address, and murmurs half-aloud as he writes --

BEN

Ambrose Chappell - Sixty-one Burdett
Street. Camden Town. Telephone -
Gulliver 6198.

He reaches for the phone, after putting the book to one side. He lifts the receiver, but Jo reaches out to stop him. He looks at her with some annoyance.

BEN

Don't you want me to call him?

JO

I can't make up my mind, Ben. I'm jut
scared to death. I'm afraid we'll do
the wrong thing.

BEN

(Quietly)
I'll try not to be too wrong.

He picks up the phone.

JO

What are you going to say?

BEN

I'll offer to keep my mouth shut and
give him all the money we have -- for
Hank.

(To phone)
Operator. Get me ...
(Consults address)
Gulliver 6198. Thank you.

He waits and at that moment there is a sudden, loud, but happy pounding on the door. Both Jo and Ben jump and turn toward the door, almost frightened.

Muffled shouts are heard of "Open up! We know you're in there! Jo! It's us! We're here!"

JO

I go.

She heads for the door, and Ben sits there squirming with suspense, and annoyance at being interrupted. Beyond him, Jo opens the door, and immediately four people pour in. They are Val Parnall and his wife. Helen, intelligent, sophisticated, and full of life.

The other two are Cindy Fontaine, an American music hall entertainer, now in England, around forty-five, more of a character actress than a lead -- and Jan Peterson, a musical comedy singer nearer Jo's age, smart-looking, but talkative and slightly scatterbrained. The women come in first, Helen Parnell throws her arms around Jo in affectionate greeting.

HELEN

Jo! You look wonderful!

Val Parnell follows the women in and closes the door behind him.

VAL

When we got your wire I couldn't believe it. What were you doing down in Morocco?

JO

Sightseeing.

CINDY

Two minutes later Helen was on the phone to me. And I had to call Jan.

JAN

You're the perfect answer to what London needs, Jo. This week's the dullest thing since my first show.

Jo has disengaged herself from Helen. Shakes hands with Val.

JO

Hello, Val. Jo and I want to thank all of you for the lovely flowers. But you shouldn't have. We might not be here long!

Ben has been watching them anxiously, torn between hanging up the phone, or waiting for his call to go through. The call finally comes through.

BEN

Hello, hello? Is this Ambrose Chappell? Mr. Ambrose Chappell? All right...I will...I

He looks up at the group. They notice him for the first time.

JAN

Oh hello, Mr. Conway. Didn't know you were there.

VAL
(To Jan with meaning)
It's McKenna...Doctor McKenna. Welcome
to London Town, doctor.

JAN
(Toward Ben)
Oh, I am sorry.
(To Jo)
I knew you were married, but a doctor.
How clever! Especially in such a
psychosomatic business. Why --

CINDY
Will you be quiet!

JAN
Cindy!

CINDY
You don't know what psychosomatic means.

JAN
I do too! It means when your mind
gets sick of your body it does something
to it --

CINDY
The doctor's trying to talk on the
phone.

Ben tries to be casual and amiable.

BEN
It's only business. It's nothing.

Helen Parnell flops into a chair.

HELEN
Business is everything. Shhh.

They all fall silent, and watch Ben. He is
uncomfortable.

BEN
Hello?
(He tries to keep
voice down)
Mr. Ambrose Chappell?
(forced to be louder)
I said is this Ambrose Chappell?
...Well this Mr. McKenna. Uh,...Doctor
Benjamin McKenna.

He looks at the listening group uncomfortably.

J0

(To group)

I don't think we need to be quiet.
Would you like some drinks?

Val Parnell signals silently to her that he can wait until after the call.

BEN

Well, uh, uh .. are you going to be at your address for a while? Uh huh, it's just some business. Nothing big. Uh huh, well thank you. I'll drop around.

INT. CLARIDGE'S SUITE - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Ben hangs up, and turns to the group. He tries to be as casual as possible. He picks up the note from Louis Bernard, and the one on which the address of Ambrose Chappell is written and shoves them into his pocket. He rises to meet his guests.

JAN

See. We could have talked.

J0

(Smiles)

That's what I told you.

J0

(To group)

I'd like everyone to meet my husband.

Ben volunteers his hand to Val Parnell, while nodding at Mrs. Parnell.

VAL

(Takes his hand)

I've heard so much about you, Doctor, it's nice to see you in person.

HELEN

You look just like, those pictures Jo had in her dressing room four years ago. Haven't changed a bit.

JAN

Why should he? He's a doctor. Probably gets free hormones.

Everyone laughs, including Ben and Jo.

J0

And this one is Jan Peterson who sing almost as well as I do, but can handle those legs like Nijinsky.

BEN

I can believe it. How do you do, Jan.

JAN

When Nijinsky got off the stage he was through with his footwork. That's just when mine begins.

Laughter again.

JO

And Cindy Fontaine, the most wonderful expatriate I've ever known.

BEN

(Nods to her)

Haven't you been home recently?

CINDY

How can I go back to Harrisburg? They know me there as Elva MacDuff

(Shake's her head,
pats her wide hips)

Cindy. It doesn't fit any more.

VAL

Where's your boy? I'd like to see which one you he looks like.

All momentary gaiety goes from Jo's face, and Ben has a hard time appearing nonchalant.

BEN

He -- he's staying with some other people -- so we can have a little time to ourselves.

JAN

What's his name?

JO

(Tonelessly)

Hank. Henry, really.

CINDY

I hope he has your looks, and the doctor's brains.

Jo turns away toward the flowers.

JO

Thank you again for the beautiful flowers.

BEN

(Quickly)

I'm taking orders for drinks.

He looks around.

VAL
Okay. But dinner tonight's on me.

Jo turns around to look at him, disturbed, almost to the point of alarm. A carefree dinner is something she just couldn't go through.

BEN
(Into phone)
Room service, please.

VAL
A welcome home for Jo.
(Smiles at her)
And I wish I could persuade her to stay a month.

JO
Oh, Val -- I wish I could, but...

BEN
(To Val)
Will you order the stuff?

He starts toward the door, pausing to pat Jo comfortingly on the shoulder.

BEN
I'll be back in a little while.

HELEN
Aren't you going to wait for a drink, doctor.

BEN
Thank you, but I'll catch up when I get back.

Ben starts for the door.

JO
Ben!

She goes with him to the door.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben opens the door, and Jo follows him half-way into the corridor. The voices of the others are half-heard over Jo and Ben's sotto voce conversation.

JAN
(To Cindy)
Maybe he's tired. Maybe he'd like to sleep, or something. Maybe he has ulcers and can't eat.

J0
Ben, please ...
(She takes his arm)

BEN
It has to be done, Jo.

J0
I Want to go with you.

CINDY
Jan, how somebody so graceful can have
such an awkward sense of diplomacy,
I'll never know.

BEN
You can't. I won't disappear. Promise.

In the background, the four visitors, while not actually eavesdropping, are somewhat subdued by the attitude of the McKennas toward each other.

J0
Ben, for the last time, please let me
go.

He pats her affectionately on the cheek.

BEN
Two people are much easier to follow
than one. We don't want Buchanan's
men on our tracks. Or the other people,
either. I'm going out by the service
entrance --

He turns and goes quickly. She watches him briefly, then turns back into the room. She tries to assume a more pleasant face...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

In a quiet street off Camden Town we see Ben, alight and pay off a London taxi. The taxi does a U-turn and disappears around a corner. Ben starts to walk TOWARD THE CAMERA. He glances at the piece of paper from, his pocket bearing Ambrose Chappell's address. He is completely alone in a deserted street -- so much so that his footsteps click on the pavement and create the feeling of an echo. As he walks he listens to the echo and for a moment wonders if it is an echo. He slows up and comes to a stop close to the CAMERA. There is complete silence -- only the faint distant London traffic noises.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

He resumes his walk, the CAMERA DOLLYING HIM. The echo starts again. He slows up again and stops -- but this time the echo continues. He becomes tense, looks around in alarm.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

The CAMERA PANS the streets from Ben's viewpoint. There is no sign of anyone.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben resumes his walk, the CAMERA DOLLYING him. He stops suddenly, as though to trap the echo -- but the echo comes on after him. Slightly scared, he now resumes his walk with a more hurried pace. The echo gets louder. He glances quickly over his shoulder again.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

A man is following him, at about the same pace. He is rather well dressed, and appears nonchalant.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben continues walking, and after a bit cautiously glances behind him.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The same man is following behind.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben glances down at the paper in his hand, and looks up trying to locate the right house number as he walks. The street has a mixture of houses, yards, an odd dirty-looking store or two. Ben's expression indicates that he would like to make his destination before the man following catches up with him. Then he changes his mind. He deliberately slows up.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Showing Ben as he walks slowly along, listening to the man approaching behind him, listening with the back of his head, and with his whole body. The man walking behind is aware of Ben. He begins staring at him.

Ben instinctively clenches his right hand into a fist of preparedness. As the man closes in Ben we see that he is rather elderly, sixty years old, perhaps. As the man reaches Ben, and passes him, Ben's follows him and study him.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben watches the man go on ahead of him at a faster pace. Suddenly the man turns a sharp right into doorway, and is gone. Ben glances at the paper in his hand. He stops and looks up in astonishment.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The little side doorway in which the elderly man turned. Above it is an old painted sign reading "AMBROSE CHAPPELL - TAXIDERMIST."

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben hesitates briefly in thought, puts the piece of paper into his pocket, then makes up his mind and goes through the doorway.

EXT. SMALL YARD - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Ben, rather cautiously, makes his way across a small and somewhat dreary-looking yard, and comes to face a low building at the end of which is a kind of small factory. The door of the factory is just closing as he makes his way across.

EXT. SMALL YARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben pauses at the door to the factory, and looks down at the pushbutton bell. There is a window next to the door. Ben bends and peers through the window.

EXT. FACTORY WINDOW - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Staring through the other side of the window is the snarling, realistic head of a tiger.

EXT. SMALL YARD - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Startled, Ben recoils instinctively. Then he turns back to the door, takes a deep breath, braces himself, and presses the doorbell. The door is soon opened by a young workman in shirtsleeves and apron.

WORKMAN

Yes?

BEN

I...I'd like to speak to Mr. Ambrose Chappell, please.

WORKMAN

Come in .

He opens the door, and Ben enters.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben follows the workman into the shop. It is cluttered with stuffed animals of every size and shape imaginable. Lions, tigers, elephant heads, swordfish, crocodiles -- everything. Ben stares around at what he sees. A number of workmen are busy mounting, stuffing, and preparing animals for display. The workman who let him in calls to someone.

WORKMAN

A sent to see you, sir.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A man, about eighty years old, turns from inspecting a piece of work, and comes forward to Ben. He is a thin, gracious, gentle sort of creature.

CHAPPELL SR.

Good afternoon, Sir. I am Ambrose Chappell.

Ben studies the man briefly. His face shows disbelief that such a man could be put of an assassination plot. Chappell stops in front of him, waits a brief moment.

CHAPPELL SR.

What can I do for you?

BEN

Well you see, I uh...

There is a twinkle in the old man's eye.

CHAPPELL SR.

You gave me your name that might be a start.

BEN

Oh, of course, McKenna. Doctor Benjamin McKenna, I called you.

CHAPPELL SR.
(After a moment)
Oh, yes, yes.

BEN
You are Ambrose Chappell?

CHAPPELL SR.
(Smiles)
I have been Ambrose Chappell for nearly
seventy-one years.
(He winks)
But I think I understand your problem.

BEN
You do?

CHAPPELL SR.
Certainly. It happens all the time.
You expected someone else -- Just a
moment.
(He turns and calls
out)
Ambrose!

INT. TAXIDERMY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

From behind a doorway on the far side a man emerge s
in response to the call. He is somewhat younger than
the first Ambrose Chappell, but not by much. He is
the fifty-year-old gentleman who had been apparently
following Ben on the street. The CAMERA PANS him over
following to his father, and Ben.

CHAPPELL SR.
I think this gentleman wants to talk
to us.

CHAPPELL JR.
Now, father. Now why don't you go and
have a nice rest?

CHAPPELL SR.
Humph! I have centuries of rest ahead
of me.

(Nods to Ben)
Good day to you, sir.

Ben nods in return, and the elder Chappell returns to
whatever he was doing when Ben entered.

CHAPPELL JR.
Now what can I do for you?

Ben turns his attention back to the son. He is now a
little more in command of himself.

BEN
I'm Doctor Mckenna.
(He waits, no
reaction)
Does the name mean anything to you?

Chappell Jr. thinks for a moment. The name obviously doesn't register.

CHAPPELL
I don't think so.

INT. TAXIDERMY SHOP - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

A wider angle of the shop. Workmen pause in their work to look in the direction of Ben with some curiosity.

INT. TAXIDERMY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Chappell Jr. nods his head, but waits with a deadpan expression for Ben to continue. After a pause, Ben does.

BEN
You have no idea why I came here?

CHAPPELL JR.
My dear sir, I haven't the faintest idea!

Ben's expression shows that he feels Chappell is putting up a thorough bluff, but he still goes on.

BEN
I was given your name by someone I happened to meet in Marrakesh.

Chappell Jr.'s expression doesn't change, except for a slightly raised eyebrow.

CHAPPELL JR.
Oh, yes?

Ben now has the feeling he's on to the right man.

BEN
I suppose you've heard of him. Louis Bernard. A Frenchman.

CHAPPELL JR.
Louis Bernard?

He seems to be turning the name over in his mind. Ben turns to at the workmen around them.

INT. TAXIDERMY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The workmen half-listening, return to their work on the various animals. They are a bit self-conscious at being observed eavesdropping.

INT. TAXIDERMY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben turns back to Chappell Jr. He moves in a little closer, and drops his voice somewhat. Chappell Jr. watches him warily.

BEN

Let's stop fencing with words, huh?
Bernard told me to come here, just
before he died.

CHAPPELL JR.

This man is...dead?

BEN

You know it as well as I do. Now I
came to make a business proposition.
And I don't see how you can turn it
down.

Ambrose Chappell looks over to a man stuffing animal's
corpse.

CHAPPELL JR.

What did you have in mind?

BEN

You want to talk here?

CHAPPELL JR.

Certainly. We have no secrets from
our employees.

BEN

Okay. First of all, I haven't uttered
one word of what Bernard told to before
he died. And I won't. Frankly I'm
not interested in political intrigue,
and I don't care who it is you're going
to kill here in London. All I want is
that boy, and I'll get on the first
plane for America.

When Ben begins mentioning a killing, Chappell Jr's
face takes on a look of alarm, almost panic. He moves
back from Ben, watching him like a deadly cobra. Ben,
however, now convinced that he has the right man in
front of him, moves in on him to finish his proposition.

BEN

Now that isn't all. If money will do
anything...

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Chappell Jr. now seems thoroughly frightened. He moves back from Ben, almost stumbling. He turns, goes back to the door of a small office, in which is now standing Chappell Sr.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Chappell Sr. leans closer to the open door, as the son speaks urgently and sotto Voce to him.

CHAPPELL JR.

Father -- phone the police! Quick!

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Chappell Jr. now turns back toward Ben, trying to assume a pleasant and casual manner.

CHAPPELL JR.

Now, sir -- shall we go into this a little more carefully? You said something about money?

Workmen are pausing in their work to look at the pair, wondering at the mention of money.

BEN

You told him to call the police. Now don't try to bluff me like that!

He reaches out quickly, grabs Chappell jr. by the label. The man gives an involuntary cry of fear.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Chappell Sr. is on the phone.

CHAPPELL SR.

This is Ambrose Chappell's -- Burdett Street. Will you send someone round at once?

(Glancing toward him)

There's is an extraordinary individual here, and we really can't cope with him.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Chappell Jr. struggles to get loose from Ben's grasp.

CHAPPELL JR.

Let me go!

BEN

You don't know Louis Bernard?

CHAPPELL JR.

I've never heard of him.

BEN

And you don't have any idea what went on in Marrakesh yesterday, or where my boy is?

CHAPPELL JR.

No, of course not! Edgar! William! Davis! Help!

Ben lets go of Chappell Jr., and turns in confusion.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The workmen drop their tools, and move in on Ben quickly and threateningly. Even Chappell Sr. comes out of the office in alarm. Ben backs away toward the door.

BEN

Now just a minute. Take it easy. I obviously got the wrong place. Now stay away from me.

But they don't. They come on. Ben looks quickly around for a weapon, or an exit. He sees the door, and moves quickly toward it, but the workmen are faster than he is. Two of them bar the exit. Ben tries to shove them out of the way and get through the door. The men grapple with him. Chappell Jr., himself, and another workman rush in, endeavoring to subdue Ben. A silent, but furious struggle ensues. It is now a complete melee between the four men and Ben as they try to hold him down.

CHAPPELL JR.

Hold him...hold him...till the police come.

Ben breaks loose temporarily, trying to find another escape. He realizes that the time for talking is past. But as fast as he is, the men are on him again. They twist and struggle through the stuffed and mounted animals. There is a melange of lion heads, swordfish, and other partially completed jobs. Sometimes, Ben in his struggles comes face to face with the angry head of a bared-teeth lion. Ambrose Chappell Jr. himself at one point finds the swordfish a very painful object somewhere about his anatomy. Ben eventually wrenches himself free.

INT. TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Shooting toward the doorway. The confusion gives him a free moment. He makes the door, twists it open, and dashes out into the yard. Suddenly he turns back and dashes in again. The man retreats in fear. Ben picks up his fallen hat and dashes out again.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The five persons in the McKenna suits are sitting around. All but Jo have drinks in their hands. She seems to be absorbed in her own thoughts, but Val Parnell is holding forth, oblivious at first to her disinterest.

VAL

...and back at our flat, after the first night, Chris had the nerve to suggest that the sketch where Bud Flanagan comes in dressed up as the Countess was unconvincing ... that no matter how well-got-up Bud Flanagan was, even if he were dressed by Hartnell, nobody would believe he was an aristocrat. So I said, 'Look Chris, why don't you cut William Hickey's column out of the paper?! --

He stops talking, as he looks across at the silent Jo. Helen and the others, follow his look. They watch her sympathetically. Jo seems totally unaware that anyone else is in the room, staring, into thin air, absorbed with thoughts of her own.

VAL

(Softly)
Jo. Jo.

JO

Huh?

VAL

What's become of that unpredictable husband of yours?

(Consults his watch)

He's been gone over an hour.

She doesn't answer, so he goes on.

VAL

Who was it he went to see? Some man named...

(Looks at group for help)

...what was it...Church?

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Slowly Jo's expression begins to change to one of interest. We see a flood of thoughts expressed in her face. She looks across at Val and replies:

JO

No. No...you mean Chappell!

She rises from her chair with some excitement. She murmurs, almost to herself:

JO

It's not a man, it's a place! Ambrose Chapel! Ambrose Chapel! It has to be!

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The others watch Jo, puzzled at her strange performance. No one dares speak until she finds out what it means.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

With some excitement, Jo addresses Val Parnell.

JO

Do they list chapels in the London Telephone Directory?

VAL

Let's take a look.

He crosses to the telephone desk, picks up telephone directory and opens it.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY)

INSERT of telephone directory - Val's finger lands on 'Ambrose Chapel, 17 Ambrose Street, West Two.'

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

VAL

(Excitedly)

Here it is, Ambrose Chapel, 17 Ambrose Street, West Two.

He turns triumphantly to Jo. Without hesitation she crosses to a table, takes her purse. She hurries to the door without a word; then turns to them.

JO

I'm very sorry.

(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)
But have another drink -- and please
explain to Ben when he comes in.

She hurries out the door. The others are left standing,
looking at each other. Val and Helen speak almost at
the same time, asking each other the same question.

VAL AND HELEN
Explain what?

DISSOLVE:

EXT. AMBROSE STREET - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Jo hurrying down street towards chapel seen in b.g.

EXT. AMBROSE STREET - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Jo enters and stares off at the chapel.

EXT. AMBROSE STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Of chapel as seen by Jo.

EXT. AMBROSE STREET - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo wondering if this really is the right place. She
decides she had better phone Ben and turns out of SHOT.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SAVOY SUITE - MEDIUM SHOT - (DAY)

The Parnell party are still wondering what all this is
about.

CINDY
There's something weird going on around
here that I can't follow.

VAL
Let's see if we can figure this out.
First of all there was a man named to
uh...

HELEN
Ambrose Chapel.

CINDY
And Ben rushed off to see him.

HELEN

Then Jo said it wasn't a man, but a place and she dashed off.

JAN

Don't mention it again or I might dash off.

CINDY

What a temptation.

HELEN

Can you fathom it, Val?

Val paces thoughtfully, and they watch him.

VAL

It must be a now American gag. I'll ask Danny about it.

At that moment the door suddenly opens. Everyone turns in surprise. Ben is standing in the doorway. He comes slowly into the room, closing the door. He is very tired looking, and disheveled. They watch him enter silently.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Too tired to say anything at first, Ben drops into the first chair he comes to. Then he looks up.

BEN

Where's Jo?

Val walks over to him, hands him a ready-made drink. Ben takes it but doesn't have time to drink when Val speaks.

VAL

She's just gone off to Ambrose Chapel.

Immediately Ben puts down the drink.

BEN

But -- but, that's where I've been...

He stands up.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

VAL

It isn't your Ambrose Chapel!

Ben looks at him questioningly.

HELEN

It isn't a he! It's an it! A building.

CINDY
She's just gone there.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben studies the group trying to appraise in his mind what they have said.

BEN
Where is it! What's the address?

Val crosses to find the phone book on the desk and looks for address.

VAL
17 Ambrose Street, Bayswater.

Ben moves quickly to the door and goes out into corridor as telephone rings. Jan answers it. She puts down the receiver and shouts out to Ben.

JAN
Doctor! Doctor! It's Jo! Come back --
it's Jo.

Ben comes quickly into the room pushing his way through everyone.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

He goes immediately to the phone. Jan hands Ben the receiver.

BEN
Jo?

INT. LONDON CALL BOX - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo is overjoyed to hear Ben's voice.

JO
Ben -- Ben, darling...what happened --
did you find anything?

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

BEN
No -- I drew a complete blank.

INT. LONDON CALL BOX - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

JO

Then it must be the chapel - and I've found it, Ben. It's just a short way from here. It was a crazy thing to do --

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

BEN

(Interrupting
hurriedly)

I have the address, Jo. Now stay there until I get there...and don't do anything!

INT. LONDON CALL BOX - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo loses some of her anxiety.

JO

I'll meet you outside.

She hangs up, sighs and starts out of the phone booth.

INT. SAVOY SUITE - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Ben hangs up the phone and starts for the door. He looks back at the group as he pauses in doorway.

BEN

Will you stick around? We'll be back as soon as we can. I don't know how to thank you.

He goes out through the door closing it. Everyone stands staring at the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo stands watching something across the street.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

From Jo's viewpoint, the exterior of Ambrose Chapel. An old building, silent and deserted. A faded sign outside identifies it.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

A non-conformist Chapel. Empty, except for one figure, a woman laying out music on the organ rack in the front of the Chapel. The CAMERA MOVES IN on her, and as she turns on her way to the hymn board, we see that she is Mrs. Drayton. At the hymn board, she slips into it a series of hymn numbers.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA THEN PANS her across the empty chapel to a side door. She goes through it.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

She comes up a flight of stairs, the CAMERA MOVING with her. She stops at a door on the first landing, takes a key out of her pocket, and unlocks the door. She enters.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Inside of a small, almost bare room, Mrs. Drayton closes the door behind her and stands with her back to it, watching. The CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to reveal the rest of the room. Sitting at a small table is a listless, young Hank McKenna. He is playing checkers with the woman we saw at the airport who was standing with the autograph hunters, watching Jo McKenna. The one with the dirty glasses, who made a phone call. Hank has caught the woman in a checker trap, and with obvious satisfaction jumps three of her men.

HANK

Three men! You don't know much about checkers, do you?

MRS. DRAYTON

It's time you went to bed, dear. You'll get tired out.

HANK

Can I finish? I'm winning?

MRS. DRAYTON

Yes, you finish. Edna, see that he gets some milk and biscuits.

EDNA

And he'd better have another sleeping pill...I've got to get downstairs --

MRS. DRAYTON

(To Hank)

You'll go to sleep, Hank, won't you?

HANK

I guess so.

EDNA

Hurry up if you want to finish this game.

MRS. DRAYTON

Look it doesn't hurt to be kind. Yell out when you want me to open the door.

Edna studies the board with a frown. Mrs. Drayton smiles and goes out the door.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

In the corridor once again Mrs. Drayton locks the door, and crosses the hall. The CAMERA PANNING her. She enters another door.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

She enters a larger, more ornate room. The CAMERA PANS her in, and we see first Drayton, who is putting on a surplice -- and then the man who knocked on the McKennas' door in the Mamounia Hotel, looking for someone named Montgomery. He is putting on a tie and tuxedo. He wears a dangerous-looking revolver strapped underneath his armpit; Mrs. Drayton, without a word, sits down and lights a cigarette, exhaling with something close to fatigue. Then she speaks.

MRS. DRAYTON

I wish it was tomorrow.

Drayton turns, having finished his dressing.

DRAYTON

(Coldly)

That's not a very orthodox sentiment.

He goes to a desk, and takes something out of a drawer. It is a small envelope. He turns to the man with the gun.

DRAYTON

Two excellent tickets for the concert at the Albert Hall -- with my compliments.

He hands them to Rien. Rien takes the envelope, glances at it briefly, then puts it into his pocket.

DRAYTON

Your box is nicely placed, or shall we say strategically placed.

He goes to a portable record player, which is open and has a record on it. He looks down at the phonograph.

DRAYTON

Now for the most important part.

He gestured towards the record.

RIEN

What is it?

DRAYTON

A record of the delightful Picco they will play tonight.

RIEN

What about it?

DRAYTON

Music is less in your line than marksmanship. If you will listen, my friend, I will play for you the exact moment at which you can shoot. Now listen carefully.

Drayton plays the record.

DRAYTON

Let me do it for you again. Now listen for the cymbal crash.

Drayton plays the record again and claps his hands together at the cymbal crash.

DRAYTON

You see at such a moment your shot will not be heard. The listeners will not even be disturbed. I think the composer would have appreciated that. No one will know.

RIEN

None except one you mean.

The assassin smiles.

DRAYTON

Ah, yes -- if you are clever, my friend. Any questions musical or otherwise?

RIEN

No.

DRAYTON

There's's one comforting thought. It happens early in the evening. I hope I won't upset you if I say there's time for one shot only. If you need another, the risk is yours.

RIEN

I do not take risks.

DRAYTON

That's a comfort -- traipsing all the way down to Marrakesh to fetch you I should like you to do me credit.

He looks at his watch.

DRAYTON

Your distinguished target's on the way there now. A car is waiting for you downstairs at the back entrance. You will pick up a Miss Benson on your way. She will be your companion in the box. She's there to lend an air of respectability...if that's possible.

RIEN

You will have the money when I return?

DRAYTON

I think you can trust me.

RIEN

(Looking him up and down)

What is your English proverb -- a wolf in Sheep's clothing?

Drayton laughs.

DRAYTON

I think you had better be going. It is impolite to be late for a concert. It would be awkward if they made you wait until the first selection is over.

He turns to his wife.

DRAYTON

See him downstairs, my dear.

(To Rien)

I'm sorry you must sneak out the back way, but we have to preserve our respectable front.

She exits with the assassin. Drayton turns to the mirror and surveys himself.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAR ENTRANCE AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY)

In the distance Jo is seen pacing. To rear door of the chapel opens and Mrs. Drayton pushes Rien out. He crosses and enters a waiting car. The car drives off.

EXT. AMBROSE STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The shadows of the day are lengthening as Ben gets out of a taxi and approaches Jo standing on the sidewalk. His fatigue of before seems to have vanished in his eagerness to meet Jo and find out what she knows.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben comes up to her. She grips his hands.

JO

There it is.

BEN

You may have just hit it right on the nose. You can't be farther wrong than I was with my Ambrose Chapel. Let's go.

JO

Ben, should we get some help from the police?

BEN

No, honey, please, no -- let's take a crack at this alone.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

The Chapel as seen from their viewpoint. People are now entering it, but it seem as if the tag end of the congregation is entering, because the service is obviously under way, the sound of hymn singing coming across faintly to us.

EXT. LONDON STREET - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben takes her hand, squeezes it affectionately. Together they cross the street, the CAMERA PANNING them up the steps of the chapel and to the entrance.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

They enter the Chapel from the rear, looking around cautiously. A hymn is in progress. The Chapel holds about three hundred people. It is of the non-conformist type and the congregation consists mostly of middle-aged and elderly women. Although the McKennas are not aware of it, we notice that the organist is none other than Edna, the woman who observed Jo at the airport, and later took care of Hank.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Carefully the McKennas find their way to a back row seat. One or two of the women in the back row turn to look at the new arrivals. Jo wants to whisper something to Ben, but with a gesture he silences her. Ben picks up hymnal, hands her one, finds the right page and begins to sing along with the hymn. But instead of following the words of the hymn, Ben makes up his own words to communicate with Jo, as he looks around at the chapel.

BEN

(singing)

This looks like mother wild goose chase.

JO

(Singing them)

Let's wait and look around...

Some of the parishioners turn and listen to Jo's voice because it has a professional quality that rises above the rest. Whether they are watching her in suspicion, or admiration, is hard to tell. Jo turns her attention to the hymn book, trying to be unnoticed. Ben's eyes catch something coming down the aisle.

BEN

(Singing)

Look who's coming down the aisle.

Jo follows his glance, leaning forward a little and to one side.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Coming up the aisle with a collection basket, collecting money during the hymn is Mrs. Drayton. She is approaching the row in which the McKennas are standing.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Jo looks towards Ben helplessly. Mrs. Drayton is between the two of them and any possible exit. Ben immediately eases his way along behind a column which hides him somewhat from the front, but not from the side. Jo endeavors to shrink her body behind a tall woman in front of her, but she is not entirely successful. We can see Mrs. Drayton getting closer to them.

Jo looks toward Ben almost panicked. Suddenly Mrs. Drayton has reached the end of their row. She pushes forward her collection plate, and as she does so her face blanches. She instantly identifies the two. Ben, with little else to do, looks her straight in the eye and puts some coins into her plate.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As the astonished Mrs. Drayton turns to go back down the aisle with her plate of coins and bills, we now see the surpliced Mr. Drayton ascending the pulpit. He looks down to his wife.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

From Mr. Drayton's viewpoint, as he notices his wife coming up the aisle with a startled expression on her face. She tries to nod with her head to indicate something important lies behind her.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Mr. Drayton, trying to puzzle out her alarm, studies her face, and then lifts his eyes to look beyond her. The expression on his face leaves no doubt that he cannot understand what she's trying to convey. The hymn has come an end, and the congregation starts seating itself.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The McKennas take a seat along with the rest, and as yet they are relatively inconspicuous from the front of the chapel. Ben takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, examines it, and satisfied it is the right one, hands it to his wife. The congregation falls silent as Drayton is apparently about to begin his sermon.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Drayton glances down to his Bible, opens it a certain page, and as he does so, he looks at his wife who is sitting near the organ. She half-turns to look up at him. She seems frightened. Drayton fumbles with the pages of the Bible, apparently trying to make something out of his wife's attitude. Failing, he looks up and begins his sermon. He speaks into a microphone.

DRAYTON

Brothers and Sisters: The subject of my address this evening is adversity. The average life, yours and mine, is often harassed and perplexed by cruelties and disappointments beyond our control.

Strangely enough, it is often the things beyond our control which help to make us better beings.

Pain and tribulation are the testing ground of life and let us be grateful for them. Let us bless the disappointments and the frustrations and say a prayer for the agony of the moment. Only thus shall we confirm and re-confirm our own goodness and therefore the essential goodness of all Mankind.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Half-glancing at Drayton as he delivers his sermon. Ben talks to Jo. Their conversation is whispered.

BEN

That's Buchanan's phone number. Go on out and call him and ask him to surround the place with police.

JO

What if he asks me...

BEN

Tell him...tell him everything. This is the time. I'm sure Hank is around here some place.

JO

Ben, I don't want to leave you.

BEN

I don't know how else to do it, honey.

Ben gives her a gentle push. With a regretful look at him, she slides out of the seat.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

In the middle of his sermon, Drayton looks up. He almost falters and stops, as he sees Jo rise from her seat.

The chapel as seen from Drayton's viewpoint. Jo has turned up the aisle and gone out the door at the back.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Drayton composes his face, but his eyes are serious. Without the slightest pause, he continues his sermon, shifting his ideas in mid-paragraph.

DRAYTON

Few of us pause to think how life's adversities work in our behalf, to make better men and women of us.

(MORE)

DRAYTON (CONT'D)

But I believe we should pause now to do a little stock-taking -- to look into our own hearts and see what we find there. Therefore instead of continuing the service, I think we should all return to our homes for private meditation, remembering how little we have to complain of and how much to be grateful for. Next week I shall discuss the fruits of our meditation. Until then, my blessing upon each and every one of you.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben watches Drayton, with little charity in his heart. There is a stir in the congregation when Drayton tells them to go home. They look at each other, uncertainly.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Drayton closes the Bible, and begins to descend from the pulpit. The congregation comes to life. The members rise from their seats and begin filing out of the chapel. Occasionally they cast backward glances toward the pulpit, as if surprised at what they have heard.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

When Drayton reaches the two steps of the altar, he beckons the organist to him. She comes, and he whispers something to her. He then motions his wife nearer to him, and also whispers something to her. Mrs. Drayton goes off through a side door by the altar, while the organist makes her way down the aisle through the congregation to stand by the door.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Ben as he threads his way up through the women who are filing out. Drayton stands at the front of the chapel, waiting. Finally, after a slow and deliberate walk up the now nearly empty chapel, Ben comes face to face with Drayton. Drayton greets him with bland amiability.

DRAYTON

Well this is a pleasant surprise,
Doctor.

BEN

Where's my boy, Drayton?

DRAYTON

He's upstairs. As a matter of fact you've just come in time to help my wife with Hank's food. Seems Hank doesn't care much for English cooking.

Drayton's eyes stray to the back of the church as he talks. Ben, noticing Drayton's eye movement, follows it cautiously. But before he can confirm his suspicions, there is a loud clang of a door closing that gives him his answer. He looks around quickly.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

At the other end of the chapel, the woman, Edna, has just closed the door, and is in the process of locking the heavy iron lock with a large key. She extracts the key and puts it into her pocket.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben turns back to Drayton to find that his manner has changed somewhat. He grabs him quickly by the throat of his robes.

BEN

What do you want? I'll give you money and keep my mouth shut. All I want is my boy.

DRAYTON

And what about your wife? Did she go outside just to get some fresh air.

BEN

Tell me what you want. I'll do anything.

DRAYTON

All right -- you'll see your boy in good time.

With a sudden twist, he wrenches himself away from Ben. He reaches for a button on the altar, presses it. Instantly the door by the side of the altar opens and two rather strong men appear. Ben turns alertly to face them, backing of a little.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

One of the men is obviously the chauffeur type, and the other one, a handyman type in his shirtsleeves. Ben takes this in, and notices the open door behind them. Ben maneuvers himself toward the pulpit, and suddenly dashes for the steps.

He surprises them with his speed, and before anyone can stop him, he is in the pulpit. He grabs the microphone previously used by Drayton in his sermon. He yells into it.

BEN

Hank! Hank McKenna! Hank! Where are you? Hank! Hank!

As the sound roars through the chapel the two men dash for the pulpit, and at that moment we hear, faintly off, the voice of Hank:

HANK

Daddy! Daddy, I'm here! Dad -

His voice is choked off. Ben jumps down from the pulpit in an effort to make for the open door, but the two men throw themselves on top of him.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo speaks into the phone with great urgency.

JO

...And Ben is in there now, watching the both of them!

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICE - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Woburn, assistant to Buchanan, is listening intently on the phone. The office behind him is not handsomely appointed. Jo's voice is heard on filter.

JO

He sent me out to call you -- so we could do something before they get away.

WOBURN

I see, Mrs. McKenna -- and you believe your son is somewhere in the chapel?

JO

I don't know, I don't know where he is...but at least these people will know -- the Draytons. If you'd only send somebody to get them.

WOBURN

I'm afraid it isn't quite as easy as all that.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo interrupts him, impatient with his caution.

JO

Mr. Woburn, there isn't any time! My husband is sitting in that chapel waiting for me to bring some help. Can't I talk with Mr. Buchanan? He said when we needed him, to call.

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Woburn is concerned.

WOBURN

I'm awfully sorry, but I simply can't get hold of him just now. He's gone to a rather important diplomatic affair -- at the Albert Hall.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo is tired of his talk. She wants action.

JO

Well call him there, please! Call him!

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

As he talks, Woburn reaches for a pad and a pencil, and begins making some notes.

WOBURN

He's on his way. I don't know quite --

JO

(Filter)

Then can't you do anything -- right away -- before we lose the Draytons?

WOBURN

I assure you, I'll do all I can as soon as I can.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

Jo is at the frantic point.

JO

We don't have days to do this. It's a matter of minutes. Can't you send the police. Or do I have to go to the Albert Hall myself.

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICE - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Woburn finishes making his notes. He reaches for another phone with his left hand, and dials a number as he talks to Jo.

WOBURN

(Efficiently)

That won't be necessary. I'll see that the chapel is put under immediate observation. By the time you get back a police car should be there. Please return to your husband, tell him to come straight out of the chapel, and let the police take over.

He turns to the other phone.

WOBURN

Woburn, Special Branch, hold on.

(To the other phone)

I must ring off now, Mrs. McKenna. Please believe me, I'll have everything laid on.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

With a feeling of frustration, Jo hangs up the phone as Woburn clicks off on the other end. She exits to the phone booth.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

The back door of the chapel opens and Drayton, Hank and Mrs. Drayton emerge. Drayton locks chapel door and crosses to a waiting car. They all get in and the car moves off.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Jo hurries up the street towards Ambrose Chapel.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Jo turns the corner heading for the chapel. She looks.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The doors of the chapel are closed. It seems strangely deserted.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

Jo hurries across the street, and up the steps to the Chapel. She tries the door.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The door locked. She tries it again. It does not give. She bangs her on the door. No one answers. Jo's face is puzzled and a frightened.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Jo to the right side of the Chapel. She looks down the length of it. No sign of anyone.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Jo to the right side of the Chapel. There is no sign of life down the whole side of it.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo returns to the front door, examines it, tries it again. Now there is definite panic in her face. There is the sudden sound of a car pulling up quickly to the curb. She turns.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

A police car has pulled up to the curb. There are four men in it.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Jo from the front of the Chapel down to the police car. Three men are getting out, leaving the driver inside.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Jo comes up to the three men. One of them, in charge, does the talking.

JO

There's nobody there!

PATTERSON

Are you Mrs. McKenna?

JO

Yes, but something's wrong. A few minutes ago the place was full of people, and now there's nobody!

Two of the police move up toward the Chapel. Patterson glances at it.

PATTERSON

Our orders are to keep it under observation until a Scotland Yard car arrives.

JO

My husband's in there. There must have been thirty or forty people... and now...

Patterson looks at her carefully.

PATTERSON

When was this?

JO

It couldn't...it couldn't have been more than five minutes ago!

PATTERSON

(Interrupting)
Let's take a look.

JO

I told Mr. Woburn he had to hurry.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA PANS the two of them up to the Chapel. The other police have gone down the sides for an inspection. Patterson and Jo go to the main door. Patterson tries it.

JO

I tried that. It's locked, Let's force it open.

PATTERSON

I'm sorry, madam, we can't break in.
(Sympathetic)
Requires a search warrant. It's the law, you see.

JO

Couldn't you get one?

PATTERSON

It all takes time. We'll have a look round, shall we? Matthews, you take the other end.

MATTHEWS

All right.

They start around the corner to inspect the sides of the Chapel.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Patterson and Jo peer in the windows. They apparently see nothing.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Another policeman is checking the windows on the other side. Nothing.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The third policeman is checking the alleyway in back of the Chapel. He sees no sign of anything suspicious. Patterson and Jo come around the back and try the back door.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The back door is firmly locked.

MATTHEWS

There's no one there, sir.

PATTERSON

Are you quite certain the place was full of people -- only a few minutes ago?

JO

Of course I'm certain. I was there myself, sitting next to my husband. He sent me out to call Scotland Yard.

He looks at her quizzically.

JO

It's much too complicated to explain.

PATTERSON

We'll just have to sit tight and wait for the car to arrive from the Yard.

He starts for the front of the Chapel, and Jo, unhappily, is forced to follow.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The chapel is deserted inside. In the dim light we can see a form stretched out on the floor. It is Ben. He begins to stir a little as if just beginning to come to after being knocked unconscious.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The policemen are grouped around the patrol car, as Patterson, the sergeant, talks over a radio telephone.

PATTERSON

So far as we can make out, sir, there's no sign of life. I see, very good, Sir.

He hangs up, and gets out of the open car. He turns to one of his men.

PATTERSON

Walden, you'll stay here, till the car arrives from the Yard.

WALDEN

Okay.

PATTERSON

That's all, Matthews.

The other policeman gets into the car, Leaving the door open for the Sergeant.

JO

You're not leaving?

PATTERSON

(Politely)

Orders, madam. Can we give you lift somewhere?

Jo is frustrated, and irritated, but she thinks for a moment and makes a sudden decision.

JO

Yes, I want to go to Albert Hall.

Patterson looks at her with tolerant surprise.

PATTERSON

Afraid the Albert Hall's a bit off our beat. Suppose we drop you at the nearest taxi rank?

Jo looks back at the Chapel briefly.

JO

All right. Let's go.

They get into the car, and the CAMERA PANS it, as it drives away down the long Victoria London street, which now remains deserted.

EXT. EMBASSY - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The exterior rear of a huge residential building such as is to be found in Kensington Palace Gardens or Belgrave Square. The CAMERA PANS DOWN and we see a Humber car driving through the gates at the rear. It pulls up at the Service entrance. A man sitting beside the chauffeur gets out of the car. Inside the car are the Draytons and Hark McKenna. We see the man hurry to the door of the kitchen and enter.

INT. EMBASSY KITCHEN - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

There is a big staff of kitchen help, chefs, maids of middle-age, all preparing food for what is obviously a big party. The man who has entered, calls to them to get their attention.

GUARD

Hello. Hello.

The work falls quiet as they become aware of him.

GUARD

Everybody out into the corridor. Hurry
(He claps his hands)

There is a moment of bewilderment and confusion. The man crosses to someone obviously a butler, and whispers some words to him. The butler turns to the workers and starts herding them toward the corridor through a door in the far corner of the kitchen.

BUTLER

Do what he says. Come on. It will
only be a minute. Come on, all of you --
out.

The man goes to the door.

EXT. EMBASSY - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

He leans out the door and beckons the Draytons and Hank to come in quickly. The three get out of the car and hurry toward the door.

INT. EMBASSY KITCHEN - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

The man moves back into the kitchen, and goes to stand guard at the doorway through which the workers left. The door is closed.

INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The servants are packed together at one side of the corridor. They are talking, grumbling.

WOMAN COOK

This embassy -- there's always something queer going on.

INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR - (DAY) - CLOSE SHOT

While the other servants are grumbling, one is saying nothing. He rather a Shrewd-looking young footman. He strains to listen through closed door. Coming from the kitchen are several sounds. A door opening, the walking of feet, and finally the slam of a door.

ANOTHER VOICE

Bringing people in, in secret...

ANOTHER VOICE

Give me the Swiss Embassy every time, there's neutrality for you!

Then the sound of a car leaving outside. The door to the kitchen opens and the servants, including the young footman enter again.

INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

The young footman, among the first to enter, surveys the kitchen. There is no sign of anyone having passed through.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. LONG SHOT

The street before the chapel is still deserted, and the light of day is beginning to fade. Suddenly the silence is broken by the sound of the bell ringing spasmodically in the chapel belfry. Along the street a few people begin putting their heads out of windows, and the one policeman left in charge is seen hurrying away down the street.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Inside the chapel we can see the cause of the spasmodic bell ringing. Ben is using the rope to climb out of the chapel. He succeeds in reaching high window. He holds on to the window, and looks down.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint. He can see people gathering in the street, looking up at the chapel.

INT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben decides to swing to the opposite window which will be away from the street. He swings, grabs, and with some difficulty manages a foothold. He finally climbs out through the window.

EXT. AMBROSE CHAPEL - (DAY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Ben moves cautiously out onto the roof of the chapel. Beyond and below him we can see people on the street. He manages to lay low and crawl over the roof, the CAMERA PANNING him. We can now see beyond and below the patrolman returning with two regular uniformed policemen. They are crossing toward the chapel looking up, as we:

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALBERT HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Shooting through the Albert Memorial as a foreground piece we see the activities of the arrivals at a big concert. Through the archway large limousines are pulling up, while on the sidewalk level with the main road odd taxis are pulling in. We see the usual line of posters which run along the edge of the sidewalk.

EXT. ALBERT HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The screen is filled with a large poster. It announces for that evening the commemorative concert. Further details on the poster indicate that a Cantata will be sung featuring the London Symphony Orchestra, The Royal Choral Society, and a name woman as featured mezzo soprano, and Conductor Bernard Herrmann. Between the CAMERA and the Poster a taxi pulls up. It is near enough to the CAMERA so that just the driver and the door fills the screen, Jo McKenna steps out the far side and pays off the driver with a Ten Shilling Note. She hurries away. The driver endeavors to call after her as he turns the note around in his hand. He looks at it with satisfaction, and stuffs it into the inner recesses of his clothes.

EXT. ALBERT HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Jo threading her way across the narrow inner roadway into which large limousines are creeping and depositing indifferently dressed aristocrats.

EXT. ALBERT HALL - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Jo finds herself going up the few steps the front door surrounded by a mixture of tattily-dressed, tiaraed English duchesses, and the more elegantly dressed members of the Corps Diplomatique men in white tie, tails and orders, and their more fashionably dressed South American beauties.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

Shooting down from the stone-stepped, cast-iron railinged staircase we see the milling people going off in different directions to their seats. There is a hubbub of voices through which we can hear the programme sellers crying out their wares.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jo patiently awaits her turns as two or three people, perhaps a couple of Chelsea 'long-hairs', and one other people, who obviously have not reserved ahead of time because they had no money, take their turns at the window. A uniformed attendant, standing beside this queue, is repeating information for the benefit of the queue.

UNIFORMED ATTENDANT

Seats at a guinea. Starting Room three and six --

Jo moves out of the queue and addresses him.

JO

(Rather urgently)

I would like to see the manager, please.

UNIFORMED ATTENDANT

I'm sorry, madam, The manager's on duty in the lobby. So's his assistant.

JO

Please, I must speak to one of them. Which are they?

UNIFORMED ATTENDANT

(Vaguely)

Over there somewhere...

He resumes his chant.

Jo turns away disconsolately and starts Jo seek these men out for herself. The CAMERA PANS her over and she finds herself blocked off by a crowd of four or five feet deep.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - CLOSE UP

Jo, standing on her toes endeavoring to look beyond the block of people. Suddenly her face changes as she sees:

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

Shooting over the head of crowd she sees the arrival of an important personage. He is accompanied by others who are apparently attendants upon him. A couple of the individuals behind him are wearing large order sashes underneath their white waistcoats. The principal figure of this group is an oldish an around sixty. He is in white tie and tails, and also wearing a number of foreign orders. About third is line behind him comes 'Buchanan'.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - CLOSE UP

Jo immediately recognizes him.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - MED. SHOT

From her viewpoint we see the men she has been seeking, possibly the manager of the Albert Hall, his assistant cow-towing behind him, and alongside of the manager someone dressed like he might be 'Sir Kenneth Clarke', the head of the Arts Council, The new-arrival is greeted. There is an exchange of courtesies, after which they are led on toward the beginning of the staircase. As 'Buchanan' comes nearer.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE UP

Jo tries to push her way through towards him. The people around her resent her efforts. Behind Jo are two girls in their early twenties. Both are Chelsea types.

1ST GIRL

(Bored)

Is that the Prime Minister?

2ND GIRL

(Enthuses)

No, that's only the Ambassador. The Prime Minister's the one with the bald head.

1ST GIRL

Well, I'll guarantee he's got a better seat than we have.

The CAMERA PANS Jo as she does manage to get forward a little, but she is caught up in the Sudden break-up of the people who have lined up to see arrival. By the time she is in the clear the CAMERA PANS her further and over her shoulder we see the last of 'Buchanan' and the rest up the staircase, followed by other members of the audience going up in the same direction.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - CLOSE UP

We see Jo's frustration filling her face. She begins to turn her head. She looks down with indecision.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE UP

In the foreground are passing people hurrying towards their seats. There, taking a step forward and staring in Jo's direction, is Rien, the Assassin. His face shows considerable alarm at what he sees.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - MEDIUM. SHOT

From his viewpoint Jo is half-turned in his direction. Her head is still down. Slowly she looks up. Her mouth half-opens when she sees the man she once saw in the corridor of the hotel at Marrakesh.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE UP

Rien, with a quick thought, hurries over to her.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE UP

The two are in SEMI-CLOSEUP. He says to her quietly:

RIEN

You have a very nice little boy, madame.

He turns to go. Jo clutches him and almost cries out.

JO

Where is he? Where is he?

Rien does not reply. The CAMERA PANS him away. We see him join a woman escort and make their way for the staircase.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE UP

The CAMERA PULLS BACK and we now see that the crowd in the lobby is thinning out. Jo stands alone, jostled by a stream of late arrivals. From the hall itself we can hear the SOUND of the orchestra tuning up, followed by a burst of applause, with a few shouts which obviously herald the arrival of the visiting dignitary in his box.

INT. LOBBY - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSE UP

Jo stares toward the opening into the hall. She seems drawn to go in. She crosses and the CAMERA FOLLOWS her to the first entrance to the outer corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jo stands for a moment and then slowly crosses the corridor to the main entrance where the ticket collector and a programme girl stand. As she approaches the opening, the ticket collector steps forward.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Your ticket, madam?

Jo shakes her heads.

JO

If you don't mind, I'm just looking for someone.

She takes a step or two forward as some new arrivals take up the attention of the ticket collector. The programme girl escorts them out of the scene.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jo stares at the vast hall in front of her.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint she sees the complete hall, the orchestra and choir assembled, and a round of applause is heard as the conductor is seen threading his way toward the instruments and mounts the podium.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jo steals a glance toward the box which first catches her eye.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint she sees the flag-draped box of the foreign visitor. It is full of his entourage and seat slightly to the left of him in the second row 'Buchanan' is sitting. Nearer to her and in front of 'Buchanan' on one side of the dignitary is a be-medalled, blue-sashed individual who might be an Ambassador.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jo turns her head away and looks at the other side.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA roves among the boxes. Suddenly it stops on one as the Assassin takes his seat with his woman escort like any ordinary couple. They are quite casual in their behavior.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jo becomes transfixed. A sudden silence returns her attention to the orchestra.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint we see the full orchestra, the conductor with raised baton.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The Women's choir raise their sheets of music in unison.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - FULL LONG SHOT

From a point high above we see the whole hall, the audience, and the orchestra. The cantata starts with a roll on the timpani and a burst of music.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - LONG SHOT

A nearer view of the orchestra.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A whole sweep of the orchestra with the choir predominant.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A skimming shot over the top of the orchestra with the strings in the foreground predominant. The SOUND of these instruments seems to dominate the other music due to their proximity to the CAMERA.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The cellos -- again their sound dominates the scene.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

The woodwinds -- the same sound effect.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Now the brass. Their notes drown out the rest of the orchestra.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Now the double brass. As each of these shots follow in succession, we get more intimate with each group of instruments and finally:

INT. HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

To the timpani where we just hear the kettle drums booming away.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

At last one individual, who is seated with legs crossed and arms folded, on a chair, and beside him on another chair, the cymbals.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

The inert cymbals resting on their chair.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

Rien in his box is glancing toward the orchestra. He looks down beside him and slowly picks something up from a chair.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jo stares up and catches her breath.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - MEDIUM SHOT

From her viewpoint we see Rien is raising a pair of small black leather opera glasses which he puts to his eyes and studies his target.

INT. HALL - (DAY) - CLOSEUP

Jo turns slowly and looks up at the dignitary's box. He is turning to the man beside him, whom we shall later know as the Ambassador, and indicates with gestures how much he is enjoying the concert. He looks back over his shoulder and gives the same gestures and comments to 'Buchanan'. Then, turning forward, he settles back comfortably in his seat to enjoy the music.

INT. LOBBY - (DUSK) - LONG SHOT

Through the doors we see a taxi pulling away and presently a glass door opens and a dishevelled Ben comes into the lobby. He comes up to the CAMERA and looks about him.

INT. LOBBY - (DUSK) - MEDIUM SHOT

From his viewpoint the lobby appears empty except perhaps for a solitary uniformed policeman.

INT. LOBBY - (DUSK) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Ben look the other way and upstairs.

INT. LOBBY - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint the other direction -- just emptiness.

INT. LOBBY - (DUSK) - CLOSEUP

We see Ben's bewilderment as to what to do and where to go. We PAN him up to the first corridor entrance that leads to the main circular corridor. Ben enters. His face lights up.

INT. CORRIDOR - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we see through the opening the ticket collector and the program girl standing at the opening leading down the main aisle. On the right, standing with her back to him, is Jo.

INT. HALL - (DUSK) - MEDIUM SHOT

The CAMERA PANS Ben as he hurries forward. He touches Jo lightly on the shoulder. She turns, startled, and manages to suppress an exclamation on seeing him. We do not hear what they are saying but by their pantomime we see that Jo is telling Ben all about the impending shooting. Ben argues with her. He indicates he will tell Buchanan. She frantically restrains him but he shakes her off and dashes away.

INT. LOBBY - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Ben ascending the stairs originally taken by the dignitary and his group.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Ben comes into the corridor and looks about him. Beyond him we see a group of men obviously detectives, and ahead of them a police constable. We see Ben hurry in his direction.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Ben comes up to the constable and is about to pass him when he is stopped. We again do not hear the dialogue, but the pantomime shows that Ben is trying to get to Buchanan. The constable doesn't quite know what to make of Ben's dramatic plea. He indicates that he must talk to his superior. Ben waits impatiently as the constable goes over to one of the Inspectors who is standing in a small group a little way off. From his viewpoint we see the constable addressing the Inspector with skeptical nods of his head in Ben's direction.

INT. HALL - (DUSK) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jo, looking over her shoulder and then up to the box of the dignitary. She turns desperately towards the direction of the Assassin's box.

INT. HALL - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Another view of the orchestra, but the duration of it on the screen is much quicker.

INT. HALL - (DUSK) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

A flash of the Violins.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

A flash of the cellos.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

A quick flash of the brass.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A timpani section.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The cymbals still laying on the chair.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The Inspector is turning to Ben, the Constable on one side. Again in pantomime the Inspector questioning the impatient Ben. He leaves Ben and goes over to the men standing outside the door to the box. Ben half-turns away with exasperation toward the CAMERA.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

The conductor in the foreground. We see a quick shot of the orchestra beyond.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The singers.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The timpani.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

We see a different angle the cymbals filling the screen. CAMERA PULLS BACK quickly and the man who is to wield them unfolds his arms and uncrosses his legs. He leans forward to glance at his score.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Ben is still waiting for the Inspector to discuss matters with the plainclothesman. He turns and hurries away, the CAMERA PANNING him.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Jo is almost weeping with the effect of the singing and the emotional stress she is going through.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

In the orchestra, the cymbal player now places one hand on the cymbals on the chair.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

In the box the Assassin places his hand for the first time inside his coat towards his holster. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the woman sitting with him, seeing this gesture, rising and backing away into the dark recesses of the box.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

Ben is now quickly listening into the section behind the boxes, one of which is occupied by the Assassin.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Ben looks along the corridor.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From his viewpoint we see rows of boxes.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Ben is a little nonplussed. He approaches one.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The plainclothesmen and two uniformed policemen are now coming toward CAMERA looking for the departed Ben.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Back in the orchestra the conductor is wielding his baton vigorously. He swings over a sheet of music.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The choir turns over their music.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The cymbal player turns over his music. He looks at the music in front of him and for the first time picks up the cymbals.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

A closer view of Ben shows him trying another door cautiously and surreptitiously. He looks in and then softly closes the door. He moves further along and tries another door with the same cautious movement.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The Assassin now has his gun out in the darkness of the rear of the box.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The cymbal player watching his music, his cymbals held.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

From his viewpoint with the cymbals tipping the bottom of the screen, we see all his music. It is blank. The CAMERA SWIFTLY MOVES IN to the bottom of the right-hand page showing the one note he is to strike.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Jo becoming more anxious and desperate. She looks up towards the Assassin's box with horror as she sees:

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The Assassin's figure moving forward and the tip of the gun for the first time.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The conductor looks up towards the cymbal player.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The player raises the cymbals.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

A close view of the poised gun in the Assassin's box.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Ben trying one more box door. He again closes it and moves to one more.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The dignitary's pleased and smiling face.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The gun poised. It fills the screen.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The cymbals are held in the foreground and through them we can see the orchestra and the conductor beyond. The conductor looks up from his score and points deliberately to the cymbal player.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The cymbals clash together.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Jo leaping forward with a scream.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The dignitary is clutching his arm and slumping forward. We gain an impression of those around leaping to their feet.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The people around Jo, startled as they rise in their seats and turn back to her.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Ben dashes to a final door and swinging it open finds himself face-to-face with the Assassin. The latter's hand goes for his holster. He pulls out his gun. Ben lunges forward with a blow.

INT. ASSASSIN'S BOX - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

The Assassin staggers back and we hear the clatter of the gun as it falls to the floor.

He immediately turns towards the CAMERA looking for a means of escape. He leaps to the edge of the box to go over into the next one. He slips.

INT. ASSASSIN'S BOX - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see the Assassin fall with a crash into the aisle below him as Ben dashes forward in the box.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The soprano singers in the middle of their note quickly change it to a unified scream.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The music trails off as the orchestra rises to its feet at the startling occurrence.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

The hall is in an uproar.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The people around the dignitary in his box are backing up to give him air. Someone is examining his wound. He see by his movements and a shake of his head that he is not dead.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Jo is still standing looking up.

INT. HALL - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From her viewpoint she sees Ben leaning over the box in horror looking down at the dead Assassin below. The door opens and the uniformed and plainclothes police dash into The box.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - LONG SHOT

There is utter confusion in the lobby, police dashing upstairs on either side.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

We see Ben hurrying down the stairs. Jo rushes into the lobby and, seeing Ben, dashes towards him.

A few of the people around the lobby begin to look at Jo and Ben. We see the Assistant Manager hurry over to them. They are in a group of three, and although we do not actually hear what he says, due to the hubbub, he is obviously questioning Ben and being solicitous to Jo.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

We go close just in time to catch the tail-end of the conversation. Ben is just saying:

BEN

Then he didn't kill him?

ASSISTANT MANAGER

Your wife saved him -- it is only a small flesh wound...Oh here he is now...you must come and meet him...don't be nervous...I'll get the aide to present you...it will be all right

(To Woburn)

Would you present the lady to the prime minister?

Suddenly their attention is drawn to something off-screen up the stairs. The hubbub increases.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From their viewpoint we see the Prime Minister, obviously not wounded sufficiently to incapacitate, being escorted down the stairs by his Aide and other members of the staff, including Woburn of the Special Branch. The Prime Minister is indicating his arm and obviously by the way he waves his hands, is deprecating their concern about his wound. In fact he is rather over-doing it. Just beyond them at the top of the stairs we see 'Buchanan' standing with the Ambassador.

INT. LOBBY STAIRS - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

'Buchanan' is reassuring the Ambassador.

BUCHANAN

I'll report to you fully at the Embassy, Your Excellency. In the meantime...

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The manager is leading Ben and Jo across to the foot of the stairs. They are reluctant but he insists. As the CAMERA PANS them over they meet the group at the bottom at the stairs. The manager calls out to Mr. Woburn and indicates Ben and Jo.

INT. LOBBY STAIRS - (NIGHT) - CLOSEUP

Woburn is a little non-plussed. He leans over to one of the Prime Minister's Aides. The latter's face lights up. He leans over and whispers something to the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister is all smiles.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Woburn steps down and introduces Ben and Jo to the Prime Minister's Aide.

WOBURN

Mr. Prime Minister, this is the lady who --

The Prime Minister interrupts enthusiastically.

PRIME MINISTER

My dear lady, I shall be for ever in your debt.

WOBURN

And this is her husband --

The Prime Minister interrupts again, less enthusiastically.

PRIME MINISTER

A pleasure, my dear sir...

(He turns to Jo)

I trust you will permit me to wait upon you tomorrow and to express the depth of my gratitude.

JO

(Weakly)

It wasn't -- it wasn't --

PRIME MINISTER

(Gallantly)

Oh but it was, my dear lady.

There is an awkward pause. The Prime Minister collects himself and turns to move on out of the hall, the police making a passageway for him through the crowd. We see the Ambassador hurrying into the picture and moving across the screen quickly to follow the Prime Minister.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

Ben and Jo stand for a moment not knowing what to do or where to go next. Woburn standing with Ben and Jo. They look up and see Buchanan.

WOBURN

I think Mr. Buchanan would like to talk to you.

INT. LOBBY - (NIGHT) - SEMI-LONG SHOT

From their viewpoint a grim 'Buchanan' is standing at the top of the stairs.

INT. LOBBY STAIRS - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

The CAMERA PANS Ben and Jo up the stairs towards 'Buchanan'. They increase their pace towards him.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) - SEMI-CLOSEUP

When they reach him they have only one thought in their minds to ask him.

JO

(Wildly)

Where's our boy? Where's Hank?

BUCHANAN

(quietly)

We can talk if you'll come in here.

The CAMERA PANS the three across the top landing and to the doors of the 'Green Room' There are various police standing about and some of Special Branch men can be seen inside the room. 'Buchanan' steps aside too allow Jo to enter. Then he and Ben follow her in. The door closes behind them.

INT. GREEN ROOM - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The three of them enter the 'Green Room', generally used by the principal Artistes appearing at Royal Albert Hall. Buchanan nods to two Special Branch men who are standing about in case they are needed. The room is informal containing arm chairs, a sofa and a number of small tables. Jo sits down wearily into the nearest chair. Ben remains standing, Buchanan takes a seat in a chair near a telephone, he looks up at Ben as if he expects him to say something. Ben responds to the look.

BUCHANAN

(Coldly)

So you both know the time and place all along.

BEN

(Roughly)

Don't be a fool.

BUCHANAN

An odd coincidence -- both of you turning up here.

BEN

(Coldly)

Too bad you didn't contact your assistant. He sent us both here.

BUCHANAN

(Quickly)

I beg your pardon.

BEN

You see, we finally needed that help you offered. We still need it.

JO

(Urgently)

Yes, Mr. Buchanan. We still need it.

The door opens and another member of the Special Branch enters.

DETECTIVE

Sir?

Buchanan nods to him to speak.

DETECTIVE

We've questioned the woman. Said she bought a ticket that happened to place her in the same box with the man that did the shooting. Doesn't know anything -- but if she does, she's not talking.

BUCHANAN

I'll see her later.

DETECTIVE

Very good, sir.

The Detective exits as Ben sits down dejectedly in a chair.

BUCHANAN

(Gently)

Please tell me everything, now. Everything.

(go turns to Jo)

There's still plenty of room for hope, Mrs. McKenna...

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MED. SHOT

A high CAMERA shows us a large hallway and ornate ballroom.

As yet the room is about quarter filled and various guests of the Diplomatic Corps and others are gradually adding to the group. The CAMERA DOLLIES DOWN over them until it reaches slightly open doorway. Peering cautiously through we see the face of Drayton.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

On the other side of the doorway is Drayton and his wife. She is pacing nervously behind him. A footman comes up to them and announces:

FOOTMAN

His Excellency will see you now.

Drayton motions to his wife and the CAMERA PANS them after the footman across a small hallway. He is the very same footman we saw among the group of servants who were herded out of the kitchen. He opens a door in front of the Draytons -- they enter.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Standing in front of a fireplace, above which is an oil painting of the Prime Minister, is the Ambassador whom we saw at the Albert Hall. He is on the telephone.

AMBASSADOR

Yes...yes...I see. Well if the woman won't talk, she won't talk and that's that, I suppose. All right.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Drayton closes the door behind the two as Drayton advances towards the Ambassador with an easy manner, the CAMERA PANNING him.

DRAYTON

(Easily)

Excuse me sir, I have a lot to explain to you -- something very unusual has happened. I must also have the money to pay our French marksman.

AMBASSADOR

(Almost casually)

Wouldn't it be superfluous, considering that he's dead?

Drayton and his wife stare mutely at the Ambassador. They are staggered at this news.

AMBASSADOR

His aim wasn't quite as good as you led me to expect. The target merely received a slight flesh wound in the arm. Worse than useless.

Drayton still stares, petrified, at the Ambassador.

AMBASSADOR

Then your French friend panicked, and made a fatal crash -- landing on the floor of the Albert Hall.

DRAYTON

(Blustering weakly)

I don't see how you can hold me responsible. He was most warmly recommended by our people in Marrakesh...

The Ambassador now begins to get really nasty.

AMBASSADOR

I'm glad you're able to treat the matter so lightly. I am holding a reception here this evening. In a few minutes, I have to welcome our Prime Minister as my guest of honor -- when I hope and expected that he would be totally unable to attend. That amuses you, no doubt?

DRAYTON

(Feebly)

I don't know what to say ...

AMBASSADOR

(Brutally)

No. But I do. You've muddled everything from the start. Kidnapping that child in Marrakesh...Don't you realize that Americans dislike having their children kidnapped?

DRAYTON

(Trying to keep his
end up)

How else could I make sure the American would hold his tongue?

AMBASSADOR

(Ignoring this)

And then, to crown it all, you get cold feet and come running along here to hide -- and bring the child with you: Don't you see what you've done to the diplomatic status of this Embassy?

DRAYTON

(Weakly)

I didn't think...I only thought...

AMBASSADOR

(Staccato)

How are you going to get the child out of here, eh? Eh? Eh? Eh?

DRAYTON

(Struggling for self-confidence)

There's no difficulty about that, surely? The car --

AMBASSADOR

(Interrupting)

With plain-clothes detectives planted right round this building?

(Wryly)

You English intellectuals will be the death of us all.

DRAYTON

(Desperate)

I'll think of some method. Just give me time....

AMBASSADOR

(He snorts
Contemptuously)

Time!

The Ambassador paces a moment, suppressing his rage, and then he stops and looks at Drayton as if thinking about something.

AMBASSADOR

I want the child removed from this Embassy, and removed in such a way that he won't be able to say any more where he has been tonight.

MRS. DRAYTON

Oh, no!

The Ambassador pauses and looks up at her in such a manner that she almost shrinks. She tries to say something, but no words come out of her half-open mouth. Drayton, however, answers the Ambassador with horrible servility.

DRAYTON

Right, I'll see to it..

Lucy Drayton looks at her husband with loathing. There is a polite tap on the door. The Ambassador looks up.

AMBASSADOR

Come in.

The door opens and a butler enters.

BUTLER

Your Excellency, the Princess should be arriving at any moment.

The Ambassador braces himself, his chest swells out a little, he assumes a set smile and strides from the room. Just at this moment we hear a String Orchestra in the distance strike up some gay waltz music. The Ambassador goes out of the door. Mrs. Drayton is looking down at the floor.

INT. GREEN ROOM - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Ben is talking. Buchanan is listening carefully.

BEN

...recognized him, and he recognized me. So he jumped for it. And that is all.

BUCHANAN

(Slowly)

Trying to liquidate one of their own big-shots. I wish they'd stick to their usual custom, and do it in their own country...

At this moment the phone rings. Woburn, who is now replacing the two Special Branch men in the room, picks up the telephone.

WOBURN

Hello.

(He listens for a moment)

Hold on.

He turns the telephone over to Buchanan.

BUCHANAN

(To phone)

Buchanan speaking.

Buchanan listens for a while, his face changing as he listens with increased interest.

BUCHANAN

Right. Bye.

Buchanan hangs up, turns to Woburn, but half speaks in the direction of the McKenna's.

BUCHANAN

The Draytons are at the Embassy.

JO

How do you know?

BUCHANAN

We have ways of finding out -- from the inside.

Ben almost shouts as he gets up from his chair.

BEN

If the Draytons are at the Embassy, Hank has to be there too!

Buchanan turns his attention back to Ben.

BUCHANAN

(Grimly)

You're probably right. But we can do nothing.

BEN

Why can't you?

BUCHANAN

Every Embassy in a foreign country has extra-territorial rights.

BEN

What does that mean in common language?

BUCHANAN

As far as we're concerned, this Embassy stands on foreign soil.

BEN

Does that mean they can steal children and get away with it?

BUCHANAN

We could have the Foreign Office serve a writ on the Ambassador.

He breaks off and speaks apologetically as If it were I parenthesis.

BUCHANAN

...You know, I'm not responsible for the complications of International Law...

He resumes:

BUCHANAN

...If only we had positive proof that the boy really is in there.

As they are talking Ben is thinking hard, obviously hatching some scheme in his mind.

BEN

What's the telephone number of this Embassy.

Both of the men looking at Ben a moment without answering and then Woburn speaks first.

WONBURN

Grosvenor 0144.

JO

What are you thinking about, Ben?

Without answering Jo, Ben picks up the 'phone.

BEN

Grosvenor 0144.

Ben looks at the group briefly. Buchanan looks at Ben with keen curiosity.

BEN

I'm going to speak to the Minister himself.

Buchanan looks intrigued and surprised. We hear the answering click on the other end of the phone.

BEN

May I speak to the Prime Minister, please?

There is a pause and the distorted sound of a voice mumbling on the other end of the phone. Ben interrupts the question.

BEN

Tell him the lady who saved his life wants to speak to him. Its important.

The voice on the other end of the phone mumbles briefly, and there is silent. Ben has a satisfied look on his face, as he hands the receiver to Jo. She seems frightened.

JO

What am I supposed to say, Ben? I don't know --

(She trails off)

Ben, half looking at Woburn and Buchanan, gives her instructions.

BFN

He said he wanted to visit us soon so he could thank you.

(MORE)

BFN (CONT'D)

Well, tell him we'd like to see him tonight, at the Embassy, because we have to leave London tomorrow.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

In the Ambassador's study underneath the oil painting of himself, the Prime Minister is escorted to a telephone by the butler who hands him the instrument. Having been told who was on the other end of the line he is all smiles as he greets Jo.

PRIME MINISTER

My dear lady...This is a charming surprise...

He listens to the other end of the phone, agreeably making sounds such as "ah ha" "ah" "hum", then he speaks, with a gracious sweep of his hand and a half bow to the telephone.

PRIME MINISTER

Delighted, delighted, delighted. The Ambassador, too, will be delighted. Any friends of mine are friends of his. We will drink a little toast to your country and to mine. Peacefully we will co-exist...Yes?

He looks up to admire the painting of himself on the wall.

INT. GREEN ROOM - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Jo hangs up the phone, a little surprised and still considerably nervous.

JO

(To Ben)

He said -- all right.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM LONG SHOT

A taxi pulls up in the front of the large, old-fashioned Embassy. The windows are brightly lighted, evidence of a social occasion. Ben and Jo get out of the taxi.

EXT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben pays the driver, takes Jo's arm, and they start up the steps of the Embassy. The CAMERA PANS them.

EXT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben presses the doorbell. His grip on Jo's's arm slides down to her hand. He holds it tightly.

The door opens, and a liveried man ushers them in with gesture.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

They enter a large hallway. The liveried man closes the door. Standing in a nearby doorway is a group of people listening to the music of a string quartet playing in the room beyond. Included in the group is the Personal Aide of the Prime Minister. He sees Jo and Ben enter, hurries over to them, smiling and eager. The piece that the string quartet is playing ends amid a round of polite applause. There are people rising from their chairs and a general movement out into the hallway.

AIDE

Good even. Would you come this way, please? The Prime Minister is waiting for you.

Following the Aide, Ben and Jo squeeze through the crowded doorway.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The Aide leads Ben and Jo through the main room, the CAMERA DOLLIES them. As they move through the room people begin to notice them, first of all because they are not dressed for the occasion -- but then the looks seem to be admiring ones, and there is a smattering of applause at their passage. Apparently people recognize them. The Aide takes them to the Prime Minister, who is just getting up from his seat of honor in the first row.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The Prime Minister recognizes them immediately, and comes forward quickly to meet them.

PRIME MINISTER

(Effusively)

Good evening, good evening!

The Ambassador is behind the Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister turns to him with enthusiasm.

PRIME MINISTER

This is the charming lady who saved my life at the Concert!

The Ambassador comes forward quickly, all smiles.

AMBASSADOR

(Suavely)

Madame, you saved the life of the one man, who is irreplaceable in our Country.

PRIME MINISTER

(Suddenly to Jo)

They tell me you are the famous Jo Conway, Madame?

JO

Yes. I'm Jo Conway.

PRIME MINISTER

(To Ben)

Do you think perhaps Madame might be persuaded to sing?

BEN

(interrupting)

I'm sure she would be glad to... wouldn't you dear?

JO

Well, I don't know. It's been some time...

PRIME MINISTER

I beg you, Madame. A tranquil coda to conclude a dramatic evening!

JO

All right. I'm very flattered.

AMBASSADOR

(To butler)

Stanis would you put up some chairs quickly.

(To guests)

Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight...Jo Conway...the famous Jo Conway...she has graciously consented to sing for us ..

(To his wife)

Darling would you see that the Prime Minister has a very good seat.

They move off to seats -- Jo is led to piano by Ambassador. Aide crosses to Ben.

AIDE

Would you like to sit down, sir?

BEN

No...I'll just stand over here.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Discreetly, Ben moves away from the group, and over toward a side wall, the CAMERA PANNING HIM. All eyes are on Jo.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Jo adjusts herself at the piano. Her face seems serious. She looks up briefly with her eyes to check where Ben is.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The people in the hallway, realizing there is to be more entertainment, move toward the main room.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A tries out the keys of the Piano.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

People are finding their seats. There is coughing, shuffling of feet, and then a gradual hush.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben watches Jo, and at the same time seems to be looking around the room, particularly toward the various exits.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Having strummed a few notes, Jo settles down and plays the introduction to her song. We see the great tenseness on her face, interposed with Professional smiles, which she bestows on those nearest her, but always the tenseness returns. As she sings, her voice seem to be rather overpowering. It fills the whole room with quite a volume. It almost seems out of place that she has become so professional in such an intimate drawing room setting.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - FULL SHOT

Everyone in the ballroom is listening intently, and with surprise, at her singing.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The hallway, showing people crowded at the door, listening.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The first landing on the flight of stairs above the hallway. No one is around. Jo's voice loses some of its volume.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

A higher stairway landing.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A second floor corridor, deserted. Jo's voice fading.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A door at the end of the corridor. We now hear the song floating up clearly, but much diminished.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

In a room on the other side of the door, Hank McKenna is listening to the music. Hank seems a little puzzled. Then, his face lights up and he jumps suddenly to his feet. He runs towards the door and begins trying to open it.

HANK

That's my Mother's voice! That's my
Mother singing!

Mrs. Drayton is quite startled by Hank's performance.

MRS. DRAYTON

Hank -- are you sure? Are you really
sure?

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Hank turns around at the doorway, to look at Mrs. Drayton.

HANK

That's her! I know it!

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Mrs Drayton's face, still awed by what she has heard.

MRS. DRAYTON

What is she doing here?

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Hank, a little mystified, has no answer. He walks slowly back into the room, towards Mrs. Drayton, listening and thinking about what he hears.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Drayton's face shows a new and dangerous thought coming into it. She looks down at Hank.

MRS. DRAYTON

Hank? -- can you whistle that song?

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

He looks at her and nods abstractedly.

HANK

I guess so.

She kneels down quickly to him.

MRS DRAYTON

Then go on -- whistle it. Whistle it as loud as you can.

On Hank's face comes a little understanding. He can barely believe what she means. Then he understands. He turns, and deliberately facing the door, starts to whistle the song. He whistles loud and vigorously. Mrs. Drayton stands up and moves back to a chair, as she watches him.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Down in the ballroom, Jo is looking up anxiously as she sings. She deliberately breaks and pauses for a moment and softens her accompaniment. Then she hears it -- a faint whistle coming from above, not enough for those around to appreciate it, but loud enough for the straining ears of Jo. She looks across the ballroom to find Ben, and her eyes go up.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Watching her, Ben understands. He gives her the slightest sign of agreement.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Jo continues her song with almost excitement in her singing voice. The CAMERA passes around her as it follows Ben as he walks along the wall slowly.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben makes his way along the wall toward the far doorway, which leads to the grand staircase. Everyone is so intent on listening to Jo, that his movement attracts no attention.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

At the bottom of the service stairs in the back of the Embassy, Drayton is standing with two men who came with him in the car. One of them holds a short length of rope in his hand.

DRAYTON

You two wait in the mail room. I'll bring him down.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben mounts two stairs leading up to the grand staircase. He looks about him cautiously.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

At the service stairs, Drayton goes up two stairs and turns back to the men. He looks at his watch.

DRAYTON

I won't be a minute.

He starts to move up one step.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Up in the room, Hank is bent in a chair, sobbing, Mrs. Drayton is kneeling by him, trying to reassure him. She stops suddenly as she hears footsteps in the distance. She rises to her feet, and as the footsteps grow and grow, she looks at the boy desperately. She goes to the door, hears the steps coming nearer and nearer. She looks across at the window.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The barred window.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

She looks down at Hank almost protectively, as the footsteps get still nearer. She goes to Hank, kneels down again and clutches the boy to her as the footsteps stop outside the door. She looks at the door, with horror.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

The door handle turns quietly, but firmly.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Mrs. Drayton lets out a piercing scream. Hank's head jerks up. The door is heard bursting open.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Ben stands in the doorway. He instantly rushes toward Hank, the CAMERA PANNING him. Hank leaps to his feet, and the two of them come together. No clear words are spoken, Just muffled sounds of words as they hug each other. Then they release each other, and turn to look at Mrs. Drayton. She is standing, staring at the door with horror. Ben turns quickly to look.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Framed in the doorway is Drayton. Deftly he reaches into his pocket and produces a small automatic.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

For a moment the group stands there in silence. Then Ben speaks.

BEN

I don't think you want to start any shooting, Drayton -- with all those people downstairs, and police outside.

Drayton looks at him without saying anything, but the gun doesn't lower.

Mrs. Drayton addresses her husband fiercely.

MRS. DRAYTON

You've got to let the boy go!

DRAYTON

Precisely my own notion, my dear.

He moves forward on the group, gun poised. Hank clutches his father in fright, and Ben tenses himself, prepared for battle if necessary. Mrs. Drayton stares at her husband with some defiance. Drayton addresses Ben amiably.

DRAYTON

I'm sure you'll be sensible, and help me out of here?

BEN

Don't ask me for help, you miserable....

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Drayton seems unperturbed by Ben's refusal. He leans down closer to the boy, and addresses him directly.

DRAYTON

You wouldn't want your father to get hurt, would you?

Hank looks up towards his father. Drayton looks up.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Drayton's intentions are unmistakable. Ben looks down at him with a hatred that is almost ready to explode, but he has sense enough to understand Drayton's meaning. Drayton straightens up, a slight smile on his face. He slips the gun into his pocket, but still holds it.

DRAYTON

We'll go down the stairs together in a casual sort of way. Then we'll stroll along to the nearest taxi rank. I trust there won't be any emotional outbursts...

BEN

(Interrupting)

There won't be. Hank -- don't say or do anything.

Hank just nods. He's too frightened to talk.

DRAYTON

Shall we go?

Ben starts for the door with Hank, and Drayton moves into the other side of Hank. As they go through the door, Mrs. Drayton makes an instinctive step forward, if to attack Drayton from the rear, but the sight of Hank in danger stops her.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The trio, Hank in the center, slowly strolls down the corridor toward the main stairway. The sound of Jo Conway's voice can be heard from below.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

SHOOTING FROM BELOW we see the big staircase empty for a moment, then the three appear at the top.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

A closer view shows the terrified, tear-stained face of Hank, and the tense features of Ben. Drayton seems carefully alert. The CAMERA MOVES DOWNWARD in front of them as they descend. The music coming from the ballroom ceases, as Jo finishes her second song. There is the sound of great applause. The three are about a dozen steps from the bottom, when suddenly Ben shoots out a hard and pushes Drayton forward. Taken by surprise, he stumbles, and falls down the stairs clumsily. Clutching for support with his hands, the gun goes off in his pocket, and he remains in a crumpled heap at the bottom of the stairs.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

The applause having died out, the shot is heard loud, and people pour out of the ballroom into the hallway. They rush for the stairway, and Drayton's body, led by the Ambassador and the Prime Minister.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

As people crowd excitedly around the body, Ben is hurrying Hank away from the scene, the CAMERA PANS them.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Drayton stops half-way down the stairway, and looks down in shock at the sight of her dead husband.

INT. EMBASSY - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

Inside the ballroom, which is emptying due to the rush of people to the corridor, Jo has risen from the piano and is almost afraid to go out and see what has happened. In a moment, Ben and the boy appear in the doorway. Hank rushes across the ballroom to his mother, who moves quickly when she sees him.

HANK

Mummy.

JO

Hank.

They embrace.

QUICK LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLARIDGE'S SUITE - (NIGHT) - MEDIUM SHOT

Inside the McKenna's hotel room, the Parnells and the two woman guests are sprawled out in ungainly attitudes of sleep. Val is snoring pleasantly. The door of the room opens and the three McKennas appear. The sound awakes Val. He peers at them sleepily and struggles to a sitting position. Ben closes the door.

BEN

I'm sorry we were gone so long, Val,
but we had to go and pick up Hank.

Ben's voice awakens the other women. They sit up, and stare with bewilderment at the smiling trio of Ben, Jo and Hank.

FADE OUT

THE END