

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"THE SHORT NIGHT

Revised November 9, 1978

Based on the novel, "The Short Night," by Ronald Kirkbride.

"THE SHORT NIGHT"

AFTER MAIN TITLE HAS CLEARED:

FADE IN:

1

MED. CLOSE SHOT - CHAIRMAN OF BUSINESS MEETING - INT.
 CONFERENCE ROOM - MANHATTAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING
 - DAY

START CLOSE on the portly, florid-faced CHAIRMAN, who is discouraging on insurance industry problems. During his speech, CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK to REVEAL him seated at the head of a rectangular conference table, with a dozen EXECUTIVES seated on both sides of the table, all of them save one listening to him intently, with their heads turned toward him and away from CAMERA. On the left side of the table and almost in f.g., one man is obviously paying no attention to the speaker. In sharp contrast to all the other executives, this man has his head turned away from the chairman, is looking off intently toward Screen Right and out of the wide expanse of window (that may or may not be visible in this shot). He is a rugged, craggy-featured man of about 35, neat but undedicated to sartorial splendour. His name is JOSEPH M. BAILEY, he is a vice president of this company, and it is apparent that whatever he is staring at out of the window has disconcerted him and taken over all his concentration.

CHAIRMAN

(CAMERA PULLS BACK)

...I'm not trying to inoculate you
 with pessimism, gentlemen,
 (off-screen)

...only with realism. I know the
 short-term future of Manhattan Mutual
 is healthy. No doubt about it. But
 the long term is another matter
 entirely, something for all of us to
 be concerned about...

(a quick off-screen
 aside to the inatten-
 tive non-listener)

Are you with me, Joe?

(Bailey doesn't even
 hear him)

I think we're kidding ourselves with
 all this syrup we pour on each other
 about dramatic advances in medical
 science giving our policyholders a
 greater life expectancy...

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

CHAIRMAN (Cont'd o.s.)

The truth is, while technology is sprinting ahead, Manhattan Mutual's actuaries are only jogging in place, and that's got to catch up with us eventually.

During the above Joe rises, walks away from the table (and from the hubbub of CROSSTALK that will be HEARD off-screen), and CAMERA PANS him over to the sideboard to the right of the window where a large coffee urn stands. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER as Joe stares out of the window again, his face in profile, his hands automatically filling the mug with fresh coffee.

CUT TO:

2 JOE'S P.O.V. THROUGH WINDOW

The conference room is situated on one of the first five floors of an office building in the West Forties of Manhattan. What Joe had been staring at previously, and is staring at now, is THE MOVING ELECTRIC SIGN that makes its continuous way with news bulletins around the circumference of the Allied Chemical Building across the avenue. On the cut, we SEE the tail end of the bulletin moving by (before it starts again at its beginning): "ALL EXITS FROM BRITISH ISLES BLOCKED OFF...."

CUT TO:

3 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Continuing to stare out of the window, his jaws clenching with anger, unable to take his eyes off the news bulletin that he has already seen many times now.

CUT TO:

4 JOE'S P.O.V.

The bulletin on the sign has already come around again, and we SEE: "ENGLISH TRAITOR, GAVIN BRAND, WHO SPIED FOR RUSSIANS, ESCAPES LONDON PRISON. ALL EXITS FROM BRITISH ISLES --"

CUT TO:

5 FULL SHOT - JOE

He turns away from the window with grim expression. An

CONTINUED

5

CONTINUED

attractive, fortyish secretary, Marge Lansing, enters the room and goes straight to Joe. She hands him a note. He looks at it.

JOE

Dr. Paul Zelfand, U.S. Public Health Service...never heard of him.

MARGE

He wants you to meet him for a drink at Twenty One, this morning if possible. He said it concerns your brother, Michael, and it is urgent.

JOE

(with bitterness)

My brother is dead. What the hell could be so urgent?

MARGE

(softly)

I know, Mr. Bailey. But that's what he said---urgent.

Joe looks out of the window in the direction of the electric sign. He appears to be thinking, reflecting.

JOE

Twenty One?

MARGE

The upstairs room. I'm to leave word there at the switchboard.

During this there is a murmur of voices from those in the rest of the room.

6

INT. TWENTY ONE CLUB - JUST BEFORE NOON

At START, we SEE a MAITRE D' leading Joe Bailey down the center of the upstairs dining room, which is completely empty, except for one man seated against the wall at the far end. (DURING THE SCENE, WE WILL HEAR BUT NOT SEE THE ROOM SLOWLY FILLING UP OFF SCREEN.) Joe and the Maitre d', moving away from CAMERA, arrive at the table occupied by the solitary man, and we SEE but do not hear the introductions being made, and the solitary man gesturing to Joe to be seated opposite him. As Joe sits down:

CUT TO:

7

CLOSER ANGLE - THE TWO MEN IN PROFILE FACING EACH OTHER ACROSS THE TABLE

DR. PAUL ZELFAND is about 45, with iron gray hair, horn-rimmed glasses and a cherubic countenance. He has almost finished the vodka and tonic before him. A WAITER comes over, addresses Joe:

WAITER

Can I get you something, sir?

JOE

Double J. & B. on the rocks.

WAITER

(to Zelfand)

Another for you, sir?

ZELFAND

(nods)

Just to keep my friend company.

He waits for the waiter to leave, then looks at Joe.

ZELFAND

Thank you for coming, Mr. Bailey, even if you don't seem exactly overjoyed to be here.

JOE

(sourly)

Don't worry, Doctor. My mood invariably improves after a double Scotch, or a little clearing up of a mystery, whichever comes first. Like, who the hell are you, and what's this all about?

ZELFAND

You didn't blow a million-dollar deal this morning, you're too good for that, and your current roommate, a Miss Eugenia Stahl, hasn't walked out on you yet. So may I assume, Mr. Bailey, that the long face indicates you've just found out about Gavin Brand going over the wall?

Joe eyes the man shrewdly.

JOE

You know too much. You're not U.S. Public Health Service.

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED

ZELFAND

(shrugs)

I moonlight a little.

JOE

(shakes his head in
slow wonderment)

You C.I.A. characters are so obvious
I don't know how you fool anyone,
including the Congress of the United
States, much less the K.G.B.

ZELFAND

(unperturbed)

Every now and then we get lucky and
do something right.

JOE

(harshly)

Like convincing my brother that
your kind of games had more sex
appeal than grinding away at a Ph.D.?

ZELFAND

I think you owe him points for a
little love of Country, sir.

JOE

(with quiet anger)

Don't talk down to me, Zelfand.
In my mind, you people seduced
him, you killed him. That's all
I can see.

ZELFAND

(shakes his head)

Gavin Brand. Not us. And not just
your brother. Twenty-four men and
women met nasty accidents after
Brand blew their covers....

JOE

And is that supposed to make Mike's
death less painful to me?

ZELFAND

(quietly)

Of course not.

JOE

Then what are you serving me this
rehash for?

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED - 2

ZELFAND

Because maybe it's time for you to get rid of some of that pain.

JOE

Yeah? How, Doctor? Gonna give me a shot of novocain?

ZELFAND

You're getting close, Mr. Bailey. A tooth for a tooth is what I had in mind. Without novocain.

Joe stares at him for a moment.

JOE

My secretary said something about urgent. Get urgent, will you?

Just then, the waiter arrives with their drinks. Zelfand waits until the waiter leaves, then addresses Joe:

ZELFAND

We haven't a doubt in the world that they engineered Brand's escape for the express purpose of convoying him across Europe over to their side....

JOE

(with hatred)

"They"... "they"... Haven't "they" gotten enough out of that rodent?

ZELFAND

Almost, but fortunately for us, not quite, not yet. When the British uncovered Brand and clapped him behind bars for the rest of his unnatural life ---

JOE

Hah.

ZELFAND

-- He was just on the verge of making it possible for the K.G.B. to find out what they still don't know --that we have someone in the thick of things, their things, so stratospheric, so prominent in the party, that if I were to tell you who he is, you'd laugh with disbelief....

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED - 3

JOE

I don't find anything about this conversation particularly amusing.

ZELFAND

Nor do I, I can assure you. If Gavin Brand gets out of England successfully and manages to make it into their welcoming arms....

JOE

With all of Scotland Yard and the entire British police force on the lookout?

ZELFAND

Want to bet, Mr. Bailey?

JOE

(looks at him for a moment)

I still don't see what this has to do with me, Zelfand.

ZELFAND

You look tired. We thought perhaps you might be needing a vacation. Get rid of the pain...yours and ours....

JOE

(eyeing him with dawning realization)

A European vacation, huh?

ZELFAND

(extends his hands, palms upward)

Perfect.

JOE

Find Gavin Brand and destroy him before he gets across the Russian border.

ZELFAND

A lovely idea. Some people wouldn't enjoy it as much as you.

JOE

Murder him in cold blood and spend the rest of my life in some foreign jail.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED - 4

ZELFAND

(easily)

Accidental death would look better,
and interfere less with your life
style.

JOE

(with sarcasm)

No doubt my travel agent can suggest
a way of my doing this.

ZELFAND

You'd think of something, I'm sure.

JOE

Of course.

ZELFAND

We'd do it ourselves, but Brand is
a British subject. Not only that,
if we were ever suspected of being
involved in trying to stop him, it
would be the fatal tipoff that we
had someone terribly important to
protect.

JOE

(angrily)

Let's not have a word about the
danger I'd be in. Who the hell am
I, after all?

ZELFAND

(ignoring him)

...But a private citizen, ostensibly
on holiday, with a deep personal
motive...Even if there were a slipup,
the finger could never point at us.
We don't even know you, and I mean
that...

JOE

Did you ever hear what you sound
like, Zelfand? You people are so
consumed with your own machinations,
you have absolutely no regard ---

ZELFAND

(interrupts)

There's a transatlantic flight
leaving Kennedy for London in a
little over two hours. Stop

CONTINUED

7

CONTINUED - 5

ZELFAND (Con'd)
wasting time, Mr. Bailey. You know
you're going to do it.

JOE
What makes you so God damned sure?

ZELFAND
(looks at him)
I was at Mike's funeral. I saw your
face.

Joe stares back at him, then starts to come apart a little.

JOE
(low, intense)
You son of a bitch, you'll say
anything, won't you.

ZELFAND
Yes. If it'll help stop Gavin Brand
in time.

Joe's lips tighten. He pushes his chair back and rises to
his feet.

JOE
No cigar. That's final.

He turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

8

FULL LONG SHOT - THE ORIGINAL ANGLE THAT DELIVERED JOE TO THE
TABLE

The tables have filled up with luncheon guests. Joe walks
toward CAMERA and out of shot. Zelfand remains seated at the
table in b.g. watching him go. Then, without any particular
urgency, he gestures to the waiter, who hands him a plate with
the check on it. Zelfand throws down a couple of bills and
rises to his feet.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. SIDEWALK BEFORE TWENTY ONE

A uniformed DOORMAN is standing before the entrance. CAMERA
PANS him to the curb to meet a limousine that is pulling to a

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

stop. The doorman opens the rear door for the well-dressed man and woman in the limousine. They get out, and CAMERA PANS with them back to the original ANGLE, shooting toward the entrance as they go inside. CAMERA HOLDS for a moment, and then Zelfand emerges from the restaurant, wearing a hat. He looks off past CAMERA, then moves forward, CAMERA RETREATING with him, and comes face to face with Joe, standing there on the sidewalk waiting, a little shamefaced.

JOE

Well you might at least look a little surprised...or pleased.

ZELFAND

(tersely)

No time for that. Now listen. Brand has a wife and children living in London. He's a cinch to hook up with them if he hasn't already. A better start I can't give you.

He takes an envelope from his pocket.

JOE

Where will I be able to reach you if -- ?

ZELFAND

(quickly)

You won't.

JOE

I mean just in case ---

ZELFAND

I mean never. Do you have a gun?

JOE

No.

ZELFAND

That'll be taken care of.

(thrusts the envelope at him)

Prices in Europe are outrageous. The vacation is on us.

JOE

(spurning the envelope)

Unh uh. My company owes me.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED - 2

ZELFAND

I insist.

JOE

I can get very angry, Doctor.

ZELFAND

(putting the
envelope away)

I know. That's why we chose you.

DURING THE ABOVE DIALOGUE, WHICH WILL BE INTERRUPTED BY ENSUING EVENTS, a chauffeur-driven limousine has pulled up to the curb, and CAMERA HAS EASED BACK to shoot over the top of the car on Joe and Zelfand. The CHAUFFEUR quickly opens his door, preparatory to getting out to circle the car to open the rear door for his passenger, a middle-aged woman of means. As the chauffeur emerges and rises to a standing position in close f.g. and puts his hand on his door to close it, we HEAR THE THUD OF A LARGE-CALIBER BULLET HITTING HIM IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD. He is hurled against the car door, the door slams shut, his chauffeur's cap goes flying, his body whirls around to face CAMERA for a moment and we get a BRIEF GLIMPSE of a destroyed bloody face before the body slumps down to the pavement out of picture, and CAMERA ZOOMS IN CLOSE ON THE SHOCKED FACES OF JOE AND ZELFAND.

10

FLASH CUT

In the entrance to the building across the street, glass doors are closing as a gun with a silencer on it is being withdrawn.

11

CLOSE TWO SHOT - JOE AND ZELFAND

JOE

Jesus Christ! What am I into?

ZELFAND

(with urgency)

Meant for me, not you. An old score. Get moving.

He quickly exits the shot, and Joe exits hastily in the opposite direction as the OFF-SCREEN SCREAMS OF THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN PASSENGER BECOME THE SHRIEK OF JET ENGINES.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. TOP OF HIGH BUILDING NEAR KENNEDY AIRPORT - EARLY AFTERNOON

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

Atop the building, which is below screen, we SEE, close in Lower Left f.g., a weathercock with its swaying arrow pointing NORTHEAST. The rest of the screen is filled with early afternoon sky. We are HEARING THE SHRIEK OF JET ENGINES even before we cut to this shot, and now we SEE the silhouette of a RISING TRANSATLANTIC PLANE entering the shot and traveling NORTHEAST.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - OUTSIDE LONDON - 9 P.M. (MYSTIC HOUR)

CAMERA is in the center of the runway shooting between the landing lights on either side toward the distant start of the runway. We SEE the DESCENDING AIRPLANE first as a set of distant landing lights in the night sky, then as a set of larger and brighter lights coming down toward CAMERA, and then finally we SEE the shape of the plane itself as it touches down, speeds toward us and slams to a halt with a SCREECH OF BRAKES right in front of the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

14 INT. HEATHROW INTERNATIONAL TERMINAL BUILDING - NIGHT

CAMERA is HIGH UP at one end of the crowded passenger hall, SHOOTING DOWN on a group of UNIFORMED CONSTABLES and PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVES standing in a loose circle listening to instructions from a SUPERIOR, who is pointing in various directions as he talks. Now the men disperse, and CAMERA PANS UP to a COMPREHENSIVE SHOT of the bustling hall. In the distance at Screen Left, we SEE Joe Bailey, a small suitcase in one hand, a softer bag slung over his shoulder, approaching a BOOK-AND-NEWSPAPER STALL. (This scene should be considered as a possible day scene because of the problem of lighting. Also consider Scene 13 because it is doubtful whether we can use studio lights showing the descending airplane.)

CUT TO:

15 FULL FIGURE SHOT OF JOE AT STALL

Joe arrives at the stall, bends over and stares down at the top paper on a stack of EVENING STANDARDS. A blowsy woman CASHIER, eyeing Joe's "free look" with distaste, calls out in a reprimanding tone:

CASHIER

That'll be ten p., please.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

As Joe reaches down to take up one of the papers --

CUT TO:

16 TIGHT CLOSEUP OF FRONT PAGE OF EVENING STANDARD

Joe's hand removes the topmost paper and goes out of the shot, and we SEE the front page of the paper beneath it. The headline says: "BRAND STILL MISSING. MANHUNT REDOUBLED." Below it is a three-quarter page photograph of an attractive blonde woman in her early thirties standing with two tow-headed young boys before an old house converted into flats. The caption reads: "BRAND'S WIFE AND CHILDREN OUTSIDE THEIR FLAT IN EARL'S COURT LAST SUMMER." As the hands of other customers come into the shot one at a time and remove a succession of papers, CAMERA MOVES IN EVEN CLOSER THROUGH A SCREEN-FILLING CLOSEUP OF THE PHOTOGRAPH ITSELF TO A --

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. BRAND FLAT - EARL'S COURT ROAD - DAY

IT IS THE IDENTICAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE THAT WE HAVE BEEN SEEING ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE EVENING STANDARD. However, the woman and children of the photograph have been replaced by a CONSTABLE, who stands on the sidewalk before the steps leading to the entrance, glancing about at the sightseers on foot and in automobiles who slow down to stare at the flat, some to take pictures, before moving on. Though we do not know it yet, this is a P.O.V. shot, and in a few moments, we SEE whose point of view it is.

CUT TO:

18 FULL SHOT - JOE

Dressed in sport jacket, slacks and a thin turtleneck shirt, he is standing in a doorway across the street, watching the house and all the activity in the street, glancing about occasionally as though looking for someone (Gavin Brand?).

CUT TO:

19 JOE'S P.O.V.

On the ground floor of the house (which is where the Brand flat is situated), Joe SEES a curtain being surreptitiously

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

drawn aside in the living room window to the left of the entrance. There is a glint of light from binoculars within the room. Then the binoculars disappear and the curtain falls back into place.

CUT TO:

20 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Reacting, eyes narrowing.

CUT TO:

21 JOE'S P.O.V.

The front door of the house, which is closed, now opens. A man in a dark suit (SERGEANT LETWEILER) emerges, goes down the steps to the Constable, murmurs something to him, waits as the Constable turns and looks across the street at Joe. The man starts back into the house as the Constable steps off the curb and moves toward CAMERA.

CUT TO:

22 MEDIUM SHOT - JOE

Watching the Constable approach him.

CUT TO:

23 JOE'S P.O.V.

The Constable keeps coming closer and closer, stops very close to CAMERA, looks right into lens.

CONSTABLE

Would you mind coming with me, sir?

CUT TO:

24 TWO SHOT - JOE AND CONSTABLE

JOE

For what?

CONSTABLE

Please.

CONTINUED

24

CONTINUED

He leads Joe across the street; CAMERA MOVING with them and PANNING them up the stairs and into the house through the door that has been left slightly ajar.

CUT TO:

25
THRU
27

INT. HALLWAY AND LIVING ROOM OF BRAND FLAT

Joe precedes the Constable as they enter, and then the Constable passes him and leads him into the living room which to the left. INSPECTOR WADLEIGH, a professorial type, complete with pipe and moustache, is seated in an armchair reading a hard-cover copy of "Alice in Wonderland." The man we had seen emerge from the house previously, Sergeant Letweiler, is standing near the curtained front window.

CONSTABLE

Here he is, gentlemen.

WADLEIGH

(putting his reading
matter aside)

Y'know, I never could understand
this book.

(rising to his feet)

Carry on, Constable.

(holds his hand out
to Joe, as the Con-
stable leaves)

Good morning. Inspector Wadleigh.

JOE

(shaking his hand
perfunctorily)

Bailey. Joseph M. Bailey. Now
what's this -- ?

WADLEIGH

(indicating the
other man)

Sergeant Letweiler.

Joe doesn't even glance at him.

JOE

What's this all about, Inspector?

WADLEIGH

(easily)

Sit down, Mr. Bailey.

CONTINUED

25
THRU
27

CONTINUED

JOE

I think I prefer to stand.

WADLEIGH

Haven't you done quite enough of
that out there?

(turning)

How long was it, Sergeant?

LETWEILER

One hour and five minutes, sir.

JOE

(feigning anger)

Is there a law or something?

WADLEIGH

You're an American.

JOE

Yes.

WADLEIGH

Arrived when?

JOE

Last night.

WADLEIGH

Staying where?

JOE

Claridge's.

WADLEIGH

Business?

JOE

And pleasure.

WADLEIGH

What sort?

JOE

Pleasure?

WADLEIGH

Business.

Joe removes his wallet, extracts a card, hands it to the
Inspector, who reads it quickly.

CONTINUED

25
THRU
27

CONTINUED - 2

WADLEIGH

Estate planning...executive vice
president....

JOE

I have an arrangement with a firm
at Lloyd's of London and I was here
to see Mrs. Brand.

Wadleigh holds the card out toward Letweiler, who comes
closer and takes it from him.

WADLEIGH

(to Joe)

Waiting an hour and five minutes out
there? Not very busy, are you? You
wouldn't happen to have your passport?

Joe takes out his passport, thrusts it at the Inspector, who
examines it.

JOE

This the way you people encourage
tourism, this sort of treatment?

Wadleigh ignores the remark, hands the passport to Letweiler
saying:

WADLEIGH

Use the telephone, Sergeant. Save
time.

Letweiler goes out to the telephone in the hallway. Wadleigh
sits down again in the easy chair, starts to fool with his
pipe as he says matter-of-factly:

WADLEIGH

(with a smile)

I take it you're not looking for
Gavin Brand by any chance.

JOE

(unruffled)

You mean, to sell him a policy? I
think he'd be a poor risk.

Joe begins to saunter idly about the room, as Letweiler's
VOICE on the telephone drifts in from the hallway. Joe's
quick-darting glance tells us that he is seeking whatever
information he can glean from this living room.

CONTINUED

25
THRU
27

CONTINUED - 3

WADLEIGH

(working on lighting
his pipe)

Suppose you tell me what really
brings you here this fine morning,
Mr. Bailey.

JOE

I've told you. Insurance.

WADLEIGH

Do you expect me to believe that?
You are an American Insurance exe-
cutive. What would you be doing
selling a policy to Mrs. Brand here
in England?

JOE

Okay. Okay. I confess. I was
ashamed to admit that I was out there
for the same reasons that bring all
those other people gawking to the
door --- the headlines, and that
photograph of the lovely Mrs. Brand
on the front page of last night's
Evening Standard. Had a morning
with nothing on the schedule, thought
I'd do a bit of sightseeing, collect
something to dine out on when I get
back to New York. "I saw Gavin
Brand's flat. I saw his wife."
What have you done with her, Inspect-
or?

WADLEIGH

(ignoring the
question)

Those other people out there take
their look and move on. You, Mr.
Bailey, have been standing out there
for over an hour.

JOE

Waiting for one of those damned
radio taxis that make promises and
never show up. It's an outrage.

WADLEIGH

You know that's one we can't check,
don't you.

CONTINUED

25
THRU
27

CONTINUED - 4

Joe has looked out of the window facing the backyard during the above, and we have CUT TO HIS P.O.V. SHOWING A CLOTHESLINE ON WHICH ARE HANGING A BRASSIERE, SOME LINGERIE, TWO DISTINCTIVE SCARLET SPORTS SHIRTS FOR BOYS AND SOME SMALL-SIZE JOCKEY SHORTS.

JOE

Maybe I will be able to dine out on Mrs. Brand after all. I gather she's still with us.

Wadleigh looks up from his pipe, sees what Joe is observing through the window. Wadleigh remains silent.

JOE

Wait a minute. Where is she? Is she here?

Wadleigh silent.

JOE

Or did she fly the coop and leave that stuff out on the clothesline just to make the neighbors think she was still living here?

Wadleigh remains silent. He relights his pipe. Joe is idly pushing around a few bills that lie on the desk, examining them as he does so.

JOE

I got it. You came to this flat hoping she'd lead you to Brand. But too late, eh, Inspector?

WADLEIGH

You seem inordinately interested in Mrs. Brand's departure, Mr. Bailey.

JOE

(studying the bills offhandedly)
Speaking of departures, Inspector, could we possibly discuss mine now?

WADLEIGH

Be patient, Mr. Bailey. Would you deny the Sergeant and me the satisfaction of knowing that -- as part of one of England's greatest man-hunts -- we have made the singular

CONTINUED

25
THRU
27

CONTINUED - 5

WADLEIGH (Cont'd)
and historic contribution of picking
up one American insurance executive
and holding him for a few minutes
on a charge of loitering? This, I
am afraid, may be our finest hour,
Mr. Bailey. Don't spoil it for us,
please, by rushing things unduly.

JOE

(bows)

I apologize. Do forgive me.

Just then, Sergeant Letweiler comes back into the room,
announces to his superior:

LETWEILER

Everything checks, sir.

WADLEIGH

(to Joe)

You see?

(Joe shrugs)

May I keep your business card?

JOE

I'd be disappointed if you didn't.

During this, Letweiler has returned the passport to Joe.

WADLEIGH

(rising to his feet)

Sergeant, the least we can do for
Mr. Bailey is summon a cab for him.

JOE

No, please. I'd rather take the
underground.

WADLEIGH

Are you sure?

JOE

Positive.

WADLEIGH

(shaking hands
with Joe)

Mr. Bailey, I do hope we haven't
inconvenienced you too severely.

CONTINUED

25
THRU
27

CONTINUED - 6

JOE

Inspector, I've never had an experience that I didn't benefit from in one way or another.

WADLEIGH

Thank you.

JOE

(To Letweiler)
Sergeant.

LETWEILER

Goodbye, sir.

Joe turns on his heel and walks out of the living room. Wadleigh and the Sergeant move to the front window and pull back the curtain, as we HEAR the front door open and close. The two men look out of the window at their departing guest.

WADLEIGH

That's the fourth insurance salesman.
How many more can we expect?

CUT TO:

28

EXT. BAKERY SHOP - EARL'S COURT ROAD - DAY

Two plump women are peering into the display window, mentally gorging themselves on the pastries on view, emitting "oohs" and "ahs" of delight. Somewhat to the rear of them, standing in the center of the sidewalk, Joe Bailey is looking up at the name on the window. He comes to a decision and enters the store.

CUT TO:

29

INT. BAKERY SHOP

A customer is walking out with a bag of rolls as Joe enters. A fairly tough-talking young SALESGIRL with unwashed, streaky blonde hair looks at Joe as he steps up to the counter.

SALESGIRL

What'll it be?

JOE

I'd like to speak to whoever's in charge.

CONTINUED

29

CONTINUED

SALESGIRL

What makes you so sure it isn't me?

JOE

Well, nothing, I ---

SALESGIRL

I'm in charge right now. Mum's out for the day. What can I do for you, mister?

JOE

Well, you see, I represent a client, a woman who, uh, apparently owes this shop some money and ---

SALESGIRL

Which woman?

JOE

A certain Mrs. Gavin Brand....

SALESGIRL

Her, huh. You're the police, aren't you....

JOE

No, I'm not.

SALESGIRL

Sure y'are. How many times you people gonna ask us the same old stuff?

JOE

Look, I'm trying to clear up my client's outstanding bills and if ---

SALESGIRL

Yeah yeah, but you don't know exactly where to reach her, right? And do we maybe know where she might have gone, right? Did she ever say anything, right?

(snorts)

If we knew where she was, don'tcha think we'd tell you? You think we'd send the bills to where she isn't?

JOE

(with bite)

I can't thank you enough for all your help.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 2

SALESGIRL

Anytime...like how about tomorrow,
same time, same questions?

JOE

Toodle-oo.

He walks out.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SIDEWALK, STOREFRONTS AND GROCERY STORE

Joe emerges to the sidewalk, and CAMERA MOVES with him as he walks purposefully past several shops to a nearby grocery store. He glances at the name on the window and goes inside, CAMERA REMAINING OUTSIDE, SHOOTING INSIDE THROUGH THE WINDOW. (We SEE and HEAR passing traffic and pedestrians reflected in the window.) We SEE (but do not HEAR) Joe conversing inside with an obese, sour-faced PROPRIETRESS, a woman of fifty, easily aroused to anger. Joe questions her. She shakes her head vigorously, tries to ignore him. He persists with his questions. She takes out a clipboard from under the counter, riffles through some bills, comes upon the pertinent one, jabs it angrily with her forefinger. Joe smiles placatingly, tries to explain something. She shouts at him angrily, tosses the clipboard away. Joe asks her a final question. She shakes her head vigorously, says "no no no" and walks away from him to wait on another customer. Joe walks out of the store to the sidewalk, stands there, close to CAMERA, frowning with frustration. Then his gaze falls on something across the street, and he starts to cross over, moving forward out of the shot.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CHILDREN'S CLOTHING STORE

We are shooting toward the front of the store as Joe enters the shot, pauses for a moment, then moves closer to the window, CAMERA MOVING IN with him, as he notices two scarlet boys' shirts draped on plastic forms in the window. The shirts are identical to the ones he saw hanging on Mrs. Brand's clothesline. CAMERA PANS him to the entrance, and he starts inside.

CUT TO:

32 INT. CLOTHING STORE

THRU

34

Joe enters and glances about. The store is moderately busy.

CONTINUED

32
THRU
34

CONTINUED

There are two salespersons: a middle-aged woman and a bespectacled, young girl, in addition to the PROPRIETOR, a gray-haired, twinkly-eyed gentleman of sixty-five. He smiles at Joe as he sees him approach.

PROPRIETOR

(cheerfully)

Good morning.

JOE

(smiles back)

Hello. Are you the name on the window, sir?

PROPRIETOR

(nods)

Charles Bekins, at your service.

JOE

Mr. Bekins, I'm Mr. Bailey, solicitor for Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Gavin Brand....

BEKINS

(face clouding over)

Oh yes. Lovely woman. I've been reading the papers. I do hope she's not in any sort of trouble because of that husband of hers.

JOE

I think not. However, during her temporary absence, I've taken it upon myself to see that her affairs are kept in order, particularly in the matter of overdue financial obligations, and so forth.

BEKINS

You mean last month's statement? Don't give it another thought, Mr. Bailey. We're in no hurry, really, not where that darling woman is concerned. Well yes we are. We're in a hurry to have her back. She's one of our most agreeable customers, and as for those two boys of hers, well, they're like my grandsons, that's what they are.

JOE

Nice of you to say that, sir. I'm sure Mrs. Brand would love to hear

CONTINUED

32
THRU
34

CONTINUED - 2

JOE (Cont'd)

from you, if you could find the time to drop her a postcard.

BEKINS

I'd be delighted to if only I knew where to write to her. When the police were here ---

JOE

(quickly)

You have no idea where she might have gone?

BEKINS

None at all. But I should think you ---

JOE

(interrupting)

She gave no hints?

BEKINS

Nothing.

JOE

Well, as soon as I hear from her, you'll be the first to know, Mr. Bekins.

BEKINS

My wife will be pleased.

JOE

(offering his hand)

It's been a real delight meeting you, sir. I must run now.

BEKINS

Good day, Mr. Bailey.

The elderly gentleman moves to deal with other customers, and Joe, with an expression of disappointment on his face, starts toward the entrance. As he nears the door to the street, he SEES, out of the corner of his eye, the bespectacled young SALESGIRL leaning into the window and removing the two boys' scarlet sport shirts from their display forms. He stops and turns to watch her. When he sees her take the shirts to the far end of the counter to an open cardboard box with distinctive green-and-white wrapping paper underneath it, his eyes narrow with quickening interest and he walks over to watch the girl carefully folding the two scarlet shirts into the box. There

CONTINUED

32
THRU
34

CONTINUED - 3

is an address label lying on the counter, filled out but not yet affixed to the shipping box. The salesgirl notices Joe observing her, and smiles at him as she continues to wrap the package.

SALESGIRL

Quite dashing, these shirts, aren't they?

JOE

I think I'd look dashing in one myself.

SALESGIRL

I'm afraid you're a little too large for these, sir.

JOE

Well, maybe in my second childhood.

Joe glances down at the label and (in an INSERT) reads:
"MRS ELSA MIHKELSSON, GENERAL DELIVERY, MAIN POSTOFFICE, HELSINKI, FINLAND."

JOE

Hm. Didn't realize you get orders from such faraway places.

SALESGIRL

(preoccupied with
her wrapping)

Very seldom do. This one just arrived in the morning mail from a total stranger.

JOE

Cash enclosed, I trust.

SALESGIRL

Money order.

(completes the job)

There we are.

JOE

Well done. How long will that take to get to Helsinki?

SALESGIRL

(picks up the label)

Customer paid for airmail. It should be there by twelve noon tomorrow.

CONTINUED

32
THRU
34

CONTINUED - 4

SALESGIRL (Cont'd)

(licks the
label)

Want me to send you along in the
package?

JOE

(laughs, points
at her)

Say, now that's a good idea.

The girl affixes the label to the parcel, pats it down and smooths it out. When she looks up, Joe is no longer standing there. He is hurrying toward the entrance.

CUT TO:

35 ESTABLISHING LONG SHOT OF HELSINKI - MORNING

It is the next day and the Finnish capital, on the edge of a teeming waterfront, is alive with automobile traffic and the ships of many nations loading and unloading their cargo in the harbor.

CUT TO:

36 FULL SHOT - FINNISH PASSENGER PLANE - EXT. SEUTULA AIRFIELD
OUTSIDE OF HELSINKI - MORNING

The jet plane has just landed. Lettered on the fuselage we SEE: "FINNISH AIRWAYS."

CUT TO:

37 EXT. MAIN POSTOFFICE - HELSINKI - DAY

The sun is overhead in this FULL SHOT.

CUT TO:

38 INT. MAIN POSTOFFICE - DAY (MASTER SCENE)

START on a BIG HEAD CLOSEUP OF JOE, glancing about, eyes on the alert. Presently he is REVEALED leaning against a circular, stand-up writing desk about a dozen feet away from the GENERAL DELIVERY WINDOW and a few feet to the left of it. He is without luggage or raincoat now (they have been deposited at a hotel). In his hand is a torn-out photograph of Mrs. Brand

CONTINUED

38

CONTINUED

and her children, taken from the front page of the London Evening Standard. He glances at it occasionally for reference as he scrutinizes the men and women lined up before the General Delivery window, and the new arrivals coming through the entrance to the postoffice. Nowhere do we (or he) see anyone resembling Mrs. Brand. Joe glances at his wristwatch impatiently, looks up at a large clock on the wall. It is 12:50. He shifts on his feet, frowning, then takes out a handkerchief and wipes his face. His lips tighten. Worry comes to his eyes. At the General Delivery window, customers pick up their parcels and letters and move on. At the postoffice entrance, people come and go. But nowhere is there an attractive young blonde lady who might be Mrs. Brand. Presently, a middle-aged, straight-backed, gray-haired Finnish woman, powerful of build, enters the building and walks past Joe to the General Delivery window. She is MRS. ELSA MIHKELSSON. The woman's back is to Joe as she stands at the window waiting for the postoffice CLERK to take the slip of paper she thrusts through the window. Joe's head is turned in the opposite direction toward the entrance. Suddenly he HEARS the CLERK say (IN FINNISH): "Thank you, Mrs. Mihkelsson. Good day." Joe's head turns sharply as he HEARS the name Mihkelsson, just in time to SEE the woman turning away from the window, holding in her hands the green-and-white wrapped parcel, now covered with cancelled postage stamps. Joe reacts with puzzlement, glances quickly at the clipping, then at the gray-haired woman, who is clearly not Mrs. Brand. She tucks the parcel under her left arm and starts past Joe toward the entrance, glancing idly at him as she passes him. (All this is subject to the geography inside the postoffice.)

CUT TO:

39

CLOSE ANGLE - JOE

Watching the woman and the parcel moving away toward the entrance.

CUT TO:

40

JOE'S P.O.V.

The woman exits the postoffice, turns to her right and disappears from view.

CUT TO:

41

LONG SHOT - SHOOTING IN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE

CONTINUED

48 HIGH SHOT - EXT. MARKET PLACE

The woman is walking from the market place to the Esplanade where a restaurant and outdoor stage are situated. Camera ZOOMS down to Joe following the woman.

CUT TO:

49 CLOSE SHOT - PACKAGE

Camera pulls back. The woman is seen in a crowd. Joe steps into shot from back of camera.

CUT TO:

50 CLOSE SHOT - PACKAGE

The package is proceeding toward the bus depot. The shot is tighter each time we cut to the package.

CUT TO:

51 Camera ZOOMS to HIGH SHOT - EXT. BUS DEPOT

The woman is crossing the plaza to a bus. She disappears amongst the vehicles. One of the buses starts out of its parking area.

CUT TO:

52 CLOSE SHOT - BAGGAGE RACK - INT. BUS - DAY

The parcel is lifted onto a rack in the bus. This is the tightest shot of the parcel up to this point. Sound effects such as the motor changing speeds, gears shifting, traffic noises, horn, etc., indicate that the parcel is in a bus. Pull back to reveal Joe buying a ticket from the busdriver.

CUT TO:

53 THRU 57 VARIOUS ANGLES OF THE PARCEL - INT. BUS - DAY

The bus is traveling along the road at a good speed. These shots reveal the countryside through the large windows of the bus. One of the angles includes Joe wearing a distinctive suit. The bus comes to a stop. Sound effects.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

Joe starts toward CAMERA, tucking the newspaper clipping in his pocket as he goes. He comes close to CAMERA, stands in the doorway and looks in the direction the woman took.

CUT TO:

42 JOE'S P.O.V. - EXT. STREET OUTSIDE POSTOFFICE - DAY

He SEES the woman moving away with the green-and-white package under her left arm. CAMERA ZOOMS toward the package.

CUT TO:

43 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Looking off, he quickly starts forward and out of shot.

CUT TO:

44 CLOSE SHOT - PACKAGE - JOE'S MOVING P.O.V. (CHEATED CLOSER)

CAMERA is BEHIND the woman, following her as she walks. The screen is practically filled with the package under her arm.

CUT TO:

45 HIGH SHOT - EXT. MARKET PLACE - HELSINKI HARBOR - DAY

The market is filled with noontime activity.

CUT TO:

46 MED. SHOT - PACKAGE - MARKET PLACE - JOE'S P.O.V.

The woman is carrying the green-and-white striped parcel through the crowd.

CUT TO:

47 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Joe is following the woman.

CUT TO:

53
THRU
57

CONTINUED

BUS DRIVER
(off-screen)
Savonlinna.

CUT TO:

58 CLOSE SHOT - PARCEL

A woman's hands take the parcel from the rack.

CUT TO:

59 CLOSE SHOT - PARCEL - BUS

The parcel is carried under Mrs. Mihkelsson's arm as she leaves the bus. Joe's legs enter shot following Mrs. Mihkelsson.

CUT TO:

60 CLOSE SHOT - PARCEL - EXT. BUS STOP - SAVONLINNA - DAY

The parcel is under Mrs. Mihkelsson's arm as she walks to the dock and gets on the boat. This shot starts close and loosens to reveal full shot of Mrs. Mihkelsson on the boat.

CUT TO:

61 CLOSE SHOT - PARCEL

It is placed beside Mrs. Mihkelsson on the boat. She is seated. Joe's entrance in this shot is revealed by his leg appearing next to the parcel. We identify the man as Joe by the distinctive material of his suit.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. BOAT

Camera is shooting from boat as it pulls up to a mooring place at a stop along its route, and a number of people get off. Mrs. Mihkelsson follows the other disembarked passengers down the gangplank. Joe moves after her. Mrs. Mihkelsson suddenly detaches herself from the crowd of disembarked passengers and goes to the other side of the jetty where there is a handrail and stairs leading down to the water. She turns and goes down those stairs.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. JETTY

At the bottom of the stairs, Mr. Mihkelsson awaits her in his outboard motor boat. He helps her step in. She gets into the boat with the parcel and the boat chugs away.

CUT TO:

64 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He comes to the edge of the jetty and looks down.

CUT TO:

65 CLOSE SHOT - PARCEL - JOE'S P.O.V.

It is receding as the Mihkelsson boat moves away.

CUT TO:

66 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He watches the boat.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. LAKE AND JETTY - JOE'S P.O.V.

The Mihkelsson boat disappears around the bend.

CUT TO:

68 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He stands indecisively, turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

69 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY - SAVONLINNA

Joe enters the lobby. He walks to the desk and asks for a room. A young lady behind the desk obliges. He registers, picks up his single bag and heads for the elevator. The doors open, Joe enters and the doors close behind him.

CUT TO:

70 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joe enters the room and drops his bag onto a baggage stool. He opens the bag and takes out a pair of binoculars. He then goes out onto a balcony which overlooks the lake outside Savonlinna. He scans the lake with his binoculars. There is a knock on the door. Joe goes to the door and opens it. A young man is standing there holding a large candy box.

YOUNG MAN

For you, sir.

JOE

Thank you.

He takes the box from the young man and gives him a tip.

YOUNG MAN

Thank you.

Joe closes the door.. He looks at the box with great curiosity and then walks to the desk. He puts the box on the desk and proceeds to open it.

CUT TO:

71 INSERT CANDY BOX

The wrapping comes off as does the top of the box and there is revealed amongst the chocolates, a gun. (The candy box should be appropriate to Finland -- should be Finnish chocolates.) In addition to the gun which is lying in three separate parts: the stock, the barrel and the telescopic sight, there are also a silencer and a box of cartridges.

CUT TO:

72 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

He is intrigued by the contents of the box. He takes out each part separately and, as an afterthought, samples one of the candies. His expression is one of distaste.

JOE

Yuch. Cream.

He removes the cartridges and the silencer. Then with the skill of an expert, he puts the gun together, checks out the telescopic sight through the window overlooking the lake, then quickly takes apart the gun which he places in his suitcase with the cartridges and silencer. He then takes the box of chocolates into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

73 INT. BATHROOM

Joe sets the box of chocolates afire and disposes of the ashes down the drain.

CUT TO:

74 MED. SHOT - JOE - INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe enters the dining room and is shown to a table by the head waitress who hands him a menu without any comment. Joe examines the menu, looks about as though seeking someone who understands until he spies a waitress and he beckons her to him. She apparently speaks only in Finnish, and they are both talking at the same time.

JOE'S VOICE

Sorry...Sorry...Je ne comprends pas...No Kapeesh ...Veal, veal, I would like thin slices of veal...No, none of this whatever-it-is here...And a green vegetable ...Do you have a green vegetable?...

WAITRESS'S VOICE

(IN FINNISH)

Point to it on the menu ...With your finger show me what you want...Look, right there...The fish is good tonight...I bring you some fish...You feel like some fish?

CUT TO:

75 MED. SHOT - DETECTIVE-SERGEANT LINNANKOSKI (LATER BECOMING ANOTHER ANGLE)

Across the room, LINNANKOSKI, a short, squat man of about 45 with little foxy blue eyes, a sharp pointed nose and a broad face topped by thin black hair, is seated alone at a small table in the busy dining room, idly stirring a cup of black coffee in front of him as he watches and listens to Joe and the waitress. There is a faint smile on his face as he gets to his feet, picks up his coffee cup with the spoon in it and walks over to Joe's table, CAMERA PANNING with him and MOVING IN CLOSER. During the above action, we HEAR, over the shot:

JOE'S VOICE

Look, we're not getting anywhere. You don't understand me and I don't understand you. This is getting to be ridiculous...

WAITRESS'S VOICE

(IN FINNISH)

Why don't you do as I say? Point, point, with the finger...

The detective has arrived at the table, looks down at Joe.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED

LINNANKOSKI
(in precise, accented
English)

Perhaps I can be of some assistance
here.

JOE

You certainly can.

LINNANKOSKI
(to the waitress,
IN FINNISH)

This man wants another Scotch
whiskey. Make it a double order.
Then bring him two thin pieces of
veal, lightly cooked, and a green
vegetable. All right?

WAITRESS

(IN FINNISH)

Ah, I see. Thank you very much.
Sorry, I coundn't understand him.

(to Joe, IN
FINNISH)

I will be right back.

JOE

(admiringly, to
Linnankoski)

What did you tell her?

LINNANKOSKI

One double Scotch, two thin slices
of veal lightly sauteed and a green
vegetable. Was I correct?

JOE

You're the perfect waitress.

LINNANKOSKI

Detective-Sergeant Linnankoski of
the Savonlinna police department.

(indicates the
empty chair)

May I?

JOE

(reaching up to
shake his hand)

Certainly. I'm Joe Bailey.

CONTINUED

75

CONTINUED - 2

LINNANKOSKI

(sits down with
his coffee cup)

Thank you, Mr. Bailey.

JOE

Thank you.

LINNANKOSKI

The young lady apologizes for her
inability to communicate with you.

JOE

No harm, really. And it did make
it possible for you and I to meet....

LINNANKOSKI

That is a constructive way to look
at it.

JOE

(pointedly)

Though we were going to meet
eventually anyway, no?

LINNANKOSKI

(parrying the
remark)

In Savonlinna, everyone meets
everyone.

JOE

What do you want, Sergeant?

LINNANKOSKI

Do I want something?

JOE

I think you do.

LINNANKOSKI

You're on a vacation trip here?

JOE

Strictly.

LINNANKOSKI

(a velvet-gloved
unmistakable
warning)

We abhor trouble of any kind in
Finland. That is why we are a

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED - 3

LINNANKOSKI (Cont'd)

neutral country in a polarized world. And here in Savonlinna, I like to think that I dedicate myself to seeing that visitors from other lands not only stay out of trouble themselves, but never inflict it on others.

Joe meets the man's eyes, unflinchingly.

JOE

I find it reassuring, Sergeant, to know that a man of your purpose and dedication is always so close at hand...as you were tonight, at that table.

LINNANKOSKI

I thank the Lord that my superior cannot hear us now, Mr. Bailey. He does not like me to work when I am off duty. Of course, as long as you are here in Savonlinna....

JOE

You'll be watching over me, right?

LINNANKOSKI

In spirit, at the very least.

He stares at Joe. Joe stares right back. Then the waitress arrives with Joe's double Scotch. Linnankoski rises to his feet.

JOE

Sure you won't have something?

LINNANKOSKI

Perhaps the next time...if there is one.

JOE

I have a feeling we can bet on it.

Linnankoski turns and goes toward his table. Joe raises the glass of Scotch to his lips, looking after him.

CUT TO:

76 JOE'S P.O.V.

Linnankoski arrives at his table, looks down at the tab

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

waiting there for him. He puts some money down on it and walks out of the dining room.

CUT TO:

77 MED. SHOT - JOE AT TABLE

Still drinking, he reaches out, brings the folded newspaper in front of him, unfolds it and looks down at the front page of what we now see is the International Herald Tribune.

CUT TO:

78 UPPER RIGHT HAND CORNER OF FRONT PAGE OF TRIBUNE

We see a prominent, lead story, with a double headline above it: BRAND NOW BELIEVED TO BE SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE. NO TRACE OF ESCAPED TRAITOR FOUND IN BRITISH ISLES. Joe's hand deposits the empty glass of his once double Scotch on the paper as we --

CUT TO:

79 EXT. LAKE - MOVING SHOT OF JOE IN OUTBOARD MOTORBOAT - DAY

Dressed in slacks and sport shirt, Joe is cruising across the lake in a rented outboard motorboat, glancing about, eyes searching, CAMERA TRAVELING with him.

CUT TO:

80 WAIST SHOT - JOE IN BOAT

He raises his binoculars, which are on a chain around his neck, and scans the horizon.

CUT TO:

81 JOE'S P.O.V. THROUGH BINOCULARS

We SEE a PANNING VIEW of distant islands, including a view of the jetty where the Silver Line boat had deposited Mrs. Mihkelsson the day before.

CUT TO:

82 LOOSER ANGLE - JOE IN BOAT

He lowers the binoculars and continues his cruising search, his gaze constantly scanning in all directions. It is while his head is turned and he is looking off to his left that he HEARS the DISTANT SOUND of a SPEEDING MOTORBOAT off to his right. He turns his head sharply and reacts.

CUT TO:

83 BRIEF P.O.V. FROM JOE

In the far distance, an outboard dinghy with what appears to be two small boys in scarlet shirts on board, skims across the water from right to left and quickly disappears from view behind a promontory of land.

CUT TO:

84 LOOSE ANGLE - JOE IN BOAT

Quickly he reaches behind him, eyes still fixed straight ahead, seizes the steering bar and swings it.

CUT TO:

85 JOE'S P.O.V.

In the f.g. the prow of his boat is seen veering around; we HEAR the motor being gunned, and now the boat speeds toward the far-off spot where the dinghy had last been seen.

CUT TO:

86 MOVING SHOT - JOE IN THE BOAT

CAMERA TRAVELS with the boat as Joe speeds across the lake. He enters a narrow connecting passageway leading to a larger area of water. As the boat arrives at the spot where the dinghy was last seen --

CUT TO:

87 WAIST SHOT - JOE

Reaching back, slowing the boat down, looking off to his left.

CUT TO:

88 JOE'S P.O.V.

There is no sign of the dinghy or any other boat on this part of the lake.

CUT TO:

89 WAIST SHOT - JOE

Looking off to his right.

CUT TO:

90 JOE'S P.O.V.

No sign of any boats in this direction either.

CUT TO:

91 HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOT - JOE

He picks up the binoculars, raises them to his eyes and slowly pans from left to right. During this shot, we START to HEAR a DISTANT OUTBOARD MOTOR. The SOUND is to Joe's left, and almost BEHIND him. As the SOUND COMES CLOSER, he lowers his binoculars, starts to turn his head and CAMERA ZOOMS BACK in a much LOOSER ANGLE to REVEAL the speeding dinghy with the two scarlet-shirted boys coming out from behind the concealing trees, veering in a leftward arc around the stern of Joe's boat and into his clear view. (They are towheaded boys of seven and nine, ROY and NEAL BRAND, dressed in brand-new scarlet shirts and blue jeans.) They wave at Joe as they pass close to him, and he waves back. The dinghy goes out of the shot, and Joe goes into action to follow it.

CUT TO:

92 OBJECTIVE SHOT - THE LAKE

At a safe distance, Joe's boat is following the two boys in the dinghy. When the dinghy reaches a promontory, it turns right and momentarily disappears. But when Joe's boat reaches the promontory and turns to the right, the dinghy is in view again. And now, in the near distance we can see Squirrel Island with its jetty. About fifty yards from the jetty, the boys start moving their dinghy in dizzying circles, each of them taking turns at the tiller, their voices heard shrieking with delight.

CUT TO:

93 MED. SHOT - JOE IN BOAT

He watches the boys for a moment, looks off beyond them at the house, then comes to a decision and turns away toward the fuel tank of his outboard motor.

CUT TO:

94 CLOSE SHOT - OUTBOARD MOTOR

Joe's hands are seen opening the gasket at the bottom of the fuel tank, letting the gasoline gush out into the lake. He tightens the gasket again. CAMERA PANS from Joe's hands to the shore until it comes to rest on Mrs. Mikhelsson who has seen Joe's action. She turns away and we see her approach her husband.

CUT TO:

95 LOOSE ANGLE - JOE IN BOAT

Shooting from the prow toward the stern, we see Joe turn toward CAMERA and rev up the motor. The boat moves forward parallel to shore for several yards and then the motor sputters and dies. Joe rises to his feet in the boat, facing the boys, and starts shouting and waving his arms.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. LAKE

The two boys notice Joe, slow down, immediately head toward him. When they arrive, Joe pantomines his plight. The boys pantomine their reassurances that they will help him, gesture to him to sit down and wait. They turn the dinghy around and head for the jetty.

CUT TO:

97 EXT. LAKE

Joe, seated in his boat, watches the dinghy arrive at the jetty. Nine-year-old Neal Brand clambers out of the dinghy onto the jetty, and seven-year-old Roy Brand turns the dinghy around and starts back toward Joe.

CUT TO:

98

COMPREHENSIVE PANORAMIC SHOT - FROM WATER (OR HELICOPTER)

It is a full wide angle shot showing all the activity taking place on the shore. Extending from the shore is a jetty and behind it is a sauna. The sauna has a window in it and the building itself has an extension at the rear at which there is a woodshed and small laundry room. The jetty and the portable barbecue and a rustic bench close to the barbecue. There is a rowboat pulled up onto the beach. CAMERA RIGHT is a small boathouse. On shore, Neal runs towards Mr. Mihkelsson who is emerging from the woods carrying a broad bladed axe. The boy talks eagerly, gesticulates, points out toward the water. The man steps inside the boathouse and quickly emerges with a gallon size of petrol, hands it to the boy. During this, Roy Brand in the dinghy has arrived at Joe's boat and is now with Joe's assistance working Joe's boat slowly toward the jetty using the power of the dinghy's motor.

Mrs. Mihkelsson has appeared from the laundry behind the sauna carrying a basket of freshly washed clothes. She stops for a moment to survey the scene. Sven Mihkelsson goes from the boathouse towards his wife.

Neal Brand is running across the shoreline from the boathouse to the jetty, lugging the can of petrol.

The dinghy and Joe's boat arrive at the jetty. The camera has tightened as Joe nears the jetty and now as he climbs out of his boat onto the jetty, helped by Roy who has scrambled out of the dinghy, the camera reveals a young woman's face at the sauna window. She is CARLA BRAND, but in this shot we cannot see her face clearly. Roy runs along the jetty up to the window and shouts, gesticulating toward Joe:

ROY

Mother, this gentleman was stranded
out there on the lake. We're getting
him some petrol.

Roy runs back toward Joe's boat in time to meet his brother, Neal, arriving with the petrol. Neal and Roy start quarreling over which one of them will do the actual pouring of the petrol into Joe's empty tank.

The camera tightens on the sauna losing all principals with the exception of Carla and Joe. She emerges from the house and walks slowly toward the jetty. She is wearing a peasant blouse, green denim skirt and sandals. Her legs are long and slender, her hair ash blonde and almost shoulder length. Joe stands on the jetty, his gaze firmly fixed on the slowly approaching Carla Brand.

CONTINUED

98

CONTINUED

DURING ALL OF THE ABOVE, CAMERA HAS CREPT SLOWLY CLOSER AND CLOSER, ARRIVING FINALLY AND COMING TO A STOP IN A HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOT OF CARLA BRAND, who has come to a halt at the beginning of the jetty and is gazing at the stranger who has just come ashore.

CUT TO:

99
THRU
101

REVERSE ANGLE - HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOT OF JOE

He looks steadily at this beautiful woman, knowing that he has reached his destination at last, and obviously struck by the lovely sight of her.

OVER INTERCUTS OF THE TWO LOOKING AT EACH OTHER, WE HEAR, OFF-SCREEN:

ROY'S VOICE

Could that be Father?

NEAL'S VOICE

No, silly.

ROY'S VOICE

How do you know it isn't?

NEAL'S VOICE

If it were Father, she'd kiss him.

CUT TO:

102

FULL SHOT - JOE AND CARLA (WITH THE BOYS IN THE BACKGROUND)

Joe moves forward and holds out his hand.

JOE

Hello. I'm Joe Bailey.

CARLA

(takes his hand)

How do you do, Mr. Bailey. I'm Carla Langstead. I gather you've already met my children....

JOE

(smiles)

Not formally, but very dramatically

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

CARLA
(calls out)
Boys, this is Mr. Bailey. Come say
hello.

The two boys are busy funneling gasoline into the tank of
Joe's motor. They call out:

ROY AND NEAL
Hi, Mr. Bailey....

JOE
Nice going, fellows.

NEAL
We'll have you all straight and
proper in no time, sir.

CARLA
(to Joe)
The little one is Roy. The
slightly less little one is Neal.

JOE
Quite a team of lifesavers, those
two. Hope I haven't caused too
much commotion around here.

CARLA
Not at all.

JOE
May I at least pay you for the
gasoline?

CARLA
(smiles)
You may not.

JOE
(bows)
Thank you.
(glances around)
I envy you this beautiful island,
Mrs. Langstead. Do you own it?

CARLA
I wish I did. It is lovely. No,
the children and I just arrived in
Finland last week for an all-too-
brief vacation.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED - 2

JOE

While Mr. Langstead no doubt slaves
away behind a desk somewhere....

CARLA

(tightens up just
a little)

Langstead is my maiden name. My
husband and I were divorced some
time ago.

JOE

Oh...I see....

CARLA

It's something I don't discuss in
front of the children.

JOE

I get it.

They look at each other for several moments in silence. Then
Carla breaks eye-contact, looks away toward the children.

CARLA

How are you progressing, boys?

NEAL

If Roy would only stop butting in....

ROY

I'm not butting in. I'm helping.

JOE

(to Carla)

I can't make up my mind whether you
three sound British or American.

CARLA

A little bit of both, I'm afraid.
I was born in San Francisco. Then
my father was transferred to England,
which became my second home. I
guess I'm the American influence on
my two English-speaking children
and on myself.

JOE

A combination most pleasing to the
ear...and to the...I was going to
say "eye," but that wouldn't make
sense, would it?

CONTINUED

102

CONTINUED - 3

CARLA
 (parries the
 question)
 And what brings you to Finland, Mr.
 Bailey?

JOE
 (lightly)
 Oh, an urgent need to get away from
 it all, I guess.

CARLA
 "All" being...?

JOE
 (shrugs)
 New York City...the insurance
 business...carbon monoxide fumes
 ...traffic noise...people noise....

CARLA
 No...family noise?

JOE
 (shakes his head)
 Unh uh. Male, single. In the
 insurance tables, a very poor risk.

CARLA
 Oh dear....

JOE
 (pointedly)
 We each have our own way of living
 dangerously, don't we, Mrs. Langstead....

Carla's eyes hold his for a moment, then she quickly walks
 away from him toward the boys at the end of the jetty.
 Immediately, Joe's searching glance directs itself toward
 the main house.

CUT TO:

103

FLASH CUT - JOE'S P.O.V.

The house, seen through the trees, appears to have no
 movement or activity inside or around it.

CUT TO:

104 MED. SHOT - JOE

He glances quickly over his shoulder at Carla and the boys, then moves toward the house, CAMERA TRAVELING with him.

CUT TO:

105 JOE'S MOVING P.O.V.

The house is drawing closer, seen more clearly now.

CUT TO:

106 MED. SHOT - JOE IN MOTION

His eyes are narrowing as he looks straight ahead. Over the shot we HEAR:

CARLA'S VOICE
(calling out, with
some urgency)
Oh Mr. Bailey....

Joe hears her but continues doggedly toward the house.

CUT TO:

107 FULL SHOT - CARLA AND THE BOYS

She is watching Joe as he moves toward the house. She appears tense, apprehensive. She starts hurriedly after him, just as the boys start up the motor in Joe's boat and call out "Hurray!" CAMERA PANS with Carla as she moves swiftly up the jetty and along the path through the trees calling out:

CARLA
Mr. Bailey....

CUT TO:

108 FULL SHOT - EXT. HOUSE

Joe, sensing that he is being overtaken, comes to a sudden stop without turning and looks with elaborate interest at the house as Carla comes up behind him.

CARLA
(a little cooler
than previously)
Is there something I can do for you?

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED

JOE
 (still peering
 at the house)
 I love the way it nestles in the
 trees...
 (turns to her)
 A perfect hideaway.

Over the shot, we have HEARD the SOUND of the MOTOR PUTT-
 PUTTING, and the BOYS' VOICES calling out: "We did it, sir
 ...It's all right now...." Joe proceeds up toward the house
 and peers through the downstairs window.

CARLA
 (off-screen)
 Apparently you're seaworthy again,
 Mr. Bailey.

CUT TO:

109 CLOSE UP

Through the window, Joe can see a downstairs bedroom. He sees
 men's new clothing laid out on the bed: a suit, shirt, tie,
 socks, shoes, making up a complete outfit for the man.

CUT TO:

110 CLOSE UP

Joe, looking through the window, sees another window and Mrs.
 Mihkelsson watching him.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. MEDIUM SHOT

Mrs. Mihkelsson hurries around the house away from her window
 and comes into view at the corner, but there is no Joe.

CUT TO:

112 MEDIUM SHOT

On the side of the house is the front door. Joe looks up
 toward the roof as Mrs. Mihkelsson comes into view.

CUT TO:

113
THRU
115

MEDIUM SHOT

Joe sees Carla coming from the back of the house toward him.

CARLA

Would you like a drink, Mr. Bailey?

JOE

I'd like a Scotch and soda but I know darned well you don't have that....

CARLA

I'm afraid not.

JOE

So I'll settle for anything that's wet and cool.

CARLA

I'll speak to the housekeeper.
Excuse me.

She passes Joe and goes up to Mrs. Mihkelsson. Carla returns to Joe from Mrs. Mihkelsson and offers a drink.

CARLA

A mixture of fresh fruit juices....

JOE

Perfect.

CARLA

...In a moment.

The front door opens and Mrs. Mihkelsson appears carrying a glass of fruit juice. She hands it to Joe and goes back into the house, leaving the front door open. At the same time Carla approaches and the two boys run up to Joe eagerly.

ROY

We did it, sir...
It took almost two liters...The tank still isn't full though....

NEAL

You didn't do it. I did it...No reason to run out of petrol...Seems to be a fine dinghy....

JOE

Great work, boys.

ROY

What are those glasses around your neck?

CONTINUED

113
THRU
115

CONTINUED

JOE

Binoculars.

NEAL

Binoculars? Are you a bird
watcher, sir?

JOE

(seizing the
idea)

Right. A bird watcher.

CARLA

(interrupts)

Boys....

ROY

Can we watch some birds with you?
Right now?

CARLA

(firmly)

Roy, now stop it. Mr. Bailey has
to leave....

ROY

Well can we watch sometime?

NEAL

(to his brother)

Aw, what do you know about birds?

ROY

I know plenty.

JOE

Say, I have an idea.
(he adds)

I'm all alone at the hotel across
the lake. Why don't you and the
boys join me for lunch tomorrow
at the hotel, and then afterwards
we can --

CARLA

(hurriedly)

Oh, no, I'm afraid that won't --

She is cut off by the clamor of her children.

CONTINUED

113
THRU
115

CONTINUED - 2

ROY AND NEAL

Oh, yes, yes, please, Mother, yes,
please say yes, Mother, that would
be so keen, please, please....

(DURING THE ABOVE, A FLASH CUT OF MRS. MIHKELSSON IN THE
KITCHEN, LISTENING.)

JOE

(to Carla)

You must let me repay my two little
helpers, you really must.

ROY AND NEAL

Please, Mother, please?

Carla gives a little smile and shrugs helplessly. The boys
cheer.

JOE

Around twelve noon?

Carla nods.

JOE

Unitl tomorrow then.
(holds out his
empty glass)

By the way, terrific. I may give
up booze.

Carla takes the glass from him.

JOE

(cheerfully)

"Bye.

Carla nods.

NEAL

May we see you off?

JOE

Absolutely. Let's go, mates.

He and the two boys leave the doorway. Carla goes inside and
closes the door. Inside, Mrs. Mihkelsson enters from the
kitchen. The woman has removed her apron. Her expression is
serious, her manner suddenly authoritative. She gestures
toward a chair, saying tersely:

CONTINUED

113
THRU
115

CONTINUED - 3.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Sit down, Mrs. Brand.

DURING THE FOLLOWING, Mrs. Mihkelsson goes to the table, removes the lid from a cigarette box, takes a cigarette, lights it and begins to pace back and forth before Carla, who obeys her request and sinks into the easy chair.

CARLA

Look, Mrs. Mihkelsson, I tried but the children wanted it. I couldn't just say ---

MRS. MIHKELSSON

(interrupts)

The children wanted their favorite red shirts too. I said no, you said yes. So we took the chance and sent away for their favorite red shirts. Suppose they decide now they want to burn down this house? Does that mean we give them the matches and pat them on the head?

CARLA

But what's the harm? A day in Savonlinna with a lonesome American tourist. He was only trying to be nice.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

The only situation in which there is no harm whatsoever is the one in which your husband arrives here safely, picks up his wife and children and travels without incident across the border. That is why you have been brought here, that is why you have agreed to come....

CARLA

(hotly)

Persuaded to come.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Any word you prefer. Nevertheless, you are not here to enjoy yourself. You are not here to get involved with strange men on the whim of your children....

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED - 4
THRU
115

CARLA

You can't expect them to stay
cooped up on this island or ride
around in circles on the lake hour
after hour, day after day....

MRS. MIHKELSSON

I don't expect anything of them.
They are children. But you aren't.
You know how valuable your husband
is to my people. You know to what
lengths they have gone and are still
willing to go in order to have him
living and working where he is needed.

CARLA

(bitterly)

Who better than I would know what
lengths they'd go to, Mrs.
Mihkelsson?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Good. Then I don't have to remind
you that the continued well-being
of your two little --

CARLA

(frightened)

That's right, you don't have to
remind me.

(she gets to her
feet abruptly, runs
her hands through
her hair)

What do you want me to do?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Write him a little note of regret
about tomorrow, any excuse will do.
My husband will take it across the
lake and deliver it to his hotel.

CARLA

(shaking her
head slowly)

The children...I feel so awful....

MRS. MIHKELSSON

(with a contemptuous
smile)

Maybe you will feel less "awful" if
I tell you that your lonesome American

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED - 5
 THRU
 115

MRS. MIHKELSSON (Cont'd)

tourist looked inside there...

(points to the
 closed door)

...while you were out of the toom...

(Carla looks at
 her speechlessly)

Merely out of curiosity, I am sure...

(Carla continues to
 stare at her)

Just as I am sure it was sheer co-
 incidence that I saw him in the post
 office at Helsinki yesterday when I
 picked up the parcel...Coincidence
 that I saw him at the bus terminal...
Coincidence that he traveled on the
 same bus with me...Coincidence that
 his motorboat ran out of fuel before
this island, not any of the others.

(shakes her head)

How I envy you your innocence, Mrs.
 Brand. I have been trained so well,
 I can hardly believe in anything
 any more, especially coincidence.

As though in response to what she has just heard, Carla abruptly goes to the table, opens a drawer, takes out a writing tablet and pen, sits down and begins to write the note to Joe, as Mrs. Mihkelsson watches her.

CUT TO:

116 EXT. BOAT RENTAL JETTY - A LITTLE LATER THAT DAY

Joe has just arrived back in Savonlinna from his trip across the lake, is paying the boat rental man for the dinghy he had rented, while another man ties up the boat.

BOAT MAN

More cheap by the week or the
 month.

JOE

Thanks, I'll remember that.

He starts along the jetty toward his hotel, CAMERA PRECEDING him. Suddenly REVEALED rising from a bench on the jetty where he had been seated, unseen by Joe or us, is Linnankoski. The detective follows Joe for a few steps, then falls in alongside him. Joe turns his head, sees him. They talk as they walk toward the hotel.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED

LINNANKOSKI

How are you today, Mr. Bailey?

JOE

I'm embarrassed, Sergeant. I've forgotten your name already.

LINNANKOSKI

Think of Irish linen for the first syllable, and a kiosk, with the "i" in the wrong place, for the second.

JOE

(snaps his fingers)

Linnankoski.

LINNANKOSKI

Excellent.

JOE

Do I see question marks in your eyes, Sergeant? Or have you been looking into the sun too long?

LINNANKOSKI

I was simply wondering what sort of day you had out on the lake.

JOE

Highly satisfactory.

LINNANKOSKI

I gather then that you found whoever you were seeking.

JOE

(evenly)

What makes you think I was seeking anyone?

LINNANKOSKI

Hanging from your neck is a pair of Barr and Stroud binoculars with a six by nine lens. They were made to look for someone.

JOE

Birds. I'm a bird watcher, Sergeant. Does that do anything for you?

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 2

LINNANKOSKI

And what kind of birds were you looking for, Mr. Bailey? Humming birds and meadow larks, perhaps?

JOE

That's right. Humming birds... meadow larks...all kinds....

LINNANKOSKI

Ah...May I ask you one more point of information?

Joe brings them to a stop before the hotel entrance.

JOE

I wish we had time for two, but as you can see, I have to say goodbye now.

LINNANKOSKI

If you will, please, the name of the insurance company in New York where you work side by side with the gentleman who is about to receive a magnificent, if somewhat deadly, birthday present.

JOE

Manhattan Mutual.

LINNANKOSKI

Manhattan Mutual.

JOE

Why?

LINNANKOSKI

(shrugs)

I just wanted to give you the opportunity to draw even before we parted.

JOE

Even?

LINNANKOSKI

Yes. By telling me a simple truth. In Finland, we do not have humming birds or meadow larks, Mr. Bailey.

CONTINUED

116 CONTINUED - 3

JOE

(unfazed)

Maybe that's why I failed to see any
when I looked for them, Sergeant.

(taps the man
lightly on the
shoulder)

Ciao.

Joe turns and goes into the hotel. Linnankoski looks after him for a moment, then takes out a small notepad and pencil from his pocket, scribbles two words, stuffs the pad and pencil back into his pocket and walks purposefully away out of shot.

CUT TO:

117 INT. JOE'S HOTEL BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

START CLOSE on a night table beside Joe's bed. The lamp is on. Next to it is a half-empty tumbler of Scotch and an ashtray with a half dozen butts in it. Beside that is the telephone, which is RINGING. Joe's hand comes into the shot, takes the phone to the bed, and CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Joe, fully dressed, lying on top of the coverlet, where he has been dozing.

JOE

(to phone)

Yes?...Speaking...For me?...

Send it up please.

(hangs up, looks
at his wristwatch)

Jesus....

He gets off the bed, takes up the glass of Scotch, looks at it, sets it back down on the table. He walks over to the mirror, looks at himself for a moment, turns, walks back to the bed, raises the mattress from the box-spring and looks down. CAMERA PANS DOWN and we SEE the leather gun case and the two boxes of shells. Joe's hands reach into the shot. He opens the case for a BRIEF GLIMPSE at the three parts of the rifle. The DOOR BUZZER SHOUNDS. Joe's hands quickly shut the case.

CUT TO:

118 ANOTHER ANGLE - JOE IN ROOM

Joe drops the mattress back in place, goes to the door, opens it. A hotel porter hands him an envelope.

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

JOE

Thank you.

He closes the door, examines the envelope, turns it over.

CUT TO:

119 CLOSE ANGLE - THE ENVELOPE AND THE LETTER WITHIN
THRU

121 On the rear flap are two words: "CARLA LANGSTEAD."
INTERCUTTING with JOE'S FACE as he reads, we SEE his hands opening the envelope, taking out the note, unfolding it and holding it. The note says:

"DEAR MR. BAILEY, REGRETTABLY MY CHILDREN AND I
WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SEE YOU AGAIN DURING OUR
VACATION HERE. SINCERELY, CARLA LANGSTEAD."

CUT TO:

122 MED. SHOT - JOE

He looks up from the note, frowning, then crumples the sheet of paper into a ball and hurls it against the wall.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. LAKE - NEXT DAY

Joe, dressed in a fresh pair of slacks and another sport shirt, the binoculars dangling from his neck, is coasting silently toward the shore of "Carla's island" in his newly rented outboard motorboat. The deserted jetty and the main house are far to his left. He has obviously chosen a stealthy approach to the island.

CUT TO:

124 REVERSE ANGLE - FULL SHOT - JOE IN BOAT

Shooting from land, we SEE Joe's boat glide the last few feet to shore and bump gently among a number of reeds beside some rocks. Joe leaps out onto the rocks, pulls the boat up onto the sand, partially out of the water, and secures it. Then he starts toward CAMERA, eyes searching as he goes. He stops for a moment in a CLOSE ANGLE, looking ahead. Over the shot, we HEAR, in the distance, the FAINT SOUND of the BOYS' OUTBOARD DINGHY going away from us.

CUT TO:

125 JOE'S P.O.V.

He SEES a thicket of trees up ahead. Over the shot we HEAR CARLA'S VOICE calling out:

CARLA'S VOICE

Not too far!

CUT TO:

126 WITHIN THE THICKET OF TREES

Joe moves forward into the wooded area, CAMERA MOVING with him. He discovers a path, follows it, walking with quiet footsteps. The MOTOR of the DINGHY is faintly heard SHUTTING DOWN. Now Joe arrives at the other edge of the wooded area, comes to a halt CLOSE TO CAMERA as he sees something ahead.

CUT TO:

127 JOE'S P.O.V. - A CLEARING BESIDE THE LAKE

Carla, wearing a white blouse and dark slacks, is stretched out in the clearing on a bed of green moss, an open book in her hands. Beside her is a spread-out blanket on which we see eating utensils and the remnants of a picnic lunch. She is looking off toward the lake.

CUT TO:

128 FLASH CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Turning his head to look off at the lake.

CUT TO:

129 FLASH SHOT - JOE'S P.O.V.

Far out on the lake, Roy and Neal are SEEN fishing from their dinghy, at anchor.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. CLEARING - (MASTER SCENE)

Joe starts slowly toward Carla. Suddenly she becomes aware of someone's presence, turns her head and sees him. Her eyes

CONTINUED

130

CONTINUED

widen. She sits up, her body tense.

JOE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
startle you.

Carla stares at him. He comes closer.

CARLA
Didn't you get my message?

JOE
Yes.

CARLA
Then why have you come here?

JOE
To return the gasoline I borrowed.

CARLA
No you didn't.

JOE
No. I didn't. I wanted to see
with my own eyes that you were all
right. Your note was cryptic. I
thought I smelled fear between the
lines.

CARLA
(looks off
apprehensively)
Did anyone see you arrive?

JOE
(standing over her)
No one. What is it, Carla? What
are you afraid of?

CARLA
Inquisitive, prying strangers,
Mr. Bailey...
(turns her back
to him)
You'll have to leave...right now.

Joe doesn't leave. He sinks to the ground beside her.

JOE
You know, if you'd call me Joe
instead of Mr. Bailey, maybe I

CONTINUED

130

CONTINUED - 2

JOE (Cont'd)

wouldn't seem like such a stranger
to you.

He reaches across her to take an apple from the blanket next
to her, and his body comes in contact with hers. She stiffens,
unnerved by her own feelings.

JOE

(still leaning
against her)

I think it's darned nice of me to
not even ask you why you called
off our little date.

CARLA

(pulls away from
him, distraught)

What do you want of me? Who are
you?

JOE

(bites into the
apple, reaches
into his back
pocket)

My life is an open book, written
in numbers, decimal points,
statistics.

(takes out his
wallet, removes
a card)

Here. The whole sordid story.

He hands her one of his business cards. She glances at it
briefly, tosses it onto the blanket and looks at him.

JOE

Is that nice? Throwing my life away?

CARLA

My housekeeper thinks you're not to
be trusted...

JOE

She must know about insurance agents.

CARLA

...She feels that you followed her
to Savonlinna from Helsinki, that
you came to this island because
you're up to something. I told her

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED - 3

CARLA (Cont'd)
she was being foolish, that you were exactly what you said you were, an American businessman on a holiday....

JOE
Now that's friendly.

CARLA
(shakes her head)
I was wrong, she was right. You've been lying to me and the children with a smile on your face. You're working for the British, aren't you.

JOE
I just gave you my business card.

CARLA
Is it the C.I.A. then? Or are you one of those damned newspapermen?

JOE
Never.

CARLA
Maybe I'm not the one to be accusing you of lying, when I play the same game. You know perfectly well who I am, don't you, Mr. Bailey, and you know who my husband is too, and exactly why I'm here, and the only reason you're sticking to me like glue is because you want to find out more. Isn't that correct?

Joe hurls the remains of his apple away. The action gives him a moment to think. Then he rises to his feet and turns to her.

JOE
All right, I'm not going to lie and say I don't know who you are. Your picture has been all over the newspapers. And I can't make believe I'm not interested in finding out more about you, because I am. You happen to be quite beautiful, Carla, and very appealing, and so are your children. And you're obviously in the middle of a larger-than-life drama and just possibly could be in

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED - 4

JOE (Cont'd)

need of help. So what unattached American male, bored with his vacation, wouldn't count himself lucky to have stumbled across someone as lovely, and needy, as you?

CARLA

(meets his eyes)

Much as I'd like to believe you, I'm afraid I can't afford to, Mr. Bailey.

JOE

Carla, for God's sake.

Carla rises to her feet and faces him.

CARLA

If you really want to help me, you'll leave right now and not come back.

(holds out her hand)

Goodbye, Joe.

JOE

(eyes searching her face)

Is it because you're married to Gavin Brand, not divorced, as you said?

CARLA

Yes, I'm married. Now will you go?

JOE

When is he arriving here, and when do you and the boys go across the border with him?

Tears start to Carla's eyes. Her lips tremble.

CARLA

Damn it, what business is that of yours?

JOE

I'm interested in you. Can't you get that through your head?

He puts his hands on her shoulders. She shudders a little.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED - 5

CARLA

No don't. Please go....

JOE

(holding onto her)

Look, I don't care if you're married to him legally. I don't believe for one minute that you could possibly care for that filthy traitor --

CARLA

(cries out)

Stop it...

JOE

-- That you would even stay in the same room with him much less go away with him forever and incidentally ruin the lives of your two boys....

Carla wrenches from his grasp crying:

CARLA

I told you to stop....

At that moment, she looks off and reacts to something.

CUT TO:

131 FLASH SHOT - SVEN MIHKELSSON (FROM CARLA'S P.O.V.)

Standing in the wooded area, within earshot, unseen by Joe, he is watching, listening.

CUT TO:

132 CARLA AND JOE

THRU

134

A look of panic comes to Carla's face. Joe is moving toward her. Quickly she reaches into her shoulder bag, whirls around to face him. He looks down, comes to a sudden stop.

JOE

You gotta be kidding.

Carla is pointing a small revolver at him, her hand shaking.

(THE EFFECT WE WANT TO ACHIEVE CINEMATICALLY IN THE ABOVE SEQUENCE IS THAT CARLA, SEEING THAT SHE AND JOE HAVE BEEN OBSERVED TOGETHER BY MIHKELSSON, RESORTS TO THE REVOLVER FOR

CONTINUED

132
THRU
134

CONTINUED

TWO REASONS: ONE, TO CONVINCe MIHKELSSON THAT SHE HAS NO FRIENDLY CONNECTIONS TO JOE WHATSOEVER, AND TWO, TO END JOE'S DANGEROUS PRESENCE IN HER PROXIMITY ABRUPTLY.)

CARLA

(to Joe)

There are no laws in Finland against anything my husband has done, or that I am doing here, or that he and I intend to do together. But there is a law against trespassing....

JOE

(easily)

Put that down.

CARLA

You've come here against my wishes and you refuse to leave....

She thrusts the gun forward menacingly.

JOE

I get it. You want me to go.

(with a little salute)

See ya.

He turns and walks away from her toward the wooded area. (A quick turn of Carla's head and a FLASH INTERCUT OF HER P.O.V. shows her and us that Mikhelsson is no longer in sight,) She puts the revolver back in her handbag, looks after Joe with a gentle, sorrowful expression, until he disappears from views.

CUT TO:

135

EXT. LAKESHORE

We are shooting from the lake toward land. Joe's boat, partially beached, is in close f.g. In b.g., Joe is seen emerging from the woods and approaching his boat. He pushes it out until it is floating in the water. Then he steps across the rocks, gets into the boat and tries to start the motor. It will not start, just sputters and dies. He tries one more time to start the motor and he succeeds. He is watched by Mikhelsson as he drives his boat across the lake in the direction of the mainland.

CUT TO:

136

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAVONLINNA - DAY

Seated behind his desk, Detective-Sergeant Linnankoski looks up as a young AIDE enters the office and approaches him. They have a brief exchange IN FINNISH: "There is a young American lady here, a Mrs. Langstead, who has rented the cottage on Squirrel Island. She wishes to see you, Sergeant." "See me?" "Yes, sir." "All right, show her in." Presently, Carla enters. Linnankoski rises to his feet, gestures to the chair beside his desk.

LINNANKOSKI

Have a seat, Mrs. Langstead. I am told you wish to see me.

CARLA

Thank you, Sergeant.

LINNANKOSKI

Are you enjoying your stay on Squirrel Island?

CARLA

Yes, very much.

LINNANKOSKI

It is most beautiful in these parts before the tourists make their invasion. Are the boys finding it to their liking?

CARLA

(a bit startled)

How did you know about my children? They didn't even come into the building with me.

LINNANKOSKI

(smiles)

Mrs. Langstead, because Finland is a neutral country, having no ties to other countries, we have found it easy to cultivate the appearance of disinterest bordering on ignorance. This appearance is the cloak behind which we hide an obsessive nosiness in the affairs of every stranger who comes within our borders.

CARLA

I see. I don't know whether I like that, or dislike it.

CONTINUED

136

CONTINUED

LINNANKOSKI

Whichever attitude you finally decide upon, I assure you that we are always on the side of security and safety for all our visitors, whoever they may be.

CARLA

In view of that philosophy, Sergeant Linnankoski, I think you'll appreciate why I've come to see you.

LINNANKOSKI

I already do, if only for the pleasure of your fragrant presence in this barren room. What can I do for you, madam?

CARLA

Well, there's this American, staying at the Kasino Hotel, Joe Bailey is the name he uses, and here is the business card he gave me....

She places Joe's card on the desk before Linnankoski, who picks it up, looks at it as they talk:

LINNANKOSKI

And what seems to be the trouble?

CARLA

No trouble, really, but there could be, or let's say I'm uneasy and would rather not have anything on my mind to upset me or spoil my vacation while I'm here.

LINNANKOSKI

I do not blame you.

CARLA

This gentleman, this Mr. Bailey, appears to be showing an uncommon interest in my two boys. He seems to confine most of his boating activities to wherever on the lake they happen to be. He has managed to insinuate himself into their lives, even came ashore on the island several times, and while it all may be very harmless, frankly I don't like to see my children getting too close to an utter stranger, a man I know nothing about.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED - 2

LINNANKOSKI

And you want me to prevent this American, this Bailey, from coming near your children?

CARLA

Well, no, I wouldn't expect you to do that, Sergeant, but I wondered whether you have the means to look into the man's background, in other words, to verify what he has told me about himself, all of which is contained on that card?

LINNANKOSKI

Mrs. Langstead, it makes me happy to be able to set your mind at rest immediately. Mr. Joseph Bailey is exactly the man he describes himself as being, no more, no less.

(holds up the
business card)

He has told you the truth about himself....

CARLA

(eyes widening
with surprise)

Are you sure?

LINNANKOSKI

(nodding)

I might even add a few personal details that he may have been reluctant to divulge, such as his age, which is thirty-eight, or his marital status, which is five-years-divorced from his first and only wife, or his police record, which is non-existent save for three parking tickets and two arrests for driving while intoxicated in the city of New York. Oh, yes, and his private telephone number at his Manhattan residence...

(glances at a slip
of paper on his desk)

...area code 212, 505, 1727.

(smiles at Carla)

Your children are safe, madam, unless you are afraid they could be talked

CONTINUED

137

CONTINUED - 3

LINNANKOSKI (Cont'd)
into buying insurance policies
they cannot afford.

Carla laughs with relief, visibly delighted to have heard this news. As she gets to her feet, she shakes her head with some bewilderment.

CARLA

Sergeant, I'm most appreciative,
and relieved, but how do you get
to know all this?

Linnankoski gets to his feet.

LINNANKOSKI

As I told you, our nosiness is
boundless, Mrs. Langstead.

CARLA

But surely you don't investigate
every tourist, do you?

LINNANKOSKI

(enigmatically)
We have a certain...Selectivity.

Carla reaches across the desk and shakes Linnankoski's hand.

CARLA

Thank you so much, Sergeant. You've
made me feel much better.

LINNANKOSKI

I'll drop over.

CARLA

No, no, no, please. There's no
need. It's not that bad now that
you've reassured me about Mr. Bailey.

This statement by Carla contributes to Linnankoski's suspicions.
After she has left he turns to his aide, George:

LINNANKOSKI

George, she's given it away. She's
given the game away. She doesn't
want us there because she is what
we've always suspected -- awaiting
the arrival of her escaped husband.
And remember, George, that we're
not far from the Russian border.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED - 4

Linnankoski should also clarify to the aide that this woman who calls herself Mrs. Langstead is really Mrs. Gavin Brand:

LINNANKOSKI

George, now you know that your question as to her presence for these last two weeks on Squirrel Island is for one purpose only -- to wait for her husband.

GEORGE

Who?

Linnankoski shows the aide the International Herald Tribune which states that Brand has escaped after five years.

GEORGE

What do we do?

LINNANKOSKI

We wait.

CUT TO:

138 FULL SHOT - JOE BAILEY - EXT. ENTRANCE TO KASINO HOTEL - DAY

Dressed in slacks, loafers and a blazer worn over an open-at-the-neck shirt, Joe is standing before the hotel entrance gazing casually toward the lake and the Silver Line boat landing. Suddenly he turns his head sharply as his attention is caught by something off to his left.

CUT TO:

139 EXT. SILVER LINE BOAT LANDING (FROM JOE'S P.O.V.)

Carla and the two boys are SEEN among the pedestrians who are approaching the quay. The launch has not yet arrived, but there is much pre-sailing activity at the ticket window and at the Snack Bar adjoining it.

CUT TO:

140 MED. SHOT - JOE

His lips tighten purposefully and he moves forward toward the boat landing, going out of the shot.

CUT TO:

141 EXT. SILVER LINE BOAT LANDING

Carla is assisting Roy and Neal onto the only two unoccupied stools at the Snack Bar. Then she steps to the ticket window and purchases three tickets.

CUT TO:

142 BRIEF FULL SHOT - JOE

He is now standing a few feet from the entrance to the boat landing, out of the sight-line of the two boys at the Snack Bar. He is looking off at Carla.

CUT TO:

143 MED. SHOT - CARLA

As she turns away from the ticket window, we can see on her face immediately that she has spotted Joe, off screen. She stands there uncertainly for a moment. Her expression is soft, friendly. A trace of a smile comes to her face and then she moves briskly toward Joe, glancing to her left at the backs of Roy and Neal as she passes them. PANNING CAMERA takes her into:

144 TWO SHOT - CARLA AND JOE

Joe raises his hands as though he is being held up, as Carla approaches him. She shakes her head, smiling.

CARLA

It's all right now, you can put them down.

JOE

What lured you away from your enchanted island?

CARLA

To tell you the truth, I came here to see the police, to check up on your...life story.

JOE

Oh?

CARLA

It turns out you've been disgustingly honest with me....

CONTINUED

144 CONTINUED

JOE
 (seemingly kidding)
 Or a very accomplished liar.

CARLA
 I guess I owe you an apology.

JOE
 I'll accept it, if you'll stay and
 have lunch with me now, just the
 two of us.

CARLA
 (turns, glances
 toward the Snack Bar)
 The children and I are supposed to
 be on the next island boat. Mr.
 Mikhelsson will be meeting us
 across the lake.

JOE
 (with urgency)
 Look -- let the boys tell Mikhelsson
 you had to stay and do some shopping.
 I promise to get you home safely.
 (Carla looks at him,
 wanting to say yes
 but wavering)
 Carla, please. I must talk with you.

His heartfelt tone melts her uncertainty.

CARLA
 Wait for me in the lobby of your
 hotel. I'll see the children off
 first.

JOE
 You won't disappoint me?

CARLA
 I do hope not, Joe.

Joe turns and goes off toward the hotel. She watches him for a moment, then her expression becomes more serious. She walks over to the Snack Bar, CAMERA PANNING with her and holding her in a LONG SHOT. We SEE her leaning over the boys, talking to them earnestly. They nod their heads vigorously. She gives them boat tickets. They slide off their stools with ice cream cones in hand and run toward the island boat that is just bumping up against the jetty to take on passengers.

CUT TO:

145 EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY

On their way to lunch, Carla and Joe emerge from the side entrance of the hotel and start down a rather steep winding path through a lovely woodland setting. Carla finds the footing a little uncertain, reaches out unthinkingly and holds onto Joe's arm to steady herself. He notes her hand on his arm with secret pleasure, tentatively places his hand over hers. She is too preoccupied with the pathway to notice, as they go out of the shot.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. PARK - DAY

Carla and Joe, side by side and quite obviously growing more comfortable with each other, are walking past a group of young boys who are playing a violent game of soccer. Suddenly the ball comes sailing through the air right at Carla's head. Joe lunges toward Carla, has to put his arms around her to deflect the ball with his hands just as it is about to hit her. For an instant, he finds himself holding Carla in his arms. They laugh, and he quickly releases her.

CUT TO:

147 EXT. SMALL STREAM - DAY

There are stepping stones across this beautiful babbling brook. As Joe and Carla reach the stream, Joe gestures to Carla to go across first. She starts across, almost falls into the water, comes to a halt, temporarily stranded in midstream. Joe starts across to the rescue. Carla reaches out her hand, he takes it, makes his way around her to take the lead, and helps her to the other side. But when they reach dry land, he does not let go of her hand as they continue on out of the shot, holding hands.

CUT TO:

148 EXT. COBBLESTONE ROAD - DAY

Carla and Joe, still holding hands, are walking along in the center of a traffic-free road, oblivious to anything but each other. CAMERA is behind them, MOVING with them. Suddenly they HEAR the SOUND of MANY SMALL WARNING BELLS behind them off-screen. They turn and SEE a swarm of happy, laughing bicyclists, dozens of them, almost upon them and approaching swiftly. Joe and Carla, in their haste to escape, bump into each other, break apart, then bump into each other again, and

CONTINUED

148 CONTINUED

finally huddle together in laughter and fear as the bicyclists swoop down on them and around them and past them, BELLS RINGING WILDLY. As fast as they appeared, the bicyclists are gone. Joe and Carla look at each other, then grab hands and hurry to the safety of the walkway bordering the road, and move quickly toward the restaurant where they will have lunch, going out of the shot.

CUT TO:

149 EXT. GARDEN RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

A lovely romantic setting, with tables set far apart under individual arbors of sun-dappled trees and ferns. START on an elderly WAITER bearing a small tray with two demi-tasses across the lawn, arriving at the small secluded table where we now SEE Joe and Carla seated side by side on a padded love-seat before the remnants of their salad luncheon. They appear to be wordlessly contented with their surroundings and with each other. Joe has a half-empty highball glass of straight whiskey before him. Carla has been drinking white wine. They watch silently as the waiter sets the demi-tasses on the table, removes their plates, and leaves. Then Joe looks at Carla, she looks at him, and they smile slowly and warmly at each other.

CARLA

(softly)

Remember way back when you thought what you wanted for us was to talk to each other? I think you meant smile, didn't you.

JOE

We could try doing both.

(frowns)

You know, there are things you don't know about me, Carla.

CARLA

(not taking him too seriously)

Terrible things?

JOE

In a way, yes.

(reaching for his glass)

Maybe I'll be able to tell you... maybe I won't....

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED

CARLA

That you were married once? I already know that. I even know about your three parking tickets and your two arrests for driving with, let me guess, Scotch whiskey in your gas tank?

JOE

Hey, wait a minute....

CARLA

(lightly)
Sergeant Linnankoski...knows all, tells everything.

JOE

(suddenly alert)
Did he mention anything about... a birthday present?

CARLA

Birthday present? No.
(she smiles)
What are you giving me?

Joe looks at her, unsmiling. Then he raises the whiskey glass to his lips as though he really needs it. Carla watches him drink.

CARLA

(gently)
How long have you been trying to drown...whatever-it-is...in that?

JOE

Two years. Why? Does it bother you?

CARLA

Only because it's you.
(Joe nods his acceptance of that)
What happened two years ago?

JOE

(pained)
I...nothing...

CARLA

(softly)
What happened?

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 2

JOE
My kid brother...died.

CARLA
Oh Joe....

JOE
Twenty-seven....

CARLA
I'm so sorry. Can you tell me about
it?

JOE
(shakes his head)
Sometime...maybe....

He finishes the whiskey, sets the glass down and studies
Carla's face with serious expression.

JOE
Carla, I've got to know how you
really feel about your husband.

CARLA
(stiffens)
Let's not, Joe.

JOE
(persisting)
Do you love him?

CARLA
Please don't.

JOE
Do you?

CARLA
(after a pause)
All right. No. I don't.

JOE
Did you ever?

CARLA
(starts to protest,
then answers)
Once...before I knew who he was and
what he was...It wasn't until his
arrest and trial that I learned I'd
been living with a total stranger...

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 3

CARLA (Cont'd)

a weak man who had been seduced into selling tiny bits of information for piddling sums, and then allowed himself to be blackmailed into larger crimes for higher prices. A thoroughly stupid and evil way to destroy one's life....

JOE

Why haven't you divorced him?

CARLA

I don't really know. Weakness? Vacillation? Inertia? The fact of his being the father of Neal and Roy?

JOE

Are you really going across the border with him?

CARLA

No more questions, Joe.

JOE

(relentlessly)

Are you?

Carla turns away. Her eyes are moist.

CARLA

I have to.

JOE

Why?

CARLA

Is that really any of your business?

JOE

Yes, damn it, it is. For some silly reason I seem to care about your future, and your present.

CARLA

(turns to him sharply)

Look, I don't want you to interfere. No one must give Gavin a reason to change his mind....

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 4

JOE

Suppose it's changed for him,
suppose something happens to him?

CARLA

(eyes widen)

Happens?

JOE

Like an accident.

CARLA

(alarmed)

What kind of accident? What are
you talking about?

JOE

The man you don't love but you're
waiting for out on that island...
the man you don't love but you're
going away with anyway, is wanted by
an awful lot of police and hated by
an awful lot of people. He could
die, Carla....

CARLA

(shaking her head)

No.

JOE

Yes. And what I want to know is,
what would happen to you if he did.

CARLA

What is it you're trying to tell me,
Joe? Stop trying and say it.

JOE

All right, you're going to hate me
for this, and God knows that's the
last thing I want for us ---

Suddenly Carla grabs his arm and stiffens. His eyes follow her gaze and he SEES Mihkelsson coming through the foliage, approaching their table. Carla moves away from Joe. He sees the fear on her face as Mihkelsson stops at the table, looks down at Joe, then at Carla, with stony expression.

MIHKELSSON

I did not find you in the markets or
in the square....

CONTINUED

149 CONTINUED - 5

JOE
 (waving his empty
 glass, feigning
 intoxication)
 I forced her to come here,
 Mikhelsson....

MIHKELSSON
 (to Carla)
 I have come to take you home.

As Carla rises, Mikhelsson escorts her to the pier.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. JETTY ON SQUIRREL ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

The outboard motorboat piloted by Mikhelsson, with Carla seated stiffly in the rear, is approaching the jetty. Elsa Mikhelsson is standing at the end of the jetty waiting. When the boat reaches the jetty, Mikhelsson secures it with a rope, then clambers up to where his wife is standing, leaving Carla to fend for herself. Mikhelsson has a quickly delivered brief exchange in Finnish with his wife. We are in a LONG SHOT and cannot hear their words clearly, only the angry sound of their voices as they look toward Carla and gesticulate in her direction. By the time she climbs up to the jetty, Carla finds Mikhelsson hurrying off to the house and Mrs. Mikhelsson standing there waiting for her. Carla moves tensely past her, as though to escape the inevitable.

MRS. MIHKELSSON
 Wait please.

Carla stops and turns. The woman comes up to her.

CARLA
 I know what you're going to say.
 But what your husband doesn't
 know and couldn't have told you is
 that I went to Savonlinna today
 for the express purpose of asking
 the police to find out all they
 could about Mr. Bailey. You were
 so worried, Mrs. Mikhelsson....

MRS. MIHKELSSON
 (coldly)
 Indeed I was.

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

CARLA

It may interest you to know that the police verified everything he had told me about himself. He is perfectly safe, perfectly innocent, and no danger at all to our plans.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

The police here are fools, especially that Linnankoski. I did not tell you, but I asked our people to check on your Mr. Bailey. Word came through to us while you were away today enjoying his company.

(she pauses for
a moment)

He has been sent to Europe by the C.I.A. to assassinate your husband....

CARLA

(stunned)

Joe?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Yes, Joe, your innocent, harmless Joe....

CARLA

(bewildered)

I don't believe you. Why him?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Because his brother was one of those agents of the devil we eliminated as a result of your husband's work for us.

CARLA

(turning away,
half aloud)

So...that...was...what he was trying to...oh, Joe....

MRS. MIHKELSSON

He has been using you.

CARLA

No.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Yes. And let me tell you something, Mrs. Brand: if anything should happen to your husband, I could

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED - 2

MRS. MIHKELSSON (Cont'd)
 never persuade my superiors that
 you and the American were not
 acting in collusion....

CARLA
 (turns, frightened)
 You're not going to say anything
 to my husband....

MRS. MIHKELSSON
 We will do nothing that might upset
 him, or delay him, unless we have to.

CARLA
 (distracted)
 The children. Where are they?

MRS. MIHKELSSON
 Getting ready for an early dinner,
 as you will too. My husband and I
 are setting out for the rendezvous
 as soon as it gets dark.

CARLA
 (eyes widening)
 Tonight?

MRS. MIHKELSSON
 Yes. You will leave in the morning.

Abruptly she walks away from Carla, hurrying toward the care-
 taker's cottage. Carla turns and stands looking across the
 lake toward Savonlinna, toward Joe.

CUT TO:

151 VERY CLOSE SHOT - CARLA'S HANDS WRITING A LETTER - INT. HOUSE
 - DUSK

Carla's left hand is holding the notepaper flat on the desk.
 With the pen in her right hand she is finishing the letter,
 which reads: "JOE DEAR, THIS IS TO WARN YOU THAT THEY HAVE
 DISCOVERED YOUR MISSION. I REALIZE NOW WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN
 THROUGH AND WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO TELL ME. I IMPLORE YOU
 NOT TO INTERFERE. HAVE FAITH IN ME. YOU WILL UNDERSTAND
 EVERYTHING WHEN I RETURN TO YOU SOON, YOUR CARLA." Carla's
 hands fold the letter, slip it into an envelope, and CAMERA
 PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE as she licks the flap, seals the
 envelope and writes Joe's name on it. Then she turns and
 looks down at Neal and Roy, who are lying on their stomachs on
 the rug, thumbing through a magazine.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

CARLA

All right boys, quickly.

The boys spring to their feet, crowd close to her.

CARLA

Neal, I'm giving it to you, but
Roy, you're responsible too.

ROY

Yes, Mother.

Carla gives Neal the envelope, saying in a low but urgent voice:

CARLA

Remember, nobody is to get this but
Mr. Bailey....

NEAL

Nobody.

CARLA

Roy?

ROY

Nobody.

CARLA

And you're to come back as quickly
as possible....

ROY

And just say we were out on the lake
playing games.

CARLA

Right. Now run along, boys, and
be very very careful.

NEAL AND ROY

We will..."Bye now....

They run through the hallway to the front door, which is slightly ajar, and go out, closing the door behind them. Carla looks after them for a moment, then gets up nervously, stands there with distracted expression.

CUT TO:

152 TRAVELLING SHOT - NEAL AND ROY - EXT. HOUSE AND JETTY - DUSK

The boys are running from the house toward the jetty, CAMERA MOVING with them. Suddenly they see Mrs. Mihkelsson approaching from the jetty toward the house.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Where are you going? Roy...?
Neal...?

The boys run past her calling out:

ROY AND NEAL

We're going to play some water
games, Mrs. Mihkelsson....

Mrs. Mihkelsson turns and watches them as they arrive at the dinghy. They jump in, try to start the motor. It doesn't fire up. Neal leans over the motor and cries:

NEAL

There's no petrol in the tank.

ROY

There must be.

NEAL

Somebody's emptied it.

Mrs. Mihkelsson is approaching them on the jetty.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

No one is going anywhere tonight.

NEAL

Gee, we just wanted to play. Can't
we?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Come here, both of you.

Neal and Roy climb onto the jetty, come up to Mrs. Mihkelsson. The envelope containing Carla's letter is protruding from Neal's shirt pocket.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

What is that, Neal?

Neal takes the envelope from his pocket, sees the intense interest in Mrs. Mihkelsson's eyes.

NEAL

It's part of our game, Mrs.
Mihkelsson. Roy and I have this ---

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

MRS. MIHKELSSON

(holding out
her hand)

Give it to me.

NEAL

No, I can't do that. It belongs
to ---

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Give it to me.

She grabs Neal's arm. He tries to get away. She clings to him, reaches for the envelope. He holds it away from her at arm's length, crying:

NEAL

Roy!

Roy rushes up to him, snatches the envelope from his hand just as Mrs. Mihkelsson is about to seize it. Roy runs with it to the end of the jetty and hurls the envelope out over the water. It sails with the wind, lands on the surface of the rippling lake and starts to drift away with the current. Roy and Neal giggle with glee. Mrs. Mihkelsson releases Neal. He and Roy run back toward the house. Mrs. Mihkelsson, her expression grim, looks toward the drifting envelope, then turns and walks swiftly toward CAMERA and out of the shot.

CUT TO:

153 CLOSE SHOT - THE ENVELOPE DRIFTING ON THE SURFACE OF THE LAKE
- A FEW MINUTES LATER

SHOOTING DOWN, CAMERA FOLLOWS the envelope closely as it drifts, swirls, glides on and on. Just as we begin to wonder why we are following the envelope for so long a time, a HAND REACHES INTO THE FRAME and plucks the envelope from the water, CAMERA PULLING BACK on the motion. It is Sven Mihkelsson, leaning over in his outboard motorboat, near shore. He shakes the water from the soggy envelope, examines the name on the front, eyes narrowing. Carefully, he places the soggy envelope on the seat before him, to dry it out.

CUT TO:

154 INT. BAR - SAVONLINNA - NIGHT

Joe is standing at the crowded bar nursing a tall whiskey and soda. All about him are "local" men and women, mostly working-

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED

class types, drinking beer or schnapps, laughing loudly, calling out to each other in Finnish. Joe's sombre mien is in sharp contrast. Now he becomes aware of a disturbance behind him, a man trying to push his way through and squeeze in beside him at the bar. Other patrons protest the pushing and shoving, and Joe turns to SEE that it is Sergeant Linnankoski elbowing his way through the knot of larger, burlier beer-drinkers, apologizing profusely. He finally makes it up to the bar alongside Joe and wipes his own perspiring forehead with a small paper napkin.

LINNANKOSKI

Good evening, Mr. Bailey.
(to the bartender,
IN FINNISH)
I'll have a schnapps please.

JOE

I've got a bone to pick with you,
Linnankoski.

LINNANKOSKI

Sorry. I've already had my dinner.

JOE

You didn't have to blab about my ex-wife and the drunk driving and that kind of stuff to Carla...Mrs. Langstead.

LINNANKOSKI

Don't you mean Mrs. Gavin Brand?

JOE

Is there anything you don't know?

LINNANKOSKI

As a matter of fact, there is. For example, while I know that the lady's husband has crossed the border from Sweden into Finland --

(Joe reacts)

-- I don't know the precise time of his arrival on the island tonight.

JOE

(slightly stunned)
Tonight.

LINNANKOSKI

You wouldn't be able to help me,
would you?

CONTINUED

154 CONTINUED - 2

JOE
(looking off)
Check please.

LINNANKOSKI
I didn't think so.

Agitated, Joe waits for his bar tab as Linnankoski receives his schnapps from the bartender and raises his glass.

LINNANKOSKI
Kippis...Or as you rich Americans
would say, cheers.

JOE
(paying his tab)
Where do you get that "rich American"
bit?

Linnankoski has set his glass down and removed a fat wad of American dollars from his pocket. He places the wad on the bar before Joe, saying:

LINNANKOSKI
You are now, Mr. Bailey.

JOE
What the hell is this?

LINNANKOSKI
Four hundred and forty two dollars
in cash. Unlawful entry into a
hotel room is bad enough. My con-
science could never withstand bur-
glary without some form of
restitution.

Joe stares at the detective with grim expression.

CUT TO:

155 INT. JOE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We are shooting towards the door of the darkened bedroom, HEARING the SOUND of Joe's KEY in the lock. The door fairly bursts open as Joe enters, snaps on the lights and strides swiftly to his bed, CAMERA PANNING with him. He seizes the mattress, raises it, looks down.

CUT TO:

156 FLASH SHOT

The "hiding place" is empty. The guncase and the shells are gone.

CUT TO:

157 JOE

Hurls the mattress down angrily, turns to CAMERA with dark expression.

JOE

Son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

158 EXT. LAKE AND SQUIRREL ISLAND - NIGHT

In the bright moonlight, Joe is seen in his outboard motorboat nearing shore at a remote point on Squirrel Island. His binoculars hanging from a chain around his neck. He cuts the engine, tilts the propeller shaft out of the water and allows the boat to glide silently among a number of reeds into a hidden cove where it bumps against the rocks. He leaps out, pulls the boat onto land and glances about. Then he starts in the direction of the house and disappears within a thicket of trees.

CUT TO:

159 INT. WOODS - TRAVELLING SHOT

Joe moves cautiously in the moon-dappled darkness, peering intently ahead. Finally he reaches the edge of the thicket, comes to a stop and looks off across the clearing.

CUT TO:

160 LONG SHOT - LIVING ROOM SIDE OF MAIN HOUSE - FROM JOE'S P.O.V.

The lights are on in the living room. Through the window we SEE Carla, dressed in a sheer, floor length robe, in conversation with Mrs. Mihkelsson.

CUT TO:

161 CLOSE SHOT - JOE

Watching. He glances about cautiously, then moves forward, closer to the house.

CUT TO:

162 JOE'S MOVING P.O.V.

CAMERA is approaching the house. Now Mrs. Mikhelsson is SEEN walking past Carla toward the kitchen. She disappears for a moment. Then the rear door of the house opens. Mrs. Mikhelsson emerges.

CUT TO:

163 MED. SHOT - JOE

He reacts to the sight of Mrs. Mikhelsson, quickly withdraws to the covering darkness of the thicket, CAMERA MOVING back with him. He looks off, SEES:

CUT TO:

164 MRS. MIKHELSSON (JOE'S P.O.V.)

She is moving quickly in the direction of the caretaker's cottage and the adjacent woodshed.

CUT TO:

165 MOVING SHOT - JOE

THRU
167

He starts after Mrs. Mikhelsson at a safe distance. (INTERCUT HIS MOVING P.O.V. of the woman approaching the cottage.) He comes to a stop, stands hidden in the trees, looking off.

CUT TO:

168 JOE'S P.O.V. - A CLEARING AT THE WATER'S EDGE NEAR CARETAKER'S
THRU COTTAGE (INTERCUT WITH CLOSEUPS OF JOE)
170

We SEE Mrs. Mikhelsson come to a stop near the cottage. In Finnish, she calls out: "All right, Sven, let's go." Beyond her is the large motorboat, tied up at the edge of the lake. Mikhelsson emerges from the cottage, follows his wife to the boat, gets in after her. She unties the boat from its mooring while he starts the motor. He slowly backs away from shore, then guns the engine and they speed off into the moonlit night.

CUT TO:

171 MOVING SHOT - JOE

He quickly steps out of his hiding place, goes to the water's edge, looks off after the disappearing boat, then glances to his left, inland, in the direction of the main house. CAMERA PANS with him as he starts toward the house and goes out of the shot.

CUT TO:

172 FULL SHOT - ROY AND NEAL - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light from the open doorway reveals the boys asleep in their large bed in the darkened room.

CUT TO:

173 CARLA IN DOORWAY

She is standing in the doorway looking in at her children. She pulls the door closed softly.

CUT TO:

174 INT. LIVING ROOM

Carla turns away from the door, reacts as she HEARS the SOUND of a PEBBLE STRIKING THE WINDOW. CAMERA PANS her over to the window. She peers out through the glass, apparently sees nothing in the darkness outside. She turns away. Another pebble is HEARD striking the glass. She turns, raises the window this time and looks out.

CUT TO:

175 MED. SHOT - JOE (CARLA'S P.O.V.) - INTERCUT WITH CARLA AT
THRU OPEN WINDOW (JOE'S P.O.V.)
177

Joe is standing there in the moonlight. Carla is shocked to see him.

CARLA

Joe!

JOE

(with urgency)

Are you alone?

CONTINUED

175
THRU
177

CONTINUED

CARLA

Oh God, you shouldn't be here.
Leave the island! Quickly!

JOE

Is he here yet?

CARLA

Please go.

JOE

I'm coming in.

CARLA

No.

Joe hurries off toward the front of the house.

CUT TO:

178

INT. LIVING ROOM AND HALLWAY

Carla backs away from the window, leaving it open. She turns, looks toward the front door at the far end of the hallway. We HEAR Joe pulling at the door, which is locked. He begins to pound on the door. Carla glances nervously toward the bedroom where the boys are sleeping. The pounding grows louder. Carla moves quickly through the hallway to the door, unlocks it and opens it. Joe comes in, goes right past her to the living room. She closes and locks the door, goes after him. When she gets to the living room, she sees him opening the door to the boys' bedroom, peering in.

CARLA

Don't wake them.

Joe closes the bedroom door, turns to face her. There is great tension between them. They speak rapidly in low, urgent voices.

JOE

Look, I know he's coming. What time is he due?

CARLA

And I know why you're here, I know why you came to Finland, I know everything. So do they....

JOE

What time?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CARLA

Midnight. They'll kill you if they find you here....

JOE

That little revolver. The one you had yesterday. I need it. Give it to me.

CARLA

It's gone, missing. I haven't been able to find it.

JOE

Don't lie to me, Carla.

Tears come to Carla's eyes.

CARLA

Damn you, Joe. Why can't you trust me? I told you not to interfere.

JOE

(with sarcasm)

Trust you?

CARLA

Yes. You're the one who's been lying, by withholding the truth. I don't mind that. I understand... about your brother...everything. But I'm begging you now, don't even think of going through with... murder. That's what it would be....

JOE

(harshly)

What would you like me to do, escort your husband to the Russian border so he can betray a few more people right into their graves? That's what you're doing. And you want me to trust you....

CARLA

(shaken, tearful)

I'm trying to save the lives of my children....

JOE

What, by taking them there for the rest of their lives?

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED

CARLA

Midnight. They'll kill you if they find you here....

JOE

That little revolver. The one you had yesterday. I need it. Give it to me.

CARLA

It's gone, missing. I haven't been able to find it.

JOE

Don't lie to me, Carla.

Tears come to Carla's eyes.

CARLA

Damn you, Joe. Why can't you trust me? I told you not to interfere.

JOE

(with sarcasm)

Trust you?

CARLA

Yes. You're the one who's been lying, by withholding the truth. I don't mind that. I understand... about your brother...everything. But I'm begging you now, don't even think of going through with... murder. That's what it would be....

JOE

(harshly)

What would you like me to do, escort your husband to the Russian border so he can betray a few more people right into their graves? That's what you're doing. And you want me to trust you....

CARLA

(shaken, tearful)

I'm trying to save the lives of my children....

JOE

What, by taking them there for the rest of their lives?

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED - 2

CARLA

Listen to me, Joe. I'm not proud of this, but you're going to have to hear it right now. Maybe you'll understand then, and leave here. They came to me in London six months ago, when they began planning Gavin's escape....

JOE

Who did?

CARLA

I don't even know their names. They knew Gavin wouldn't go all the way unless the children and I went along, so they came to me and asked me to cooperate and when I said no, they threatened me and made it quite clear what would happen to Roy and Neal if I didn't agree to go. I was terrified. I still am. That's why I'm here waiting, under the watchful eyes of the Mihkelssons. That's why I'm going tomorrow....

JOE

Tomorrow?

CARLA

My boys are hostages...hostages to the safe arrival of Gavin Brand in the Soviet Union.

JOE

(distracted)

Christ...This is what it's all about? This is why you're playing along?

CARLA

The only reason!

JOE

Did you ever consider the possible consequences to...to everything in the world we give a damn about, if that bastard has his safe arrival?

CARLA

Of course I did.

JOE

Well?

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED - 3

CARLA

I told you, I'm not proud of myself.
But let me hear you tell me to vote
against the lives of my own children.

JOE

(turns away)

No...I can't...

(confused)

Jesus...I don't know what to think...
or do...I can't turn my back on this
...And I can't accept losing you
either....

Carla's expression softens. She goes closer to him.

CARLA

Joe, look at me.

(Joe turns to her)

I sent you a note this evening. It
never got to you. The boys had to
throw it away to keep it out of Mrs.
Mihkelsson's hands....

JOE

What did it say?

CARLA

That I would return to you soon.

JOE

(puzzled)

Return to me?

CARLA

I've been afraid to tell this to a
soul, even to you...Once I get there,
once they've got Gavin where they
want him, I plan to turn myself and
the boys over to the safety of the
American Embassy....

JOE

(eyes widening)

Carla....

CARLA

So you're not really losing me, Joe
...I'm coming back...to you....

Joe stares at her, wanting to believe her, searching her eyes
for some sign that she may be fooling him. She goes close to
him, puts her arms around him, murmurs:

CONTINUED

178 CONTINUED - 4

CARLA

Oh darling, please let me show you
how very much I mean it. Please....

Joe takes her in his arms and they kiss each other hungrily.

JOE

Why do I feel so frightened for you?

CARLA

Have faith, darling.

Their mouths meet again, their bodies straining to get closer. Carla steps back out of his arms, turns, walks to her bedroom and goes inside. The bedroom light clicks off. Joe stands looking after her. Then slowly he moves toward the darkened doorway.

CUT TO:

179 INT. BEDROOM

Joe enters the room, comes to a stop just inside the doorway, silhouetted against the light coming from the living room, looking toward Carla.

CUT TO:

180 CARLA - JOE'S P.O.V.

She is silhouetted against the window, facing him, waiting for him.

CUT TO:

181 JOE - CARLA'S P.O.V.

He closes the door behind him without taking his eyes off Carla. He moves past the bed toward her. CAMERA PANS AND MOVES BACK to hold them in a TIGHT TWO SHOT as they face each other, two silhouettes before the window. He reaches out and opens her robe and slips it off her shoulders and lets it drop to the floor and her hands go to the back of his head and his hands are on her naked shoulders while they are murmuring softly in the dark:

JOE

You are the wife of the man who
destroyed my brother....

CONTINUED

181 CONTINUED

CARLA

Yes....

JOE

I must hurt you deeply....

CARLA

Yes...deeply....

JOE

May I hurt you deeply?

CARLA

Please, darling, yes....

JOE

I want to...I have to....

CARLA

Oh God, Joe, please....

Their mouths meet.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

In a VERY LONG SHOT, we SEE in the far distance a tiny pinpoint of light out on the lake, and HEAR the FAINT SOUND of an APPROACHING MOTORBOAT. CAMERA HOLDS on this shot long enough for us to SEE and HEAR that these are indeed the searchlight and engine of a boat that is coming toward us. Then --

CUT TO:

183 INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A shaft of moonlight falling across the bed shows us Carla and Joe sleeping in each other's arms beneath the partially drawn up sheets. Over the idyllic, post-lovemaking scene is HEARD the VERY FAINT SOUND of the APPROACHING BOAT. Carla stirs, but does not waken.

CUT TO:

184 EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

We are in a LONG SHOT now. The approaching boat has come closer to the island, its searchlight brighter, motor more

CONTINUED

184 CONTINUED

audible. There are three people in the boat. If we cannot make out their faces yet, we will be able to soon enough. They are the Mihkelssons, and their passenger, GAVIN BRAND, a pale, lean man of 39 with smooth sandy hair. He is wearing a beige trenchcoat over a black turtleneck sweater and dark slacks. He glances about, eyes probing the dark for danger, then stares straight ahead, as the boat draws closer to the island.

CUT TO:

185 MED. CLOSE SHOT - CARLA AND JOE - INT. CARLA'S BEDROOM

The GROWING SOUND of the approaching MOTORBOAT has caused Carla and Joe to slowly awaken. At first they are unaware of the cause of their awakening, overwhelmed as they are by the sight and the feel and the closeness of each other. They smile, kiss, fondle each other, murmuring all the while:

JOE

I seem to recall saying things...
using words that maybe I shouldn't
have used....

CARLA

Not one that I wouldn't want to
hear for the rest of my life....

JOE

By any chance did I forget the
word "love"?

CARLA

You said it in other ways....

JOE

I love you, Carla....

CARLA

Darling Joe....

Joe reaches out to the night table where he has placed his wristwatch, and brings the watch before his eyes.

JOE

Ten past midnight.

At that moment, they both suddenly become attuned to the SOUND of the MOTORBOAT. Joe cocks his head. Carla half rises, looks toward the window.

CONTINUED

185 CONTINUED

CARLA
(with alarm)
Joe?

CUT TO:

186 EXT. BOAT LANDING AND HOUSE - NIGHT

The motorboat is nearing its destination. We see Gavin Brand and the Mihkelssons clearly. Mihkelsson cuts the engine, and the boat glides up alongside the jetty. He gets out first, starts to secure the boat. His wife disembarks next followed by Gavin Brand, who comes up close to CAMERA, glances about.

BRAND
Why did I expect her to be out here
waiting for me...at this hour?

Mrs. Mihkelsson exchanges a secret glance with her husband, gestures to him to remain behind with the boat, then looks at Brand.

MRS. MIHKELSSON
Through the trees. Come.

She and Brand start toward the house, CAMERA MOVING with them.

MRS. MIHKELSSON
My husband and I have been debating
whether it is fair to conceal informa-
tion from you merely because it will
be deeply disappointing to you.

BRAND
(glances at her)
What the devil are you talking about?

MRS. MIHKELSSON
I convinced my husband that some things
are too serious to withhold.

BRAND
(comes to a stop)
Wait a minute. Carla and the
children are here, aren't they?

MRS. MIHKELSSON
Yes.

They start walking again.

CUT TO:

187 CLOSE SHOT - JOE - EXT. HOUSE

He is concealed in the shadows near the entrance to the house, within earshot of it. He is looking toward the path leading up from the jetty, HEARING -- BUT NOT YET BEING ABLE TO DISTINGUISH -- THE APPROACHING VOICES OF MRS. MIHKELSSON AND BRAND as their conversation continues off screen. Now he reacts, pulls back a little.

CUT TO:

188 JOE'S P.O.V. (INTERCUT WITH CLOSEUP OF JOE)
THRU

190 Mrs. Mihkelsson and Brand have come into view, are approaching the entrance to the house, still talking, their voices becoming intelligible now.

BRAND

Is it just hearsay, or something
I have to know tonight of all
nights?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Tonight, Mr. Brand.

BRAND

But why in private? Why can't she
be present?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

You will understand.

(arriving at the
front door)

Now, for the moment, forget that I
have mentioned his name.

She opens the door, they go inside and the door closes.

CUT TO:

191 MED. SHOT - JOE

He is looking toward the front door, eyes wide at what he has just heard. He glances toward the jetty where Mihkelsson is, then goes quickly past the door toward the side of the house, and out of the shot.

CUT TO:

192

EXT. LIVING ROOM SIDE OF HOUSE

Joe is coming through the darkness toward CAMERA, which holds the side of the house in a FULL SHOT. The living room window is still open, and through it, we can SEE Brand and Carla embracing in the center of the room, while Mrs. Mihkelsson goes past them and on to the kitchen. Joe has backed into close f.g., his back to CAMERA, his eyes obviously taking in the sight of Carla in Brand's arms. Brand kisses Carla and she averts her lips so that his kiss lands on her cheek. (We are sufficiently distant from the house to be unable to understand anything being said in the living room.) Carla gently breaks out of Brand's embrace, helps him off with his trenchcoat and throws it on a chair. He puts his arm around her waist and they move to the door of the boys' bedroom. She opens it and he stands in the doorway looking in. During the above, Joe moves cautiously forward, closer to the window, CAMERA MOVING with him. We can HEAR what is being said in the room now.

BRAND

More like you every day....

CARLA

Let them sleep.

Brand closes the door, turns to her, gestures toward Carla's open bedroom doorway.

BRAND

Is that our bedroom?

CARLA

Yes.

BRAND

Why don't you wait for me? I won't be but a moment. I need a few words with Mrs. Mihkelsson.

CARLA

About what, Gavin?

BRAND

Tomorrow's travel plans.

(Carla stands
looking at him)

Go on, dear.

Carla turns, goes into the bedroom, closes the door. Immediately, Brand strides to the door to the kitchen, pushes it open slightly.

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED

BRAND

All right.

He releases the door, starts in the direction of the window, a troubled look on his face.

CUT TO:

193 MED. SHOT - JOE

He draws back a few steps, still within earshot. WE WILL CUT TO HIM SEVERAL TIMES DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE AS HE REACTS TO WHAT HE HEARS.

CUT TO:

194 INT. LIVING ROOM THROUGH WINDOW (JOE'S P.O.V.)

THRU
198

Mrs. Mihkelsson is coming into the room. Brand partially turns his back to the window to face her. (BRIEF FLASH OF JOE MOVING CLOSER.) Mrs. Mihkelsson holds out an envelope. It is Carla's, the envelope Roy had thrown into the lake, slightly curled now from having dried out in Sven Mihkelsson's boat.

BRAND

What is this?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

The letter your wife tried to send today to the man who has come here from America to destroy you.

Brand stares at her, then down at the envelope, but he does not reach for it.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

You cannot avoid facing the truth, Mr. Brand.

Tight-lipped, Brand takes the envelope, removes the letter. starts to read it. Disbelievingly, he reads a few words to himself aloud:

BRAND

"...When I return to you soon...your Carla."
(shakes his head
in pain)
Your Carla?

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

THRU
198

With darkening expression, he reads the letter again. He glances up, turns his head toward Carla's closed bedroom door, then looks at Mrs. Mihkelsson.

BRAND

(grimly)

Does she know you've seen this?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

No.

Brand folds the letter, slides it back into the envelope, walks over to the chair on which his trenchcoat lies and carefully places the envelope in the righthand pocket of the coat. (THERE IS A FLASH SHOT OF JOE OBSERVING THIS.) Brand faces Mrs. Mihkelsson again, speaks with loathing in his voice.

BRAND

Do I have to spend this night with her, God damn it, sleep in the same bed?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Yes. She must not suspect anything. Tomorrow, once across the border, she will vanish without a trace. No one will ever know.

FLASH SHOT OF JOE REACTING.

BRAND

(caustically)

That's right. You people are magicians when it comes to making people disappear, aren't you.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

(cold, unsmiling)

Thank you.

BRAND

Maybe someday you'll be able to make this whole bloody happening vanish from my head.

(he looks off toward
the window, brooding)

Anyway, I'll have the children.

(a pause, he
glances at her)

What about the train reservations?

CONTINUED

194
THRU
198

CONTINUED - 2

MRS. MIHKELSSON

In the morning you will be given travel arrangements suitable to the dangerous circumstances.

Brand nods, starts for the bedroom door.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Good night, Mr. Brand.

BRAND

(without turning,
bitterly)

Is it?

He opens the bedroom door, goes in and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

199 EXT. MAIN HOUSE - DAY

The front door is opening. Sven Mikhelsson comes out carrying a suitcase in each hand and smaller bags under each arm. As he starts down the path to the boat landing, Carla and the two boys emerge from the house, followed by Gavin Brand. They are dressed for travel, Carla in a tailored suit, the boys neater than usual, Brand in his trenchcoat. Carla seems pale and tense, glances about nervously (as though, perhaps, looking for signs of Joe?). Mrs. Mikhelsson appears in the doorway and Carla turns to her and extends her hand.

CARLA

Goodbye. Thank you.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

(spurning her hand)

Goodbye, madam.

Rebuffed, Carla starts away.

NEAL

(cheerfully)

Take good care of the dinghy, Mrs. Mikhelsson. It's going to miss us.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

You two see that you tie the big boat up properly when you get across the lake.

CONTINUED

199 CONTINUED

ROY

We will. "Bye...Hey, Mother,
wait for us.

The boys run after Carla. Gavin Brand looks after them for a moment, then turns quickly to Mrs. Mihkelsson.

BRAND

All right, what is it?

Mrs. Mihkelsson takes her hand out of the pocket of her skirt. In her hand is Carla's small revolver.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

I found this in her handbag
yesterday.

Brand takes the gun, places it in the lefthand pocket of his trenchcoat.

BRAND

Anything else?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

Do you have the car keys?

Brand pulls a set of keys from his pocket, dangles them before her.

BRAND

(with sarcasm)

I even know the roads to Helsinki,
Mrs. Mihkelsson. Why assume that
I'm totally incompetent merely because
I married the wrong woman?

MRS. MIHKELSSON

(holds out her hand)

Safe journey, sir.

BRAND

(takes her hand)

Thank you for everything.

MRS. MIHKELSSON

It is you we expect to be thanking,
Mr. Brand.

Brand turns and hurries down the path. Mrs. Mihkelsson looks after him, then turns and goes off in the direction of the caretaker's cottage.

CUT TO:

200 EXT. BOAT LANDING

Neal and Roy are already in the bow of the motorboat, beside the piled-up luggage. Carla is getting in and seating herself, while Mihkelsson, on the jetty, is unfastening the rope. Gavin Brand arrives, quickly gets aboard, crowding the boat to its limit. Mihkelsson throws the rope to Brand and waves goodbye. Brand starts up the motor, guns it, and the boat moves away with a roar.

CUT TO:

201 EXT. - DAY

Joe sees Mr. Mihkelsson approach him. He looks around with apparently nowhere to go and in consequence, he dives into the rushes.

CUT TO:

202 EXT. - RUSHES

Mihkelsson runs after him and reaches the rushes and dives in out of sight.

CUT TO:

203 TOPS OF RUSHES
THRU
205

The CAMERA is SKIMMING the tops of the rushes and after this, we SEE the tips of the rushes moving from one direction to another, indicating that one man is searching for the other. After a few skirmishes, which include VARIOUS ANGLES of the moving tips of rushes, we HEAR the SOUND of a revolver but it doesn't tell us who is shooting who.

CUT TO:

206 JOE

Eventually, Joe comes out of the rushes near a boat. It is the boat that he arrived in. He jumps in and pulls at the cord.

CUT TO:

207 MR. MIHKELSSON

Emerges at some distance and at last sees Joe trying to start

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

his boat, without immediate success. Mikhelsson gets near to him but Joe at last manages to pull the cord and the boat starts to shoot away, leaving Mr. Mikhelsson helpless who stands and watches.

CUT TO:

208 FROM MIHKELSSON'S P.O.V.

We see Joe making his way toward the mainland.

CUT TO:

209 EXT. - JETTY

Joe finally reaches the jetty and gets out in his soaking clothes. Waiting for Joe by the jet'y is an open car.

CUT TO:

210 CLOSER SHOT

Joe, in pantomime, points in the direction from which he has come.

CUT TO:

211 CLOSE SHOT

One of the men waiting for Joe says:

MAN

Jump in. We don't have much time to make the train because there are no planes ready at this time. They must have jumped into another car and gone off.

These men are C.I.A. or some official delegation. (We have to decide later who these other men are that could have known about the escape of Joe from the island so at least they could have gotten a car ready.)

CUT TO:

212 MED. SHOT

Joe and Linnankoski drive off in the car.

CUT TO:

213 JOE AND LINNANKOSKI

LINNANKOSKI

(glances at his
wristwatch)

Our only chance is Vainikkala. The train stops there for an hour while they separate the Russian cars from the rest and attach a diesel to them to continue on to Leningrad. The woman and her children will be with Brand in the Russian cars, of course.

JOE

And where is this Vainikkala?

LINNANKOSKI

Seven miles from the Russian border.

JOE

My God, can we make it?

LINNANKOSKI

(points a finger
at him)

Not if you distract me all the time.

He starts away and Joe follows him, CAMERA MOVING with them.

JOE

Why don't you phone ahead?

LINNANKOSKI

(with annoyance)

They won't stop the Russian train for me. Besides, what are the charges?

JOE

Intent to commit murder.

LINNANKOSKI

Not on Finnish soil.

JOE

You have too many answers,
Linnankoski.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

LINNANKOSKI

And you, Mr. Bailey, have too many questions.

He yanks open the door to the waiting room and they go inside.

CUT TO:

214 TRAVELLING SHOT - THE TRAIN - EXT. FINNISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

CAMERA is TRAVELLING ahead of the train in a RAKING ANGLE, getting the pounding steam locomotive followed by two dark brown Finnish coach cars and behind them two red carriages with the crest of the Soviet Union prominent on their sides. The train, moving at high speed through a heavily wooded area, GAINS ON CAMERA, goes past it, and PANNING CAMERA then reveals the train speeding away from us and disappearing around a bend.

CUT TO:

215 HELICOPTER SHOT - LINNANKOSKI'S CAR - EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

SHOOTING DOWN from the sky, CAMERA PURSUES the car as it races along the country road that parallels the railroad tracks. There is no sign of the train down below, only miles of empty tracks and a deserted road ahead.

CUT TO:

216 INT. CAR IN MOTION - JOE AND LINNANKOSKI

They are staring grimly ahead. Joe's glance goes to the dashboard.

JOE

Can't you go faster?

LINNANKOSKI

Sure I can. But the car can't.

CUT TO:

217 EXT. VAINIKKALA RAILROAD YARD - DAY

START CLOSE on the sign affixed to the small passenger terminal building: VAINIKKALA. CAMERA then REVEALS the depot, the platform before it, and the network of tracks and sidings beyond. Two diesel locomotives stand on separate

CONTINUED

217 CONTINUED

sidings with engineers in their cabs. The smaller diesel has the markings of the Finnish State Railways. The other diesel locomotive is a huge green one with red wheels and a red star on its snout. It is obviously Russian. Over the shot we now HEAR the DISTANT SOUND of a TRAIN WHISTLE and the FIRST SOUNDS of the APPROACHING STEAM-ENGINE TRAIN. A STATIONMASTER is seen emerging from the depot. He goes out to the platform, looks up the tracks to his left. CAMERA PANS in that direction as the TRAIN SOUNDS GROW LOUDER, and now we see steam rising through the trees and then the train looms into view and comes charging toward CAMERA. As it approaches the station platform, the brakes hiss, the wheels screech on the rails and the train grinds to a halt. Train officials get off first, then some of the passengers. Those passengers who alight from the Finnish cars walk into the station or go to waiting autos parked nearby, we now see Gavin Brand descend the steps to the platform, followed by Neal and Roy, and then Carla. She stands close to the boys, holding on to them. Brand glances about in all directions, scanning the scene with cautious vigilance. Now a railroad worker in coveralls leans in between the last Finnish car and the first Russian one. He decouples the cars, gives a signal to the stationmaster, who shouts to the engineer leaning out of the steam locomotive. The Finnish section of the train starts slowly away from the two Russian cars, pulled by the hissing, chugging locomotive.

CUT TO:

218 TRAVELLING SHOT - LINNANKOSKI'S CAR

CAMERA is MOVING AHEAD of the speeding car, shooting CLOSE enough so that we can see the tense faces of the two men inside. Suddenly their eyes widen.

CUT TO:

219 MOVING P.O.V. SHOT

Up ahead on the narrow road, moving in the same direction as the car, is a slow-moving horse drawn cart with an elderly man driving it. Coming toward the cart on the other lane of the narrow road is a car travelling at high speed. Linnankoski's car is going much too fast and is much too close to the cart to slow down. He must pass it on the left, and does, travelling straight into the oncoming vehicle, then swerving sharply to the right, just avoiding a head-on collision as the other car's horn blasts away at him.

CUT TO:

220 CLOSE SHOT - JOE AND LINNANKOSKI

A pale-faced, angry Joe opens his mouth, starts to say something to Linnankoski, then closes it as he sees the detective, tight-lipped, staring straight ahead. Joe looks ahead, grim-faced.

CUT TO:

221 EXT. VAINIKKALA RAILROAD YARD

By now the locomotive has drawn the Finnish cars beyond the depot to a siding. A railroad worker decouples the locomotive and it chugs away. Meanwhile, the smaller of the two diesel locomotives is backing up to the rear of the Finnish cars and automatically becoming coupled to them. Neal and Roy run to the end of the platform to watch. Carla moves away from Gavin Brand to be closer to the children. Brand stands alone, smoking a cigarette nervously. Now the diesel starts to pull the Finnish cars to another set of tracks, facing in the direction of Helsinki.

CUT TO:

222 OBJECTIVE SHOT - LINNANKOSKI'S CAR

Coming toward CAMERA from the far distance at breakneck speed. It roars past PANNING CAMERA and disappears around a bend in the road.

CUT TO:

223 CLOSE SHOT - THE RED STAR ON THE FRONT OF THE RUSSIAN DIESEL

The big green-and-red diesel is backing slowly away from CAMERA toward the waiting Russian coaches right behind it.

CUT TO:

224 CLOSE SHOT - FRONT END OF FIRST RUSSIAN RAILROAD CAR

We are CLOSE on the coupling device as the big diesel backs into it and locks into place.

CUT TO:

225 FULL SHOT - THE RUSSIAN TRAIN

It stands at the platform, ready to go. A uniformed GUARD

CONTINUED

225 CONTINUED

descends the steps of the front car and calls out, IN RUSSIAN, "All aboard!" Gavin Brand waits for Carla to round up the two boys and see them up the steps of the front car. She goes up after them, and then Brand, with a final sweeping glance in all directions, boards the train. The guard signals to the engineer in the diesel and mounts the bottom step.

CUT TO:

226 CLOSE SHOT - WHEELS OF DIESEL

Over a screen-filling CLOSEUP of the big red wheels, we HEAR the DIESEL HORN BLASTING TWICE. Then, slowly, the wheels begin to roll forward.

CUT TO:

227 A NEARER SHOT

Showing two Russian cars and at the front are two Russian diesel locomotives. Near our f.g., as the car pulls up with a screech of brakes, Joe and Linnankoski step out. They hesitate for a moment and realize that the Russian train is being finally boarded. We HOLD on this for a short time until the Russian train very slowly starts to move off. To the Left of our screen, in the distance, is a freight locomotive. We are far enough away from our principals, who have just jumped out of their car to express their alarm at the beginning of the train's departure.

CUT TO:

228 LINNANKOSKI

Takes in the situation very quickly and rushes over to the STATIONMASTER with a PANNING SHOT, and, in the distance, we SEE him pull out his official badge and show it. For a moment, there is a negative response from the Stationmaster, but Linnankoski, with a stabbing finger at the chest of the Stationmaster and then pointing to the freight engine, finally convinces the Stationmaster of his purpose. The two men dash across the railroad tracks toward the freight engine.

CUT TO:

229 CLOSER SHOT

Shows the Stationmaster issuing instructions to the driver of the freight locomotive who, with gestures, indicates that his request is impossible. The Stationmaster expresses his insistence. By this time, Joe has entered the picture. He and Linnankoski jump on the freight engine which starts to move forward. The Stationmaster runs ahead and pulls the line switch which causes the freight engine to change its rail position to the same one used by the departing Russian train.

CUT TO:

230 CLOSER SHOT

SHOOTING BACK on the freight engine, we SEE Joe, Linnankoski and the driver looking forward anxiously.

CUT TO:

231 FROM VIEWPOINT OF JOE, LINNANKOSKI AND FREIGHT ENGINE DRIVER

We SEE the rear of the Russian train. They are gaining upon it, because the Russian train, from their viewpoint, is moving fairly slowly but gaining speed at the same time. There is no sign of anyone at the end of the Russian train, except a large doorway that leads onto the Russian train, and it is to this we are getting nearer and nearer.

CUT TO:

232 THE FREIGHT ENGINE

Is now a few yards from the tail end of the Russian train. Joe jumps off the front of the gaining freight locomotive.

CUT TO:

233 JOE

We SEE Joe running hell for leather from the freight engine to the rear of the Russian train, which has a door on the right hand side. We SEE Joe leap up and grab hold of the rails on each side of the door. (NOTE: This door is on the side of the train and not at the end of it.) Joe then swings the door open and gets inside the Russian train.

CUT TO:

234 CLOSE SHOT

Joe is now on the train and he looks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

235 JOE

Once Joe has mounted the car through the side door, he immediately goes to the end of the coach and quickly releases the bolts that hold the end door, which he immediately slides open. We are immediately aware of the exterior, and there, closing upon us, is the freight engine mounted by Linnankoski and the engine driver. The engine is racing to catch up with the tail end of the Russian train. Joe then turns and makes his way past the toilets.

CUT TO:

236 FROM JOE'S VIEWPOINT

We SEE through a glass door two CONDUCTORS entering various compartments and ostensibly asking for tickets. They begin to turn in Joe's direction.

CUT TO:

237 CLOSE SHOT

Joe immediately dodges into the compartment nearest to him.

CUT TO:

238 INSIDE COMPARTMENT

Joe discovers that every seat is taken by a Russian officer, so he literally has an army to face, but there is nowhere for him to seat himself. Joe salutes each man and then cautiously looks out into the corridor again.

CUT TO:

239 REVERSE ANGLE

Shows Joe's head emerging from the officers' compartment as he looks down the corridor.

CUT TO:

240 FROM JOE'S POINT OF VIEW

We SEE the length of the corridor divided by a glass door, and beyond the glass door, we SEE the Conductors poking their heads into the compartments at the end of the shot; that is, beyond the glass door.

CUT TO:

241 JOE

Comes into the corridor and moves along in the direction of the glass door. Over his shoulder, we SEE a number of empty compartments. He hesitates at each of them, but does not discover any occupant that he is searching for; i.e., the husband, wife and two little boys. The climax of this shot takes him through the glass door.

CUT TO:

242 REVERSING THE CAMERA

We SEE Joe peer into the compartment just beyond the glass door.

CUT TO:

243 CLOSE SHOT

We SEE Joe now look off screen right. Behind him is the empty corridor that he has just traversed.

CUT TO:

244 JOE

turns and with startling surprise, he sees Brand, his wife and two children. Brand jumps to his feet.

CUT TO:

245 JOE

Joe, on seeing them, yells out:

JOE

Quick! Get to the far end of the train.

CONTINUED

245 CONTINUED

Joe points his finger in the direction to which they should go. Brand makes an attempt to prevent his wife and two children from leaving, but by this time Joe has entered the compartment and with fierce energy pushes Brand down onto the seat as the rest of them scramble out past Joe. Brand rises and gets into a desperate struggle with Joe.

CUT TO:

246 FLASH

The two Conductors turn and look in the direction of the camera while other passengers poke their heads out of the various doors. They start to hurry toward the camera.

CUT TO:

247 FLASH

the officers start to emerge from their compartment to see what all the excitement is about. Brand's wife and children hurry past the officers' compartment and are brought to a dead stop as we SHOOT over their shoulders and SEE, through the open doorway, the approaching freight engine which is gaining speed towards us.

CUT TO:

248 CARLA AND THE TWO BOYS IN THE OPEN DOORWAY

CUT TO:

249 FROM THEIR P.O.V.

We SEE the freight engine getting nearer to them, but there is still a gap between the end of the Russian train and the front of the freight engine.

CUT TO:

250 THE FIRST LITTLE BOY

Teeters on the edge of the end of the Russian train, and the front of the freight engine is gaining slightly.

CUT TO:

251 A SIDE ON SHOT

The first little boy is about to attempt a leap. Carla screams out for him to stop and not take the chance. However, the little boy takes a daring leap and Linnankoski leans out perilously to grab the little boy's hand and manages to successfully pull him aboard the freight engine.

CUT TO:

252 SHOOTING TOWARD THE RUSSIAN TRAIN

The second little boy is grabbed by one of the officers in an attempt to stop him repeating the leap of his brother.

CUT TO:

253 A SIDE ON SHOT

shows the little boy wrenching himself free and making a leap toward the freight engine, which is getting a shade nearer to the end of the Russian train.

CUT TO:

254 CLOSE SHOT

Linnankoski's hand goes out to meet that of the little boy but does not succeed. They are fingertips apart.

CUT TO:

255 CLOSE SHOT

The front of the freight engine edges somewhat nearer.

CUT TO:

256 CLOSE SHOT

Linnankoski's hand makes a supreme effort and grabs the wrist of the little boy and pulls him.

CUT TO:

257 THREE-QUARTER SHOT

Carla, the mother of the two boys, again wrenches herself free from the soldiers and makes an attempt to leap. She

CONTINUED

257 CONTINUED

fails but is near enough to the freight engine to grasp the lower part of the rail and is left hanging there. With a supreme effort, she climbs up, assisted by Linnankoski, and breathlessly is able to mount the freight engine.

CUT TO:

258 CLOSEUP

Carla has only one thought: Where is Joe? She looks back desperately toward the Russian train.

CUT TO:

259 CLOSE SHOT FROM CARLA'S VIEWPOINT

We SEE the back of the Russian train and the struggle going on inside.

CUT TO:

260 SIDE ON SHOT

Joe breaks free and makes the leap, but Brand has his hands around Joe's waist, and it looks for the moment as though he's going to pull him back. Linnankoski dashes forward to help Joe and, in so doing, brings the two men onto the front part of the freight engine.

CUT TO:

261 CLOSE SHOT

Linnankoski thrusts Joe behind him and immediately grabs the hand and wrist of Brand.

CUT TO:

262 BIG CLOSEUP

Linnankoski's hands suddenly produce handcuffs and with one cuff hooks it onto Brand and the other onto the rail of the freight engine.

CUT TO:

263 MEDIUM SHOT

This maneuver causes Brand to slip so we find him hanging on to the freight engine rail and dangling his feet. Both Joe and Linnankoski make a supreme effort and drag Brand onto the freight engine with his hand still handcuffed to the rail. There is heavy breathing on all sides.

BRAND

(half sarcastically)

I hope there's a men's room on this locomotive.

They look out, and FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT, we SEE the end of the Russian train getting further and further away, because the freight engine has slowed down to very nearly a stop.

JOE

Sorry, it's too far away by now.

264 CLOSE SHOT

As the group stare out, Joe puts his arm around Carla's shoulders.

THE END