

NORTE BY NORTHWEST

Screenplay by Ernest Lehman

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock

Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason,
Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau, Jessie Royce Landis

~~MISSING PAGE 93~~

FILE
COPY
(BLUE)

NORTH BY NORTHWEST

FADE IN: (BEFORE TITLE)
EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

1

A visually beautiful HIGH ANGLE SHOT of midtown Manhattan towards the end of an early October afternoon.

NARRATION

Would it not be strange, in a city of seven million people, if one man were never mistaken for another... if, with seven million pair of feet wandering through the canyons and corridors of the city, one pair of feet never by chance strayed into the wrong footsteps?
(a pause)
Strange, indeed.

MAIN TITLE AND MUSIC COME UP OVER SHOT.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF STREET SCENES

2-10

Over them, THE CREDITS. These scenes should capture the tempo of Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. Streets swarming with smartly dressed people. Revolving doors of sleek new glass-and-steel office buildings spewing out streams of super-charged New Yorkers, hurrying for cabs and busses and subways and cocktail bars. Two bundle-laden women fighting over a cab. A packed bus closing its doors in the face of an irate would-be passenger. A newsboy in front of the Independent Subway entrance. "Trouble in the Middle East! Evening papers! Get your trouble in the Middle East!"

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - MADISON AVENUE

11

Four elevators in action. A starter keeping things humming. Doors close on an elevator. It starts up. Another elevator arrives at street

level. THE LAST CREDIT FADES. The elevator doors open. Crowds pour out, and we HEAR a VOICE at the rear of the car even before the man is revealed to us by the off-going passengers. He is ROGER THORNHILL, tall, lean, faultlessly dressed (and far too original to be wearing the gray-flannel uniform of his kind). He has been dictating to his secretary, MAGGIE, an aging, unbeautiful woman who has accompanied him down in the elevator with pad and pencil in hand. She will have to scurry to keep up with his impatient stride when they leave the elevator and cross the lobby to the entrance.

THORNHILL (dictating)

...Even if you accept the belief that a high Trendex automatically means a rising sales curve, which incidentally I do not accept...

(to elevator starter)

'Night, Eddie.

STARTER

Mr. Thornhill.

THORNHILL

Say hello to the missus.

STARTER (sourly)

We're not talking.

THORNHILL (to Maggie,
continuing dictation as
they cross lobby)

My recommendation is still the same. Dash. Spread the good word in as many small time segments as we can grab...

(as he pauses at the
newsstand, buys a paper)

...And let the opposition have their high ratings, while we cry about it all the way to the bank.

(moving on)

Why don't we colonize at the Colony one day next week for lunch? Let me hear from you, Sam. Happy thoughts. Etcetera...

(they are at the entrance
now)

Better walk me to the Plaza.

MAGGIE (a weary
moan)
Walk?

11
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL
Use your blood sugar. Come on.

He eases her through the door, follows her to
the sidewalk.

EXT. STREET - TRUCKING SHOT

12

They start to walk west, Thornhill glancing at
the newspaper as he goes.

THORNHILL
Next?

MAGGIE (consulting
her pad)
Gretchen Sabinson.

THORNHILL (grimaces)
Send her a box of candy from
Blum's. Ten dollars. The kind...
you know... each piece wrapped in
gold paper? She'll like that.
She'll think she's eating money.
Say: 'Darling, I count the days,
the hours, the minutes--'

MAGGIE (interrupting)
You sent that one last time.

THORNHILL
Did I? Then just say: 'Something
for your sweet tooth, honey...
and all your other sweet parts.'
(Maggie gives him a look
and he winces)
I know, I know.

MAGGIE
Could we take a cab, Mr. Thornhill?

THORNHILL
A couple of blocks?

MAGGIE
You're late and I'm tired.

THORNHILL
I keep telling you, Maggie,
you don't eat properly.
(steps off the curb,
tries to flag a cab)
Taxi!... Taxi!

12
CONT'D
(2)

He is getting nowhere. Just then, a taxi pulls up before a man who has also been seeking one. Quickly Thornhill darts over and opens the door.

THORNHILL (to the
man)
I have a sick woman here. Would
you mind terribly?

MAN (a little
bewildered)
Why no... I mean--

THORNHILL (quickly)
Thank you very much.

He quickly bundles Maggie into the cab, follows her in and slams the door shut.

MAN (still befuddled)
Perfectly all right...

The cab pulls away.

INT. CAB - (PROCESS)

13

THORNHILL (to driver)
First stop, the Plaza. Don't
throw the flag.

MAGGIE (looking back)
Poor man.

THORNHILL
Poor man nothing. I made him a
Good Samaritan.

MAGGIE
He knew you were lying.

THORNHILL (opening up
the newspaper again)
In the world of advertising there
is no such thing as a lie, Maggie.
There is only The Expedient
Exaggeration. Do I look a little
heavyish to you?

MAGGIE

What?

THORNHILL

I feel heavyish. Put a note on
my desk in the morning. 'Think
thin.'

MAGGIE (writing)

Think thin.

THORNHILL (to the driver)

Make it the Fifty-ninth Street
entrance, driver.

DRIVER

Okay.

THORNHILL (to Maggie,
as he continues to peruse
the newspaper)

Soon as you get back to the office,
call my mother, tell her about the
theatre tickets for tonight. Dinner
at Twenty One, seven o'clock. I'll
have had two Martinis at the Oak
Bar, so she needn't bother to sniff
me.

MAGGIE

She doesn't do that.

THORNHILL

Like a bloodhound.

As the cab pulls up before the 59th St. entrance to
the Plaza:

MAGGIE (reading from
notes)

Bigelow at ten-thirty is your
first for tomorrow. You're due
at the Skin Glow rehearsal at
noon. Then lunch with Falcon and
his wife --

THORNHILL (handing her
some money)
Oh, yes. Where was that?

13
CONT'D
(3)

MAGGIE
Larry and Arnold's. One
o'clock.

Thornhill has dropped his newspaper on the seat
and is on his way out of the cab.

MAGGIE
Will you check in later?

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL

14

THORNHILL (now out
of the cab)
Absolutely not.
(to driver)
Take this lady back where she
belongs.

DRIVER
Right.

THORNHILL (to Maggie)
Don't forget to call my mother
right away.

MAGGIE
I won't. Goodnight, Mr.
Thornhill.

Thornhill slams the door and the cab starts away.
Suddenly he remembers something, snaps his fingers,
points after the cab.

THORNHILL
Wait a minute! You can't call
her! She's at Mrs. --

He stops. The cab is already on its way. He
stands there for a moment looking after it.
Then he goes up the steps into the hotel.

INT. LOBBY PLAZA HOTEL

15

Thornhill glances at his wristwatch as he crosses
the lobby to the Oak Bar.

INT. OAK BAR

16

Thornhill pauses in the entrance, looking about impatiently. The captain comes up to him.

CAPTAIN
Evening, Mr. Thornhill.

THORNHILL
Hello, Victor. I'm looking for Herman Weltner and two gentlemen --

CAPTAIN (pointing)
Yes. Right over there.

THORNHILL
Oh yes.

Thornhill walks to a far corner of the room to the table where WELTNER, an Ivy-League costumed executive, is seated with a MR. NELSON and a MR. WADE, both of whom look like out-of-town sponsors, which they are.

WELTNER (rising to his feet)
Roger.

THORNHILL (shaking his hand)
Herman. Sorry I'm so late.

WELTNER (making introductions)
This is Roger Thornhill.
Fanning Nelson --

Nelson cups a hand to his ear.

THORNHILL (shaking his other hand)
Delighted.

WELTNER
And Larry Wade.

THORNHILL (shaking hands)
How do you do, Mr. Wade?

WADE (indicating his drink)
We've gotten a little head start here, Mr. Thornhill.

THORNHILL
Won't last for long.

16
CONT'D
(2)

He sits down, looking about nervously.

WELTNER
I was just telling Larry and
Fanning here that you may be
slow in starting but there's
nobody faster down the homestretch.
(noting Thornhill's
nervousness)
What's the matter, Roger? You've
got the fidgets.

During the following, a bellboy will enter the room
and move among the tables calling out: "Paging
Mr. George Kaplan!" Standing in the entrance
watching the bellboy's progress (and observed
by us if we happen to be looking off into b.g.)
are two rather unobtrusive-looking men:

THORNHILL
Something very silly. I told
my secretary to call my mother,
and I just remembered, she's
not going to be able to reach
her in time.

WELTNER
Why not?

THORNHILL
Because she's playing bridge at
the apartment of one of her
cronies...

WELTNER
Your secretary?

THORNHILL
No. My mother. And it's one
of those brand new apartments -
all wet paint and no telephone yet.

NELSON (cupping his
ear)
What was that?

Thornhill looks at him with astonishment.

BELLBOY (approaching)
Paging Mr. George Kaplan!

THORNHILL (musing)
I think maybe if I send her a
telegram...

16
CONT'D
(3)

BELLBOY (closer)
Mr. George Kaplan!

THORNHILL (signaling
the boy)
Boy - would you come here please?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ANGLE - THE TWO MEN STANDING IN ENTRANCE
TO ROOM

17

They react with sudden interest, glance at each
other, then look off again and see:

POINT OF VIEW - FROM ENTRANCE

18

The bellboy moving up to Thornhill, whose table
is well out of earshot of the entrance.

CLOSE ANGLE - THE TABLE

19

Thornhill takes a pen and a long envelope from
his inside pocket as he addresses the bellboy:

THORNHILL

Look, I've got to get a wire
off immediately. Can you send
it for me if I write it out for
you?

BELLBOY

I'm not permitted to do that,
sir, but if you'll follow me --

THORNHILL (to the
others at the table)

Will you excuse me for a moment?

WADE

Go right ahead.

NELSON (cupping his ear)

What was that?

Thornhill gives him a quick look.

THORNHILL (to Weltner,
as he gets up)
Herman, if you can scare up a
double Martini...

WELTNER

Sure thing.

Thornhill walks off with the bellboy.

NELSON (turning to Wade)
Where's he going?

WADE

There's no telephone where his
mother is playing bridge.

NELSON (stares at
him a moment)
Why not?

Now Wade gives him a look.

20 OUT

OUTSIDE THE OAK BAR

21

Thornhill and the bellboy emerge from the room.

BELLBOY (pointing)
Right there, sir.

THORNHILL (giving him
a tip)
Thanks.

BELLBOY
Thank you, sir.

Thornhill starts toward the Western Union
office, as the bellboy goes off in another
direction. Suddenly the two "unobtrusive" men
walk swiftly INTO the SHOT directly behind
Thornhill. One of them, who we now see has a
scar on the corner of his right eye, taps him
on the shoulder. He pauses and turns.

THORNHILL

Yes?

FIRST MAN (with a faint foreign accent)
The car is waiting outside
You will walk between us saying nothing

21
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
What are you talking about?

SECOND MAN (taking Thornhill's arm)
Let's go.

THORNHILL
Go where? Who are you?

FIRST MAN
Mere errand boys, carrying concealed weapons. His is pointed at your heart, so please, no errors of judgement, I beg of you.

THORNHILL (pulling free)
What is this - a joke or something?

SECOND MAN
Yes. A joke.
(he removes his hand from his pocket, shoves a gun into Thornhill's ribs)
We will laugh in the car.

Thornhill stares at the man for a moment.

THORNHILL
This is ridiculous.

The man nods toward the side entrance and
Thornhill starts away, flanked on either side.

EXT. STREET

22

Thornhill emerges from the hotel to the sidewalk. The men take his arms and ease him inconspicuously past unnoticing passersby to a limousine parked at the curb. They open the rear door, push Thornhill into the back seat and follow him in. A third man sitting behind the wheel immediately starts the car and pulls away.

INT. CAR - PROCESS

23

As the car moves east, Thornhill glances at the stony-faced men on either side of him. He is anxious, but does not want to show it.

THORNHILL

Don't tell me where we're going.
Surprise me.

The men stare straight ahead, saying nothing.

THORNHILL

Y'know, I left some people waiting for me back there in the Oak Bar, and they're going to think I'm awfully rude, going off like this.

(he waits - no response)

I mean, if you could let me off at a drugstore for a moment, I could call them and explain that I'm...

(he glances at the men inquiringly)

...being...kidnapped?

(no response)

That is what's happening, isn't it?

No answer. His glance goes to the door handle. The car has stopped for a red light. Suddenly he lunges for the door and struggles to open it, as the two men watch him calmly. Apparently the door has special locks. It will not budge. Thornhill takes his seat again and point sheepishly to the door.

THORNHILL

Locked.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GLEN COVE ESTATE - DUSK

24

The car approaches the entrance to a magnificent estate. On the open gate, a nameplate: TOWNSEND. The car turns into the driveway.

INT. CAR

24X1

Thornhill, flanked by the two men, is looking over his shoulder at the receding gates. He turns forward, looks at one of the men.

THORNHILL
Who's Townsend?

24X1
CONT'D
(2)

No answer. He glances at the other man question-
ingly. More stony silence.

THORNHILL
Oh, really? Interesting.

Then he looks out ahead.

MOVING POINT OF VIEW

24X2

A curving, tree-lined driveway. Through the
trees, a red-brick mansion.

INT. CAR

25 OUT

Thornhill is still looking out.

26

EXT. MAIN HOUSE

27

An impressive though considerably faded mansion
of the early Twenties. The car swings around
the circular driveway, pulls up before the
entrance. Thornhill and the two men get out.
One of the men (he of the scarred eye - his
name is VALERIAN) accompanies Thornhill up the
steps to the front door. The other man (LICHT)
follows them and waits until the door opens before
he moves away and follows a path to the rear of
the house. After a moment, a stocky, gray-haired
woman wearing the uniform of a HOUSEKEEPER opens
the front door. Valerian walks Thornhill right in
past her.

INT. HOUSE

28

Beyond the oval foyer, a curving marble staircase
leads to a balcony, off which are many rooms.
Above the balcony, a stained glass window. Every-
where, a kind of seedy grandeur.

VALERIAN (to housekeeper)
Where is he?

HOUSEKEEPER
Upstairs, dressing.

VALERIAN
Tell him I'm here.

28
CONT'D
(2)

HOUSEKEEPER
The dinner guests are expected.

VALERIAN (impatiently)
Never mind. Say to him "Kaplan."

At this, the woman glances at Thornhill.

THORNHILL
By the way - what are we having
for dessert?

VALERIAN (to housekeeper)
Is anyone in the library?

HOUSEKEEPER
No.

VALERIAN (to Thornhill,
brusquely)
This way.

He walks Thornhill to the library door, as the
housekeeper goes upstairs.

INT. LIBRARY

29

Books, from floor to ceiling. And windows over-
looking the rear lawn. In the distance, Long
Island Sound. Valerian opens the door, gestures
to Thornhill, who enters.

VALERIAN (his hand on
the key)
You will wait here.

THORNHILL (indicating the
shelves of books)
Don't hurry. I'll catch up on
my reading.

Valerian closes the door behind him. Immediately,
Thornhill goes to the door to open it. Just as
his hand reaches the knob, he HEARS the DOOR being
LOCKED from the outside. He tries it anyway, then
turns, glances around, walks to the desk, sees
several magazines there: FIELD AND STREAM...
NEWSWEEK...FORTUNE...ETC. In an INSERT, he and
we see that the addressee on all of them is:
"MR. LESTER TOWNSEND, Baywood, Glen Cove, N.Y."
Thornhill steps to a window, peers out.

BACK LAWN - THORNHILL'S POINT OF VIEW

30

A man is playing croquet all by himself in the fading light. His name is LEONARD. Later, we will see him at closer range and perhaps be slightly repelled. He is about thirty, but looks much younger, for he has a soft baby-face, large eyes and hair that falls down over his forehead. His attitudes are unmistakably effeminate. Hurrying towards him is LICHT, the other abductor. In a brief pantomime, Licht apparently gives Leonard tidings, and they quickly go off together towards the house.

INT. LIBRARY

31

Seeing the back lawn now deserted, Thornhill tries to open the window to escape. It is locked. He unfastens the catch, raises the window, is about to climb out when he draws back and turns at the SOUND of the DOOR OPENING behind him. In walks a distinguished looking MAN of about forty, professional in manner but definitely sexually attractive (to women), and only slightly sinister.

MAN (affably)

Good evening...

He holds out his hand. Thornhill takes it uncertainly.

THORNHILL

Not a moment too soon.

MAN (scrutinizing him)

Well - so...

THORNHILL

Thank you. That explains everything.

MAN (still peering at him)

...Not what I expected - a little taller, a little more polished than the others...

THORNHILL (with bite)

I'm so glad you're pleased, Mr. Townsend.

MAN (reacts, then smiles)

...But I'm afraid just as obvious.

THORNHILL

Forgive me for being obvious, but what the devil is this all about? Why was I brought here?

MAN (wearily)

Games?...Must we?

THORNHILL

Not that I mind a slight case of abduction now and then, but I do have tickets to the theatre tonight and it was a show I was looking forward to and I get, well, kind of unreasonable about things like that.

31
CONT'D
(2)

MAN

With such expert play-acting, you make this very room a theatre.

(the man of the croquet wickets enters)

Ah - Leonard. Have you met our distinguished guest?

LEONARD (staring at Thornhill)

He's a well-tailored one, isn't he?

Thornhill gives him a look of distaste.

MAN

My secretary is a great admirer of your methods, Mr. Kaplan. Elusiveness, however misguided--

THORNHILL (interrupting)

Wait a minute. Did you call me "Kaplan"?

MAN

Oh, I know you're a man of many names, but I'm perfectly willing to accept your current choice.

THORNHILL

Current choice? My name is Thornhill - Roger Thornhill - and it's never been anything else.

MAN

Of course...

Leonard starts to chuckle.

THORNHILL (smiling)

Obviously your friends picked up the wrong package when they bundled me out here in the car.

MAN (tired of all this)

Sit down, Mr. Kaplan, won't you?

THORNHILL (the smile fades)

I told you: I'm not Kaplan, whoever he is. I'm Roger Thornhill of the Wadley and Rapp Agency, and unless you gentlemen happen to be

(continued)

THORNHILL (cont'd)
interested in advertising something,
this meeting is going to turn out
to be an enormous bust for all concerned.

31
CONT'D
(3)

There is a KNOCK on the door. It opens and a
handsome WOMAN in her forties peers in.

WOMAN
Excuse me --

MAN (politely)
Yes?

WOMAN
The guests are here.

MAN
Look after them. I'll be with
you in a few minutes.

THORNHILL (turning on
her with sarcasm)
Don't bother to set a place
for me, Mrs. Townsend. I won't
be staying for dinner.

She gives a flustered glance in the direction of the
men, then hurriedly withdraws, and closes the door.

MAN (to Thornhill)
Now - shall we get down to business?

THORNHILL
I'm all for that.

MAN
Quite simply, I'd like you to tell
me how much you know of our arrangements
and - of course - how you've come by
this information. Naturally, I don't
expect to get this for nothing.

THORNHILL (with a
sarcastic bow of the head)
Of course not.

MAN
Don't misunderstand me. I
don't really expect you to fall
in with my suggestion, but the
least I can do is afford you the
opportunity of surviving the evening--

THORNHILL (frowns)
Surviving the evening...?

MAN

Now why don't you surprise me,
Mr. Kaplan, and say "yes"?

THORNHILL

I already told you--

LEONARD (interrupting)

We know where you're headed for...

THORNHILL (turning on him)

I'm headed for the Winter Garden
Theatre in New York, and I think
I better get going.

He goes to the door, flings it open, sees Valerian
standing there blocking the entrance. He turns.

THORNHILL

Townsend - you're making a serious
mistake...

Leonard eases over and closes the door again as
the MAN, walking to the desk, says:

MAN

This is not going to lead to a
very happy conclusion, Mr. Kaplan--

THORNHILL

I'm not Kaplan!

MAN

I do wish you would reconsider.

LEONARD

We also know your contact in Pittsburgh
since Jason committed suicide.

THORNHILL (angrily)

What contact? I've never even been
in Pittsburgh.

The other man is at the desk, looking down at a
piece of paper as he speaks quickly:

MAN

On June sixteenth, you checked into
the Sherwyn Hotel in Pittsburgh as
Mr. George Kaplan of Berkeley, California.
A week later you registered at the
Benjamin Franklin Hotel in Philadelphia
as Mr. George Kaplan of Pittsburgh. On
August eleventh you stayed at the Statler
in Boston. On August twenty-ninth
George Kaplan of Boston registered
at the Whittier in Detroit. At present,
you are registered in room seven ninety-
six at the Plaza Hotel in New York as
Mr. George Kaplan of Detroit --

THORNHILL (tersely)
What else?

31
CONT'D
(5)

MAN
--In two days, you are due at
the Ambassador East in Chicago --

THORNHILL
Oh?

MAN
-- And then at the Sheraton-Johnson
Hotel in Rapid City, South Dakota.

THORNHILL (shaking his head)
Not me.

MAN
-- So you see, there is little sense
in maintaining this fiction that you
are deceiving us, any more than we
are deceiving you, Mr. Kaplan.

Thornhill stares at him for a long moment, helplessly
frustrated.

THORNHILL
I don't suppose it would do any
good to show you a wallet full of
identification cards, a driver's
license, things like that?

LEONARD (shakes his head)
They provide you with such good ones.

MAN (quietly)
It's getting late. Do you
intend to cooperate with us? I'd
like a simple yes or no.

THORNHILL (completely
exasperated)
All right. A simple no. For the
simple reason that I simply don't
know what you're talking about.

MAN (turns to
his secretary)
Give Mr. Kaplan a drink, Leonard.
(he turns to Thornhill)
A pleasant journey, sir.

The man goes to the door, opens it, holds it open
for a fraction. Valerian and Licht enter. The
man leaves, closing the door behind him. Leonard
opens a cabinet. Liquor bottles are seen. He
turns to Thornhill.

LEONARD
Scotch? Rye? Bourbon? Vodka?

THORNHILL
Nothing. I'll just take a quick
ride back to town.

LEONARD
That has been arranged....

Thornhill glances at the deadpan faces of Valerian
and Licht with growing apprehension.

LEONARD
But first, a libation.

Leonard reaches into the cabinet, takes out a
large bottle of whiskey. He holds it up.

LEONARD
Bourbon.

He moves toward Thornhill with the bottle.

THORNHILL
You have some. I've had enough
stimulation for one day.

LEONARD (gently)
It will be easier if you take
this yourself. Otherwise, it will
be necessary for us to insist.

Thornhill's eyes widen. He points at the bottle.

THORNHILL
The whole quart?

LEONARD
Not a quart, Mr. Kaplan. It's
only a fifth.

Thornhill makes a sudden move, tries to go past
him to the door, but Valerian and Licht grab
him, pin his arms behind him. As they do so,
CAMERA DOLLIES in to a FULL HEAD AND SHOULDERS
SHOT of Thornhill, who stares off screen.
We HEAR the POP of the CORK being drawn from
the bottle. Then Leonard's hand comes up
INTO THE SHOT holding an empty tumbler.

LEONARD'S VOICE (o.s.)
Cheers.

Now the bottle comes into shot and begins to
fill the tumbler with bourbon before Thornhill's
staring face.

DISSOLVE TO:

32-34 OUT

EXT. HILL ROAD - NIGHT

35

Two cars are making their way along a winding, precipitous road. The lead car is a light colored open Mercedes Benz. Behind it is the limousine which brought Thornhill from the Plaza Hotel to Glen Cove. We HEAR THORNHILL'S VOICE coming from the lead car in drunken song: "Somewhere I'll find you...sneak up behind you..." The two cars come to a stop at the top of the hill. The driver of the limousine gets out quickly and we see that it is Licht. He crosses over swiftly to the Mercedes Benz.

CLOSE ANGLE - THE MERCEDES BENZ

35X1

The driver of the Mercedes Benz - Valerian - is just getting out as Licht arrives. Sitting in the Mercedes Benz, mumbling and singing drunkenly, is Thornhill.

THORNHILL (with gestures)
G'night Mr. Townsend...Mizz Townsend...
'night...parting such sweet sorrow...
(sings)
"I've grown accustomed to your...
bourbon..."

During this, the two men have held a brief, sharp exchange in a foreign tongue. Valerian takes a quick step toward the edge and sees:

POINT OF VIEW

35X2

The winding, descending, precipitous road ahead.

CLOSE ANGLE - THE MERCEDES BENZ

35X3

Valerian turns back and with the help of Licht hurriedly pulls Thornhill into the driver's seat. Then, as Licht runs to the limousine, Valerian gets into the Mercedes Benz beside Thornhill, reaches across and starts the motor.

THORNHILL (mumbles)
Don't worry about me, fellahs.
I'll take the bus from here.

36-37 OUT

INT. MERCEDES BENZ

38

Valerian releases the handbrake, pushes Thornhill back, takes the wheel and applies his left foot to the accelerator. As the car starts to move, Valerian glances ahead tensely.

POINT OF VIEW

38X1

The car is approaching a precipice.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ

38X2

Valerian opens the door at his side and gets ready to jump. Just then, Thornhill, opening a bleary eye, begins to sense what is happening. He turns, puts both hands on Valerian and gives him a violent shove, saying thickly:

THORNHILL

You take the bus too.

Valerian falls out of the car. Thornhill grabs the wheel and turns it sharply.

EXT. MERCEDES BENZ

38X3

The outside wheels travel along the edge of the precipice.

THORNHILL AT WHEEL

38X4

Looks ahead, only slightly aware of his danger. He gives the wheel another wrench.

CLOSEUP - MERCEDES BENZ

38X5

The rear outside wheel is over the edge, spins in mid-air for a moment. Then the inner wheel gets a grip on the crumbling edge, and the car shoots forward.

CLOSEUP - THORNHILL AT WHEEL 38X6

He turns, glances back, sees:

POINT OF VIEW 39

Valerian in the act of getting into the already moving limousine.

EXT. MERCEDES BENZ 39X1

It picks up speed and goes careening down the winding, precipitous road.

40 OUT

THE LIMOUSINE - VALERIAN AND LICHT 41

in hot and angry pursuit.

THE CHASE SEQUENCE 42

The Mercedes Benz can take the sharp curves with more ease than the limousine. Also, Thornhill is too far gone to know that he shouldn't drive that fast. Consequently, he gets to the foot of the hill and down to a main thoroughfare still in the lead. Naturally, we film this ride, and that which follows, from many different angles, including Thornhill's delirious double-vision point of view. He will be killed if he is caught, and he will be killed if he keeps driving this way. There is very little choice really, and on the highway now, he is doing eighty, weaving wildly through traffic, swerving suicidally over double lanes and giving heart failure to oncoming truck drivers. But he is leaving the limousine behind.

A POLICE CAR - TWO OFFICERS IN FRONT SEAT 43

The car is travelling along at a normal speed. Suddenly Thornhill's car comes dashing by. The officers react immediately, start in pursuit.

INT. LIMOUSINE

44

Valerian and Licht see the police car, which is almost directly in front of them, take off after Thornhill. Valerian signals to Licht to slow down. Licht does so, and starts to make a U-turn.

THE MERCEDES BENZ

45

Thornhill tries desperately to keep his eyes in focus, his foot on the floorboard and his hands on the wheel. HORNS BLARE warningly as he comes perilously close to several headon crashes. In his rear-view mirror, he sees the headlights of the police car following and does not realize that it is no longer the limousine. The headlights are coming closer. Suddenly, almost too late, he sees ahead of him an elderly gentleman on a bicycle emerge from a side road. He slams on the brakes and the car comes to a screaming, wobbling stop. The bicyclist, oblivious, continues across.

SIDE ANGLE

46

As Thornhill's car comes to a final, jerking halt, the police car, with screaming brakes, hits Thornhill's rear. There is a CRUNCHING SOUND as the bonnet of the police car crumples like tin. There is a MOMENTARY SILENCE and then the sudden SCREAM of more BRAKES, and a third car smashes into the back of the police car, giving it a crumpled rear as well. Thornhill drunkenly leans out and looks behind to see what all the fuss is about. The two police, after forcing a door open, emerge, glowering. At the same time, the third driver is seen getting out of his car, somewhat bewildered, and starting forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 OUT

INT. GLEN COVE POLICE STATION - (NIGHT)

48

A LT. HAGERMAN is behind the desk. To his right is a radiophone transmitter-receiver, over which we HEAR the faint communications of cruising police cars and their patrol stations. A COMMOTION

is HEARD outside, and then one of the police-car officers, a gentleman known as SERGEANT KLINGER, escorts a wobbly Thornhill into the building.

48
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL (thickly)
Thanks for the lift, fellahs.

KLINGER
Lieutenant - I want this man examined for driving while intoxicated.

LIEUTENANT (looking at the swaying Thornhill)
Really?

THORNHILL (to the lieutenant)
They tried to kill me...He won't listen... Big house...They tried to kill me.

KLINGER (during above)
All right. Let's just go inside...

THORNHILL (moving with him)
Don't wanna go inside. Somebody call the police.

The Sergeant leads Thornhill by the arm into the courtroom.

INT. COURTROOM

49

A bleak room at this late hour of night.

KLINGER (indicating a chair)
Sit down.

THORNHILL
Don't wanna sit. Perfectly all right.
(he falls into the seat)
We'll throw the book at 'em.
Kidnapping. Assault with gun...and
bourbon...and sports car. We'll
get 'em.

KLINGER
You'll be all right after a good night's sleep. We got a nice cell all made up and waiting.

THORNHILL
Don't wanna cell. I want a
policeman.

49
CONT'D
(2)

The other arresting officer, PATROLMAN WAGGONER,
enters.

WAGGONER
The car was just reported stolen.

KLINGER
Uh huh.

WAGGONER
A Mrs. Babson up on Twining Road.

THORNHILL (getting
unsteadily to his feet)
Gotta call someone. Where's the
phone?

KLINGER
You're allowed one call. Right
over here.
(leads Thornhill to a
nearby phone)
Better make it your lawyer.

THORNHILL (to Klinger)
Butterfield eight-one-oh-nine-eight.

KLINGER
What am I -- a telephone operator?

THORNHILL (nodding)
Yeah. Butterfield eight-one-oh-nine-eight.

Reluctantly, Klinger puts the call through. After
a few moments:

KLINGER (to phone)
Just a minute please....Here.

He hands the phone to Thornhill.

THORNHILL (to phone)
Hello, Mother? This is your son,
Roger Thornhill.
(listens)
Wait a minute.
(to Klinger)
Where am I?

KLINGER
Glen Cove Police Station.

THORNHILL (to phone)
Glen Cove Police Station...
(listens)

49
CONT'D
(3)

Now is that a nice thing to say,
Mother? I have not been drinking
again. But these two fellows poured
a bottle of bourbon down my throat --
(listens, shakes his head)

No. They didn't give me a chaser...
(during above, DR. CROSS has
entered. Klinger comes over,
interrupts Thornhill)

Wait a minute, Mother.
(to Klinger)
Not finished yet.

KLINGER
Yes you are. C'mon.

THORNHILL (to phone)
Gotta hang up now, Mother. You
better get my lawyer right away
and bail me out.

KLINGER
Tomorrow morning, tell her.

THORNHILL (to phone)
He says 'tomorrow morning'.
(listens)
I don't know. I'll ask him.
(to Klinger)
She wants to know who says.

KLINGER
Sergeant Emil Klinger

THORNHILL (to phone)
Sergeant Emil --
(a double take at the Sergeant)

Emil?
(to phone)
Sergeant Emil Klinger.
(listens)
No. I didn't believe it either.
(listens)

Don't worry. I'm all right, Mother.
'Nightie night.
(he hangs up)
That was Mother.

Klinger leads him over to a table where Dr. Cross,
a pleasant young physician, is waiting with medical
kit.

KLINGER (to Dr. Cross)
Here's your man, Doctor.

49
CONT'D
(4)

Cross glances at Thornhill, indicates a chair. Thornhill collapses into it. Klinger and Patrolman Waggoner move into b.g. as silent observers. Cross takes out a questionnaire and a fountain pen, begins to fill out the form, quickly and perfunctorily.

DR. CROSS
What's your name?

THORNHILL
Roger Thornhill. Don't believe we've met.

DR. CROSS
Address?

THORNHILL
Eighty-four Sutton Place. Doctor, you listen to me --

DR. CROSS
Were you operating the motor vehicle in question?

THORNHILL
Admirably.

DR. CROSS
Where were you going?

THORNHILL
No place. Just trying to get away from some fellahs who were trying to kill me. I've been trying to tell these --

DR. CROSS
Where did you start from?

THORNHILL
Big house. I don't know where. Big house. And these fellahs --

DR. CROSS (interrupting)
Stand up please, Mr. Thornhill.

THORNHILL (struggling to his feet)
Sure.

DR. CROSS (throwing some
coins on the floor)
...And pick up those coins.

49
CONT'D
(5)

THORNHILL (looking right
at the money)
What coins?

DR. CROSS (pointing to
a white line on the floor)
Never mind. Now I want you to walk
that line.

THORNHILL (as he tries
unsuccessfully to negotiate the
line)
At first I thought they were gonna
hold me for ransom. They brought me
to this house. Can't remember the
guy's name right now. Think it was
Kaplan. Yeah, George Kaplan --

He stops abruptly as he falls to the floor. Then,
as he starts to get to his feet again:

DR. CROSS
Ever have diabetes?

THORNHILL
Never touch the stuff.

DR. CROSS
Then you're not taking insulin.

THORNHILL
Never touch the stuff.

DR. CROSS
Have you used a mouthwash recently?

THORNHILL
Never stuch the tuff.

DR. CROSS
Stick out your tongue and say "ah".

THORNHILL
Better move back...Ah-h-h!

DR. CROSS
Have you been drinking?

THORNHILL
Doctor - I am gassed.

DR. CROSS
What were you drinking?

THORNHILL
Bourbon. They held me down and another
guy--

DR. CROSS
How much would you say you drank?

THORNHILL (holding his palms about
a foot apart)
About this much.

He starts toward a long table as:

DR. CROSS
Mr. Thornhill--it is my opinion that
you are definitely intoxicated... (As
THORNHILL lies down on the table) And
I am now going to have to ask your
permission to draw blood.

THORNHILL (a sleepy murmur)
How disgusting.

DR. CROSS (reading very quickly
from his questionnaire)
"You may refuse to permit a blood test
to be made, but if you do refuse, your
license will be revoked. You have the
right to notify a physician of your
own choosing to ad[minister this
chemical test if you so prefer."
(Looking up) Is that understood, Mr.
Thornhill? (No response) Mr.
Thornhill?

SERGEANT KLINGER steps forward, puts a finger to his lips.

KLINGER
Shhh...

He looks down at THORNHILL with mock tenderness. Now we SEE
THORNHILL.

He is sleeping like a baby, with a little smile on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR, COURTROOM -- Next Morning

The judge, ANSON B. FLYNN, is staring coldly down at THORNHILL,
who, looking plenty the worse for a night in jail, stands between
his attorney, VICTOR LARRABEE, and SERGEANT KLINGER. Seated behind

them is Thornhill's mother, CLARA THORNHILL, a woman who has played so much bridge she is getting to look like the Queen of Hearts. During the following, Thornhill turns, smiles at her feebly. She does not smile back:

50
CONT'D
(2)

LARRABEE (speaking with
ill-concealed distaste)
-- It was at this point that
Mr. Thornhill succeeded in escaping
from his would-be assassins, and when
they gave chase, he, naturally, had to
drive as best he could under the, uh,
circumstances. But unfortunately
the, uh, circumstances were a little
more than he could handle, and so,
well, here we are.

THORNHILL (half aloud)
But where are they?

The judge gives Thornhill a hard-eyed look, then
turns to Larrabee.

JUDGE
Counsellor, how long have you known
your client?

LARRABEE
Seven years, Your Honor.

JUDGE
Do you know him to be a reasonable man?

LARRABEE
Absolutely.

In b.g., Mrs. Thornhill gives an audible sniff of
scorn. Thornhill quickly turns and gives her an
angry whisper.

THORNHILL
Mother!

JUDGE
And do you believe there is some
credence to this ... story?

THORNHILL (bridling)
Credence!

LARRABEE
Well...yes, Your Honor. I mean if
my client says that this is what
happened, I am certain it must have...
(he shrugs)
...happened.

KLINGER (to Dr. Cross)
Shhh...
(he turns to the patrolman)
Shhh...
(he looks down at Thornhill
with mock tenderness)
He's sleeping like a baby.

49
CONT'D
(7)

Now we see Thornhill -- and indeed he is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - NEXT MORNING

50

The judge, ANSON B. FLYNN, is staring coldly down at Thornhill, who, looking plenty the worse for a night in jail, stands between his attorney, VICTOR LARRABEE, and Sergeant Klinger. Seated behind them is Thornhill's mother, CLARA THORNHILL, a woman who has played so much bridge she is getting to look like the Queen of Hearts. During the following, Thornhill turns, smiles at her feebly. She does not smile back:

LARRABEE (speaking with
ill-concealed distaste)
... And then took him up in the
hills in the Mercedes Benz for the
purpose of killing him and making
it appear to be a drunk-driving
accident. It was at this point
that Mr. Thornhill succeeded in
escaping from his would-be assassins,
and when they gave chase, he,
naturally, had to drive as best he
could under the, uh, circumstances,
and unfortunately the, uh, circumstances
were a little more than he could handle,
and so, well, here we are.

The judge gives Thornhill a hard-eyed look, then turns to Larrabee.

JUDGE

Counsellor, do you believe there is
some credence to thisstory?

In b.g., Mrs. Thornhill gives a sniff of disbelief.
Thornhill turns and gives her an angry look.

LARRABEE

Well... yes, Your Honor. I mean, if my client says that this is what happened, I am certain it must have...

(he shrugs)

... happened.

JUDGE

Mm hmm.

(he turns to Klinger)

Sergeant - I want this turned over to the County Detectives for investigation. I suggest you call them up and have them come over here immediately.

50
CONT'D
(2)

KLINGER (starting
away)
Right, Your Honor.

50
CONT'D
(3)

JUDGE
Counsellor, I'm going to set
this over for final disposition
tomorrow night at seven-thirty,
at which time I expect you and
the defendant to be here and
ready to go to trial. In the
meantime the County Detectives
will determine whether his story
has any basis in fact --

THORNHILL (indignantly)
Basis in fact? I suppose if I
were brought in here dead, Your
Honor, you still wouldn't believe -- !

LARRABEE (interrupting)
Now, Roger, wait a minute!

THORNHILL
I mean, after all, would I make
up such a story?

JUDGE
That is precisely what we intend
to find out, Mr. Thornhill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GLEN COVE ROAD - DAY

51

The County Detectives Car, a plain black sedan,
is cruising in the tree-lined "estate" area of
Glen Cove.

INT. CAR

52

Two detectives are up front -- LT. HARDING and
CAPT. JUNKET. In the back seat, Thornhill is
quietly arguing with his mother while Victor
Larrabee listens in strained silence.

THORNHILL
...Because any drinking I do to
excess, Mother dear, can be attributed
only to the bad example set by my
immediate ancestors. You are not
exactly, may I remind you, addicted
to homogenized milk.

JUDGE

Mm hmmm.

(he turns to Klinger)

Sergeant - I want this turned over to the County Detectives for investigation. I suggest you call them up and have them come over here immediately.

50
CONT'D
(3)

KLINGER (starting away)

Right, Your Honor.

JUDGE

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THORNHILL

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JUDGE

That is precisely what we intend to find out, Mr. Thornhill.

DISSOLVE TO:

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INT. CAR

52

Two detectives are up front - LT. HARDING and CAPT. JUNKET. In the back seat, Thornhill is quietly arguing with his mother while Victor Larrabee listens in strained silence.

THORNHILL

...Because any drinking I do to excess, Mother dear, can be attributed only to the bad example set by my immediate ancestors. You are not exactly, may I remind you, addicted to homogenized milk.

MRS. THORNHILL
Sometimes I wonder why I stand
for your impertinences.

52
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
You wouldn't have to if you could
learn to cheat at bridge.
(an aside to Larrabee)
I support all her girl friends.

LARRABEE
Now, now, Roger...

MRS. THORNHILL (scoffing)
Not "Roger." You forget. It's
George.
(she chuckles)
George Kaplan.

CAPT. JUNKET (turning)
Here's the Townsend estate. Look
familiar?

THORNHILL (looking out)
Yeah. That's it.

TRAVELLING SHOT - THE CAR

53

as it enters the estate through the open gates,
proceeds along the curving driveway and finally
comes to a stop before the entrance to the main
house.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE

54

Everyone in the car gets out. The detectives
lead the way to the front door and ring the bell.
Presently the door is opened by the housekeeper,
who seems not at all perturbed to see the group
standing before her.

HOUSEKEEPER (pleasantly)
Yes?

THORNHILL
Remember me?

HOUSEKEEPER
Yes, sir.

THORNHILL (satisfied, but
grim)
Good.

CAPT. JUNKET
Is Mr. Townsend at home?

54
CONT'D
(2)

HOUSEKEEPER
No, I'm sorry, sir. He's left
for the day.

CAPT. JUNKET
Mrs. Townsend?

HOUSEKEEPER (after a pause)
Who shall I tell her is calling?

CAPT. JUNKET
County detectives.

HOUSEKEEPER (unperturbed)
Come in please.

She opens the door wider.

INT. HOUSE

55

They all enter.

HOUSEKEEPER
This way please.

She leads them to the library, opens the door for
them and they enter.

INT. LIBRARY

56

THORNHILL
This is the room.

HOUSEKEEPER
I'll call madam.

CAPT. JUNKET
You do that.

The housekeeper withdraws. Thornhill points to
the settee.

THORNHILL
There's the sofa.
(going to the sofa)
They spilled bourbon all over it.
I'll show you the stains.

He examines the seat cushion, frowns, turns the cushion over, frowns even more deeply. He looks up. Everyone is staring at him. He turns, looks about, spies the liquor cabinet.

THORNHILL

There's where they kept the liquor!
Scotch and gin and vodka -- !

MRS. THORNHILL

And bourbon.

Thornhill goes over, whips open the cabinet. It is filled with books. No liquor. Just books.

MRS. THORNHILL

I remember when it used to come
in bottles.

Just then the handsome WOMAN of the night before enters, beaming graciously and talking very fast as she goes over to Thornhill.

WOMAN

Roger! Dear!
(he straightens up,
astounded)

We were so worried about you!
Did you get home all right?

(she embraces him)
Of course you did. Let me look
at you. A little pink-eyed and
fuzzy around the cheeks. But then,
aren't we all? It was a dull party
really, and you didn't miss a thing.
But Lester was furious with himself
for not seeing you home personally.
(to Clara Thornhill)

Let's see. You must be Roger's
mother. I'm so delighted to meet
you. Roger's told us so much about
you.

(to Larrabee)

And you must be a policeman. You
look like a policeman.

LARRABEE

I am Mr. Thornhill's attorney.

THORNHILL

I want everybody here to know that
I never even saw this woman before
last night!

The woman laughs good-naturedly at "Roger's charming joke." The detectives step forward.

56
CONT'D
(3)

CAPT. JUNKET

Mrs. Townsend - I'm Captain Junket of the Nassau County Detectives, and this is Lieutenant Harding.

WOMAN

How do you do?

LT. HARDING

Ma'am.

WOMAN (to Thornhill)

Oh, dear. You haven't gotten into trouble, Roger...?

MRS. THORNHILL

Has he gotten into trouble.

THORNHILL

Stop calling me "Roger"!

CAPT. JUNKET

Mrs. Townsend - Mr. Thornhill was picked up last night driving while under the influence of alcohol, and incidentally, in a stolen car --

WOMAN

Stolen car!

CAPT. JUNKET

-- belonging to a Mrs. Babson of Twining Road --

WOMAN

Roger, you said you were going to call a cab. You didn't borrow Laura's Mercedes?

THORNHILL (hopelessly)

No, I didn't...borrow...Laura's...Mercedes.

CAPT. JUNKET

Mr. Thornhill has told us that he was brought to this house against his will last night and forcibly intoxicated by some friends of your husband and then set out on the road. Did you know anything about this?

The woman gives Thornhill a look of deep sympathy, then faces the detectives.

WOMAN

Well, now, Captain -- Roger was a bit tipsy when he arrived here by cab for dinner --

56
CONT'D
(4)

THORNHILL

She's lying!

WOMAN

-- And I'm afraid he became even worse as the evening wore on, and finally he told us he had to go home to sleep it off. I knew I should have served dinner earlier. Otherwise I can assure you the harmless little escapade with Mrs. Babson's car would never have happened.

THORNHILL (with sardonic admiration)

What a performance!

WOMAN

Poor dear...

CAPT. JUNKET

Mrs. Townsend -- does the name George Kaplan mean anything to you?

WOMAN (blankly)

George Kaplan? No.

CAPT. JUNKET

I didn't think so.

The detective already has his eye on the door and a quick departure.

THORNHILL (desperate now)

What about her husband? He's the one you should be questioning!

CAPT. JUNKET (to the woman)

Is there any place he can be reached?

WOMAN

Why yes - the United Nations.

CAPT. JUNKET (impressed)

The ... United ... Nations ... ?

WOMAN

He's addressing the General Assembly
this afternoon.

56
CONT'D
(5)

The detective looks at Thornhill and his mouth
tightens.

THORNHILL (at bay)

All right - so he's addressing
the General Assembly.

CAPT. JUNKET (to the

woman)

Sorry we had to bother you.

WOMAN

No bother at all,

She leads the group toward the door.

THORNHILL

Wait a minute now....

They go out to the foyer.

THE FOYER

57

As Thornhill is hurried by his mother out of the
library across the foyer, he HEARS:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Will you be wanting to get
in touch with my husband, Captain?

CAPT. JUNKET

No, Mrs. Townsend - that won't
be necessary.

THORNHILL

D'you mean to say you're
not going to do anything more
about this?

MRS. THORNHILL (turns, fixes
him with a look)

Roger...

(she shakes her head slowly)

Pay the two dollars.

Thornhill gives her a look, then goes out the front
door with her and the others.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE

58

As the group goes down the steps and into the car, the woman stands at the door watching. She even waves once to Thornhill, who is in no mood to wave back. On the lawn near the entrance, a gardener in overalls is on his knees working over a flower bed. His back is to the entrance, and he does not turn to see the group leave the house. But now, as the car drives off, he gets to his feet, looks after the car, then turns into CAMERA. Beneath the overalls and the dirty face, we see Valerian.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NEW YORK CITY - A FEW
HOURS LATER

59

A cab pulls up before the hotel. Thornhill and his mother get out and cross the sidewalk to the entrance as:

MRS. THORNHILL

I don't see what you need me
along for.

THORNHILL (savagely)

You lend me a certain air of
respectability.

MRS. THORNHILL

Don't be sarcastic, Roger.

They enter the hotel.

INT. LOBBY

60

Thornhill goes to the row of house phones
saying:

THORNHILL

Well, here goes.

(he picks up a phone)

Do you have a George Kaplan
staying here.

(a pause - then
excitedly)

That's right. Room seven ninety
six. Would you ring him please?

(to his mother)

It's true. He is registered here...

MRS. THORNHILL (bored)
That's nice.

60
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
...And he's just the one to
clear up this little ballet.
(to phone)
What?....Oh. I see. He didn't
leave any word when he'd be back,
did he?....Really? All right.
Thank you.
(he hangs up)
That's funny. He hasn't answered
his phone in two days.

MRS. THORNHILL
Maybe he got locked in the
bathroom.

Thornhill has been peering thoughtfully towards
the desk, where people are getting their keys,
mail, etc.

THORNHILL
Mother - I want you to go over to
the desk, put on that sweet innocent
look you do so well, and ask for
the key to seven ninety-six.

MRS. THORNHILL
Don't be ridiculous. I wouldn't
do a thing like that.

THORNHILL (taking out
a wad of bills)
Ten dollars?

MRS. THORNHILL
Not for all the money in the world.

THORNHILL
Fifty?

MRS. THORNHILL (taking the
proffered money)
You're disgraceful.

She starts toward the desk as Thornhill watches.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

61

Thornhill and his mother are walking toward the
door to 796.

MRS. THORNHILL
Car theft... drunk driving...
assaulting an officer... lying to
a judge....and now, house-breaking...

THORNHILL
Not house-breaking, Mother. Hotel-
breaking. There's a difference.

61
CONT'D
(2)

MRS. THORNHILL (gloomily)
Of five to ten years.

They arrive at 796; he takes the key from her hand and looks about furtively. Then he inserts it in the lock. Just then, a chambermaid emerges from another room, sees him and calls out:

MAID
Just a minute please!

Thornhill nervously pulls the key from the lock, turns and waits tensely as she walks over to him.

MAID
Will you be wantin' me to change
your beddin', sir?

THORNHILL (relieved)
Well...yes... but not right now...

MAID
I was oney askin', sir, because
the bed don't seem like it been
slept in and I was just wonderin'
if I still oughta keep changin'
the linens, y'know?

THORNHILL
Thank you very much for your
interest.

MAID (smiling)
You're welcome, sir.

She goes off down the corridor. Quickly Thornhill inserts the key in the lock, opens the door and leads his mother into the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

62

THORNHILL
You see that? She thought I
was Kaplan. I wonder if I look
like Kaplan.

He glances about. There are twin beds, neatly made up, but the rest of the room looks lived-in. There is an open suitcase on the floor with

a few shirts and some soiled socks in it. On a chair is a three-day stack of well-read New York newspapers. The dresser top is strewn with masculine odds and ends -- an electric shaver, a pair of military brushes monogrammed "G.K.", a half-empty pint of Canadian Club, several scribbled reminders: "Call Wilson," "Laundry Friday," "Wire Ambassador East confirming reservation," "Mahdi of Pakistan." Also, there is a group picture torn from a newspaper. The caption is missing, but one of the faces has been ringed with red pencil. It is the face of the MAN of Glen Cove.

THORNHILL

Hmmm. Look who's here.

MRS. THORNHILL (glancing
about)

Where? Who?

THORNHILL

Our friend who's assembling the
General Assembly this afternoon.

He puts the picture down.

MRS. THORNHILL

Roger - I think we should go.

As he goes to the night-table and presses a
button marked "Chambermaid":

THORNHILL

Don't be nervous, Mother.

MRS. THORNHILL

I'm not nervous. I'll be late
for the bridge club.

THORNHILL

Good. You'll lose less than
usual.

He goes to the bathroom and enters.

THE BATHROOM

There are toilet articles on the sink, on the
glass shelf above it, and in the medicine cabinet.
Thornhill takes the comb from the hairbrush on
the shelf, inspects it, then replaces it. He
returns to:

THE BEDROOM

THORNHILL

Bulletin. Mr. Kaplan has dandruff.

MRS. THORNHILL

In that case, I think we'd better leave.

Just then, the DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS.

MRS. THORNHILL

Too late.

Thornhill goes to the door, opens it. The chambermaid stands there.

MAID

You rang for me?

THORNHILL

Come in a moment.
(the maid enters)
What's your name?

MAID

Elsie, sir.

THORNHILL

Elsie - do you know who I am?

MAID (giggles)

Sure. You're Mr. Kaplan.

THORNHILL

When did we...when did you first see me, Elsie?

MAID

Outside the door, out there in the hall, just a couple minutes ago. Don'tcha remember?

THORNHILL

You mean that's the first time you ever laid eyes on me?

MAID

Can I help it you're never around, Mr. Kaplan?

THORNHILL

How do you know I am Mr. Kaplan?

MAID (puzzled)
Huh?

64
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
How do you know I'm Mr. Kaplan?

MAID (giggles)
Well, of course ya are. This is
room seven ninety-six, isn't it?
So - you're the gentleman in room
seven ninety-six, aren't ya?

THORNHILL
All right, Elsie.

MAID
Will that be all, sir?

THORNHILL
For the time being. Yes.

As the maid starts away, the DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS
again. The maid opens the door and goes out
past the VALET, who is seen standing there with
a suit on a hanger.

VALET
Valet.

THORNHILL
Come in.

VALET (entering)
Hang it in the closet, Mr. Kaplan?

THORNHILL
Please.

Thornhill exchanges a look with his mother as the
valet opens the closet door, hangs the suit on
the rack.

VALET
There we are.
(Thornhill gives him a tip)
Thank you, Mr. Kaplan.

THORNHILL
By the way - when did I give you
that suit?

VALET
Last night. Around six.

THORNHILL

Did I give it to you personally?

64
CONT'D
(3)

VALET (smiles)

Personally? No, Mr. Kaplan. You called down on the phone and described the suit to me and said it would be hanging in the closet. Like you always do. Anything wrong?

THORNHILL

No, no. Just curious.

VALET (leaving)

Okay. Nice meeting you, Mr. Kaplan.

He goes out. Thornhill steps to the closet, opens the door.

THORNHILL

I'm beginning to think nobody in this hotel has actually ever seen Kaplan.

MRS. THORNHILL

Maybe he has his suits mended by Invisible Weavers.

There are several suits on the rack. Thornhill takes one out, tosses it on a chair, whips off his jacket, throws it on the bed, then takes the other jacket off the hanger and puts it on. He extends his arms. The sleeves are eight inches too short.

MRS. THORNHILL (looking
him over speculatively)

I don't think that one does anything for you.

Thornhill takes the trousers from the hanger, holds them up in front of him. They are ludicrously short.

THORNHILL

Look at this. They've mistaken me for a man who is only five feet tall.

MRS. THORNHILL

I've always told you to stand up straight.

Just then, the TELEPHONE on the night-table RINGS. Thornhill stares at it uncertainly. The phone RINGS again.

64
CONT'D
(4)

THORNHILL
Should I?

MRS. THORNHILL
Certainly not.

So Thornhill goes over and picks up the receiver.

THORNHILL
Hello?

VALERIAN'S VOICE (through phone)
It is good to find you in, Mr. Kaplan.

THORNHILL
Who is this?

VALERIAN'S VOICE
We met only last night and still you do not recognize my voice. I should feel offended --

THORNHILL
Yeah - now I know who you are and I'm not Mr. Kaplan.

VALERIAN'S VOICE
Of course not. You answer his telephone and you live in his hotel room, and yet you are not Mr. Kaplan. Nevertheless, we are pleased to find you in.

He clicks off.

THORNHILL
Hello?
Hello! (jiggling receiver frantically)

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Yes?

THORNHILL
Operator, this is Mr. Thorn-- Mr. Kaplan in seven-ninety-six. That call that just came through. Was that an outside call or from the lobby?

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Just a minute, sir. I'll see

THORNHILL
Hurry!

MRS. THORNHILL
Who was it?

THORNHILL

Only one of the men who tried to kill
me last night.

64
CONT'D
(5)

MRS. THORNHILL

Oh - we're back to that one, are we?

THORNHILL (jiggling the
phone)

. Hello - operator!

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Mr. Kaplan...

THORNHILL

Yes...

OPERATOR'S VOICE

That call was made from the lobby, sir.

THORNHILL

It was...

(he hangs up, looks about desperately)
The lobby. They're probably on their
way up right now. Come on. We've got
to get out of here.

He struggles into his jacket, picks up the newspaper
clipping and stuffs it in his pocket.

MRS. THORNHILL (not at all
excited)

I think I'd like to meet one of these killers.

He takes her by the arm, hurries her to the door.

THE CORRIDOR

65

As they emerge from the room, Thornhill looks
about, sees no one, moves his mother swiftly to the
nearby elevator. He presses the "DOWN" button, waits
anxiously. Suddenly two elevators arrive simultane-
ously, one from above, the other from below. Just
as Thornhill and his mother enter their elevator,
Valerian and Licht step out of the other one, in
time to see their quarry. Before the doors can close,
they quickly follow Thornhill in.

INT. ELEVATOR

66

There are six passengers in the car, all of them
of obvious refinement and sophistication: an
elderly gentleman and his elderly wife; two fifty-
ish women; and another couple. Valerian and Licht
are crowded close to Thornhill and his mother as
the doors close and the elevator starts down.
Thornhill taps her and indicates that these

are the men who are after him. She glances at them and sees two men whose attitude seems to be quite innocuous. She turns back to Thornhill and smiles her disbelief. He frowns and nods his insistence. She turns to them again and smiles.

MRS. THORNHILL

You gentlemen aren't really trying to kill my son, are you?

The men look at her blankly, as the other passengers turn their heads in surprise. Valerian starts to smile, as he turns to Licht, who takes the cue and also begins to smile. Valerian turns toward the other occupants of the car and starts to chuckle. Relieved, they start to chuckle too. For a split second, Mrs. Thornhill is astonished at the effect of her remark. Then she too joins in the laughter. By now the laughter has built to a crescendo and the whole car is laughing, even the operator. In the center of all this stands a glowering Thornhill. The elevator comes to a stop.

OPERATOR

Lobby, please. Watch your step.

Thornhill's expression immediately changes to one of furtive calculation. We HEAR the SOUND of the elevator DOOR OPENING and the outside lobby lights appear on his face. Valerian and Licht start to move out.

THORNHILL (to both of them, politely)

Excuse me. Ladies first, if you don't mind.

INT. LOBBY

66X1

CAMERA is SHOOTING into the elevator. Thornhill turns and starts backing out of the car as he ushers the ladies out. The ladies, in pushing their way out, ease Valerian and Licht toward the rear. As Thornhill backs away, the CAMERA also RETREATS with him, but goes faster than he does. Thornhill is now far enough out to turn toward the CAMERA and start running toward the 59th Street entrance, the CAMERA PANNING with him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INT. LOBBY

66X2

Thornhill is now running toward the CAMERA. Behind him we see Valerian and Licht pushing their way between the women, and just in front of them, Mrs. Thornhill, who is calling out:

MRS. THORNHILL

Roger - will you be home for dinner?

Thornhill dashes out of the SHOT.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL

66X3

A man and woman are waiting for a taxi, which is just pulling up. As the doorman opens the door for them, Thornhill comes dashing out of the hotel, runs down the steps and jumps into the cab, past the astonished people. He slams the door shut and the cab starts to move off.

67-70 OUT

INT. CAB

71

DRIVER

Where to?

THORNHILL

I don't know. Just keep going.

The driver shrugs. Thornhill turns, looks out of the back window. Over his shoulder we SEE Valerian and Licht dashing across the sidewalk and past the same startled couple and doorman into the next cab, which has just pulled up. Thornhill turns away, realizing he is still being followed, ponders the situation, then reaches into his pocket, takes out the torn newspaper photograph he had found in the hotel room and glances down at it thoughtfully. He looks up at the cab-driver.

THORNHILL

Take me to the United Nations.

DRIVER

Right.

THORNHILL

The General Assembly Building.

DRIVER

Right.

THORNHILL
I'm being followed. Can you do
something about it?

71
CONT'D
(2)

DRIVER
Yes. I can.

THORNHILL
Do it.

The cab surges forward with a burst of speed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

72

As seen from the north, a LONG HIGH ANGLE SHOT showing the General Assembly building in the foreground, the 39-story marble and glass Secretariat building beyond it, and in the background, the East River and the Brooklyn skyline. At the extreme right, a taxicab is seen pulling up at the curb near the main entrance to the General Assembly building.

CLOSE ANGLE - THE ENTRANCE

73

Thornhill gets out of the cab, goes into the building.

INT. LOBBY OF ASSEMBLY BLDG.

74

Thornhill crosses to the Information Desk. There are two girls stationed behind the desk, one of them a lovely Indian. She smiles at Thornhill.

GIRL
May I help you, sir?

THORNHILL
Yes. Where would I find
Mr. Lester Townsend?

GIRL (writing on a pad)
Mr. Townsend of UNIPO. And did you
have an appointment, sir?

THORNHILL
I...uh...yes...uh...he expects me.

GIRL
Your name, sir?

THORNHILL (hesitates)
My name?

GIRL
Yes, please.

74
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
Kaplan. George Kaplan.

GIRL
One moment please.

She picks up a phone, starts to dial. Thornhill glances back toward the entrance door nervously.

EXT. STREET NEAR MAIN ENTRANCE

75

Another cab is seen pulling up to the curb. Valerian gets out and, addressing Licht inside, gestures as though telling him to have the cab wait across the street. As the cab pulls away Valerian starts up the steps to the main entrance of the General Assembly building.

INT. LOBBY

75X1

Thornhill is now receiving a slip of paper from the girl at the Information Desk, who is saying:

GIRL
...If you will give this to one of the attendants in the Public Lounge she will page him for you.

THORNHILL
Thank you very much.

GIRL
You're welcome, Mr. Kaplan.

Thornhill starts past the desk.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE

75X2

Valerian crosses the courtyard and starts through the main doors.

INT. LOBBY

75X3

Valerian enters and glances about. Then he walks in the direction of the Information Desk.

INT. PUBLIC LOUNGE

Thornhill is just approaching the lounge. We enter with him, see the vast, high-ceilinged room with its high windows along the north wall looking out on the East River and the Queensboro Bridge in the distance. The lounge is crowded with delegates of all nations; there are many races, many different modes of dress. They sit on leather chairs and sofas sipping tea, or stand in small conversational groups with cocktails in hand. Others congregate at the bar at the east end of the room. Everywhere is the buzz of many different tongues. And over it, the CONTINUING SOUND of the PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM as three pretty attendants seated behind microphones near the telephone switchboard send out their calls:

"Miss Knox of Ceylon... United States Secretary please... Mr. Mahdi, delegation of Pakistan, please call the Public Lounge... Mr. Craig of the Secretariat, kindly call your office... Mr. Bernatti of the Swiss Observers Office... Mr. Bernatti of the Swiss Observers Office..."

Thornhill goes up to one of the attendants (a 26-year-old American girl), hands her the slip of paper.

THORNHILL

Will you page Mr. Lester Townsend please?

ATTENDANT (consulting
the slip)

Certainly, Mr. Kaplan.

She picks up the microphone. We HEAR her voice over the p.a. system.

ATTENDANT

Mr. Townsend of UNIPO...
Mr. Townsend of UNIPO....
Please call at the communications
desk of the Public Lounge.

Thornhill stands gazing about the crowded room waiting for Townsend to appear. Deep in b.g. we SEE Valerian enter. He stops as he sees Thornhill. There is a constant stream of activity at the communications desk. Several different people

emerge from the throng to walk over to the desk. Thornhill pays no attention to them, for none of them is the man he is seeking. Finally one caller - a distinguished looking gentleman of about sixty - leans over and speaks to the attendant, who then glances at Thornhill.

76
CONT'D
(2)

ATTENDANT

Mr. Kaplan...

THORNHILL (turning)

Yes?

ATTENDANT

You wished to see Mr. Townsend.

THORNHILL

Yes.

ATTENDANT (pointing)

This is Mr. Townsend.

Thornhill looks at the strange man, blinks with puzzlement.

TOWNSEND

How do you do, Mr. Kaplan?

He extends his hand.

THORNHILL (to attendant)

This isn't Mr. Townsend.

TOWNSEND (smiling)

Yes it is.

He holds out his hand again. Thornhill shakes it dumbly.

THORNHILL

There must be...some...mistake.
Lester Townsend?

TOWNSEND (cheerfully)

That's me.

(as they stroll towards
the windows)

What can I do for you?

THORNHILL (still utterly
bewildered)

You're the Townsend who lives in
Glen Cove?

TOWNSEND
That's right. Are we neighbors?

76
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL
A large red-brick house with a
curving tree-lined driveway?

TOWNSEND (smiles)
That's the one.

As they walk across the room, they pass a press
photographer taking flashbulb shots of a West
African group.

THORNHILL
Mr. Townsend, were you at home
last night?

TOWNSEND
You mean in Glen Cove?

THORNHILL
Yes.

TOWNSEND
No. I've been staying in my
apartment in town for the past
month. Always do when we're in
session here.

THORNHILL
What about Mrs. Townsend?

TOWNSEND (frowns)
My wife has been dead for many
years.

(Thornhill stares at him)
Look here, Mr. Kaplan, what's this
all about?

THORNHILL
Who are those people living
in your house?

TOWNSEND
What people? The house is
completely closed up. There's
just a gardener and his wife
living on the grounds. Now,
Mr. Kaplan - suppose you tell me
who you are and what you want.

Thornhill takes the newspaper photograph from his pocket, starts to show it to Townsend.

76
CONT'D
(4)

THORNHILL

Do you know this man?

Townsend glances at the picture, then suddenly gasps and utters a strangled cry. His eyes widen and he sags against Thornhill, who puts his arms around him automatically to support him.

THORNHILL

Here. What's wrong?

Townsend groans. His eyes flutter. Thornhill's right hand closes on the handle of a knife protruding from Townsend's back. Instinctively he grasps the knife, pulls it out. Townsend slumps to the floor, dead. Thornhill stands there in horror staring down at him, the bloody knife upraised in his hand. It has all happened so swiftly that nobody has actually seen the slaying. Valerian is seen hurrying away. A woman's voice is heard crying out: "Look!" A man's voice shouts: "What happened?" Thornhill looks up, sees a circle of horrified, angry faces staring at him. A woman points at him accusingly: "He did it! I saw him!" The group moves toward him slowly, threateningly. Another voice cries out: "Look out! He's got a knife!" Thornhill backs away slowly, dazed and confused.

THORNHILL

Wait a minute now... Listen to me... I had nothing to do with this...

VOICES

Somebody do something!...
I saw him!... Call the police!...
Grab him!...

THORNHILL (frightened)

Don't come any nearer! Get back!

There is a CLICK and a FLASH OF LIGHT. The press photographer has whipped his camera around and caught a perfect shot of the stunned Thornhill

backing away from the fallen body with the bloody knife still clenched threateningly in his hand. Panic on his face, he drops the knife and flees from the room before the startled onlookers can make a move.

76
CONT'D
(5)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
- WASHINGTON, D.C. - EARLY EVENING

77

START CLOSE ON front page of a Washington evening paper featuring the incriminating photo of Thornhill in his "killer's" pose; above it, screamer headlines: "DIPLOMAT SLAIN AT U.N.; ASSASSIN ELUDES POLICE." A MAN'S VOICE is HEARD over the SHOT reading aloud what is obviously part of the news story. During this we PULL BACK to reveal a group of four men and one woman seated around a conference table. As the CAMERA leaves the INSERT of the newspaper and STARTS ITS RISE, we also catch a glimpse of official documents on which we SEE the words: "TOP SECRET."

MAN'S VOICE (reading)

"--The photograph has been tentatively identified as that of Roger Thornhill, a Manhattan advertising executive, indicating that the name George Kaplan, which he gave to an attendant in the General Assembly Building, was false. A possible motive for the slaying was suggested by the discovery that earlier today, Thornhill appeared in a Glen Cove, Long Island, police court on a charge of drunk driving with a stolen car, and in his defense charged that the murder victim, Mr. Townsend, had attempted to kill him the night before...

The man puts the newspaper down on the table, looks up at the other people. Their ages vary from thirty-five to fifty; there is nothing about an Intelligence agent's appearance that distinguishes him from, say, a college professor or a stock broker or a reporter or a housewife. These people happen to be all of that, too. The gentleman who has been reading the newspaper, for example, is, among other things, a limner of comic cartoons for the national magazines.

CARTOONIST

Brother...

STOCK BROKER

What about that?

HOUSEWIFE

Does anybody know this Thornhill?

CARTOONIST

Not me.

STOCK BROKER

Never heard of him.

HOUSEWIFE

Professor?

The Professor shakes his head negatively.

REPORTER

Apparently the poor sucker got mistaken for George Kaplan.

CARTOONIST

How could he be mistaken for George Kaplan when George Kaplan doesn't even exist?

REPORTER

Don't ask me how it happened, but obviously it happened. Vandamm's men must have grabbed him and tried to put him away, using Lester Townsend's house.

STOCK BROKER (nodding)

And the unsuspecting Townsend winds up with a stray knife in his back.

REPORTER (shrugs)

C'est la guerre.

CARTOONIST (shaking his head)

It's so horribly sad. Why is it I feel like laughing?

HOUSEWIFE

Never mind that. What are we going to do?

CARTOONIST

Do?

HOUSEWIFE

About Mr. Thornhill...

STOCK BROKER

Good question.

They look at each other uncertainly. Finally the mildest mannered of them all, the college professor, speaks up quietly, enunciating with elaborate preciseness.

77
CONT'D
(3)

PROFESSOR

We do...nothing.

HOUSEWIFE

Nothing?

PROFESSOR (getting up)

That's right...nothing.

(with a gesture)

Oh, we could congratulate ourselves on a marvelous stroke of good fortune...

(he meets their puzzled stares with a delighted announcement:)
Our non-existent decoy, George Kaplan - created to divert suspicion from our own Number One - has fortuitously become a live decoy.

HOUSEWIFE

Yes, Professor. And how long do you think he's going to stay live?

PROFESSOR

That's his problem.

STOCK BROKER

What Mrs. Finley means --

PROFESSOR (amused)

I know what she means.

STOCK BROKER

-- We can't just sit back calmly and wait to see who kills him first... Vandamm and company or the police.

PROFESSOR (forcefully)

There's nothing we can do to save him without endangering Number One!

HOUSEWIFE

Aren't we being just a wee bit callous?

The Professor's tolerant attitude vanishes.

PROFESSOR

No, my dear woman, we are not being callous. We did not invent our non-existent man, and establish elaborate behaviour patterns for him, and move his prop belongings in and out of hotel rooms, for our own private amusement. We created George Kaplan and labored to convince Vandamm that this phantom was our own Number One, hot on his trail, for a desperately important reason.

77
CONT'D
(4)

REPORTER

Check.

STOCK BROKER

Nobody's denying that.

PROFESSOR (passionately)

All right then. If we make the slightest move to suggest that there is no such agent as George Kaplan... give any hint to Vandamm that he's pursuing a decoy instead of our real Number One...then Number One, working right under Vandamm's nose, will immediately face suspicion, exposure and assassination; like the two others who went before.

There is a moment of embarrassed silence around the table as they all realize the unpleasant truth of what the Professor has just said.

HOUSEWIFE (softly, sadly)

Goodbye, Mr. Thornhill...wherever you are.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - NYC - EARLY EVENING

78

SHOOTING FROM A HIGH vantage point, we disclose the vast, bustling main lobby of the terminal. Police are seen entering from the 42nd Street side -- two lieutenants in uniform and two plainclothes detectives. They look about, come to a stop, confer and then disperse. CAMERA PANS slightly to a phone booth. We SEE Thornhill inside, talking on the phone.

79 CUT

INT. PHONE BOOTH

80

THORNHILL (exasperated)
But, Mother, I called the Plaza.
Kaplan checked out and went to the
Ambassador East in Chicago. That's
why I'm --

(he listens impatiently)
I can't go to the police. Not
yet. You saw the newspapers.
My fingerprints are on the knife;
I'm a drunk driver, a car thief
and I murdered a man for revenge.
I wouldn't have a chance, and I
won't have until I find George
Kaplan, who obviously knows what
this is all about.

(listens again)
No, the train. It's safer.
(another interruption)
Because there's no room to hide on
a plane if someone should recognize
me. You want me to jump off a
moving plane?
(nods, then with angry sarcasm)
Thank you so much, Mother.

There is a LOUD CLATTER as Mrs. Thornhill hangs
up on him. Thornhill stares at the receiver a
moment, then hangs up and pushes out of the booth.

INT. TERMINAL

81

As he emerges from the booth, he comes face to
face with a large man who could be a detective.
For a brief, tense moment they stare at each
other, and then the man steps past him into the
booth. Thornhill looks about cautiously, then
starts walking across the lobby towards the
ticket windows, CAMERA MOVING with him. Near the
Information Booth, a man stands reading the center
pages of the N.Y. POST. Thornhill sees the front
page headlines: "MANHUNT ON FOR U.N. KILLER." This
reminds him to take out dark glasses and put them
on, which he does as he continues across the lobby
and steps up to a PULLMAN TICKET WINDOW. A TICKET
AGENT moves up to him, peers at the dark glasses.

AGENT

Yes?

THORNHILL
Give me a bedroom or whatever
you got on the Twentieth Century.

81
CONT'D
(2)

AGENT (slowly)
Leaving in five minutes.

THORNHILL (impatiently)
I know. Come on.

AGENT
I think they're all sold out.

THORNHILL
Sold out?

AGENT
You can always go coach.

THORNHILL
No, I... I can't. When's the
next train?

AGENT
Nothing till ten.
(peering at him)
You're in a hurry, huh?

THORNHILL (sharply)
Call them and see what you can do.

AGENT (still peering)
Something wrong with your eyes?

THORNHILL
Yes. They're sensitive to questions.
Will you call them?

AGENT (still staring
at him)
Sure... sure...

REVERSE ANGLE - TICKET OFFICE

82

We are behind the agent, SHOOTING THROUGH THE
WINDOW OPENING ON Thornhill. What we SEE (and
Thornhill cannot) is that the agent is now
looking down at a glossy photograph of Thornhill
with knife in hand, obviously a police department
copy of the original. He glances up at Thornhill
again.

AGENT

Don't go away.

82
CONT'D
(2)

The agent walks away from the window, CAMERA MOVING with him. Out of Thornhill's line of sight in the rear of the ticket office, he picks up a phone, dials three times, waits, then -

AGENT (softly, to phone)

He's at Window Fifteen, upper level.
Hurry.

He hangs up, swallows nervously, composes himself, steps to the ticket rack, takes down a ticket, returns to the window saying airily:

AGENT

You're in luck, mister --

He stops, stares. Nobody is at the window. He leans through, peers about. Thornhill is gone.

LONG SHOT - THE TERMINAL

83

Thornhill has withdrawn to a vantage point across the lobby. In distant b.g. the agent is seen pulling his head back in. In close f.g., Thornhill stands watching him, hidden by the intervening crowds. Now he sees two men - the police lieutenants - hurrying up to the ticket window, conferring with the agent, then turning, looking about.

ANOTHER ANGLE

84

Thornhill turns away, moves swiftly toward the train-platform entrances, CAMERA DOLLYING with him. He SEES the sign above Track 29: TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED. He starts through the gate. A Guard stops him.

GUARD

Ticket?

THORNHILL

I...uh...I'm just seeing some friends off.

He starts through. The guard grabs him.

GUARD

Sorry. I'll have to know their name and space before I can let you through.

84
CONT'D
(2)

Thornhill looks back, sees the police running across the lobby toward the gate. He yanks his arm free, pushes the guard aside, goes through the gate and runs past the desk where train officials are verifying passenger space.

THE PLATFORM

85

GUARD'S VOICE (o.s.)

Wait a minute! Come back here!

Thornhill continues to run, CAMERA MOVING with him. In b.g., the police reach the gate, confer with the guard. As Thornhill reaches the rear car of the waiting train, he turns, looks back. The police are coming after him. Up and down the platform, porters are calling out: "All aboard!" Thornhill quickly boards the train.

INT. TRAIN

86

Thornhill hurries through a car, looks out of the window, takes his dark glasses off and sees the police running along the platform to enter the car up ahead. He turns, starts back. Another passenger is approaching. It is a lovely, smartly-dressed GIRL of twenty-six. Thornhill tries to get past her. The aisle is narrow. She steps to one side. But he steps to the same side. He moves to the other side - just as she does.

GIRL

Sorry.

THORNHILL

My fault.

They move to the center - but in unison. Again an impasse.

THORNHILL

Sorry.

GIRL

My fault.

86
CONT'D
(2)

Meanwhile, the police have boarded the train. Thornhill and the girl are getting nowhere, just blocking each other. The police come into view at the other end of the car. Momentarily distracted by an outgoing Redcap, they haven't spotted Thornhill yet. The girl sees the men, notices their uniforms, sense Thornhill's urgency. Thornhill catches her look, ducks into an open compartment filled with luggage but no passenger as yet, and pulls the door partially closed. The police come running through the car.

GIRL (pointing)

He went that way. I think he got off.

They follow her directions, continue on. The compartment door opens, Thornhill steps out, sees the coast is clear.

THORNHILL

Thank you very much.

GIRL

Quite all right.

THORNHILL (lame)

Seven parking tickets.

GIRL

Oh.

She walks away. He looks after her. The view is quite attractive. The train starts moving. He peers out of the window.

THE PLATFORM

87

The police have been searching the platform. They turn, watch helplessly as the train pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NY CENTRAL TRACKS - NIGHT

88

Somewhere along the Hudson River, the Twentieth Century Limited comes around a bend, speeds toward CAMERA and races by.

INT. CLUB CAR

89

A Pullman CONDUCTOR and his assistant are finishing up the business of collecting tickets and verifying pullman space. They move through the car, studying the passengers who sit there reading magazines and newspapers, recognizing most of them as having handed over their tickets earlier. There is doubt about one passenger, an elderly woman.

CONDUCTOR

Do I have your ticket, madam?

WOMAN

Why yes. I gave it to you an hour ago.

CONDUCTOR

And that space was....?

WOMAN

Bedroom F. in Car eighteen-oh-one.

CONDUCTOR (consulting

his chart)

Thank you.

WOMAN (a little huffy)

You're welcome.

The conductor and his assistant continue on until they come to a door labelled: "WASHROOM." The assistant tries the handle, finds the door unlocked, opens it slightly and peers in. Satisfied that the washroom is unoccupied, he closes the door, and the two men continue on.

After a moment, the washroom door opens, Thornhill peers out, then emerges and moves off in the opposite direction through the club car. As he passes a table, he sees an evening paper lying there with his own picture on the front page, face up. He stops, casually turns the paper over, and continues on towards the dining car.

90-91 OUT

INT. DINING CAR

92

As Thornhill enters from the next car, the STEWARD approaches him.

STEWARD
Good evening, sir. One?

THORNHILL
Please.

The steward leads him into the dining area. It is fairly crowded. The GIRL is there, seated alone at a table for two. She is on dessert and coffee. Without a word, the steward leads Thornhill directly to her table and pulls out the chair for him. The girl looks up at Thornhill, smiles fleetingly. He returns the smile and sits down.

STEWARD
Cocktail before dinner?

THORNHILL
How about a Gibson?

STEWARD
Right away.

He goes off. Thornhill takes up the menu, studies it. The girl raises her eyes, studies him. He looks up, catches her glance. She quickly looks down. He glances down at the menu again, then looks up at her. She glances up, catches him, and he looks away. Now she looks away. Then they both look up at each other at the same time and meet head on. They smile.

THORNHILL
Well -- here we are again.

GIRL
Yes.

THORNHILL (looking
down at menu)
Recommend anything?

GIRL
The brook trout. A little
"trouty" but quite good.

THORNHILL
Sold.

He writes out the order. A waiter brings his Gibson, takes the order and leaves. Thornhill glances about the dining car nervously, sees

(or perhaps imagines he sees) several people staring at him. When he looks back at the girl, he finds that she is scrutinizing him.

92
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL

I know. I look vaguely familiar to you.

GIRL

Yes.

THORNHILL

You feel you've seen me somewhere before.

GIRL

Yes.

THORNHILL

Funny how I have that effect on people wherever I go. Something about my face...

GIRL

It's a nice face.

THORNHILL

You really think so?

GIRL

I would never say it if I didn't.

THORNHILL

Oh - you're that type.

GIRL

What type?

THORNHILL

Honest.

GIRL

Not really.

THORNHILL

Good. Honest women frighten me.

GIRL

Why?

THORNHILL
I feel at a disadvantage with
them.

GIRL
Because you're not honest with
them.

THORNHILL
Exactly.

GIRL
Like that business about the
seven parking tickets...

THORNHILL (stepping
delicately past it)
What I mean is: the moment I meet
an attractive girl, I have to
start pretending that I've no desire
to make love to her.

GIRL
What makes you think you have to
conceal it?

THORNHILL
She might find the idea objectionable.

GIRL (provocatively)
And then again, she might not.

THORNHILL
Think how lucky I am to have
been seated here.

GIRL
Luck had nothing to do with it.

THORNHILL
Fate?

GIRL

I tipped the steward five dollars to seat you here if you should come in.

Thornhill looks at her for a long moment.

THORNHILL

Is that a proposition?

She looks right back at him for an equally long moment.

GIRL

I never make love on an empty stomach.

THORNHILL

You've already eaten.

GIRL

But you haven't.

They continue to gaze at each other, and then the waiter brings dinner and sets it on the table. Thornhill goes to work on it.

THORNHILL

Don't you think it's time we were introduced?

GIRL

I'm Eve Kendall. Twenty-six and unmarried. Now you know everything.

THORNHILL

What do you do besides lure men to their doom on the New York Central?

EVE

I'm an industrial designer.

THORNHILL

Jack Phillips. Western sales manager of Kingby Electronics.

EVE (easily)

No you're not. You're Roger Thornhill of Madison Avenue and you're wanted for murder on every front page in America. Don't be so modest.

THORNHILL

Oops.

EVE

Don't worry. I won't say a word.

92
CONT'D
(6)

THORNHILL

How come?

EVE

I told you - it's a nice face.

THORNHILL

Is that the only reason?

EVE (shrugs)

It's going to be a long night...

THORNHILL (nods)

True.

EVE

And I don't particularly like the
book I've started...

THORNHILL

Ah.

EVE

You know what I mean?

THORNHILL

Oh - exactly.

Eve puts a cigarette between her lips, looks quite boldly into Thornhill's eyes as he takes a folder of matches from his pocket. She notices the match folder, takes it from him and examines it. (WE WILL SEE IT IN AN INSERT). On each side of the folder, three large letters: R O T.

THORNHILL (explaining)

My trademark -- rot.

EVE

Roger O. Thornhill. What's the
O. for?

THORNHILL

Nothing.

He strikes a match to light her cigarette. (Meanwhile, the train has been slowing down as it approaches a station.) She takes his hand in hers and guides the flame to her cigarette, her hands lingering on his with an unmistakable intimacy that he finds downright delightful.

THORNHILL

I'd invite you to my bedroom
if I had a bedroom.

EVE

Roomette?

THORNHILL

Nothing - not even a ticket. I've
been playing hide-and-seek with the
pullman conductor ever since we left
New York.

EVE

How awkward for you.

THORNHILL

No place to sleep.

EVE

I've got a large drawing-room all
to myself.

THORNHILL

That's not fair, is it?

EVE

Drawing-room E, car thirty-nine-oh-one.

THORNHILL

A nice number.

EVE

Easy to remember.

THORNHILL

Thirty-nine-oh-one.

EVE

See?

THORNHILL

I have no luggage.

EVE (looking out of
the window)

So?

THORNHILL

You wouldn't happen to have an
extra pair of pajamas, would you?

She looks him right in the eye.

EVE

Wouldn't I?

Then she puts money on her tab and gets to her feet, as Thornhill stares up at her, slightly awed. The train comes to a stop.

92
CONT'D
(8)

EVE

Incidentally, I wouldn't order any dessert if I were you.

THORNHILL (pats his stomach)

I get the message.

EVE

That wasn't quite what I meant. The train seems to be making an unscheduled stop, and I just saw two men getting out of a police car as we pulled into the station. They weren't smiling.

She walks away, and Thornhill looks out of the window. TWO DETECTIVES are seen hurrying along the platform to board the train. Thornhill puts some money on the table, gets to his feet and saunters out of the car in the direction Eve has taken. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY to the other end of the car, picks up the two detectives entering the dining area and looking about. The steward walks up to them, as the train starts moving again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVE'S DRAWING-ROOM (LATER)

93

Eve is seated by the window with a book in her lap, apparently alone. Thornhill is nowhere to be seen. Sometime during the scene, the CAMERA will indicate to us that his MUFFLED VOICE is coming from behind the CLOSED UPPER BERTH, where he is locked in. Eve continues to glance at her book as she speaks.

THORNHILL'S VOICE

I think you better go out and tell those police to hurry.

EVE

Patience is a virtue.

THORNHILL'S VOICE

So is breathing.

EVE

Just lie still.

THORNHILL'S VOICE

Do you have any olive oil?

93
CONT'D
(2)

EVE

Olive oil?

THORNHILL'S VOICE

I want to be packed in olive oil
if I'm going to be a sardine.

The DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS. Eve remains seated,
calls out in a loud voice:

EVE

Come in.

The door opens. The dining-car steward is seen
in the corridor. He looks in at Eve, speaks
apologetically.

STEWARD

I'm sorry to disturb you.
Some gentlemen here would
like to have a word with you.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Okay. Thanks.

The steward goes off, and the two detectives enter.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Your name please?

EVE

Eve Kendall. Who are you?

FIRST DETECTIVE (showing
identification)

State Police.

EVE

Is anything wrong?

Meanwhile, the second detective is opening the closet
door and the lavatory door and peering into every
nook and cranny of the drawing-room.

FIRST DETECTIVE

There was a man seated at your
table tonight in the dining car.

EVE

Yes.

FIRST DETECTIVE
Friend of yours?

93
CONT'D
(3)

EVE
I never saw him before.

FIRST DETECTIVE
This the man?

He hands her a photograph. She takes it,
studies it.

EVE
Why yes. I think so. It's
not a very clear picture.

FIRST DETECTIVE
It's a wirephoto. We just got
it from the New York police.

EVE
Police?

FIRST DETECTIVE
He's wanted for murder.

EVE (getting up)
Good heavens. No.

FIRST DETECTIVE
We thought maybe he was in
here with you.

EVE
With me? I told you, I don't
even know the man.

FIRST DETECTIVE
The steward said you left the
dining car together.

EVE
We might have happened to
leave at the same time but
not together.

FIRST DETECTIVE
What did you two talk about?

EVE
Talk about?

FIRST DETECTIVE
Yeah. Your waiter said you were
getting along pretty good with this
Thornhill fellow.

EVE

Is that his name - Thornhill?

FIRST DETECTIVE

Didn't he tell you?

EVE

No. Didn't tell me anything. All we did was chat...about different kinds of food...train travel versus plane travel...that sort of thing... rather innocuous, I must say, considering that he was a fugitive from justice. Who did he kill?

FIRST DETECTIVE

He didn't say where he was going, did he?

EVE

No - I assumed Chicago. You think perhaps he got off when you got on?

FIRST DETECTIVE (rather grimly)

Look - if you happen to catch sight of him again, Miss... uh --

EVE

Kendall.

FIRST DETECTIVE

... Will you let us know?

EVE

I'm going to bed soon, and I intend to lock my door, so I doubt if I'll be seeing him or anybody else tonight.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Well just in case you do - we'll be in the observation car at the rear of the train.

EVE

It's comforting to know that.

Disgruntled, the two men walk out.

EVE

Goodnight.

She closes the door, goes quickly to her handbag as she says:

EVE
Still breathing?

93
CONT'D
(5)

THORNHILL'S VOICE
(pleading weakly)
Either hurry, or bring me a snorkel.

EVE (fumbling in her bag)
I'm looking for that can opener I
stole from the porter.

She takes out the key-like device which porters use to open pullman beds. She inserts it in the lock, turns it, and the upper berth crashes open, bouncing Thornhill into view.

EVE
Hello there.

He sits up, heaves a sigh of relief, removes his sun-glasses from his pocket and stares sourly at them. They are smashed. He drops the pieces on the bed, then looks down at Eve and smiles with friendly puzzlement.

EVE (during above)
All clear.

THORNHILL
Why are you so good to me?

She gazes up at him and smiles.

EVE
Shall I climb up and tell you why?

EXT. TRAIN - LONG SHOT

94

As it speeds through the darkness.

CLOSE SHOT - THE DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE

95

As its HORN BLASTS four times.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVE'S DRAWING-ROOM - LATER

96

The upper berth is closed now. Eve and Thornhill are standing close together in the dark murmuring to each other between frequent kisses. We HEAR them more than see them, for they are revealed to us only by the passing lights outside the windows. Her back is against the wall near the light switches. He is standing directly in front of her, his hands at her waist. Her hands are at his shoulders, not helping not resisting.

EVE
You know, I've been thinking -
it's not safe for you to roam
around Chicago looking for this
George Kaplan you've been telling
me about. You'll be picked up
by the police the moment you show
your face...

THORNHILL (kissing her)
And it's such a nice face, too.

EVE (kissing him back)
Don't you think it would be better
if you stayed in my hotel room
while I located Mr. Kaplan and
brought him to you?

THORNHILL
Can't let you get involved. Too
dangerous.

EVE
I'm a big girl.

THORNHILL (nibbling away)
In all the right places, too.

EVE (responding with
growing excitement)
This is ridiculous. You know
that, don't you?

THORNHILL (kissing her
lips)
Yes.

EVE
I mean, we've hardly met.

THORNHILL
That's right.

EVE
How do I know you aren't a
murderer?

THORNHILL (to her
neck)
You don't.

EVE
Maybe you're planning to murder
me, right here, tonight.

96
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL (working on
her ear)
Shall I?

EVE (whispers)
Yes...please do...

This time her hands do help him, and it is a long
kiss indeed.

THORNHILL
What's happening to us?

EVE
We're just strangers on a train.

THORNHILL
Beats flying, doesn't it?

EVE
We should stop.

THORNHILL (continuing)
Immediately.

EVE
I ought to know more about you.

THORNHILL (kissing her)
The rest is unimportant.

EVE
You're an advertising man, that's
all I know. You've got taste in
clothes...taste in food --

THORNHILL
Taste in women.
(tasting her)
I like your flavor.

EVE
And you're very clever with words.
You can probably make them do
anything for you...sell people things
they don't need...make women who don't
know you fall in love with you...

THORNHILL
I'm beginning to think I'm
underpaid.

And then they come together slowly in a long kiss that might never have ended if the DOOR BUZZER hadn't SOUNDED. They break apart, look towards the door. Thornhill quickly steps inside the lavatory and closes the door, as Eve snaps on the overhead lights, goes to the other door, unlocks it and opens it. A PORTER is standing there.

96
CONT'D
(4)

EVE (for Thornhill's ears)
Oh - the porter. I suppose you want to make up my bed.

PORTER (entering)
Yes, ma'am.

EVE (holding up the key)
Is this yours? I found it on the floor.

PORTER
Why yes, ma'am. I've been looking all over for it.

As the porter opens a lower berth and starts making up the bed, Eve takes up her handbag and says, for Thornhill's benefit.

EVE
I'll wait outside.

She starts to open her handbag as she goes out to the corridor.

97-98 OUT

INT. LAVATORY

99

Thornhill is looking at his face in the mirror and feeling his chin. He looks around at Eve's toiletries, sees a tiny ladies' safety razor and a tiny shaving brush. He picks the razor up and looks from it to himself in the mirror with blank expression. He gives a casual half turn as he HEARS the VOICES of Eve and the porter.

EVE'S VOICE
Thank you, porter.

PORTER'S VOICE
Thank you, ma'am. Good night now.

EVE'S VOICE
Good night.

Then he HEARS the compartment door being closed and locked, and a KNOCK on the lavatory door.

99
CONT'D
(2)

EVE'S VOICE

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

Thornhill opens the door and steps out.

100 OUT

INT. DRAWING ROOM

101

EVE (by way of explanation)

The porter...

THORNHILL (noticing the
open bed)

Uh huh...

(he snaps off the overhead lights)

Now where were we?

EVE (moving close)

Here?

THORNHILL (holding her)

Ah.

They kiss.

THORNHILL (murmurs)

I see he opened the bed.

EVE

Yes...

THORNHILL

Only one bed.

EVE

Yes...

THORNHILL

I think it's a good omen. Don't you?

EVE (sighs)

Wonderful.

THORNHILL

Know what it means?

EVE (dreamily)

Mmm.

THORNHILL (softly)

Tell me.

EVE

It means...that you...
(she looks up at him)

He gives her a look.

101
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL

Here. Take your omen back.

Eve kisses him gently on the lips, and as she presses her cheek against his, her expression sobers for a moment and her eyes turn to the door thoughtfully.

INT. TRAIN - ANOTHER CAR

102

SHOOTING down the corridor, we SEE the porter moving away from us. In his right hand is a folded piece of white paper.

103 OUT

CLOSER ANGLE - SIDE VIEW OF PORTER

103X1

The CAMERA is now travelling with him. When he comes to a stop before the door of a drawing-room, the CAMERA CONTINUES to travel a bit while he presses the buzzer. CAMERA is now facing the porter. The door opens. We do not see the occupant.

PORTER (holding out
the piece of paper)
A message from the lady in car
thirty-nine-oh-one.

A man's hand emerges and takes the note. The porter turns and moves away.

INT. DRAWING-ROOM

103X2

The man's hands unfold the note and it fills the screen. It says:

"What do I do with him in the morning?"
(signed)
"Eve."

FULL SHOT OF DRAWING-ROOM

103X3

Leonard, the secretary of Glen Cove, is closing the door, turning and handing the note to his master, PHILLIP VANDAMM, the MAN whom Thornhill had mistakenly assumed at Glen Cove to be Lester Townsend. Over this, the SOUND of the DEISEL HORN BLASTING four times.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:
 TRAIN PLATFORM - INT. LA SALLE STREET STATION - 104
 CHICAGO - MORNING

The Twentieth Century Limited has come to the end of its run. MOVING CAMERA reveals passengers getting off, luggage being unloaded by pullman porters, Redcaps swarming over the platform, some of them boarding the train, others getting off with luggage in hand. And now CAMERA picks up the TWO DETECTIVES who boarded the train the night before. They are conferring with other plain-clothesmen and uniformed police who have come to meet the train. The men disperse, eyeing the off-going passengers as they take up positions.

ANOTHER ANGLE 105

Eve is seen getting off the train. Behind her comes a Redcap carrying her luggage. As we DOLLY WITH THEM along the long, crowded platform towards the terminal, we see that, beneath the red hat and the uniform, the baggage-smasher is really Thornhill.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO DETECTIVES 106

as they see Eve.

POINT OF VIEW - FROM DETECTIVES 107

Eve approaching, followed by her "Redcap."

MOVING SHOT - THORNHILL AND EVE 108

Eve sees the detectives up ahead. She slows down, lets Thornhill draw abreast of her as they walk.

EVE (sotto voce)
 Keep walking. I'll catch up.

THORNHILL
 Yes, ma'am.

The two detectives step into her path. She stops. Thornhill continues on.

FIRST DETECTIVE
Anything to report, Miss Kendall?

108
CONT'D
(2)

EVE (with enthusiasm)
Why yes. I had a fine night's
sleep.

FIRST DETECTIVE (shaking
his head with annoyance)
I mean did you happen to see the
man we're looking for?

EVE
Mr. Thornycroft?

FIRST DETECTIVE
Thornhill.

EVE
Oh...No....I'm awfully sorry.
(she smiles)
But good luck to you both.

She walks away. The two detectives look after
her with sour expression.

MOVING SHOT - WITH EVE AND THORNHILL

109

Eve catches up with her "Redcap", moves abreast
of him as he struggles with the heavy luggage.

EVE
How're we doing?

THORNHILL (exhausted)
I may collapse any minute.

EVE
Not yet. First we have to run
the gauntlet. Look.

MOVING POINT OF VIEW - FROM EVE AND THORNHILL

110

Police are lined up along the platform up ahead,
eyeing everyone who passes.

MOVING SHOT - WITH EVE AND THORNHILL

111

They move right along under the very eyes of the
police, talking to each other with a technique
that would arouse the approval of any ventriloquist:

THORNHILL (sweating)
I'm accustomed to having a load
on... What have you got in these bags?

111
CONT'D
(2)

EVE
Bowling balls - naturally.

THORNHILL
Which one of these has my suit in it?

EVE
The small zippered affair underneath
your right arm.

THORNHILL
That ought to do it a lot of good.

EVE
I'm sure Mr. Kaplan won't mind a
few wrinkles.

THORNHILL
If he's still there. What time
is it?

EVE
Nine-thirty.

THORNHILL
He may have left his hotel room
by now.

EVE
I'll call him for you as soon as
we get inside the station.

THORNHILL
No. I'll do it.

EVE
Redcap in a phone booth? Slightly
suspicious.

THORNHILL
All right. You know what to tell
him?

EVE
You want to see him right away.
Terribly urgent. Matter of life
and death. No explanations.

THORNHILL
Good.

EVE
And while I'm calling, you change
your clothes.

111
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL
Where do you propose I do that - in
Marshall Field's window?

EVE
I sort of had the Men's Room in
mind.

THORNHILL (gives her a
look)
Did you now.
(pause)
You're the smartest girl I ever
spent the night with on a train.

She glances at him with a slight smile. He gives
her a sour look.

CLOSEUP - EVE

111X1

As she looks straight ahead again, her expression
becomes thoughtful with a trace of distress. She
turns her head slightly.

EXT. PLATFORM

111X2

In a MEDIUM SHOT, we now SEE the subject of Eve's
troubled thoughts: Vandamm and Leonard, who are
getting off their pullman car. They start to walk
toward the CAMERA.

CLOSEUP - EVE

111X3

She glances at Thornhill with a trace of sadness
in her eyes.

CLOSEUP - THORNHILL (FROM EVE'S POINT OF VIEW)

111X4

With a cheerful eye cocked for any signs of
danger ahead.

THE PLATFORM UP AHEAD (FROM THORNHILL'S POINT OF VIEW) - MOVING SHOT 111X5

There are no police in sight.

TWO SHOT - THORNHILL AND EVE 111X6

THORNHILL
Looks like we've made it.

SEMI-LONG SHOT - THE PLATFORM 111X7

There is a commotion around the steps of the car from which Eve and Thornhill alighted. On the top of the steps appears a hatless, middle-aged man in his underwear, socks and shoes. Behind him are two uniformed policemen pushing him down the steps to the platform. Our two detectives quickly step forward to question him. At the same time, the two uniformed police alight to the platform and complete the small knot of men surrounding the uniformless Redcap. For a moment we see the hapless Redcap gesticulating as he describes how he came to be in this state of undress. Then suddenly the police and detectives dash away and down the platform toward the main lobby, leaving the man standing there in his underwear.

CLOSE SHOT - THE REDCAP 111X8

He watches the departing police, then fishes out a few dollar bills from inside his underwear and counts them over.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - HIGH ANGLE SHOT 112

Much activity, many people, a profusion of Redcaps. If one of them is Thornhill, it is difficult to tell. Now we SEE the four minions of the law arriving in the lobby. They dash about, rounding up Redcaps, who submit to examination with much bewilderment. One detective whips off a Redcap's hat. Angrily the man snatches it back. Another detective spots a Redcap who is hurrying away, his back to CAMERA. He looks very much like Thornhill from the rear. The detective grabs him, whirls him

around, and finds himself staring into a stunned, open mouthful of teeth that definitely do not answer to the description of Thornhill's.

112
CONT'D
(2)

INT. MEN'S ROOM

112X1

There is considerable activity here. At the row of wash basins stand three men. One is washing his hands, the other is scraping away at his chin with a straight razor, and the third man - Thornhill - is busily rubbing in a foamy lather which covers the lower half of his face. He is in his regular trousers by now, and his jacket hangs nearby. At his feet stands Eve's small zippered bag. The Redcap uniform is nowhere to be seen. Suddenly the door bursts open and our two detectives enter. Thornhill and the other men turn at the commotion, casually watch the detectives glancing about in search of their quarry. As Thornhill turns back to the mirror and continues to lather his face, we HEAR the SOUND of stall DOORS OPENING and BANGING CLOSED. Their mission unaccomplished, the detectives go out. Thornhill nonchalantly finishes his lathering, then looks down and picks up his razor, which, up to now, we have not seen. It is the tiny one belonging to Eve. He starts to draw it down his cheek, leaving the narrowest of lines down the lather. Then in the mirror he catches sight of the man with the straight razor staring at him in bewilderment.

112X2 OUT

EXT. PHONE BOOTH IN MAIN LOBBY

112AX2

We SEE Eve through the glass doors, listening to someone on the phone, writing on a memo pad and saying a few words of agreement. The CAMERA now begins to TRAVEL along the row of booths. We SEE various people at telephones. The CAMERA comes to a STOP outside another booth. Through the glass we SEE Leonard speaking. He seems to be issuing specific instructions, glances at his wristwatch once. After a pause, he hangs up.

112X3 OUT

EXT. ROW OF BOOTHS

112X4

A RAKING SHOT of the line of booths, showing Eve in the f.g. booth through the glass in the act of hanging up. She folds the piece of paper as she rises and emerges from the booth, her head turned away from us. Simultaneously, the door of Leonard's booth opens and he steps out. Without looking at Eve, he crosses over to Vandamm, who is idly glancing at a magazine at the newsstand. Leonard murmurs something to him, and the two men move off. Now Eve turns, looks about, and reacts as she sees:

LONG SHOT - POINT OF VIEW

112X5

Thornhill, carrying Eve's small zippered bag, is walking with assumed nonchalance across the station. He gives a deliberate side glance in Eve's direction, meaning: "Follow me."

SEMI-LONG SHOT

112X6

Eve starts to move across the lobby after Thornhill.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

113

He is just coming to a stop at a secluded spot behind a column. He turns and waits. After a few moments, Eve comes into the SHOT. She has assumed a much lighter air. He hands her the zippered bag and several baggage tickets.

EVE

What took you so long?

THORNHILL

Small razor. Big face.
(glancing about warily)
Did you get Kaplan?

EVE

Yes.

THORNHILL

Good. What did he say?

EVE

He'll see you, but not at the hotel under any circumstances. He'll meet you on the outside.

THORNHILL

Where? When?

EVE

I've got it all written out for you.

(she hands him the slip of paper. He studies it as she talks)

You're to take the Greyhound Bus that leaves Chicago for Indianapolis at two and ask the driver to let you off at the Prairie Stop on Highway 41.

THORNHILL (reading)

Prairie Stop...Highway 41...

EVE

About an hour-and-a-half's drive from Chicago.

THORNHILL

I can rent a car.

EVE

No car. Mr. Kaplan said bus. He wants to be sure you're alone.

THORNHILL

All right. What do I do when I get there?

EVE

Just stand beside the road and wait. He'll be there at 3:30.

THORNHILL

How will I know him?

EVE

He'll know you. You made the Chicago papers, too.

THORNHILL

Ah.

EVE

Have you got your watch set to Central time?

THORNHILL

I did that. Thanks.
(looking at her)
What's the matter.

EVE

Matter?

THORNHILL

You. You seem... I don't know... tense.

EVE (turns away)

You better go. Before the police run out of Redcaps.

THORNHILL

We'll see each other again, won't we?

EVE (strained)

Sometime... I'm sure...

THORNHILL (with tenderness)

I never found a moment to thank you properly.

EVE (disturbed)
Please go.

113
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL
But where will I find you?

EVE (evasively)
I have to pick up my bags now...

He takes hold of her, turns her to him.

THORNHILL
Please wait a minute...

She looks past him.

EVE
They're coming.

Thornhill, unable to see over his shoulder because of the column behind him, gives half a glance and dashes off out of the SHOT. The CAMERA EASES OVER and SHOOTs past Eve's shoulder into the main lobby. There are no police, just a few desultory travellers. Eve turns into the CAMERA and looks after the departed Thornhill with an unhappy expression.

DISSOLVE TO:

HELICOPTER SHOT - EXT. HIGHWAY 41 - (AFTERNOON)

114

We START CLOSE on a Greyhound bus, SHOOTING DOWN on it and TRAVELLING ALONG with it as it speeds in an easterly direction at 70 m.p.h. Gradually, CAMERA DRAWS AWAY from the bus, going higher but never losing sight of the vehicle, which recedes into the distance below and becomes a toy-like object on an endless ribbon of deserted highway that stretches across miles of flat prairie. Now the bus is slowing down. It is nearing a junction where a small dirt road coming from nowhere crosses the highway and continues on to nowhere. The bus stops. A man gets out. It is Thornhill. But to us he is only a tiny figure. The bus starts away, moves on out of sight. And now Thornhill stands alone beside the road - a tiny figure in the middle of nowhere.

ON THE GROUND - WITH THORNHILL - (MASTER SCENE)

115-115X10

He glances about, studying his surroundings. The terrain is flat and treeless, even more desolate from this vantage point than it seemed from the air. Here and there patches of low-growing farm crops add some contour to the land. A hot sun beats down. **UTTER SILENCE** hangs heavily in the air. Thornhill glances at his wristwatch. It is 3:25.

In the distance, the **FAINT HUM** of a **MOTOR VEHICLE** is **HEARD**. Thornhill looks off to the west. The **HUM GROWS LOUDER** as the car draws nearer. Thornhill steps closer to the edge of the highway. A black sedan looms up, travelling at high speed. For a moment we are not sure it is not hurtling right at Thornhill. And then it **ZOOMS** past him, recedes into the distance, becoming a **FAINT HUM**, a tiny speck, and then **SILENCE** again.

Thornhill takes out a handkerchief, mops his face. He is beginning to sweat now. It could be from nervousness, as well as the heat. Another **FAINT HUM**, coming from the east, **GROWING LOUDER AS** he glances off and sees another distant speck becoming a speeding car, this one a closed convertible. Again, anticipation on Thornhill's face. Again, the vague uneasiness of indefinable danger approaching at high speed. And again, **ZOOM** - a cloud of dust - a car receding into the distance - a **FAINT HUM** - and **SILENCE**.

His lips tighten. He glances at his watch again. He steps out into the middle of the highway, looks first in one direction, then the other. Nothing in sight. He loosens his tie, opens his shirt collar, looks up at the sun. Behind him, in the distance, another vehicle is **HEARD** approaching. He turns, looks off to the west. This one is a huge transcontinental moving van, **ROARING TOWARD HIM** at high speed. With quick apprehension he moves off the highway to the dusty side of the road as the van thunders past and disappears. Its **FADING SOUND** is replaced with a **NEW SOUND**, the **CHUGGING** of an **OLD FLIVVER**.

Thornhill looks off in the direction of the approaching **SOUND**, sees a flivver nearing the highway from the intersecting dirt road. When the car reaches the highway, it comes to a stop. A middle-aged woman is behind the wheel. Her passenger is a nondescript man of about fifty. He could certainly be a farmer. He gets out of the car. It makes a

U-turn and drives off in the direction from which it came. Thornhill watches the man take up a position across the highway from him. The man glances at Thornhill without visible interest, then looks off up the highway towards the east as though waiting for something to come along.

115-115X1(1)
CONT'D
(2)

Thornhill stares at the man, wondering if this is George Kaplan.

The man looks idly across the highway at Thornhill, his face expressionless.

Thornhill wipes his face with his handkerchief, never taking his eyes off the man across the highway. The FAINT SOUND of an APPROACHING PLANE has gradually come up over the scene. As the SOUND GROWS LOUDER, Thornhill looks up to his left and sees a low-flying biplane approaching from the northwest. He watches it with mounting interest as it heads straight for the spot where he and the stranger face each other across the highway. Suddenly it is upon them, only a hundred feet above the ground, and then, like a giant bird, as Thornhill turns with the plane's passage, it flies over them and continues on. Thornhill stares after the plane, his back to the highway. When the plane has gone several hundred yards beyond the highway, it loses altitude, levels off only a few feet above the ground and begins to fly back and forth in straight lines parallel to the highway, letting loose a trail of powdered dust from beneath its fuselage as it goes. Any farmer would recognize the operation as simple crop-dusting.

Thornhill looks across the highway, sees that the stranger is watching the plane with idle interest. Thornhill's lips set with determination. He crosses over and goes up to the man.

THORNHILL

Hot day.

MAN

Seen worse.

THORNHILL

Are you...uh...by any chance supposed to be meeting someone here?

MAN (still watching
the plane)

Waitin' for the bus. Due any minute.

THORNHILL

Oh...

MAN (idly)

Some of them crop-duster pilots
get rich, if they live long
enough...

THORNHILL

Then your name isn't... Kaplan.

MAN (glances at him)

Can't say it is, 'cause it
ain't.

(he looks off up the
highway)

Well - here she comes, right
on time.

Thornhill looks off to the east, sees a Greyhound
bus approaching. The man peers off at the plane
again, and frowns.

MAN

That's funny.

THORNHILL

What?

MAN

That plane's dustin' crops where
there ain't no crops.

Thornhill looks across at the droning plane with
growing suspicion as the stranger steps out onto
the highway and flags the bus to a stop. Thornhill
turns toward the stranger as though to say some-
thing to him. But it is too late. The man has
boarded the bus, its doors are closing and it is
pulling away. Thornhill is alone again.

Almost immediately, he HEARS the PLANE ENGINE BEING
GUNNED TO A HIGHER SPEED. He glances off sharply,
sees the plane veering off its parallel course and
heading towards him. He stands there wide-eyed,
rooted to the spot. The plane roars on, a few
feet off the ground. There are two men in the twin
cockpits, goggled, unrecognizable, menacing. He
yells out to them, but his voice is lost in the
NOISE of the PLANE. In a moment it will be upon
him and decapitate him. Desperately he drops to
the ground and presses himself flat as the plane
zooms over him with a great noise, almost
combing his hair with a landing wheel.

Thornhill scrambles to his feet, sees the plane banking and turning. He looks about wildly, sees a telephone pole and dashes for it as the plane comes at him again. He ducks behind the pole. The plane heads straight for him, veers to the right at the last moment. We HEAR two sharp CRACKS of GUNFIRE mixed with the SOUND of THE ENGINE, as two bullets slam into the pole just above Thornhill's head.

Thornhill reacts to this new peril, sees the plane banking for another run at him. A car is speeding along the highway from the west. Thornhill dashes out onto the road, tries to flag the car down but the driver ignores him and races by, leaving him exposed and vulnerable as the plane roars in on him. He dives into a ditch and rolls away as another series of SHOTS are HEARD and bullets rake the ground that he has just occupied.

He gets to his feet, looks about, sees a cornfield about fifty yards from the highway, glances up at the plane making its turn, and decides to make a dash for the cover of the tall-growing corn.

SHOOTING DOWN FROM A HELICOPTER about one hundred feet above the ground, we SEE Thornhill running towards the cornfield and the plane in pursuit.

SHOOTING FROM WITHIN THE CORNFIELD, we SEE Thornhill come crashing in, scuttling to the right and lying flat and motionless as we HEAR THE PLANE ZOOM OVER HIM WITH A BURST OF GUNFIRE and bullets rip into the corn, but at a safe distance from Thornhill. He raises his head cautiously, gasping for breath, as he HEARS THE PLANE MOVE OFF AND INTO ITS TURN.

SHOOTING DOWN FROM THE HELICOPTER, we SEE the plane levelling off and starting a run over the cornfield, which betrays no sign of the hidden Thornhill. Skimming over the top of the cornstalks, the plane gives forth no burst of gunfire now. Instead, it lets loose thick clouds of poisonous dust which settle down into the corn.

WITHIN THE CORNFIELD, Thornhill, still lying flat, begins to gasp and choke as the poisonous dust envelops him. Tears stream from his eyes but he does not dare move as he HEARS THE PLANE COMING OVER THE FIELD AGAIN. When the plane zooms by and another cloud of dust hits him, he jumps to his feet and crashes out into the open, half blinded and gasping for breath. Far off down the highway to the right, he SEES a huge Diesel gasoline-tanker approaching. He starts running towards the highway to intercept it.

SHOOTING FROM THE HELICOPTER, we SEE Thornhill dashing for the highway, the plane levelling off for another run at him, and the Diesel tanker speeding closer.

115-115XIC
CONT'D
(5)

SHOOTING ACROSS THE HIGHWAY, we SEE Thornhill running and stumbling TOWARDS CAMERA, the plane closing in behind him, and the Diesel tanker approaching from the left. He dashes out into the middle of the highway and waves his arms wildly.

The Diesel tanker THUNDERS down the highway towards Thornhill, KLAXON BLASTING impatiently.

The plane speeds relentlessly towards Thornhill from the field bordering the highway.

Thornhill stands alone and helpless in the middle of the highway, waving his arms. The plane draws closer. The tanker is almost upon him. It isn't going to stop. He can HEAR THE KLAXON BLASTING him out of the way. There is nothing he can do. The plane has caught up with him. The tanker won't stop. It's got to stop. He hurls himself to the pavement directly in its path. There is a SCREAM OF BRAKES and SKIDDING TIRES, THE ROAR OF THE PLANE ENGINE and then a tremendous BOOM as the Diesel truck grinds to a stop inches from Thornhill's body just as the plane, hopelessly committed and caught unprepared by the sudden stop, slams into the travelling gasoline tanker and plane and gasoline explode into a great sheet of flame.

In the next few moments, all is confusion. Thornhill, unhurt, rolls out from under the wheels of the Diesel truck. The drivers clamber out of the front seat and drop to the highway. Black clouds of smoke billow up from the funeral pyre of the plane and its cremated occupants. We recognize the flaming body of one of the men in the plane. It is Licht, one of Thornhill's original abductors. An elderly open pick-up truck with a second-hand refrigerator standing in it, which has been approaching from the east, pulls up at the side of the road. Its driver, a farmer, jumps out and hurries toward the wreckage.

FARMER

What happened? What happened?

The Diesel truck drivers are too dazed to answer. Flames and smoke drive them all back. Thornhill, unnoticed, heads toward the unoccupied pick-up truck. Another car comes up from the west, stops, and its driver runs toward the other men. They stare, transfixed, at the holocaust. Suddenly, from behind them, they HEAR the PICK-UP TRUCK'S MOTOR STARTING. The farmer who owns the truck turns, and is startled to see his truck being driven away by an utter stranger.

115-115X1C
CONT'D
(6)

FARMER

Hey!

He runs after the truck. But the stranger - who is Thornhill - steps harder on the accelerator and speeds off in the direction of Chicago.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO - (NIGHT)

115X11

The abandoned pick-up truck, with its lonely refrigerator, stands incongruously parked among some new and elegant cars. A patrolman has opened the door and is peering inside.

EXT. STREET NEAR HOTEL AMBASSADOR EAST

116

A police squad car is cruising slowly past the entrances to the Ambassador East and Ambassador West, which face each other on opposite sides of the street. Inside the car, two police lieutenants glance about, eyes searching the area. CAMERA WHIPS to Thornhill, standing in an attitude of concealment inside the doorway of a darkened store as he watches the police car drive on. He looks quite dishevelled, and his suit would not pass muster at, say, Twenty One. Now he steps to the sidewalk and starts walking in the direction of the Ambassador East.

EXT. ENTRANCE HOTEL AMBASSADOR EAST

117

Thornhill approaches the hotel and enters.

INT. LOBBY HOTEL AMBASSADOR EAST

118

Thornhill crosses the lobby to the desk and waits for a clerk to come over.

CLERK (eyeing him with
distaste)
Yes?

118
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
Could you let me have Mr. George
Kaplan's room number, please?

CLERK (thoughtfully)
Kaplan...
(as he starts to one side
to consult files:)
I think he checked out...

THORNHILL
Checked out?

CLERK (returns with a
file card)
That's right. Checked out at
seven-ten this morning.

THORNHILL
Seven-ten? Are you sure?

CLERK
Yes. Left a forwarding address
-- Hotel Sheraton-Johnson, Rapid
City, South Dakota.

Thornhill has taken out the slip of paper on which
Eve had given him directions to meet Kaplan.

THORNHILL (talking half
to himself)
Seven-ten? Then how come I got a
message from him at nine-thir---?

CLERK
What was that?

THORNHILL
Nothing, nothing.

His eyes narrow and his jaw tightens with realization.
He crumples the piece of paper into a ball and hurls it
away in anger. Just then he looks up and sees Eve,
who has come through the entrance to the lobby. She
does not see him as she goes directly to the news-
stand and buys an evening paper. Thornhill draws
back, watches her unobserved as she glances
quickly at the front page while hurrying to a

waiting elevator. She steps in, the door closes and the elevator starts up. Thornhill watches the floor indicator until the elevator stops. Then he turns back to the clerk.

118
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL

Sorry to bother you again.

CLERK

Uh huh.

THORNHILL

Miss Eve Kendall is expecting me. Room four-something-or-other. I've forgotten the number. Would you mind?

The clerk steps to one side, examines his listings, then returns to Thornhill.

CLERK

She's in four-sixty-three.

THORNHILL

Thanks.

He hurries toward the elevator as the clerk looks after him.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

HOTEL CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR

119

Thornhill approaches the door to 463, looks up and down the corridor if for no other reason than to indicate to us that he has now become suspicious, cautious and surreptitious in matters pertaining to Eve. He puts an ear to her door, listens, hears nothing. He presses the buzzer and waits. Presently the door opens and she sees him standing before her. Her eyes widen. She is too stunned to say anything.

THORNHILL (pleasantly)

Hello.

He goes right past her into the room.

INT. EVE'S HOTEL ROOM

120

Eve turns, stares at Thornhill as she closes the door behind him. If his back were not to her, he would see the mixed emotions on her face - not just surprise, but overwhelming relief, too. But relief is not something she can afford to reveal too strongly, because that would indicate that there was something to be relieved about. She is almost completely controlled by the time Thornhill turns to her, after a very brief moment in which his darting glance has taken in the room, and the open door to the bathroom, and noticed nothing worthy of apprehension.

THORNHILL

Surprised?

EVE

Yes.

She stares at him, still shaken.

THORNHILL

No getting rid of me, is there?

Suddenly Eve goes up to him, puts her arms around him, holds him close and presses her face to his breast. Is it tenderness and relief, or merely the need to hide from the double-edged meaning of his last remark? Thornhill puts his hands on her, but without affection. He knows he is on to something now, and he intends to play it cool. Occasionally his deep down anger will make him say incautious things he oughtn't to say if he intends to disarm the girl - and just as occasionally, he will be even warmer than he intended to be. He can't help liking this female a little bit, even while he would like to slug her. It's because he remembers last night. It's because, also, she happens to be of the opposite sex.

THORNHILL

I need a drink.

EVE

I have some scotch.

THORNHILL

With water. No ice.

Eve disengages herself from him and goes over to a table where drinking things are set up. Thornhill takes the opportunity to saunter over to a chair where the newspaper has been thrown. The front-page story is plainly visible:

TWO DIE AS CROP DUSTER PLANE CRASHES
Low-flying craft hits oil tanker.
Truck drivers escape holocaust.

During this, and while Eve is mixing drinks, they are talking:

EVE (too casually)

How did it go today?

THORNHILL

The meeting with Kaplan?

EVE

Uh-huh.

THORNHILL (just as casually)

He didn't show up.

EVE

Oh?

THORNHILL (staring at
her back)

Funny, isn't it?

EVE (after a slight pause)

Why funny?

THORNHILL

After all those very involved
and very explicit directions he
gave you on the phone.

EVE

Maybe I copied them down wrong.

THORNHILL

I don't think you got them wrong.
I think you sent me to the right
place all right.

He couldn't resist that one. Fortunately for Eve, her face is not turned to him, and she can always fumble with glasses and stirring rods.

120
CONT'D
(3)

EVE

Why not call him again and see what happened?

THORNHILL

I did. He checked out, went to South Dakota.

EVE

South Dakota?

THORNHILL

Rapid City.

EVE (after a moment)

What are you going to do next?

THORNHILL

I haven't made up my mind yet. It may depend on you.

On this, Eve turns, with the drinks in her hands.

EVE

On me?

She walks up to him.

THORNHILL

You're my little helper, aren't you?

He takes a glass from her, all the while staring into her eyes.

THORNHILL

To us.

(he touches his glass to hers)

To a long and lasting friendship...

(he takes a sip)

Meaning, from now on, I'm not going to let you out of my sight, sweetheart.

EVE (hiding in

her glass)

I'm afraid you're going to have to, Thornhill.

THORNHILL (shakes his

head)

Unh uh.

EVE (turning away)
I do have plans of my own, you
know - and you do have problems.

120
CONT'D
(4)

Thornhill takes a long drag on his drink before
he speaks, and once again he engraves each word
on a Gillette Blue Blade.

THORNHILL

Wouldn't it be nice if my
problems and your plans were
somehow...connected?

(her quick glance finds his
face smiling softly, nay
lovingly)

Then we could stay close to each
other from here on in and not have
to go off in separate directions.
Togetherness. Know what I mean?

Eve stares at him for a moment saying nothing,
and is saved by the bell as the PHONE RINGS. She
glances at it, but makes no move to answer it.

THORNHILL

Go ahead. It can't be for me.

She hesitates uncertainly. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN.
He makes a move as though he will answer it.
Quickly Eve walks over to the night-table between
the beds and picks up the phone, while Thornhill
saunters around the room just as though he were
not utterly alert and keenly interested in every
monosyllable of her tightly-controlled conversation.

EVE (to phone)

Hello?

(listens)

Yes.

(listens)

No, don't. I'm not dressed yet.

(listens)

What time?

(listens)

I'll meet you.

(listens)

What's the address?

(she takes up a pencil,
writes something down on a
memo pad as she listens.
Thornhill observes this out of
the corner of his glance)

All right.

(listens)

I will.

(listens)

Goodbye.

She hangs up, tears off the page on which she has written something, walks over to her handbag on the dresser and puts the slip of paper inside. We SEE a gun in her handbag.

120
CONT'D
(5)

THORNHILL
Business?

EVE
Yes.

THORNHILL
Industrial designing business?

EVE
Mm hmmm.

He goes up behind her, puts his hands about her waist. (The nice thing about this kind of cat-and-mouse work is that you can enjoy yourself while you're doing it, because it's part of the game.) Eve is disturbed by the nearness of him, and his hands on her.

THORNHILL
All work and no play. Girl like you should be enjoying herself tonight instead of taking phone calls from clients. How about dinner with me just for openers?

EVE
You can't afford to be seen anywhere.

THORNHILL
What's wrong with up here? Our own little Pump Room for two.

Eve pulls out of his grasp, moves away from him.

EVE
No...I...I can't.

THORNHILL (easily)
I insist.

Eve is in a spot. She gets control of herself before she turns to him. But a little desperation does creep through in her voice.

EVE
I want you to do me a favor,
Thornhill - a big, big favor.

THORNHILL
Name it.

EVE

I want you to leave, right now.
Stay far away from me and don't
come near me again. We're not
going to get involved. Last night
was last night and that's all there
was, that's all there is, there
isn't going to be anything more
between us. So please - goodbye,
good luck, no conversation. Just
leave.

THORNHILL (utterly
unperturbed)
Right away?

EVE

Yes.

THORNHILL
No questions asked?

EVE

Yes.

Thornhill looks at her a moment. She wants to
get rid of him. She's got to get rid of him.
That's for sure. He shakes his head.

THORNHILL

Unh-uh.

EVE

Please...

THORNHILL

After dinner.

EVE

Now.

THORNHILL (firmly)

After dinner. Fair is fair.

Eve's lips tighten, but she is careful not to betray
the urgency of her situation. The wheels go round
for a moment as she looks at him. Then, she makes
a decision, softens her expression, and smiles.

EVE

All right. On one condition.
(she goes up to him, touches
his ruffled, dirty suit)
You've got to let the hotel valet
do something with that suit first.
You belong in the stockyards looking
like that.

THORNHILL (shrugs)
I'm very large with pigs this
year.

120
CONT'D
(7)

EVE (pointing)
There's the phone.

She turns to the mirror and starts to fix her hair. Thornhill goes over to the bed, sits down and puts his hand on the phone but doesn't pick it up. He is thinking fast. With a cautious glance over his shoulder, he slides his hand to the memo pad beside the phone and tilts it slightly. He sees something there on the pad but we do not see what it is. Now he picks up the phone.

THORNHILL (to phone)
Valet service please...Valet?
This is...uh...
(to Eve)
Where are we?

EVE
Four sixty-three.

THORNHILL (to phone)
This is room four sixty-three. How
long would it take to get a suit
sponged and pressed real fast?...
Twenty minutes? Fine... Four sixty-
three.
(he hangs up)
He'll be right up.

EVE
Better take your things off.

THORNHILL (going up to
her)
What am I going to do with my
clothes off for twenty minutes?
(an afterthought, as he
gazes at her reflection in
the mirror)
Couldn't he take an hour?

EVE (turns, practically
in his arms)
You could always take a cold
shower.

She starts to help him off with his jacket as he takes his things out of his pockets and places them on the dresser. Both of them are playing it just

as though they were up to nothing but good, clean, healthy love-play.

120
CONT'D
(8)

THORNHILL

When I was a little boy, I never even let my mother undress me.

EVE (peeling off the jacket)

Well, you're a big boy now.

She tosses the jacket on the bed, turns back to him, puts her hands on his belt buckle, starts to unfasten it. He takes her hands in his.

THORNHILL

How did a girl like you ever get to be a girl like you?

EVE

Lucky, I guess.

THORNHILL

Not lucky - wicked...naughty....
up to no good....Ever kill anyone?
(instantly Eve's expression changes. He has gone too dangerously far; quickly he takes the curse off the remark)
Bet you could tease a man to death without even trying.
(he pats her cheek)
So stop trying, hm?

He starts toward the bathroom, undoing the belt buckle himself as he goes. The DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS. Eve goes to the door, opens it, lets the valet in.

EVE (to the valet)

Be right with you.
(she goes to the half open bathroom door)
Trousers, please.

Thornhill's hand comes out with the trousers. Eve takes them, picks up the jacket on the bed, gives the suit to the valet and closes the door behind him. From the bathroom she HEARS THORNHILL'S VOICE calling out to her:

THORNHILL'S VOICE

Think I'll take that cold shower after all.

EVE

Good.

120
CONT'D
(9)

Next she HEARS THE SHOWER BEING TURNED ON, then THORNHILL'S VOICE raised in a loud, shower-stall rendition of "The Night They Invented Champagne." Immediately, and with urgent haste, Eve prepares to leave. She goes to the closet, gets the jacket of her suit, puts it on. Then from a dresser drawer she takes some papers and stuffs them into her handbag, darting occasional glances toward the partially open bathroom door from whence comes Thornhill's "singing in the rain."

Her glance falls on Thornhill's belongings, which he had removed from his pockets. A CLOSER VIEW of them shows the torn newspaper photograph of Vandamm covered by Thornhill's "R O T" initialled matchbook. Eve's hand sets the matches aside, picks up the torn newspaper photograph, holds it long enough for quick study and puts it down again. In a WIDER ANGLE she turns, and, with a final glance around, starts out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM

121

Thornhill is not in the shower after all. In shirt, tie, shorts, socks and shoes, he has been standing at the crack in the door peering out at Eve's furtive activities while singing lustily, the shower spraying away busily behind him. Now he HEARS the OUTER DOOR CLOSE as Eve makes her hasty exit.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

122

As he opens the bathroom door wider, steps out into the room. It is clear from his expression that he has not really been duped, but rather has been ahead of this little game all along. He goes to the night-table, picks up the memo pad on which Eve had made a notation and removed the top sheet. He picks up a pencil and in a CLOSER ANGLE we SEE him trace in the indentation left by Eve's pencil. It reads: "1212 N. MICHIGAN."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO - (NIGHT)

122X1

A taxi pulls up and Thornhill steps out. (His suit is in fine shape now.) He glances about, sees that he has the right address, and moves across the sidewalk.

CLOSER ANGLE - EXT. SHAW & OPPENHEIM GALLERIES

123

The lighted window of a rather elegant art gallery. A sign in the window announces:

"AUCTION TONIGHT - 8:00 P.M.
FURNITURE AND OBJETS D'ART FROM
THE COLLECTION OF DR. ORLANDO MENDOZA"

Over the door, the building number: "1212." Thornhill frowns, puzzled, takes out the slip of paper, looks up at the number again, then decides to go inside.

INT. SHAW & OPPENHEIM GALLERIES

124

AUCTIONEER

Thank you, sir. Four hundred fifty dollars is bid for the pair, can I hear five hundred, will you say five hundred, can I say the five hundred, fair warning and last call -- sold to Mr. Stone second row.

On the stage the chairs are removed as lot 103, an Aubusson settee is brought onto the stage.

CLOSE SHOT - Vandamm's fingers gently moving over the soft flesh of Eve's neck. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include Eve seated, Vandamm standing behind her and Leonard beyond them seated on a low table, his legs dangling. At the far end of the room is a raised platform on which an AUCTIONEER and his ASSISTANT, with the aid of portable microphones, are going about the business of unloading various objets d'art. Elderly men in black dust-jackets pass the items from the wings onto the stage, one piece at a time, where each object is then auctioned off at the leisurely pace which distinguishes the sale of 19th Century French paintings from the sale of 20th Century American tobacco. Most of the hundred-odd spectators at the auction are seated on folding chairs in the center of the room. Moving along the

THORNHILL
I can rent a car.

113
CONT'D
(2)

EVE
No car. Mr. Kaplan said bus.
He wants to be sure you're alone.

THORNHILL
All right. What do I do when I
get there?

EVE
Just stand beside the road and
wait. He'll be there at three-thirty.

THORNHILL
How will I know him?

EVE
He'll know you. You made the
Chicago papers too.

THORNHILL
Ah.

EVE
Have you got your watch set to
Central time?

THORNHILL
Yes.
(looking at her)
What's the matter?

EVE
Matter?

THORNHILL
You. You seem... I don't know...
tense.

EVE (turns away)
You better go. Before the police
run out of Redcaps.

THORNHILL
We'll see each other again, won't
we?

EVE (strained)
Sometime... I'm sure...

THORNHILL (with tenderness)
I never found a moment to thank you
properly.

AUCTIONEER
(continued)
the three hundred,
say three hundred,
three hundred is bid,
thank you, do I hear
three hundred and
fifty? Three hundred
and fifty, may I have
three hundred and
fifty, three hundred,
three hundred twice,
third and last call
do I hear three
hundred and fifty?
Sold! Mr. Echart
three hundred.

The barometer is removed
and lot 105 is brought
in.

THORNHILL (bitterly
at Eve)
I was just going to say
that to her.

124
CONT'D
(3)

Eve stares straight ahead.
Vandamm gazes off at the
auctioneer.

VANDAMM
I've always understood
you to be a pretty shrewd
fellow at your job. What
possessed you to come
blundering in here like
this? Could it be an
overpowering interest in
art?

THORNHILL
Yes. The art of survival.
(a quick shaft at
Leonard)
Poured any good drunks
lately?

EVE (in a hollow
voice, to Vandamm)
He followed me here from
the hotel.

LEONARD (to Eve)
He was in your room?

She nods. Vandamm reacts with
displeasure.

THORNHILL (with
contempt)
Sure. Isn't everybody?

AUCTIONEER
Now, Ladies and
Gentlemen - Number 105,
an excellent example
of Pre-Columbian art.
It dates from about
1000 A.D. A Tarascan
Warrior from the State
of Kolemia, in Mexico.
May I hear a starting
bid worthy of this
fine art piece? Who
will say one thousand
dollars to start?
The gentleman here
suggests five hundred.

At this time, the AUCTIONEER'S
VOICE is HEARD announcing
Item Number 105. He proceeds
to describe it. It is a pre-
Columbian figure of a Tarascan
Warrior from the State of
Kolemia, Mexico, approximate
date, 1000 A.D. During this,
an attendant has been walking
about showing the figure to
the spectators. Leonard taps
the momentarily distracted
Vandamm on the shoulder and
points to the figure. Vandamm
glances at it quickly, looks
up at Leonard and says:

AUCTIONEER
(continued)

All right, that's a start. Now say one thousand. I have five hundred dollars, may I say the thousand. Seven hundred and fifty is offered. Thank you, now say the thousand. One thousand is bid, make it twelve hundred and fifty. Eleven hundred you say? All right I have eleven hundred bid, make it twelve hundred - twelve hundred dollars there. Now thirteen is here, fourteen hundred is bid.

AUCTIONEER (o.s.)
Fifteen hundred I'm bid, who'll say seventeen fifty - do I hear seventeen fifty?

AUCTIONEER (o.s.)
Seventeen fifty is bid. Say two thousand -- two thousand anyone - do I hear two thousand -- seventeen fifty is bid. Seventeen fifty, are you all through at seventeen fifty -- Sold then to Mr. Vandamm at seventeen fifty.

The Tarascan piece is removed and lot 106, the Louis XV Curio Cabinet is brought in.

VANDAMM
Yes.

THORNHILL (to Vandamm)
I didn't realize you were an art collector. I thought you just collected corpses.

The bidding has started.

VANDAMM (to Leonard, quietly)
Fifteen hundred.

Leonard makes a silent signal to the auctioneer.

THORNHILL (looking down at Eve)
I'll bet you paid plenty for this little piece of ---sculpture---

VANDAMM (to Leonard)
Seventeen fifty.

Eve is visibly suffering.

THORNHILL (continuing)
She's worth every dollar, take it from me. She really puts her heart into her work. In fact her whole body.

(a quick glance at Leonard)
And where does he keep you - in a curio cabinet?

Thornhill reacts to the Auctioneer's mention of Vandamm's name.

THORNHILL (hearing the name)
Vandamm, huh?

124
CONT'D
(4)

AUCTIONEER
Number 106 -- for your pleasure is this Louis XV Curio Cabinet of gold and bronze dore with Vernis Martin figured decorations and landscape painting. Who will say five hundred dollars to start the bidding, five hundred dollars for it. Five hundred dollars for it. All right I'll accept your start of two hundred dollars, two hundred is bid, go three, two fifty I have, say three, two fifty I have say three hundred, three hundred now go four, three go four, three go four, three go four, three twenty-five is bid say fifty, three fifty I have, say four, three hundred and fifty go four hundred, three hundred and fifty say three seventy-five, three hundred fifty say seventy-five. Don't lose it for twenty-five dollars; Thank you three hundred and seventy-five is bid. I have three hundred and seventy-five dollars go the four hundred. Three seventy-five go four. Four hundred dollars is bid. Say four hundred and twenty-five. Four hundred twenty five once, four hundred twenty-five twice, last call at four hundred twenty-five, Sold to the lady in the fourth row for four hundred dollars.

The Louis XV cabinet is removed and lot #107 is brought in.

VANDAMM (turns to Thornhill) 124
CONT'D
(5)
Has anyone ever told you that you overplay your various roles rather severely, Mr. Kaplan? First you're the outraged Madison Avenue man who claims he has been mistaken for someone else. Then you play a fugitive from justice, supposedly trying to clear his name of a crime he knows he didn't commit. And now, you play the peevish lover, stung by jealousy and betrayal.
(a chilly smile)
Seems to me you fellows could stand a little less training from the F.B.I. and a little more from the Actors' Studio.

THORNHILL
Apparently the only performance that's going to satisfy you is when I play dead.

VANDAMM (gently)
Your very next role. You will be quite convincing, I assure you,
Leonard has already stared out of the room to arrange that.

THORNHILL (watching him go)
I wonder what subtle form of manslaughter is next on the program. Am I going to be dropped into a vat of molten steel and become part of some new skyscraper?
(looking at Eve)
Or are you going to ask this., female to kiss me again and poison me to death?

AUCTIONEER
And now ladies and gentleman we offer catalogue number 107 - this rare Marcolini Meissen compote, acquired by Dr. Mendoza from the estate of the Comtesse de Chivre. How much to start the bidding on this collector's porcelain? Five hundred, madam? That's an extremely low start and should prompt spirited bidding. Six? Six hundred I have, now the seven, seven hundred I have thank you say eight. May I direct your attention to the magnificent repousse flowers on this outstanding example. Eight hundred dollars there nine hundred in the front. One thousand is bid on the far side. Eleven hundred dollars is here now, say the twelve, twelve hundred dollars there. Twelve hundred is bid say thirteen hundred may I hear thirteen hundred please, fair selling at twelve hundred, do I hear thirteen hundred. Last call, sold twelve hundred dollars. Thank you.

The Marcolini Meissen Compote is removed and lot 108, the Vienna Plates, is displayed.

AUCTIONEER
Number 108 - we offer you now twelve Royal Vienna Plates, magnificently hand-decorated with portraits of Court

Eve gets to her feet, turns and slaps him in the face. He grabs her wrists and they stare at each other for a moment.

124
CONT'D
(6)

THORNHILL (with contempt)
Who are you kidding? You have no feelings to hurt.

He firmly presses her back down into her seat. During this, a man in the audience nearby is half turned, as though he has been observing the entire altercation. It is the Professor of the C.I.A.

VANDAMM (angrily)
Mr. Kaplan --

THORNHILL (turning on him)
Look, Vandamm, I don't know why you want me dead, but this I --

VANDAMM (interrupting)
-- We've had just about enough of you..

THORNHILL
Then why don't you call the police? No - that's the last thing you want - me in the hands of the police. There's something I might tell them, huh? That's why you had this one here hustle me on the train last night, like the good little industrial designer that she is. Well, something tells me I've got a much better chance of survival if I go to the police. And the mere fact that you don't want me to is enough for me.

(to Eve)
Goodnight, sweetheart. Don't think it hasn't been nice.

AUCTIONEER
(continued)
beauties. How much
a piece and take the
lot. Thirty a piece
is bid all over the
house. Thirty-five,
say forty, forty go
forty-five, forty-
five I have go fifty
- fifty go five,
fifty go five, fifty
is here say fifty-
five, fifty dollars
a piece say fifty-
five, anymore, Sir?
Sold then for fifty
dollars a piece.

The plates are taken out
as a painting is brought
in.

AUCTIONEER
Catalogue number 109.
A superb example of
this early 19th Cen-
tury master, it will
enhance any collection
of fine art. What is
your pleasure? How
much to start? One
thousand is bid,
twelve-fifty I have,
fifteen hundred,
fifteen hundred is
bid, say seventeen
fifty, I have seven-
teen-fifty, two
thousand is bid --

He walks away from them and
goes toward the entrance in
the rear. But he doesn't
get very far before he stops.
Standing inside the doorway
waiting for him is Valerian,
the U.N. assassin. Thornhill
turns, looks about, and SEES,
down the aisle, the steps to
the auctioneer's stage where
men are bringing on a piece of
furniture for auction. He
starts down the aisle with
the intention of making his
way out through the back.
Then he slows down as he
SEES Leonard stepping out of
the "wings" of the stage.
Leonard looks at him steadily,
and then withdraws signif-
icantly. Thornhill looks
about him with desperation,
then quickly slips into a
nearby seat among the
spectators. At this moment,
Vandamm and Eve depart.
Thornhill turns his attention
to the platform, where the
auctioneer has a painting on
the block.

124
CONT'D
(6A)

(NOTE: Pick up dialogue in script.)

AUCTIONEER
I have two thousand. Do I hear
twenty-five? ... Twenty-five hundred
please, ... Twenty-two-fifty. Thank
you. Do I hear twenty-five?
Twenty-two-fifty once. Twenty-two-
fifty twice. Last call...

THORNHILL (shouts)
Fifteen hundred!

AUCTIONEER (startled)
The bid is already up to twenty-
two-fifty, sir.

124
CONT'D
(6B)

THORNHILL
I still say fifteen hundred!

Heads turn toward him angrily. But Thornhill is concerned only about escaping the fate Valerian and Leonard have reserved for him.

AUCTIONEER (recovering)
I have twenty-two-fifty. Do I hear
twenty-five hundred?....Twenty-
two-fifty once. Twenty-two-fifty
twice....

THORNHILL
Twelve hundred!

AUCTIONEER (quickly)
Sold for twenty-two-fifty. And
now --

THORNHILL (loudly)
Twenty-two-fifty for that chromo?

124
CONT'D
(7)

AUCTIONEER (ignoring
him)

-- Number one hundred sixteen in
the catalogue...

(as attendants bring out
a chaise longue)

"A Louis XIV carved and painted
lit de repos." Kindly observe the
moulded frame, the carved, free-
standing columns at each corner and
the fluted, tapering legs. Will
somebody start the bidding at seven-
hundred-and-fifty dollars please?

THORNHILL

How do we know it's not a fake?
It looks like a fake!

An elderly woman seated directly in front of
Thornhill turns and glares at him.

WOMAN

One thing we know: you're no fake.
You're a genuine idiot.

THORNHILL

Thank you.

AUCTIONEER

I wonder if I could respectfully
ask the gentleman to get into
the spirit of the proceedings
here.

THORNHILL

All right. I'll start it at
eight.

AUCTIONEER

Eight hundred dollars. Thank
you. Nine hundred...One thousand
I have. Go twelve.

THORNHILL

Eleven!

AUCTIONEER

Eleven is bid. Go twelve. Who'll
say twelve? Eleven once. Who'll
say twelve? Eleven twice. Twelve.
Thank you. Twelve is bid. I have
twelve. Go thirteen. Who'll say
thirteen?

THORNHILL
Thirteen dollars!

124
CONT'D
(8)

AUCTIONEER
You mean thirteen hundred, sir?

THORNHILL
I mean thirteen dollars, which
is more than it's worth!

The auctioneer will continue his work, but his assistant will now reach for the phone on his desk and make a hurried call, which will not go unnoticed by Thornhill.

AUCTIONEER
Twelve hundred I have. Go thirteen.
Who'll say thirteen? Twelve-fifty?
Twelve hundred once. Twelve hundred
twice. Last call. Twelve hundred.

THORNHILL
Two thousand!

AUCTIONEER (a little stunned)
Two thousand?

THORNHILL
Twenty-one-hundred!

AUCTIONEER
I'm sorry, sir, but we can't --

THORNHILL
Make it twenty-five hundred!

By this time an angry murmur is rising from the spectators. Someone shouts: "Ask him to leave!" A uniformed male ATTENDANT is moving down the aisle toward Thornhill. Valerian and Leonard, in their separate positions, are glancing about uncertainly.

AUCTIONEER
Would the gentleman please
cooperate?

ASSISTANT AUCTIONEER
(trying to restore order)
The last bid was twelve-hundred.

THORNHILL
Twenty-five hundred! My money
is as good as anybody's!

AUCTIONEER

I have twelve hundred once...
twelve hundred twice...

124
CONT'D
(9)

THORNHILL

Three thousand!

AUCTIONEER

Last call. Sold for twelve
hundred.

THORNHILL (leaping to
his feet)
You're not going to get away with
this!

By this time the uniformed attendant has reached
Thornhill's row of seats, pushed into the row and
grabbed him by the arm.

THORNHILL

Let go of me! Get your hands
off me or I'll sue!

Now the place is really in an uproar. Spectators
push Thornhill into the aisle. He grapples with
the attendant as women cry out in alarm. Two
police officers come running in through the
entrance. Thornhill notices this with a pleased
expression, hauls back and lets the attendant
have a good one on the jaw. The man goes reel-
ing back into the crowd, bounces back and lets
fly a swing at Thornhill, who ducks, moves in and
wrestles him to the floor. During this, just after
the police arrive, the Professor gets up and
quickly walks out. The police now reach the
struggle, seize Thornhill and pull him to his feet.

FIRST OFFICER

All right now...

THORNHILL

What took you so long?

SECOND OFFICER (pulling
him toward the door)
Let's take a little walk...

THORNHILL

Wait a minute...

SECOND OFFICER

Get moving.

THORNHILL

I haven't finished bidding yet...

FIRST OFFICER (dragging
him along)
Yeah, yeah.

124
CONT'D
(10)

THORNHILL (struggling)
Three thousand! It's mine for
three thousand!

Nearing the entrance they approach Valerian, stand-
ing there completely frustrated. Thornhill flashes
him an apologetic smile as he is dragged by.

THORNHILL
Sorry, old man. But keep trying.

Valerian watches without expression as Thornhill
is escorted safely past him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

124X1

Thornhill and the two policemen continue through
the lobby. Behind them is a telephone booth. We
SEE the Professor standing beside it watching
Thornhill being taken out. After they have passed
him, the Professor glances after them briefly, then
goes into the booth and closes the door.

EXT. SHAW & OPPENHEIM GALLERIES

125

The police emerge from the building with Thornhill
and hurry him toward a patrol car parked at the curb.

THORNHILL
Handle with care, fellahs...

FIRST OFFICER (opening rear door)
In there.

THORNHILL
...I'm valuable property.

FIRST OFFICER
In.

He pushes Thornhill into the car.

INT. PATROL CAR

126

Thornhill lands on the rear seat and the first officer
joins him, while the other cop gets behind the wheel.

THORNHILL
I want to thank you boys for saving my life --

FIRST OFFICER (gruffly)
Save it for the station-house.

126
CONT'D
(2)

The car starts away.

THORNHILL (buoyantly)
Come on. Let's see some smiles
and good cheer. You're about to
become heroes. Know who I am?

FIRST OFFICER (disinterested)
We'll find out as soon as we book ya
for bein' drunk and disorderly.

THORNHILL
Drunk and disorderly? That's
chicken feed. You've hit the
jackpot, Sergeant...
(as the Sergeant gives
him a bored look)
"Chicago police capture United
Nations slayer."

Now the look is not so bored. Thornhill hands
the half-believing sergeant his wallet, saying:

THORNHILL
Roger Thornhill is the name. Take
me to your leader.

While the sergeant is quickly looking over
Thornhill's identification cards, the officer
behind the wheel picks up a newspaper, glances
at it, turns back to look at Thornhill and
holds up the paper.

SECOND OFFICER
It's him!

In the back seat, the sergeant leans forward,
stares off screen at the paper, then turns
and looks at Thornhill.

THORNHILL
Congratulations, men.

FIRST OFFICER (awed)
Yeah....

The man behind the wheel has taken up the tele-
phone receiver on the dashboard and put in a
call to headquarters. (THE PHONE IS SIMILAR TO
HOUSEHOLD INSTRUMENTS. WE CAN HEAR ONLY ONE
END OF THE CONVERSATION.) During this, Thornhill
sits back with smug expression.

SECOND OFFICER (to phone)
This is one oh five five. Sergeant
Flamm. We got a man here answering
to the description of Thornhill, Roger.
Code seventy six. Wanted by NYPD.
Positive I.D.

(listens)
Absolutely. No question.
(listens)

Michigan Avenue. Proceeding west
to forty-second precinct.
(listens)

What?
(listens)

Come again?
(listens)

Ya sure?
(listens)

Okay.
(listens)

Right.
(listens)

Yeah. I got it.
(listens)

One oh five five off and clear.

He hangs up, makes a swift U-turn and speeds off
in the opposite direction.

FIRST OFFICER (startled)
Where we goin'?

SECOND OFFICER (dejected)
The airport.

FIRST OFFICER
For what?

SECOND OFFICER (disgusted)
Orders.

THORNHILL
Just a second here. I'm not going
to any airport. I want to be taken
to police headquarters.

SECOND OFFICER
Ya do, huh?

THORNHILL (leans forward)
Why do you think I sent for you
fellows?

126
CONT'D
(4)

SECOND OFFICER
How about this guy, Charley? He
sent for us.

FIRST OFFICER (pulling
Thornhill back)
Sit back.

THORNHILL
Did you hear what I said? I
want to be taken to police
headquarters! I'm a dangerous
assassin! I'm a mad killer on
the loose!

SECOND OFFICER
You oughta be ashamed of yourself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MIDWAY AIRPORT, CHICAGO - NIGHT

127

The police car pulls up, stops. The two police
get out. Thornhill gets out. They walk him
into the terminal. In the background, the SOUND
OF PLANES TAKING OFF.

INT. NORTHWEST AIRLINES TERMINAL

127X1

They enter, and the police escort Thornhill to
the Information Counter.

SECOND OFFICER
They said right here.

THORNHILL (grumbling)
Does anybody mind if I sit down?
I've been running all day.

Just then, the police see a man rushing through
the door towards them. It is the Professor. He
is breathless as he goes up to the Information
Desk, giving Thornhill and the police a quick
glance as he goes. We SEE the Professor lean
over the desk and murmur something to the clerk,
who nods, acknowledges him and immediately hands
him an envelope of plane tickets. The clerk
leans over his desk and points down the terminal

building. The Professor turns and approaches the group, still out of breath. The CAMERA MOVES into a CLOSER ANGLE. The Professor fumbles in his pockets, brings out an identification, which he shows to the police, all the while saying:

PROFESSOR

Never thought I'd make it.
Getting too old for this kind
of work.

(he glances at Thornhill)

All right. Thank you, men.

(takes Thornhill by
the arm)

Let's go, Mr. Thornhill. We
haven't much time. This way is
more private.

THE FOLLOWING SCENE WILL BE PLAYED IN A FAST-MOVING DOLLY SHOT AS THE PROFESSOR ESCORTS THORNHILL AWAY FROM THE POLICE THROUGH THE TERMINAL, ALONG A RAMP, THROUGH A GATE AND ACROSS THE FIELD TOWARDS A WAITING PASSENGER PLANE. MOVEMENT WILL COME TO A HALT ONLY WHERE INDICATED.

THORNHILL

I don't think I caught your
name.

PROFESSOR

I don't think I pitched it.

THORNHILL

You're police, aren't you? Or
is it F.B.I.?

PROFESSOR

F.B.I...C.I.A....O.N.I...we're
all in the same alphabet soup.

THORNHILL

Well, put this in your alphabet
soup: I had nothing to do with
that United Nations killing...

PROFESSOR

We know that.

THORNHILL (slows down)

You do?

PROFESSOR (bumping a
passerby)

Sorry.

THORNHILL
Then what's the idea of the
police chasing me all over the
map?

127X1
CONT'D
(3)

PROFESSOR
We never interfere with the
police unless absolutely
necessary. It has become
necessary.

THORNHILL
I take it, then, I'm to be
cleared.

PROFESSOR (taking his
arm)
I do wish you'd walk faster,
Mr. Thornhill. We'll miss the
plane.

THORNHILL (walking
faster)
Where are we going -- New York
or Washington?

PROFESSOR
Rapid City, South Dakota.

THORNHILL (suspicious)
Rapid City? What for?

PROFESSOR
It's near Mt. Rushmore.

THORNHILL
I've already seen Mt. Rushmore.

PROFESSOR
So has your friend Mr. Vandamm.

THORNHILL (slowing
down again)
Vandamm?

PROFESSOR (wryly)
A rather formidable gentleman, eh?

THORNHILL (with venom)
And what about that treacherous
tramp with him...

PROFESSOR
Miss Kendall?

THORNHILL

Yeah.

PROFESSOR

His mistress. We know all about her.

THORNHILL (bridling at this)

What's Vandamm up to?

PROFESSOR (evasively)

Let's say he's a kind of...
Importer-exporter.

THORNHILL

Of what?

PROFESSOR

Oh...you could say...government
secrets perhaps?

THORNHILL

Why don't you grab him?

PROFESSOR

Too much we still don't know about
his organization.

THORNHILL

Uh-huh. Well what's Mt. Rushmore
got to do with all this?

PROFESSOR

Vandamm has a place near there.
We think it's his jumping off point
to leave the country tomorrow night.

THORNHILL

And you're going to stop him...

PROFESSOR

No.

THORNHILL (puzzled)

Then...what are we going there for?

PROFESSOR

To set his mind at ease about George Kaplan.

Thornhill glances sharply at the Professor and
peers at him for a moment.

THORNHILL

You, huh?

PROFESSOR

Eh?

THORNHILL (a statement)

You're George Kaplan, aren't you...

PROFESSOR (blandly)
Oh no, Mr. Thornhill. There is
no such person as George Kaplan.

127X1
CONT'D
(5)

Thornhill comes to a dead stop.

THORNHILL
Is no such person?

PROFESSOR
Come. We'll talk on the plane.

THORNHILL
But I've been in his hotel room!
I've tried on his clothes! He's
got short sleeves and...and
dandruff!

PROFESSOR
Believe me, Mr. Thornhill, he
doesn't exist. Which is why I'm
going to have to ask you to go on
being him for another twenty-four
hours.

Thornhill points a protesting finger at the Professor.
Just as his mouth opens, there is the SUDDEN ROAR
OF ENGINES AS A PLANE REVS UP AND PREPARES TO TAXI
AWAY FROM THE NEARBY RAMP. Thornhill looks across
at the plane with annoyance.

THE PLANE

128

As it starts to taxi away, its four engines creating
a storm of noise and wind.

MED. LONG SHOT - THORNHILL AND THE PROFESSOR

129

The two men are talking at each other, the
Professor calmly, Thornhill gesticulating, arguing,
denying, insisting, protesting. The Professor keeps
tugging gently on Thornhill's arm, trying to move
him along as he explains. As they start walking
again, TOWARDS CAMERA, they continue to talk to
each other. WE HAVE HEARD NONE OF THIS CONVERSATION,
BECAUSE DISTANCE FROM CAMERA AND THE NOISE OF THE
PLANE TAXIING AWAY HAVE INTERVENED....long enough
for the Professor to give Thornhill a brief outline
of the George Kaplan plan which we learned about
in Washington. As the two men approach CAMERA
and walk through the gate onto the field, where
another passenger plane stands waiting, the
Professor appears to be making an appeal, and

Thornhill is shaking his head vigorously. They have 129
walked into a TIGHTER TWO-SHOT and the SOUND OF THE CONT'D
TAXIING PLANE HAS FADED AWAY. We can hear them now. (2)

THORNHILL

Look - you started this crazy
decoy business without me!
Finish it without me!...

PROFESSOR

And well we might have if you
hadn't stumbled into it...

THORNHILL

...I think you should give me a
medal and a very long vacation
instead of asking me to go on
being a target just so that
your Number One, or whatever you
call him, doesn't get shot at!

PROFESSOR

Not shot at, Mr. Thornhill -
found out. Once he's found out,
he's as good as dead. And thanks
to you clouds of suspicion are
forming --

THORNHILL

Thanks to me --!

PROFESSOR

If you'll get on the plane --

THORNHILL

I'm an advertising man, not a
red herring! I've got a job, a
secretary, a mother, two ex-wives
and several bartenders waiting for
me, and I don't intend to disappoint
them all and get myself slightly
killed by playing the man in the
gray-flannel cloak-and-dagger. The
answer is no!

PROFESSOR

Is that final?

THORNHILL

Yes!

The Professor looks at him for a moment, then holds
out his hand.

PROFESSOR

Goodbye then.
(as Thornhill takes the
hand uncertainly)

(continued)

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
If I thought there was any chance of
changing your mind, I'd talk about
Miss Kendall, whom you obviously
disapprove of for good reason...

129
CONT'D
(3)

THORNHILL (savagely)
Yeah - for using sex like some people
use a fly-swatter...For trying to have
me exterminated...

PROFESSOR
I don't suppose it would matter to
you that she was probably forced to
do whatever she did...in order to
protect herself.

THORNHILL (almost a sneer)
Protect herself from what?

PROFESSOR (slowly)
Suspicion...exposure...assassination.
(Thornhill stares at him)
Forgive me for referring to our Number
One as a man, Mr. Thornhill. It's
about all I can do to help keep her
safe while she's in all this terrible
danger...

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

130

Turning to CAMERA, eyes filled with emotion as
he shakes his head slowly, trying to throw off
the pain of his confused feelings.

PROFESSOR'S VOICE (o.s.)
I know you didn't mean to, but I'm
afraid you have put her in a most
delicate situation - and much more
than her life is at stake...

During this, another plane has been arriving, its
landing lights slowly increasing the illumination
on Thornhill's stricken face and the background
behind him. The SOUND of the ENGINES RISES, as
though illustrating the mounting determination
within Thornhill, and his ultimate decision.

DISSOLVE TO:

LONG SHOT - THE PLANE IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

131

We are SHOOTING UP at the plane from an elevation on
the ground as it approaches CAMERA in a slightly de-
scending path. As the plane comes nearer and zooms
past, CAMERA PANS WITH IT SLIGHTLY and DISCOVERS:

THE FACES OF THE PRESIDENTS - MT. RUSHMORE - NIGHT 132

The monument glows against the night sky, lit by several banks of unseen searchlights. We HOLD ON THIS SHOT. And then THE FADING SOUND OF THE DISAPPEARING PLANE SLOWLY BECOMES THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER AND MANY VOICES. SLOWLY, NIGHT TURNS TO DAY.

THE FACES OF THE PRESIDENTS - MT. RUSHMORE - DAY 133

Same angle as above. The searchlights have been replaced by sunlight. The black sky has turned blue. CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY, until A CIRCULAR BORDER APPEARS AT THE EDGES OF THE SCREEN. We are in:

EFFECT SHOT - THE FACES OF THE PRESIDENTS - AS SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS 134

As soon as we have established the binocular effect.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL - MT. RUSHMORE OBSERVATION DECK 135

We are on Thornhill's back as he stands peering through binoculars mounted on a pedestal (There are similar glasses located at many vantage points throughout the park).

THORNHILL

Suppose they don't come.

PROFESSOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

They'll come.

During this we have PULLED BACK TO REVEAL the Professor sitting nearby reading a Rapid City newspaper, his back half-turned away from Thornhill.

THORNHILL (uneasily)

I don't like the way Teddy Roosevelt is looking at me...

PROFESSOR

He's trying to give you one last word of caution, Mr. Kaplan: speak softly, and carry a big stick.

Thornhill leaves the binoculars, starts restlessly past the Professor to the corner of the terrace, saying:

THORNHILL

I think he's trying to tell me not to go

PROFESSOR
Perhaps he doesn't know to what extent
you are the cause of our present
difficulties--

135
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL (turning to him)
I'm not so sure I accept that charge,
Professor.

PROFESSOR (mildly)
My dear fellow - if you had not made
yourself so damnably attractive to
Miss Kendall that she fell for you--

THORNHILL (momentarily delighted)
And vice versa.

PROFESSOR
--Our friend Vandamm wouldn't be losing
faith in her loyalty now. It was quite
obvious to him last night that she had
become emotionally involved, worst of all
with a man he thinks is a government agent.

THORNHILL
Are you trying to tell me - and Teddy
Roosevelt - that I'm irresistible?

PROFESSOR (sternly)
I'm trying to remind you that it's
your responsibility to help us restore
her to Vandamm's good graces...
(he sees Thornhill's face cloud over)
...Right up to the moment he leaves the
country tonight.

THORNHILL (annoyed)
All right. All right.
(he points a finger to remind the
Professor of a previous bargain)
But after tonight...

PROFESSOR (looking away)
My blessings on you both.

Thornhill nods. Then he looks off-screen and reacts
tensely.

THORNHILL
Here they are.

The Professor's nonchalance vanishes instantly. He gets
up and walks swiftly away. Thornhill looks off again.

136-138
OUT

POINT OF VIEW - THE PARKING AREA

139

A white Lincoln convertible is pulling into a parking
space, comes to a stop. The driver is Vandamm. Eve
and Leonard sit beside him. They get out of the car,
glance about, and start towards the cafeteria building.

THORNHILL

140

Watches them for a moment, then turns purposefully and hurries toward the cafeteria from his level. We move with him EITHER with a DOLLY SHOT or a SERIES OF CUTS, depending on the location of his starting point.

(IT WILL NOT ALWAYS BE SPECIFICALLY INDICATED, BUT IT SHOULD BE BORNE IN MIND THAT THE ENTIRE MT. RUSHMORE DAY SEQUENCE TAKES PLACE WITH SIGHTSEERS CAMERA BUGS, LITTLE CHILDREN AND ASSORTED TOURISTS IN EVIDENCE AT ALL TIMES, WHETHER OUTDOORS OR INDOORS.)

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE CAFETERIA & GIFT SHOP BUILDING

141

Thornhill approaches the building and enters.

INT. BUILDING - (MASTER SCENE)

142

Thornhill walks across the lobby to the cafeteria, a vast room with many tables and enormous windows through which can be seen the faces of the presidents in the distance. It is after the lunch hour, and only half of the tables are occupied. Thornhill goes over to the steam-table and asks for a cup of coffee. While waiting for it, he turns and looks toward the PARKING AREA ENTRANCE to the cafeteria. No one is coming through there yet. He receives the cup of coffee and starts toward an unoccupied table. Just as he arrives at the table, he sees Vandamm, Leonard and Eve enter the cafeteria. He remains standing until they see him. Then he sits down, as Vandamm and Eve walk towards him. Leonard sits down at a table near the entrance, as though he were a sentry standing guard in case of trouble.

AT THE TABLE

143

Vandamm and Eve arrive at the table. Eve has a strained look. Thornhill contemptuously deigns even to glance at her. His ignoring of her presence is his way of demonstrating to Vandamm how bitterly he despises her. (THORNHILL is now playing a terse, matter-of-fact "KAPLAN" rather than his usual protesting self.)

VANDAMM (with a
mild smile)
Good afternoon, Mr. Kaplan.

143
CONT'D
(2)

He starts to draw out a chair for Eve.

THORNHILL (sharply)
Not her.

Vandamm's manner changes. He turns to Eve and, with a sharp incline of the head, dismisses her. Tight-lipped, Eve turns and walks off towards the gift shop. Thornhill looks after her with noticeable distaste. Vandamm sits down, resuming his deceptively polite manner.

(AT TIMES DURING THE FOLLOWING, THORNHILL WILL LOOK PAST VANDAMM TOWARDS THE GIFT SHOP AND WE WILL SEE THAT EVE, "BROWSING" IN THE GIFT SHOP, IS STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO ANOTHER "BROWSER," WHO COULD EVEN BE EXCHANGING WHISPERED WORDS WITH HER. IT IS THE PROFESSOR. AND IF LEONARD, SEATED NEAR THE DOORWAY, WOULD TURN HIS HEAD, HE MIGHT EVEN SEE THEM. BUT HE DOES NOT TURN HIS HEAD. AND HE DOES NOT KNOW THE PROFESSOR.)

VANDAMM
Did I misunderstand you about bringing her?

THORNHILL
We'll get to that.
(as he lights a cigarette)
I suppose you were surprised to get my call...

VANDAMM
Not at all. I knew the police would release you, Mr. Kaplan. By the way, I want to compliment you on your colorful exit from the auction gallery...

THORNHILL
Thank you.

VANDAMM
And now what little drama are we here for today? You see, I don't for a moment believe that you invited me to these gay surroundings in order to come to an arrangement....

THORNHILL

Suppose I were to tell you that I not only know exactly what time you're leaving the country tonight, but also the latitude and longitude of your rendezvous, and your ultimate destination.

143
CONT'D
(3)

VANDAMM (after a beat)

You wouldn't care to carry my bags, would you?

THORNHILL

Maybe you'd like to know the price, just the same.

VANDAMM

Price?

THORNHILL

For doing nothing to stop you.

VANDAMM (amused)

How much did you have in mind?

THORNHILL

I want the girl...

The geniality dies on Vandamm's face for a moment. Then he gives a little smile of understanding.

THORNHILL (shakes his head, then speaks with bitterness)

I want her to get what's coming to her. You turn her over to me and I'll see that there's enough pinned on her to keep her uncomfortable for the rest of her life. In return, I'll lock the other way tonight.

Vandamm peers at him for a moment.

VANDAMM

She really got under your skin, didn't she?

THORNHILL (angrily)

We're not talking about my skin. We're talking about yours. I'm offering you a chance to save it...

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VANDAMM
To exchange it...

143
CONT'D
(4)

THORNHILL
Put it any way you like.

VANDAMM
I'm curious, Mr. Kaplan. How did you arrive at this deduction that my feelings for Miss Kendall might have deteriorated to the point where I would...trade her in for...a little peace of mind?

THORNHILL
I don't deduce. I observe.

The two men stare at each other steadily. Then Vandamm looks up and gets to his feet.

FULL SHOT - THE TABLE

143X1

Eve is standing beside the table, her face tense. She doesn't look at Thornhill.

EVE (coldly)
Phillip -- if you don't mind,
I'm going back to the house.

She immediately turns and starts to leave the cafeteria. Vandamm, momentarily caught off guard, looks after her hesitantly, and then, after a quick look at Thornhill, goes after her.

CLOSEUP - THORNHILL

143X2

Looking off after them, he rises with concern on his face.

POINT OF VIEW - FROM THORNHILL

144

Vandamm has caught up with Eve. There is a brief unheard exchange between them, then Vandamm beckons Leonard over to them, and the three start swiftly toward the exit.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

145

Seeing this turn of events and reacting to it,
he starts after them.

WIDER ANGLE - (MASTER SCENE)

146

Thornhill moves swiftly across the cafeteria to
head off Vandamm, Eve and Leonard, who are approach-
ing the door leading out to the parking area.
Thornhill catches up with Eve, puts a hand on
her.

THORNHILL (quietly and
tensely)
Just a second, you.

Vandamm and Leonard, a few steps ahead of her, stop
and look back.

EVE (mutters,
pulling free)
Get away from me!

She goes toward the two men, who are starting to
return. Thornhill grabs Eve by the arm, pulls her,
struggling, back into the cafeteria.

EVE (through her breath)
Let go!

Vandamm starts to make a move towards the struggling
Eve and Thornhill. Leonard quickly stays him. All
of this takes place with lightning rapidity.
Vandamm watches tensely.

EVE
Let go of me!

THORNHILL
You're not going anywhere...
(he pulls her violently
away from the others)
Come on...

The CAMERA MOVES IN for a CLOSEUP of VANDAMM. From
his POINT OF VIEW, we SEE the struggling couple.

EVE
No!...Please!...

THORNHILL

Save the phoney tears...

146
CONT'D
(2)

She breaks out of his grasp, backs away. He comes toward her, stops suddenly. She has taken her automatic from her handbag, points it at him.

EVE

Get back...

THORNHILL

You little fool...

He starts slowly toward her. She backs toward the entrance, eyes wide with terror.

EVE

Stay away from me...

Thornhill lunges at her. She fires at him once. He clutches his chest, stops dead in his tracks. She fires again. He spins, crashes into a table and falls to the floor. Crowds scream. Pandemonium ensues. Eve dashes out past Vandamm, who starts to follow, but Leonard restrains him.

LEONARD

No good, sir. You can't get involved in this.

IN A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

147-153

- (1) The Professor is seen running across the cafeteria towards Thornhill's fallen body.
- (2) Eve is seen running down the path towards the parking area.
- (3) Leonard is seen unobtrusively escorting Vandamm to the back of the crowd.
- (4) The Professor is seen pushing his way through the crowds surrounding Thornhill's body, saying: "Get back! Please! Don't touch anything!"
- (5) Eve is seen getting into Vandamm's car, gunning the motor, speeding away.
- (6) Leonard is seen moving up to the edge of the crowd surrounding Thornhill's body, maneuvering himself into position until he can see:

(7) The Professor kneeling over Thornhill's body, feeling the heart. He withdraws his hands, wipes blood from his fingers with a handkerchief and looks up gravely as a shocked murmur arises from the onlookers and one woman begins to cry.

147-153
CONT'D
(2)

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

154 OUT

EXT. DRIVEWAY ENTRANCE TO PARK - FEW MINUTES LATER

155

SHOOTING OVER the heads of hushed onlookers in f.g., we see two green-uniformed park attendants bearing Thornhill on a stretcher to the rear of a parked hospital van. Several men remove their hats as the stretcher goes by. The Professor is on hand to supervise as the stretcher is placed in the van and the rear doors are shut. Now the Professor gets in the front seat beside the driver, and the van drives off.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECLUDED ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

156

CAMERA IS ON a lovely wooded glen securely hidden from the main road that cuts through the Black Hills. Perhaps the Mt. Rushmore monument can be seen in the distance through the trees.. CAMERA PANS OVER, revealing the parked ambulance. The Professor is in the act of opening the back doors. He peers in.

PROFESSOR
Mr. Thornhill...

Thornhill rises with alacrity.

THORNHILL
Are we there?

PROFESSOR
No.

Thornhill looks off, sees someone and slides out of the ambulance to his feet. He stands for a moment looking off. Then, as he starts slowly forward, CAMERA EASES BACK ultimately to reveal Eve standing beside the white Lincoln convertible. During this, the Professor has started back toward the front of the ambulance, saying:

PROFESSOR
Don't be long.

Thornhill and Eve regard each other uncertainly as she starts moving toward him. CAMERA now EASES IN, ultimately to a TWO SHOT.

156
CONT'D
(2)

They continue to gaze at each other uncertainly. In a way, they are meeting for the first time, for it is the first time that they are together with Thornhill knowing who Eve is and with Eve aware that Thornhill knows who she is. (The play-acting scene at the cafeteria did not count, for they were prevented from acknowledging the true situation). After all that Eve has done to Thornhill and he has said to her, neither can be certain of the other's true feelings. It is a time for uneasiness, caution and tentative probing -- eventually giving way to what has always been apparent: the fact that they do like each other more than somewhat.

EVE

Hello...

THORNHILL

Hello...

A moment of silence.

EVE

Are you all right?

THORNHILL

Yes. I think so.

More silence. They move closer.

EVE

I asked the Professor to let me see you again...

THORNHILL

Oh?

He waits.

EVE

There isn't...much time...

THORNHILL (non-committal)

Isn't there?

EVE

I...wanted to tell you...I mean...apologize...

THORNHILL (without feeling)
 No need. I understand...
 (slightly bitter)
 All in the line of duty...

156
 CONT'D
 (3)

EVE
 I did treat you miserably...

THORNHILL (a self-accusation)
 I hated you for it...

EVE (faltering)
 And I didn't want you to...go
 on...thinking...

THORNHILL (softening
 slightly)
 I used some pretty harsh words.
 I'm...sorry...

EVE
 They hurt...deeply...

THORNHILL (defensively)
 Naturally, if I'd known...

EVE (defensively)
 I couldn't tell you...

THORNHILL
 No...

EVE
 Could I?

THORNHILL
 Of course not.

Eve gives the tiniest of shrugs. They gaze at each other. That is the whole situation. Nobody to blame really. No need for further apologies. They each were unkind to the other - but always with due cause. But mixed in with the unkind acts and harsh words had been other acts, other words, other feelings - no? Eve smiles at him tenderly.

EVE
 You didn't get hurt. I'm so
 relieved.

THORNHILL (eagerly)
 Of course I was hurt. How would
you have felt if -- ?

EVE
 I mean when you fell in the cafeteria,
 when I - bang bang - shot you.

THORNHILL (smiles)
Oh, that...No.

156
CONT'D
(4)

EVE (moving closer)
You did it rather well, I thought.

THORNHILL (pleased with
himself)
Yes - I was quite...graceful...

EVE (putting her hands
on him)
Considering that it's not really
your kind of work....

THORNHILL (touching her
tenderly)
I got into it by accident. What's
your excuse?

EVE
I met Phillip Vandamm at a party one
night and saw only his charm. I guess
I had nothing to do that weekend, so
I decided to fall in love...

THORNHILL (sorry he brought
the whole thing up)
That's nice.

EVE
Eventually, the Professor and his
Washington colleagues approached me
with a few sordid details about
Phillip and told me that my...
relationship with him made me
"uniquely valuable" to them.

THORNHILL (bridling)
So you turned Girl Scout.

EVE
Maybe it was the first time anyone
ever asked me to do anything worthwhile.

THORNHILL
Has life been like that?

EVE
Mm hmmm.

THORNHILL
How come?

EVE
Men like you.

THORNHILL (kissing her)
What's wrong with men like me?

156
CONT'D
(5)

EVE
They don't believe in marriage.

THORNHILL
I've been married twice.

EVE
See what I mean?

He looks at her with affection.

THORNHILL
Y'know something. I may go back to
hating you again. It was more fun.

EVE (with a trace of
sadness)
You're not going to have the chance.
There isn't time.
(she gives him a quick embrace)
Goodbye, Thornhill.

THORNHILL (holding her)
Wait a minute. Not so soon.

EVE
I have to get back to the house and
convince them I took the long way
around so nobody would follow me
there.

THORNHILL (holding her
even closer)
Can't we just stand like this for
a few more hours?

EVE
You're supposed to be critically
wounded.

THORNHILL
I never felt more alive.

EVE
Whose side are you on?

THORNHILL
Yours, always.

EVE
Then don't undermine my resolve,
just when I need it most.

They HEAR the SHORT BEEP OF A HORN and look off.
The Professor is motioning to Thornhill to come.

156

CONT'D
(6)

THORNHILL

I guess it's off to the hospital
for me...

(they start walking slowly)
...And back to danger for you. I
don't like it one bit.

EVE

Much safer now, thanks to you,
my darling decoy.

THORNHILL

Don't thank me. I couldn't stand it.

EVE

All right. I won't.

THORNHILL

And just as soon as your malevolent
friend Vandamm takes off tonight, I'm
going to undo my bandages, and you and
I are going to do a lot of apologizing
to each other, in private...

EVE (glancing at him
wistfully)

Don't talk like that...

THORNHILL

It's the way I feel...

EVE

You mustn't...

THORNHILL

I must...

EVE

You know it can't be.

THORNHILL (unconcerned)

Of course it can be.

Eve stops, looks up at him, disturbed. She glances
toward the Professor.

EVE

He has told you, hasn't he?

THORNHILL (puzzled)

Told me what?

Eve shakes her head, unable to speak.

PROFESSOR (coming up to them)
Miss Kendall - you've got to get
moving...

156
CONT'D
(7)

EVE (with a final embrace)
Goodbye, Thornhill...

THORNHILL (holding onto her)
Wait a minute...
(to the Professor)
What didn't you tell me?

Eve and the Professor glance at each other. There are tears in Eve's eyes now.

EVE
Why didn't you?

For a brief moment, the Professor's face reveals an all-too-human regret for what he has done. Then he looks at Thornhill and speaks crisply.

PROFESSOR
She's going off with Vandamm
tonight on the plane.

THORNHILL (stunned)
Going off with Vandamm?

PROFESSOR
That's why we've gone to such lengths
to make her a fugitive from justice
- so that Vandamm couldn't very well
decline to take her along --

THORNHILL
But you said --

PROFESSOR
I needn't tell you how valuable
she can be to us over there.

THORNHILL
You lied to me! You said after tonight--!

PROFESSOR
I needed your help...

THORNHILL (bitterly)
Well, you got it all right...

EVE (through tears)
Don't be angry...

THORNHILL (to Eve)
If you think I'm going to let you
go through with this dirty business--!

PROFESSOR

She has to,

156
CONT'D
(8)

THORNHILL (turning on him)

Nobody has to do anything! I
don't like the games you play,
Professor -- !

PROFESSOR

War is hell, Mr. Thornhill -- even
when it's a cold one.

THORNHILL (savagely)

-- If you fellows can't lick the
Vandamms without asking girls like
her to bed down with them and fly
away with them and probably never
come back alive, maybe you better
start learning to lose a few cold
wars!

PROFESSOR (quietly)

I'm afraid we're already doing that.

Suddenly Eve breaks away, runs for her car.
Thornhill goes after her, and the Professor
quickly motions to the ambulance driver to step
down.

AT THE CAR

157

Eve gets into the car, starts the motor, as
Thornhill catches up with her and pulls open the
door to stop her.

THORNHILL

I'm not going to let you...

EVE

Don't spoil everything now...please...

THORNHILL

Come on - out...

A hand taps him on the back. He turns.

CLOSE SHOT - THE AMBULANCE DRIVER

158

His fist is cocked, and moving on the backward
arc of a knockout punch.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THE CAR DOOR

159

Slamming shut as though it were illustrating the impact of fist on jaw. The car drives off with a SCREECH of tires, and we see Thornhill falling into the SHOT, and to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

160

START CLOSE ON A BEDSIDE RADIO. During broadcast PULL BACK TO REVEAL Thornhill in trousers and undershirt. His jacket, tie and red-stained shirt hang nearby. He is pacing back and forth, nervously smoking a cigarette.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

--in full view of scores of horrified men, women and children who had come to the park to see the famed Mt. Rushmore monument. Witnesses to the shooting described Kaplan's assailant as an attractive blonde in her late twenties. Kaplan, who was removed to the Rapid City Hospital in critical condition, has been tentatively identified as an employee of the federal government... The tragedy developed with startling suddenness. Chris Swenson, a busboy in the Mt. Rushmore cafeteria, stated that he heard voices raised in what seemed to be--

Thornhill angrily switches off the radio and snuffs out his cigarette in an ashtray with a violent thrust. He goes to the single window which is open, stares down at the street many stories below. He turns, walks toward the door, feeling his jaw and wincing with pain. He pulls at the doorknob, knowing it is locked but unable to resist giving it another try. Impatiently he hits at the unyielding door as though it were his enemy. He is locked in, and quite obviously he'd like to be out. He begins to pace the room again. Now he HEARS FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING in the hallway outside, then a KEY IN THE LOCK. Quickly, and with noticeable cunning, he lies down on the bed. The door opens and the Professor walks in carrying a brand new white shirt.

PROFESSOR (handing him the
shirt)
Here we are. Sixteen and three quarter
collar, thirty-five sleeves, no ketchup
stains.

160
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
Thanks.

He starts to put on the shirt.

PROFESSOR
How are you feeling?

THORNHILL
All right - considering that your
driver was born with a sledgehammer
instead of a hand.

PROFESSOR
Sorry about that.

THORNHILL (pretending)
No. I deserved it.
(gesturing toward the door)
And that locked door too...

PROFESSOR
If you were seen wandering about in
good health, it could prove fatal to
Miss Kendall...

THORNHILL
No need to lock me in anymore.

PROFESSOR
Good.

THORNHILL
I've been acting childish...

Thornhill turns away from the Professor and we
see on his face that he has ulterior motives.

PROFESSOR
We all do at times, where a woman
is concerned.

THORNHILL
I've already started to forget her.

PROFESSOR
Good...

THORNHILL
Yes.

PROFESSOR
Better that way.

THORNHILL

Much.

160
CONT'D
(3)

PROFESSOR

Inside of an hour she'll be gone.

Thornhill has to tighten his lips to keep from showing anything to the Professor other than utter lack of interest.

THORNHILL

How goes it in the world outside?

PROFESSOR

Fine. Mr. Kaplan's untimely shooting has now acquired the authority of the printed word. Enormous headlines. Everyone has been cooperating beautifully.

THORNHILL

You may now include me.

PROFESSOR

I'm most grateful.

THORNHILL

A favor in return?

PROFESSOR

Anything.

THORNHILL

A bottle of scotch. A pint'll do.

PROFESSOR

May I join you?

THORNHILL

Wonderful. Make it a quart.

The Professor goes to the door, opens it and looks back.

PROFESSOR

See you in a few minutes.

Thornhill smiles, the picture of friendly cooperation. The door closes softly. And almost before it has clicked shut, Thornhill's smile disappears. He seizes his jacket, struggles into it, closes his collar at the neck, stuffs his tie into his pocket and steps to the door. He turns the knob and pulls. To his surprise and dismay, the door is locked. The Professor has been one step ahead of him.

THORNHILL (with disgust)
Why, the dirty sneak.

160
CONT'D
(4)

He looks around, glances at his wristwatch, makes a decision, goes to the window and looks down at the street below. Then he takes a deep breath, swallows his fear and climbs out onto the ledge.

THE LEDGE

161

Thornhill inches his way along the shallow ledge until he comes to another window, partially open. He raises it as silently as he can and starts to climb in.

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM

162

The room is in darkness. Thornhill's silhouette is framed in the window as he climbs in. As his feet touch the floor, a light suddenly comes on. An attractive BRUNETTE has switched on the lamp on the night table and now sits up in bed. Thornhill holds a finger to his lips, starts toward the bed (and the door beyond).

BRUNETTE

Stop!

THORNHILL (softly, as
he walks by)

Excuse me.

The woman quickly takes her harlequin glasses from the night table, puts them on and looks at Thornhill as he goes past the bed and continues on to the door.

BRUNETTE (in an entirely
different tone of voice)

Stop...

Thornhill opens the door and walks out on the invitation.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD BEYOND MT. RUSHMORE - NIGHT

163

A taxi is speeding along a winding dirt road.

ANOTHER ANGLE

163X1

The cab slows down and comes to a stop near the beginning of a high stone wall.

CLOSER SHOT

163X2

As Thornhill gets out of the cab, the driver turns to him.

DRIVER

Sure you don't want me to take you right up there?

THORNHILL

No. This is fine.

The cab drives off.

164-165
OUT

THORNHILL

166

He looks about, then moves along the wall until he comes to a pair of heavy iron gates - the only entrance to the area beyond the wall. The gates are open. He goes through and sees:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - VANDAMM'S HOUSE

167

It is a sprawling modern structure in the Frank Lloyd Wright tradition set on a rise in the land at the end of a long driveway. Lights are ablaze. There is evidence of activity within.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WITH THORNHILL

168

Cautiously he approaches the house and makes his way around to the back. The terrain there is rocky and slopes sharply down to a level field. The house juts out over this slope, cantilever style. As Thornhill stands in the dark looking about, he suddenly sees:

THE FIELD BEHIND THE HOUSE

169

Two parallel rows of lights several hundred yards long. They are very clearly the runway lights of a

hidden landing strip. They flash off and on again, as though being tested, and then the field falls back into darkness.

169
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE - WITH THORNHILL

170

He turns around and starts up the slope, moving to his right towards the side of the house where the incline is less steep. Just as he reaches the house, he stops, on the alert, as he HEARS THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING CAR. He looks off, sees:

POINT OF VIEW

171

The headlights of the approaching car sweep along the driveway, and then the car itself is seen coming around the side of the house and pulling to a stop in the parking area. It is a small sedan. The driver gets out. It is Valerian. He is carrying a newspaper. At this moment, a side door of the house opens and a woman walks out to meet Valerian. It is the housekeeper last seen at the Townsend estate in Glen Cove. Together, they go toward the house, moving directly towards Thornhill.

THORNHILL

172

He quickly ducks beneath the cantilevered portion of the house and hides. He HEARS A DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, then FOOTSTEPS AND VOICES INSIDE THE HOUSE ABOVE HIM, the sound coming through the floor. Thornhill glances about, then decides to climb up one of the cantilevers. This will enable him to get a view of what might be going on inside the house. All the time that he has been underneath the house, he has been HEARING A MUMBLE OF VOICES FROM ABOVE. He moves forward.

173-174 CUT

ANOTHER ANGLE - EXT. HOUSE

175

Thornhill appears from beneath the house, groping his way up the diagonal beam of the cantilever and then climbing up onto the horizontal beam. He is now outside one of the large windows of the living-room. A section of the window is open. With cat-like stealth he moves along the cantilever towards the window, takes up a position in the shadows and peers inside.

INT. LIVING-ROOM - FROM THORNHILL

176

A large room, strikingly furnished, and dominated by a great chandelier which hangs suspended from the two-story-high beamed ceiling. A stairway at the far end leads to a balcony which runs the length of the room. Off this balcony are bedrooms. In f.g. near the window is a table on which can be seen some effects of Vandamm -- a black briefcase, books strapped together, boxes of his favorite cigarettes, and the pre-Columbian figure, the Tarascan Warrior, purchased at the auction. Vandamm and Eve are near the bar. Close to them is an opened newspaper. Eve appears strained. (Her parting with Thornhill has threatened her self-control considerably.) Vandamm, assuming that she is upset over the shooting, has been trying to comfort her in a soothing, gentle voice.

VANDAMM

--Nothing to worry about--

EVE

--I lost my head--

During following, Leonard enters in b.g. unobserved by them. He watches them with a curious smirk on his face, as though he were in possession of a delightful secret unknown to anyone but him.

VANDAMM

I'm not just saying this to make you feel better, my dear. I mean it...

EVE

I didn't know what I was doing...

VANDAMM

He was going to destroy you. You had to protect yourself...

EVE

But not endanger you...

VANDAMM

Nonsense. There's not a word, not a whisper that links you or me, any of us, with this thing. There would have been some hint on the radio or in the paper. Look for yourself.

EVE (shaking her head)

I don't want to look...

VANDAMM (with sympathy)

Or even think about it. I can understand that.

(he takes her face in his hands)
Will you ever forgive me, my dear?

EVE
Forgive you?

176
CONT'D
(2)

VANDAMM
For upsetting you so...for not
showing more confidence in your
devotion...

EVE (a wan smile)
Dear Phillip...

VANDAMM
Soon we'll be off together, and I
shall dedicate myself to your
happiness.

He kisses her gently, then turns toward Leonard.

VANDAMM
What's the situation, Leonard?

LEONARD (facetiously)
About the plane, you mean?

VANDAMM
Of course.. What was the last
report?

LEONARD
Over Whitestone on the hour. Six
thousand. Descending.

VANDAMM
Another ten minutes.

LEONARD
At the most.

VANDAMM
Bags?

LEONARD
Outside.

VANDAMM
Runway lights?

LEONARD
Checked.

VANDAMM
Good.

LEONARD

And now, I wonder if I could
have a few words of parting with
you, sir?

176
CONT'D
(3)

VANDAMM

Certainly.

LEONARD (looking at Eve)

In private?

Vandamm glances sharply at Leonard. Eve senses
tension, quickly relieves the situation.

EVE

I'll go upstairs and get my
things.

She starts up the stairs.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

177

Thornhill watches as Eve goes up to the balcony.
Leonard stares at her all the way, and Vandamm
peers at him, sensing hostility in his attitude.
When Eve disappears into one of the bedrooms,
Vandamm addresses Leonard with a trace of
facetiousness.

VANDAMM

Well, Leonard - how does one say
farewell to one's own right arm?

LEONARD

In your case, sir, I'm afraid
you're going to wish you had
cut it off sooner...

During the above interchange, Thornhill will
glance sharply up to his right when he sees
the lights go on in the balcony bedroom window,
and then Eve herself appear for a moment at the
window. The voices in the living-room dwindle
to an unintelligible drone as Thornhill backs
away from the open living-room window toward
the end of the cantilever beam. He is now in a
better position to attract Eve's attention. He
glances about for a pebble to throw, but he is too
far above ground to reach one. He takes a coin
from his pocket, glances cautiously towards the
living-room, then looks up and throws the coin
at Eve's window. It hits noisily and falls to the
ground below.

INTERCUT SEVERAL ANGLES

178-187

Eve appears at the window, looks out for a moment, then walks away.

Thornhill takes another coin from his pocket, throws it at the window and hits again.

Eve appears at the window, opens it and looks out..

Just as Thornhill starts to call to her, he glances sharply toward the living-room.

Leonard is walking briskly over to the open living-room window. In a moment he will see Thornhill.

Thornhill ducks back into the shadows against the house.

Leonard peers out of the living-room window to see the cause of the noise he had heard; Eve continues to look out of the bedroom window. Thornhill cannot move out to signal her. Seeing nothing, Eve closes the window again and walks away.

Thornhill glances toward the living-room window and his eyes widen:

Leonard has moved away from the window and, with his back to Vandamm, is taking a gun from his pocket and placing it on a table near the window, as Vandamm talks in b.g., his words unintelligible.

Thornhill edges up to the window, as Leonard turns around, the gun concealed on the table behind him. The dialogue becomes intelligible again.

INTERCUT INT. LIVING-ROOM & CLOSEUPS OF THORNHILL LISTENING

188-192

LEONARD

You must have had some doubts about her yourself, and still do --

VANDAMM (disturbed, and trying to conceal it)
Rubbish...

LEONARD

--Why else would you have decided not to tell her that our little treasure here...
(patting the figure of the Tarascan Warrior)
...has a bellyfull of microfilm?

VANDAMM (angrily)

You seem to be trying to fill mine with rotten apples.

LEONARD
Sometimes the truth does taste
like a mouthful of worms, sir.

188-192
CONT'D
(2)

VANDAMM (snorts)
What truth? I've heard nothing
but innuendoes.

LEONARD
Call it my woman's intuition if
you will, but I've never trusted
neatness. Neatness is always the
result of deliberate planning.

VANDAMM (defensively)
She shot him in a moment of fear and
anger. You were there. You saw it.

LEONARD (nods)
And thereby wrapped everything up
into one very neat and tidy bundle:
(during the preceding speech, he
picks up the gun, holds it behind
his back and advances further into
the room, the CAMERA FOLLOWING
THROUGH THE WINDOW)

A. She removed any doubts you might
have had about (what did you call it)
her "devotion"? and B. She gave
herself a new and urgent reason to
be taken over to the other side with
you, just in case you decided to change
your mind.

Vandamm manages a laugh, but it is not very convincing.

VANDAMM
You know what I think? I think
you're jealous of her. I mean it.
And I'm touched, dear boy. Really
touched.

Suddenly Leonard brings the gun out from behind his
back and points it at the startled Vandamm.

VANDAMM (sharply)
Leonard!

Leonard pulls the trigger, fires point blank at
Vandamm. There is a SHARP REPORT. Vandamm stands
there, stunned but unharmed.

LEONARD (softly)
The gun she shot Kaplan with. I
found it in her luggage.

WAIST SHOT - VANDAMM

193

The CAMERA is VERY HIGH, looking down on him. As the full realization of what this means sinks in, the CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS to examine his expression, and the ANGLE becomes a BIG HEAD. Vandamm's reaction is carefully controlled. He is too big a man to let Leonard see the humiliation and anger he feels at having been duped by Eve.

LEONARD'S VOICE (during above)

It's an old Gestapo trick. Shoot one of your own people to show that you're not one of them. They've just freshened it up a bit with blank cartridges.

Vandamm gives a little sigh.

VANDAMM

What a pity...

From upstairs, the SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING. Vandamm looks up, and his brooding expression quickly changes to a wistful smile.

VANDAMM

Ready, dear?

CLOSE SHOT - EVE

194

Standing at the balcony railing looking down at him.

EVE

I thought I heard a shot...

FULL SHOT - THE LIVING ROOM

195

VANDAMM (calmly)

Yes...so did we...

(moves toward the window)

Must have been a car backfiring or something.

(looks out)

Hurry down, pet. Almost time to go.

EVE

In a moment.

She goes back into her room. Leonard moves at Vandamm, speaking in a harsh voice.

LEONARD
You're not taking her on that
plane with you?

195
CONT'D
(2)

VANDAMM
Of course I am.

Leonard stares at him. Vandamm looks back at him
the way an adult looks at a small boy.

VANDAMM
Like our friends, I too believe
in neatness, Leonard.
(a pause)
This matter is best disposed of
from a great height...over water.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

196

Aghast at what he has heard.

WIDER ANGLE

197

Thornhill backs away from the open window, looks
up at Eve's bedroom. The light is still on.
Inside the living-room, Valerian has entered in
b.g. and is receiving instructions from Vandamm.
Leonard has taken up a position near the open
window. Even if he thought it would do any good,
Thornhill would not dare hurl another coin at
Eve's window now. His lips tighten. He makes a
decision, starts to climb up the side of the
house to her room.

CLOSE ANGLE - THORNHILL

198

The CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he makes his way pre-
cariously up the side of the house. Eve's window
is beyond him and always in view. We SEE her
moving about and putting on her things during his
climb. There is little on which Thornhill can gain
purchase as he climbs, little to hang on to. He
cuts his hand. Several times he almost crashes
to disaster. The last few feet are the hardest.
He claws his way to the window sill of Eve's
bedroom, grabs it with his left hand, pulls
himself up, gets his right hand working, and
with a final gasp, gets his body up high enough
to be able to see through the closed window
into the room. Just as his head clears the

sill, the lights in the room go out and, over his shoulder, we see Eve silhouetted in the doorway, walking out.

198
CONT'D
(2)

199-203 OT

INT. BEDROOM

204

Thornhill, outside the window, stares dejectedly through the glass, then silently works the window open. He climbs into the room and stands there for a moment in the semi-darkness catching his breath. He looks at his cut hand, takes out his handkerchief and presses it into the bleeding palm. Then he steps cautiously to the doorway and looks out over the living-room below. He cannot see much of the room because of the balcony, and his unfavorable vantage point. But he can hear voices:

VANDAMM'S VOICE

How about a little champagne before we go?

EVE'S VOICE

I'd love it.

VANDAMM'S VOICE (after he walks to bar)

It may not be cold enough.

EVE'S VOICE

Over the rocks will be all right.

VANDAMM'S VOICE

Really?

EVE'S VOICE

Sure.

VANDAMM'S VOICE

Good idea.

Suddenly Thornhill glances back toward the open window, alarmed at what he HEARS -- THE FIRST FAINT DRONE OF AN APPROACHING PLANE. He looks about desperately, not knowing what to do. His eyes fall on the handkerchief still held in his hand. He sees his monogram: "ROT" on the cloth. He glances toward the doorway, and an idea is born. He feels in his side pocket and takes out a match folder. (In an INSERT, we see that the match folder is the same one he and Eve discussed at dinner on the train. It bears his personal trademark: ROT.) He takes a pen from his pocket, opens the match folder and writes a

message on the inside of the cover: "THEY'RE ON TO YOU! COME UP TO YOUR ROOM!" He closes the folder, goes to the doorway and moves cautiously out to the balcony.

204
CONT'D
(2)

205-206 OUT

HIGH ANGLE

207

SHOOTING DOWN over Thornhill in f.g. as he edges forward on the balcony, we see more of the living-room below. Eve is seated on the arm of a sofa. Her handbag is on the coffee table. Vandamm is turning away from the bar, walking toward her with a glass of champagne-on-the-rocks in each hand. He gives her one, and they click glasses.

VANDAMM

To you, my dear...and all the lovely moments we've had together...

EVE

Thank you, Phillip.

As they drink, Leonard enters, walks toward the window.

LEONARD

He's circling.

Vandamm turns away from Eve, starts toward Leonard and the window. At this, Thornhill tosses the folder of matches down at Eve. Just as he does so, she takes a sip of champagne and fails to see the folder land on the floor nearby.

LOW ANGLE - IN LIVING-ROOM

208

VANDAMM (to Leonard)

Jump in. The champagne is fine.

LEONARD

There isn't time.

VANDAMM (ruefully)

You always were a spoil-sport, weren't you?

LEONARD (starting past

him towards Eve)

One of my most valuable attributes, as it now turns out.

Automatically he stoops down and picks up the match folder lying on the floor, playing with it idly as he addresses Eve. (THORNHILL WATCHES IN AGONY.)

208
CONT'D
(2)

LEONARD

It would please me if you would think of me as being along on this journey, if only in spirit....

EVE

I shall, Leonard...

Leonard tosses the match folder to the coffee table before her and turns away, so that she cannot see his harsh expression. Eve sets her glass down on the coffee table as the SOUND of the PLANE GROWS LOUDER. And then she sees the match folder.

CLOSEUP - EVE

209

For a moment she is puzzled. Then her glance goes to the floor where she had seen Leonard pick up the matches. Realization begins to dawn on her.

VANDAMM'S VOICE (o.s.)

Come along, Eve.

EVE

All right...

She gets to her feet, takes a cigarette from the coffee table, puts it between her lips and takes up the matches. We are VERY CLOSE as she opens the folder and reads Thornhill's message while striking a match and lighting the cigarette.

ANOTHER ANGLE

210

She looks up, sees the two men standing there waiting for her. She starts toward them, then suddenly feels her ear.

EVE

Oh, I think I left my earrings upstairs...

Before they can say anything, she runs right past them and up the stairs, clutching the match folder tightly.

EVE

Be right down.

Vandamm and Leonard glance at each other, then look toward her as she goes upstairs. 210
CONT'D
(2)

POINT OF VIEW - FROM MEN 210X1

Eve going up the stairs and along the balcony to her room.

CLOSE SHOT - VANDAMM & LEONARD 210X2

Watching her.

INT. BEDROOM 211

Thornhill draws back into the bedroom as he sees Eve coming. She runs into the room, snaps on the light. He grabs her and pulls her towards the window as they speak in very fast, urgent whispers.

THORNHILL

Quick! We can make it through the window! There's a car downstairs!

EVE (struggling)

Get away from here, you idiot!
You'll ruin everything!

THORNHILL

Ruin everything? They know all about the fake shooting! They're going to do away with you!

EVE

What're you talking about?

THORNHILL

Leonard found the gun in your luggage! You heard the shot!...

Eve stares at him, then glances quickly towards the door as she hears FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

THORNHILL

...And I heard them say the figure they bought at the auction last night is filled with microfilm!

Eve turns, looks at Thornhill.

EVE

So that's how he's been getting the information.

LEONARD'S VOICE (from
balcony)
Miss Kendall?

211
CONT'D
(2)

She breaks away and goes quickly toward the door.

THORNHILL (calling after her)
Don't get on that plane! I'll get
the car!

She snaps off the light and hurries out to:

THE BALCONY

212

-- Just in time to head off Leonard, who has reached the top of the stairs. She closes the bedroom door behind her and goes quickly towards him. He stops, waits for her and they both start down the stairs.

213 OUT

THE LIVING-ROOM

214

As Eve and Leonard descend the stairs, Vandamm is talking in a reassuring tone of voice to the housekeeper, who appears troubled.

VANDAMM
Don't worry, Anna. Arrangements
have been made. You and your
husband will be over the Canadian
border by morning.

HOUSEKEEPER
Thank you, sir.

VANDAMM
Be careful now.

HOUSEKEEPER
We will, sir. And God bless you.

Vandamm turns and picks up the pre-Columbian figure while Leonard crosses over and picks up the briefcase, the books and the cigarettes. Eve's glance is on the figure held by Vandamm as he comes over to her. The three of them now start out through the exit door under the stairs as the housekeeper starts up the room. As the housekeeper goes out of the picture we SEE the balcony bedroom door open and Thornhill cautiously stepping forward and looking out.

POINT OF VIEW

214X1

The housekeeper is retreating toward the other end of the room.

CLOSE SHOT - THE HOUSEKEEPER

214X2

Her walk slows up as she sees:

INSERT - A TURNED OFF TELEVISION SET

214X3

It reflects Thornhill standing on the distant balcony behind her.

CLOSE SHOT - PROFILE OF HOUSEKEEPER

214X4

She is still walking slowly. She turns her head ever so slightly, conscious of Thornhill's presence, and then makes her way around a corner out of sight.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

214X5

Satisfied that the woman is gone, he goes quickly along the balcony and down the stairs, CAMERA FOLLOWING. As he reaches the bottom step, he hears:

HOUSEKEEPER'S VOICE

Stay where you are!

Thornhill turns, startled and sees:

POINT OF VIEW

214X6

The housekeeper slowly advancing towards him from the far end of the room. She is holding a gun, pointed at him.

WIDER ANGLE

214X7

She stops within a few yards of him, motions toward a nearby chair.

HOUSEKEEPER

Sit down.

(Thornhill sits)

As soon as the plane leaves,
Mr. Leonard and my husband will
be back.

214X7
CONT'D
(2)

Thornhill looks desperately toward the exit door.

215-216 OUT

EXT. HOUSE - DOLLY SHOT

217

Eve, Vandamm and Leonard have emerged from the house and are walking away from it toward the landing strip. Vandamm is holding Eve's arm. Leonard is walking behind them. They look off as they SEE:

REVERSE ANGLE - MOVING POINT OF VIEW

217X1

A twin-engined plane is letting down at the far end of the lighted runway, its landing lights ablaze.

EVE, VANDAMM AND LEONARD - DOLLY SHOT

218

The group are continuing their walk toward the plane. Now CAMERA MOVES in to a CLOSE SHOT of EVE, as she walks. We see her anxious expression. The CAMERA EASES AWAY to a THREE SHOT, and Eve's expression changes to a simulated, nonchalant one.

CLOSEUP - EVE

218X1

She looks over her shoulder, back toward the house.

POINT OF VIEW - THE HOUSE

218X2

No sign of Thornhill.

THREE SHOT

218X3

Vandamm is looking at Eve as she turns forward again.

VANDAMM
What is it?

218X3
CONT'D
(2)

EVE (vaguely)
I was wondering about those
earrings...

VANDAMM
They'll turn up.

CAMERA EASES IN CLOSE ON EVE AGAIN as she continues
to walk. On her face we see increasing apprehension.
She looks ahead.

POINT OF VIEW

218X4

The landed plane is taxiing towards the group. The
silhouetted figure of Valerian is seen standing
beside the baggage at the end of the runway.

ANOTHER ANGLE

218X5

The plane comes to a stop; the group arrives, and
the cabin door is immediately opened from the
inside. As Valerian starts to pass the baggage
up to the man inside,

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - EVE

218X6

She looks back toward the house with desperation.

POINT OF VIEW - THE HOUSE

218X7

Still no sign of Thornhill.

AT THE PLANE

218X8

While Valerian continues to dispose of the luggage,
Vandamm, still holding Eve by the arm, turns to
Leonard.

VANDAMM
When you return to New York,
do say goodbye to my sister for
me, and thank her for her superb
performance as Mrs. Townsend...

LEONARD
I'll do that.

VANDAMM (gesturing toward
Valerian)
...And you might tell your knife-
throwing chum that I've reassured
his wife.

LEONARD
Right.

During this, Eve has been glancing about as though
looking for a final means of escape. Her glance
goes to Vandamm's hand still gripping her arm. She
tries unsuccessfully to ease away from his grip.
Leonard, seeing her actions, eases himself over to
block any attempted escape she might be planning.

VANDAMM
I guess that's all, Leonard.
He starts to lead Eve toward the steps of the
plane.

LEONARD (looking at Eve)
Happy landing.

CLOSEUP - EVE

218X9

Panic begins to seize her. Suddenly, from the
house, comes the SOUND of TWO QUICK GUNSHOTS.

THE GROUP

218X10

All turn their heads quickly.

POINT OF VIEW - FLASH

218X11

The flying figure of Thornhill is seen dashing
out of the house and into the sedan parked outside.

THE GROUP

218X12

Still looking off. Suddenly Eve, finding herself momentarily free of Vandamm's grip and Leonard's observation, grabs the Tarascan Warrior from Vandamm's arm and dashes out of the scene toward the house. Over this, we HEAR the distant CAR STARTING UP. Leonard looks quickly at Vandamm for instructions.

VANDAMM (sharply)
Get that figure back!

Leonard dashes away, with Valerian joining him,

REVERSE ANGLE

218X13

Eve is running a few paces ahead of the two men, the sedan speeding toward her. The car starts to pull up and its side door flies open as Eve reaches it.

SIDE-ON ANGLE

218X14

The car stops. Eve leaps in.

THORNHILL (yells)
Lock it!

She slams the door just as the two men arrive. They tug at the handle. Thornhill guns the car away.

MEDIUM SHOT

218X15

The two men are flung back as the car drives off. It makes a wide circle and speeds toward the house over rough ground.

INT. CAR

218X16

EVE (breathlessly)
What happened? Are you all right?

THORNHILL
Can you imagine? The housekeeper had me pinned down for five minutes before I realized it was that same silly gun of yours.

He flashes a glance at the figure in her hands. 218X16
CONT'D
(2)

THORNHILL
I see you got the..uh...pumpkin.

EVE (grimly)
Yes.

LANDING FIELD 218X17

Vandamm has just reached the two men.

VALERIAN
Don't worry, sir. The gates
are locked.

AT THE GATES 219-231 OUT
232

The car comes to a screeching stop before the
locked gates. Thornhill jumps out and starts
tugging at the chains.

CLOSEUP - EVE IN CAR 232X1

Still clutching the figure, she looks forward
toward Thornhill anxiously, then looks back.

POINT OF VIEW 233

With the house in the distance, she sees the
running figures of Leonard and Valerian.

OBJECTIVE SHOT - THE CAR AND THE GATES 233X1

Eve scrambles out of the car, runs toward Thornhill.
He turns, sees the men coming. Together, he and
Eve run OUT OF THE SHOT.

LEONARD & VALERIAN 233X2

Running after them.

INT. FOREST - DOLLY SHOT - MOONLIGHT

234

The "forest" is really no more than a shallow, heavily wooded area. Thornhill and Eve come running in, and CAMERA MOVES with them as they scramble over rocks, fallen trees and other obstacles. Eve is encumbered by her scarf, handbag and the figure she is carrying.

THORNHILL

Here. Give me that.

He takes the figure from her. They run on. Suddenly Eve is brought up short as the scarf around her neck gets caught on a pine tree. Thornhill stops, turns to her and they struggle to get her loose.

FLASH - LEONARD & VALERIAN

234X1

Crashing through the forest after them.

THORNHILL & EVE

234X2

Still trying to extricate her. Finally they unwind her from the scarf, abandon it and run out of SHOT.

LEONARD & VALERIAN

234X3

Running after them.

LONG SHOT - EXTERIOR FOREST

234X4

In the distance, we SEE the running figures of Thornhill and Eve emerge from the forest into an open clearing. They continue TOWARD CAMERA until, in a CLOSE SHOT, they come to a sudden stop and look off ahead.

POINT OF VIEW

234X5

About fifty to a hundred yards ahead, they SEE the back of the Mt. Rushmore Monument. The heads of the presidents are moonlit. Beyond is yawning space, and beyond that, the distant horizon.

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THORNHILL'S VOICE
Uh oh. Didn't know you were here,
gentlemen.

235X5
CONT'D
(2)

STRAIGHT ON TWO SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

234X6

THORNHILL (still looking
ahead)
No good this way. We're on top
of the monument.

He now looks off to his right and slightly behind
him.

POINT OF VIEW

234X7

In the distance, Valerian is SEEN emerging from
the forest.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

234X8

Eve, looking off in another direction, grabs
Thornhill's arm.

EVE
Look!

Thornhill looks off.

POINT OF VIEW

234X9

Leonard has emerged from the woods in another
spot.

PROFILE SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

234X10

He grabs her arm and starts running with her in
the only direction they can go -- towards the
edge of the monument. CAMERA DOLLIES ALONG with
them until they start slowing down. CAMERA COMES
TO A STOP.

REVERSE ANGLE - FULL VIEW OF PART OF MONUMENT

235 OUT
236

We see the tiny figures of Thornhill and Eve
approach the edge.

WAIST SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

237

As they peer down.

POINT OF VIEW

238

The presidents' faces as seen from the edge, with moonlight revealing the depth below.

WAIST SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

239

They turn, look back once more at their pursuers.

THORNHILL

C'mon. Down we go.

EVE (looking down again)

We can't.

THORNHILL

No choice. C'mon.

They start down and go OUT of SHOT.

240-241
OUT

LONG SHOT - CROSS ANGLE - THE MONUMENT

242

SHOOTING PAST Lincoln's face in f.g., we SEE Thornhill and Eve making their precarious way down the sloping crevice between Jefferson's face and the rear of Washington's head.

CLOSE ANGLE - THORNHILL & EVE

242X1

As they work their way down:

THORNHILL (grimly)

A funny thing happened to me the other day on my way to the theatre.

EVE

What?

THORNHILL

Skip it.

COMPREHENSIVE SHOT OF LEONARD & VALERIAN

243

Still fairly far apart, arriving at the edge. Leonard is at the top of the crevice. Valerian is on Washington's head.

CLOSE ANGLE - THORNHILL & EVE

244

They look up and SEE:

POINT OF VIEW

245

Leonard starting down after them.

MED. SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

246

Continuing their perilous descent down the slope.

THORNHILL

If we get out of this alive, let's
go back to New York on a train
together. All right?

EVE

Is that a proposition?

THORNHILL

No - a proposal.

He loses his footing, slips, dangles precariously.
Eve reaches down, tries to help him.

EVE

What happened to the first two
marriages?

THORNHILL (struggling)

My wives divorced me.

EVE

Why?

THORNHILL (still struggling)

I think they...said I...led...too
dull a life...

He regains a safe foothold.

CLOSE SHOT - VALERIAN

247

Sliding rapidly down a sloping ledge to Washington's
right shoulder and starting across.

LONG SHOT - CROSS ANGLE - THE MONUMENT

248

With Lincoln's nose and lips in f.g., we SEE Valerian making his way across beneath Washington's chin to head off Thornhill and Eve, who are coming down toward Washington's left shoulder with Leonard scrambling down after them.

HIGH ANGLE - LEONARD

249

Below him in b.g. are Thornhill and Eve. Leonard accidentally dislodges a precariously balanced rock. It starts to tumble down the slope.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

250

Their backs are to CAMERA. They HEAR the rumbling rock, turn, eyes wide with dismay. There is no time for them to move out of the path of disaster.

POINT OF VIEW

251

The rock is crashing down toward CAMERA. At the last moment, just as it is about to smash into its intended victims, the rock hits a snag and goes flying off at a tangent into the yawning depths below.

THORNHILL & EVE

252

For a brief moment, stunned into immobility by their brush with death.

EVE (in a hollow voice)
I just thought of a new drink...

THORNHILL (still staring
ahead)
Really?

EVE
People, on-the-rocks.

Thornhill gives her a look. She gives a little shrug. And then they quickly start down the ledge on Washington's left shoulder. (Right here,

From: Ernest Lehman

North By Northwest
10-15-58

POSSIBLE AD LIBS FOR SCENE 252
(AND OTHER MOMENTS DURING CHASE)

THORNHILL: You're wearing too much. Take something off.

EVE: Like what?

THORNHILL: Your shoes! Get rid of the jacket!
(pointing to her handbag) And that valise!

EVE: Mind if I keep my girdle on?

* * *

EVE: Oh darn - there goes my stocking.

THORNHILL: C'mon. This is no time to darn stockings.

* * *

EVE (after Thornhill stumbles precariously): Your slip is showing.

THORNHILL (sourly): Laugh? I thought I'd die.

* * *

EVE: We should have taken the escalator down.

* * *

THORNHILL (laboring for breath): My mis-spent youth is catching up with me.

EVE (looking back): That isn't all that's catching up with you.

* * *

THORNHILL (staring at the Presidents' faces): That reminds me - I forgot to register.

Eve's handbag, shoes and suit-jacket become hopelessly encumbering. Thornhill makes her get rid of whatever she can. The shoes go flying away. So too the jacket, with womanly regrets. But Eve makes Thornhill stuff some of the contents of her handbag into his pockets before she hurls the handbag to the depths below. During this striptease, there should be some ad-libbed comments.) Preoccupied with their physical efforts, they are not aware of Valerian approaching in b.g. He gets closer and closer and now, with upraised knife, is about to stab Thornhill when Eve, turning suddenly, sees Valerian and shouts:

EVE

Look out!

Thornhill swings around, hits Valerian's wrist and deflects the downward arc of the knife in mid-air. Then he quickly gives Eve the figure, and shouts:

THORNHILL

Keep going...!

Eve moves on, with Leonard coming down after her, as Thornhill faces Valerian again.

CLOSE ANGLE - THORNHILL & VALERIAN

253

Struggling to the death, with the knife poised between them in Valerian's hand.

THORNHILL (gasping)

I'm beginning...to think....you don't....like me....

They wrestle each other to the ground, then roll over the edge and begin to slide down toward a precipitous drop, still struggling.

CLOSE SHOT - EVE

254

Looking back for a moment just as the two men start their slide. She turns away and scrambles on as she sees Leonard almost upon her.

THORNHILL & VALERIAN

255

Still sliding down. At the very edge of the precipice, Thornhill manages to break free,

and the sudden release causes Valerian to plunge to his death with a terrible scream. Thornhill gets to his feet, looks off, SEES Leonard about to catch up with Eve. He starts toward them.

255
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE ANGLE - EVE & LEONARD

256

Leonard grabs Eve, wrests the figure from her grasp and gives her a vicious shove that sends her down to what appears to be certain death. But as she slips down, she manages to catch hold of a ridge in the precipitous slope and dangles there, unable to move.

ANOTHER ANGLE

257

As Thornhill arrives on the scene, Leonard is starting away with the figure. Thornhill clambers down to rescue Eve.

THORNHILL

Hang on!

He lowers himself down to Eve, placing himself in a perilous position. His only purchase is one hand gripping the edge above him while the other hand reaches out to take Eve's outstretched hand.

258-259
OUT

CLOSE SHOT - EVE

260

In her effort to reach Thornhill's hand, her feet apply pressure to the ridge she has been standing on. Just as their hands meet, the ridge breaks off and her legs dangle in mid-air.

OBJECTIVE SHOT

260X1

Thornhill, hanging on to the ledge above him with one hand, is holding Eve from death below with his other hand.

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

260X2

Turning into CAMERA with desperation to look over the ledge above him. He SEES:

POINT OF VIEW

Leonard still moving away.

260X3

CLOSE SHOT - THORNHILL

THORNHILL
Leonard!

260X4

POINT OF VIEW - FROM THORNHILL

Leonard stops, turns and looks back.

261

THORNHILL'S VOICE (o.s.)
For God's sake...

Leonard starts down towards him. As he approaches, the CAMERA BEGINS to PAN DOWN his body until suddenly Thornhill's hand appears in f.g. gripping the ledge. The feet of Leonard slowly approach and come to a stop a few inches from the hand. Then one foot is raised and gently placed on the hand.

262-266
OUT

CLOSEUP - THORNHILL

Glancing up sharply, reacting as he feels the pressure of the shoe on his fingers and realizes what is about to happen.

267

CLOSEUP - LEONARD

Looking down without expression as he leans forward slightly and deliberately applies the full weight of his body onto the fingers.

268

CLOSEUP - THORNHILL

In horrible agony.

269

THORNHILL (gasps)
Don't...I...can't....

Eve cries out.

CLOSEUP - SHOE PRESSED ON HAND

270

THORNHILL'S VOICE (o.s.)
Have to...let...go...

Suddenly there is the CRACK of a GUN which reverberates through the monument. The shoe relaxes its pressure for a moment and the figure drops from Leonard's grasp to the ledge beside the hand and smashes, revealing several rolls of microfilm.

LONG SHOT - TOP OF THE MONUMENT

271

A brief flash of a group of silhouetted figures looking down.

CLOSEUP - THORNHILL

272

Glancing briefly at the smashed figure and the microfilm, then looking up.

LOW ANGLE - LEONARD

273

Mortally wounded, looking down with dying eyes, then starting to fall toward CAMERA.

THORNHILL & EVE

274

Recoiling as Leonard's body falls past them.

LOW ANGLE - TOP OF MONUMENT

275

In a FULL FIGURE SHOT, we see the group on the monument at close range: the Professor, holding a pair of binoculars; Vandamm, flanked by two uniformed State Troopers, one of whom is holding the revolver that fired the shot. Below them, two more State Police clamber down the slope to rescue Thornhill and Eve and disappear out of SHOT.

PROFESSOR (staring down
worriedly)
Well done, Sergeant.

VANDAMM (sardonically)
Rather unsporting, don't you
think...using real bullets?

275
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - THORNEHILL

276

Looking down with tension on his face.

THORNEHILL (with exertion)
Here...reach...now...

EVE'S VOICE (o.s. - gasping)
I'm...trying...

THORNEHILL
Come on...I've got you...up...

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - EVE

277

Looking up, her face showing physical effort.

EVE
Can't make it --

THORNEHILL'S VOICE (o.s.)
Yes you can...Come on...

EVE (strained)
Pull harder...

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - THORNEHILL

278

THORNEHILL
There...that's it...

BIG HEAD CLOSEUP - EVE

279

EVE (moving up)
Ah...good...

She starts to laugh.

MED. SHOT - THORNHILL & EVE

280

As she lands beside him, we realize that they are not on Mt. Rushmore after all, but are sitting side by side, feet dangling from the upper berth of a drawing-room in a train standing in a station at NIGHT. He has been lifting her up with difficulty because the lower berth is not open. From outside, a VOICE calls out: "Board!"

EVE (still laughing)
This is silly, Thornhill.

THORNHILL
I know. But I'm sentimental.

He puts his arms around her, and as they kiss lovingly, we SEE the hand that was stepped on. Each finger is neatly taped with a Band-Aid. Just then, the train jerks into motion.

EXT. TRAIN

281

We are SHOOTING toward the rear of the observation car as the train rolls off into the night.

FADE OUT:

THE END