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# Man Hunt

By Dudley Nichols

London.

Heil Hitler!

Doktor.

Captain Alan Thorndike, Englander.

T- H-O-R-N-D-I-K-E.

K- E.

Langsam. Langsam.

Please be seated, Captain Thorndike.

Thank you.

Have a cigarette.

Thank you.

You know, if you just walked up to this house in a normal way, instead of, uh- you would've been invited to lunch by our fhrer.

I've anticipated the pleasure of meeting you for years.

I'm afraid I don't know-

Like you, my dear Thorndike, I had but one passion in life... and that is the hunting of big game.

I'm convinced that I would've become more famous even than yourself... if I hadn't renounced it in favor of politics.

Politics?

Yes, I, uh, find it a more exciting field of action- my branch of it.

You're surprised that I know your name so well.

I was in Nairobi on my own safari the year that all Kenya rang with your exploits.

So you see, it's quite natural that I should know who you are.

Yes.

And also you've taken, uh... my passport.

Nonetheless, my dear Thorndike, I should've recognized you on sight- a man whose brother was a guest in this house only last September.

So you know my brother?

When Lord Risborough was sent here by

your prime minister on a mission of appeasement.  
I found him a credulous simpleton.  
Do you know, Thorndike, that this is  
the most closely guarded house in the world?  
Rather.  
I would've staked my life  
that no living thing...  
could've entered this area  
without being seen.  
But then, of course,  
we didn't count upon a creature...  
that has learned to stalk  
the most cunning animal...  
that can catch scents  
upon the Wind...  
that has mastered the trick of moving  
through a forest as if he were transparent.  
Look out there.  
For 500 yards, not a tree, not a shrub.  
A man running towards this house would  
be cut down before he'd taken five steps.  
And yet on that ledge above...  
was a man with a precision rifle...  
and a High degree of intelligence  
and skill that is required to use it.  
Your judgment of distance  
is uncanny, Thorndike.  
The sights were set at 550 yards,  
only 10 feet short of the exact range.  
I checked it.  
Obviously, my dear Thorndike,  
such a man cannot be allowed to live.  
Surely you don't think  
I'm an assassin.  
You were stopped  
before you could shoot.  
But I could have easily.  
Good heavens, man,  
I never Intended to shoot.  
I merely wanted to find out  
if it were possible.  
That was the excitement of it-  
the danger, the fun.  
It was that fellow jumping me

that made my gun go off.  
You disappoint me, Thorndike.  
I daresay I have been a bit thick...  
but, well, from the way you talked  
about hunting and all that...  
I assumed you knew  
it was a sporting stalk.  
A what?  
A sporting stalk. Stalking the game  
you're after for the fun of it- not to kill.  
Oh, I'm not begging off  
from any consequences...  
but you will permit me to doubt  
your claims as a hunter of big game...  
if you fail to understand the fascination  
for a man who's hunted all commoner game...  
of hunting the biggest game  
on Earth.  
That's it. Precisely.  
The most dangerous  
of all animals- man.  
But you don't kill.  
The sport is in the chase, not the kill.  
I don't kill any longer,  
not even small game.  
I know what I can do with a rifle.  
If I can stalk an animal and get within range,  
the rest is a mathematical certainty.  
And that's sheer cruelty,  
and I don't like cruelty.  
The real fun is matching my wits  
against the instinct of an animal...  
that Isn't going to let me  
get near enough to shoot.  
Your conversation  
fascinates me, Thorndike.  
But this softness in your nature with  
regard to the ultimate purpose of firearms...  
betrays the weakness, the decadence,  
not only of yourself but of your entire race.  
Yes, you're symbolic  
of the English race.  
I'm beginning to think that  
you're symbolic of yours.

We Nazis are finding a new life,  
a new vitality for our people...

by returning to  
the primitive virtues.

Such as going back  
to the barbarism of decapitation?

We do not hesitate to destroy  
in order to create a new world.

God help it.

I'm sorry for you.

And I for you, Thorndike-  
you and your world.

- Heil Hitler!

- Heil Hitler!

Heil Hitler!

You will leave this country  
a free man.

You can return to your position and  
friends in spite of what you've done.

- On what condition?

- Your name signed to this.

Later, it will be witnessed by the chief  
of secret police and other officials.

What is it? A suicide note?

It is a confession that on  
this 29th day of July, 1939...

you have attempted to  
assassinate our fhrer...

and that you have undertaken this crime  
with the approval of your government.

I what?

That you have acted  
as an assassin for the British government.

I can't believe you're serious.

Do you expect me to sign a lie?

- You still insist you had no intention to shoot?

- Of course.

I told you it was a sporting stalk.

- Then why didn't you leave your rifle behind?

- Uh-

I've asked myself that.

And I think the answer is that-

that it wouldn't have been sporting,  
it wouldn't have been playing the game.

Nothing betrays the hypocrisy of the English more than their use of playing the game. "

- One plays a game to win, Thorndike.

- Nonsense.

I don't expect you to understand.

Even pulling the trigger

on an empty gun was a-

oh, a kind of cheating with myself.

- It-It didn't prove anything. I did, you know?

- Oh, naturally.

It had to be a loaded rifle

with my finger on the trigger...

with only my individual will,

my civilized conscience...

- between me and the extermination of your strutting little Caesar.

- Thorndike!

I mean no insult, but how do you expect me

to describe a man who wants to play God...

and have everyone else in the world

run around and say, Heil Hitler"?

- Thorndike, I warn you.

- Oh, no, thank you.

Oh.

For the last time,

will you sign this document?

You are in no position to refuse.

That's for me to decide, isn't it?

You're thinking it is easy

to throw away your life.

Yes, it is.

But, uh, how well do you stand pain?

If you won't listen to me,

you'll have to talk it over with these men.

I would save you from their persuasion.

Very well.

Tell him His Excellency, the German

ambassador, desires to speak with him.

Of course he was there, sir-

all the time.

- The German ambassador is on the telephone, my lord.

- What?

Has a man no privacy even in his own home

in the middle of the night?

I told him I would see

if you were still up, my lord.  
Oh, very well, very well.  
Hello. Hello.  
Yes, Risborough Speaking.  
Uh, good evening, Your Excellency.  
A pleasure, I assure you.  
I heard some rumor that Captain Thorndike  
is visiting our country.  
I'm sure I don't know, Your Excellency.  
Have you called his club?  
I wish to telegraph my friends in Berlin  
to see that he's taken care of properly.  
We cannot, of course, neglect any member  
of Your LordShip's family.  
It's extremely gracious of Your Excellency,  
but I'm sure you're mistaken.  
I haven't seen him for weeks.  
Sportsman, you know.  
Always running off to the end of the world  
to catch a fish or some such nonsense.  
I'm positive he's not on the Continent.  
He may be on his ranch in Canada.  
Spends a lot of time there.  
Not at all. Not at all.  
Why, a great pleasure, I assure you.  
The man is a fool,  
but absolutely honest.  
The gestapo are a pack of-  
- Send this message to Berchtesgaden.  
- Yes, sir.  
I should hesitate to  
question the efficiency...  
of the gestapo agent...  
who claims to be holding Thorndike.  
But after my conversation  
with Lord Risborough...  
I am convinced Thorndike  
cannot possibly be your man.  
Clearly a case of mistaken identity.  
Always glad to be of service. " Idiot.  
Doktor.  
Thorndike.  
Thorndike!  
You're being exasperatingly

stubborn.

You must realize that  
this cannot Continue much longer.

Are you ready to sign?

Believe me, my dear fellow,

I don't want you to die.

- Just sign your name and it'll be  
important for us that you live.

You will receive the best  
of medical treatment.

You will be free to go home,  
free to live on that fine estate of yours...

free to do anything you like,  
except to leave England.

Are you being so foolish as to  
imagine yourself a martyr for England?

Is that why you refuse?

- No.

- Why refuse then?

Why keep on torturing yourself?

Because I don't llke force.

You force your own people  
to keep In line, and...

you think you can force  
everyone else.

Well, I'm one man saylng you can't.

As you wish.

I'm not responsible for your suffering.

You are, in fact, taking your own life.

That's going to be hard

to explain, Isn't It?

- What is?

- My suicide.

Lots of questions going to be asked.

- High places.

- High places.

That's one place where  
no questions will be asked.

You've given me the key

I've been searching for.

You won't change your mind  
about this?

- Certainly not.

- Very well.



Identification is essential  
in the High places.

We'll give you back your passport  
and your wallet, clean you up and-  
Doktor.

Doktor.

There are people in England that...  
know that men of my character  
don't do this sort of thing.

Men of your character  
have accidents.

Tomorrow the Doktor and I  
will go hunting.

No one will question what we find  
when we've found it.

This ledge is treacherous.

The skipper ought to be back by now...

If we're going to sail tonight.

Right you are, sir.

If the blighters don't let us sail pretty soon,  
we might as well all go ashore.

- Good night.

- Good night.

I say.

Ah, sein Pa.

My word. You seem to be  
knocked about a bit.

Yeah.

Would you mind closing that door?

- This is a British Ship, isn't it?

- Danish registry.

- But you're British.

- Rather.

Cabin boy. My father does business  
with the captain out of Southampton.

- I'm British too.

- Oh, I'd know you were British anywhere, sir.

You seem to be in a bit of trouble, sir.

Oh, more than a bit, I'm afraid.

Have you committed a crime, sir?

No.

Was it, um...

about a woman?

I see you know life.

I thought so.

They're a dickens of a problem,  
aren't they, sir?

- Where are you bound?

- East India Docks, London.

- And when are you sailing?

- Tonight, if we can get permission.

This way, sir.

Quick!

Come on, sir.

This way, sir.

Hurry. Come on.

Come on! Come on!

Hurry, sir. Come on.

Oh, it's no use.

I haven't got the strength.

They're coming!

Quick. In here.

Vaner!

Vaner!

Donnerwetter.

Sorry, sir. I was belowdecks.

Call your First mate. You c-

Ah, there you are.

Already we waste two days.

- We sail tonight as soon as these policemen search the Ship.

- Good.

- Show them everything.

- Yeah.

Then I get clearance, no?

- Danke.

- You will want to start belowdecks?

- Yes.

- This way, please.

- Wait. I'll come with you.

- I'll take your coat, sir.

- You might need it. It's cold on deck.

- You think so? All Right.

Come. Come along.

Only my own cabin you didn't search.

Is it not?

Wait. Away, boy. Away.

I don't need you.

Please. Go away.

Maybe you think I would  
hide stowaways, huh?  
Or maybe you think I hide  
somebody under the mattress, no?  
So, now we will sail, Is It not?  
- Certainly, Herr Kapitn.  
- Danke.  
We only do our duty.  
Herr Kapitn surely understands.  
Certainly. Vaner.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Tell the First mate we sail at once.  
Yes, sir.  
Herr Kapitn, uh,  
can you take a passenger?  
Passenger? You mean he will pay?  
He has papers?  
He is English, but you  
need have no doubt about him.  
His papers are in order,  
and he has money.  
Oh, here he is.  
May I present, Captain Jensen,  
Mr. Thorndike.  
- It's a pleasure, sir.  
- How do you do?  
I'm not averse to paying whatever  
you demand for my passage, Captain.  
You see, I have urgent business  
in London.  
This is my passport, Captain.  
Have I surprised you, Mr. Vaner?  
I thought I saw you go ashore, sir.  
Ah, yes. But I forgot  
to say good-bye to the captain.  
But he's not here?  
Captain Jensen's on deck, sir.  
He's going ashore with the cargo manifest.  
You may miss him if you wait here.  
Ah, yes.  
It's easy to miss a man  
aboard Ship now, isn't it, Mr. Vaner?  
Oh, I thought you leave us when you told me  
good-bye. You forget something, yes?

I'm a very forgetful man, Captain.

Always forgetting the obvious.

- It's my failing.

- Come. I take you ashore with me.

Thank you, sir.

Thank you.

Hello.

Isn't this going to get you  
into trouble?

Oh, probably, sir, but I don't mind.

It won't be the First time the First mate  
and I have had our differences.

I don't think you ought  
to leave the Ship yet, sir.

Stop worrying, my boy.

This is England. I'm home again.

But I didn't like the looks  
of that walking corpse.

Kept sniffing around the whole voyage.

From the way you described him, I've never  
laid eyes on the man or he on me.

Smell that London air.

I'm not worrying anymore,  
thank heaven. Thanks to you.

You know, Vaner, there are some things  
that words can't express.

And just between us men...

I don't know how to thank you,  
so I'm not going to try.

- You've taken me on trust, my boy.

- Of course, sir.

Ah, thank you.

- Just one thing, sir.

- Huh?

It wasn't a woman, was it, sir?

- No.

- I thought so.

- Good luck, sir, and be careful.

- Thank you.

Would you mind seeing  
if the coast is clear?

- All Right.

- Good-bye, old boy.

?It's the same the whole world over?

?It's the poor what gets the blame?  
? While the rich has all the pleasures?  
? Now ain't that a blinkin' shame?  
? She was a just a parson's daughter?  
I say, what Ship, matey?

Uh, the, uh- the Lifeline.

- Well, welcome home.

- Thanks, old chap.

- Taxi, sir?

- Yes.

Back up! Follow him!

Don't open the door.

- Let me go. What you doin' here?

- Shh!

- Let me go!

- Quiet.

Let me go or I'll call the co-

Oh, thank you, my dear.

You saved my life.

Saved your life?

Here, who are you anyway?

Well, I was laboring under the delusion  
that I was a carefree man...

returning home for the fatted calf,  
and now I realize I am the fatted calf.

Wish you'd say things

I can understand.

Uh, have you got a cigarette?

Thank you very much.

Who are them blokes

what are after you?

You won't believe me when I tell you

I've never before laid eyes on them.

How do you know

they're after you then?

When one's been hunted, my dear child,  
one develops instincts. It's amazing.

Did you commit a murder?

Mm-mmm. However, I suspect  
that something of that nature...

was about to be committed

when you came to the rescue of the victim.

So, uh, once again,

my dear, thank you.

Your memory will be imperishable  
as long as I live.  
And, uh, just how long that will be  
depends again on you.  
Now see here. I ain't gettin'  
mixed up in nothin'. I can tell you that.  
Heaven forbid. The last thing in the world  
I want to do is involve an innocent.  
But I need the loan of a few shillings.  
Uh, a pound, if you have it.  
Ah. You talks like a gentleman...  
but gents don't go around  
askin' girls for money.  
You've probably never before  
entertained a desperate gentleman.  
I've simply got to get to  
my brother's house in Grosvenor Gardens.  
Grosvenor Gardens?  
Go on.  
It should be obvious that  
I can't get that far on foot...  
especially with  
these other gentlemen in the street.  
I need a cab. I may have to  
change to sundry other cabs.  
And, uh, unfortunately,  
when I left my private yacht...  
I neglected to put  
a stiver in my pocket.  
I am for the moment  
absolutely penniless.  
Come off it.  
I, uh, see you don't trust me.  
Well...  
allow me to thank you at any rate  
for the great service you've done me.  
I shall have to risk it on foot.  
- Bye.  
- Half a mo.  
Will-Will 10 bob do?  
It's all I got.  
To lend all you've got  
is a pretty big loan.  
Unless something unavoidable

happens to me...

you shall get this back

with tenfold interest.

- I'm going with you.

- Oh, no.

I ain't afraid!

You can't stop me.

- You're coming to make sure you get your money, is that it?

- Right.

You wait here where you're safe.

I'll get a cabbie who's a pal of mine.

Don't stand there coughing, Reeves.

What is it?

- It's Mr. Alan, my lord.

- Mr. Alan?

Yes, with a young lady, my lord.

Gerald, old boy. Bless my soul,

it's good to see you.

Alice, my dear.

Alan! Your face. This scar.

Oh, those revolting clothes.

What has happened to you?

- Allow me to shake your hand too, Reeves.

- Oh.

Alan. Come In my study.

I must see you alone...

immediately.

Don't be so impatient, Gerald.

I feel like shaking hands with everybody.

How are you, Reeves?

And you, sir.

How are you?

Oh, Alice.

Allow me to present

a very dear friend of mine.

This is Miss, uh-

- That's odd. What is your name?

- Jerry. Jerry Stokes.

Lord and Lady Risborough,

Miss Jerry Stokes.

- Uh, how do you do?

- Hello.

Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

- How do you do?

- I must talk to you. It's very important.  
Yes, of course. First,  
have you got a fiver in your pocket?  
But, my dear boy,  
this is most urgent.  
But no more so than this.  
Come on. A fiver, please.  
- Oh, very well, then.  
- Thanks very much.  
- Now-  
- Just a half a minute.  
There you are, my dear.  
- That's for you and a thousand thanks.  
- You don't owe me all that.  
Of course I do, and a great deal more  
than I can repay with money. Here.  
I- I ain't gonna take it.  
Don't you get stubborn with me,  
young lady. You want to be choked again?  
- Alan!  
- Here.  
- Alan.  
- I tell you there's not a moment to waste.  
Certainly, sir. I shan't be a moment.  
Alice, I'm sure you and Miss Stokes  
will find much to talk about.  
- Do you mind if I keep this? I might need it later on.  
- Sure.  
Five quid! Lummy.  
Wish I could meet a bloke like 'im  
every day. And me thinkin' he was balmy!  
Imagine!  
Uh, won't you sit here?  
Ooh. This is comfy, ain't it?  
Great heavens, Alan. How could  
you have got yourself In this awful mess?  
How did you know about it?  
Their embassy's been making polite  
inquiries about you for nearly four weeks.  
Lately, they've become  
more persistent, more pointed.  
Then not 10 minutes ago,  
the foreign office telephoned...  
that our agents in Berlin



say that you're secretly accused of-

- of an attempt upon the life of their fhrer.

- Ah!

I told them, of course,  
that the suggestion was fantastic...  
that there was absolutely no basis  
in fact for such an accusation...  
that you couldn't possibly  
be involved in any such affair.  
That is the truth, isn't it?

Yes, Gerald.

Thank heaven. Then you'll go straight with me  
to the embassy and clear the matter up at once.

- I'm afraid I can't.

- In heaven's name, why not?

Uh, sit down, Gerald.

Young woman, what is  
your connection with Alan?

Alan.

Is that his name?

You-You don't know him?

Never laid me eyes on him  
before tonight.

He's a bit of all Right though  
if you ask me. A real swell.

I say, what's this jam  
he's got mixed up in?

- Are the rozzers after him?

- The-The-The what?

Rozzers!

Dicks! Coppers. Policemen.

Oh, yes, policemen.

Hmm?

Hmm.

- Good, ain't it?

- Mmm.

But, Gerald, old boy, I did not sign  
their faked-up confession.  
But they won't need it  
if they can get you back into Germany.

- They've got to catch me First.

- Oh, but they-

- they know you're in London.

- In that case, I shall get out of England.

But that's impossible too.  
You have no passport.  
Any effort to obtain a new one  
would only involve the government.  
Besides, every Ship and plane  
leaving the country will be watched.  
What about Scotland Yard?  
Within 24 hours, there'd  
be a dmarche on my desk...  
asking for your arrest  
and return to Berlin.  
To refuse their ambassador,  
that would be an unfriendly act.  
We would have no choice  
but to comply.  
You know what would happen then?  
You mean I might even have the honor  
of having my head lobbed off...  
by the First headsman of the Reich?  
I mean there would First  
be a faked-up trial.  
Not you...  
but England would be convicted  
before the world.  
And that would pave the way  
for what they want-  
war.  
Don't forget their Reichstag Fire Trial.  
You know their genius  
for producing witnesses and documents...  
to prove their enemies guilty  
of what they intend to do.  
In that case, I shall imitate their gestapo  
and become invisible myself.  
I shall vanish utterly, completely,  
as if I were dead for as long as you wish.  
I'll see no one- not even you.  
If I could only help you.  
But you can, old boy,  
by not worrying.  
This whole thing will blow over  
before long. It's bound to.  
In the meantime,  
I give you my word of honor:

There'll be no confession, no trial.

Gerald, I've got one of  
my dreadful headaches coming on.

- I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me.

- Why, yes, of course, my dear.

I've left that young person  
in the living room. Don't-

Alice, I never thought you'd be  
the First to throw up the sponge.

- Come on. You've got to see Jerry at the door.

- No, I shan't.

- But after all, she's your guest, you know?

- I can't. I really can't.

Remember, she thinks you're a lady.

Surely you don't want to disillusion  
anyone so young and trusting.

Ah.

Here. You looks like the gentleman  
who asked me to have dinner with him...  
at Lyons Corner House last bank holiday.

I? Well, I'm not the gentleman, miss.

In fact, I'm not a gentleman at all.

You're the spittin' image of him then,  
but you do act more scaredy like.

Now, miss-

Jerry, Lord and Lady Risborough  
wish to say good night.

This the First time anything like this  
ever happened to me. I'll never forget it.

Good night, Mr. Reeves.

And it was Lyons Corner House.

Good night.

Good night.

- Uh, good night.

- Good night.

- Good night, Alice. Hope to see you very soon.

- Good night, Alan.

Come along, Jerry. Gerald,

I don't know just how I'll work it...

but somehow I'll get word to you

and let you know what's up.

Well, I'll wait till I hear from you.

Beg pardon, my lord. Major Smith  
is calling on the telephone again.

- I'm not at home. Well, good night.  
- Good night, old chum.  
Wait. It's you he wants.  
- Who?  
- Major Quive-Smith.  
- Quive-Smith?  
- Yes. He called my office yesterday.  
He said he was a neighbor of yours-  
a retired military man from the west of England.  
- What's he look like?  
- Tall, good figure.  
Rather formal. Talks about Kenya.  
You know the type.  
Talks about Kenya?  
Does he wear a monocle?  
That's the fellow, yes.  
- Did he ask if I were here?  
- Yes, sir, he did.  
- You told him? - Yes, sir. You see,  
knowing he was an old friend, I thought-  
- Gerald, take that call, will you?  
- Well, what should I tell him?  
Tell him, uh-  
Tell him I've just left for the club.  
Good-bye, old chap.  
Don't you worry.  
Come on.  
- Gerald, what is all this cursed mystery?  
- Alice.  
Ambassadors telephoning? Scotland Yard  
phoning? Major Qui Vive on the qui vive.  
Alan looking like a police character  
with his face clawed like a tiger or something.  
He's mad. Perfectly mad! Insane.  
- If you want my advice, you'll call the rozzers.  
- Rozzer-  
- Dicks!  
- Di-  
All clear, matey!  
- Oh, crumbs!  
- Huh?  
My pin.  
Me good luck pin.  
It must have fell off

when I dropped me tam.

It was an heart.

Little stones on it all sparkly.

- A gentleman give it me.

- Oh!

- Oh, drat!

- Hey, hey.

In that case, a gentleman  
will give you another one.

That's the least I can do for you, isn't it?

You're not half as grown up

as you pretend to be, are you, Jerry?

Now you're making fun of me again.

- Only a flatfoot. I know 'im.

- Oh.

From now on I'll distrust  
everybody but you, Jerry.

Get yourself some sleep. I'm going to  
curl up on the couch. Good night.

Good night.

Jerry.

What the devil are you  
sniffing about? Huh?

What Is It?

My dear child, come on now.

Come on.

No more of this.

Let's stop the crying, what?

That's a girl.

Now, a great big smile.

Come on.

Great big smile.

That's better.

Much better.

Good night.

Good night.

- Oh, good morning, ducky.

- Morning.

I was just on the point  
of breaking that door down.

Well, I couldn't leave it  
unlocked, could I?

That's Right.

I never thought of that.

And by the way, my girl, who put  
that coverlet over me while I slept?

- Don't know. Just got there, I suppose.

- Mmm. I smell food.

- Fish and chips.

- What a miraculous aroma.

If that's as good as it smells-

Come. Sit down.

Ahh.

Go on. Company First.

Um, uh-

- Well, what-

- How does one, uh-

With your fingers, silly, like this.

Mmm. Of course.

I forgot. The fingers  
came before forks.

Ain't you never had  
fish and chips afore?

- This can't be fish and chips.

- Course it is.

Just think what I've  
been missing all my life, huh?

Come on. Dig in, my girl,  
before I get your share.

Mmm. That's good.

What's the matter, Jerry?

- You know somethin'?

- What?

- I don't like gentlemen.

- Like me, you mean?

Oh, no.

You act like a gent, but you ain't.

I mean, you really acts like a gent.

Well, that's a very  
complicated statement, Jerry.

Shall I tell you something?

You have great character. You're an  
extraordinary girl and a very pretty one too.

Come on. Eat up there.

Where you goin'?

Far away.

Soon I'll have money, and I'll be able to  
give the gentleman with the monocle the slip...

till I get on board a liner.

- Gentleman with a monocle?

- Uh, the headman, Jerry.

You saw some of his minions  
last night.

- Oh. Hmm.

- They're just small fry.

I think that you'd better  
come along with me.

- On a Ship?

- Oh, good heavens, no.

To my solicitors, I mean.

I can't come back here, and I want you  
to have some money for all you've done.

I can't leave England, my dear, without knowing  
that you have something for your old age-  
a woman of your advanced years.

My greatest anxiety last night was  
in getting you mixed up in my affairs.

And-

Say, on second thought,  
maybe you'd better not come along.

I could have Saul  
deliver the funds to you here.

- Oh, no.

- Yeah, I think it'd be safer.

I don't believe they'd hang around  
Saul's office. It's too near the law courts.

- But they might.

- What about you?

Huh? Oh, I can shake 'em all Right.

It's amazing how reassuring the sunlight is,  
but I was pretty jumpy last night.

- I'm going along.

- But there's no point in it, no use at all.

How do I know

I'm gonna get what-

what you promised me?

So you don't trust me, huh?

I always pay my debts.

I propose to get you 500.

You may have more, If you want It.

I don't mean money.

Well, what in heaven's name

do you mean?  
You promised me...  
a pin for me hat.  
My dear Jerry, forgive me.  
I might have known.  
Every good soldier needs  
a crest for his cap.  
And you shall have your pin  
set with diamonds, if you wish.  
Huh?  
Mmm.  
- Good morning.  
- Good morning, mein Herr. Good morning, frulein.  
What shall it be?  
Uh- Uh, you've got a, um-  
a pin, sort of a brooch,  
in the Window.  
Ja. Ja. I show it to you.  
It's a large heart.  
You know what? I don't want an heart.  
It's too much like-  
Like the one you lost.  
That's what you want, isn't it?  
So beautiful that piece of jewelry  
and so fine a sentiment- the heart.  
You see, frulein? It's gold plate,  
and the fine stones just like diamonds.  
You know, I think  
it's rather appropriate.  
- How much is this one?  
- Ten shillings, frulein.  
Very cheap. It costs you  
two guineas on Regent Street.  
You should have that and  
put it in the gentleman's heart, no?  
Is it real silver?  
Better. It's chromium.  
- Can I have it?  
- Well, Certainly, if you want to be heartless.  
Good, good.  
You make no mistake, frulein.  
A lifetime, I tell you.  
You will have it still when you die.  
- Go on. Take it.



- No. You've got to give it me.

I- Oh.

I present you with  
this dangerous weapon, mademoiselle...  
with my undying gratitude  
and admiration.

May you never lodge it  
in the wrong heart.

- There you are, sir.

- One pound, 20 shillings. I give you change.

No, keep it, keep it. There mustn't be  
anything mercenary about this soldier's crest.

- It's got to bring luck.

- Danke. Danke. Danke, mein Herr.

I think that looks very nice.

Don't you? Huh? Shall we go?

- Come on.

- Auf Wiedersehen. Auf Wiedersehen.

- Good-bye.

- Auf Wiedersehen.

Ja?

Heil Hitler.

Six.

Farnsworthy's office.

Well, uh, it isn't  
exactly, uh, Savile Row.

It was the best I could do. After all,  
you phoned less than an hour ago.

Well.

Well, uh, aren't you going to  
ask any questions?

Only one.

Have you been abroad  
in the employ of our government?

- No, on my own business.

- I beg you to let me talk to the police.

You don't realize  
the power of your name.

That is precisely what makes  
my disappearance necessary and urgent.

But, my dear chap, don't you realize-

If I get as far as Algiers,

I'll give those fellas a run for their money.

Africa is one continent I know

better than all their invisible men.

- This the, uh, ooftish?

- That is the money, yes.

If you don't mind,  
we'll check the amount.

No, no.

I'll just take 500.

And, uh, Saul, you can instruct her  
how to deposit it.

- Very good.

- I don't want it.

- I won't take it!

- Oh, yes, you will.

I'm going to have my way  
at least once with you.

I wouldn't know  
what to do with all that money.

- Mr. Farnsworthy will tell you.

- Yes.

I won't take it.

You'll want it.

- Will you be Quiet?

- No.

I can't stand a blubbering female.  
I've never seen  
such a stubborn woman.

And if you say one word of thanks,  
I'll tear out your hair.

Jerry, this isn't  
paying you for anything.

I can never do that.

Come on now. Frown. Frown.

You stubborn little monkey.

She won't do anything I ask her to.

- Yes, yes.

- Jerry-

The German embassy  
telephoned here a few days ago.  
Their inquiry was pointedly casual.  
Anyone else ask for me?

A friend of yours came in  
to see me the other day...  
to consult me about  
some inconceivable tangle...

under the Married Woman's  
Property Act.

He was continually referring to you.

Was he, uh, English?

Too perfectly.

Major Quive-Smith, he called himself.

Anybody taking an interest in us, Peale?

I've just been taking

a look outside, sir.

The gentleman in the black hat

is still feeding the pigeons, sir.

And now he's been joined by the military-looking  
gentleman who visited you last week.

Captain Thorndike's friend,

the gentleman with the monocle.

- You see?

- Hmm.

- Thank you, Peale.

- Not at all, sir.

- Is there another way out of here?

- There's the back staircase.

Oh, good.

Thank you, Saul, very much.

Good luck, you fool.

Oh, uh, one thing more.

If, at any time,

I am found...

the coroner brings in

a verdict of suicide-

- Suicide?

- Don't you believe it, huh?

- But don't attempt to reopen the case.

- All Right.

Bye, Jerry. You wait here for an hour  
and go out the front way.

- I'm going with you.

- Now see here. I've had enough of this.

Don't you see that your own safety  
lies in keeping away from me?

- Where you goin'?

- To the Underground, on my way to nowhere.

I'm goin' to the Underground too.

I gotta get home, haven't I?

- Saul, will you drag this human leech off me?

- I will not.
- I'm goin' to the Underground.
- All Right!
- Good-bye.
- Bye.

It's all Right here. Read about It.

First news out Right here!

Right here!

First news out Right here. Read about It.

This is it, Jerry.

And there's your ticket.

Good-bye, and take good care of yourself.

You know, you're like

that little arrow on your hat-

straight and shining- and that's

the way I'll always remember you.

Good luck, little one.

Good-bye again.

Right here! First news out Right here!

Read about it!

Right here!

First news out Right here!

Right here!

Come get your newspaper!

First results Right here!

Tube murder mystery! Paper!

Shocking murder mystery.

Paper, sir?

Thank you, sir.

Captain Thorndike's body was mangled

beyond recognition by the train.

A positive identification was made

possible by his passport and wallet...

which he carried.

Shortly after the crime,

a ticket collector tried to stop a man...

with a scar on his Right cheek who escaped

after presenting the wrong ticket.

Evidently, the murderer had made

his way back through the tunnel on foot.

Police are searching

for such a man. "

- But who was killed?

- I don't know.

Only a few people know,  
and they won't tell.

Hmm.

Now they can hunt me down at leisure,  
with the help of the British police.  
Perhaps I was a fool to come back here.  
I could have been well out of London by now.  
But I wanted to hide out  
till it was dark.

Yeah. You're gonna stay here?

Huh? No.

- I've got to get out tonight.

- Ain't I never gonna see you again?

Of course. Someday  
when this all blows over.

You know where my brother lives.

Tell him I'm not dead.

He'll take care of you.

Ask him to write to me  
in, oh, a fortnight.

No. Three weeks.

Tell me all he can.

By that time, I'll have a beard, and I can  
walk into a village without being suspected.

He needn't sign the letter  
because I'll know whom it's from.

- But if he puts your name on it-

- He won't.

He'll address it to, uh-  
to... your name.

Mr. Stokes.

Mr. Stokes, care of the post office  
at Lyme Regis.

- Lyme Regis.

- Uh, have you got a pencil? I'll write it down for you.

Over there in the basket. Lyme Regis.

Lyme Regis. That's it. Here now.

Mr. D.F.- F" is for fool. "

Stokes.

Post office...

Lyme Regis, Dorset.

There you are. Now you can't forget.

**And remember:**

You got that?

Well, come on now. Cheer up.

You are the most stubborn little monkey

I have ever seen.

But... this is as far as you go.

Not a step further.

Good-bye, Jerry, and thank you.

Please go.

- Kiss me.

- Jerry.

Won't you kiss me?

I know I'm never

gonna see you again!

Why, dear, dear child.

Alan.

Come along, deary. There's a cozy  
little pub just across the bridge.

Ain't half bad either, ducky.

Come on.

- What you want?

- Now, go on, miss. Go on.

I don't want to see you girls get into trouble,  
but you can't be pestering gentlemen.

- Who's pesterin' who?

- Now get along! Get along!

I'm sorry, sir.

If I was you, I'd step along.

Don't get mixed up

with these here girls.

- Here, who you callin' names?

- Now that's enough!

You leave the gentleman alone!

Get along. Get along.

Good night, sir.

Get going.

Get going.

Fritz.

Take me out of here, quick!

- These here men!

- Come.

Sit down, my dear.

We're gonna have a little chat.

Good afternoon, madam.

I think you may have a letter for me.

- What name, please?

- Stokes.

- D.F. Stokes?

- Yes.

Come.

Go through them, please.

Yes, sir. It's- It's in here.

There's a parcel for you, too,  
in the back room...

if you'll wait a minute, please.

Just a minute.

Mary.

Thorndike.

Thorndike!

You might as well be reasonable,  
my dear fellow.

I'm so glad you had the sense not to  
break out while I was sealing you up.

- Now you cannot get out.

- You can't get in, you mean.

I have no desire to enter a cave  
after a trapped animal...

even though I know

you have no weapons.

I admired your stone door  
so much that I imitated it...

by wedging another stone  
on the outside.

You're sealed up, as in a grave.

It's no use, Thorndike.

No use at all.

Couldn't you have given me  
a cleaner death than this?

Don't be a fool.

I could have killed you an hour ago.

My purpose was to trap you alive.

You've been Immensely helpful.

- What is it you want?

- Now you're being sensible.

- Have you got It?

- What Is It?

It Is the confession that,  
with the approval of your government...  
you sought to assassinate

our fhrer.

Go to the devil!

You're growing wearisome, Thorndike.

Once more, I ask you to sign...

and save us both

an unpleasant conclusion.

I told you once, I don't sign lies!

You also told me you no longer believed

In killing, yet you killed one of my men.

Oh, I'm not blaming you in the least.

I merely wish to point out

that a lie is relative...

as Is truth.

I tell you, I did not intend

to shoot your bloody fhrer!

I believe you.

I believe you're sincere.

I really do at last.

You actually think you had

no intention to kill...

that It was all a sporting stalk, "

as you call It.

- It was!

- And yet every minute, you were deceiving yourself.

- And every hour since then, you have lied to yourself.

- No!

You've refused to face

your secret self, Thorndike.

From the moment you crossed the frontier,

you became an unconscious assassin.

I'm going to show you to yourself

as you really are, Thorndike.

I'm going to break through that

civilized English mask you were born with.

I'm going to show you

what you really are and were-

an assassin.

You fool!

You fanatical fool!

A token for you, Thorndike.

To make you see the truth.

Jerry. Jerry.

Where is she?

What have you done with her?



Do you expect me  
to lie to you, Thorndike?  
Do you expect me to tell you  
that it was a sporting stalk?  
No.  
I am honest with you  
as you are not honest with me.  
She made your mistake, Thorndike.  
She flaunted obvious power.  
She refused to tell us anything.  
Do you know that if it hadn't been for that  
postal address you so thoughtfully wrote down...  
I don't know what  
I should have done.  
If you've harmed that girl,  
I swear I'll kill you somehow!  
I'll live to kill you  
if it's the last thing I do!  
You believed that the death of our sacred  
fhrer would be no great loss to the world.  
Surely, then, the death of a girl like that  
would be no loss at all.  
She was found dead  
in the street, Thorndike.  
The police reported that she, uh...  
jumped to her death from a Window.  
She had nothing to do with my actions!  
She was innocent! Innocent!  
Yes, just as innocent as our fhrer  
was of any wrongdoing against you.  
No! He's guilty- guilty against me  
and against humanity!  
Against every decent,  
peaceful person in the world!  
He's guilty of hatred,  
intolerance and murder!  
- And that Is why you tried to kill him?  
- Yes, I intended to shoot!  
I didn't know what I was doing!  
I didn't realize my purpose!  
I wouldn't face the fact  
that I can make myself the instrument...  
of all the pitiable, oppressed,  
suffering people of the world!

I wonder why I put that shell in my gun.

Now I know!

Yes, I intended to kill! I intended to  
avenge the crimes of this monstrous tyrant!

- I know it now!

- And you were acting for your government?

- No, for myself!.

- But It was for the sake of your country, wasn't It?

No, for mine, as well as others.

For your misguided people as well as my own!

Then even though your government knew  
nothing about you, you were acting on their behalf.

- No!

- You said you wouldn't sign lies. I've proved them true.  
You've admitted the whole thing.

I have a plane

waiting for me in Croydon.

I must soon go. But when I go, it will be  
with that document, signed by yourself.

It may interest you to know  
why that document is needed.

It will make interesting reading when  
we publish the First German white paper.

What do you mean?

- My country has already marched Into Poland.

- I don't believe you.

Twenty divisions

crossed the frontier today.

If you're telling the truth, England  
and France will be at war with you within a week!

You're commencing to rave.

We shall take Poland, and no nation  
in Europe will dare to raise a hand.

We're on the march at last, Thorndike.

Today, Europe.

Tomorrow, the world.

Thorndike.

Thorndike, why don't you answer me?

Uh, what?

I'm waiting for you to sign.

Uh- I've- I've got  
to read it, haven't I?

Oh, Certainly.

Take your time.

- Have you got a cigarette?  
- Yes. Certainly.  
It's on the stick.  
Pull It In.  
Have you read It?  
I've got to think it over.  
I shall give you  
15 minutes, Thorndike.  
When the time Is up, If you haven't  
delivered that document to me properly signed...  
I shall shut off your air  
and go on my way.  
You may last a few hours...  
but they will be most unpleasant.  
How do I know you'll let me out  
after I've signed?  
I shall remove the outside stone...  
when you're ready to hand it out.  
And then shoot me when I crawl out.  
My gun is in its holster.  
You will have to take my word  
as a fellow hunter for that.  
Thirteen minutes, Thorndike.  
I've removed the barrier, Thorndike.  
Are you ready?  
- Do you hear me, Thorndike?  
- Yes, I hear you.  
Five minutes more.  
Have you removed the outside stone?  
Open your side of the cave,  
and you'll see.  
- Are you satisfied?  
- Yes, I can see it's clear.  
Your time is nearly up, Thorndike.  
Hand out the document.  
You'll have to reach for it.  
Hand it out through the venthole.  
Your time Is up.  
I'm waiting.  
And be sure It's signed.  
There It Is.  
Push it nearer.  
I don't propose  
to have my wrist seized.

You can come out now, Thorndike.  
Come on out, Thorndike.  
You're free at last.  
You're like that little arrow on your hat-  
straight and shining-  
and that's the way  
I'll always remember you.  
Surely then the death of  
a girl like that would be no loss at all.  
Ain't-Ain't I never gonna see you again?  
Every good soldier  
needs a crest for his hat.  
- Your course and objective  
are clearly marked on this map.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Here.  
You will make your reconnaissance  
and return immediately.  
- Right, sir.  
- All the best, old chap.  
Thank you, sir.  
We've just passed over into Germany.  
Right.  
- One of the men just bailed out!  
- What? Who?  
- Thorndike.  
- Thorndike?  
And from now on, somewhere within Germany...  
Is a man with a precision rifle...  
and the High degree of Intelligence  
and training that Is required to use It.  
It may be days, months...  
or even years...  
but this time  
he clearly knows his purpose...  
and, unflinching, faces his destiny.