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Marathon Man

By William Goldman

I'll take that now, sir. Thank you. - There you are, sir. - Thank you. - It's the heater switch. - You told me that last week. - You didn't leave it long enough. - Work on it now. - You got an appointment? - What are you, a doctor? The bakery workers' strike continues with no bread for a week. Unseasonable temperatures for New York... Gotta change... Come on, start. - "...with a humidity of 79%." - Damn. I've gotta make an appointment? - Get away from there! - Get out of here! What are you going to do? Move that crate! Will you move that heap! - I'm talking to you, mister! Move! - All right... You're a menace! Do you know that, you senile old cocker? Don't you tell me to "langsamer", you Kraut meathead! - "Langsamer!" - Go on! You Limburger-loving schmuck! "Jude!" You are a "Jude!" You Nazi bastard! Go on! Get going, you Mercedes bastard! Get going! How do you like that? Come on! Dammit! Come on! How do you like that? Hey! You maniac, you! Go on, you son of a bitch! Come on! Come on back! You anti-Semitic bastard, you! Come on back! Behind schedule? Put a leash on that dog! Here comes the Creep. Yo, Melendez. Hey, Creepy! Hey, Twinkletoes! Creepy! Gonna time yourself in the shower? What was it yesterday? 16:02. I was faster. Shit! ...has shattered the peace of this East Side neighbourhood on this traditional Jewish holiday of Yom Kippur. Two men have been killed in this accident. An explosion and fire, which you see behind me. I'm going to talk to some people to find out what happened. - "What were you doing here?" - "I was taking pictures." - "Can you tell me what happened?" - "Boom", that's what." One of the men killed here was Klaus Szell, the brother of the infamous Nazi Christian Szell, thought to have perished fleeing Berlin at the end of WWII. Tom Ellis, reporting direct from the scene. - What's this? - They are protesting against pollution. They are a pain in the ass. Janey! London was hectic, but I'm fair. Get a cab and get over here. I've got plenty of room. Oh, screw appearances. I miss you. Just a second. Excuse me, that's not my suit. I don't know what it was about. The valet came into the wrong room. I'm not jittery. Who else knows I'm here? Are you sure? Why don't you finish what you're doing and get your ass over here? - ...in francs is a lot of money. - Is it really? The price is too high. You do speak English? I'd like to offer you half. - "Bon appetit, bon appetit." - I guess I didn't do it right. We haven't done anything right on the whole voyage. I'm far too sensitive for this kind of work. Something for your crash diet, LeClerc. - The least I could do. - "Merci," Scylla. My diet is going badly. I'm beginning to think I lack willpower. - Why were you surprised to see me? - I wasn't. You were when I came in. Did you think I was dead? That's ridiculous. I expected you three days ago, that's all. London got busy. I'm over here to do a lot of things. You're only one of them. - I haven't got anything for you here. - Why not? Well... I couldn't keep it in the shop. Look... I'll have it for you tonight. - You'll have to come to the opera. - The opera! It's worse than that. It's a very long French opera. You'll have it tonight, won't you? Leave the ticket at the

box office. I'll be there before it's over. Plaza Athenee. Mike, who you have for English Lit? Bayley? He sucks. - Which room is Biesenthal's? - 107. You were picked for his seminar? You weren't? Ah, Levy. Good of you to come. Won't you join us? Tell us the subject of your dissertation, please? Tyranny, sir. The use of tyranny in American political life. Such as? Maybe... Coolidge breaking up the Boston police strike, Roosevelt putting Japanese-Americans into concentration camps. You might consider the McCarthy business. Hmm? - Sir? - McCarthy. Senator from Wisconsin? Ran a series of purges in the 50s? Yes, I'm aware of that, sir. I was planning a chapter on him. A chapter, I see. Yes, interesting. Well, you four have the dubious honour of having been picked from over There's a shortage of natural resources, breathable air and adequate claret, but there's no shortage of historians. We grind you out like link sausages. It's called progress. Manufactured doctorates is called progress. I say, "Let us hush this cry of progress till 10,000 years have passed." That's a quote. Who said that? Come on. Who said that? Well, somebody must know the answer! Tennyson, Alfred Lord Tennyson. You can't compete on a doctoral level and not know "Locksley Hall". I hope you all flunk! Dismissed. - Levy? - Yeah. Come. Sit. I knew your father. Rather well, inpoint of fact. He was my mentor. I know. - There was another of you. - I have an older brother. A rich successful businessman. My father would have disowned him. Why are you at Columbia for your doctorate? It's not just the way things worked out. You're father got his at Columbia. You can't fill his footsteps, I'm sorry to say. You might end up leaving larger tracks than Dad, but they'll be your tracks, they won't be his. Why didn't you answer that Tennyson question? It was obvious you knew. I... I don't know. How am I to fathom your mind if you continue to hide it from me? If you persist, I'll conclude you're a drone. The McCarthy section is central to your dissertation, yes? The McCarthy section is central to your dissertation, yes? - Yes. - Very worrisome. You wish to write about a period in our history that destroyed your father. But we're talking about an objective doctoral thesis. It mustn't become a hysterical crusade. That's not the way to clear him. All right, you may go. I don't have to worry about clearing him, because he was innocent. - Don't you think he was innocent, sir? - No, I think he was guilty. He was guilty of being arrogant and brilliant and of being naive. Of not being able to cope with the humiliation of being dismissed. But of the charges I know he was innocent. And if it matters, Levy, I wept the day he died. It was a bad day for all of us, sir. Under no circumstances do anything, but call as soon as you... Yes, I have the number. Bye. "Bonjour." Commander. We're meeting tonight, right? - At the hotel? - No, make it the Palais Royal. - Same time, then. - I don't know. I'm going to the opera. - You go to the opera? Bye. - Goodbye. There's something going on here that we don't know about. - Can't you be more specific? - Yes. I almost got my ass blown off at the flea market. I'd like to find out by

whom and why. Also, LeClerc was not expecting me. You sure you're not overusing your limited imagination? The bomb was not imaginary. Three bombs a day have gone off since the strikes began. - I know that. - Everyone with a grievance is busy. - Am I crazy? - Yeah, you're crazy. - But you'll check it out? - Of course. Why do you need to be reassured? We use you because you're the best. I'm sorry I'm so late. I was down... LeClerc, want to hear something really silly? Nicole? Nicole. Keep going, keep going. LeClerc's dead. It's not safe. Nicole? - "Division." - Scylla. - "Yes, Scylla?" - Removals. - "My hotel." - "Room 72?" - "And... alert the clinic." - "OK, Scylla." Sorry. What was all that about? I was just telling him how you fucked up my tennis game. - What did he say? - Well... We won't be playing doubles for a while. Can you move it? - That's it? - That's it. That's not bad. Szell's brother's been killed, in Manhattan. An accident with an oil truck. Oh, boy. - Any changes? - Only everything. They're getting all the couriers. Please could you tell me, Boss Tweed, around 1875...? Boss, is that his name? Boss? No, that's his nickname. William Marcy Tweed. - Marthy...? - I'll write it down for you. They called him Boss, because... ..he was a corrupt politician. He had a bunch of political hacks called The Tweed Ring. This I know. Thank you. - Could I have the pencil, please? - It's mine. Miss Opel! Miss Opel! Miss Opel. Hi. Sorry. You forgot your book. I thought it might be important. - Thank you. Bye. - Bye. Your name and address were on the inside of it. In case you were wondering how I knew where you live. I wasn't. Thank you again. Bye. Bye. - Goodbye. - Bye. You say "good night", but you don't go. I twisted my ankle on the way. I was hoping to rest it. But you're not limping. I'm a marathon runner. When you race - It hurts, but I don't pay any attention. - You won at this? I haven't run a whole marathon yet, but I hope to. I wish you good luck. Bye. - I'm sorry I stole your book. - What? I took your book. I didn't know how to talk to you. I was embarrassed, so I took your book. - Aren't you embarrassed now? - Yeah, I'm humiliated. Why do you pursue people who sit at your library table? I don't. It's just that... you're pretty. I can't talk about how smart you are. I don't know you. I'm done lying. Are you always so incompetent with women? - Today is above average for me. - Congratulations. Good night. That's too bad. I could make you so happy. I'm smart as a whip. You won't meet another thief like me in a library. Why don't you say you'll see me? All right. I'll see you again. - But it won't come to anything. - You can't tell. Yes, I can. - How do you say seals in French? - "Phoques." So you look at the "phoque?" How do you spell that? - You don't believe it. - How do you spell it? - F-o-c. - No "k"? - "Pigeons." - "Pigeons." Pingouin. - "Elephant." - I like you. I like you, too. Je... vous aime bien. - "Merde." - I know. - What's the time? - 11:47. You're faster. - It's 'cause of you. - Come on. Lunch! - One more! - Oh, no! No, Babe. Not again. Come on. I can't! Neither can I. Thank God! Come on. What? Babe! Babe. Babe! "Dear Doc, I don't feel much "like writing" -

"too torn apart, I guess," "but maybe I ought to tell you something about Elsa Opel." "I met her recently. She's a history student. I think she's Swiss." "In a sense, I guess we are what you might call smitten." "Maybe I should tell you what happened." "We were in Central Park one night. We stayed too late." "You were right about this town, 'cause we finally got mugged." "It's a funny thing. You always talk about how I don't confront things." "But I feel like if I could find those guys," "for the first time I feel like I could, maybe I could kill them." "It's funny, 'cause I never knew I could feel like that inside." "So what else is there to say? There's nothing else new here." "Reach me if you can. Babe." Ladies and gentlemen, we have news, unfortunately, that there's been no solution to the strike at Kennedy Airport. We trust this won't cause you too great an inconvenience and that you will once again fly with us. Muchas gracias. Will passengers who have identified their baggage please go to Customs. The Land of Plenty. They were always so confident God was on their side. Now, I think they are not so sure. Who's there? Who is it? I got a gun. I got a gun. Fuck! - Articulate as always. - Prick. You scared the shit out of me. - What time is it? - Don't know. Must be about midnight. - Why didn't you say you were coming? - I wanted to test your reflexes. - Still challenging me? - As always. Don't worry about me. Worry about yourself. Waking me up in the middle of the night. What's the matter? Doesn't matter. I could take you with one hand. - How are you? - Fine. How are you? - You look terrific. - You look terrific. What happened? A lousy bottle of Mouton broke on me. Hey, get some glasses. Do I have to hear a lecture on the glories of a Burgundy again? This is a Beaujolais, schmuck. Moulin a Vent, '71. Don't you ever clean this armpit of a place? How can you live like this? I'm down in Washington. - Here we go. - I can put you up. Go to Georgetown. No, thank you, but I prefer my hovel. I'll do it. - Thanks. - You did it, huh? - You really are uncouth. - You wanted glasses. You didn't say they needed to be clean, asshole. - So, how's business? - The oil business is always good. Just a bunch of polluters and thieves. It's a crazy world. Any way you can skin it is your business. Cheers. Up yours. - Irmgard must love your style. - We don't drink this shit. - What happened in the park? - Exactly what I wrote you. - How many? - Two. - Kids? - They were more like businessmen. They looked like you. They had suits on. What's this? More bullshit for your thesis? Some interviews about Dad. Read them. - Not interested. - I just want you to read it. Face it. The old man is dead. He was a drunk. He killed himself. He didn't start to drink till after the hearings. I got it from his friends. - Where were those people then? - They were afraid. - You're throwing your life away. - I don't think so. - Nothing you write will change that! - Give me the courtesy to read it! It's over! Forget it! Maybe for you. Do you want me to become a corporate hustler like you? - My life's thrown away, anyway. - What do you mean? I'm supposed to be the best in my business. I'm the best because people think I

am the best. I'm past it. I know it. Soon it'll become common knowledge. Boy, something has gotten you. Babe... I bet you still have that goddamn gun. Why do you keep it? I don't know. For a liberal pacifist you've got some sense of vengeance. Is Helga as morbid as you? I know you're trying to bait me. You know her name isn't Helga. Or Ursula or Irmgard. - You know what her name is! - All right, all right. Can I take you and Elsa to lunch tomorrow? - But don't eat with your fingers. - I promise. - It's a deal. OK, I get the bed. - Same as always. You have any clean sheets? I think I may have one left. - I really wanted to say that... - What? What? I'm glad to see you. Doc? I'm glad you came down. - When did you last take a subway? - About 1962. Excuse me, sir. Would you mind putting on this tie? - Why? - It's a rule of the house. - You have to wear a tie here. - I don't have a button. - Put it here. Would you like me to help? - No, I can do it. - Fine. Thank you very much. - What a klutz. - How could you forget a tie? - Who wears a tie for lunch? At least his fly is buttoned. The "truffles en croute" here are marvellous. And if you get hungry, I'll send the waiter to McDonald's. - Does it look all right? - Perfect. - Number 36, Chablis Grand Cru. - Yes, sir. The great Chablis of the world are almost always green-eyed. In fact, they're the ones that most resemble diamonds. Please, start. Sir. - You approve? - Mmm, too much. It's delicious. It should be. I could pay my tuition for what this meal costs. See the watch he gave me the last time he was here? Nice. Do you miss home? I bet you do. What do you miss most of all? The people? The country? Skiing? - I suppose all. - I'm not that familiar with Switzerland. - What part are you from? - A tiny place. Verbier. - Verbier? I don't believe it! - What? A guy in my office, a ski bum, a pain in the ass about skiing. Excuse me. He's always going on about Verbier. Right at the foot of Mount Rosa? - It's the best skiing in the world. True? - Of course. - Was he a hundred percent right? - Sure. You must know Claude LeSeur. Have you skied with him? - Yeah! - Where is it? - Verbier. - Verbier. I've made all this up. There's no Mount Rosa in Verbier or Claude LeSeur. You're not Swiss. What are you? What are you? - Can't you guess? - Sure. German. - Anything else? - How long are your papers good for? Wait. If this is a joke, it's not funny. I don't need work papers. I'm a student here. Many foreigners marry Americans to make things legal. - Then the marriages don't work out. - Is that what you think of me? - Stop it. - Ask me if I care for him. Why? You haven't told the truth so far. Why don't you ask me if I love him? Why don't you...? Wait a minute. Elsa! Wait! Let her go. She's a phoney. She's after something. Can't you see it? Stay out of it! - You ordered Scylla to be prompt? - "Ja." You keep me waiting. Why? To upset me? - Good evening. - I'm not one to be mocked. Behave... Don't give me shit about my behaviour. Not after what you've been pulling. - I've done nothing. - So Chen acted on his own? I don't mind you hiring him, but getting my brother involved? - It was nothing. - It was a violation. We do not involve family, ever. Think of it as a warning.

Nothing more. Think of that as a warning and nothing more. You'd like to fight, wouldn't you? It will not happen. I'm much too old and far too smart for that. But we must talk. Truthfully. - Are you to be trusted? - No. Is that the truth, or are you trying again to upset me? - You'll go to the bank sooner or later. - Perhaps I've already been. If so, you wouldn't be here with me. - What else do you know? - I know you're panicking. - You think you'll get robbed. - Who would do that? - Obviously, you think I would. - Well? - Can I trust you? - You never could. You only had to. We're talking of my safety. - May I be candid? - Yes. I couldn't give a fuck about you... Hello? Hi, Elsa. Are you all right? Did you get my note? I've been trying you for two hours. Finally, I just went running. - "I'm sorry about your brother." - It doesn't matter. It does! - I don't care. Forget it. It didn't happen. - "I wanted to explain." I lied about the Swiss, because... Take it easy, will you? I can't understand. Let me come over. OK? I'll take a shower, I'll be there? Thanks. OK, bye. Doc! - What? What? - Babe... I can't hear. You look at me like I'm doing something wrong, like I did something wrong, I don't understand it. - I don't know anything. - Your name? - I told you my name! - Take it easy. - Thomas Babbington Levy. - You're a student. I come from a family of historians. My card is proof. Please put the papers down. Tell them. Put the papers down! - Take it easy. What's in the papers? - It's a paper I'm writing. - Would you tell me who this is? - It's my father. Where can we contact him? He... He's not alive any more. - Is this yours? - Yes. The licence is in the drawer. I don't know anything. Why ask about this? It has nothing to do with it. OK, enough. - Here. - Thanks. I know this wasn't easy and this is a bad time for you, but it's gotta be done, you can understand that, right? Good evening, sir. - Whoever did it must have set him up. - Get them all out of here. I'll get the ambulance guys. I'm sorry to intrude. I was a friend of your brother's. My name is Peter Janeway. Call me Janey. All my friends do. I'm not your friend. Listen. - I'm anxious as you to find who did this. - I'm a little more anxious. - I think it may have been political. - Political? Why? Considering what your brother did. And your father, of course. - What about my father? - He was H. V. Levy, for Chrissakes. He's been dead for 20 years, and he was innocent. What are you saying? Get off my back! They've been after me for two hours! - I didn't mean to imply... - They told me they were done! What are you saying?! I'm sorry. Come in. Listen... Why don't we begin with what happened tonight? Perhaps you could... give me some of the details. I was here. Doc died. You came. That's it? I'm a demon for details. - You want me to explain, then? - That's right. - Where did your brother live? - In Washington. - What did he do? - Oil business. Wrong. I know exactly how Doc made his living. The closest he got to the oil business was when he filled up with gas. - Tell me what you're talking about. - All right. Follow me. Doc lived in Washington, which is the centre of...? - Government. - Correct. All the

branches are competitive. Truth is they're all paranoid schmucks. When the gap gets too large between what the FBI can handle effectively and what the CIA doesn't wanna deal with, we step in. - Who's we? - The Division. - And my brother worked with you? - Yes. You're full of shit. - What do you do exactly? - We provide. - Provide what? - Anything. And you two work together? Why didn't Doc tell me? Why did he lie to me? He was afraid you'd be disappointed in him, I expect. We were very close for many years. Believe me. I know whereof I speak. Doc was desperate to get here. Remember anything he said? He said... my name a couple of times. OK, I'm just guessing now, but... ..whoever killed him will probably want to speak to you. - I don't know anything. - They won't know till they talk with you. I'm staying across the park, at The Carlyle, and if you don't mind, I'd like to use you as bait. - Bait. - Yes. - Will they come tonight? - No. I know it's risky, and I don't wanna force you to do it. It's up to you. Tub. All right. All right, I got it. Here it is. Turn it off. All right. Shit. Jesus! Shit. Help! Help! Help! Please! Somebody help me! Help! Help! Help! Help! Is it safe? - Is it safe? - Are you talking to me? - Is it safe? - Is what safe? - Is it safe? - I don't know what you mean. I can't tell you if something is safe or not unless I know specifically what you're talking about. Is it safe? Tell me what the "it" refers to. Is it safe? Yes, it's safe. It's very safe. So safe you wouldn't believe it. Is it safe? No, it's not safe. It's very dangerous. Be careful. Relax, relax. Come on. Open. Open. It's OK. That hurt? I should think it would. You should take better care of your teeth. You have quite a cavity here. - Is it safe? - I told you I can't tell you... - Think he knows? - Of course. He's being very stubborn. No, please. Please don't. No. It's OK. Is it not remarkable? Simple oil of cloves and how amazing the results. Life can be that simple; relief - discomfort. Now, which of these I next apply, that decision is in your hands, so... ..take your time and tell me. - Is it safe? - Please... Please stop. - Take him. - I got him. More. Thank you. More. Thank you. Thank you. Things are coming together. Down, or your head gets blown off. Those two guys I wasted work for Christian Szell. Know that name? - No. - He did experiments at Auschwitz. He was called The White Angel, Der Weie Engel, due to his white hair. The wealthiest and most wanted Nazi left alive. He's hiding out in Uruguay. In '45 Szell told Jews in Auschwitz he'd help them escape for a price. He started out with gold, naturally, but went on to diamonds. Heard this? Szell saw the end early. His brother took the diamonds to America, to a safe deposit box in NY. Szell's brother had the key. The only other key Szell kept in Uruguay. If he comes out to use it, he'll expose himself to great risk. Everything went fine till his brother got killed by an oil truck. Why was it natural to start with gold? He took it from the Jews' teeth before he burned them. Szell was a dentist. He's not coming to America, Mr. Janeway. He's here. - No. We'd have known it. - The dentist almost killed me. - He kept saying, "Is it safe?" - White hair?

Keep your head down! - Did he have white hair? - He was bald. He's shaved his head! He's here, and he's panicked. - Why is he after me? - Your brother was a diamond courier. Szell thinks Doc said something to you before he died. Did he? - You say my brother worked for Szell? - No! He worked for us. Everything we do cuts both ways. Szell ratted on all his buddies. He kept track on all the Nazis. When we wanted to bring one in, we went to Szell. Babe, you gotta do one thing for me, just one thing. - Quit protecting Doc! - I'm not. - He kept alive to say something. - He didn't. He must have. Tell me! - Nothing! - Shit! I thought you killed them. You killed them! You killed them! You killed them! You fucking killed them! You killed my brother! I don't think he knows anything. I think he knows too much. You can afford to think what you wish. I can't. The gun had blanks, the knife a retractable blade. Hardly original, but effective enough. I think you'll agree. I'm told you are a graduate student. Brilliant, yeah? You're an historian, and I am part of history. I should have thought you would have found me interesting. Frankly, I am disappointed in your silence. Why do you have so little accent? I had alexia as a child. Alexia is a disease... I know. It's where you can't understand written speech. Highest marks. At any event, my writing is childish still, but I'm a fanatic about spoken language. I envy you your school days. Enjoy them. It's the last time in your life no one expects anything of you. I know I behaved terribly, but I had to be sure what you knew. You see... I'm positive your brother meant to rob me, when I left the bank with my diamonds. I don't know anything. - Did Scylla plan the robbery alone? - Robbery? - You know the value of diamonds? - No, I don't. Neither do I. Not in today's market. Tomorrow, I must go and find out before I go to the bank. You see... Your brother was incredibly strong. Strength is often inherited. He died in your arms. He travelled far and in great pain to do that. There has to be a reason. - I don't... I don't know anything. - Karl! Please don't worry. I'm not going into that cavity. That nerve's already dying. A live, freshly-cut nerve is infinitely more sensitive, so I'll just drill into a healthy tooth until I reach the pulp. Unless, of course, you can tell me that it's safe. Erhard! He knew nothing. If he'd known, he would have told. Get rid of him. I don't think you've heard the news. - What is that? - Your flight is at 1:00 tomorrow. - You are a very confident young man. - It's all a front. Just think of me as any young executive on the come. You're uncontrollable. What you offer us is valuable, but it's not worth the chaos you're causing. And if I'm unable to conclude my business by 1:00? You'll just have to manage that, won't you? As far as we're concerned, Mr. Szell, you're a relic. And you're on your way. I find you rather detestable. May I say that without hurting your feelings? Praise from Caesar. I'm just doing my job. I believe in my country. So did we all. Jesus! Come on, unlock it. Get up. Get him! Hey! Stop! - He went around the corner. - Get the fucking car! He's on the north ramp. Come on, for

Chrissakes! Run him down! Run him down! What the fuck...! Why are you walking away? You guys are crazy! No, don't slow down. Keep going. You can drop me at the corner. - "Do you have a dime for the phone?" - "What, a dime?" Here. Take this and just give me a dime. - Wait. Let me see what you got. - It's a Rolex. My brother's watch. Hey, come on. - Please. - Here is a dime, man. Here's some more change. - "Hello?" - Elsa. - Babe. - "Babe? What's the time?" I don't know. About five o'clock. I want you to do something for me, to meet me. - "Where?" - 51st and Broadway. - "I can't." - There's an all-night drugstore. - "Why? Tell me what..." - Just get hold of a car. - Please. In an hour. - "But why?" - I'll tell you later. 51st and Broadway. - "51st and Broadway." Bye. Mrs. Melendez, I have to see your son. It's important. I'll cut your finger off if you don't let go of that buzzer! Melendez, it's me. I want you to do a job for me. One more time and I'm coming down with the butcher knife! Please. I'm from across the street. I want you to do something for me. - "Who is this?" - It's Tom Levy from across the street. - "Who the fuck is this?!" - Tom... Creepy. It's the Creep. - "Creepy?" - Open up. - What happened to you? - Come here. Listen, man, it's past my bedtime. - I want you to rob my apartment. - Why? Some guys are after me. I got a gun in my desk. And get me some clothes. - What's in it for me? - I got a TV set. I got a hi-fi. You can take it all. Do it. - What's the catch? - The catch is it's dangerous. - Please do it. - That ain't the catch - it's the fun. Come on. All right, guys. Let's go. Move out of there. Blow it out your ass, motherfucker. - Hi. - Hi, Elsa. - How...? Babe, what's happened? - God, I'm glad you're here. - What's happened to you? - I'll tell you later. Let's go. You like it? I must get the key. - How did you find this place? - I hope the key is here. - How did you find it? - A girlfriend in my building. It belongs to her family. Is it Szell's? Szell's? Is it Szell's? You're very tired. Where is Janeway? Huh? - What do you do for Szell? - Babe... - What? - I'm sorry... Tell me when they're coming. What did you do for him? - Let me explain. - Explain it. - Explain my brother! Say it! - Please. Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Tell me when they're coming. I don't know, Babe. I... Soon. Good. Thanks. - When did you know? - I didn't... ..till now. - Whose house is this? - Szell's brother's. No, Babe. There's nobody here. Let's go. Please, Babe. Let's go. We still have time. I can get you out of here. So that was Szell. - What's keeping them? - I don't know. What were you? Were you Szell's mistress? - Tell me. - No. I was a courier. Nothing more. I took money from Paris into Uruguay, that's all. I never even met him. God, you are pretty. Where is he? Where is Szell? - Where is Szell?! - It's a lovely morning. Hold it! We're awaiting further instructions. Do we take three giant steps or what? Cops will be here soon. You know, I don't think the police are coming. Neither do I, but I could be wrong. We can work out what you wanna work out, but shouldn't we do it inside? OK. One at a time. No! Over here. Over here. Sit. Sit! You should realise we're only authorised to go to certain

limits. Cut the bullshit. Tell me where Szell is. Why did you let us get so close? - You're all in my killing range now. - Taken target practice, have you? A wizard at hitting paper? It's not the same with flesh. - Smashing bone is different... - I wanna know where... Hey. ...Szell is. If the police were coming, you wouldn't be so panicky. - They're coming. - Somehow I don't believe that. Turn it on. Easy. Easy. We're all gonna take it easy. Isn't that right, Erhard? We're all just gonna sit here and wait for the police. Right, Karl? Where is he? Elsa, why don't you move away, give the boy some room to breathe? No! - Drop it! Get it down! - All right, it's down! I didn't want this to happen, but I couldn't trust them. I'll give you Szell for your brother. He's at a bank at 58th and Madison. Go. Go! Babe! - What are you looking for, sir? - Anything we can show you today? Morning, sir. Anything I could interest you in today? We heard that you were not there, but I wouldn't say it was relevant. I can't give you that much. That much I don't make. - OK. Maybe we can make a trade. - No trade, I want cash for the ring. If you want cash, I'll give you cash. Let me take a look at it. - I'd like to see a three-carat diamond. - Why? If you just wanna see, go window-shop. - I was interested in... - First there's gotta be trust. So I'll get this three-carat stone. We'll take it to this independent appraiser I know. If he doesn't swear I'm practically giving this stone away, I just have to get myself a new brother-in-law. I'm gonna do you a big favour. - Can't you just tell me what it's worth? - I'm no high-pressure artist. I sell value. You never answer me! I'm only interested in gem quality. - Around the size of my little fingernail. - You're talking six carat, sir. - More probably. - Would that be prohibitive? - 15,000. - 15... Per carat, naturally. - Naturally. - I know you. Perhaps you do. I'm pretty good at faces myself. - I know this man. - Christopher Hesse. How do you do? Christopher Hesse. How do you do? Wait, let me think... I think... Surely, you came to our antique shop in London? - No, that wasn't it. - No? But you've been to London? - But I don't think... - Hesse of Golders Green, since '33, when we got out of Germany. - Our shop is quite fashionable now. - I always wanted to visit London. I suggest you hurry while it's still there. I thank you for your time. I'm sorry. Our little shop isn't that fashionable. Thank you. I know that man. It can't be... ...Szell? Szell. Szell! Szell! Szell! My God! Stop him! Szell! Stop Szell! It's Szell. Der Weie Engel! Der Weie Engel is here. Oh, my God. Stop him. Stop him! Der Weie Engel! Der Weie Engel. He has to be stopped. My God! He gets away. Der Weie Engel is here! Szell. Stop him! Oh, please help me. He's a beast. He's a murderer. You must stop him. Oh, my God, there he goes! - He's getting away! - She's crazy. Der Weie Engel is here! Stop him! Stop him! I will stop him! I will stop him! The beast! The beast! Szell! I know who you are, you murderer. I know who you are! Help! Help! The man needs help here! Help! Quick! A doctor! Quick! - Morning, sir. Thank you. - Thank you. Two-five-nine-six-six. All finished, Henry.

Thank you. - Everything all right, Mrs. Rosenheim? - Oh, yes. See you next week. There you are, sir. Close the door for the light, sir. No one can enter. Everything all right, sir? Yeah...! Yes! It isn't safe. Move. They're all dead. Move. - You'd be foolish to do anything hasty. - Move. - I have things in my possession... - Just keep moving. Name is Arnie, walks with a limp, green jacket, brown pants. Ten-four. - What are you guys doing in here? - We'll just be a little while. - There's nobody allowed in here. - Well, get out! Get out! Hurry up! OK, let's see what you got. If you will just give me a chance to get this open. That's OK. Take your time. All this happened because you were afraid you were gonna be robbed? Yes. But you weren't sure. No. Jesus Christ. I was in a state of hysteria, you know. Don't you want to take a closer look than that? - No. - You see... ..in a sense, one becomes more emotional with age. First after a lifetime of being taken by friends and enemies alike, and then, just when you think you have your possession sure, your health begins to go. - That is, of course, the ultimate theft. - That's close enough. - In the circumstances, one's paranoia... - Close enough! - ...gets out of hand. - Stop! Well? What are you going to do now, shoot me? No, I don't think so. Then you'll take these from me. If I could say a word about that? No, you can keep them. You can keep as many as you can swallow. Pardon me. I'm not quite sure what you said. Swallow? Yeah, swallow. Eat. Essen. - You're joking. - No, I don't think so. I'm not joking. "Essen." - "Essen!" - No, wait! That man who was here has seen your gun! He'll bring others! Swallow! This is madness! Mad... Swallow. Again. No. I won't. You'll have to shoot me. Come on. Shoot. You won't. You can't. You're too weak. Your father was weak in his way, your brother in his, now you in yours. You are all so predictable. Nein! Go get them!