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Mata Hari

By Joel Ziskin

You're losing your touch, my friend.
High living has its price, Ladoux.
You are wheezing.
You are a dangerous opponent,
von Bayerling. Quite dangerous.
And you're a tricky devil, Ladoux.
Don't bother denying it.
What can I say?
Karl! What's happened to you?
You drag me into a museum to look
at paintings, and then you disappear.
But you wanted to come
to hunt for prey, you said.
And just when we are about to snare
Madame la Comtesse, you wander off.
What can I tell her about Fauvism,
or whatever the hell you called it?
- They are actually...
- In a state of tantric ecstasy.
It looks... pretty basic to me.
It's tenth century Indian.
Amazing, von Bayerling,
the amount of useless information
you've got crammed
into that German head of yours.
A very... fascinating exhibit, isn't it?
You have an interest in Asian art?
Well, actually it's my friend here
who is the authority.
An authority?
So what do you think of this?
That's the center of the wheel
of death and rebirth.
The cosmic dancer.
Lord Shiva. Indian, of course.
South Indian, to be exact.
From the temple at Madurai.
Allow me to introduce myself.
Captain Georges Ladoux.
Lady MacLeod.
Enchant.
Captain Karl von Bayerling...
Count von Bayerling.
How is it that you know so much?

I come here quite often.
My dear child,
our table at Maxim's is waiting.
Mon gnrale.
Of course.
So that's what we can look forward to
after 30 years of service.
I don't see how either of you will be
able to accomplish anything, Colonel,
whether it's amusing or not.
August of 1914 will not be a bit
different from any other August in Paris.
Hot and humid.
Biarritz and Deauville...
it's as if one remains in Paris anyway.
The same bored faces,
the same nasty gossip.
If you'll excuse me.
And what keeps the lights
of the German embassy
burning so brightly
on a Saturday night?
Developments.
But you must already know.
Know? How would I know the inner
workings of a diplomatic mission?
My orders are classified secrets,
but French intelligence
would find out soon enough.
I am being transferred back to Berlin.
Special assignment.
If it comes to war, we will both
have to do what is expected of us.
Bon chance. my friend.
And I thought it was I that was supposed
to surprise you with big news.
Do you remember that amazing creature
we encountered last week at the museum?
The one on the arm
of General Carriere.
She's here tonight.
Here? Where?
Just wait.
Mes cheres amis.

tonight the City of Light
must bid farewell
to the Eye of the Dawn.
All of you will have heard, I'm sure,
of the secret sexual ripeness
of the mystic East.
Tonight, before leaving
on her European tour,
the most legendary danseuse
of our age.
Mes chers amis...
a sacred goddess!
Mata Hari!
Mata Hari.
Why should Austria
even take notice of Serbia?
Because Serbia signed
a treaty of alliance with Russia.
More wine, my dear?
Everyone has treaties
with everyone else.
Russia with France, Vienna with Berlin.
I tell you, it will all blow over.
- Bon soir. Messieurs.
- Bon soir. Madame.
Prost.
Take your hands off me.
Let me go!
I told you I know nothing about this!
- That's her, she's the one.
- It's not true.
I assassinated no one.
I didn't even know him!
You expect us to believe
you are in the habit
of committing intimate acts
with strangers?
Petty hypocrisies
mean nothing to me.
You were en route to Berlin.
I am to perform in Berlin.
All very interesting...
but words
cannot dispel hard facts.

Why would I?
Or... who would want you to?
Our agent was killed by a poisonous dart
fired from a blow gun.
Can you tell us what you did
with this blow gun?
The poison has been used for centuries
by natives of the East Indies.
Perhaps that too is something
you could illuminate.

- Ridiculous.
- Ridiculous?
I'm afraid this is something
rather more than a simple homicide.
We have put in a call to our colleagues
from military intelligence.
This had better be very important.
I don't like to be interrupted.
Thank you for talking sense to them.

- You are performing here?
- Yes, at the Metropole.
The Metropole.
It's Berlin's Folies Bergere.
It's not the kind of place for an artist.
Are you offering an alternative?
Madame.
Wait! Listen to me.
There's a train
that leaves within an hour.
You must get away.
Get away?
You must not become involved.
But what have I done? Nothing.
Then I must say good-bye.
But come back...
... tonight.
You come here often?
You're quite an adventurer, Captain.
It's you who have been everywhere.

- I seem to make you smile.
- You remind me of Paris.
Of everything that's intriguing,
innovative, different.
If you dislike the army so much,

why do you stay?

Why? Are you offering me
some kind of alternative?

The only real alternative, Captain,
is the one we make for ourselves.

Careful now!

Come and meet everybody.

Here we are, then,
all my friends and relations.

- Good evening, all.

- We'll wake up the horses.

Come on.

Now, this is one of my horses.

His name is Oscar.

- Oscar, go to sleep now.

- Come on.

They're good.

- Very good.

- Experiments.

What's wrong?

Are you thinking
of the man on the train?

Like everyone else, I'm only...

You're not like everyone else.

And you?

I must take you back to your hotel.

What do you want from me?

Last night you returned me
to my hotel without saying a word,
and then this morning, you call
to invite me for dinner.

Tell me.

I'm so pleased to see you again,
Mademoiselle.

Allow me to introduce.

Frulein Doctor Elsbeth Schragmuller,
Herr Wolff.

Mademoiselle Mata Hari.

Please, everyone, do sit down.

Such a dramatic arrival in Berlin!

I have often heard

the sexual orgasm referred to
by Dr. Freud as "the little death, "
but I assume it was not your idea

to take it so literally.
- You are a doctor?
- Of psychology,
the science of the human mind.
Frulein Doctor is a consultant
to the German intelligence service.
Despite his undeniable intellect,
Captain von Bayerling here
believes that the intelligence service
should limit itself
to collect information
on troop movements,
or the rate of fire
of some little machine gun.
That is not what I said.
You see, Captain von Bayerling
is our French specialist,
and the French, needless to say,
would do most anything
to hinder his effectiveness.
That is why they sent you to Berlin.
Sent me? That's ridiculous.
I'm here to perform
at the Metropole Theater.
Of course. But you were manipulated.
It was the French, namely,
Captain Ladoux of le Deuxime Bureau
who not only added Berlin to your tour,
but arranged for the assassination
of our poor unfortunate agent on the train.
Why?
Positioning, an opening gambit.
It no longer matters.
But when Captain von Bayerling
reported his suspicion
that you had been set out
as a lure to him,
we resolved to turn the situation
to our advantage.
That's why I sent Captain von Bayerling
to seduce you.
We are not guinea pigs
on which to test your theories.
Sit down, Captain.

The opposition is no longer theoretical.
The game has begun.
We're leaving.
We? Your assignment is over.
So... you're free to go, Captain.
You will be held accountable.
By Germany.
Certainly not by you.
You are a very beautiful
and intelligent woman.
You could be of great service to us.
We'd pay very highly for it.
Think about it.
The money.
Just think about it.
I was looking for Captain von Bayerling.
He's off and gone,
and the whole regiment with him.
I heard the Captain's
up with Corps Headquarters.
It's official. It's war.
- Mademoiselle, a message for you.
- Not tonight.
An officer, Mademoiselle,
he insisted.
- Mademoiselle! He insisted!
- I said not tonight.
Pardon. Mademoiselle.
Merci. Mademoiselle.
No, sir.
No, no, no, no.
Monsieur?
- I would like to speak to Lady MacLeod.
- Who is it?
Captain Ladoux.
I must speak with you, Madame.
Entrez. Monsieur.
What do you want?
I sent my card.
I thought perhaps
we might talk over dinner.
- I never dine with strangers.
- Then we'll have to talk here.
I happen to be expecting

important visitors.

- Captain...

- Ladoux.

Georges Ladoux. Do you have
some place to put these?

Marie.

Oui. Madame.

I've given orders

that we are not to be disturbed.

I'm afraid I'm here

on official business.

We've met once before.

At the museum.

And last summer, I saw you dance.

You were quite spectacular.

It's been some time

since you've performed in Paris.

Milan, Rome, Genoa,

and before that Lisbon, Amsterdam.

And don't forget Berlin, Captain.

But of course you know all about that.

I must caution you

to respect the fact that we are at war,

and Paris

is under military jurisdiction.

- What is it that you want from me?

- You were seen in Berlin...

... not only with Count Karl von Bayerling,

but with the Chief of Police,

and that woman,

the one they call Fralein Doctor.

So?

Did you know that the victim of

the so-called assassination on the train

was seen on the streets of Berlin

a few days after you left?

You were saying, Captain?

Of course, you want to change.

I'll wait outside.

Please, do stay.

After all, you're here

on official business.

Mademoiselle.

Unless you fear that your friend Karl

may have already engaged me
to seduce you.
I'll be waiting outside.
We do have a lot to talk about.
Eighty million marks per year
was what Germany's annual budget was
for her spy force before the war.
By making it seem it was we
who had manipulated you,
Karl could be sure
to enlist your sympathy.
- Karl seemed so honest.
- Perhaps.
But he loves his country
and follows orders.
And he knows that one good spy
is worth a dozen diplomats.
Generals Messigny, St. Denis.
May I introduce one of your most
capable staff captains,
and Baron Joubert of the S. E. C. ,
our armaments consortium.
Lady MacLeod.
This exquisite creature
needs no introduction.
Philippe Henri D'Estaing,
Baron Joubert.
A devoted admirer
of the great Mata Hari.
Gentlemen.
Mademoiselle.
You don't like Monsieur le Baron.
Do you?
The rich and powerful
have their attraction.
And Captain Ladoux has his.
No, don't stop.
Harder.
What do you want?
Nothing.
You'd think my driver
would show a little initiative.
I'll try and find him.
The Captain is looking for you.

Wait! What is this?
We meet again.
How dare you?!
Where are you taking me?
Mademoiselle.
When we first met in the museum,
you were on the arm of General Carriere.
Now it's just captains.
You seem to have lowered your sights.
The General has already left Paris.
He's been transferred to Arras.
Let us not talk about the war.
Bastard.
You should not believe everything
your friend Ladoux tells you.
You deceived me.
You know how I feel.
That I cannot hide from you.
Please don't.
Ladoux's been setting a trap for me.
That's why he's been courting you.
Then why did you take
such a chance today?
Or is Mata Hari only a pawn
in a game of chess?
Help me to forget.
Come on.
- Here we are.
- You're mad!
- Come on.
- Where are we going?
To Java!
- Is it very far?
- Not very.
Hurry!
Mata Hari.
I was born in the south of Java,
near the ancient temples of Bourabadour.
My mother was a sacred dancer.
She died when I was born.
The priest gave me my name,
which means "Eye of the Dawn. "
They told me I was a predestined soul,
dedicated to Shiva,

god of the mysteries of love.
And your other name?
Lady MacLeod?
I was married once to a Dutch officer,
but it didn't last very long.
Let me stay with you.
I wouldn't want you to know some
of the miserable things I have to do.
- You're a soldier.
- What I do is not always soldier's work.
Then you'll just disappear.
I have to.
Temptress...
It depends how long my husband
can get away.
I'll be happy to pay you
a month in advance.
But what I'm looking for
must be very private and very quiet.
I'm sure you and your husband
will find this very satisfactory.
Bring me the latest report
from General Gravier.
At once, Colonel!
We've found her.
There she is again.
The same thing every evening
for the last five days.
She walks down to the end of town,
and then she walks back again.
This way, Monsieur.
Seor Noriega!
How good of you to come.
And this must be our Herr Gunther,
all the way from Basel.
Please.
Beautiful.
With your financing complete,
you can have as many as you want.
You are sure, given the situation,
you can meet our demands?
Of course.
Portugal may choose to remain neutral,
but she's no enemy of France.

Why should your armed forces
not be fully equipped?
As long as they pay full market price.
My dear Herr Gunther,
as a patriotic Frenchman,
I supply our poor troops
at rates set by our government.
But...
... it's business as usual...
... with anyone else.
You are disappointed?
Was it someone else
you were expecting?
You think that Karl loves you,
is that what you think?
We never talked about love.
Or you are a German agent.
What exactly happened in Berlin?
They asked me, but I refused.
Did he send you here
to throw me off his scent in Paris?
No.
The day after you most unexpectedly
disappeared after our charming luncheon,
we intercepted a message
sent from a secret German transmitter
hidden somewhere in Paris.
Unfortunately, we weren't able
to decode it until last night.
Unfortunately, because yesterday morning,
General Carriere, your friend,
attacked the German lines.
His troops were slaughtered.
The message we decoded reported that
he had been secretly transferred to Arras,
and that you were the source
of this information.
Get out.
No.
Why should we trust you?
France is my home.
You are Dutch.
I will help you, I promise.
I will help you.

All right, we'll see
just how much you want to help us.
We've learned that von Bayerling's
next mission will take him to Madrid.
Lady MacLeod,
El Ojo del Alba.
What a pleasure it is
to welcome you to Madrid.
It's been... how long has it been?
Several years, no?
Extraordinaire.
Take those bags upstairs immediately!
Let me tell you what a deep honor it is
to have such a grande artista
once more in residence.
The key to 218, please!
If I can be of any assistance,
don't hesitate to call upon me at any time.
- Feliz estancia.
- Gracias. seor.
Seora, suite 218.
- Seor...
- Seor Ortega.
Everything's been arranged.
He'll be just next door.
Buenas tardes. seorita.
Perhaps you can help me.
My watch seems to be running fast.
It is a most beautiful piece.
Did you buy it in Paris?
No, it was a gift. An expression
of a gentleman's appreciation.
You must avoid returning here.
Write me a note, asking me
how the watch repair is going,
Then with the contents of this bottle,
add your report to Ladoux.
To read his reply,
add a few drops from this one.
Trust no one.
Everyone in Madrid
works for the highest bidder.
Hello! Hello!
Reception, hello!

- Can I help you, seor?
- You Spanish with your ridiculous siestas.
The suite, you idiot,
what do you think I'm here for?
Ah, yes, Count von Bayerling.
No, not von Bayerling!
Didn't you get my telegram?
I am the new military attach,
Captain Von Krohn,
of the Imperial German Navy.
Seora, are you all right?
Yes. Violets,
I'd like to have some violets, please.
Violets.
Excuse me, seor.
Your key.
And where are the bellboys?
Are they sleeping too?
Right away, seor.
Take Captain von Krohn's bags up to 217.
I believe you're next door.
I didn't know who...
Please, would you mind holding these?
- Are you all right?
- This Spanish wine.
Permit me.
- Would you have a cigarette?
- Yes, yes, of course.
Thank you.
- Light?
- Moment.
Allow me.
Aren't you...
Mata Hari, the dancer?
Lady MacLeod.
Von Krohn, Captain von Krohn.
I'm with the German Embassy
here in Madrid.
That's marvelous.
- I was wondering if...
- Good afternoon.
That's what I have just given you,
a certificate of deposit
for 5 million Swiss francs.

He wants it in a form
even less traceable.
He wants it in gold.
We should pay 5 million in gold
without seeing a sample?
He says he's brought a description
of its chemical composition...
not the formula, just a summary.
He's playing cat and mouse
with us, Noriega.
- Shall I proceed with it?
- I'll see you down.
"Information extremely useful.
Critical you determine Noriega's contact.
You are saving lives.
Ladoux. "
Really? No!
More champagne, my dear?
Thank you.
I would think you'd be relieved
to be assigned to an embassy,
and not to active duty.
No, my dear, to the contrary!
My present assignment is much more,
what shall I say? Exposed.
Attending diplomatic receptions?
What would you say if I told you
that I have at my discretion
a small fortune with which
to change the course of the war?
I would say that I find it
very hard to believe.
It's a question of technology.
Technology, you see,
can alter the balance of...
We meet again.
Baron Joubert.
What do you think you're doing?
Captain von Krohn...
Noriega! What are you doing here?
Baron Joubert, Captain von Krohn.
The new German Naval attach.
- You two know each other.
- Yes, we are acquainted.

Mademoiselle,
if ever you grow tired of uniforms,
perhaps you will permit me
as a humble patron of the arts
to pay homage
to your artistry and talent.
Seor Ybarra?
We have been waiting for you.
So... we were just finishing
with Captain von Krohn.
I am a naval officer!
You have no authority, no right!
To the contrary. General Staff
has authorized me to apply
whatever means necessary
to achieve success in this operation.
Joubert must have known.
He must have known
we were behind the Portuguese arms
purchases all along.
We don't even know
if the explosive works!
We have no evidence!
Nevertheless, Captain,
you were charged with finding the details
of the chemical components
that he brought with him to Madrid.
I still have the gold.
Instead, you managed to frighten
the very contact that we have been
cultivating so very carefully.
Joubert tricked us!
The French bastard backed out!
He was supposed to...
And all this
because our most efficient agent,
your friend, Captain von Bayerling,
was not available.
At his own request,
he has returned to duty with his regiment.
He has been reported missing in action.
So... perhaps you will reconsider
accepting a position with us?
Baron Joubert

has to return to Paris immediately,
but his return must be delayed,
for Herr Wolff and I
must continue our research.
So I suggest that you accept
the Baron's invitation.

Baron!

J'ai vous prsentez
la Marquesa de la Casa Fuente.
Lady MacLeod.

Bienvenida a mi casa.
Perhaps we should return to my villa.
Leaving for Paris, you said!

Who is this whore?!

- I demand satisfaction!
- You've had too much to drink!

I demand it!

Name your seconds... filth!

- Come, come, we will go!
- No.

No!

Till blood is drawn.

Bitch!

Your mother was a pig!

Though you were successful,
Herr Wolff and I were not.

So, since your white knight
cannot come to you,
it seems you will have
to go and rescue him.

Unfortunately, he has been wounded,
and is being held a prisoner
behind the French lines.

Do your men understand
the importance of this mission...
to conduct our visitor
safely behind the French lines?

- It's quiet now.
- All right.

Here we go!

Wire cutters!

Fire!

N ow

Let's go.

Over there.
For God's sake, go!
Sister! Don't just stand there!
Bandages! Get me bandages!
Get some water.
Get them out! Get the wounded out!
Get them all out!
No, no.
No, I want you like this.
What are you laughing at?
Don't make me laugh, it's too painful.
An inferno.
That's what this war is.
Bit by bit, everything is thrown
onto the flames to try to put them out,
but instead, everything is consumed...
honor, friendship...
Love.
You mentioned to me once,
quite innocently,
that General Carriere was in Arras.
It was my duty to search
for clues like that,
to piece together
what the French were up to.
I anguished for days over that,
because I learned it from you.
But duty won out.
And now the worst has happened.
You too are caught up in this insanity.
- It's finished now, for both of us.
- No, it's not finished.
By tomorrow we'll be free.
Your people have arranged money,
passports, new identities.
We can go anywhere, do anything.
- There's nothing more you can do.
- I can try.
But why?
What can be so important?
Bringing this madness to an end.
Only then can we really be free,
don't you see?
Wait here.

I'm going with you tomorrow
to see Noriega.

No, it's too dangerous.

But two of us together
would be less suspicious,
visiting the Portuguese embassy.

How would you like to make love
to a Swiss businessman,
Herr Gunther?

Even before the war, we were
secretly buying French armaments
to keep them from the French army.

But Baron Joubert is French.

Joubert. We're reduced
to allying ourselves to his kind.

Now he claims to have developed
a new explosive... incredibly powerful.

In exchange for the gold,
he is to supply Noriega with a sample,
and Noriega will give it to us.

Damn!

- What is it?

- It's Ladoux, look the other way!

You look surprised,
Captain von Bayerling.

I hope you are not
displeased to see me.

You have the sample?

Ladoux is watching
the Portuguese embassy.

He must know about Noriega.

Portuguese are no longer necessary.

We will deal with Baron Joubert directly.

But Joubert can't deal
with us directly.

Oh, Captain, Captain!

Who first devised this plan?

"The Theory and Psychology
of Counter-Espionage

"with a Special Emphasis
on the Management of Terror
as a Strategic Weapon. "

That was the title of my first proposal
to General Staff,

which, as you know, Captain,
they accepted.

Max,

contact General Staff on the radio.

But... the next transmission's
not until dawn.

Do it!

Captain! I'm surprised at you!

The operation is already under way.

You are mad.

You see here the insidious results
of sentimentality.

The lovely Mata Hari
will stay here with me,
to ensure the successful
execution of the plan.

Herr Gunther?

What's going on? Who is he?

We have come for our sample.

Where is Noriega?

This is an outrage.

How dare you?

The material.

Captain von Bayerling,
you will please pick up our sample.

- Be careful, for God's sake!

- You will sit down.

There's enough explosives there
to destroy this building.

Precisely.

Captain?

Do take out your pistol.

Please.

Hold it.

The S. E. C. is France's largest
armaments manufacturer.

It counts among its major shareholders
the Minister of War...

... the Minister of Finance,

two marshals of France,

several generals, many deputies.

What will the poor French soldiers

fighting and dying at the front think...

... when they learn

that Baron Joubert's S. E. C.
is consorting with the enemy?
Along the aisle, over there.
Please. Don't consider
sacrificing yourself, Captain.
If the material is dropped,
we wouldn't want to be premature.
What good is it going to do
to destroy a cathedral?
Please.
Proceed, Captain.
In time,
you will come to appreciate
the brilliance
of Fraulein Doctor's plan.
Hold your fire.
Karl, is that you?
Ladoux, listen to me!
And Wolff?
So, the bomb is planted.
Bomb?
Stop them.
The cathedral... a tomb...
Too late, Captain.
In the morning, the entire
French government, General Staff,
leading citizens... everyone will attend
a memorial mass to honor their war dead.
What are you doing?!
It's time.
What are you talking about?!
We communicate with General Staff
on a predetermined schedule. It's time.
- Get out!
- The transmitter's here in the vehicle!
- We have to!
- Get out!
I also have my orders!
Get out!
Nobody will make any communication
until this whole operation is over. Come.
Where's the bomb?
Where is it?
Behind the Madonna.

The woman Zelle, Marguerite,
known also as Lady MacLeod,
known also as Mata Hari, foreigner,
born in Holland, August 7, 1887,
five feet seven inches tall,
being able to read and write,
of Protestant parents,
is accused of espionage,
intelligence with an enemy power...
... and conspiracy to commit murder!
Karl would understand.
The Tribunal is after blood.
You must try to save yourself.
What would happen
if Karl were taken prisoner?
If he were not in uniform,
he would be shot.
I can tell them what I know
about Baron Joubert.
I will arrange for you
to speak with an attorney.
It was at the request
of le Deuxime
that Mademoiselle
attempted to find out all she could
about Baron Joubert's involvement...
That is irrelevant to the case at hand.
Yes, but if Baron Joubert
were implicated...
We are not here to undertake
an investigation of Baron Joubert.
Is the accused guilty of consorting
with the enemy, or is she not?
That alone is the reason
why we are here.
Then you are here
to prosecute an innocent woman.
An intriguing choice of words.
There is no precedent
in the entire history of the Republic
for such a miscarriage of justice.
What jurisdiction does a military tribunal
have over an alien, a woman?
I remind you, Matre Clunet,

that the armed forces of France
are charged
with the defense of the Republic.
Then it would appear
that those same armed forces of France,
who are unable to vanquish
the Germans on the field of battle,
feel that an innocent, a woman,
is a more appropriate opponent?
Without revealing the means
by which they have been obtained,
we enter in evidence the following...
a transcript of a decoded transmission
from Paris to Berlin
announcing the arrival of Agent H-21,
a transcript of a decoded transmission
from Berlin to Madrid
assigning the number H-21
to Mata Hari.
I am guilty of one thing alone.
What I have done,
I have done for love.
Then you do not deny
you worked for the Germans.
It was only because
I was in the service of France
that I was compelled
to work for the Germans.
If you acted in the service of France,
then reveal the whereabouts
of Captain von Bayerling!
Captain, Captain!
What is happening with Mata Hari?
Is it true that she is to be transferred
from Saint Lazare prison?
- It's true.
- Is she being taken to Vincennes?
Not exactly.
The hospice of Sainte Marie-du-Mont.
Sainte Marie-du-Mont?
But that's a convent!
Captain, but why a convent? Is this kind
of place going to be quite secure?
Since you gentlemen of the press...

and ladies,
have made such an issue
of her accommodations,
we made special arrangements
for her there.
Von Bayerling's no fool.
He knows it's him we want.
He'll be here.
I have to save her.
Our orders are clear...
we are to get you out of Paris.
You are disobeying
an order from Berlin!
To hell with Berlin.
To hell with all this.
How can you rescue her?
It's madness!
Madness! Don't talk to me of madness.
Get out of the way.
- Get out of the way!
- Remember, you are a German officer!
An innocent woman's life is at stake.
Come, come, Captain.
In fact, the execution
of so glamorous a spy
will do wonders for the Army's morale.
Consider that.
Mother,
this is no time for modesty.
Do you wish to pray, my child?
I have prayed in my own way.
Your gifts have come from God.
You mustn't throw away your life.
Thank you for trying.
Don't cry. I will know how to die.
Madame.
That won't be necessary.
Present arms!
Take aim!
Fire!
- Colonel Ladoux. Here again?
- Had a few minutes.
Karl.
Colonel. You've stayed in the army.

And you?

Travel, painting.

You haven't been back to Paris since?

I tried to save her.

I know.

God.