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# Our Man in Havana

By Graham Greene

No, thank you.

Shoeshine?

Pretty girl?

Dirty movie?

Palace of Art?

Atomic pile cleaner?

I didn't know science had got that far.

Oh, it works off the light plug,  
the same as all the others.

Did you want a vacuum cleaner?

In a way.

I'll meet you in the Wonder Bar, Doctor.

- Your name?

- Hasselbacher.

- Profession?

- Doctor.

What is this about?

- Nationality?

- German.

Papers.

What is this about?

I am Captain Segura.

Your papers.

Who was the Englishman with you?

Mr. Wormold, an old friend.

I do not mean Mr. Wormold. The other.

I do not know him. He's a customer.

Very well.

- It's air-powered.

- What?

- Air-powered.

- What does that mean?

Well, what it says, air-powered.

This funny bit here, what's that for?

- That's a two-way carpet nozzle.

- Why two-way?

Well, you push or you pull.

The things they think up.

Do you do pretty well?

There's not much electric power  
since the troubles began.

- When?

- About the time Queen Victoria died.

This is a snap-action coupling.

This is a faulty part.

- Lopez...
- Here, let me try.
- You have a pretty daughter. Where is she?
- School.

How old is she?

- Isn't her name Milly?
- Excuse me.
- This is the Midget Make-Easy.
- Make what easy?

The full name is Midget Make-Easy  
Air-powered Suction Small Home Cleaner.

- You are British, aren't you?
- Yes.
- British passport and all that?
- Yes, why?

Enjoyed our chat.

I'll be seeing you again. Here or there.

- He never intended to buy.
- What did he want, then?

Perhaps if you hadn't been British,  
he would have asked you to get him a girl.

Thank you.

Capt. Segura asked me about that man.

- Segura?
- The Red Vulture himself.
- Did he buy anything?
- He said he'd see me later.

Well, leave him to Lopez.

He can get along without you,  
like my patients can get along without me.

People have to get ill.

They don't have to buy vacuum cleaners.

But you charge more.

And get 20% for myself.

You can't save much on that.

- This is not an age for saving, Mr. Wormold.
- I must, for Milly.
- Couldn't her mother help out?
- I don't know where she is.

Give me another daiquiri.

I've no money on me.

Daiquiri.

- I could manage a small loan.

- It's not that.  
It's just that I don't want Milly  
to grow up in an atmosphere like this.  
Civil war, men like Segura.  
I want a whole different life for her.  
A finishing school in Switzerland,  
a house in Kensington...  
and an Anglo-Saxon husband  
with 2,000 pounds a year and no mistress.  
My worry is a long-term worry.  
Then it's not worth calling a worry.  
We live in an atomic age.  
Press a button. Poof! Bang!  
Milly.  
She's been shopping again.  
Girls grow up early in the tropics,  
even in a convent school.  
The teach her things I don't understand.  
They've even given her an American accent.  
Sometimes when I'm with her,  
I feel like a foreigner.  
Don't you ever worry about anything?  
- I am interested in life.  
- So am I.  
No. You are interested in a person,  
not in life.  
But people die or leave us.  
I am interested in scientific living things.  
Now, I have an experiment which has to do  
with the blueness of cheese...  
which can be important  
and which will never die.  
Do you remember the day when she set fire  
to Thomas Earl Parkman Jr...  
and they had to push him in the fountain  
to put him out?  
She was only 13 then.  
She grew up so quickly.  
Sometimes I wish  
she'd set fire to someone again.  
She will.  
And I don't mean in that way.  
Everything under control, Lopez?  
- Had a good day, Father?

- Not so bad. And you?

I got top marks today in dogma,  
and in morals.

- But I did best on venial sin.

- I dare say.

- Got this for your collection.

- Thank you.

I've asked Dr. Hasselbacher  
for your birthday.

I thought we might go to a nightclub.

- Can we go to the Shanghai theater?

- Certainly not.

I can't think

how you've even heard of the place.

At school things get around.

Do you mind if the potatoes all have eyes?

I got them at a bargain price.

They'd rather look that way, don't they?

Have you decided

what you want for your birthday?

Really and truly, there's nothing I want.

Did you know

it's much cheaper to buy mustard in a tube?

- I'm starting an economy drive.

- Milly, you've been shopping.

There is one thing I want. I thought

we might count it as a Christmas present.

And next year's, and the year after that.

Now, don't tell me you want a Jaguar.

Oh, no. Not a car. This would last for years.

It might, in a way, save petrol.

Milly, what have you bought?

You must know?

Where's the horse?

She's awfully cheap.

I got all the accessories on credit.

You haven't any credit. I had to lend you \$3  
for that pendant of St. Seraphina.

- Guess what she's called.

- How can I?

Seraphina.

Capt. Segura's offered me free stabling  
at the country club.

How on earth do you know Capt. Segura?

He gives me lifts home.

- Do you know what they call him?

- The Red Vulture.

I know. He tortures prisoners.

But he never touches me.

He just sings sad songs about flowers,  
and death, and one about a bull.

You aren't in love, are you,  
with this Capt. Segura?

I don't give a darn about Capt. Segura.

It's Seraphina I care about.

She's 15 hands and has a mouth like velvet.

Everybody says so. Feel.

\$150,000 for three years?

There won't be any difficulty  
with a business like yours.

Just you stop in any time  
and see the manager.

Henry, look, I'll ring you again. A customer.  
\$300.

You have an overdraft of \$25, Mr. Wormold.

It's only for a week. Nothing to worry about.

The bank's not worried, Mr. Wormold,  
but we have our rules.

- Daiquiri, please.

- Right away, sir.

Scotch and soda, please.

Thank you, sir.

Mr. Wormold. What a strange coincidence.

I suppose this is one of your usual haunts.

I've never seen so many whiskies.

I have. I collect miniatures.

I've got 93 at home.

- I wanted to have a word with you.

- Decided on a cleaner?

- Cleaner?

- Vacuum cleaner.

- Come down to the shop.

- I'd rather not.

A bar's not a bad place.

You run into a fellow countryman, have  
a get-together. What could be more natural?

- Where's the gents'?

- Through there.

You go in there and I'll follow you.

- But I don't want the gents'.

- My dear fellow, don't be crass.

- But I don't need it.

- Don't let me down.

You're an Englishman, aren't you?

Get in.

Come in.

Keep the water running.

Looks natural if someone barges in.

- And of course, it confuses a mike.

- A mike?

You're right to question it.

There probably wouldn't be a mike here.

But it's the drill that counts.

Just shift that box, will you?

No wires?

Good.

My name's Hawthorne.

You will come to know me better as 59200.

I'm in charge of the Caribbean network.

- It sounds like the Secret Service.

- So the novelists call it.

Why have you picked on me?

Patriotic Englishman. Volunteered in 1939.

We have to have our man in Havana.

Recruit sub-agents, keep an eye on things.

Submarines need fuel.

Atomic submarines don't.

Quite right,

but wars start a little behind the times.

We also need economic intelligence.

- Sugar, coffee, tobacco.

- It's all in the government yearbooks.

Oh, we never rely on them.

Someone's coming.

Mustn't be seen together.

- But we have been seen together.

- Don't argue. I know the ropes.

- Can I come out now?

- Give me time to get away.

That was a policeman from the bar.

May be a bit suspicious.

He might have recognised my legs

under the door.

Do you think we ought to change trousers?

Wouldn't look natural, old man.

Still, you're getting the idea.

Come and see me at 10:00 tonight.

Room 506, Capri Hotel.

Sign Official Secrets Act, all that rubbish.

You don't really think I'll come?

\$150 a month and expenses, old man.

Tax-free.

- Where have you been, Father?

- Walking.

- Well, what have you got an umbrella for?

- Oh, I picked it up.

You're very irresponsible. You missed

a chicken hot-pot la Seraphina.

You aren't still worried, are you,

about Capt. Segura?

Are you happy at school, Milly?

- No one pulls your hair now?

- No.

And you don't set fire to people?

That was when I was 13.

Father, I don't really want it.

It doesn't matter.

Now listen, Milly.

If suddenly I made a lot of money,

how would you like to go to Switzerland?

To a finishing school?

It isn't very good riding country.

Awfully expensive.

- Couldn't we instead...

- What?

Join the country club?

Tax a-free.

What are you doing, Father?

Do you remember last year at the circus,

that clown?

The one who fell off the tightrope

into the bucket of whitewash?

We should all be clowns, Milly.

- Are you still unhappy about Mother?

- Sometimes.

- But, of course, I pray for her.

- That she comes back?

Oh, no, not that. We don't need her.

- No, that she'll be a good Catholic again.

- I'm not a Catholic.

That's different. You're invincibly ignorant.

I expect I am.

I'm not insulting you, Father.

It's only theology.

What else do you pray?

Well, of course, lately...

I've been concentrating on the horse.

- Can't you stay a little longer?

- There are things I've got to arrange.

- About the horse.

- Father!

It's wonderful how you always get  
what you pray for.

You go to sleep.

Can't be too careful.

I've brought you back your umbrella.

Sorry I'm late.

- You've moved the Lamb.

- I was just looking around.

You seem fond of Lamb's

Tales from Shakespeare.

- One copy's for you.

- But I don't read Lamb.

It's not meant for reading.

You never heard of a book code?

- As a matter of fact, no.

- I keep one copy.

All you do when you communicate with me,

is to indicate the page and the line...

where you begin the coding.

You understand?

Well, I'll explain in a minute.

It's rather complicated and not very secure.

- You got an electric kettle?

- Yes. Why?

For opening letters, of course.

And plastic knitting needles.

You'll want those.

- I've brought you some ink.

- I have plenty of ink.

Secret ink.

For communicating with your agents.

- Well, I haven't any agents.

- Your first job is to recruit some.

If you run short of ink,

you can always use bird droppings.

Your code number is 5920015.

I, of course, am 59200.

You will number your sub-agents 592001511  
and so on.

Do you get the idea?

I don't see how I can

possibly be of any use to you.

- You refuse to serve your country?

- I didn't say that. It's just that...

Well, the vacuum cleaners

take up a lot of time.

It's an excellent cover.

- Your profession has quite a natural air.

- It is natural.

Now, if you don't mind,

we'll get down to our Lamb.

This code is damned hard to break

without knowing the name of the book.

Why did you choose Lamb?

It's the only book I could find here

in duplicate except Uncle Tom's Cabin.

I was in a hurry and had to get something.

Mr. Wormold, please attend.

Now, think of a message you might be

sending to me, and we'll put it into code.

Received your esteemed order

of the 23rd inst.

Really, Wormold,

you'll have to do better than that.

- Good morning, sir.

- Good morning.

Come in.

You wanted me, sir?

Just a gossip, 59200.

All going well?

I think

we've got the Caribbean network sewn up.

Just put me in the picture.

I think  
you'll find the West Indies over here, sir.  
I always mix up the East  
and the West Indies.  
Haiti is here, sir.  
Here in Martinique, we are working  
with the French Deuxieme Bureau.  
- Only up to a point.  
- Of course, sir.  
Here I am, in Kingston.  
And here is Cuba.  
I'm not quite so happy about 5920015.  
- Who's he?  
- Our man in Havana, sir.  
He hasn't sent in any reports yet,  
or recruited a single sub-agent.  
What type is he?  
Commercial. In the import business.  
I trust he's a man of substance, Hawthorne.  
Small men are worse than useless.  
Oh, definitely, sir. Definitely.  
One of those old-fashioned merchants.  
- But you haven't had any word from him?  
- Only one cable, sir...  
asking us to pay his membership  
at the country club.  
- I rather hesitated about that.  
- Why?  
As a matter of fact...  
it's about 10 times as expensive  
as the best London club.  
Haunt of millionaires.  
That's exactly where our man should be.  
Right place for contacts.  
Don't be penny-wise, Hawthorne.  
That's not the way these old merchant  
adventurers built up their business.  
- Do you read Kipling?  
- No, sir.  
- How does he communicate?  
- I taught him the book code, sir.  
I gave him Tales from Shakespeare.  
He seems to be using it for reading only.  
Send him a sharp cable, Hawthorne.

Men like that who exercise authority,  
understand authority.

Take this down.

Following from "C."

Absolutely essential recruit agents  
without delay.

Send names you propose immediately  
for checking.

Perhaps I'm being too severe, Hawthorne?

The country club cost us

Five hundred?

Add this, Hawthorne.

Unless for recruiting agents, what other  
possible use has the country club?

Come on.

Father!

What are you doing here?

I thought it was about time

I met my fellow members.

- Isn't she lovely?

- Take care with her.

Excuse me, sir. May I help you?

No, thank you. I am a member.

My name's Wormold.

- Oh, Miss Milly's father.

- That's right.

Sorry, sir.

I did it! Did you see me?

Oh, it's such a great feeling.

It's a difficult situation for any ministry.

A full report has been sent through  
to the government.

Forgive me.

I couldn't help overhearing what you said.

Perhaps we could have a word privately.

Haven't I met you somewhere before?

The Embassy?

Good heavens, no. I never go there.

You'll have to

if you want to see me in private.

I happen to be the Ambassador.

- Copy of the club's membership, sir.

- Thank you.

Happy event, meeting you here, Cifuentes.

Can you tell me what we are talking about  
and why?

There is a proposition

I wish to make to you.

In private.

- Come to the office.

- Bar's a good place, engineer.

Run into a chap, have a get-together.

What more natural?

- Waiter.

- Yes, sir?

Give Capt. Montez another drink  
and bring me the bill now.

You're right, engineer.

This is the best place for a talk.

Oh, keep the water running.

It's safer that way.

You make yourself comfortable in there,  
and I'll tell you what we're going to do.

Keep your hands off me!

You are making a great mistake!

Now, if you touch me again,

I shall complain to the committee.

Am I interrupting you, engineer?

You are interrupting nobody,

Professor Sanchez.

Lopez.

You've been with me  
a great many years now.

- We trust each other.

- Sure.

How would you like  
to earn a bit more money each month?

Nothing to do with the firm.

Personal services.

I understand. I am discreet.

I'm not sure you do understand.

- I know a girl, she's just...

- I don't mean that at all.

I want you to keep your eyes open  
and report to me on...

Well, on...

On what then, seor?

Forget it.

But there's no need to be embarrassed  
in speaking to me.  
How goes the experiment, Hasselbacher?  
- Is the cheese still blue?  
- I dream all goes well.  
Reality in our century  
is not something to be faced.  
You've never felt the need for money.  
But then you have no child.  
Soon, my dear Mr. Wormold,  
you will have no child, either.  
The other day,  
I was offered money to get information.  
What sort of information?  
Secret information.  
You are a very lucky man, Mr. Wormold.  
That sort of information  
is always easy to give.  
If it is secret enough, you alone know it.  
All you need is a little imagination.  
Have you never read advertisements  
of secret remedies?  
A hair tonic confided by the dying chief  
of a Red Indian tribe?  
There's something about a secret  
that makes people believe.  
But they want me to recruit agents.  
How does one recruit an agent?  
You invent them, too, Mr. Wormold.  
- Have you ever heard of a book code?  
- Don't tell me too much.  
Do you think I should invent  
and take their money?  
They have no money except what they take  
in taxes from men like you and me.  
As long as you invent, you do no harm.  
- And they don't deserve the truth.  
- They?  
Kingdoms, republics, principalities, powers.  
Today at the country club,  
I made contact with a Mr. Cifuentes...  
an engineer who has wide knowledge  
of harbour installations...  
and all naval activities.

He will be expensive to recruit,  
but should prove most useful.  
Unfortunately,  
my approaches were observed...  
by Prof. Sanchez of the university.  
And I felt therefore, for security reasons,  
I should recruit him, too.  
Teresa is a popular actress...  
and extremely close  
to the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.  
I kept the operation in my own hands...  
as considerable tact was required.  
My idea worked splendidly.  
You've got it all wrong, Lopez.  
- Good night, Father.  
- Night, Milly.  
What are you drawing this time?  
You've made it look  
like a mysterious new weapon.  
I've started a new career.  
Science fiction writer.  
- And I'm illustrating my own works.  
- What's the story about?  
- Over the snow-covered mountains of Cuba.  
- But there's no snow in Cuba.  
They won't know that.  
Lost over the snow-covered mountains  
of Cuba...  
a dashing pilot of the Cubana Airlines...  
He'd better have a name.  
What shall we call him?  
- I knew a Saveedra once.  
- Too fancy.  
Perez. Pilot Perez.  
Too alliterative.  
Montez. That's what we'll call him.  
Pilot Montez.  
Just recruited  
into the British Secret Service.  
Montez looked down. What did he see?  
Concrete platforms,  
unidentifiable pieces of gigantic machinery.  
Is it a rocket to the moon?  
- May I borrow this?

- No, you can't.

I want it.

- Will you be a successful author?

- I hope so.

Could I have a pair of spurs  
for my birthday?

Certainly.

What happened?

All the time we were drinking,  
there was this.

- Have you called the police?

- For all I know, it was the police.

Three days ago, a man called on me  
and asked me to work for him.

I refused. But he threatened.

What did he want you to do?

It was not a doctor's job.

- Do you know if they've taken anything?

- Some papers.

- Important?

- Nobody's life is quite clean.

You and I are different from the people here.

We do not have a confessional box  
in which to bury the past.

But it's not all of this that matters so much.

A dream, I know that.

Fleming discovered penicillin  
by an inspired accident.

But an old second-rate doctor  
would never have such an accident.

I'm finished with the blueness of cheese.

They strike at you through what you love.

- Couldn't you start again, Hasselbacher?

- I suppose so.

But you see, I never really believed in it.

It was a dream. This is reality.

Just the same...

it was none of their business, was it...

if I wanted to dream?

- You've all seen these drawings?

- Pretty horrifying.

- Shown them to the boffins?

- The Prime Minister just asked me.

You know what these fellows are like.

They criticise points of detail.

You can't expect an agent to memorise everything at a moment of danger.

- Hawthorne. Good flight?

- A bit bumpy over the Azores, sir.

I've been seeing the Prime Minister.

Our man in Havana's done a good job.

He deserves a bonus.

Those drawings have already cost a lot.

- Stroke Five gave a great deal for them.

- I never mind paying for results.

Take another look at them.

Do you know what the Prime Minister said when I showed him copies?

What's that odd flower you're wearing?

It might have been an orchid once.

- Pan American gave it with dinner last night.

- What an odd thing to do.

What did the Prime Minister say, sir?

He said some of these drawings reminded him of a gigantic vacuum cleaner.

I'm no scientist,

but this thing looks pretty big.

Makes you shiver, doesn't it?

It's not that, sir.

It was 92 degrees in Jamaica yesterday.

Your blood's getting thin.

It couldn't be a vacuum cleaner, sir.

Not a vacuum cleaner.

Fiendish, isn't it? The simplicity.

The devilish imagination.

See this one here?

Like a gigantic spray

six times the height of a man.

Why the umbrella?

Do look at essentials, Hawthorne.

Gentlemen, I think

we may be onto something so big...

that the H-bomb

will become a conventional weapon.

- Is that desirable, sir?

- Of course.

Nobody worries

about conventional weapons.

- The War House will want photographs, sir.

- They shall have them.

It's a very difficult area, sir.

I can't see how this new man, Montez,  
got the drawings in the first place.

Government planes patrol all that area,  
spotting for rebels.

Maybe I should go to Havana first  
and talk to Stroke Five?

Bad security.

We can't risk compromising him now.

He's an untrained man, sir.

Then we should consider  
sending him a trained staff.

You know, Hawthorne,  
we owe a great deal of this to you.

I was told once you were no judge of men,  
but I backed my private judgment.

- Well done, Hawthorne.

- Thank you, sir.

That one seems to interest you specially.

What's your idea on that one?

It looks like a...

snap-action coupling, sir.

Oh, Father, your stories  
must have been awfully successful.

- On this auspicious occasion...

- Spell it.

Oh, not after a couple of bottles of Krug '52.

All I want to say is,

"To Milly and her long and happy future."

You are tipsy, Father.

"At 17, many their fortunes seek

"But at fourscore," that's you and me...

- "It is too late a week."

- Shakespeare. As You Like It.

It isn't in Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

They cut out the poetry.

I know because Father's got a copy.

Do you read Shakespeare in that form,

Mr. Wormold?

- Without the poetry?

- Not me.

- He does. He's got a volume in his bedroom.

- I bought it for you.

Why were you so cross when I borrowed it?

I wasn't cross. I just don't like you poking around among my things, that's all.

I am so glad to meet Milly's father.

May I sit down?

- We were just going.

- Nonsense. It is early yet.

You are my guests.

- You're behaving very badly.

- Badly?

- What, to you?

- To all of us.

This is my birthday party,  
and my father's party, not yours.

Your birthday?

Well, then you certainly are my guests.

- I'll invite some of the dancers to the table.

- We don't want any dancers.

- Am I in disgrace?

- Yes.

I know what it is.

I was not there today to give you a lift.

But sometimes

I have to put police work first.

I'll ask the musicians

to play Happy Birthday.

You'll do no such thing.

How can you be so vulgar?

She's always kidding, you know?

That's why we get on so well together.

Is that the one made of human skin?

Milly said that?

What a tease she is.

- Come and dance, and show I'm forgiven.

- I don't want to dance.

You must not spoil my party.

Do not sulk

because I'm a busy police officer.

All right. Tomorrow I will be waiting  
at the convent gates.

Oh, I'm terribly sorry.

I meant it for my whisky.

- Your whisky?

- Dimple Haig.

You have finished your siphon, madam.

May I offer you another?

Thank you.

This is the first time

I've been shot in the back.

I'm glad it was by a woman.

I hope I see you again soon.

I'm taking a job here.

If you have any trouble with your permit,  
you must come and see me.

Thank you.

He behaved very well, considering,  
didn't he?

A man can smile and be a villain.

May I rob you of your daughter,

Mr. Wormold?

Wormold.

- Mr. Wormold?

- Yes.

It's the most amazing coincidence.

- Do you believe in fate?

- I'd like to.

- I'm your secretary.

- I haven't a secretary.

London must have told you I was coming.

No, they haven't said a thing.

- I'm very glad I ran into you.

- I'm glad, too.

- Where are you staying?

- Here, tonight.

- Tomorrow I'll have to look for something.

- Why have I got to have a lovely secretary?

I'm to take over contact with your agents.

Don't London trust me?

Of course.

But you're terribly important now.

Those constructions in the mountains.

Of course, I'm fully trained.

Codes, inks, microphotography.

I don't know very much

about nuclear fission.

- No?

- Beatrice.

That's Rudy.

Who's he?

Your radio operator.

He's a little airsick now.

He'll be all right in the morning  
when he moves in.

- He has to stay in your office, of course.

- It's a very small office.

He doesn't take up very much room.

Don't worry. I'll take care of that  
in the morning. That's what I'm here for.

Thanks very much.

Lopez, I don't want those.

Father, that girl that joined us last night,  
what does she do?

Beatrice Severn?

She's going to be my secretary.

- Father, you do work fast.

- Did you like her?

- How do I know? You were so busy necking.

- I wasn't necking, as you call it.

- Does she want to marry you?

- Be sensible. I only met her last night.

- What is it, Lopez?

- Someone to see you.

Who?

What are you trying to say, Lopez?

Rudy will be along in a moment,  
Mr. Wormold.

I don't know where we'll put him.

Oh, the bed will go there, and the safe here.

- There's nowhere to keep his clothes.

- There's your desk.

- Who's Rudy? Your husband?

- No, he's the new accountant.

- Are you married?

- In a way.

- Did you leave him?

- I'm not sure.

He used to go

to UNESCO conferences on culture.

One day he just didn't come back.

Milly, it's time you were off.

You've no right

to be asking those questions.  
At my age, one has to learn  
from other people's experiences.  
You will be sensible, won't you, Father?  
You know what I mean.  
There's plenty of room.  
- What's this?  
- My agents.  
We can't possibly leave them there.  
You haven't much of an idea of security.  
What are these cards?  
My agents.  
I thought you'd want to see them.  
Oh, yes. Thank you.  
I keep them under my pillow.  
At night, I mean.  
You shouldn't list them by name,  
just symbols.  
Prof. Sanchez.  
Engineer Cifuentes and...  
Teresa. Who's Teresa?  
She dances naked at the Shanghai Theater.  
How interesting for you.  
What kind of secrets does she give away?  
She sleeps with  
the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.  
What's this?  
It's just a list of country club members.  
Capt. Montez.  
The one who drew the constructions.  
We're to get photographs of those.  
The Prime Minister's pressing for them.  
What's it got to do with him?  
Father! Look what's arriving outside.  
- Rudy, bring it upstairs.  
- Right.  
- You British? I British, too.  
- Glad to meet you.  
You the lady  
who throw water on Capt. Segura?  
That's me.  
- You lovely girl, miss.  
- You're pretty lovely yourself.  
What's all this stuff?

Can't you see we're busy?

Make an appointment.

- I only want to buy a vacuum cleaner.

- A vacuum cleaner?

- Lopez!

- Please.

- Lopez!

- Yes?

That man there.

He's gone.

- Who?

- A customer.

Now, about those photographs.

Yes, the photographs.

First, I think you'd better

put me in touch with Capt. Montez.

Well, that wouldn't be much good.

He's lost his job.

- Is it our fault?

- I'm afraid so.

He was flying off course, you see.

Well, isn't there anybody else  
you could send?

The engineer? Cifuentes?

He's been in hospital for weeks.

One of those strange tropical diseases.

Could I take him something to the hospital?

Grapes?

He's beyond grapes, I'm afraid.

Well, who else is there?

Anyway, Montez is the only man  
who knows the place.

I'll see what I can do, but I doubt...

- London won't take no for an answer.

- They may have to.

- Let me see him.

- No.

You must leave this to me.

I'll call him right away.

Montez?

- Hola.

- Hello.

- Our signal. He knows where to meet me.

- Where?

The country club.

Shoeshine, mister?

- Well, Milly, you have a police escort.

- I didn't ask for one.

Deliver her safely, Captain.

Why did you come inside?

Everybody's staring.

What did you tell Rev. Mother?

I was telling her a story,  
one which I could not tell you.

You should be very careful  
what you say to a nun.

They take vows of chastity.

- She and I were at school together.

- You and Rev. Mother?

Yes, this very same school.

I was a poor man's child.

I used to watch the older girls  
dressed in white...

What is this thing? White...

- Muslin.

- Muslin, yes.

And I used to say to myself,

"Ah, you're very grand, very proud now.

"But one day I shall marry someone  
just like you."

But you didn't.

But I shall.

- Has Dr. Hasselbacher been in?

- No, sir.

Good-bye.

Montez has agreed to take a private plane  
to get the photographs.

Oh, he's a wonderful man!

The odds are 50-to-1 against him.

Of course, if he doesn't get back...

the Prime Minister won't hear  
any more about the constructions.

- Rudy, is the radio ready yet?

- They broke a rectifier tube.

- I can't do anything till that's fixed.

- We'll have to use the book then.

Take down this cable to London.

Copy to 59200 in Jamaica from 5920015.

Montez, only agent who knows location...  
has agreed pilot private plane  
over mountains...  
to obtain photographs.  
- Here, this will help.  
- Thank you.  
Of the constructions.  
Must leave here midnight  
to arrive location...  
at dawn.  
Owing to extreme danger...  
This will be better.  
Owing to extreme danger...  
of being shot down by government planes...  
patrolling what is rebel areas,  
suggest bonus of...  
\$1,700.  
Well, why not make it \$2,000?  
They like round figures.  
I don't want to seem extravagant.  
Cable approval immediately. Message ends.  
Well, that's that.  
Yes, but we may be sending a man  
to his death.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
This is my first job in the field.  
I wish you weren't one of them.  
- Us, I mean.  
- It's a living.  
Not a very real one.  
There are lots of other jobs that aren't real.  
There you are. I'm home now, Father.  
Why did your marriage break up?  
He was acting all the time. The great lover.  
You can't love  
and be as confident as he was.  
If you love, you're afraid of losing it,  
aren't you?  
But you have every reason to be confident.  
You've pulled a big scoop.  
You're our man in Havana.  
The best agent in the western hemisphere.  
Do I give that impression?  
But that's your cleverness.

Don't you have a room without a bed?

Beds always make one talk.

- What's next door?

- Milly's room.

But that's got a bed in it, too.

- I never knew you'd been in the Army.

- Who has not been?

It is nice for Mr. Wormold  
to have a secretary.

A short time ago you were worried,  
I remember.

Things change for no particular reason.

Excuse me. I'm expecting a telephone call.

- Do you have this one, Mr. Wormold?

- How very kind of you.

I think I've discovered  
where to find you a Vat 69.

Know what I'd do with your collection?

Use them for chequers.

Such a dull game.

What if when you take a man, you drink it?

What handicapping. What finesse.

A game to make us  
forget the world we live in.

Don't you read anything but medical books,  
Dr. Hasselbacher?

I have little time for any other reading.

- Where was your home?

- My father was a schoolmaster in Munich.

- When did you leave Germany?

- 1934.

So I can plead not guilty, young lady,  
to what you suspect.

- I didn't mean...

- Then I'm sorry.

Ask Mr. Wormold. There was a time  
when I was not so suspicious.

I suppose  
you want to report that to London?

- Well, it is an odd coincidence, isn't it?

- Life is full of coincidences.

Why shouldn't he read Lamb?

He's a good old man.

I've known him for 15 years.

The best friend I ever had.  
Will you please excuse me?  
I do not feel well.  
Perhaps you will come some other evening?  
- Can I help?  
- You? No, you cannot help.  
A doctor is always supposed  
to get used to death.  
But I am not a good doctor.  
Who has died? A patient?  
It was an accident. Just an accident.  
A car crashed.  
There are always accidents everywhere,  
aren't there?  
It must have been an accident.  
He was a pilot.  
They always make reckless drivers.  
Was his name Montez?  
Yes, that was his name.  
Oh, Father, it's you.  
You look as though you'd seen a ghost.  
We've had bad news. Somebody killed.  
Oh! I am sorry. Who?  
Nobody you know. Capt. Montez.  
Capt. Montez? The Cubana pilot?  
- Father, I don't like unhappy endings.  
- Milly, please.  
Why have him killed?  
I was just getting fond of him.  
You don't want me here, do you?  
Either of you.  
All right.  
Did Milly know him?  
- In a way.  
- She sounded so heartless.  
No, that's just her way of talking.  
We must warn our other agents.  
Don't be silly. I mean, it was an accident.  
Hasselbacher said so.  
You don't believe that, do you?  
They're getting tough.  
- Who are "they"?  
- The other side, whoever they are.  
Spying is a dangerous profession.

I wonder why they let  
you and me get back here safely.  
Perhaps they're using us as bait.  
Of course, if the bait's no good,  
you throw it away.  
Excuse me, sir.  
There's a man in the gutter outside.  
Thank you.  
Relax.  
You again!  
Who the devil are you?  
Trouble, seor?  
I was walking peacefully along the sea front  
when I was attacked.  
- He ought to be in hospital.  
- Why should I be in a hospital?  
And who is this man?  
They go and throw me on his doorstep  
like a parcel.  
- You don't know this man?  
- I don't want to know him.  
But he keeps on cropping up.  
Perhaps you'd like to explain  
at police headquarters?  
With pleasure.  
He was very convincing, wasn't he?  
To think there was a moment when  
I doubted whether you had any agents.  
- I wonder why they did that.  
- It looks as if I'm dangerous to work for.  
- We'd better get to the others. Teresa first.  
- No, I'll go alone.  
I know it's not exactly fun at the Shanghai.  
- Which one is Teresa?  
- They all look the same without their...  
Like Japanese.  
- Is Teresa here?  
- Teresa!  
You want me to come with you?  
I speak good English.  
Smart of her not to recognise me.  
Yes, we want you to come with us.  
Oh, no. You want Daisy.  
But that is too much money.

I'm a good girl, not a hustler.  
Since receiving certain information,  
I have been having you followed.  
But I had no idea that Milly's father  
would be found at the Shanghai.  
Or you, seorita.  
I have received a complaint  
from the engineer Cifuentes...  
who was attacked  
and dumped on your doorstep.  
Earlier this evening,  
a Capt. Montez was killed.  
Because of this, there are certain questions  
I would like to ask you.  
- What are you going to do with her?  
- Just have her papers checked.  
Don't worry. She has many friends  
in the police department.  
And now to you, Mr. Wormold.  
Why did you go to Hasselbacher's tonight?  
Why does one go to see a friend?  
He spoke of this?  
Or this?  
- You knew him?  
- No.  
We've had your friend Hasselbacher's phone  
tapped for a long time.  
- Hello.  
- Did you get hold of Wormold?  
- Yes, he's here.  
- Tell him that Montez is dead.  
Dead? But you promised  
you'd only frighten him.  
Cars are tricky things.  
You can't always control an accident.  
You said it would be just a warning.  
It's still a warning, Hasselbacher.  
Go in and tell him Montez is dead.  
Do you still say  
you know nothing of Montez?  
I give you my word, I didn't even  
know of his existence until tonight.  
And the man speaking with Hasselbacher,  
you do not recognise the voice?

A man with a stammer.

It is very distinctive.

- Hello.

- Did you get hold of Wormold?

I shall accept your word for the time being.

Let us see how it holds up  
at the next meeting.

Do you play chequers, Mr. Wormold?

Not very well.

In chequers one must move more carefully  
than you have tonight.

You needn't have given your word  
of honour. You didn't have to go that far.

It was professional of you.

I know I'm being unreasonable...

but you're more professional  
than I even believed you were.

And Dr. Hasselbacher,  
he's professional too.

- The best friend you ever had.

- I don't condemn a friend unheard.

Have you been to a fancy dress dance,  
Hasselbacher?

I suppose  
this uniform does need an explanation.

Other things need one more.

I want to know who Montez was.

- You know already.

- I have no idea.

How long have you  
been reading Shakespeare in that form...  
without the poetry?

Only since Milly's birthday party.

You remember how she talked?

They gave me copies of your cables.

- You've been very careless, Mr. Wormold.

- There was nothing in them that mattered.

So I believed.

I would not have agreed  
to cooperate with them otherwise.

- Who are they?

- They do not introduce themselves.

The people who tore up my laboratory  
and stole my papers.

Had they reported me to the police,  
they could have deported me.  
How was I to know  
that what I decoded for them was true?  
You advised me to invent and I invented.  
So far as I'm concerned,  
Montez was an invention.  
Then you invented him too well.  
He was no more real to me  
than a character in a novel.  
His name was real enough,  
and his profession.  
He denied working for you.  
They offered him a great deal of money  
if he would work for them instead.  
They, too, wanted photographs  
of the constructions in the mountains.  
- There are no constructions.  
- So I thought.  
But the British Secret Service  
would not be so easily deceived.  
Neither will other people here.  
Why didn't you stick to invention?  
I don't even know...  
why I picked on the name of Montez.  
I would have loaned you money.  
I offered to.  
- I needed more than you could lend.  
- It needs no skill to kill a man.  
But to save a man,  
that takes six years of training...  
and then one cannot be sure.  
There is not one patient  
that I know for certain that I have saved.  
But the man I killed, I know him.  
Why dress up as a soldier?  
I was not dressed this way  
when I killed a man.  
I was dressed as a doctor  
and I was reading Charles Lamb.  
Mr. Wormold, I just want you identified.  
Hello, Teresa.  
That's him. I recognise him perfectly.  
A disgraceful scene.

There was no need  
for you to send your men to fetch us.  
Mr. Wormold,  
you're playing the wrong character.  
It is I who am the injured party.  
Yesterday you gave me your word of honour  
that you did not know Capt. Montez.  
I repeat it.  
I've never set eyes on him in my life.  
It's a lie! He drank with Capt. Montez and  
myself on the terrace of the country club.  
He pressed his attentions on us.  
He wanted to speak to me privately  
and he followed me to the washroom.  
He left the pilot sitting at the table  
on the terrace.  
That will be all.  
As long as you remain indoors,  
you'll be safe. Take her with you.  
The country club?  
There was a man in uniform.  
How did you make the engineer talk?  
Thumbscrews?  
The engineer does not belong  
to the torturable class.  
Are there class distinctions in torture?  
Some people expect to be tortured.  
Others are outraged by it.  
One never tortures  
except by mutual agreement.  
- Who agrees?  
- Usually the poor.  
In your welfare state  
you have social security...  
therefore you have no poor.  
Consequently there you are untorturable.  
- I may have said something to him.  
- What did you say, Mr. Wormold?  
I said I might have spoken to him.  
What does that prove?  
I do not have to prove anything,  
Mr. Wormold.  
It is my job  
to know what goes on in Havana.

This is a deportation order, Mr. Wormold.  
The names are not filled in yet.  
Because you have no evidence.  
Because Havana would be poorer  
without your daughter.  
But if I'm to do something to protect you,  
you must do something in return.

- What?  
- You must be my agent.  
- But you're crazy!  
- I'm not interested in your employers.  
But the information you supply to them,  
you will also supply to me.  
But this is all rubbish.  
There will, of course, be adequate funds  
deposited to your bank account.  
What?  
She's a good shot,  
our lady of the soda water.  
I don't want to leave Havana,  
Captain Segura.  
Perhaps you can persuade Mr. Wormold.  
One day I'll beat you at that damn game.  
I doubt it, Mr. Wormold.  
Mr. Wormold. A cable.  
I'll take it. Mr. Wormold's busy.  
A cable from Hawthorne in Jamaica.  
"Report here immediately to 59200  
on grave personal matter."  
- Had a good trip?  
- Not very.  
I asked you to come over  
because there's a spot of bother.  
- About those constructions.  
- I tried to get the photographs...  
I was rather suspicious.  
Frankly, they reminded me  
of parts of a vacuum cleaner.  
That struck me, too.  
Because, I remembered  
all those thingummies in your shop.  
Midget Make-easy, snap-action coupling  
and all that Atomic nonsense.  
I knew it seems fantastic now.

You mean you thought that I had tried  
to pull the leg of the Secret Service?  
That did occur to me...  
until I found the others  
had made up their minds to murder you.  
Have a planter's punch,  
they're very good here.  
Did you say murder me?  
That really proves the drawings are genuine.  
- Who is going to murder me?  
- We'll come to that.  
Next to having photographs...  
one couldn't possibly  
have a better confirmation of your reports.  
I think you'll like that.  
Would you mind telling me  
who is going to murder me and how?  
It interests me personally.  
Well, actually, they plan to poison you  
at a business lunch.  
European Traders,  
or something of the sort.  
How do you know all this?  
We penetrated their organisation here.  
In a way, you know, it's a compliment.  
You're dangerous now.  
- I suppose I'd better not go.  
- Of course you must go.  
If you don't, you put my source in danger.  
You needn't eat anything.  
Couldn't you give the impression  
of somebody who only drinks?  
- You know, an alcoholic.  
- Thanks very much.  
- Very good for business.  
- You're not afraid, are you?  
This is a dangerous job.  
You shouldn't have taken it on  
unless you were prepared to see it through.  
There's no need for you to worry.  
When they serve you,  
never take the nearest portion.  
It's like a conjuror  
trying to force a card on you.

He usually succeeds.

Anyway, you've got the hotel well tied up.

- What on earth are you talking about?

- Don't you know your own agents?

All you have to do is to pass the word  
to the head waiter Louis, your chap.

Yes, of course.

- Stroke Five, Stroke Eight.

- Stroke Nine.

Nine.

Can't you give me some idea  
of who the man at the lunch will be?

I mean the man who plans...

to do it.

But that's what we want you to find out,  
old man.

Just be careful of everyone.

Drink up your planter's punch.

Cigarettes only, please, sir.

Are you with Nucleaners?

- Yes.

- I'm with Phastkleaners?

- How's business?

- Not so bad.

We've got a new model  
that's going to swipe your market.

Special silencer.

Going to call it the Whisper Wife.

This is my first trip.

Gay spot, Havana, they tell me.

If you care for roulette and brothels.

I didn't exactly mean...

Not that I'm a puritan, mind.

I suppose it will be interesting.

Here's my card.

Perhaps you'll have a night free.

My name's Wormold.

You going to the  
European Traders' luncheon tomorrow?

Yes. I don't know a soul.

Keep an eye on me.

I don't want to put my foot wrong.

Well, you can keep an eye on me, too.

- Just off?

- You haven't had any breakfast.  
I'm not hungry.

- You won't overeat at the Traders' lunch?  
- I promise I'll be very careful.  
I bet your speech will be a sensation.  
I'm trying very hard  
not to be a sensation at this lunch, Milly.  
Give me another kiss.  
You haven't shaved on that side.  
Please. I wish you wouldn't go.  
London wouldn't want you to,  
whatever Hawthorne thinks.  
If I don't go, they'll try something else.  
They strike at you through what you love,  
so Hasselbacher says.  
Don't worry about Milly.  
I'll watch her like a lynx.  
And who's going to watch you?  
Oh, for goodness' sake, put that knife down.  
Eleven more lids  
and we can get an airgun for the office.  
We need some sort of weapon.  
I've only got to be careful what I eat.  
It is important to find out who they are.  
I'll have done something for my money.  
But you've done plenty. The drawings,  
Segura. There is no point in going.  
Oh, yes there is. Pride.

- Who are you showing off to?  
- You.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Senator, let me introduce Mr. Wormold.  
Your president Dr. Braun has been telling  
me that I'm going to have the pleasure...  
- of hearing you speak.  
- I hope it'll be a pleasure.  
Mr. Wormold.  
Come away from here.  
They're planning to poison you.  
- Is the food so bad?  
- Hello.  
You mustn't be seen here, Hasselbacher,  
you're too conspicuous.

You can't stay.

Now, don't worry.

I'm going to come out on my own two feet.

- Now go home, Hasselbacher.

- Good-bye, Jim.

- Damn glad to see you.

- Oh, I'm glad to see you too, Carter.

No, thank you.

Perhaps you would prefer a dry martini, sir.

- Is your name Louis?

- Yes, sir.

Would you like a Scotch, sherry,  
Old-Fashioned? Anything you care to order.

- I'm not drinking.

- You'd do better to drink all you can.

My name's MacDougal.

It seems we're sitting together.

- I haven't met you before, have I?

- But I've taken over from McIntyre.

- You knew McIntyre, surely?

- Yes. I didn't know he'd gone.

Gone. God rest his soul.

You'd do better to drink now.

It's all you'll be getting.

There'll be wine, won't there?

Look! An American blue plate lunch  
in honour of our great American allies.

They shove the whole meal at you,  
under your nose, already dished out.

Roast turkey, cranberry sauce, sausages  
and carrots. And creamed potatoes.

I can't bear creamed potatoes, but there's  
no pick and choose with a blue plate.

No pick and choose.

No, you eat what you're given.

That's democracy, man.

Look, if you take a little of your iced water  
and hold it under the table...

- I've got a flask in my pocket.

- It's too early in the day for me.

It was the English who made hours  
for drinking, not the Scots.

They'll be making hours for dying next.

- Svenson.

- Wormold.

They've forgotten my carrots.  
You prefer it without carrots.  
No, it's the creamed potatoes  
that I don't like.

Excuse me, Dr. Braun.

They gave you no carrots.

- I don't like carrots.

- I'm sorry. A mistake in the kitchen.

I might venture now, as a celebration.

- Good man. Water or straight?

- Straight.

I can't tell you what it means to me,  
having you fellows here today.

It was a happy chance meeting you  
on the plane.

Now I'm going to call upon  
the representative of Hoover's.

Mr. Wormold.

We've finished all my whisky  
just when you need Dutch courage.

I came armed as well.

Here, take a quick one.

We may take Mr. Wormold  
as a symbol for all that service means.

- Modesty, perseverance and efficiency.

- Very kind of you, Carter.

You gotta be quick.

You wouldn't appreciate this.

Mr. Wormold.

Mr. President, Mr. Senator...

this is my first,

and I daresay some of you wish...

it may be my last public appearance.

I don't know how I should have the courage  
to stand up here...

if my friend Carter hadn't provided me  
with something stronger than milk.

- Happy days.

- Happy days.

We hear a lot nowadays about the Cold War.

But any trader will tell you

that the war between two manufacturers...

can be quite a hot war.

Sorry.

Take Phastkleaners and Nucleaners,  
for instance.

There's no fundamental difference  
between the two machines...

any more than there is  
between two human beings.

There'd be very little competition  
and certainly no war...

if it wasn't for the ambitions...  
of a few men.

I don't suppose that Mr. Carter  
even knows the name of the man...  
who sent him here to put an end...

to Phastkleaners  
for the good of Nucleaners.

What is it? What happened?

- I don't understand it.

- Anything wrong?

He's so still and all wet down one side.

- Somebody must have fed him something.

- Well, let's take him out, shall we?

Mr. Wormold.

I was glad to get your message  
that you've agreed to work for me.

I have always wanted our relationship  
to be closer.

- What's going on out there?

- Nothing to concern us.

And now that you have agreed  
to work for me...

it is much easier to approach you  
on a subject which is really important.

I have come to ask

for the hand of your daughter.

Aren't you a rather uncertain life?

They call you the Red Vulture.

You've a lot of enemies.

Mr. Wormold...

as my agent,

your life is not very certain either.

But I have saved enough...

to take care of my widow.

As for my health,

I can show you the necessary certificates.  
There will be no difficulty about children.  
This has been proved.  
I see.  
Milly would understand. She's a Catholic.  
I think this would be  
a most suitable marriage, Mr. Wormold.  
- She'd never marry you, Segura.  
- Mr. Wormold...  
I think that you and Milly have never  
so much needed my friendship as today.  
Come with me.  
I would appreciate your help  
on some police business.  
Just a formal identification.  
You know who it is as well as I do.  
Better have a glass of whiskey.  
Make it a daiquiri.  
It was always a daiquiri  
I used to drink with him.  
Why do suppose he's holding that?  
A present for me.  
Have you any idea why this happened?  
He warned me I was in danger, that's all.  
You'd better check on a man called Carter,  
though he'll have an alibi.  
This might have been you.  
Don't you think that Milly should be safe  
from accidents like this?  
I would make a better guardian.  
A vacuum cleaner...  
is less effective than a gun.  
- Yes.  
- Then you will use your influence?  
When you've finished here, come across.  
When you bury him,  
put his helmet on the coffin.  
He was a sentimental man.  
Hurry up, Milly, we'll be late for the movie.  
If your husband died,  
would you marry again?  
I don't think I'd wait for that.  
Yes. I suppose you could marry again,  
if you call it a marriage.

It's terrible. I have to marry for keeps.  
I'd be much better off as a mistress.  
Milly, don't let the nuns make you hard.  
They don't talk to me that way,  
not that way at all.

Beat, how does this look?

Do you love my father?

What makes you think that?

The way you looked at him  
when he came home from the lunch.

Perhaps it was because you were pleased  
about his speech.

- Yes.

- I'm glad.

It wouldn't do, would it, your loving him?

Isn't Indiscret a lovely perfume?

I didn't hear you come up.

The end of the job.

Hasselbacher has been shot.

- But he wasn't one of your agents.

- I have no agents.

You were right to be suspicious.

I'm not the stuff of secret agents.

Just a man worried about the future.

I needed money.

This is a confession, Beatrice.

Where's your pencil and pad?

But the constructions. I saw the drawing.

I drew it myself.

Then they existed.

Yes,

as parts of the Atomic Pile vacuum cleaner.

- How do you like it, Father?

- Fine.

Don't you notice anything different?

Beatrice helped me with my makeup.

You look wonderful.

We're going to the movies.

Are you ready, Beatrice?

I 'm sorry, Milly.

I've started an awful headache.

- Take Rudy with you.

- Ask him, he's downstairs.

All right, I'll go with Rudy.

But if there's any trouble,  
blame Indiscret, not me.  
Tomorrow you and Rudy will fly home.  
And I always thought  
you were so darned professional.  
I wonder if my marriage  
would have broken up...  
if he could have laughed  
just once at UNESCO.  
But he never laughed. I'm not going.  
- I don't want you to share my disloyalty.  
- You're loyal to Milly.  
Who cares about men who are loyal,  
just the people who pay them...  
to organisations.  
I don't think  
any country means all that much.  
We've many countries in our blood,  
haven't we?  
Would everything be in the mess it is  
if we were loyal to love and not to countries.  
What sort of sentence can they give  
a man for deceiving the Secret Service?  
Is it life for treason?  
Or six months for committing a nuisance?  
They can't do anything to you here.  
This isn't British territory.  
In time it'll blow over.  
At my age, one fears time.  
Where will you be?  
The Persian Gulf, perhaps.  
Why the Persian Gulf?  
Redemption through sweat and tears.  
There are lots of things  
I'd like to say to you...  
if I was younger...  
if I was richer...  
and if there wasn't something  
I have to do tonight.  
And what do you have to do tonight,  
Mr. Wormold?  
Beat you at chequers.  
What is this?  
When you take a piece, you drink it.

As I'm the better player, I drink more?  
- Perhaps you have a weak head.  
- It's as strong as another man's.  
But sometimes when I drink  
I lose my temper...  
and I would not want to do this  
with my future father-in-law.  
You play with the Scotch,  
I play with the bourbon.  
You move first.  
Careless or cunning?  
We have checked up on Carter.  
He has an alibi.  
You are playing recklessly.  
You should have taken me.  
I remove this piece, huh?  
Why don't you remove your belt?  
You'll feel more comfortable.  
Do you keep your gun loaded?  
The kind of enemies I have  
do not give me time to load.  
Take this piece, Mr. Wormold.  
- You don't want to huff me?  
- No.  
Where does Carter live?  
At the hotel Inghaterra.  
Careless again.  
Why did you do that?  
You will lose your king.  
I must be drunk.  
Where is... Why is Milly so late?  
You're a bad loser, Segura.  
Admit you are beaten.  
I have the better head.  
Look.  
That was a trap.  
George IV. Queen Anne.  
Highland Queen.  
It's a royal victory, Segura.  
I surrender now.  
- Wormold.  
- I wanted to apologise, that speech of mine.  
I was a bit drunk, and I still am.  
I went too far.

- I thought you were a bit strange.

- Upset by that dog, too.

Foreigners don't know how to treat animals.

- What was wrong with the dog?

- Worms, I'd say.

How about you and me doing the hot spots?

- Well, isn't it a bit late?

- All the better.

Where can we go?

There's a club not too far from here.

The Ofelia.

- Quiet spot?

- Very quiet.

No danger... Police?

No, everything's legal in Havana.

- The Ofelia?

- Yep.

And afterwards we'll go on to a house.

You know what I mean.

I'll be back.

Give me that.

A club called the Ofelia. I'll keep him there.

Tell them not to be long.

Do you think it's time we moved on?

This place is as much fun as a funeral.

Another drink first.

You aren't expecting anyone,

are you, Carter?

How could I be?

The way you watch the door,

I thought perhaps you had friends.

I have no friends.

Go on, Carter, she wants to be undone.

I'm sorry, I can't get it undone.

I don't like horseplay.

You can see this sort of show anywhere,

just girls undressing.

You're shy of women, aren't you, Carter?

There are more important things.

Rotten brandy this is.

Let's move on, then.

Haven't they got a decent drink here?

- I thought you said this was the Ofelia?

- I changed my mind.

Why?

It's nearer to where we have to end.

Then let's go.

There you are.

A friend of yours?

A friend of a friend, really. He's blind.

- Blind?

- Yes. It's a pity you didn't know that.

I mean,

you might have given him some money.

This is the house.

Perhaps it would be more sensible  
some other night.

Ring the bell.

But you're coming in?

No, Carter, this is where you end up.

Alone.

You're making a mistake.

I'm not important.

I was under orders, like you.

My pipe. You broke my pipe.

Beginner's luck.

I'm not even armed.

Wormold, we're just private soldiers,  
you and I.

They'll take care of you in there.

It was a fair fight.

For as much as the spirit of the departed...  
has entered into the life immortal...

we therefore commit the body  
of this our brother, Carl Hasselbacher...

Receive into thy merciful hands,  
O Lord, the soul of this, thy servant...

Hubert Carter.

Grant him an entrance  
into the land of light and glory.

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Amen.

There weren't many of us, were there?

I wish Beatrice and Rudy could have stayed.

Mr. Wormold, one moment, please.

I have signed your deportation papers  
after all.

- For what reason?

- You prefer to work alone.

Unofficially speaking, I do not feel myself safe with you around.

I want you to leave immediately to London.

- For London?

- London.

Will you come and see me in Switzerland?

I shall make every effort, I promise.

- May I go skiing to make up for Seraphina?

- Of course.

I have come to see the last of you, Mr. Wormold.

Havana will miss you, Milly.

Will you look after Seraphina carefully?

Very carefully.

She is used to sugar on Sundays and saints' days.

Mr. Wormold, you deserve a long rest.

Not too long, I hope.

I have a present for each of you.

It is rather sweet. What's yours?

Just a joke in doubtful taste.

He's not without humour.

But not right for a husband.

Are you telling us

that none of these reports are true?

- None.

- Why, it's incredible.

You knew

this chap kept a vacuum cleaner shop.

It was on his file. I reported it.

As far as I know

it's a perfectly respectable profession...

and fulfils a useful social purpose.

Didn't you spot that these drawings were like his machines?

We all spotted it, even the Prime Minister.

But there's no reason

why the principle of a vacuum cleaner...

should not be applied to a weapon.

It seems odd that Mrs. Severn didn't know she was working for a fraud.

I knew I was working for a brave man, a good man.

It was a new experience.

I don't understand. What did she say?

- May we have your definition of "good"?

- No post mortems, please.

We have to decide the best method  
of dealing with him.

In spite of Mrs. Severn's moving advocacy,  
I should class this as treason.

Surely, sir, it's a case  
for the Director of Public Prosecution?

The trial to be held in camera, of course, sir.

Father, what's that big castle?

The Tower of London.

- Can we drive your daughter anywhere?

- No, I'll wait for you here, Father.

I'm afraid she may have to wait  
rather a long time.

Seems to me, gentlemen,  
that what we have to do is only too simple.

We have to notify the Admiralty,  
the War Office...

and the Air Ministry that these drawings  
are not a weapon of war...

but the latest style of vacuum cleaner.

If I tell the War House that,  
we might as well pack up.

I'm afraid the Admiralty, in future,  
would rely on Naval Intelligence.

My people would have no more use  
for the Secret Service, sir.

Well, sir...

Very well.

Mrs. Severn,

will you tell him we shall see him shortly?

Yes, 59200?

Of course, sir,

it will be for you to tell the Prime Minister.

- Why did you come back?

- I had no choice.

- Do things look black?

- Pretty black.

- What will they do to you?

- They need a secretary in Jakarta.

That's worse than the Persian Gulf.

- It doesn't matter very much where I wait.

- Wait for what?

You.

- Darling.

- Stay here.

- I told you I'd wait.

- It may be rather a long time.

- Sit down.

- I prefer to stand.

That's a quotation, isn't it?

You have no right to send her to Jakarta.

- Send who?

- Mrs. Severn.

- She knew of nothing of anything...

- If you'll allow me to speak.

Thank you.

We've been considering your last report.

When I sent that confession,  
it was the first she knew of...

That confession was never received.

Understand that clearly, never received.

I'm speaking of something quite different.

The report in which you said  
the constructions had proved a failure.

I never said anything of the sort.

On the contrary...

And that the works, whatever they were,  
had been dismantled.

In view of that,

we have decided to shut down your post.

We think the best thing for you would  
be to stay here on our training staff...  
lecturing how to run a station abroad.

As we always do  
when a man retires from a post abroad...  
we'll recommend you for a decoration.

In your case,  
under the rather special circumstances...

we can hardly suggest  
anything higher than the OBE.

Good morning. Good morning, gentlemen.

Are you going back to your office?

I'll walk over with you.

- 59200.

- Yes, sir?

See that these drawings are destroyed.

They must never get out of here.

- I can't say how sorry I am, sir.

- There's nothing to be sorry for, 59200.

Happily, these plans never left our office.

In our service it is essential to bury  
the past very quickly and very securely.

We will obviously

have to find a different girl for Jakarta.

The loss of those two, sir,  
will create rather a vacuum.

What?

I'm most frightfully sorry, sir.

I really hadn't intended to make a pun.

I only thought, perhaps,

that if we are to make a clean sweep...

I'm wearing Indiscret. Can you smell it?

Have you seen this?

How is Seraphina?

Oh, one outgrows horses.

Thank you.