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The Fallen Idol

By Graham Greene

Good day, sir.

In his office there, miss.

Uh, Baines, is, uh - | is the ambassador's car at the door?

- It's waiting, sir. | - His Excellency has been delayed. He'll drive straight to the airport.

Of course.

Oh, uh, Baines, flowers for her room.

You know the sort my | wife likes. After eight months in a hospital the | place must look like home.

She'll find everything | just as she left it, sir.

The doctors don't yet know | if they'll permit her to fly.

- The journey will be a strain. | - Master Phillipe, sir.

He should have his hair cut. | He looks as if we've neglected him.

Any message for | your mother, Phillipe?

Tell her I've got | something to show her.

That will bring her home. | Look after the embassy while I'm away.

Be back on Monday morning | with my wife, I hope.

I hope so too, Your Excellency. | It's been a long time.

Papa. Papa.

Au revoir, Papa.

Hello, Macgregor.

Aw.

Hello, Macgregor. Hello.

Come on. Come on. Hmm.

Come on.

Oh.

Look. London.

Good day, sir.

Baines.

Baines!

- One of her moods again. | - Always some grouse.

Not healthy to be as clean as all that.

You be careful, sonny. | Mrs. Baines is on the warpath again.

Anyway, these foreigners like a bit of dirt.

Poor kid. Be a good thing | for him when his mother gets back.

Master Phillipe, just because | your father's away for a couple of days... you mustn't think | you can run wild all over the house.

No, Mrs. Baines.

I've got plenty to do | without clearing up after you.

What's that you've got in your hand? | Show me. What is it?

Piece of chalk.

You've been making marks | all over the floor again?

- Well? Have you? | - Just little marks.

Give me the chalk. | Come on. Give it to me.

Have you done what | I told you to do, Master Phillipe?

Done what?

- Got rid of it. | - Yes.

You know what happens | to little boys who tell lies?

I won't have any vermin | in any house I run.

Did you put it where I told you to? | Down the lavatory?

- Did you? Answer me. Did you? | - Yes.

What are you hiding in your pockets?

Bring your hand out. | Show me. Come along.

Only toffees.

I won't have you eating between meals,

Master Phillipe. Give them to me.

You need a mother's care. | I've tried to do it for months.

Is that all you've got? Run along, | and try and not get into mischief.

It's difficult enough | with half the staff away.

- See you on Monday, Mr. Baines. | - Have a good weekend, Harry.

Get out of it.

Can't you see I'm busy?

Can't you pick on someone else?

Well, since you are here, | you might as well do a job of work.

- Get on with that. | - Look. Macgregor.

Oh. Hmm.

Looking well this morning, isn't he?

- Have you got a little box for him? | - Little box?

Hmm. Might find something.

Will you take me for a | walk this afternoon, Baines?

Well, I might, if you work hard enough. | I might. We'll see.

Quite a lot to be done.

This is exciting - | your mother coming back- isn't it?

Yes, but, you know, | I don't remember her very well.

Have a glass of pop, | Phile. Spot of drink...

...will do us good. Give us | an appetite for dinner.

- I am having my meals down here, aren't I? | - Of course.

- What have you got for chop? | - Chop?

You said that was | what food was called in Africa.

- Oh, yes, of course. Chop. | - Tell me more about Africa.

- Another time. | - Was is it hot there?

You never felt such heat. | Not - Not even where you come from.

Not a nice heat, mind you, | like you get in the park on a day like this.

The white man's grave, they call it.

Wet. Smelling of rot.

- What does rot smell of? | - Eh?

Oh, the opposite to this.

I smell that carbolic stuff.

When there's nothing | but carbolic round you hanker after rot.

Mmm. I understand.

- Hmm. | - It reeks of chains.

Yes. Hmm.

- It's a man's life out there, Phile. | - But why did you leave Africa?

Why? Oh, um, | get married, you know.

Wasn't there anybody to marry | out there in Africa?

Oh, yes. Plenty. | But they weren't white.

- Must they be white? | - Um - Hmm.

Ah, Mrs. Patterson. | What are you doing with those?

- Mrs. Baines told us to fill 'em. | - Where's Dolly and the others?

The weekend off. The | place is empty except for

Mrs. Baines, Phile and me. We carry on.

Phile, drink up the pop | and lend a hand with this.

Don't overwork him, Mr. Baines.

Got to make a living like everybody else.

- Does everybody make a living? | - Everybody.

- Even Papa? | - Just a slave really.

- Not an easy life like us. | - Can you make a living in Africa?

Make a living?

You can make a fortune. | Make anything you like.

Make elephants and kings and castles.

Yes. And shoot 'em too.

- If they don't get you. | - Can I show her the gun?

Don't you dare. Leave it where it is.

It's not loaded, | and Baines keeps the safety catch on.

Leave it be, Phile.

- It's got bullets too! | - Phile -

Phile.

So there you are. | Holding up the work again?

- There's still plenty to do. | - We'll get it finished.

By sitting around here all day long?

Good morning, Mr. | Baines. Till Monday.

- Ta, ta. | - No business to keep that gun in the house.

Come along, Master Phillipe. | Sit down there. Get on to that salad.

Baines is going to take me | for a walk this afternoon.

No, he isn't. | Not with all this work to do.

- There'll be time enough for both. | - Oh, please.

Work first, | and pleasure afterwards.

Easy to see you've been eating | between meals, Master Phillipe.

I'm sick to death of | your ways, spoiling the boy.

He didn't. I took it.

- Lying again, Master Phillipe? | - There's lies and lies.

- What do you mean by that? | - Some lies are just kindness.

Kindness?

Temper, temper. I won't have you | swearing in front of the boy.

Do go on, Master Phillipe. | What are you waiting for?

I don't want any.

Master Phillipe, do as you're told | and eat it up. Go along.

Why don't you let Baines | take me for a walk?

Because I say so.

I hate you.

Master Phillipe, | you'll say you're sorry for that.

I'm not sorry.

Very well. Go straight | upstairs to the nursery,...

...and you'll stay there | for the whole afternoon.

Do you hear me? | Go along. Up, up, up!

Get along with you. Go along.

I don't care.

Hello, Macgregor.

Look. You're very pretty, you know.

Baines.!

Baines!

Quick. Come on, Macgregor.

I got you.

Ah!

- Baines! | - Mustn't come in here, sonny.

- Isn't Mr. Baines here? | - No. Hasn't been in here yet.

Baines!

Phile.

- What are you doing here? | - I saw you through the window.

Are you by yourself?

Yes.

You gave me a start.

- I thought it would be funny. | - Yes. It's funny. Of course it's funny.

- Phile, this is Julie. | - How do you do?

Have a bun.

He spells his name queer. | P- H-I-L-E. Phile.

Oh, she | - she hasn't got an appetite, isn't eating.

You can have both of them.

You don't need to take any notice of us.

- Got a glass of milk? | - I think I've got a drop.

Well, go and get it, Phile.

I wish I were dead.

It wouldn't work.

There are things have got to be said.

If you'd like another cake, you can...

...go to the counter and change it, Phile.

No.
This is how I see it, Julie.
This, uh, girl you're talking about. | This, uh -
This friend of yours.
She-She... likes the fellow, | doesn't she?
It's real, I mean?
L 'amour?
L 'amour ternel.
The things you say, Julie.
The way you put things.
What I mean is you...
can't break a thing like that.
Not just by going away, | leaving no trace, going home.
She wouldn't be going home.
- Home is here. | - Her own country I mean.
Wouldn't work, Julie.
There'd be her, | as it were you, and...
him, as it were me...
and all that distance between them.
Like this table.
It wouldn't work.
He'd go crazy, Julie...
hoping every time the post came.
Not being able to write.
Oh, he'd - he'd forget.
There wouldn't be much to remember.
For seven months, ever since she came...
...to the embassy, seeing her every day...
Not speaking because of | people looking on.
Like this.
Give it - Give it time, Julie.
- But it's torture. | - What's torture?
- What's he say? | - He says he's had pain too. It soon goes.
But this... girlfriend of yours, Julie. | She doesn't have to go away.
- While there's life there's hope. | - There's always hope.
Things happen. Things change.
People don't change. He's tied.
She wouldn't like him so much | if he didn't feel tied.
I can't believe it.
I can't believe we'll go out of here...
...and say good-bye | and never... - Careful.
Have you got a handkerchief?
No.
No. Have you got one, Phile? | She's got something in her eye.

- Mine's clean. | - Well, let her have it, Phile.
Pull the top bit over the other one. | That's what I always do.
There -There's nothing | fixed yet, is there?
The -The boat I mean.
- The day after tomorrow. | - Monday?
Can I have this one too | if you don't want it?
They couldn't stand it forever, | meeting in tea shops and cinemas.
All the difficulties and lies.
- He's not that kind of man. | - What kind of man is he?
Good and kind.
- Can't hurt anyone. | - What a fool the man is.
That's what I think too.
- Here's your handkerchief, Phillipe. | - I've got to see you
tomorrow, Julie.
It's no good. | You've got to take him home now.
Listen. I'll ring you somehow. | There's so much I have to say.
It's all been said over and over again.
- Good-bye. | - I don't know what to do.
You don't need to do anything.
Nothing.
She does make a fuss | about her friend, doesn't she?
Can I have some tea in my milk?
It's sad about her friend, isn't it?
Is Julie your niece or something?
- How much is that, please? | - One and eight pence.
The cup that cheers.
Come on, Phile.
- I'm sorry I gave you a start.
That's all right, Phile.
- Is that car a Ford? | - I didn't see.
Oh, look. | There's your niece again.
Look. I'll speak to her tonight.
I'll say to her, "What's the use? | You and I don't get on anymore. "
And then I'll tell her everything. | Perhaps she'll see it.
She'll never let you go.
She might. Anyway, we've one last day.
I must see you tomorrow. | Just the last time.
I'll telephone you.
- Promise? | - Baines, it is a Ford.
I promise.
Oh, look. | There's Mrs. Baines on the balcony.
Need we go in yet?
Listen, Phile. I -
I don't want you -

I don't ask you to say | what isn't true, but...
there's no need to mention | to Mrs. Baines that you met Julie.
- Is it a secret? | - That's right, Phile. Our secret.
You see, Mrs. Baines - | She - She doesn't like Julie.
It was stupid of me to | meet her so near home,
but I'd got to see she was all right.
Of course you had. | You can trust me, Baines.
Mrs. Baines'll get it out of you | if she can.
Oh, I'll never let you down, Baines.
Funny, isn't it? Julie | working for the embassy
and all this time she was your niece.
Yes. It's a scream.
Need we go in yet?
- Come on, Phile. | - Take me for a walk in the park.
Here. Phile.
Give me your handkerchief.
It's things like that give secrets away.
Isn't it exciting, Baines?
Good night, Macgregor.
Bonsoir.
Oh. What are you doing?
Just looking.
- What at? | - Nothing.
I suppose you were doing nothing | this afternoon -you and Mr. Baines.
- Well? | - No.
We'll see about that later.
Come along now. | Off you go.
I've got work to do. Come on.
Now what are you waiting for? | You can see I'm busy, can't you?
Get along with you. Downstairs. | Hurry up.
Come down from there! | Get down at once!
No. No, don't. | No. You wait. Wait, wait, wait.
Master Phillipe, | come away from there at once.
Do I have to come and drag you away?
Right. Come here. | Do you hear me? Give me your hands.
Oh, now look what you've done.
And all over my shoes. | Dirt. Nothing but dirt.
No. No. No, you don't. It stays there. | Stay there for your mother to see.
Show her the sort of tricks | you get up to.
Get along. Don't ever let | me find you on there again.
I'm sorry.
Just for that, you | shall have your supper in
the nursery. Your tray's | downstairs. Go fetch it.
- I'm sorry. | - And no more chatting with Baines.

Take your tray and go straight upstairs. | I'll fetch it later.
She knows we were out, | but I haven't told her a thing.
Just slip along upstairs now, Phile.
She told me to fetch my tray. | I've got to have it upstairs.
There it is.
I put Macgregor to bed. | She nearly caught me.
Phile, I'd say I'm sorry about it.
- You know. Lunchtime. | - Hmm.
If my mother does | come back on Monday, ...
...it won't make any | difference to us, will it?
Not a bit.
I'm sorry I said I hated you.
It's all right.
I said you weren't to take him out.
I didn't take him out. I brought him home.
You went out by the back door...
he by the fire escape, | and you two met outside.
Phile's been out on his own. | So have I.
I told him he wasn't to go out, | and you take him.
Oh, don't let's talk about him.
- There's something more important. | - What could that be?
You and I.
Go on.
Well, I've tried to make a go of it.
And so have you.
But we only make each other miserable.
It's years now since there's been a day | without some blessed row.
- We can't go on like this. | - You want your freedom?
You don't want me around anymore.
This is something new, | this kind of talk.
I've thought about it long enough.
And now it's time tell you. Because
You go off, and see | what happens to me.
- Oh, don't talk like that. | - You do as you say. You and your freedom.
You'll feel fine when you read it | in the Sunday newspapers.
You'll be able to say, | "That's me. I did that. "
That'll make you feel happy.
Oh, don't talk so foolish.
Oh, go and give the boy his supper.
We'll talk about it later.
You know your father | doesn't like you going out alone.
- Funny you should meet Baines, wasn't it? | - Yes.
He likes wandering about | on his own too.
Not much appetite, | have you, Master Phillipe?

No, Mrs. Baines.

Why don't you try | eating some of that...

...nice pudding? You don't eat enough.

Don't eat enough to keep a fly alive. | No lunch and -
and now no supper, Master Phillipe.

So that's why you've lost your appetite, | Master Phillipe.

Been eating between meals. | Buying cream buns again.

- That's not what your pocket money is for. | - I didn't.

Don't lie to me, Master | Phillipe. You're going to be...

...a fine worry to your | mother when I tell her.

I will not put up with any more lies. | You're becoming a regular little
liar!

I won't put up with | any more lies from you!

They gave it to me!

- They? | - Baines I mean.

"They. "

Oh.

So that's it.

Yes.

You mustn't mind Mrs. Baines, | Master Phillipe.

She, um-She lets her tongue | run away with her.

We have a secret now...

you and I...

that I know all about them.

Can you keep a secret?

- Yes. | - Good.

I suppose she was having tea with him.

Just tea. No cakes.

Is she young?

Of course. She's his niece.

So that's what he said.

The old scoundrel.

It's all right. She's | not seeing him anymore.

Tomorrow she's going away.

Is she? Tomorrow.

You can keep our secret now? | Hmm? Yes?

Yes.

You do, and I'll get you | that 2A Meccano set.

Do you want the light up there?

He hasn't eaten his supper. | Think he'd be hungry after his long walk.

Wait till I put on the light.

I don't think I want to go on | with our talk tonight, if you don't mind.

You know when you two | were out this afternoon?

- What? Me and Phile? | - Yes.

I thought to myself, | "Perhaps I stay indoors too much.
I ought to get out more, | take some time off. "
- I've been telling you that for weeks. | - Yes. So you have.
I think it might be a very good idea.
You asleep, Phile?
Come on, Phile. Time to wake up.
Come on, Phile. Up you get.
Where's Mrs. Baines?
- She's gone to see her Aunt Hilda. | - No. Why?
Said she needed an outing, Phile. | Like you and me.
- When will she come back? | - Not until tomorrow morning.
Are we really alone?
Of course we are. We're | going to spend the day together.
- Will we be alone all day, Baines? | - We'll be together, Phile.
It's misty still.
The cat's been out all night. | There she is, sniffing round the railings.
There's Doris shaking the mats out.
It's a great life if you don't weaken.
- It's early, isn't it? | - It's going to be a long day, Phile.
Now, you get dressed, | and I'll be cooking the sausages.
Yes. To see her aunt.
I'm quite alone, you understand?
No. Not about that. No. | I'll explain it all.
Oh, you must come. | You promised you would.
We'll have the whole day together.
Oh, it makes no difference | about the boy.
Yes. Uh, back here to supper, Julie.
Ah, of course it's safe. I - Well, I'm so | looking forward to seeing
you, Julie.
I must talk to you.
I'll- I'll wait for you. | Of course I'll wait for you.
It'll amuse the boy, | and we'll be able to talk.
No. Of course he doesn't understand.

3:

I'd rather see the snakes, Baines.
I was sure you'd like the lions. | My old legs are getting tired.
- You're not so old, Baines. | - I'm not so young as I used to be.
I'll tell you what. | Let's sit down over there.
I'll tell you things. | Then we'll go to the reptile house.
Did you shoot lions in Africa?
Oh, just a few. I mostly let them live.
- You shot a man though, Baines. | - Who told you that?
You did. | You murdered him, you said.

Murdered? | I never murdered anyone.
You said you killed someone, | once in Africa with that gun.
Oh, yes, yes. Oh, well, | that wasn't murder, Phile.
That was self-defense.
You see, one day the blackies planned | what they call a rising.
I was the only white man | for miles around.
Well, this chap - | He called himself a king.
He got the blackies properly | worked up, speechifying.
They-
Yes? Go on. Go on.
Uh, th-they all came up to my hut.
Hundreds of them. | Knives, spears, clubs.
- Well, all I had was that - that gun I showed you. | - Go on.
"Clear off," I said to that king of theirs. | "Hop it," I said.
But he was after my blood.
Well, if they'd got me, | it wouldn't have ended there.
They'd have tasted blood.
- Like those lions there. | - Th-Then what happened?
Oh, I plugged him. Then I threw the gun away | and went in with my fists.
But you found the gun again.
Oh, yeah. Yes. So I did. | I'll tell you about that one day.
I wish I could | go away with you to Africa.
Oh, look. There's your niece.
Oh, yes. So it is.
Now can we go and see | the reptile house?
- Look. Would you like an ice cream, Phile? | - I wouldn't say no, Baines.
Well, here's a bob. Get one for Julie too. | There you are. Over there.
What did she -
- Did you tell her? | - No.
I couldn't get around to it somehow. | And then she went away.
- Two wafers, please. | - Two wafers.
- Here you are. | - Thank you.
Then everything's just the same.
Give me time. I'll manage it somehow.
- There's your ice cream. | - Thank you, Phillipe.
I've been telling Julie | she's gotta have supper with us.
But you asked on the telephone, | and she said she would.
- The things you know. | - It would only be worse afterwards.
She doesn't trust my cooking, Phile.
Oh, can't we see the snakes, Baines?
Of course we're | going to see the snakes.
Hello, polly. | I'd like to find a snake like Macgregor.
- Who's Macgregor? | - It's a secret.
We don't need to have secrets from Julie.

Are you scared to come back home?

- Scared of what? | - Mrs. Baines.

Look, Phile. There - | There's the reptile house. Over there.

Ah. You are pretty.

- What time's the boat train? | - 9:00.

Can you get food on the train?

I'm taking sandwiches.

Newhaven - Dieppe?

Dover - Calais.

Have you packed?

Of course I have.

Oh, stop looking after me.

Oh, dear.

Baines.

- Do come and have a look at the snake. | - Is it as nice as Macgregor?

- Oh, you've told her. | - I said we don't have secrets from Julie.

- I do. | - Macgregor wouldn't be frightened of me, would he?

There's only one person | in the whole world he's frightened of.

- And who's that? | - Mrs. Baines.

Baines!

Baines!

Oh, look, Baines. | Come and look at this.

Baines.! What are they doing?

Here.

Where's Phile?

- Oh. There he is. | - Phile.!

Time to be off. | She's coming back, Phile.

We'll all three have supper together.

Wouldn't Mrs. Baines be angry if she knew!

Suppose she came back after all?

She won't do that. Not | when her mind's made up.

She - She doesn't know | about yesterday, does she?

No. Phile's a wonder for secrets.

- Is it very important to keep secrets? | - It certainly is.

- Even if you don't like the person? | - That makes no difference.

Even Mrs. Baines's secrets?

Yes, Phillipe. | Even Mrs. Baines's secrets.

I'll just go and open up.

This is a "man's hole. " You can get | right down to the sewers through here.

You're very fond of | Baines, aren't you, Phillipe?

Of course.

But you don't like girls.

Baines doesn't either. Not really.

Come in, you two.

Telegram! Telegram! | Can I open it?

If you like.

This is our kitchenette.

Handy for getting a cup of tea.

It's from Mrs. Baines.

Her aunt's not well.

She won't be back for a day or two.

Do you think it's true?

True? Why, yes. Of course it's true.

She wouldn't say it if | it wasn't. Would she?

Does Mrs. Baines keep secrets?

We don't want to waste | good time cooking.

Got plenty of tins. | What we want's a good spread...

and every man his own drink.

How long does | a telegram take to get to a place?

Depends where it comes from.

I'm going to make a dart of this one.

Move along now, Phile. Move along.

- Do telegrams cost much? | - Oh, don't natter.

Couldn't we eat out here?

We could easily make a... | table out of some of the cases.

- Don't you think? | - Yes. Of course.

- It would be a picnic. | - Oh, must we have a picnic?

- Well, you'd like that, wouldn't you? | - Can I feed Macgregor first?

Of course you can, | while I'm taking out the things.

- Can I come too, Phillipe? | - Show her Macgregor.

Mmm. But won't you need me here?

Oh, I think I can manage.

Mrs. Baines doesn't like Macgregor.

- She doesn't, huh? | - She doesn't like you either.

What do you mean? Phile.

What do you mean she doesn't like me?

She doesn't like anybody really. | But Baines doesn't like her.

- How do you know? | - She won't give him his... freedom.

Did he ask her?

Oh, yes. I heard him. | But I didn't mean to listen.

No, no. I'm - I'm sure you didn't.

- When was this? | - Yesterday after Baines and I came back.

- What did he say, Phile? | - "I want my freedom. "Just like that.

And she went on. Natter, natter. | Always nattering.

Poor Baines. | He did want it so badly.

When she comes back | I'll ask her for my freedom too.

That was a good dart. | Why did you throw it away?

Oh, I can make lots more like that.

- What room is this? | - The guest room.

For very important people.

- Oh. It's very pretty. | - Macgregor lives here.

Supper.

- What's the matter? | - He's gone.

How could he have got out?

She must have killed him.

It's just a bit of bad luck you've got to take.

She never really liked him.

- She said he was vermin. | - Well, tomorrow we'll -

we'll put up a little stone | in the garden...

and we'll write his name on it.

"Macgregor, killed by Mrs. Baines. "

- And the date. | - No, no. No. Not that.

Something like...

"My Macgregor. | Very lovely he was in his life. "

And then the date.

No. We -We'll just have "Macgregor. "

That'll be plenty. | We'll remember.

How about a bite of supper? | Then we'll play a game.

Come on.

Well, sit down,Julie. | Let's - Let's have a drink to happier days.

Let me.

- Hey! | - Hey!

There he is. What is | it? I've caught a fish?

Is it a rabbit or a roly-poly pudding?

Where is he? Where is he? Where is he?

We'll catch him this time. | We'll catch him and kill him.

Puss, puss, puss, puss, | puss, puss, puss, puss.

Thunder and lightning! | Lightning and thunder!

Terrible storm in the jungle now.

I catch - I catch - I catch you.

Oh, what a run.

Where is he? Phile? Bedtime.

- Come along. | - Phillipe.

Think he went along here.

Come on. Come on. | Where are you?

- Phillipe. | - No?

I'm only going because -

because it's not possible to stay.

All day long I've wanted | to talk to you,Julie.

Now's my last chance. | Now we're alone, I just want -

I just want you around always.

- Baines. | - What is it?
- What's the matter? | - I saw -
What frightened you?
I'm - I thought I saw a ghost.
Aw.
The game's gone on too long. | Come on. Upstairs.
Where are they?
Where are they?
Don't lie to me.
I know they're here.
I have been here all the time.
That's not nice, Master Phillipe.
All I want to know is where they are.
I want -
I want to talk to them. | Help me. Help Mrs. Baines.
Master Phillipe, we -we've always | been friends, haven't we?
No.
We were friends, last night.
Do you remember that secret we had? | About them?
We didn't have a secret.
Oh, you know all about them.
You're not such a child | as you pretend to be.
You've got a nasty, wicked mind, | and it ought to be beaten out of you.
Phile? Phile? | Is that you?
Baines!
Look.!.
Help.!. Help.!.
She's in there! | You've got that girl in there!
Now, wait a moment. Listen to me.
I don't want to hear any excuses.
I know all about it. Let me get at her. | I'll tell her a thing or two.!.
We can say what | we've got to say to...
...each other downstairs. | Don't make a scene.
Get out of my way! | Don't you tell me what to do!
You're a fine one to dictate to me! | How dare you! Let me go!
I'll put you and her in the gutter | before I'm finished with you!
I'll give you something you'll remember | for the rest of your life!
Will you let me go!
Thought you had me safely out of the way, | didn't you? Hypocrite.!.
And you.!. You needn't go on | hiding in that room.!. I recognized you.!.
You needn't think you can come back here | on Monday to your safe
littlejob.!.
- I'll get you deported out of the country.!. | - Quiet.!.
For heaven's sake, | don't go on like this.!.

If you've no thought of yourself or of me, | at least think of the boy.
Him? When I'm finished with her, | I'll give him what he deserves!
Be quiet!
He'll think twice | before he starts on his...
...sneaking ways, the lying, | beastly little brat!
- Stop, or I'll lose my temper!
Now, you go downstairs.
I'll join you, and we'll -
He pushed her.
Hello, sonny.
What are you up to?
Out a bit late, aren't you, sonny?
What's your name, sonny?
Come here.
Here.
Cold, sonny?
Come here. | Put this on.
How about | a nice, warm cup of tea?
Yes?
You would? Good.
Come on.
Yes?
Well, I'm going to have one anyway.
- Yes? | - And so I arrested her.
Well, Rose, what have you | got to say this time?
Nothing, | except it's not my turn yet.
Same address?
There we are.
- Now, round here. Come on. | - Come here.
Bring him here.
Who is he?
What's all this about?
I found him wandering about.
- Pickin' up kids now, are ya? | - Quiet, Rose.
Where do you live, sonny?
- He won't speak. | - Quite right.
Come on, sonny. | You come over here.
So, what have you been up to, eh? | Playing about, have you?
Come and sit over here. | There you are.
Now, then, what were you doing?
- Walking in your sleep, were you? | - That's all I was doing.
Remember where you live, sonny? Eh?
Come on. Try to think.
Come on, sonny. | There's nothing to be frightened of here.

Nothin' at all.

Shh. Shh.

We just want to help you, see.

You tell us where you live, | and we'll take you home.

Come on, sonny. | Tell us where you live.

See what you can do, Rose.

- Hello, deary. Where do you live? | - Rose, Rose.

- Not like that. | - Not like what?

- Well - | - Here! Not like what?

You know. Just find out where he lives | and tell him we'll take him there.

- Shall I take you home? | - Rose!

Can't you do it without - | without the smile?

Just ask him naturally.

Naturally?

Come along, deary.

Now, you would like to come home | with me now, deary, wouldn't you?

That was all right, wasn't it?

Well, I can't say it any other way.!

- Now, you would, wouldn't you? | - Yes, please.

There you are. You see?

Station officer, Chelsea Police.

Yes, Doctor?

Serious? Fatal.

Come and sit over here. | Come on.

Tell me your name.

What time was that?

- Now then, come on. Tell me your name. | - Yes, Doctor. Of course.

What's the matter?

Come on.

Phillipe.

Phillipe? Phillipe what?

- Yes. | - That's all.

Come on.

It's a bit long, isn't it? | You want a haircut.

I'll have one sent over. | Anything else I can do?

Phillipe? Phillipe what, eh? | Where do you live?

Come on, chum. | You pop your feet into these.

Oh! Aren't you a lucky boy!

Oh, look. | They'd last forever.

- I'd like a pair of those. | - Good night, Doctor.

Jones.

There's been an accident | - 48 Cheston Square.

You know, that embassy.

Woman killed herself. | Fell down a flight of stairs.

Get an ambulance sent over. | Ask for Mr. Baines.
Is it too hot? Is it?
Here, try it now. Go on.
- Now, Rose, have you got the address? | - Give me time.
Did you say the name was Baines?
Uh, yes, Baines. 48 Cheston Square.
Baines.
What's the matter?
Do you know him?
I live there.
What made you run away, sonny?
Nothing.
You weren't frightened or anything?
No.
Then everything | was all right at home?
Yes.
Does your father | work at the embassy?
No. He's ambassador.
Oh!
I know your daddy!
Oh, there you are, Phile.
We picked him up in Hilton Street.
There's been an accident?
Yes.
- Over there? | - The doctor's with her now.
Now...
just -
just -just sit down there...
for a moment, Phile.
- How did it happen? | - We'd had a few words up there.
She was angry with the boy | for some reason.
The next thing I knew...
she'd slipped going down the stairs.
- Can I help at all, sir? | - No. Just an accident.
I'll be off. There's | nothing more that I can do.
You better tell the ambassador at once.
He's away. | I've phoned the first secretary.
Don't worry, man. | More than you can help.
You did all that you could. | These things happen, you know.
- I can't believe that she's - | - I know.
The ambulance will be coming.
I'll sign the certificate | first thing in the morning.
- Let me see. Where did I leave my coat? | - It's here, I think.
Don't think me heartless. | In my position one must try to be hard.

Death is like a business.
It has to be attended to.
Why, it's Phillipe, isn't it?
What are you doing here? | You ought to be in bed.
We found him wandering around.
We were going to send him home | when we heard about the accident.
He said he was sleepwalking.
Why, I know Phillipe. | He doesn't walk in his sleep.
Do you, Phillipe?
What's the boy been doing?
Now, listen, Phillipe, | did anything happen to frighten you?
We went to the zoo, that's all. | The boy's tired out.
I'll take him upstairs to bed.
Wait a moment. | Come here, Phillipe.
- Did he see it? | - I don't think so.
Well, you're a fine | sort of chap, aren't you, ...
...wandering about at | night in your pajamas.
Who do you think you are- | Nick Carter?
Where'd you get this outfit?
We had to find him those | at the station.
Why did you run away, Phillipe?
I've told you - | she went for the boy.
Tell me everything you know, Phillipe.
Then you won't be frightened anymore.
It's long past bedtime. | We'll go upstairs.
- He needs sleep. | - I'm a doctor, Baines.
Why was she angry with you, Phillipe?
Because of secrets.
Secrets? | Do you know what he means?
You've no business pestering the boy. | He's half asleep.
What were those secrets, Phillipe?
Come on. You can tell me. | Was she angry at the zoo?
- No. | - Was everything all right at the zoo?
- Yes. | - Do you know what made her angry?
No.
You're not angry with Baines, | are you?
No. Of course not.
You're not going | to send him to prison.
Doctors don't do that.
I don't mind going to bed now.
You'd better take him up there, Baines.
Give him one of these tablets.
Was it self-defense, | like in Africa?
Dr., um - Dr. What's-his-name | is the police doctor, isn't he? Dr. Wilson?

Good evening, Dr. Fenton.

This is a terrible business. | Is Baines about?

He's upstairs putting the child to bed.

He was found in the street, scared.

What about?

I should like the police doctor | called in, if you don't mind.

Police doctor? | What's he got to do with it?

I should like Dr. Wilson called.

Surely there is nothing | to worry you, is there?

Possibly not.

I don't like it. | I don't like it at all.

The ambassador's a great stickler.

He won't like the police | within the embassy.

You do realize that this is | officially foreign territory.

Police are not allowed | in here without permission.

The woman's dead.

Yes, but an accident, surely.

- Probably. | - Well, wasn't it?

Perhaps.

But I'm not prepared | to sign the death certificate.

Very well. I'll have to phone | the foreign office in Scotland Yard.

Goodness only knows whether | there'll be anybody there this hour.

The Yard doesn't close, sir.

I meant the foreign office.

It'll make you sleep.

You've got to try and put it | right out of your head, Phile...

everything you've seen | and heard tonight.

I understand.

Well, go to sleep...

and forget it.

I'm going to give you | two night-lights tonight.

It'll be daylight before | you can say Jack Robinson.

Baines, are you going?

Listen, Phile, you -

you remember that telegram | Mrs. Baines sent me?

You had it. | You - You made a dart of it.

- What did you do with it? | - I threw it away.

Where?

I - I don't remember.

Why?

Well, I wouldn't - | I wouldn't like anyone else to find it.

You see, th-they think Mrs. Baines | was with us at the zoo.

It'd look funny, | that telegram coming.

And I - I don't want them to know | Julie was with us tonight.

She wouldn't like it.

There's no need to tell the police | more than they know.

Yes, I understand.

Are you scared?

Scared? No.

Only we've -we've got to be careful | what we say to policemen.

Oh, well, no good | putting it off, I suppose.

Better go down and talk to them.

Good night, Phile.

Baines, you could run away.

I remember.

I remember where I threw it.

Well, then I heard the boy say, | "Was it in self-defense?"

He admits there was a quarrel | at the head of the stairs.

- Is that the staircase? | - Yes.

Are the injuries consistent | with a slip-

Evening, Fenton. | It's an awful hour to be called out.

- I'm used to it. It's the hour for babies. | - Is it? Well, what's the trouble?

This is Inspector Hart, sir, | of the special branch.

He'll help with any interpreting.

I wouldn't mind so much | if the ambassador was here.

- You were here at the time? | - No.

I was having dinner with some friends | in a restaurant.

All right, all right. | Where is this fellow Baines?

In the basement, I think.

No, he went upstairs | putting the child to bed.

There'd be no objection, I suppose,...

...to our seeing over | the servants' quarters?

No, none at all. | Through the door there.

You would trouble me much less | if you'd speak English.

Of course, the story | of her slipping may be true...

but the type of injuries | suggest something more violent.

What if there'd been a push?

- Why do you say that? | - We know that they quarreled.

- Up there? | - Mmm.

- Is he a big chap? | - You saw him come down just now.

Oh, he.

- Mr. Baines? | - Yes.

We've permission | to ask you a few questions.

This has been a terrible night for you...

...and we don't propose to keep you long.

I'll tell you anything I know.

There was nobody else in the house, | was there, when it happened?

No.
You had supper out in the yard.
The boy wanted a picnic.
Just the three of you.
Just the boy and I.
But there were three places laid.
Oh, yes, of course.
I forgot. | Mrs. Baines was with us.
Try to remember things like that.
It helps us, you know, | to get the details right.
I'm sorry.
Can we have a word with you?
Good heavens. | What's he doing there?
Now what, boy?
- Come along, Phile. | - It's all right, Baines. I'll take him up.
Hello. What's this | you've got hold of? Hmm?
You don't want that now. | I'll take it. Now watch. See?
He's in the same room?
Baines. | Is he in the same room?
Uh, y-yes.
Well, what was he up to?
Oh, n-nothing, sir.
Mr. Baines, I understand | there was some sort of scene...
between your wife | and the boy tonight.
Do you know what it was about?
Well, she - sh-sh-she used to | get in a fuss about...
trying to keep the house tidy.
Do you know what he'd been up to?
Or was there nothing unusual | to make her angry tonight?
No.
You said just now that Mrs. Baines | had had supper with you downstairs.
You did say that, didn't you?
Yes.
Well, then -
I - I... forgot.
She wasn't with us.
But there were three places laid.
Who else was there?
Nobody. | I- I-I must have laid it from h-habit.
But the third place was used.
How do you account for that?
Well, I think we'll | leave all the questions
to Chief Inspector | Crowe in the morning...
after he's read the doctor's report.

Doctor's report?

It's only that your story of the slip
doesn't quite fit in with what they say.

Julie!

- Why not tell them everything? | - No, no. Leave it to me.

There's no need for you | to be brought into this.

- You go to the office.

- Good morning, Baines. | - Good morning, sir.

- Are they here yet? | - Not yet, sir.

Who is this lady?

She - She works here, sir, | in the typing room.

- A bit early, aren't you? | - Yes, sir.

I had something to do | that I didn't finish on Saturday.

Oh, I see.

Do you do shorthand?

- Yes, sir. | - Good. Don't go for a moment.

Chief Inspector Crowe, sir.

I'm the first secretary. I'm in charge here | until the ambassador returns.

Yes, I know. We shall try to cause you | as little trouble as possible.

I see. | This is Mr. Baines.

Oh. | My sympathy, Mr. Baines.

- My ambassador will expect a full report. | - Yes, naturally.

Have you any objection to | one of our typists taking down what's said?

No, none whatever.

Actually, I've no right to object. | We're on foreign territory here.

Oh, could I see | the little boy, Phillipe.

- If you think it's necessary- | - Yes. Thank you.

Oh, Baines, uh, would you? Better fetch him.

- Have you got a notebook? | - I'll get one, sir.

There.

What shall I say, Baines?

Tell them anything they want to know, | except for you-know-who.

Was it like this | that time in Africa?

- What time? | - The time you killed a man.

Not a bit like this.

Don't worry, Baines. | I won't tell them anything.

Would you mind, Baines, | putting a notice on the front door...

telling the clerks to | use the empty office

next to the visa section next door.

- Hello, sonny. Don't run away. | - I wasn't running away.

No, I mean, I just wanted | to say, "How do you do?"

- Your name is Phillipe, isn't it? | - Yes.

I've heard quite a lot about you.

- You're the little boy who ran away. | - I didn't run away.

I've said that again, have I?

I meant, you're the one | who took a walk.

And a rather late walk, wasn't it? | After supper, hmm?

Oh, quite a party you had last night, | didn't you? A picnic party.

No.

- Didn't you have it downstairs with - | - No!

Do you want me | to take all this down?

No, no, no. | This is just friendly conversation.

We are friends, aren't we?

- Hmm? | - No.

Well, anyway, you didn't have

a picnic downstairs | last night with anybody.

No!

I've put up the notice.

No!

I'd like to have a word | with Mr. Baines.

- Where could we be quiet? | - Uh, here in the ambassador's room.

I'd like you and your secretary | to be present.

I just want to get | Mr. Baines's story quite straight.

- My story's straight enough. | - Yes, yes, of course.

I just want to iron out | one or two inconsistencies.

Oh, would you wait outside | for a few moments, sonny?

I just want to have | a little talk with Mr. Baines.

- Have you got a ball to play with? | - No.

Well - Oh. Mm-hmm.

Uh, Ames, let him borrow | your chiming watch.

It's like this, see.

Do be careful with it now.

Tsk. | Poor Mrs. Baines.

Down these very stairs. | I can almost see her. Can't you?

Yes. I expect her neck | was snapped like a matchstick.

- Mmm. | - Do you see any blood?

There wouldn't be any blood | if her neck was broken, would there?

Might be a little | if the bone came through.

Treacherous stuff, this marble.

I wouldn't have it in | my house at any price.

You listen to the watch, sonny.

I wonder if you could find | something to do somewhere else, hmm?

Crowe says, will you | photograph the position

of the body from the top of the stairs.

Right.

No, not that way, sonny.

Like this. See?

- What are you doing? | - Hmm?

Oh, yes. See this powder?
Well, that's solved more crimes
than the whole police | force put together.
Here, put your thumb just down there.
Just press it down quite | like that. That's it.
Now put some powder on.
Now you blow and watch.
See? There's only one person in the world | that has a thumb like that.
And that's how we find things out.
Yes, they, uh -
they want to have | a word with you, Phile.
Oh, well, we shan't need you | for a few moments, Baines.
Well, I'll be downstairs.
Well, Phillipe, I don't suppose | you ever met a detective before.
Except in books.
Did the watch work?
Not taken out the works yet?
You know, Phillipe, | I've got a boy at home very like you.
He's a bit older, that's all.
Oh, he likes marbles. | Do you like marbles?
Look here. | What do you think of that one?
I think that's a champion. | Don't you?
I always win with it anyway.
I don't suppose Mrs. Baines | would have liked marbles, would she?
But I expect Baines could | throw a marble with the best of us.
I like Baines. | Don't you?
Yes.
But not Mrs. Baines?
She killed Macgregor.
Killed Macgregor? | Who was he?
- My snake. | - Oh.
You can keep that marble if you'd like.
Baines had a quarrel with Mrs. Baines | about you last night, didn't he?
No!
Didn't you hear them quarreling?
No!
- Phillipe, why did you run away? | - I took a walk.
Oh, a bit late, wasn't it, for a walk? | In your pajamas?
Now, wasn't it because Mrs. Baines | frightened you?
No.
But she did hit you, didn't she?
No.
- She came to your room last night. | - No.
Phillipe, tell me, what did you see | that made you run away?

I didn't run away.

Mrs. Baines was away all day | yesterday, wasn't she?

- What did you do? | - I went to the zoo with Baines and -
"And"?

Phillipe. And?

And then we went to the reptile house, | and then we came home.

- And then? | - We had supper.

- "We"? | - Baines.

- I, Baines and - | - Yes? And?

And then we - | And then we played games.

- What sort of games, Phillipe? | - Hide-and-seek in the dark.

I always get a bit frightened | when I play that. Who hid?

I hid, and they couldn't find me.

- "They"? | - Baines, I mean! Baines, I mean!

"They," Phillipe? | Now, who was with Baines?

- Nobody! Nobody! | - Phillipe.

- Who did you play hide-and-seek with? | - Baines! Just Baines!

You must tell the truth.

What is this? What are they saying?

It's a bit fast, sir. | I can't quite follow.

Will you speak English, please.

Don't badger them.!

I'm here, aren't I, | if you want to ask any questions.

Now, Phillipe, tell me...

who was with Baines?

His niece.

- Was she your niece, Mr. Baines? | - I told him so.

Your girl?

Yes. It was me.

- You were here? | - Yes. He wanted to keep me out of it.

He d - He di - | didn't mean any harm.

And this telegram?

She tried to catch us out, I suppose.

You'd better go upstairs, Phillipe.

You can keep the marble if you like.

- Baines. | - No, no. Mr. Baines is staying here.

Now we're getting somewhere.

Your quarrel with Mrs. Baines last night | was over this young lady.

It was what I said. | She went for the boy. She was hitting him.

That's not what the boy says.

Can't you see that child is lying?

I'm afraid there have been | a lot of lies in this business.

- There was no need for them. | - I sincerely hope there wasn't.

Now, will you come upstairs | and tell me exactly what happened.

I was in this room... with Julie.
Mm-hmm? Yes?
I thought I heard the boy calling.
I came out here...
and then I saw her hit him, | as I told you.
- Go on. | - She came running down these stairs.
She wanted to get into that room, | to Julie.
I caught hold of her.
She pushed me back.
She was hysterical.
She used to get into these rages | and do anything.
I've known her to put her hand | through a window she couldn't open.
I wasn't going to let her get in there.
Yes? And then?
And then I pushed her back...
over there.
She was shouting all the time.
I don't remember exactly what.
And we -we were struggling...
here.
Yes.
"Stop it," I said. "Stop it.
Go downstairs, and presently | I'll come down and talk to you. "
Then she seemed calmer | and started down the stairs.
I went back to this room.
- What is it, Harry? | - They're on the telephone from Selfridges.
They want to know if it'd | be all right if they deliver...
...the 40 gilt chairs tomorrow afternoon...
instead of today...
as the reception | is not till Wednesday night.
Yes, yes, tomorrow will be all right.
Then I - | I went back to this door.
No, Harry | - Harry, tell them they must...
deliver the chairs today because we..
Just tell them they must | deliver the chairs as arranged.
Then I - | I went back to the door.
When I got there, | I heard the scream...
as I told you.
I came out...
and when I got here...
I saw her hit the last step.
We've examined this staircase | very carefully, Mr. Baines...
and there's no evidence | of her having slipped.
When people slip, | they try to recover.

They leave some sign - | a scratch on the banister, anything.
It's just like a car skidding.

- What, and there's nothing? | - Nothing.

And the injuries would indicate | something more than a slip.
You're quite sure | you didn't, uh, push her?

You were both, I take it, very angry.

I'd done enough to her without that.

You see, | if she'd slipped from here...

or even a few steps down...

she couldn't possibly have landed | where she did -

because we've tested that -

unless she was pushed.

You're a very strong man, Mr. Baines.

You probably don't | know your own strength.

I didn't push her.

Why did the boy ask you, | "Was it self-defense...
as in Africa?"

I've never been out of the country.

- Never? | - Well, except once, to Ostend.

Very well, Mr. Baines. Would you come
into the other room? And you too, miss.

- And whose room is this? | - A guest room.

Where were you when it happened, | when the scream came, hmm?
Yes?

There.

Although there had | been a struggle outside
and angry words, | according to Mr. Baines?

I couldn't do anything else.

I should have thought | you'd have got up and tried to hide.

I couldn't.

I'm sorry to have to ask you | all these questions.

- You then dressed in a great hurry, I suppose. | - Of course.

That would be after the scream.

Yes.

How long was that | after the child called out?

I don't know.

Two, three minutes. | I don't know.

- The child said he never called out. | - He must be lying.

It's obvious somebody must be lying.

When you dressed, | what did you do?

He showed me out.

Wouldn't it have been wiser, | and more honest, to have stayed?

He wanted to keep me out of it. | I was frightened because of our lies.

I don't understand you.

Then I - I can't explain to you.
How long had you known Mr. Baines?
Ever since I started to work | at the embassy- seven months.
- Without Mrs. Baines's knowledge? | - Yes.
And all that time you were | carrying on an affair with each other.
- We are very busy here. | - Won't be a moment.
Look, can't you come back later?
The first Monday of every month...
this clock has to be done.
They behave much better if they're, uh - | if they're looked after.
Oh, be as quick as you can.
You don't want to do it jerkily...
and not too fast.
You must take your time.
Thank you.
Did you ever discuss marriage?
No.
But your relations with this man | were intimate.
We love each other.
And intimacy took | place during that period?
We don't talk the same language. | I don't know what you mean.
- I mean, in plain language - | - Oh, leave her alone, can't you?
Don't worry. | It's his duty to ask questions.
Last night was the first time | we were ever alone like this.
Now, you take your photographs | and fingerprints and everything.
It's love you'll photograph, | not "intimacy. "
What do you want, sonny?
You've got to leave Baines alone. | He didn't do it.
- Didn't do what? | - He didn't murder her!
Why did you say "murder," Phillipe?
No one has mentioned murder.
Thank heaven someone has then.
Why did you say "murder," Phillipe?
He didn't do it.
Well, if he didn't do it...
who did?
Hmm?
I did. My thumbmark's | downstairs on the banister.
Will somebody take this child away?
Come on.
I'll take him upstairs.
No, Mr. Baines, it might be | better if you kept away from the boy.
What, are you charging me?
I would advise you | to reconsider your story.

You've already admitted that you were
both quarreling at | the top of the stairs.
Perhaps there was a push | that you didn't intend.
Only please don't ask us | to believe too much.
- I tell you, I don't know how she fell! | - He's quite right, Baines.
- Think carefully. | - I don't have to think! It's the truth!
Run along, sonny.
- I'll take him up. | - I don't think you'd better, miss.
There's questions to | be asked, and the less
either of you see the boy the better.
- Are you forbidding me? | - No, I'm advising you. That's all.
In your interest and Mr. Baines's.
Well, I know his | interests better than you do.
As you please, miss.
- Would you care to sit down, Mr. Baines? | - I'm all right.
Listen, you've got to | stop telling these lies.
It's only silly. It | makes things much worse.
It doesn't. We've got to think of lies | and tell them all the time.
Then they won't find out the truth.
But Baines didn't do it, Phillipe!
She hit me. | Baines doesn't let people hit me.
Of course he doesn't.
But he'd never kill | anyone. You must know that.
- Why, he did in Africa. | - Oh, that's one of his stories. He's never been
to Africa.
Baines doesn't tell me lies.
He's got a gun too.
You can't have understood, Phillipe.
The truth can't harm Baines. | Don't you realize he's innocent?
Oh, if there could | only have been a witness.
What's a witness?
Someone who saw.
Couldn't I say | that I saw somebody?
Phillipe, now what | have I just told you?
Now listen, you promise that from now on | you'll speak only the truth.
- Must I? | - Yes, you must. Now, you promise?
If you like.
All right. Now you go and tell | them that you told a lot of lies.
Mr. Baines, it would be | much more satisfactory...
if you'd consent to come along with us | just to make a formal statement.
And more convenient | for the embassy too, I should think.
Do I have to?
You've got to decide it yourself, Baines.
They can't force you to leave here.

They can't arrest you | so long as you are an embassy employee.

Of course, | we could appeal to the ambassador.

- Yes, yes? What is it, Phillipe? | - I've told you lies.

Yes, yes, I know all that. | I'd strongly advise you, Mr. Baines -

- Mrs. Baines did hit me. | - Yes, yes. You shouldn't tell lies.

I only wanted to help Baines. | Please.

I'd strongly advise you, | Mr. Baines, to come with us,

or else we shall have to | appeal to the ambassador.

I don't want His Excellency troubled.

I'll get my hat.

That's all right, Mr. Baines. | Perhaps Mr. Hart would get it for you.

I'm not under arrest yet, am I?

I'm going down to my own basement...

and I haven't invited the police there.

Baines! Oh, Baines!

Now, now, you, uh - | you mustn't come with me, Phile.

They-They don't want me | to talk to you.

I haven't done harm, have I?

Trouble is, we - | we've told a lot of lies.

About Africa - | you didn't make it up, did you?

They weren't lies.

Why, that was just a game, Phile.

I didn't really do those things.

No?

But you did kill Mrs. Baines, | didn't you?

Yes?

- Didn't you? | - No.

Oh.

But you did want to be free, | didn't you?

There are faults on both sides, Phile.

We don't have any call to judge.

Perhaps she was what she was because...

I am what I am.

We ought to be very careful, Phile...

'cause we make one another.

I thought God made us.

Trouble is, | we take a hand in the game.

I hope your mother comes back soon.

Good-bye, Phile.

Oh, Baines, we must never | tell any more lies.

- Mr. Crowe, sir. | - Yes?

- Will you come over here a minute? | - What is it?

Somebody's been up here.

Oh, sir, that was me. | Sir! Sir!

Please. | I want to tell you something.
I want to tell you something.
It's very important.
Yes, it's a woman's heel mark, all right.
- Please, sir. Please. | - Run along.
- You can see how it happened. | - Oh, please. It'll only take a minute.
- She wanted to see into the bedroom... | - Please, sir. Please.
- maybe force her way in. | - Will you listen to me, please?
She came along here | and upset the flowerpot.
Please, sir.! | It's about the flowerpot.
- Could she have got into the bedroom from there? | - Ah, yes, sir, easily.
I must tell you. | Will you listen to me?
Come along. We don't | want another accident.
You must listen to me.
How much easier it would be if everybody
told the police the | truth in the first place.
It's very important! Please!
- Would you call Mr. Baines. | - I'll get him.
The flowerpot, Julie, was there when...
It's all right. They | know what happened.
- She upset it before she fell. | - But it was me. I upset it.
Now, will somebody | please listen to me!
You don't need your hat.
They know what happened.
It's all right. | Come on upstairs.
You must listen. | It will make everything all right.
- Now, sonny- | - It's the truth.
I'd like to call your ambassador on | his return just to explain our
action.
Oh, please. Oh, please.
Oh, Mr. Baines, | we shan't require you after all.
We found some evidence up there | which makes sense of your story.
Yes, she-she's told me.
Now we know how it happened, | what you've said is quite clear.
Please, I've got | to tell you something.
Will you send this young | shaver about his business?
- Come along, Phile. | - I've got to tell him.
Sit down over there, Phile. | We'll attend to you presently.
Come on. Come on. Over there.
- Sir, please! I'm telling the truth! | - Sit down.
Your father always goes away | at the worst possible moment.
It's the truth this time.
- Where did we leave the hats? | - I'll go and get them, sir.
Your evidence will be needed | at the inquest, Mr. Baines.

- Of course, we must keep the boy out of it.
Oui.
I'm afraid, sir, | we've caused you some trouble.
That's all right. | If only-
Oh, well. | That doesn't matter.
Oh, please. Please.
It's the truth. Please.
Oh, please, do listen to me. | Please.
It's very important | what I want to tell you.
Well, what is it?
Julie said only the | truth would help Baines.
What do you want to say?
It wasn't Mrs. Baines | that upset the flowerpot.
It was me. You see?
It's my fault. | I did it.
- I've told fibs in my time too. | - Cross my heart!
Shall I tell you a secret?
No!
Nice weekend, Mr. Baines?
Phillipe.!
Phillipe, your mother!