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The Macomber Affair

By Ernest Hemingway

You'll be
perfectly all right.
There's nothing
to worry about.
Just pull yourself
together.
I'm sorry, Mrs. Macomber,
to have to meet you like this.
Uh, please, accept my deepest sympathy.
Thank you.
Step aside,
captain Smollett.
I'd like a picture of Wilson
and the lady together.
Please don't.
None of that now.
Sorry, captain.
This is news.
But please,
captain Smollett.
That's enough, Logan.
That's enough.
I'll drive you
right to the hotel.
Mr. Wilson and Mr. Raymes
will take care of things here.
Thank you, captain Smollett.
You're very considerate.
When will I see you?
Later, perhaps.
Uh, drop into headquarters
in an hour.
You'll identify
the body?
That's right.
Hm. Hefty fellow,
wasn't he?
Macomber his name?
Francis Macomber.
Scotsman?
American.
Oh. Nice chap?
Well,
what does it matter now?

Yes.
Uh, when did it happen?
This morning, early.
They were after buffalo.
Ah, that explains
a lot.
Remember the first one
I tried to knock down...
Four of us
as a matter of fact,
All handy with rifles,
blazing away.
Hm. You'd have thought
we were using bird shot.
They'll take the devil
of a lot of killing.
Yes, a lot of killing.
Anyone's a fool
to try a trick shot...
The sort of fool
who'd try to stop
A locomotive
with a slingshot.
He was just unlucky.
Let's get this over with.
How, uh...
How big was the buffalo?
Well, I thought...
No, he wasn't gored.
He was shot.
In the back.
From the back.
Accident?
Accident.
Uh, who was there?
His wife and I,
Kongoni and Abdulla.
The buffalo was wounded?
Wounded.
Nothing worse...
Head up, coming like
an express train,
Everyone excited,
everybody firing...

ooh, they... They...
They're devils to kill.
Yes. A thing like this
could happen.
It could.
It did.
Hello.
Short trip this time?
Yeah. Short.
You look like you need this
tonight, Wilson.
When did you get in?
About a half-Hour ago.
Say when.
What delayed you
at the airfield?
Oh, a formality.
Bring both the guests
back with you?
Mm-Hmm. Both.
Nice flight?
Did Mrs. Macomber
enjoy it?
Do you care?
Did Mr. Macomber
enjoy it?
He didn't say.
Handsome man,
that American.
That time he was here with you,
he drank a lot.
How is he?
When I left him
a few minutes ago,
He was cold sober.
Think of that.
Was he good hunting?
Quite.
Did everyone shoot
a full bag?
Everyone.
Mrs. Macomber too?
What are you getting at?
I was afraid you'd get

in trouble sometime, Wilson.

Are you in trouble?

No.

Only Mrs. Macomber,
huh?

Not Mrs. Macomber,
either.

You don't call
killing her husband trouble?

She didn't
any more than I did.

What makes you think that?

A woman's intuition,
Wilson.

A woman would do things a man
would never dream of doing.

I'd murder for a man

I was crazy about.

You must have been
reading a book.

You're in love with her.

The thought
never entered my mind.

It doesn't have
to enter your mind.

Ah. You slipped me
at the airport, chum.

Now tell me all about...

No story, Logan.

No? There has to be.

Why?

Oh, the official hush-Hush?

I've got to print something,
so you might as well... There's not a thing.

Hmm. Beautiful woman,
rich husband...

I can dream up the rest.

You can, eh?

It's easy.

Why, she...

"Why, she," what?

I'm sorry, Wilson.

I don't know what.

Pipe dreams.

You too.
Hello, Wilson.
Films I had taken at the scene.
Good.
I'll have them developed in time
for the inquest tomorrow.
The coroner
released the body.
Accident?
Yes. Kongoni and Abdulla
testify to the accident.
Is the funeral arranged?
For tomorrow morning.
The less fuss,
the better, then.
Has, uh, Mrs. Macomber been informed?
She was told everything.
He was an odd one,
this Macomber.
Like the rest of his kind,
but no worse.
He was very rich.
I think he was.
You know, I liked the Macomers
when I first met them.
But, sometimes,
when I looked at them,
I felt as though I had opened
the wrong door in a hotel
And seen something shameful.
I don't look
through doors...
A hunt is a hunt,
and that's what I was hired for.
This hunt was different.
Why different?
Only the end.
More than the end,
Wilson.
Look, man,
I've studied people.
I know my Macomers.
The world is full of them...
Born to be victims.

Accidents are as natural to them
as breathing.
Nobody is looking
for an alibi, Smollett.
Here's the paper
for your report.
Take it and answer it.
Well, I made
a verbal report.
That's all that's needed for an accident.
Not in this case.
No. Here, take some more.
You might spoil some.
Answer it in time for the
closing of the inquest tomorrow.
We can't be too exact
in this case.
You see, the American consul
needs this report
For his records...
That's the rub.
The report
is for the records, Wilson,
So, uh...
So go into detail.
Must have been
an interesting hunt.
But it seems
to have shaken you up.
Look, Wilson...
If it'd make you feel
any better to talk,
I'll listen to you
anytime.
Tell me
all that happened...
Off the record, Wilson.
You know, off the record.
Thanks, commissioner.
Hello.
Margaret.
You've got to pull
yourself together.
I can't see you now.

No, no.
You can't come over here.
You can't.
Not the way things are.
Not now.
Don't you realize...
you've got to stand it alone.
You haven't any choice.
Margaret.
Margaret!
The report
is for the records, Wilson,
So go into details.
If it'd make you
feel any better to talk,
I'll listen to you
anytime.
Tell me all that happened...
Off the record, Wilson.
You know, off the record.
Off the record.
Uh,
Mr. Macomber.
Yes, sir.
There he is.
You must be Wilson.
That's right.
Francis Macomber.
I'm a bit late.
Oh, that's all right.
I haven't been waiting long.
You know
what this is about...
Keen on doing
some hunting with you.
Well,
that's my business.
Care to have a drink
while we talk about it?
Sometimes helps.
Ah. What'll it be?
I'll have
a gimlet, mike.
Righto, Mr. Wilson.

Make that two.
Yes, sir.
Well, I hadn't realized
You fellows
are so hard to get ahold of.
Height of the season.
Our consul's
been very helpful.
Had to scour the town.
I thought he'd scraped bottom.
That's about
where he found me.
Do you need an advance,
Wilson?
I'll take money anytime.
100?
Well, that'll do very nicely.
You've got it.
Well, see here,
I don't guarantee trophies.
I'm no witch doctor.
I'll give you
an honest hunt, though,
Find the game,
and back you up.
The rest is up to you.
Fair enough?
Fair enough.
Hey, there's one
I don't know.
What is it?
Oh, that's a kudu.
A greater kudu.
Beautiful.
There's waterbuck,
Oryx, eland, sitatunga.
What does it feel like
to have one of those fellas
On the loose
in front of you?
Oh, different feelings,
different times.
No, come on. Tell me.
How does a man feel?

It's wiser
if he doesn't.
What does he do?
Then he stops breathing,
and he starts shooting.
Let's not talk rot.
How about your guns?
What did you bring?
I brought a Holland & Holland
from England.
That's all right.
What else?
Well, I thought I could buy
the rest of them here.
Oh, good idea.
We got excellent gun shops here.
First, I've got to line up
the boys and equipment.
How long
will that take?
A day or two.
How many in your party?
Just my wife and I.
Oh.
Uh... women
sometimes make trouble.
A woman can muck up
a hunt plenty.
They get bored.
They don't like killing.
They get lazy.
Still they want
their money's worth.
I can handle my wife.
Good. I can handle everything else.
Very good.
Well, here's to good hunting.
Mr. Robert Wilson?
Oh, this is
Mrs. Macomber.
Oh. How do you do?
I'm very jealous of you,
Mr. Wilson.
Ever since Francis met you,

I've heard nothing but,
"Mr. Wilson says this.
Mr. Wilson does that."
I hear about nothing
but hunting.
You know, you are quite a success
with Francis, Mr. Wilson.
I hope you don't mind my saying
it gets a little on my nerves.
Well, I'm sorry,
Mrs. Macomber.
Darling, aren't you happy to find such good
company for us? Francis, darling. I'm delighted.
Now, Mr. Macomber didn't tell me
that he had such a lovely wife.
Francis, my sweet,
that's not at all like you.
Wilson, you don't know
what it does to a man's ego
To be
constantly reminded
That he's married
to a beautiful woman.
Usually what it does
to yours, darling,
Air does to a balloon.
Uh, we were
selecting guns.
Have you,
uh, decided
On the Springfield,
Mr. Macomber?
We recommend it
as an excellent all-Purpose...
Enormous
striking power.
What do you say,
Wilson?
Well,
what are you used to?
You said
you've done some hunting.
Well, yes.
I've done my share at home...

More than my share...
You know, ducks, deer,
some moose.
Darling, why don't you
tell Mr. Wilson
About that time you caught
that enormous shark?
Uh, don't mind my wife, Wilson.
She doesn't always mean
what she says.
Just brush it off.
Brush it off.
And, uh, what will it be
for Mrs. Macomber?
Oh, I'll let
Mr. Wilson decide.
A, uh, mannlicher?
Yes, that's about it.
She'll
never use it.
Oh, Francis is right.
I'm a terrible shot.
I never seem able
to get the target
And the gunsight
together.
Francis, my pet.
There's something you forgot.
Flowers for tonight.
There must be a shop.
Right across the street.
Get something really nice
for the consul's wife.
He's been
so sweet to us.
Of course I will, dear.
Now, try this
for comfort.
Is this good
for anything?
Most anything
you'll meet.
Tell me, Mr. Wilson,
How does it make a person feel

to kill something?
Well, I don't know
exactly what you mean.
Women don't usually
like killing.
Well, I'm not
an exception.
I'm just
desperately curious.
You see,
I'm only a woman.
Oh.
You feel a...
admiration for the animal
If you've done it
according to the rules.
According to what rules?
Fair play, sportsmanship...
When you meet an animal,
You try to sort of give him
an equal chance.
What do you call
an equal chance?
You meet him in the open,
on foot.
And if you don't?
Well, you don't
like yourself much.
You mean
it's pretty despicable.
That would be the word.
Isn't there
something more to it?
I read in a book once, to hunt
and to conquer, to kill...
The savagery of it
brings emotions
That are tied in with,
well...
well, what do you think
would make you a woman?
I'm not talking
about myself.
Nothing wrong with Mr. Macomber?

Nothing.

He's a fine man,
a very easygoing fellow.

Yes, Francis is. That's
the nicest thing about him.

Well, uh, what's the name
of this book that you read?

I don't remember... One of those
German philosophers.

So you came out here
to learn how to kill?

Oh, heaven forbid.

You're just like all men.

You don't understand women
any better than my husband does.

Well, I don't have to.

Three dozen red roses
for the consul's wife,
And this for you.

Oh, you are sweet, Francis.

Thanks.

Let's have a little nightcap,
Wilson... One for the journey.

So, this is your part of town,
Mr. Wilson?

Something like that.

Why?

Oh, I don't know.

Just comfortable I guess.

I thought you wouldn't show up
tonight, Wilson.

Aimee, this is Mr. And Mrs. Macomber.

How do you do?

Hello, Aimee.

Pleased to meet you.

What'll it be?

Uh, a little of the same.

I beg your pardon,
sir?

A little
of the same what?

Just a little
of the same.

Oh. Yours.

Part of the comfort,
Mr. Wilson?
Margo, keep your nose
out of Mr. Wilson's affairs.
Do you dance as well
as you shoot, Mr. Wilson?
I dance
very badly.
Since I've never seen you shoot,
shall we dance?
Go ahead, Wilson.
You brought it on
yourself.
Tell me something,
Mr. Macomber.
I'll tell you anything
you want to know.
Why does anyone
ever come to Africa?
You jealous?
You seem
very sure of yourself.
Nothing
to worry about.
Francis, you'll have to show
Mr. Wilson how to dance.
He may be a great hunter,
but, um...
you see?
Enjoy dancing
with her?
Good partner.
She's pretty.
So you three
are going hunting together, hmm?
Mm-Hmm.
That should
be interesting.
Who knows?
This is the life.
Still dreaming about lions?
Why not?
He's the king of the beasts.
The way I feel

right now,
I'm more than a match
for a king.
Well, you'll get
your lion tomorrow.
The boys say
there's a big one about.
You get your lion, Francis,
and I'll take your picture.
You sound jealous.
Why should I be?
Because
you missed today.
Why, the memsahib
was a sensation.
No,
she missed completely.
But she looked good
doing it.
A beautiful sensation.
Francis Macomber with his foot
on the lion's head.
That's not a bad idea.
The papers
will be full of it.
I never dreamed
I could have so much fun.
Well, you two can sit here
and talk all night if you want.
I'm going to bed.
Good night, Wilson. Good night.
Good night.
You know, Wilson...
she hasn't been this nice to me
in years.
Now, see here,
laddybuck.
I'm just
your white hunter.
We never discuss
our guests.
That's how we hunters
keep our independence.
I get it.

Well, I'll tell the boys
to shake us out at 4:00.

Good.

Well, good night.

Good night.

Comfortable, dear?

Yes, thanks.

Good night.

Good night.

Kongoni!

Ndiyo, bwana.

Those boys had better cut out
that racket.

Ndiyo, bwana.

I don't want

Mrs. Macomber disturbed.

Nor Mr. Macomber.

Nor Mr. Macomber.

Ndiyo, bwana.

He's a nice fellow...

Wilson.

Yes, he is.

I wonder

what he said to kongoni.

It must have been

something like "shut up."

Everything's quite now.

Kongoni said,

"ndiyo, bwana."

That means "yes, sir."

You speak Swahili

very well.

Ndiyo, memsahib.

You see, there's a lot
you never knew about me.

There is.

You know,

Wilson was right today.

About what, darling?

About your looking

so beautiful.

Did he say that?

He did.

"The memsahib

was a sensation today.
A beautiful sensation."
You heard him,
didn't you?
I did.
But you'd like
to hear it again?
Does it matter?
No.
That doesn't matter.
What does matter
is us.
Yes.
Everything's
working out well.
Do you remember what the papers
said about us in New York?
How's that?
"The romantic Macomers
are going adventuring
Into darkest Africa."
I liked that.
You did?
When that gossiping old monkey
had us on the verge...
that was different.
But that's all past.
We'll never quarrel again,
Margaret.
I don't know how to tell you
what a different man I am...
What a different man
I'll be.
You know, Margo...
it's almost as though
we two just met.
Almost.
This may be silly, but...
I believe I'm...
I'm in love with you
again.
You're so lovely.
Somehow I can never
quite reach you.

Margaret.
Margo?
Margo.
Margo.
Sounds like
an old-Timer.
Listen to him cough.
Is he very close?
A mile or so upstream.
Does roaring
carry that far?
Sounds as though
he were right in camp.
Oh, it carries
a devil of a ways.
Hope he's
a shootable cat.
If I get a shot,
Where should I hit him
to stop him?
In the shoulders,
neck if you can...
Shoot for bone.
Break him down.
I hope I can place it
properly.
You shoot very well.
Take your time,
make sure.
It's the first one in
that counts.
What range will it be?
Um, can't tell...
The lion has something
to say about that.
Don't shoot unless it's close
enough so you can make sure.
At under 100 yards?
Hundred's about right...
Might have to take him
a bit under.
Shouldn't chance the shot
at much more than that.
Hundred's

a decent range.
You'll hit him
wherever you like at that.
Well, here comes
the memsahib.
Good morning.
We going after that lion?
Just as soon as you deal
with your breakfast.
Ndiyo, bwana.
How are you feeling?
Marvelous.
I'm very excited.
Well...
I'll just go out and see
that everything's ready.
He's a noisy beggar.
We'll have to put
a stop to that.
What's the matter,
Francis?
Nothing.
Tell me.
Don't you feel well?
It's that darn roaring.
It's been going on
all night, you know?
Well, why didn't you
wake me?
You slept very soundly.
Oh, I'd love
to have heard it.
I've got
to kill the thing.
Well, that's what
we're here for, isn't it?
Sure, but hearing the thing roar
gets on my nerves.
Well, then, as Wilson said,
there's one way to stop him...
Kill him
and stop his roaring.
Yes, darling,
it sounds easy, doesn't it?

You're not afraid,
are you?
Of course not.
You'll kill him marvelously.
I know you will.
I'm anxious to see it.
Finish your breakfast,
and we'll be moving.
It's not light yet.
It's a ridiculous hour.
He sounds almost here.
I hate that noise.
It's very impressive.
Impressive?
It's frightful.
Let's go.
The gunbearer has your
Springfield and your mauser.
Have your solids?
Yes.
I'm ready.
Let's make him
stop that racket.
Let's make him stop it
right away.
See the birds?
It means the old boy
has left us a kill.
There's a waterhole
up ahead.
Chances are he'll come to drink
before he lays up.
Keep an eye out.
There he is.
To the left.
Get out and take him.
He's a marvelous lion.
How far is he?
About 75 yards.
Get out
and take him!
Hurry, Francis!
Why don't I shoot him
from where I am?

You don't shoot them
from cars.
Get out!
He won't stay there all day!
Won't the lion
see him?
No, poor sight...
He thinks the car is a rhino.
Wind's in our favor, too.
We're lucky.
Your safety's on.
I hit him.
I hit him twice.
You gutshot him.
You shot him
somewhere forward.
You may have
killed him.
Have to wait awhile before
we can go in and find out.
What do you mean?
Before we follow him.
Oh.
One fine lion...
heading into a bad place,
though.
Why is it bad?
Well, you can't see him
till you're on him.
Oh.
Memsahib had better
stay in the car.
We'll go and take a look
at the blood spoor.
Yes, you stay here,
Margo.
Why?
'Cause Wilson says to!
Yes, you stay.
We'll go along.
Abdulla.
There's the spoor.
This is where
you first hit him.

What do we do?
We'll let him
think it over a bit.
Then we'll go in
and have a look for him.
Set fire
to the brush?
It's too green.
We can send in beaters.
Suppose we can,
But it'd be
just a touch murderous.
Kongoni.
You see, we know
the lion's wounded.
You can drive
an unwounded lion.
He'll move
ahead of the noise.
But the wounded lion's
gonna charge.
Can't see him
until you're on him.
He'll make himself
perfectly flat
In cover you wouldn't think
would hide a hare.
Can't very well send boys in
in a show like that.
Somebody
is bound to get mauled.
What about the gunbearers?
Oh, they'll go with us.
It's their shauri.
You see,
they signed on for it.
They don't look too happy
about it, though, do they?
I don't want to go in there.
Well, neither do I.
There's really no choice,
though.
Well, you don't have to go,
of course.

That's what I'm hired for,
you know?
That's why
I'm so expensive.
You mean,
you'd go in by yourself?
Why not
just leave him there?
What do you mean?
Well, why not
just leave him?
You mean pretend to ourselves
that he wasn't hit?
No.
Just drop it.
It isn't done.
Why?
Well, for one thing,
he's certain to be suffering.
For another,
someone else might run onto him. I see.
But you don't have to have
anything to do with it.
I'd like to.
I'm just s-Scared,
you know?
Well, I'll go ahead when we
go in, kongoni tracking.
You stay behind
and to one side.
Chances are
we'll hear him growl.
If we see him,
we'll both shoot.
Nothing to worry about...
I'll keep you backed up.
As matter of fact, it might be
better if you didn't.
Might be much better.
Why don't you join
the memsahib
And I'll just
get it over with?
No, I want to go.

All right.
Don't go
if you don't want to.
It's my shauri now.
I want to go.
Like to go back
and speak to the memsahib
While we're waiting?
No.
I'll just step back and tell
her to be patient. All right.
Kongoni.
Comfortable? Not especially.
It's getting hot.
Hot out there, too.
How's Francis?
He's a little jumpy.
Don't send him in
after that lion.
I'm not sending him.
I'm taking him.
Don't take him, then.
Well, that's up to him,
isn't it?
It shouldn't be.
If I'd noticed earlier,
I'd have sent him back.
Now he's stubborn.
Whatever he is,
don't let him go in.
There's not a thing I know about
wet-Nursing, Mrs. Macomber.
We shouldn't be
very long now.
Here's your big gun.
We've given him
enough time now, I think.
Stay behind me
about five yards to the right
And do exactly
as I say.
Let's go.
Could I have
a drink of water?

Kongoni.
Care to take
some pictures?
No.
Well, that's about
all there is to it, then.
It's a fine lion.
Boys will skin him out.
Ndiyo, bwana.
We can go back to the car
and wait in the shade.
Oh, I say.
Mr. Robert Wilson...
The beautiful red-Faced
Mr. Robert Wilson.
Simba!
What'll I have
to give them?
A quid will be plenty.
You don't want to spoil them.
Will the headman distribute it?
Absolutely.
Shall we
have a drink?
I'll have a gimlet.
I'll have a gimlet, too.
I need something.
Might as well
make it three.
You got your lion...
Fine one, too.
Yes, he is a good lion,
isn't he?
Here's to the lion.
Here's to the lion.
I can't ever thank you
for what you did today.
Let's not talk about
the lion.
A very strange day.
Shouldn't you wear your hat
even under the canvas at noon?
You told me that,
you know?

Well,
I might put it on.
You know, Mr. Wilson,
you have a very red face.
Drink.
I don't think so.
Francis drinks a great deal,
and his face is never red.
It's red today.
No, it's mine
that's red today.
Mr. Wilson's
is always red.
Must be racial.
Say, you wouldn't mind dropping
my beauty as a topic, would you?
I just started on it.
Well, let's chuck it.
Conversation
is going to be difficult.
No difficulty.
It was a fine lion.
I wish
it hadn't happened.
Oh, how I wish
it hadn't happened!
Women upset...
it doesn't
amount to anything...
Strain on the nerves,
one thing or another.
Ah, I suppose I reap that
for the rest of my life now.
Nonsense!
Let's have a spot
of the giant-Killer...
Forget about
the whole thing.
You know,
the Somalis have a proverb.
Would you
care to hear it?
"A brave man is afraid of a lion
three times..."

"When he first sees its track,
when he first hears its roar,
And when he first
looks it in the eye."
Nothing to it,
anyway.
Yeah, that's my rating now...
Nothing, absolute zero.
I'm awfully sorry
about that lion business.
It doesn't have to go
any further, does it?
I mean, no one
will hear about it, will they?
You mean, will I tell it
at the club?
Look,
I'm a professional hunter...
We never talk about
our clients.
You can be quite easy
on that.
It's supposed to be bad form
to ask us not to talk, though.
Now, listen to me...
If you're gonna act like a fool
about this thing,
I'd just as soon
keep to my side of the camp
And you keep to yours.
I'm sorry.
I really apologize.
Lots of things
I don't know.
Well, don't worry
about me talking.
I've got
a living to make.
You know, in Africa, no woman
ever misses her lion,
And no white man
ever bolts.
I bolted like a rabbit.
Save it.

"Save it. Save it."
That's easy enough
for you to say!
But what about
my wife?
She'll look at me like a rabbit
for the rest of my life.
Perhaps I should let you alone
so that you can have a good cry.
I don't want any.
I don't want any.
I said
I don't want any!
What are you grinning at?!
What's so funny about me?!
Kongoni!
Kongoni!
That's all.
I went crazy.
I'd kill him.
They'd hang you for it, kongoni.
It isn't worth it.
Thanks.
I'm sorry.
I apologize for the behavior
of these men.
If there's
any disciplining
To be done
around here, Macomber,
You come
to me.
Francis, is so much exercise
good for you?
You're simply
not used to it.
And how is the beautiful
red-Faced Mr. Wilson?
Hungry.
Let's have some lunch.
Ndiyo.
I've dropped
the whole thing.
What difference does it make

whether Francis can shoot lions?
That's
not his trade.
That's Mr. Wilson's business...
Killing anything.
You do kill anything,
don't you?
Oh, anything...
Simply anything.
Tomorrow we'll collect
a buffalo.
I'm coming with you.
I don't think
you should.
I am.
May I, Francis?
I wouldn't miss something
like today for anything.
I'll put on another show
for you tomorrow.
You're not coming.
You're very mistaken.
I want to see you
perform again.
You were lovely
this morning...
That is, if blowing
things' heads off is lovely.
You're very merry,
aren't you?
Why not? I didn't
come out here to be dull.
Well, it hasn't been
very dull.
Oh, no,
it's been charming.
And tomorrow... You don't know
how I look forward to tomorrow.
That's eland
he's offering you.
Oh, they're the large
cow-Y things
That jump like hares,
aren't they?

Yes, I suppose
that describes them.
It's very good meat.
Did you shoot it,
Francis?
Yes, I did.
They're not dangerous,
are they?
Only if they
fall on you.
Oh. I'm so glad.
Why don't you let up on your wit
just a little, Margaret?
I suppose I could,
since you put it so prettily.
Tonight we'll have
some champagne.
For the lion.
The lion...
Oh, I had forgotten
all about the lion.
Have some more eland.
Care to come
with us?
What are you
going after?
Oh, nothing spectacular,
I imagine...
Anything
we stumble across.
Well, I'll wait for the big show
in the morning.
Don't let anything
frighten Francis, will you?
You're
the sweetest woman.
Really the nicest.
Macomber?
Here we go.
Good shot.
They're a small target.
If you shoot like that,
you won't have any trouble.
I'm sorry

about what happened.
I'm sorry about kongoni
and that boy I hit.
Oh, that? Forget it.
See, I'm not
myself today.
You think we'll find
buffalo tomorrow?
A good chance of it.
I'd... like to clear away
that lion business...
Not very pleasant
having your wife
See you do
something like that.
Preys on my mind.
Look, anybody could be upset
by his first lion.
It's all over with.
Oh, I wish it were.
But it's not with her.
You'll see.
Women are...
Women are
a bloody nuisance.
And what do you do
about them, Wilson?
It must be difficult.
Well, catch
as catch can.
Yes, when you're in town,
but out here?
See here...
I go hunting with everybody.
When I'm drinking
their brand of whiskey,
Their morals
are my morals.
I see.
Well, that's good.
That's very good.
Is it
a worthwhile head?
It's excellent.

You've got yourself
a nice trophy.
What is it?
It's an impala.
Did you shoot it,
darling?
Yes, I did.
Splendid, isn't it,
Mr. Wilson?
Kongoni.
Ndiyo, bwana.
Well, how about
some supper?
I think I'll go
right to bed.
Yes, dear.
That's best for you.
I'll have something
in my tent.
Good night, Wilson.
Good night, Macomber.
Good night, memsahib.
Good night.
Good night.
Margo.
Margo?
Where have you been?
Hello.
Are you awake?
I thought you'd
be getting your beauty sleep.
Where have you been?
I just went out
to get a breath of air.
You did what?
What do you want me
to say, darling?
Where have you been?
Out to get
a breath of air.
You are a...
Well, you're a coward.
All right.
What of it?

Nothing, as far
as I'm concerned,
But, please,
let's not talk, darling.
I'm very sleepy.
You think I'll take anything,
don't you?
I know you will, sweet.
Well, I won't.
Oh, please,
let's not talk, darling.
I'm so sleepy.
There wasn't gonna be
any nastiness.
You said there wouldn't be.
Well, there is now.
You said
if we came on this trip,
There'd be none of that...
You promised.
Yes, darling.
That's the way I meant it to be.
But the trip
was spoiled yesterday.
We don't have to talk about it,
do we?
You don't wait long when
you have an advantage, do you?
Please, darling, don't talk.
I'm sleepy.
I'm going to talk!
All right. Don't mind me, then,
because I'm going to sleep.
They clean them?
Yes.
Where is
the Springfield?
Macomber.
Filthy.
Filthy, bwana.
Start after breakfast.
Good morning.
Sleep well?
Did you?

Topping.

Yes?

You?

Mrs. Macomber was restless
in the middle of the night.

Do you think we'll find
any buffalo?

A chance of it.

Why don't you stay
in camp?

Not for anything.

Why don't you
order her to stay?

You order her.

Now, let's not have
any ordering...

Or any silliness,
Francis.

Are you ready to start?

Anytime.

Do you want
the memsahib to go?

Does it make any difference
whether I do or not?

Makes no difference.

You sure you wouldn't like to
stay in camp with her yourself

And let me go hunt buffalo?

Couldn't do that.

And I wouldn't talk rot
if I were you.

I'm not talking rot.

I'm disgusted.

Francis, please try
to speak sensibly.

I speak too sensibly.

Did you ever eat
such filthy food?

Something wrong
with the food?

No more than
with everything else.

I'd pull myself together
if I were you, laddybuck.

One of these boys
understands a little English.
The devil with him.
Want me to have kongoni
Take that out to the car
with the rest?
I'll keep it.
As you like.
Only it's a good thing
to keep things
Where they belong.
If you make a scene, I'll leave you.
Oh, no, you won't.
Yes, I will.
Try it and see.
Why try?
I know you won't.
All right.
I'll never leave you.
And you'll behave yourself.
Behave myself?!
That's a way to talk...
"Behave myself"?
Yes, behave yourself.
Why don't you try behaving?
Oh, I hate
that red-Faced swine.
He's really very nice.
Oh, shut up!
Going shooting?
Yes.
Yes. Better take a woolly.
It'll be cool in the car.
I'll get my leather jacket.
The boy has it.
Good.
You want to take a look?
No.
Nothing to see anyway.
How do you know where you'll find the thing?
You don't.
A likely spot, though, if you
can catch them in the open.
Does it matter?

They can't be dangerous
'Cause I've seen hundreds
of buffalo...
well, they're not
the same kind.
There they are.
Where?
Over there.
We'll cut them off
before they get to the swamp.
Kongoni...
Springfield.
Not from the car,
you fool!
That's number one!
Come on.
It's too far.
All right. Nice work.
That's the three.
How many times
did you shoot?
Just three.
You got the first one...
The biggest one.
I helped you finish off
the other two.
Didn't want them
to get into cover.
You had them killed.
You're sure?
I was just mopping up
a little.
Well, let's go to the car.
I want a drink.
Well, I'd better make sure
he doesn't get up.
You take them
a little broadside,
Catch them in the neck
just behind the ear.
That does it.
Ugly-Looking thing,
aren't they?
Well, let's get

that drink.
You were marvelous, darling.
What a ride.
You look sick.
Was it rough?
It was frightful.
I've never been more frightened
in my life.
Well,
how about that drink?
Oh, by all means.
It's frightfully
exciting,
But it's given me
a dreadful headache.
I didn't know you were allowed
to shoot them from cars, though.
Well, no one's
shot them from cars.
I mean chase them in cars.
Oh, I wouldn't ordinarily,
But it seemed sporting enough
to me at the time.
Take more of a chance driving
a car across a plain like that
Full of holes
and one thing and another
Than you do
hunting them on foot.
Buff could have charged us each
time we shot, if he'd like.
I wouldn't mention it to anyone
if I were you, though.
It's illegal
if that's what you mean.
What would happen if they
heard about it in Nairobi?
Oh, I'd lose my license,
other unpleasantness.
I'd be out of business.
Really?
Yes, really.
Well...
now she has

something on you.
Something on
the beautiful Mr. Wilson.
You have such a pretty way
of putting things, Francis.
We lost
one of our gunbearers.
Did you notice?
No.
Must have fallen off
when we left that first bull.
What did he say?
Oh, the first bull got up
and went into the bush.
Oh?
Then it's gonna be
just like the lion.
No, it's not gonna be
one bit like the lion.
Would you care for
another drink, Macomber?
Thanks, yes.
Yes.
We'll go back and have a look
at the second bull.
Tell the driver to take the car
over in the shade.
What are you
gonna do?
Go and take a look
at the buff.
I'm coming.
All right.
He's a very fine head.
That's close
to a 50-Inch spread.
Oh, it's beautiful,
just beautiful.
I think
it's hateful-Looking.
Can't we go
in the shade?
Well,
of course we can.

You see that bush
over there?
Yes.
Well, that's where
the first bull went in.
What the gunbearer
said was,
When he fell off,
the bull was down.
He was watching us bounce along
and the last buff galloping,
And when he looked up,
there was the bull,
Up and looking at him.
He ran for his life,
And the bull went off slowly
into that bush.
Can't we go in
after him now?
No, we'd better give him
a little while.
Please,
let's go in the shade.
All right.
Chances are
he's dead in there.
We'll give him a little while,
then we'll have a look.
That was a chase.
I've never felt
such a feeling.
Wasn't it marvelous, Margo?
I hated it.
Why?
I hated it.
I loathed it.
You know...
I don't think I'd ever be afraid
of anything again.
Something happened in me
when we first saw the buff
And started
after it...
like a dam bursting...

It was pure excitement.
Cleans out
your liver.
Funny things happen
to people sometimes.
Something
did happen to me.
I feel
absolutely different.
You look
positively idiotic.
You know, I'd like to try
another lion.
I'm really
not afraid of them now.
After all,
what can they do to you?
That's it.
The worst one can do
is kill you.
How does it go?
Shakespeare...
Something I used to quote
to myself at one time...
let's see...
"by my troth, I care not...
A man can die but once.
"We owe god a debt, and let it
go which way it will.
He that dies this year
is quit for the next."
That's really fine, eh?
Do you have
that feeling of happiness
About
what's going to happen?
Well, you're
not supposed to mention it.
It's much more fashionable
to say that you're scared,
And, mind you,
you will be scared, too,
Plenty of times.
But you do have

that feeling of happiness
About action to come?
Yes, there is that...
Just that it doesn't do to talk
too much about all of this,
Talk it all away.
Well, it takes the pleasure
out of anything
To mouth it up too much.
You're both talking rot.
Just because you chased a few
helpless animals in a motorcar,
You talk like heroes.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I am gassing too much.
If you don't know
what we're talking about,
Why don't you
just keep out of it?
You've gotten
awfully brave.
You just shut up
about it.
Awfully brave,
awfully suddenly.
You know, I have.
I really have.
It's a little late,
isn't it?
Not for me...
as you'll find out.
Here comes kongoni.
You think we've given
the buff enough time?
Well, we might have a look.
Have you any solids left? No.
He'll have some.
I hate you,
Francis Macomber.
I know you do.
And I know why.
For years, I've tried to...
I know.
I've tried, too,

as well as I could.
For years,
I've been hoping
What's happened to you now
would happen.
And now that it has,
I hate you more this way
than the way you were before.
Because,
without your knowing it,
You always wanted me
as a mouse.
Well, now you're gonna
have to get used to me as a man.
I've been too easygoing
with you,
But things
are gonna be different now.
I know just how
they're going to be different.
So this is the sinister side
of Francis Macomber.
Here you are.
Shall we get started?
The sooner,
the better.
Here we go.
You shoot the Springfield.
You're used to it.
We'll leave the mannlicher here
in the car with the memsahib.
Kongoni
has your big gun there.
Let's get started.
All right.
Kongoni, you take the spoor.
Ndiyo, bwana.
And keep both eyes opened.
Both eyes, bwana.
He says he's proud
to be tracking for you.
He'd like
to shake your hand.
Thank you, kongoni.

Sit tight.
Now, listen to this...
when a buff comes,
he comes with his head high
And thrusts
straight out.
The force of the horns covers
any kind of a brain shot.
The best shot
is straight into his nose.
The only other shot's
into his chest.
But if you're on one side,
into the neck or shoulders.
Once they're hit, they take
a devil of a lot of killing.
So don't try
anything fancy.
Just take the easiest shot
there is.
Stop a minute, Wilson.
Kongoni!
You're not getting nervous
again, are you?
No.
Just a little ashamed.
Ashamed of what?
You know, that feeling
we were talking about.
You said
it cleaned out the liver.
Oh, it does
a lot more than that.
Well, it left a lot of hatred
in me... Toward my wife.
Before we went in after
the buff, I hated you, too.
Well,
I had that coming.
Well,
I just want you to know
That I've wiped out
everything now...
Last night,

Everything
right up to this minute.
Just tell me one thing.
Of course. Anything.
You've fallen in love
with her.
Yes, I have.
All I want's
an even break.
Can't blame her alone
For the mess we've made
of our lives.
Would you care
to go back?
No, I'll feel better
after I get this finished.
Let's go.
He says the buff
is dead in there.
Good work.
I'll just run back to the car
and tell Margaret everything.
Francis!
Francis!
Francis!
Francis!
Don't turn him over.
Don't touch him.
Not a bit of use.
No!
Blanket.
Oh, no!
I didn't mean to do it.
I know you didn't.
I know you didn't.
I didn't mean to!
It's all right.
Everything will be all right.
I didn't mean to!
Of course you didn't.
I didn't mean to!
I know.
It's all right.
It'll be perfectly all right.

Oh, I didn't mean it.
Believe me.
Of course you didn't.
I know that.
It was an accident.
It was an accident.
Just try
to control yourself.
Where's the rifle?
Leave it
exactly where it is.
Tell Abdulla to come here
And witness
the manner of the accident.
Then you take
the truck.
Go to the lake.
Send a wireless.
Have them send a plane
to take us back to Nairobi.
I'll stay with the memsahib.
Ndiyo, bwana.
Good morning, Mrs. Macomber.
Hi.
Uh, make yourself
as comfortable as possible.
I'm sorry to have to ask you
to come here.
Thank you.
You've been very kind.
Oh, I see no reason
for making things
More trying
than they should be.
I'll speed this thing through as
quickly as possible. Thank you.
Captain Smollett,
just what will be needed of me?
Oh, just a few questions...
Routine.
Maybe you won't be called
at all.
Of course,
a lot depends upon

What Wilson put down
on his report.
Here he is now.
Good morning.
Good morning, Wilson.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Expected you
an hour ago.
Well, I had to be down at
the white hunter's association.
Were they hard
on you?
Well, they were fair.
I lost my license.
Well, buck up.
You'll probably
land on your feet.
Do you have your report?
The coroner's jury is waiting
to question Mrs. Macomber.
Well, you asked for it
for the American consul.
There isn't
anything in it
That shouldn't be seen
by the jury, is there?
No.
Don't worry,
Mrs. Macomber.
I'll start the machinery
rolling with this.
Excuse me.
I shan't be long.
Why didn't you come
last night?
Well, I couldn't
come over there.
I'm sorry
about your license.
Thanks.
How did they find out we chased
the buffalo in the car?
Did you tell them?

No. They suspected.
They knew everything.
Everything?
Everything about the hunting.
We weren't alone out there.
Oh, don't worry.
You'll be all right.
There may be a certain amount
of unpleasantness in there,
But Smollett has the photographs
I had taken at the scene.
And they have the testimony of
the driver and the gunbearers.
You've got
nothing to worry about.
You'll be
perfectly all right.
Why didn't you come
to the funeral?
It goes against my grain
to be part of a farce.
You're talking rot.
Maybe I am,
but that's the way I feel.
You see, I'd begun
to like your husband.
Must we talk about him?
No, we don't
have to talk about him.
I just want to say that I'm glad
that at least before the end
He found out
what it was like to be a man.
The short, happy life
of Francis Macomber.
No, I couldn't attend
his funeral.
You mean
you didn't want to.
That's right.
You don't believe
it was an accident.
Is that
what you're getting at?

That's for you to tell me.
You're the only one who knows.
You mean
you want to question me?
You of all people.
No, you put it wrongly.
I'm no judge.
I'm no better
than you are.
We're both in this
up to our necks,
But I've got to know
for myself.
Ask then.
You saw me shake hands
with Macomber
Before we went in after the buffalo.
Yes.
You couldn't imagine how we two could
be friends after what had happened,
Unless Macomber was through with you.
No, I couldn't.
You knew he was through with you,
and you knew you'd lost his money.
He would have left you,
too.
Well, what does that philosopher
of yours say now?
How does it feel to kill something?
It was an accident.
What does it do
to a person?
What about hunting
and conquering,
The savagery of it,
The emotions that make a man
a man and a woman a woman?
Are you glad he's dead?
You're out of your mind!
You hated him,
and you were afraid of him.
You became afraid of him when
he lost his fear. Maybe.
You hated him,

and you wanted him dead.
All you needed
was a chance,
And when that chance came,
you took it.
It was easy to kill him,
wasn't it?
Yes. Yes.
It would have been easy.
I did hate him.
I was afraid.
You were watching us
with a gun in your hand.
You found yourself looking
at him through the gunsight.
In that split second,
you thought, "now! Do it now!
No one will ever know."
Stop!
You wanted him dead.
You wanted to kill him.
It was so easy to squeeze the trigger,
and he was... Stop!
Well, why didn't you poison him?
It would have been much cleaner.
Stop. Please stop.
All right.
I'll stop now.
"Please"
makes it much better.
Well, if Smollett comes back
and takes you to the jury room,
I want you to know that I said
it was an accident in my report.
Then why did you
put me through all this?
Because I've still
got to know
What kind of a woman
you are.
Tell me...
did you ever love him?
Yes,
in the beginning.

We were married
in 1937.
Francis had his own
particular brand of charm,
And I believed that he loved me
as much as I loved him.
I soon found out
that I had made a mistake.
I saw very soon the other side
of Francis Macomber...
The way he tried to hide
his weaknesses with brutality.
That was my honeymoon.
Why didn't you leave him?
Well, I loved him enough
to marry him.
I loved him enough
to stick by him.
I thought
I could change him.
I found out
he was a coward
By the way he treated
little people.
He'd take it out
on them...
Servants or someone
who couldn't fight back.
We were on the verge
of separating many times,
But we'd patch it up.
He'd catch me by saying he was
falling in love with me again
And that I'd soon see
what a different man he'd be.
And you still thought
you could change him?
No, I couldn't change him.
I didn't change him.
He changed me
and made me what I am now.
I could feel the rottenness
spreading through me,
But by then,

I didn't care.
Well, you seemed to be
getting along all right
When we started
on the hunt.
We made a sort of
last-Ditch bargain,
And I was trying to keep
my end of it.
But when he ran away
from the lion
And took it out
on the serving boy,
That was the end,
the absolute end.
He made all that up
with the buff.
And he was going
to tell you that...
"Just give me an even break."
That's the way he'd put it.
And then the circle
would start over again
And over and over.
That's what I thought
when I stood by the car
And watched
the two of you.
Then the buffalo charged.
Yes, I saw him in the gunsight,
but I saw the buffalo, too,
And then I fired.
I hated Francis.
I wanted him dead.
Maybe I killed him.
If there's such a thing
as murder in the heart,
There's
your certain answer.
Where are you going?
The jury is waiting.
You're free and clear
if you just keep quiet.
Are you suggesting...

I'm not
suggesting anything.
But stop and think
what the jury might do.
If I'm guilty,
they'll send me to prison.
But better that than to be free
and live with this.
I'll go in with you,
see if I can help.
You brought me this far.
I'll go the rest
of the way myself.
Good luck then.
Thanks, Wilson.