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The Third Man

By Graham Greene

?? [Bells Chiming]

?? [Zither]

[Man Narrating]

I never knew the old Vienna
before the war...

with its Strauss music,
its glamor and easy charm.

Constantinople
suited me better.

I really got to know it in
the classic period of the black market.

We'd run anything if people wanted it
enough and had the money to pay.

Of course, a situation like that
does tempt amateurs...

but, you know, they can't stay
the course like a professional.

Now the city, it's divided
into four zones, you know,
each occupied by a power-- the American,
the British, the Russian and the French.

But the center of the city,
that's international,
policed by an international patrol,
one member of each of the four powers.

Wonderful ! What a hope they had,
all strangers to the place...

and none of them
could speak the same language,
except a sort of smattering
of German.

Good fellows, on the whole.

Did their best, you know.

Vienna doesn't really look any worse
than a lot of other European cities.

Bombed about a bit.

Oh, wait. I was gonna tell you
about Holly Martins,
an American, came all the way
here to visit a friend of his.

The name was Lime.

Harry Lime.

Now, Martins was broke, and Lime
had offered him some sort of a job.

Anyway, there he was, poor chap,
happy as a lark and without a cent.

- Passport, please.

- Oh.

-What's the purpose of your visit here ?

-A friend offered me a job.

- Where are you staying ?

- With him. 15 Stiffgasse.

- His name ?

- Lime. Harry Lime.

- Okay.

- Thought he'd be here to meet me.

?? [Man Singing In German]

[Bell Rings]

[Man Speaking German]

- Speak English ?

- English ?

[Muttering]

A little, little.

[Speaking German]

Ten minutes too late.

- Already gone.

- Who ?

Mmm, his friends

and, uh, no--

- Uh, coffin.

- Coffin ?

Mr. Lime's.

An accident.

Knocked over by a car,

here in front of the house.

Have seen it myself.

Killed at once, immediately.

Already in hell...

or in heaven.

Sorry for the gravediggers.

Hard work. It is frost.

Can you tell me, uh,

who's the--

A fellow called Lime.

[Speaking German]

[Speaking German]

[Priest Continues In German]

[Mourners Repeating Priest]

[German]

Like a lift to town ?

I've got a car here.

Thanks.

- My name's Calloway.

- Martins.

- You a friend of Lime ?

- Yeah.

- Been here long ?

- No.

You've had a bit of a shock, haven't you ? You could do with a drink.

- Could you buy me one ?

- Of course.

- Thanks.

- Schmolka ?

I guess nobody knew Harry like he did, or like I did.

- How long ago ?

- Back in school.

I was never so lonesome in my life till he showed up.

- When did you see him last ?

- September, '39.

- When the business started ?

- Mm-hmm.

- See much of him before that ?

- Once in a while.

- Best friend I ever had.

- That sounds like a cheap novelette.

[Groans]

Well, I write cheap novelettes.

I'm afraid I've never heard of you.

What's your name again ?

- Holly Martins.

- No, sorry.

You ever hear of

The Lone Rider of Santa Fe ?

Can't say that I have.

Death at Double-X Ranch ?

Uh, ranch.

- Nope.

- [Groans]

He must've known I was broke.

He even sent me an airplane ticket.

- It's a shame.

- What ?

Him dying like that.

Best thing that
ever happened to him.

What are you trying to say ?

He was about the worst
racketeer in this city.

- Policeman, huh ?

- Come on, have another drink.

No, I never did like policemen.

I have to call them sheriffs.

- Ever seen one ?

- Pin it on a dead man.

Some petty racket
with gasoline or something.

Just like a cop.

You're a real cop, I suppose.

- It wasn't petrol.

- So it wasn't petrol.

So it was tires
or saccharin or--

Why don't you catch
a few murderers for a change ?

Well, you could say that murder
was part of his racket.

It's all right, Paine. He's only
a scribbler with too much drink in him.

Take Mr. Holly Martins home.

Holly Martins, sir ?

The, uh, the writer ?

The author of

Death at Double-X Ranch ?

- [Martins] Listen, Callaghan--

- Calloway. I'm English.

You're not going to close your
files at a dead man's expense.

So you're going to find me
the real criminal ? Sounds
like one of your stories.

When I'm finished with you,
you'll leave Vienna.

Here's some army money. It should see

you through tonight at Sacher's Hotel,
if you don't drink too much
in the bar.
We'll keep a seat for you
on tomorrow's plane.
Please be careful, sir.
Up we come.
- Written anything lately ?
- [Calloway] Take him to Sacher's.
Don't hit him again
if he behaves.
And you go carefully there.
It's a military hotel.
I'm so glad to have met you, sir.
I've read quite a few of your books.
- Auf Wiedersehen.
- I like a good western.
That's what I like about them. You can
pick them up and put them down anytime.
- Oh, Mr. Hartman ?
- Yes, sir ?
Mr. Calloway said this gentleman's
got to have a room for the night.
Passport, please.
Can't very well
introduce you to everybody.
Would you mind
filling this in ?
- Mr. Crabbin.
- What is it, sergeant ?
- Mr. Holly Martins, the author.
- Who ?
- Thought you might be interested.
- Never heard of him.
He's very good, sir.
I've read quite a few of his books.
Author ? Martins ?
Thank you, sergeant.
Mr. Martins ?
My name's Crabbin.
I represent
the C.R.S. of G.H.Q.
- You do ?
- Yes. Cultural Reeducation Section.

Propaganda. Very important
in a place like this.

We do a little show each week.

Last week we had Hamlet.

The week before

we had... something.

- The striptease, sir.

- Yes, the Hindu dancers. Thank you.

This is the first opportunity
of making an American author welcome.

- Welcome ?

- I'll tell you what, Mr. Martins.

On Wednesday night,

we're having a little lecture
on the contemporary novel.

- Thought perhaps you'd like to speak.

- They wouldn't know me.

Nonsense. Your novels are very
popular here. Aren't they, sergeant ?

- Very popular.

- Are you staying long ?

How long can one stay here
on this stage money ?

Listen, Mr. Martins,

if you'd agree to be our guest,

- we'd be delighted to have you.

- [Phone Rings]

- Would you ?

- As long as you care to stay.

- He's due to leave tomorrow.

- Have you got a toothache.

- Number 8, Mr. Martins.

- Come upstairs a moment.

- I know a very good dentist.

- I don't need a dentist.

Somebody hit me, that's all.

Goodness. We must report that.

Were they trying to rob you ?

Oh, just a soldier. I was trying
to punch his major in the eye.

- A major ? Were you really ?

- Heard of Harry Lime ?

I've heard of him,

but I didn't exactly know him.

- I was going to stay with him,
but he died Thursday.

- Goodness, that's awkward.

Is that what you say to people after
death ? Goodness, that's awkward ?

- Mr. Martins ? Excuse me. Telephone.

- Who is it ?

- Baron Kurtz.

- Must be some mistake. Yes ?

[Man On Phone]

I was a friend of Harry Lime.
I'd very much like to meet you, Baron.
Come around.

Austrians aren't allowed
in your hotel.

- Couldn't we meet at the Mozart Cafe ?

- Where ?

- Just around the corner.

- How will I know you ?

I'll carry a copy of one of your books.
Harry gave it to me.
Be there in a moment.
Wait a minute.

If I do this lecture business,
you'll put me up here a while ?

- Certainly.

- It's a deal.

- Did you ever read
The Lone Rider of Santa Fe ?

- No, not that one.

It's a story about a man
who hunted down a sheriff who
was victimizing his best friend.

- Seems exciting.

- It is.

I'm gunning just the same way
for your Major Callaghan.
Sounds anti-British, sir.

- Baron Kurtz ?

- Mr. Martins ?

Delighted to meet you.
Come, let's sit down here.

[Speaking German]

- What would you like ? Tea ? Coffee ?

- Coffee.

[Speaking German]

It's wonderful how
you keep the tension.

- Tension ?

- Suspense.

- You really liked it ?

- At the end of every chapter
you are left guessing.

So, you were

a friend of Harry's ?

I think his best.

Except you, of course.

The police have a crazy notion that he
was mixed up in some sort of a racket.

Everyone in Vienna is. We all sell
cigarettes and that kind of thing.

I tell you, I've done things that would
have seemed unthinkable before the war.

Once when I was hard up,

I sold some tires on the black market.

I wonder what my father
would have said.

I'm afraid the police
meant more than that.

They get rather absurd
ideas sometimes.

He's somewhere now

he won't mind about that.

Even so, I'm not going to leave
it at this. Would you help me ?

I wish I could. But,

you know, I am an Austrian.

I have to be

careful with the police.

I'm afraid

I can't help you.

Except with advice,
of course.

Advice.

We came out of his place
like this...

and were walking this way.

A friend of his called to him

from over there.

Harry went across, and
from up there came the truck.

It was just about here.

- Here ?

- Yes.

His friend and I
picked him up,
carried him across over here.

- [Car Horn Honks]

- It was a terrible thing. Terrible.

We laid him down
just about here.

And this is where he died.

Even at the end,
his thoughts were of you.

What did he say ?

I can't remember
the exact words, Holly.

I may call you Holly, mayn't I ?

He always called you that to us.

He was anxious I should
look after you when you arrived,
to see that you got safely home,
tickets, you know, and all that.

But he said he died
instantaneously.

Well, he died before
the ambulance could reach us.

Well, there was only you and
this friend of his. Uh, who was he ?

A Romanian. Mr. Popescu.

- I'd like to talk to him.

- H-He has left Vienna.

[Dog Whimpering]

- Uh, excuse me.

- Yes ?

- Did you know Mr. Lime well ?

- Mr. Lime ? Yes.

- You remember me. U-Upstairs.

- Yes, I remember you.

Who used to visit Mr. Lime ?

Visit ? Eh--

[Speaking German]

- What did he say ?
- He says he doesn't know everybody.
[Woman Speaking German]
[German]
Excuse me.
Who was at the funeral
besides you ?
Only his doctor, Dr. Winkel.
Wasn't there a girl there ?
Some girl of the Josefstadt Theater.
You know what Harry was.
You oughtn't to speak to her.
It would only cause her pain.
Not necessarily.
She'd probably want to help.
What's the good
of another postmortem ?
Suppose you dig up something
discreditable to Harry ?
- Would you give me your address ?
- I live in the Russian sector.
But you'll find me at
the Casanova Club every night.
One has to work the best way
one can, you know.
- What's the name of this girl ?
- I don't know.
I don't think I ever heard it.
You did mention the theater.
Josefstadt.
But I still think
it won't do Harry any good.
You'd do better
to think of yourself.
[Chuckles]
I'll be all right.
Of course.
I'm so glad I've met you.
A master of suspense !
Such a good cover, I think.
- Number 8, please.
- Mr. Calloway's compliments.
- Here's the ticket
for the plane tomorrow.

- Tell the major I won't need it.
Oh, porter, order me a ticket tonight
for the Josefstadt Theater.

- Ah, Mr. Martins !

- Good evening, Mr. Crabbin.
He said I was to drive you
to the airfield or the bus,
whichever you prefer.
Didn't you hear Mr. Crabbin offer me
the hospitality of the H.Q.B.M.T. ?

[Speaking German]
I was a friend of Harry Lime.

- [Laughter, Chattering]

- Afterwards.

[Speaking German]
[Audience Laughing]

Uh, Miss Schmidt ?
Oh, come in.

- Thank you.

- Sit down.

- I enjoyed the play very much.

- Danke. Guten Nacht.

- Guten Nacht.

- You were-- You were awfully good.

- Do you understand German ?

- No, I-- Excuse me.
I could follow it fine.

- Oh, yes.

- Perhaps Harry told you about me.
My name is Holly Martins.

-No, he never told me about his friends.

-Oh.

- Would you like some tea ?
Someone threw me this packet last week.

- Thank you.
Sometimes the British do instead of
flowers, you know, on the first night.
That was a bouquet from an American.
Would you rather have whiskey ?

- Oh, tea's fine.

- Good. I wanted to sell it.

- Oh, there is some tea left.

- Had you known him some time ?

- Yes.

- I wanted to talk to you--

No, thank you.

I wanted to talk to you about him.

There's nothing really to talk about,
is there ? Nothing.

Well, I saw you
at the funeral.

I'm so sorry.

I didn't notice much.

You were in love with him,
weren't you ?

I don't know. How can you know
a thing like that afterwards ?

I don't know anything anymore,
except I want to be dead too.

Some more tea ?

No, no tea.

Would you like a cigarette ?

Oh, American.

Thank you. I like them.

I was talking to another friend
of Harry's, a Baron Kurtz.

- Do you know him ?

- No.

- He's got a little dog.

- Oh, yes, yes.

Don't understand what Harry saw
in a fellow like that.

That was the man who brought me
some money when Harry died.

He said Harry had been
anxious at the last moment.

Hmm. He said
he remembered me too.

Seems to show
he wasn't in much pain.

Dr. Winkel told me that.

Dr. Winkel ?

Who's he ?

A doctor Harry used to go to.

He was passing just after it happened.

- His own doctor ?

- Yes.

Well, were you

at the inquest ?

Yes. They said it wasn't
the driver's fault.

Harry had often said what
a careful driver he was.

- He was Harry's driver ?

- Mm-hmm.

Well, uh,

I don't get it.

All of them there !

Uh, Kurtz, this Romanian, uh, Popescu,

his own driver

knocking him over,

his own doctor

just passing by.

No strangers there at all.

I know. I've wondered

about it a hundred times,

if it really was an accident.

What difference does it make ?

He's dead, isn't he ?

- But if it wasn't an--

- [Woman] Frau Schmidt !

[Speaking German]

I must hurry. They don't like

us to use the lights.

- The porter saw it happen.

- Then why worry ?

Look, do you know

that porter ?

Yes.

[Speaking German]

- What's he saying ?

- He says it happened right down there.

Happened, yes.

Happened right down there.

- You saw it ?

- Well, not saw, heard.

Heard. I heard the brakes.

[Makes Screeching Sound]

And I got to the window and saw them
carry the body to the other side...

uh, Josef, the Josef--

Emperor Josef statue.

Why didn't they
bring him in the house ?
- Could he have been conscious ?
- Conscious ?
- [German]
- Uh, was he-- was he still alive ?
Ah, alive !
He couldn't have been alive,
not with his head
in the way it was.
I was told that
he did not die at once.
[Speaking German]
No, I mean that--
[German]
No, you--
- He was quite dead.
- He was-- He was quite dead.
He was quite dead.
[Holly]
But this sounds crazy.
If he was killed at once,
how could he have talked about
me and this lady here ?
Why didn't you say all this
at the inquest ?
Uh, it's better not to be
mixed up in things like this.
Things like what ?
I was not the only one
who did not give evidence.
Who else ?
Three men helped to carry
your friend to the statue.
- Kurtz ?
- Yes.
- The Romanian ?
- Yes.
- And ?
- There was a third man.
He didn't give evidence.
- You mean the doctor ?
- No, no, no.
He came later, after they

carried him to the Josef statue.

What did this man look like ?

I didn't see his face.

He didn't look up.

He was quite, uh, ordinary.

He-- He might have been...

just anybody.

Just anybody.

[Phone Ringing]

Hello ? Hello.

[Speaking German]

Hello.

[German]

Hello ?

- Who was that ?

- I don't know. They didn't answer.

But I was told

there were only two men there.

You've got to tell

your story to the police.

The police ? Why police ?

[Speaking German]

It's nonsense ! It is all nonsense !

It was an accident

You don't know

it was an accident.

- You only saw a dead man

with three men carrying him.

- [German]

I should have listened

to my wife.

She said you were

up to no good. Gossip.

[Holly] Suppose I take

your evidence to the police ?

[Man Shouting In German]

[Holly]

Now, hold on.

[Shouting Continues]

I have no evidence.

I-I saw nothing, I said nothing.

- It's not my business.

- We'll make it your business.

[Man Shouting In German]

[Holly]

Hold on.

[Shouting Continues]

I have always liked you, but you must not bring this gentleman again.

You must go at once, please. Please !

[Speaking German]

Please !

[Man Continues Shouting In German]

[Streetcar Bell Rings]

You shouldn't get mixed up in this.

Well, if I do find out something, can I look you up again ?

Why don't you leave this town ? Go home.

[Speaking German]

- What is it ?

- [Continues In German]

[German]

- What's she talking about ?

- The police are searching my room.

[Continues Speaking German]

- What the devil ?

- Getting around, Martins ?

Oh, pinning things on girls now.

Miss Schmidt, I should like to see your papers, please.

Don't you give him anything.

Thank you.

You were born in Graz of Austrian parents ?

Yes.

Paine.

Hmm.

It's very good, sir, isn't it, eh ?

How much did you pay for this ?

I'm afraid I shall have to keep this for a while, Miss Schmidt.

- How do you expect her

to live without her papers ?

- Write her out a receipt.

- Give her a receipt

for those letters too.

- This way, miss.

I suppose it wouldn't interest you

to know that Harry Lime was murdered.

You're too busy. You haven't even

bothered to get the complete evidence.

- Must you take those ?

- They'll be returned, miss.

They are private letters.

That's all right, miss.

Don't worry.

We're used to it.

Like doctors.

There was a third man there. I suppose
that doesn't sound peculiar to you.

I'm not interested in whether

a racketeer like Lime was killed

by his friends or by accident.

The only important thing

is that he's dead.

- I'm sorry.

- Tactful too, aren't we, Callaghan ?

- Calloway.

- Must you take those letters ?

- Yes, I'm afraid so.

- They're Harry's.

- That's the reason.

- You won't learn anything from them.

They're only... love letters.

There are not many of them.

They'll be returned to you,

Miss Schmidt, as soon as

they've been examined.

There's nothing in them.

Harry never did anything.

Only a small thing once,

out of kindness.

- And what was that ?

- You've got it in your hand.

[Sergeant]

Major Calloway ?

- Finished ?
- Yes. Okay.
You will have to come
with us, Miss Schmidt.
-You're not locking her up.
-Go home, Martins, like a sensible chap.
-Get the next plane.
-As soon as I get to the bottom of this.
Death's at the bottom
of everything, Martins.
Mind if I use that line in my
next western ? You can't chuck me out.
- Here we are, miss.
Your receipt for the letters.
- I don't want it.
Well, I've got it
when you want it, miss.
Anything really wrong
with your papers ?
They're forged.
Oh.
Why ?
The Russians would claim me.
I come from Czechoslovakia.
[Speaking German]
- What'd she say ?
- Only complaining about the way
they behaved in her house.
[Continues Speaking German]
Give her some cigarettes.
- Uh, cigarettes, hmm ?
- Danke.
No, go ahead, take the--
Miss Schmidt, ready ?
Now, look,
I'll straighten out
all this nonsense about Harry.
You'll be all right.
Sometimes he said
I laughed too much.
Oh, what's the name of that doctor ?
Harry's doctor ?
- Dr. Winkel.
- What do you want to see a doctor for ?

- A bruised lip.
- Good.
[Woman Continues
Complaining In German]
Laboratory, we're coming right down.
You wait here, Miss Schmidt.
[Train Whistle Blows]
- [Man Speaking German]
- [Doorbell Buzzes]
- Is Dr. Winkel in ?
- [Speaking German]
- Dr. Winkel. I'm sorry.
I don't speak German.
- Nein.
Please, won't you say that
I'm a friend of Harry Lime ?
[Speaking German]
- Bitte.
- Thank you.
- Bittesehr.
- ?? [Clock Chiming]
Guten Nacht.
- Dr. Winkel ?
- Winkel.
Uh, Dr. Winkel.
Quite a collection
of, uh... collection.
- Yes.
- [Dog Barking]
- [Dog Whimpering]
- [Winkel Speaking German]
Is that your dog ?
Yes. Would you mind, Mr., uh--
- Martins.
- Martins, coming to the point, please ?
- Thank you.
- I have guests waiting.
- We were both friends of Harry Lime.
- I was his medical advisor.
- I want to find out all I can.
- Find out ?
- Yeah, the details.
- I can tell you very little.
He was run over by a car.

He was dead when I arrived.

- Who was with him ?

- Two friends of his.

You sure ? Two ?

Quite sure.

Could he have been

at all conscious ?

I understand he was, yes,

for a short time...

while they carried him

across the road.

- In great pain ?

- Mmm, not necessarily.

Could he have been capable

of making plans...

for me and others just,

just during those few moments ?

I understand he left some

instructions before he died.

I cannot give an opinion.

I was not there.

My opinion is limited

to the causes of death.

Have you any reason

to be dissatisfied ?

Was it possible

that his death...

might have been

not accidental ?

Could he have been--

Could he have been...

pushed, Dr. Winkel ?

Winkel.

I cannot give an opinion.

The injuries to the head and skull

would have been the same.

Major, may I see you

for a moment, please ?

Certainly, Brodsky.

What is it ?

This forgery is very clever,

and we are interested in this case.

- Have you arrested the girl ?

- No, not yet.

Please, keep this passport to yourself until I will make some inquiries.

- Will you, Major ? Thank you.

- Yes, of course.

Right, sit down,

Miss Schmidt.

We'll send your letters and things back to you.

- And my passport ?

- We'll need that for a while.

What did he mean ?

You know as much as I do.

Miss Schmidt, you were intimate with Lime, weren't you ?

We loved each other.

Do you mean that ?

- Do you know this man ?

- I've never seen him.

- Joseph Harbin.

- No.

- He works in a military hospital.

- No.

It's stupid to lie to me, Miss Schmidt.

I'm in a position to help you.

I'm not lying.

You're wrong about Harry.

You're wrong about everything.

In one of his letters, he asked you to telephone a good friend of his called Joseph.

He gave you the number of the Casanova Club.

That's where a lot of friends of Lime used to go.

- It wasn't important.

- What was the message ?

Something about meeting Harry at his home.

Harbin disappeared the day you telephoned.

We've got to find him.

You can help us.

What can I tell you, but you've got everything upside down.

Okay. That American friend
of yours is still waiting for you.
He won't do you much good.
I thank you, Miss Schmidt.
We'll send for you when we want you.

[Man Speaking German]

Hello, Mr. Martins. I've been
trying to get you at your hotel.
I've arranged that lecture
for tomorrow.

- Well, what about ?

- On the modern novel.

You remember what we arranged.

- Oh.

- They want you to talk
on the Crisis of Faith.

- What's that ?

- Oh, I thought you'd know.

You're a writer.

But of course you do. Good night,
old man. I've forgotten my hat.

- I'll let you know the time later.

- Mmm.

?? [Violin]

- Drink ?

- Whiskey.

Two whiskeys.

- Zwei Whisky.

- How much ?

- Twenty shillings.

- Oh, they don't take army money here.

How much did he say ?

- Harry ?

- Yes.

He moved his head,
but the rest is good, isn't it ?

- Good evening, Miss Schmidt.

- Good evening.

You've found out
my little secret.

A man must live.

How goes the investigation ?

Have you proved
the policemen are wrong ?

- Not yet.

- But you will.

Our friend Dr. Winkel said
you had called. Wasn't he helpful ?
Well, he was limited.

- But Mr. Popescu is here tonight.

- The Romanian ?

- Yes, the man who helped carry him.

- I thought he'd left Vienna.

He's back now.

Well, I'd like to meet
all of Harry's friends.
I'll bring him to you.

Haven't you done
enough for tonight ?

The porter said three men carried
the body, and two of them are here.

Who are you
lookin' for now ?

Shh. Shh.

Don't. Please don't.

Silly lookin' bunch.

- Mr. Popescu, Mr. Martins.

- How do you do ?

- Any friend of Harry
is a friend of mine.

- I'll leave you together.

- Good evening, Miss Schmidt.

You remember me ?

- Of course.

- I helped Harry
fix her papers, Mr. Martins.

- Oh, you did ?

Not a sort of thing
I should confess to a stranger,
but you have to break
the rules sometimes.

Humanity is a duty. Cigarette,
Miss Schmidt ? Keep the pack.

I understand
you were with Harry--

Two double whiskeys.

[Speaking German]

It was a terrible thing. I was just

crossing the road to go to Harry.
He and the baron
were on the sidewalk.
Maybe if I hadn't started to cross
the road, it wouldn't have happened.
I can't help blaming myself
and wishing things had been different.
Anyway, he saw me and stepped
off the sidewalk to meet me.
And the truck--
It was terrible, Mr. Martins. Terrible.
I've never seen a man killed before.
I think there was something
funny about the whole thing.
- Funny ?
- Something wrong.
Of course there was.
Some ice for Mr. Martins.
- You think so too ?
- It was so terribly stupid...
for a man like Harry to be killed
in an ordinary street accident.
- That's all you meant ?
- What else ?
Who was the third man ?
[Chuckles]
I oughtn't to drink it.
It makes me acid.
What man would you be
referring to, Mr. Martins ?
I was told that a third man
helped you and Kurtz carry the body.
I don't know how you got that idea.
You'll find all about it
in the police report.
There was just the two of us,
me and the baron.
Who could have told you
a story like that ?
The porter at Harry's place.
He was cleaning the window at the time.
And saw the accident ?
No, he didn't see the accident,
but he saw three men carrying the body.

Why wasn't he
at the police inquiry ?
He doesn't want
to get involved.
You'll never teach these
Austrians to be good citizens.
It was his duty
to give the evidence.
Even so, he remembers wrong.
What else did he tell you ?
That Harry was dead before
you got him to that statue.
He probably knows
a lot more than that.
- Somebody's lying.
- Hmm, not necessarily.
The police say he was
mixed up in some racket ?
Oh, that's quite impossible.
He had a great sense of duty.
Your friend Kurtz seems
to think it was possible.
I understand how an Anglo-Saxon feels.
The baron hasn't traveled, you know ?
He seems to have
been around a bit.
Do you know a man
called, uh, Harbin ?
- No.
- Joseph Harbin.
Joseph Harbin ? No.
That's a nice girl, that,
but she ought to go careful in Vienna.
Everybody ought to go careful
in a city like this.
He will meet us
at the bridge. Good.
Hello ! Is it
so very important for you ?
- Yes, it is.
- I am not a bad man.
I'd like to tell you something.
Tell me, how did the car--
Shh, shh. Come tonight.

My wife goes out.

- All right, I'll come back, but--

- Shh. Tonight.

- [Knocking At Door]

- [Speaking German]

Does that mean come in ?

Oh, yes, come in.

The porter's going

to talk to us tonight.

Need we go through it

all again ?

I can manage by myself.

You busy ?

Just another part

I've got to learn.

Can I hear you ?

- In German ?

- I can try.

- Is it comedy or tragedy ?

- Comedy. I don't play tragedy.

- Do I, uh, read--

- Well, you read this.

Oh. Well, I--

[Speaking Broken German]

- What's that ?

- Uh, Heurigen, I guess.

H-E-Z-T--

Oh, let me see.

No, no, that's not the cue.

It means

she has to sit down.

Well, uh, Frau Hausman--

No, no.

It's no good.

Bad day ?

It's always bad around this time.

He used to look in around 6:00.

I've been frightened. I've been alone
without friends and money.

But I've never known
anything like this.

Please talk.

Tell me about him.

Tell you what ?

Oh, anything. Just talk. Where did you see him last, and what did you do ?

Oh, we didn't make much sense.

We drank too much.

- Once he tried to steal my girl.

- Where is she ?

- Oh, that was nine years ago.

- Tell me more.

[Clears Throat]

Well, it's very difficult.

You knew Harry.

We didn't do anything
very amusing.

He just made everything
seem like such fun.

- Was he clever when he was a boy ?

- He could fix anything.

- What sort of things ?

- Oh, little things.

How to put your temperature up
before exam. The best crib.

How to avoid this and that.

He fixed my papers for me.

He heard the Russians
were repatriating people like me
who came from Czechoslovakia.

He knew the right person
straightaway for forging stamps.

Yeah.

When he was 14, he taught me
the three-card trick.

- That's growing up fast.

- He never grew up.

The world grew up
around him, that's all.

And buried him.

Anna, you'll
fall in love again.

Don't you see

I don't want to ?

I don't ever want to.

Come on out and have a drink.

Why did you say that ?

Seemed like a good idea.

It was just what he used to say.

Well, uh, I didn't
learn that from him.

If we have to see the porter,
we'd better go.

What's the hurry ? Can't we talk
quietly for a couple of minutes ?

- I thought you wanted--

- A moment ago, you said you
didn't want to see the porter.

- We're both in it, Harry.

- Holly.

I'm so sorry.

It's all right.

You might get my name right.

You know, you ought
to find yourself a girl.

His English is so very bad,
we'll let him talk German.

- If you'll be good enough to trans--

- Look.

- That's Harry's place, isn't it ?

- Yes.

- Let's go away.

- What's the matter ?

- Let's not get into any more trouble.

- Wait here.

What's the matter ?

Uh, what is, los ?

- [Speaking German]

- I-I don't understand.

Um, porter, uh, dead.

Kaputt.

The porter is odraht. Kaputt.

- Porter ?

- He's murdered.

Papa !

[Both Speaking German]

Ja, Papa !

[Boy Continues Shouting In German]

[Speaking German]

I, uh, don't understand.

[Continues Shouting In German]

- What is it ?

- The porter's been murdered.
[Chattering ln German]
They think you did it.
[Boy Continues Shouting ln German]
[Speaking German]
Hello ?
- Papa !
- [Man Shouts ln German]
[Indistinct]
[Man Shouts ln German]
[Movie Soundtrack ln German]
Sneak out the other way
and go back to your theater.
I'd better not see you again.
- What are you going to do ?
- I wish I knew.
Be sensible.
Tell Major Calloway.
[Movie Soundtrack Continues]
[Speaking German]
[Horn Honking]
- Get me Major Callaghan on the phone.
- Oh, Mr. Martins.
- It's very urgent.
Just get him on the telephone.
- Do you know his number ?
- No, I don't know his number.
- I'll look it up for you.
- Is there a car here ?
- Of course.
There's one waiting for you.
- [Speaking German]
- Never mind about the number.
Take me to the headquarters--
Hold on ! I haven't even
told you where to take me yet !
- [Speaking German]
- [Tires Screeching]
- Driver ! Driver !
- [Tires Screeching]
- Slow down !
- [Horn Honking]
Have you got orders to kill me ?
[Horn Honks, Tires Screeching]

[Tires Skidding]

[Speaking German]

Ah, ah, ah ! Ah, Mr. Martins !

What a relief to see you.

I was beginning to think
something had happened to you.

Everything's ready for you.

I was frantic in case you hadn't got...
my message at the hotel.

Porters out here
are so unreliable.

We're all set
for a wonderful meeting.

You'll find the audience
most appreciative.

Oh, let me take your coat.

I've got it.

There'll be refreshments afterwards.

Come along. Follow me.

Well, here we are,
ladies and gentlemen.

Would you look after those ?

Thank you.

Would you like to sit there ?

That's right.

I have much pleasure in introducing
Mr. Holly Martins from the other side.

[Applause]

Well--

[Clears Throat]

Bring the car and anyone
else who would like to come.

Don't be long. Hmm.

Yeah, well, I-- I suppose
that is what I meant to say.

Of course, of course.

Do you believe, Mr. Martins,
in the stream of consciousness ?

Stream of consciousness ?

Well, uh-- Well, uh--

- Well, uh--

- What author

has chiefly influenced you ?

- Grey.

- Grey ? What Grey ?
- Zane Grey.
- That's Mr. Martins'
little joke, of course.
We know perfectly well Zane Grey
wrote what we call westerns.
Cowboys and bandits.
[Man] Mr. James Joyce--
Now, where would you put him ?
Oh, uh, would you mind
repeating that question ?
I said, where would you put
Mr. James Joyce ?
In what category ?
Can I ask, is Mr. Martins
engaged on a new book ?
Yes. It's called The Third Man.
- A novel, Mr. Martins ?
- It's a murder story.
I've just started it.
It's based on fact.
Why, it's Mr. Popescu !
Oh, very great pleasure to see you here.
As you know, Mr. Popescu
is a very great supporter
of one of our medical charities.
Are you a slow writer,
Mr. Martins ?
Not when I get interested.
I'd say you were doing something
pretty dangerous this time.
- Yeah ?
- Mixing fact and fiction.
- Should I make it all fact ?
- Why, no, Mr. Martins.
I'd say stick to fiction.
Straight fiction.
I'm too far along
with the book, Mr. Popescu.
- Haven't you ever
scrapped a book, Mr. Martins ?
- Never.
Pity.
[Chattering In German]

Ladies and gentlemen,
if there are no more questions,
I think I can call the meeting
officially closed.
That's him.
[Clattering, Moaning]
Who's there ?
Who is it ? Who is it ?
[Moaning Continues]
It's all right.
It's all right.
[Squawking]
- [Squawking Continues]
- [Footsteps Approaching]
[Train Whistle Blows]
I told you
to go away, Martins.
This isn't Santa Fe, I'm not a sheriff
and you aren't a cowboy.
You've been blundering around with
the worst bunch of racketeers in Vienna,
Harry's friends,
and now you're wanted for murder.
- Put down drunk and disorderly too.
- I have.
- What's the matter with your hand ?
- Parrot bit me.
Oh, stop behaving
like a fool, Martins.
I'm only a little fool. I'm an amateur
at it. You're a professional.
You've been shaking your
cap and bells all over town.
Get me the Harry Lime file,
and get Mr. Martins a whiskey.
I don't need
your drinks, Calloway.
You will. I don't want
another murder in this case,
so you're going to hear
the facts.
You haven't told me
a single one yet.
Have you ever heard

of penicillin ?

Well ?

In Vienna, there hasn't been
enough penicillin to go around.

So a nice trade started here:

Stealing penicillin
from the military hospitals,
diluting it to make it go further,
and selling it to patients.

Do you see what that means ?

Are you too busy chasing a few tubes
of penicillin to investigate a murder ?

These were murders.

Men with gangrened legs,
women in childbirth,
and there were children too.

They used some of this diluted
penicillin against meningitis.

The lucky children died.

The unlucky ones went off their heads.

You can see them now in the mental ward.

That was the racket

Harry Lime organized.

Calloway, you haven't shown me
one shred of evidence.

We're just coming to that.

Paine, magic lantern show.

Very good, sir.

[Calloway]

Paine's one of your devoted readers.

He's promised to lend me one
of your books. Which one is it, Paine ?

The Lone Rider of Santa Fe, sir.

- That's right.

- I'd like to visit Texas one day, sir.

- Come on, show me
what you've got to show.

- All right, Paine ?

Yes, sir.

Paine, Paine, Paine.

I got them muddled. It's the new lot
that's just come in for Mr. Crabbin.

See this man here ?

A fellow called Harbin,

a medical orderly
at the General Hospital.
He worked for Lime and helped to steal
the stuff from the laboratories.
We forced him to give information to us
which led us as far as Kurtz and Lime.
But we didn't arrest them,
as it might have spoiled our
chances of getting the others.

- Next, Paine.

- I'd like a word
with this orderly, Harbin.

- So would I.

- Well, bring him in.

I can't.

He disappeared a week ago.
This is more like a mortuary
than police headquarters.
We have better witnesses.
Look here.

How could he have done it ?

Seventy pounds a tube.

Go back to the hotel,
and do keep out of trouble.

I'll try and fix things
with the Austrian police.

You'll be all right in the hotel,
but I can't be responsible
for you on the streets.

- I'm not asking you to.

- I'm sorry, Martins.

I'm sorry too.

You still got that
airplane ticket on you ?

We'll send one across
to your hotel in the morning.

Thank you.

Excuse me.

Get me Austrian Police Headquarters.

Can I have that woman's passport ?

You know,

the Anna Schmidt one.

Oh... we're not going to pick
her up for that, are we ?

What can we do ?

We have our instructions.

?? [Jazz]

- [Knocking At Door]

- [Speaking German]

[Holly]

It's me.

It's me.

Hello.

What is it ?

What's happened to you ?

Just came to see you.

Come in. I thought you were going to
keep away. Are the police after you ?

I don't know.

- You're drunk, aren't you ?

- A bit. I'm sorry.

But I did want to say good-bye
before I pushed off.

- I'm going back home.

- Why ?

It's what you've always wanted--
all of you.

Kitty ? Here, kitty.

Kitty ? Here, kitty.

Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty.

Don't you want to play, kitty ?

Come on. Sleepy ? Sleepy kitty ?

- Not very sociable, is he ?

- No, he only liked Harry.

- What made you decide so suddenly ?

- I, I brought you these.

They, they got a little wet.

- What happened to your hand ?

- A parrot--

- Let it go.

- Have you seen Calloway ?

- Imagine a parrot nipping a man ?

- Have you ?

It's--

Oh, I, I--

I've been saying good-bye

all over, you know.

- He told you, didn't he ?

- Told me ?
- About Harry.
- Do you know ?
I've seen Major Calloway today.
[Meows]
He is better dead.
I knew he was mixed-up,
but not like that.
I knew him for 20 years--
at least, I thought I knew him.
Suppose he was laughing
at fools like us all the time ?
- He liked to laugh.
- Seventy pounds a tube.
He wanted me to write
for his great medical charity.
I'll put these flowers
in the water.
Perhaps I could have raised
the price to 80 pounds for him.
Oh, please. For heaven's sake,
stop making him in your image.
Harry was real. He wasn't
just your friend and my lover.
- He was Harry.
- Well, don't preach wisdom to me.
You talk about him as if
he had occasional bad manners.
No. I don't know. I'm just
a hack writer who drinks too much...
and falls in love with girls.
- You.
- Me ?
Don't be such a fool.
Of course.
If you'd rung me up and asked me
were you fair or dark...
or had a moustache,
I wouldn't have known.
Oh, I am leaving Vienna.
I don't care whether Henry
was murdered by Kurtz or Popescu...
or the third man or--
Whoever killed him, there was

some sort of... justice.
Maybe I would've
killed him myself.
A person doesn't change
because you find out more.
Look. I've got a splitting
headache, and you stand there
and just talk and talk and talk.
I-I hate it.
That's the first time
I ever saw you laugh.
Do it again.
There isn't enough for two laughs.
I'd make comic faces...
and stand on my head and grin
at you between my legs...
and tell all sorts of jokes.
I wouldn't stand a chance,
would I ?
Well...
you did tell me I ought
to find myself a girl.
[Cat Meowing]
[Man] What kind of a spy
do you think you are, satchel foot ?
What are you tailing me for ?
Cat got your tongue ?
Come on out.
Come out, come out,
whoever you are.
Step out in the light
and let's have a look at ya.
- Who's your boss ?
- [Woman Speaking German]
Harry.
[Speaking German]
[Car Horn Honks]
[Footsteps Running Away]
[Holly]
Harry !
I followed his shadow...
until, suddenly--
- Well ?
- This is where he vanished.

- I see.
- I suppose you don't believe me.
- No.
- Look. I tell you--
- You don't think I'm blind, do you ?
- Yes.
-Where were you when you saw him first ?
-Fifty yards right down there.
- Which side of the road ?
- I was on that side.

His shadow was on that side.

- And there are no turnings
on either side.

- What about the doorways ?

- I tell you, I heard him
running ahead of me !

- Yes, yes, yes.

And then he vanished out there,
I suppose, with a puff of smoke
and like a clap of--

It wasn't the German gin.

[Low Roaring]

Well, what's this ?

Where are we ?

It's the main sewer.

Runs right into the blue Danube.

Smells sweet, doesn't it ?

We should have dug deeper
than a grave.

[Creaking]

[Creaking Continues]

[Speaking German]

[German]

[Creaking Continues]

You knew him, Major ?

Hmm. Yes.

Yes. Joseph Harbin.

Medical orderly

at the General Hospital.

- He used to work for Harry Lime.

- Joseph Harbin ?

Yes. He's the man

I told you was missing.

Next time we'll have

a foolproof coffin.
[Speaking Russian]
[Speaking German]
[Footsteps Approaching]
[Knock At Door]
- [Man Speaking German]
- [Speaking German]
[German Continues]
- Fraulein Schmidt ?
- Ja.
[Speaking German]
[Woman Speaking German]
[Continues Complaining In German]
- Where are you taking me ?
- International Police Headquarters,
just to check up.
[German]
I'm sorry, miss. It's orders.
We can't go against the protocol.
- I don't even know what protocol means.
- Neither do I, miss.
Mademoiselle,
your lipstick.
Thank you.
- Anna, what's happened to you ?
- All right. Keep out of this.
Listen, I've got to talk to you.
I've just seen a dead man walking.
- All right, chum. Get back.
- I saw him buried.
But now I've seen him alive.
Just a minute.
Bring her in here.
You stay out here.
Come in, Miss Schmidt.
Now then, Miss Schmidt.
I'm not interested in your forged
papers. That's purely a Russian case.
- When did you last see Lime ?
- Two weeks ago.
I want the truth, Miss Schmidt.
We know he's alive.
- It is true, then.
- Joseph Harbin's body

was found in the coffin.
What did you say ?
I'm sorry.
I said another man
was buried in his place.
Where's Harry ?
That's what we want
to find out.
I'm sorry. I don't seem able
to understand anything you say. I--
He is alive.
Now this minute,
he is doing something.
Miss Schmidt, we know he's somewhere
across the canal in the Russian sector.
You may as well help us.
In a few minutes,
Colonel Brodsky will be questioning you
about your papers.
- Tell me where Lime is.
- I don't know.
If you help me,
I am prepared to help you.
Martins always said
you were a fool.
Vienna is a closed city, Miss Schmidt.
He can't get away. Right.
Poor Harry.
I wish he was dead.
He would be safe
from all of you, then.
Why, that's you !
Come up.
Winkel, look who is here.
I want to speak to you, Kurtz.
- Of course. Come up.
- I'll wait here.
- I don't understand.
- I want to talk to Harry.
- Are you mad ?
- All right. I'm mad.
I've seen a ghost.
You tell Harry I want to see him.
Be reasonable.

Come up and talk.

No, thank you.

I like the open.

Tell him I'll wait

by that wheel there.

Or do ghosts only rise

by night, Dr. Winkel ?

You got an opinion on that ?

- Hello, old man. How are you ?

- Hello, Harry.

Well, well, they seem to be

giving you quite some busy time.

- Well, listen. I want to talk to you.

- Hmm, yes ?

Talk to me ?

Well, of course. Come on.

Kids used to ride this thing

a lot in the old days.

- But they haven't

the money now, poor devils.

- [Speaking German]

Listen, Harry.

I didn't believe that--

- It's good to see you, Holly.

- I was at your funeral.

That was pretty smart,

wasn't it ?

Oh, the same old indigestion, Holly.

These are the only things

that help, these tablets.

These are the last. Can't get 'em

anywhere in Europe anymore.

- Do you know what's happened

to your girl ?

- Hmm ?

- She's been arrested.

- Tough, very tough,

but don't worry, old man.

- They won't hurt her.

- They're handing her over

to the Russians.

What can I do, old man ?

I'm dead, aren't I ?

- You can help some.

- Holly,
exactly who did you tell
about me, hmm ?

- I told the police.

- Unwise, Holly.

- And Anna.

- Unwise.

Did the, uh,
police believe you ?
You don't care anything at all
about Anna, do you ?
[Chuckling]
I've got quite a lot on my mind.

- You wouldn't do anything.

- What do you want me to do ?
Be reasonable.

- You can get somebody else--

- Do you expect me to give myself up ?

- Why not ?

- It's a far better thing that I do...
with the old limelight
than follow the curtain--

No. You and I aren't heroes.
The world doesn't make any heroes--

- You've got plenty of contacts.

- Outside of your stories.
I've got to be so careful.
I'm only safe in the Russian zone. I'm
only safe as long as they can use me.

- As long as they can use you ?

- I wish I could get rid of this thing.
So that's how they found out about Anna.
You told them, didn't you ?
Don't try to be a policeman,
old man.

- What do you expect me to be ?
Part of your--

- Part ?

You can have any part
as long as you don't interfere.
I've never cut you out of anything.
Yes, I remember when they raided the
gambling joint, you knew a safe way out.

- Sure !

- Yeah, safe for you. Not safe for me.
Old man, you never should have
gone to the police, you know.
You ought to leave
this thing alone.
Have you ever seen
any of your victims ?
You know, I never feel comfortable
on these sort of things.
Victims ?
Don't be melodramatic.
Tell me.
Would you really feel any pity if one
of those dots stopped moving forever ?
If I offered you 20,000
for every dot that stopped,
would you really, old man,
tell me to keep my money ?
Or would you calculate how many
dots you could afford to spend ?
Free of income tax, old man.
Free of income tax--
the only way
you can save money nowadays.
- A lot of good your money
will do you in jail.
- That jail's in another zone.
There's no proof against me,
besides you.
I should be pretty easy
to get rid of.
- Pretty easy.
- I wouldn't be too sure.
I carry a gun.
I don't think they'd look for a bullet
wound after you hit that ground.
They dug up your coffin.
And found Harbin ?
Mm-hmm.
Pity.
[Chuckles]
Holly, what fools we are
talking to each other this way,
as though I'd do anything to you

or you to me.
You're just a little mixed-up
about things in general.
Nobody thinks in terms
of human beings.
Governments don't.
Why should we ?
They talk about the people
and the proletariat. I talk
about the suckers and the mugs.
It's the same thing. They have their
five-year plans, and so have I.
You used to believe in God.
I still do believe in God,
old man.
I believe in God and mercy
and all that.
But the dead are happier dead.
They don't miss much here,
poor devils.
What do you believe in ?
Oh, if we ever get Anna out
of this mess, be kind to her.
I think you'll find
she's worth it.
I wish I'd asked you to bring me
some of these tablets from home.
Holly, I'd like to cut you in,
old man.
There's nobody left in Vienna
I can really trust, and we've
always done everything together.
When you make up your mind,
send me a message.
I'll meet you anyplace, anytime.
And when we do meet, old man,
it's you I want to see,
not the police.
Remember that, won't you ?
[Chuckling] And don't be so gloomy !
After all, it's not that awful.
Remember what the fella said:
In Italy, for 30 years under
the Borgias, they had warfare,

terror, murder, bloodshed.
But they produced Michelangelo,
Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance.
In Switzerland,
they had brotherly love.
They had 500 years of democracy
and peace, and what did that produce ?
The cuckoo clock.
So long, Holly.
But look here, Martins.
You can always arrange to meet him at,
at some little cafe here
in the international zone.
- It would never work.
- We'll never get him
in the Russian zone.
Calloway, you expect too much.
Oh, I know he deserves to hang.
You've proved your stuff,
but 20 years is a long time.
Don't ask me to tie the rope.
Okay. Forget it.
- Busy, Major ?
- What is it, Brodsky ?
We have identified the girl.
Here is her report.
[Calloway] I've questioned her.
We've got nothing against her.
We shall apply for her at
the Four Power meeting tomorrow.
She has no right to be here.
I've asked your people
to help with Lime.
That's a different case.
It is being looked into.
- So long, Major.
- [Door Closes]
[Calloway]
In the last war, a general would hang
his opponent's picture on the wall.
He got to know him that way.
I'm beginning to know Lime.
I think this would've worked,
with your help.

What price would you pay ?

Name it.

[Train Whistle Blowing,

Man Speaking German Over Loudspeaker]

[German Continues]

Here we are.

You'll be all right here, miss.

I don't understand

Major Calloway. I--

- I expect he's got

a soft spot for you, miss.

- Why has he done all this ?

Don't you worry, miss.

You're well out of things.

There we are, miss.

- Thank you. You've been so kind.

- Well, I'll be saying good night.

- Good night, miss.

- Good-bye.

[Man Speaking German Over Loudspeaker]

[Train Whistle Blows]

- Are you going too ?

- Oh.

- What are you doing here ?

- I wanted to see you off.

See me off ?

From here ?

Oh, I watched you onto the train, uh--

No harm in that, is there ?

How did you know

I'd be here ?

I heard something about it

at police headquarters.

Have you been seeing

Major Calloway again ?

Of course not.

I don't live in his pocket.

Harry, what is it ?

- For heaven sakes,

stop calling me Harry.

- I'm sorry.

- [Man On Loudspeaker, Indistinct]

- Let's go.

What's on your mind ?

Why did you hide here ?

Hide ? Can't a fellow have a drink ?

Here. It'll be cold on that train.

- I shall be all right.

- You send me a wire as soon as you are.

- What's going to happen ?

Where is Harry ?

- He's safe in the Russian zone.

- How do you know ?

- Well, I saw him today.

- How is he ?

- He can look after himself.

Don't worry.

- Did he say anything about me ?

Tell me !

- Oh, the usual things.

- Is something wrong ?

Did you tell Calloway about Harry ?

- Of course I didn't.

Why should he help me ?

The Russians will make trouble for him.

- That's his headache. Oh, Anna !

- His ? Why are you lying ?

- We're getting you

out of here, aren't we ?

- I'm not going.

You'd--

Anna, don't you recognize

a good turn when you see one ?

You have seen Calloway ?

What are you two doing ?

Well, they, they asked me

to help take him.

I'm helping.

- Poor Harry.

- Poor Harry.

Poor Harry... wouldn't even

lift a finger to help you.

Oh, you've got your precious honesty

and don't want anything else.

You still want him.

I don't want him anymore.

I don't want to see him, hear him, but

he's still a part of me. That's a fact.

I couldn't do a thing
to harm him.
[Train Whistle Blowing]
[Train Departing]
Oh, Anna, why do we always
have to quarrel ?
If you want to sell your services,
I'm not willing to be the price.
I loved him.
You loved him.
What good have we done him...
for love ?
Look at yourself.
They have a name
for faces like that.
- Calloway.
- Come in here. There isn't much time.
I want to get a plane
out of here tonight.
- So she talked you out of it.
- Gave me these.
A girl of spirit.
She's right.
It is none of my business.
It won't make any difference
in the long run. I'll get him.
- Well, I won't have helped.
- That'll be a fine boast to make.
- Well, I always wanted you
to catch that plane, didn't I ?
- You all did.
I'd better see if there's
anyone still at the terminus.
You may need a priority.
Mind if I drop off
somewhere on the way ?
- I've got an appointment.
It won't take five minutes.
- Of course.
Why don't you come in too ?
You're a writer. It might interest you.
This is the biggest children's
hospital in Vienna.
All the kids in here are the result

of Lime's penicillin racket.
He'd had meningitis.
They gave it some of Lime's penicillin.
Terrible pity, isn't it ?
Paine lent me one of your books.
Oklahoma Kid, I think it was.
I read a bit of it. Looks as if
it's gonna be pretty good.
What made you take up this sort
of thing ? Been doing it for long ?
- All right, Calloway. You win.
- I never knew there were
snake charmers in Texas.
- I said you win.
- Win what ?
I'll be your...
dumb decoy duck.
Psst !
Paine.
Look, sir !
How much longer
are you going to sit here ?
Shall I go over there, sir ?
No. No,
leave them for a while.
[Old Man]
Mein Herr, Ballon ?
Nein, danke. Nein.
- Ballon ?
- [Speaking German]
[German Continues]
Go on. Hop it, scarper.
- Ballon, mein Herr ?
- [German Continues]
All right, all right.
Only one. Go on, scarper.
You should have gone.
How did you know I was here, anyway ?
From Kurtz.
They have just been arrested.
But Harry won't come.
He's not a fool.
- Yes, Paine. Slip over there.
See what she's up to.

- Right, sir.
[Anna]
Don't tell me you are doing
all this for nothing.
- What's your price this time ?
- No price, Anna.
Honest, sensible, sober,
harmless Holly Martins.
Holly.
What a silly name.
You must feel very proud
to be a police informer.
Harry, get away !
The police are outside !
- Quick !
- Anna.
[Door Opens]
Sir, the back !
[Whistles Blowing]
- [Whistle Blowing Continues]
- [Dogs Barking]
[Siren Wailing]
[Wailing Continues]
All right.
[Gunshots]
[Calloway]
Martins, get back !
[Speaking German]
[German Continues]
[German]
[Man Shouts]
[Shouting In German]
[Sirens Wailing]
[Dogs Barking]
[German Continues]
[German Continues]
[German Continues]
[Footsteps Echoing]
- [Footsteps Continue]
- [German]
- [German Continues]
- [Whistles Blowing]
[Speaking German]
[Footsteps Approaching]

[German Continues]
- [Barking]
- [Shouts In German]
[German Continues]
Harry !
- Is that you ?
- You're through.
Come out. You haven't
got a chance this way.
- What do you want ?
- You might as well give up.
Mr. Martins, sir,
get back, get back !
Keep back, sir !
Come back ! Come back, sir !
[Grunts]
Martins ! Martins !
Be careful, Martins.
Don't take any chances.
If you see him, shoot !
[Gunshot]
[Speaking German]
What time is it ?
- [Engine Starts]

- 2:

I'll have to step on it
if you're going to catch that plane.
Calloway, can't you
do something about Anna ?
I'll do what I can,
if she'll let me.
- Wait a minute. Let me out.
- Well, there's not much time.
One can't just leave.
Please.
Be sensible, Martins.
I haven't got a sensible name,
Calloway.