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Bon Voyage

By Unknown

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock
Produced at Welwyn Studios, England
with the collaboration
of French-speaking writers, artists
and technicians
working in Great Britain
London, 1943.

Sergeant John Dougall, from the RAF,
who escaped from Germany,
is questioned about aspects of his journey
by an Officer of France's Second Bureau.
Come in.

Hello.

Hello Colonel.

Sergeant Dougall is here.

I'm sorry to bother you
with this story.

But I've spoken to the
Resistance delegation about it.

- It seemed worth the effort.

- Really?

I believe it's of interest
to you too.

Sit down, old boy.

- Cigarette?

- I'm sorry, sir.

French cigarettes make me cough.

I read your report.

It's very interesting.

Your escape was a real exploit.

It was Gadovsky

who arranged it all, sir.

He's a really smashing chap.

Did he escape too?

No, no. He did not escape too.

Oh, I hope

everything is all right for him.

I'd like to ask you

a few questions.

You reached Reims without a hitch,
is that correct?

- Excuse me, sir. Without a what?

- Without a hitch.

Complication, problems.

Ah yes! No problems at all.
It was too good to be true!
Yes. Listen, old boy.
I think it best
that you tell us yourself,
everything that happened to you
from Reims.
I was sure it was too early.
It's your fault Stphane.
I couldn't have stayed any longer
in that dirty wagon.
Come here, Sandy.
Let's have a smoke.
You never told me
you still had some left.
Just one.
A poor single cigarette.
That's all that's left
of my packet from the Red Cross.
Go on. There's no danger here.
English cigarettes
are always dangerous!
Where's the message?
Caf du Commerce, Reims.
A caf? Great!
We can chow, I'm starving.
Quiet, speak properly.
What? Chow?
That's correct. It's slang.
Yes, but when you use slang
you have even more of an accent.
The message says
that only one of the two of us
is to go the Caf du Commerce.
I can't go alone
if you say that I have an accent,
especially when I use slang.
Yes, obviously, you won't find
a lot of Scottish in Reims.
OK, I'll go.
What's the password now?
Aranciot. Tightly packed
if there's any left.
I'm not interested,

it doesn't mean anything in Scottish.
And if you don't bring me back
something to eat, I'll die.

- What is it? Didn't you ask?
- Yes, food and drink.
- A gash.
- What, at the caf?

No, everything was fine there.
There weren't too many people.
Nobody signalled to me.
Well, I asked for a drink
and said the password,
what a crazy business.

- Hey, gently.
- Was it a knife?
Yes, I was followed
as I left the caf.
I thought it was someone from
the Resistance, but soon knew better.

- You mean Gestapo?
- Yes, as good as.

One of those bastard Vichy supporters
on the lookout for a reward.
He tried to catch me.
I got out of there fast as I could.
I thought I'd lost him.
I go to hide in a cellar,
I slip on the steps, he finds me, so...

- Did you get him?
- As dead as a dodo.
I see.

But what if other Vichy supporters
find the body?

- They won't be happy.
- I'm vaguely aware of that.

Stphane, we have to take care of it
right away. Don't you think?

- Yes, I think so.
- Come. Quickly.
It smells good in here.
What is it?
- Guess.
- A cellar for plonk.
Can't hide anything from you.

I say, Stphane.
We could always get drunk!
Don't get so excited. It's all empty.
The Krauts got here before us.
That's strange.
It was just here that...
Are you sure that you
finished him off, this chap?
- Certain. Yes.
- You're right.
It's strange. If he was dead,
he couldn't have walked away.
What are you doing here?
Don't worry, young men.
We're friends.
But, you were in the caf.
We followed you.
But why have you come back?
- To...
- To hide your handiwork.
Don't worry,
we took care of it.
By the way,
you did a good job.
- He'll not wake again.
- He was a Vichy spy.
Thank you
for the information, son,
but what were you thinking
in the caf earlier?
- You're crazy!
- Smoking an English cigarette?
You think it's a packet of Gauloises?
What are you both doing here?
We're prisoners of war.
We want to get to England.
No, it's not true!
My poor boy, you're English!
Scottish. RAF.
- What?
- R-A-F
That's how they pronounce
RAF over there.
- You're a pilot?

- Air gunner.

Do you think we could get something to eat?

My poor boy, but I thought you had plenty to eat in England. Yes, Madame, but it's been a year since I was last there.

Ah, that's why he's hungry.

Tell me, sir. Could you could do something for us?

Of course,

but take care not to be seen.

There's a curfew, you know.

We could sleep here, to wait, maybe.

No, boys.

It's best to leave right away.

- Leave, where to?

- Listen.

It's 1.15am.

I'll tell you what to do.

Go back to the Montigny road.

Follow it for 2 km

until you get to a bridge.

Got it? Right.

There you'll find

a small stream.

Follow it along the left bank.

It will take you

behind a large farm. Got it?

The road to Montigny for 2km,

a small bridge,

the stream on the left

up to a large farm. Got it.

Right. In the cowshed,

you'll find two bicycles.

I'll phone to arrange that.

And something to eat,

in a small parcel.

Thank you very much,

madame.

And in the handlebars

of the second bicycle,

you'll find a piece of paper

with all the directions you need.

Understood? Right.

Off you go, boys.

And, bon voyage.

You said, it's in the small parcel?

Thank you. Goodbye.

Come on, Sandy, let's go.

It's still quite a way.

- How far?

- 35 km.

- Oh, I see.

- And we must get there before daybreak.

What's over there? More cows?

- No. The Htel de la Poste.

- An hotel, really? Let me see.

An hotel! Stphane,

an hotel with a bed

and perhaps

something more to eat.

Sorry to disturb you.

Do you have your papers?

- You arrived here last night?

- Yes.

- What is it you want?

- Your papers. We're the police.

I'm going to Reims,

I'm a mechanic.

- I come from Ireland.

- Ah, you're Irish.

- A mechanic?

- Yes, my factory was bombed.

Yes, yes. That's fine.

Thank you.

- How did you get away with it?

- With the gendarmes?

- They just asked me a few questions.

- What did you say?

- I said just what you told me to say.

- And it worked?

You know, I'd practised the phrases

a lot with you.

I'm very happy we did that,

because of my Scottish accent.

But these gendarmes here,

they must think that Ireland and Scotland are the same thing. And you?

It worked perfectly too. Get up now, old boy, we have to get out of here.

- Yes, yes, before breakfast!

- I've not said a word.

- Are we still going by bicycle?

- No, this time we're taking the train.

The hotel owner has given me lots of information, he's a good man too.

We'll have to wear these clothes.

We're taking the train at 9:42am.

The second carriage after the engine.

You'll read this paper in the compartment.

At one point, I'll ask you if you can lend it to me.

Then, you'll say the password:

"It's Monday's".

Right. The Resistance member who is supposed to contact us, will give me their paper, saying, "Take this one, it's yesterday's".

I see. And they'll tell us what to do next?

Let's hope so.

Must we really wear these clothes?

They're filthy.

Excuse me, could you lend me your newspaper?

It's Monday's.

Take this one, it's yesterday's.

The train driver was also in the Resistance, probably.

Everything was well organised.

It was exactly like a combined operation.

And this young woman, tell me, she took you to a farm.

Yes, sir. Her father's farm.

And so she told us that that very evening there was a plane heading for England,

but that there was only one place
for one of the two of us.

So, you drew straws.

That's right, sir.

But how did you know that?

Because I am very intelligent.

Yes... So, what was I saying?

And so I won, and then Jeanne
gave us some clothes.

And then we ate.

- When does he leave?

- You can never know for sure.

In any case, no later than 3 o'clock
in the morning,
my father will come
to collect him.

- Is it far to walk?

- Oh! Airmen don't like to walk!

No, rest assured,
you'll have a car.

We'll drive you
straight to the plane.

- Just like an AirFrance flight, okay?

- Okay.

There we go.

That'll do for tonight.

- I'll change it for you tomorrow.

- Thank you very much.

I'm feeling much better.

Right, I'm off to bed.

Wake me so that

I can say goodbye to Sandy.

Not goodbye Stphane...

"see you", I hope.

Goodnight.

And thank you for the dressing.

It's been a long time
since I've had a smoke. Since Reims.

Reims? Yes, I know.

You'd have been better off
not lighting your cigarette.

It did you no favours.

Not to me, but Stphane.

He was the one who went

to the Caf de Commerce in Reims.

Reims? You mean

the Caf des Maronniers.

No, Caf de Commerce.

I read the instructions too.

And I remember it distinctly.

Ah, Caf du Commerce?

That's where this Vichy chap
noticed Stphane.

Then he followed him,
right into the wine cellar.

- Is that the car?

- Yes, yes.

Right. I'll say goodbye
to Stphane.

Please tell your father
I'll be there right away.

Tell me, when you left Stphane,
he gave you a letter, didn't he?

Yes, sir.

And he asked you
to give it to someone here,
in case his departure
was delayed, isn't that so?

Yes, that's right too.

- But how do you know?

- I already told you, I'm very intelligent.

- Have you delivered this letter?

- Yes, sir.

Can you tell me
the recipient's name and address?

I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't.

I gave my word of honour.

Sergeant, I must warn you
that you should consider
this question an order.

Yes, sir. I see.

But this is not a military matter.

Naturally, we can't force you to tell us
what you don't want to tell us.

This is not the Gestapo here.

But I think I can convince you
that you have a duty
beyond your military duty,

and to tell us everything you know,
despite your word of honour.
I'm sorry,
but I really don't think so, sir.
Of course,
after everything you've told me.
You'll think I'm mad or a fool
if I told you
that your friend, Godovsky,
was an officer of the Gestapo.
Yes, sir. I...
Your friend Godovsky,
was not Godovsky at all.
The real Godovsky is still
a prisoner of war in Germany.
In reality, your friend Godovsky
looked very much like the real Godovsky.
And that's why
the Germans chose him for this job.
The Gestapo are very clever,
you see, old boy.
So clever, that it was they
who organised your escape
in collaboration
with the Godovsky impostor, naturally.
I'm afraid that you have been
terribly misinformed, sir.
I see this is not going to be easy.
I'm going to tell you
the end of your story.
It is not for nothing
that I asked you
to begin your story
from when you arrived in Reims.
Do you remember the cart?
Right. You will also remember
that Stphane had a meeting
with the Resistance
at the Caf du Commerce.
But Stphane had arranged
another meeting,
with one of his friends,
called Oskar Emberg.
You never met Emberg,

but you will have seen him
in the train later on
where he was sat next to Stphane
reading a paper.
He was in the Gestapo too.
Stphane was directly
under his command.
But in Reims, the Resistance
had identified them both
and if Stphane had gone
to the Caf du Commerce
it's possible he may not have
come out alive.
He wanted to give up.
But Emberg insisted on carrying on,
since it was essential for them
to get you to carry
this message to London.
That's why he took Stphane,
not to the Caf du Commerce
but to the Caf des Maronniers.
One of the Caf des Maronniers regulars
was a minor SEL spy.
It was not by chance that Stphane
lit an English cigarette.
He may as well have shouted
'Vive De Gaulle' at the Kommandantur.
He had two reasons for this.
To attract the spy's attention
as well as the attention
of the Resistance man and woman.
The ones you later saw
in the cellar.
Stphane waited until he was sure
they'd taken the bait,
then he left,
followed by the spy,
he himself followed by
the Resistance man and woman.
Emberg's plan had worked.
Stphane made for the cellar.
Making sure he was indeed
being followed.
The chap from the SEL

was following him.
The spy stupidly asked Stphane
for his papers,
giving Stphane an opportunity
he did not waste.
His blow finished him off.
The man was stone dead.
Stphane left the cellar,
knowing that his plan had worked.
The two Resistance members
had watched him.
Yes, but I don't understand.
If Godovsky was a spy,
why would one spy
want to kill another spy?
To convince people
in the Resistance
that he really was
an escaped prisoner.
- Obviously.
- Oh I see.
You know, old boy, spies are people
quite different to the rest of us.
Yes, I see.
On top of that, he and Emberg
absolutely wanted to get to know
other members of the Resistance.
They were, by then,
collecting new victims.
This man and this woman,
and then the farmers
who provided you with the bicycles.
Then, the owner
of the Htel de la Poste.
This all makes
for a sizable number of kills.
Htel de la Poste?
You mean to say
that the two gendarmes...
Of course.
Police.
- Bonjour.
- Do you have your papers?
- Ah! Monsieur LeBlanc.

- You're Monsieur LeBlanc.
- Please excuse us, Monsieur LeBlanc.
- You're welcome. Thank you.
Tell me, the gentleman in room number 8,
do you understand?
Understood, sir.
- Hello.
- Hello, sir.

- The 9:

- Perfect.
I'll be at the Htel des Voyageurs
in Arras.

The 9:

second carriage after the engine,
second compartment.
Understood.
Do you mean to say,
he took me for a spy too?
That's very doubtful.
On the contrary, for them
you were an unexpected opportunity.
I find it all very difficult to believe.
- I must have seen Emberg.
- Certainly you saw him.
And now, we get to the farm.
Godovksy, of course,
lost on purpose.
Luckily for you,
he needed you to carry
the precious message to England.
That's why he made you promise
to say goodbye to him.
- Is the RAF man ready?
- In a second, father.
You know Jeanne,
we were followed in the train today.
- No kidding.
- A guy from the Gestapo.
Anyway, our friends
have taken care of him.
- Was he alone?
- Yes.

That's strange.
They usually work in pairs.
Please excuse me
for putting you out like this.
- It's nothing.
- Oh, thank you.
- There we go.
- Goodbye, mademoiselle.
Thank you for everything.
I very much hope
to see you again.
Adieu, RAF. Bon voyage.
Let's go. Quickly.
Reims 776.
Hello. Caf du Commerce.
I'll not keep you waiting.
Let's just wait for the car to leave.
Arras 18.
Hello, number 18.
Htel des Voyageurs?
I'd like to speak to Mr Emberg.
Hello, Oskar. Good evening.
The pigeon has flown.
The message
nicely tucked under its wing.
You'd like me to join you? Fine.
Yes, I'm waiting for you.
Good evening.
You're thinking
about poor Jeanne, aren't you Sandy?
Yes.
I told her I'd see her again
after the war.
Yes, old boy.
All this is terrible.
But perhaps in France,
there will be a new tomb
under the Arc de Triomphe,
dedicated to the unknown civilian.