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The Comedians

By Graham Greene

Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello.

All good things come to an end, eh?

I get off here in Haiti.

We are going to Santo Domingo.

I shall miss our little sessions
of gin rummy.

Yes.

- You owe me 35 bucks, old man.

- My wife.

You take it in pesetas?

- No dollars?

- No.

Any old currency is good between pals.

Fifty-four to the dollar.

- I make it 1,890 pesetas.

- Here. Take 2,000.

Anything to oblige.

Yes?

- Come in, Major.

- There you are, Brown.

- Join us in a glass.

- Thanks. I'll have to be nippy, though.

I haven't finished my packing,
and some of the top brass
will be waiting for me on shore.

- With soda?

- Just a splash.

I brought you back the bits and pieces
you lent me for the concert.

You certainly took us all in
with your conjuring tricks.

Oh, what about him?

He was in magnificent voice.

I wish I understood Dutch.

If I'm not up at the hotel too late, old man,
don't lock me out.

It means I'm taking tiffin
with Colonel Biche.

- You know the Colonel?

- No, I don't mix in such high circles.

I'll bring him up sometime for a drink
and introduce you.

Is this yours, Major?

Oh, my goodness, yes.

Oh, thanks. Oh, I wouldn't lose that
for all the tea in China.

It was with me in Burma in '42 and '3,
the bad years.

"Major H.O. Jones, 5 Corps, Imphal."

Well, I had that added after the war
for old times' sake.

Well, mustn't keep the nobs waiting.

See you at the hotel.

Waste not, want not.

Cheerio, purser.

See you on your return trip if I'm still here.

If you can't be good, be careful.

- You counted the bags, dear?

- Yes, four.

- And the cartons?

- Twenty-three.

Good.

Well, here we go.

You know, this could be the beginning
of our greatest achievement.

No, no, no, not tourist.

- I'm here on business.

- Looking for someone?

I'm here by special invitation, you see.

I expected to be met.

- Your name?

- Jones. Major Jones.

Met? By who?

By Colonel Biche, your Chief of Staff.

Colonel Biche?

- May I see the invitation?

- By all means.

Please, come with me.

- Where to?

- My office. It is just near.

- My letter.

- You shall have it back.

This way.

- My luggage.

- We will see to that.

No service is too much

for a friend of Colonel Biche.

First-class voyage.

Oh, look, dear,
Major Jones has found his friends.
Oh, good.
Sea like a pond,
very pleasant companions.
What the hell is this?
Who are these thugs?
I am Captain Concasseur,
and these thugs
are the President's special police,
Tontons Macoutes.
They've received very unfair publicity
in your British journals.
They'll have worse after this.
I demand to see my ambassador.
You have no ambassador, Major Jones.
We expelled him three months ago.
This is Michel.
I always have him present
at interrogations.
- What do you want to know?
- There's no hurry.
First, undress.
- Undress?
- Undress.
You're going a bit too far.
You simply can't strip a brother officer
starkers in front of the other ranks.
I mean, it's bloody outrageous.
Michel.
Welcome to Haiti.
Hello, Petit Pierre.
How did you know I was aboard?
The eyes and ears of the press,
Monsieur Brown.
How good to see you back in Haiti.
- How were the bright lights of Broadway?
- Too bright.
Are we still blacked out
every evening here in Port-au-Prince?
You will find nothing has changed,
Monsieur Brown, nothing.
You have just time
to reach your hotel before dark.

Petit Pierre, do me a favor.
There's an appointment I have to keep.
You see my bags through the customs
and have them sent to the hotel?
It's a pleasure, Monsieur Brown.
Give me your tickets.
Thank you.
That's eight, dear.
How long you stay?
I live here.
Where's Major Jones?
He's a guest in my hotel.
- This is his hat.
- He was met.
Petit Pierre, would you have that
sent up with my bags? He'll miss it.
- How long you've been away?
- Three months.
- New York?
- Yes.
- Business?
- Yes.
What business?
I was trying to sell my hotel.
There were no takers.
- No?
- No takers at all.
Haitian stocks are very low.
Anything else you want to know?
Monsieur Brown is a great lover of Haiti
and a personal friend.
- I'll call for this later.
- Okay.
Tell me, have you any...
Have you any news for my paper?
They've invented a new toothpaste
in the States that tastes like a dry martini.
No kidding.
And I've snared three passengers
for my hotel.
Tourists back in Haiti?
That is news indeed.
Monsieur, give me five cents.
Five cents, Monsieur.

Give me five cents. Five cents, Monsieur.

Five cents.

One of them is a Major Jones.

- Major Jones?

- J-O-N-E-S.

He fought the Japs in Burma.

If you want colorful stories, he's your man.

I've heard at least 100.

And your other guests?

Mr. And Mrs... Now there's a tidbit for you.

Smith ran as presidential candidate
in 1948 against Truman.

- Taxi!

- Pardon, Monsieur Brown.

Did you say presidential candidate?

I've a bad memory. 1948. Dewey?

Well, I'd never heard of Smith, either,

but it appears he ran

on the vegetarian ticket.

- An eccentric!

- He has great plans for Haiti.

He has an introduction

to the Minister of Social Welfare.

- Taxi! Can you stop these fellows?

- Yes, yes.

Monsieur Brown,

did you mean Monsieur Philipot?

Yes, he's still the Minister, isn't he?

I think it'd be better if I went back

and helped with your friends.

They do not know Haiti as you do.

Thank you.

Warn them about the blackout,

and tell them, if I'm delayed,

Joseph will take care of them.

Okay.

- Trianon Hotel?

- No, just drop me at the Columbus Statue.

Medicine?

- Dear, you're the linguist.

- No, pas medicine.

Salesman?

This is Yeastrel.

Barmene.

Slippery Elm food.

- Selling?

- No, pour manger.

Health.

Marijuana?

Monsieur Smith, Madame Smith,

how very good to meet you.

Monsieur Brown has sent me.

- How do you do?

- Any help I can give?

This good man

doesn't seem to understand very well.

He seems to think we're selling marijuana.

Selling? Of course not.

I understand. For strictly personal use.

Just give him \$5.

"I'm the Haitian flag. One and indivisible."

Signed Papa Doc, father of his people.

He lives for them, and they die for him.

Stop here.

Here.

My God, it's you!

It's really you.

- Three months.

- Three years.

Three decades.

Why did you take the boat?

Why not the plane?

Four wasted days.

I wanted to give you time
to read my letter and decide.

Decide what?

Whether you wanted to go on like this
with me.

Oh, you fool.

That's my answer.

What's yours?

Colonel Biche is going to know of this.

I'm here at his personal invitation.

Speak to him. He's here.

Voila votre Colonel Biche!

Where does your husband think you are?

Playing gin rummy, like three months ago.

- Does he believe you?

- I don't know.
He never asks questions.
My darling, what time is it?
I don't know. My watch has stopped.
Did he comfort you while I was away?
I can be faithful for a few months,
except in my dreams.
I was faithful, too.
In my way.
Don't tell me about your way.
Just be quiet. Be here.
And Angelito?
Oh, he notices everything.
Reports to his father?
Oh, my darling, children watch everything.
It's part of learning.
You wouldn't understand.
You've never had a child.
- Have you sold the Trianon?
- No.
Oh, I'm so glad.
Some day,
I'll need the money to follow you.
Follow me?
Ambassadors come and go.
Just in time for the bloody blackout.
Not very welcoming, is it?
Things were lively in your mother's time,
even though you weren't here
in those days.
Neither were the Tontons.
When shall I see you?
- I can't tomorrow.
- The day after, then?
Yes, if Angelito's better. He's not well.
I'm afraid he's caught a chill.
You see? There was no reason to fear.
Nothing has changed.
No, nothing.
I'd leave Manuel tomorrow
if it weren't for Angelito.
Yes, I know.
Angelito's here to stay.
Joseph!

Joseph!

Joseph!

Joseph!

- Monsieur Brown?

- Joseph, where the hell have you been?

I've got guests who arrive in a minute.

My luggage was left in the hall.

The Minister, Monsieur Philipot,

he came here yesterday.

- What did he want?

- Monsieur Brown, please come quick.

He's done terrible thing.

He came yesterday to hide from Tontons.

I tell him to stay here. He very sick man.

- What happened tonight?

- I hear car.

I think Tontons come.

I say, "Go away double quick."

He say,

"I am sick. Too late to go anywhere."

He run into the garden.

I follow him. Too late.

Where's everybody got to?

Where's the maid? Where's the cook?

They scared. They lock themselves in.

Anyone at home?

Oh, is that you, Mr. Brown?

The taxi left us off at the gate.

I'm sorry I wasn't able to greet you

on the steps of the hotel.

A little domestic problem.

Joseph, would you get

the John Barrymore suite ready?

And be sure there are lots of oil lamps.

- Yes, sir.

- I'm sorry about the lights.

They'll come back on again in a minute.

Your friend Monsieur Pierre

was very helpful at the customs.

- Now, did you go to the embassy?

- I left my card.

- Is that a pool you have there?

- Yes.

The one thing I like

is a swim before breakfast.
Yes, well,
I'll get it filled up during the night.
Now, that's your suite up there.
When the lights are on,
you can see the whole of Port-au-Prince.
Did John Barrymore really stay there?
Well, it's before my time,
but I can show you his liquor bills.
A great talent ruined.
Yes, well, if you'd like to go up,
Joseph will meet you.
If you need anything, just ask Joseph.
- Thank you.
- Oh, dear.
Oh, there we are.
Oh, come over here, dear.
- What a lovely view.
- Yeah.
Look at the harbor.
And that must be our ship.
Surely, that's the President's palace.
It looks just like the White House.
Oh, Mr. Brown,
- has Major Jones arrived yet?
- No, not yet.
Well, we won't wait up for him.
Mrs. Smith is a little tired.
If we could have some hot water
for our Yeastrel.
Certainly. Certainly.
- Good night.
- Good night.
You heard that, Joseph?
Some hot water
for the John Barrymore suite.
Then take the car and ask Dr. Magiot
to get here as soon as he can.
Yeah.
It was thoughtful of him
to choose this spot.
You only have to turn on the water.
Why were they after him?
Over a drink the other night,

he described the President
as a little country witch doctor.
To have a glass too many
is a reckless act in Haiti.
Why did he come here?
I was no great friend.
Too many refugees at the embassies.
The Tontons keep a close watch.
Perhaps he thought an Englishman's home
really is his castle.
We'll have to get
the body away from here.
They can't blame me for a suicide, Magiot.
They can blame you
because he picked your hotel to hide in.
A very neat incision.
We did anatomy together in Paris.
At that time, he wanted to be a doctor
and not a politician.
- Where's the knife?
- Oh, here.
Oh, yes. I forgot.
He was left-handed.
Where can we take him?
There are plenty of deserted homes now
this side of Port-au-Prince.
He was always very careful of his clothes.
What a beautiful morning.
- Has Mrs. Smith slept well?
- Like a top, sir.
Joseph, one of your rum punch specials,
je vous prie.
I have come to read
a little something about you.
About me?
Yes, it's in my column,
"Personalities in Port-au-Prince."
I will translate for you.
Of course,
it sounds more spiritual in French.
"Haiti, always ready
to welcome distinguished visitors
"to her warm bosom,
greeted with special ardor Mr. Smith,

"the famous presidential candidate
"narrowly defeated
by Mr. Truman in 1948."
Oh, come, come, Monsieur Pierre.
I had no chance of winning.
It was only a gesture.
Oh, Mr. Smith, you are too modest.
May I help you?
Oh, no, no, no, it's quite all right.
It's quite all right.
I hope you mentioned Mr. Jones.
He's quite a character.
Major Jones. That is a little problem.
There has been a contretemps,
and Major Jones has been detained.
- Who by?
- The police.
There must be some mistake.
Tell me,
have you arranged my appointment
with the Minister for Social Welfare?
Surely, Monsieur Smith.
It will be at 11:00 this morning.
- Then I'll bring the matter up with him.
- That is a good idea.
You'll find Monsieur Jules Csar
a very intelligent man.
Monsieur Philipot, you mean.
Hlas, poor Monsieur Philipot
is no longer with us.
He has passed on.
Passed on?
His body was discovered this morning.
Breakdown.
Pressure of responsibilities.
The President is said to be deeply grieved.
The Minister will see you in a few minutes.
There's a great bustle today.
The Secretary of State
is leaving for New York
to make a protest at the United Nations.
What about?
Two rebels have been captured
in the mountains

in possession
of an American machine gun.
The President should be pleased.
It's probably
the first American machine gun
he's seen in a long time.
They have found it
much too rusty to work,
and some small but vital parts
are missing.

Monsieur Pineda.

Good day, Your Excellency.

Of course, you know Monsieur Brown.

Brown? No.

My wife has told me
a great deal about you.

In fact,
it's strange we've never met before.

Well, we've played
a lot of gin rummy together.

- Your wife is a very good player.

- Really?

I had hoped that she would bring you over
to the embassy one day.

Well, I've only recently come
from New York.

Tomorrow evening, we have a few friends
coming over after dinner.

- You know Dr. Magiot, of course?

- Oh, yes.

Now why don't you join us?

- Well, I'd love to. That's very kind of you.

- Yeah.

Oh, unfortunately, my small son, Angelito,
has got chicken pox.

Dr. Magiot says
it's very contagious at the moment.

- Lf you're in any way afraid...

- Oh, no, no, no, no.

I had it when I was a child. I'm not afraid.

Not afraid?

- The Minister will see you now.

- I thank you.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Brown. Tomorrow?

- Shall we go?

- Good.

I fear that Monsieur Csar,
the new minister,
starts today under very sad auspices.

- Such a tragedy about poor Dr. Philipot.

- Yes.

However, knowing the new minister,
I don't think he'll be unduly downhearted.

- No acidity, you say?

- Positively none.

- And the taste?

- Plain and simple.

Nourishing but with no ugly sense
of repletion.

- No?

- No.

Tell me, what exactly is wrong
with acidity, Mr. Smith?

I speak in ignorance.

You see, we Haitians are accustomed
to the wines and haute cuisine of France.

If we could eliminate acidity
from the human body,
we would eliminate passion.

And stop the world?

I was not speaking of love, Mr. Brown.

Anyway, you've come
to a vegetarian country.

95% of the people
can't afford meat or fish.

Mr. Brown exaggerates.

This is a very ambitious project.

I take it you have sufficient funds?

This letter of introduction
from your late predecessor,
Monsieur Philipot,
will explain our financial position.

Yes, Monsieur Philipot,
a most lamented man, sir,
and honored by all his colleagues.

Yes, so I understand.

My wife and I

will attend his funeral tomorrow.
Half a million dollars!
Yes, sir, we have sufficient support.
Every great project is welcomed
by the Haitian government.
Please come this way, and I'll show you.
We also are idealists, Mr. Smith.
The new city of Duvalierville.
The shopping center. The banking center.
The cathedral.
The school of art.
There we might be able to find
an appropriate site for your center.
If it will suit you, I will take you
to Duvalierville myself this afternoon.
You are very kind, sir.
And what is that splendid
rectangular structure on the left?
- Oh, that?
- It looks like a police barracks.
But perhaps with a vegetable diet
the police will be rendered unnecessary,
which brings us
to a rather more difficult matter.
Yes?
A friend of Mr. Smith's has been arrested.
We'd like to know the reason.
An Englishman called Jones.
An Englishman?
Now, that is something
for the Minister of the Interior.
Perhaps a word from Your Excellency...
I cannot possibly interfere
in another department.
Mr. Smith, as a political leader,
will understand that.
You can find out the charge, I suppose?
- Charge?
- Charge.
Charge.
There will not necessarily be a charge.
Well, about our little trip this afternoon,
if you could be ready at 2:00?
I intend no little trip

until I've seen and spoken to Mr. Jones.

- But this is not my affair.

- Make it your affair, sir.

After all, Mr. Smith
is a former presidential candidate
of the United States.

Be reasonable.

The prison isn't open
to anyone at any time.

It is not a rest house, Mr. Smith.

Sometimes, a prisoner misbehaves.

The police have to defend themselves.

- Against unarmed prisoners?

- Leave this to me, Mr. Smith.

Your Excellency, Mr. Smith would like
to leave this small compensation
for any damage that Mr. Jones may
have inflicted on one of your policemen.

Have a word with your colleagues.

I will do what I can, but it may take time.

I will not go to Duvalierville
until I've seen him.

As long as the President
is not personally interested,
I am sure I can persuade my colleagues.

Well, well, look who's here.

- Take the bed, Mr. Smith.

- And you?

I'll stick to the bucket.

I'm a bit stiff in the joints.

You seem to have been resisting arrest.

Oh, that's their story, old man.

Can I have a fag?

- No filter tips?

- No, no.

Never mind. I like to guard my health.

- Take the packet.

- Oh, thanks a lot.

Light?

- Have a cigarette.

- Oh, thank you.

Things have taken a turn for the better.

At tiffin, they gave me beans,
and a doctor chap came

and worked on me.
Oh, wizard job.
What are you charged with?
Well, I think
I must have had the wrong contact.
They call this thing a bed?
Oh, I've dossed down
in many worse places.
- Where, for instance?
- In Burma during the war.
At least, there are no leeches here,
no Japs creeping up on you.
That must have been
a very terrible experience, Mr. Jones.
Oh, not so terrible, Mr. Smith.
There were compensations.
Comradeship.
And then I had a special talent,
which made me in great demand
among the jungle bashers.
I could smell water from far off,
like a native.
That saved my life once.
No one else came back to tell the tale.
What tale could that have been?
You won't appreciate my point of view,
Mr. Jones. I'm a pacifist.
Anyway, we've got to get you out of here.
There must be something we can do.
Well, if either of you
have got an envelope, by any chance?
An envelope? Well, all I have is a used one.
Oh, wizard! I can readdress it.
Your name on it will carry weight
with the big boys.
You've had quite a few predecessors
in here.
For the moment,
I'm only concerned with number one.
Ogoun Feraille, the voodoo God of war.
Somebody prayed to him for help.
Obviously, the god didn't arrive in time.
When you get home, old man,
would you seal this again

- and have it delivered pronto?

- Yes, all right.

Do you know

who this letter is addressed to?

No.

The personal secretary of Papa Doc,
President Duvalier himself.

I wonder what our friend is up to?

Think you ought to get involved?

Mrs. Smith and I

have never shirked an issue
where human rights are concerned.

I am involved.

Sometimes I think I envy you.

Let's get out of here.

No vegetarian center

has ever been built before on this scale.

- First, a restaurant with a first-class chef.

- Specialty nut cutlets?

There's quite an art

in what you call nut cutlets, Mr. Brown.

Then there'll be a library,

a lecture hall, a cinema.

We will supply free documentary films,
of course.

Several other ministers will have
to be satisfied, but that can be arranged.

Then perhaps one day,

we may even build a theater in the round
for vegetarian drama.

Something will have to be done
about this road.

We had a bad typhoon season.

Isn't that so, Mr. Brown?

This is the finest highway in Haiti,

Mr. Smith.

Well...

Anyway, first things first.

I want the President and his ministers
to attend a gala opening
and take the first vegetarian meal
as an example to his people
in the great new city of Duvalierville.
There is Duvalierville.

Where are the people?
The inhabitants of the old village
were ignorant peasants.
We've returned them to the hills.
We hope to continue construction
next year.
This city will be an example
of elegant living
and a monument
to our President's greatness.
I'm very nervous about Mr. Smith.
They've been gone for six hours.
Very bad road, ma'am.
Monsieur Smith okay.
I was worried about him
once before in Mississippi.
There was a white policeman there
as wicked as any of your Tontons.
I thought Mr. Smith would strike him,
and he doesn't believe in violence,
only love.
But love is awfully hard sometimes.
- Oh, well.
- Yes, ma'am.
This is Barmene, Joseph.
Three teaspoons to a cup.
- Mr. Smith prefers two.
- Yes, ma'am. And sugar?
No, no sugar.
It's much more healthy than tea or coffee.
Oh, a little more hot water, please.
How did you hurt your hip, Joseph?
Captain Concasseur's driver
ask me questions.
When I not answer, he beat me with club.
But that's shocking. Did you report it?
- Who to, ma'am?
- But is there no law or order here?
Tontons make law. Tontons make order.
You see, ma'am? They return.
Everything okay.
Thank you, again.
It would be very much in your interest
to help this project along.

Help squeeze the orange?
You're a resident of Haiti, Mr. Brown.
It's your duty to aid the Haitian people.
Where would I find them? In this car?
Martha.
Angelito's asleep. I slipped away.
Manuel says you're coming tomorrow.
I couldn't wait.
Can't you take me somewhere
where we'll really be alone?
Look at you.
Just let me look at you.
Were you really faithful
all those three months?
I wouldn't blame you.
Yes, quite faithful.
You said, in your way.
Yes, I tried to cheat,
but it wasn't any good.
And you?
Manuel wanted me.
I tried, but I couldn't.
I cried because it wasn't you.
It was an awful night,
lying awake side by side, silent,
like two bodies in a morgue.
And afterwards?
He has his pride.
- You're fond of him, aren't you?
- Yes.
Why shouldn't I be? He's a kind man.
I'm not.
I have no pride.
I steal the kind man's wife.
It's a sin against justice.
The priests at school taught me that.
There are days when I wonder,
especially on the empty afternoons...
You have a devil in you in the afternoons.
When you're not with me,
I wonder what the devil does.
I wait, that's all.
My dear, my darling,
don't torture yourself.

I still think it was unwise of you to come.
They'll consider it a political act.
Mr. Smith and I
have never been afraid of political acts.
Mr. Philipot was a friend of a friend.
It was his encouragement
that brought me here.
What is it, Madam Philipot?
What's the matter?
The Tontons will not let us pass.
And the driver, that salaud!
What the hell are they up to?
Look at them, the cowards.
They drove him to death, but they are
afraid of him even though he is dead.
People loved him,
but one must not love in Haiti.
Haiti means hate, hate!
Look at them with their guns
and their black glasses.
There must be some terrible mistake.
- It's no mistake.
- What else could it be?
If you stay long enough,
you'll soon find out.
I think we'd all better go back to the hotel.
And leave my husband here? Never.
Mrs. Smith,
I think Joseph had better take you back.
If there's going to be trouble,
I'll stay right here with Madam Philipot.
I stay with my wife. Now what do we do?
Well, we just wait for them and listen.
I wish you'd come with me.
It'd be better for all of us.
On your way. Bully!
Stop him! Tell him to stop! Tell him to...
You pig! Let me go!
Take it easy.
- A gallant victory.
- I had my orders.
We hang men in Europe
for obeying orders.
A place called Nuremberg.

Monsieur Brown,
I don't like the way you speak.
You make a living here, huh?
You hit one of my guests.
Your guests will soon leave,
but you will stay on, alone.
It's an outrage.
I'm going to telephone
President Duvalier himself.
It's all right, dear. I'm not hurt.
I'm afraid the telephones here
seldom work.
And in any case, the President
probably gave the orders himself.
It's disgusting!
- Lf you hadn't stopped me...
- I thought you were a pacifist, Mr. Smith.
I am. I was.
I mean, we sometimes have ideals
we can't always live up to.
Good evening, Mr. Brown.
I'm glad you came. Can I get you a drink?
Yes, scotch on the rocks,
if you don't mind.
- Please.
- Thank you.
Do you like it?
I took it in Rio de Janeiro
when I was First Secretary there.
- It's a very good likeness.
- Yes.
She was very happy in Rio.
Our child was born there.
I invited a dozen people.
You're the only one to turn up,
except Dr. Magiot, of course.
He's upstairs with my wife and son.
People are staying indoors.
Who can blame them?
- Philipot's death.
- Philipot's interrupted funeral.
When the President runs amuck,
wise men stay at home.
I hardly expected to see you.

I don't concern myself with politics.
I support the economy
when there are tourists.
- Is the whisky to your liking?
- Yes, thank you, it's very good.
I sometimes feel ashamed
at our sheltered diplomatic existence
with Tontons at the door to prevent
poor hunted men from coming in.
They're all over the place.
You must have seen
our good friends at the door.
Well, there are some more here
to watch the garage.
Three of them. Usually, there are only two.
I can hardly complain.
They are there, they tell me,
for my protection.
I wonder, Mr. Brown, why you ever
came back here from New York.
Well, the hotel, I couldn't abandon it.
I'd like to know New York.
Perhaps one of these days,
you will be posted to Washington.
No, I'll never be posted there.
My wife's German, you know.
Yes, I know, but the war's been over now
for 20 years.
Her father was executed as a war criminal
in the American zone.
- Perhaps you don't know that.
- No. No, I didn't.
- Does she know?
- Oh, yes.
She was only a child, of course,
but she remembers him with tenderness.
The judges
had very good reasons, unfortunately.
It's a horrifying world.
I sometimes think that Haiti's no different
from life anywhere.
Oh, good evening, Mr. Brown.
My husband said
you wouldn't venture out tonight.

I thought you would.
Oh, your glass is empty.
Good evening, Doctor.
You dared the streets tonight, too, huh?
Of course, I had a patient.
- And how is Angelito?
- Not on the danger list.
Oh, that little devil,
he's turned me out of bed.
He now says
he can't sleep without his mother.
Driven me into exile.
The exile will not be a long one.
We are all of us exiles, Doctor, except you.
Exiles from England,
South America, Germany.
What part of Germany
did you come from, Mrs. Pineda?
The only part I remember is Nuremberg.
Remembered for its toys.
Mr. Philipot.
Dr. Magiot. Mr. Brown.
Henri,
how nice to see you.
Well, I'm sorry I took so long about it.
But here it is, the companion piece.
Oh, how exciting. Let's see.
No, please, open it later
when I'm not here.
I'm always a little nervous when people
look at something I've just done.
All right.
We were deeply shocked
by what happened at your uncle's funeral.
In fact, I tried to organize a protest
from the Diplomatic Corps.
- Yes?
- Yes.
- They were very diplomatic.
- They were right.
Words break no bones.
I had warned my aunt
not to bury him publicly.
I kept well away.

- You mean, you didn't go?
- I put a certain value on my life.
Quite right, too, Philipot.
Your job's painting, not politics.
Do you remember that time in the Trianon
about two years ago
when we showed some of your pictures?
Yes, a long way after Rouault,
weren't they?
I think you should let your aunt
and the boy come and stay here.
- At least, they'd be safe.
- My aunt doesn't enjoy safety as I do.
She threatens to melt down
the family silver to make bullets.
She says,
"Only silver bullets can kill a devil."
If I were a military man,
I would much prefer a Bren gun.
You wouldn't know
how to use one, Philipot.
Is it more difficult than learning to paint?
Perhaps he could take lessons
from Major Jones.
- Who is Major Jones?
- A guest of mine, in prison at the moment.
- Why?
- Ask Papa Doc.
A danger to the state perhaps.
He was a commando in Burma.
Apparently won the war single-handed,
like Errol Flynn.
You don't believe him?
Old soldiers are like fishermen.
They tend to exaggerate a little.
I'm a bit of a playactor myself.
Who isn't in this place?
We all play drawing-room comedies
in the blackout.
Well, you should have seen me
in my cocked hat and gold braid
when I proudly presented my credentials.
But then, of course,
perhaps even Papa Doc is playing a part

in those shabby black tails of his.
Oh no, he's real enough.
Horror is always real.
We shouldn't be ashamed
of being comedians.
You know, it's an honorable profession.
If only we were good ones,
we could perhaps give the world a,
I don't know, sense of style.
After all, there are times when we all
play a part, even in a good marriage.
Isn't that so, Dr. Magiot?
- Dr. Magiot, anyway, is no comedian.
- You never heard of a bedside manner?
Oh, Mr. Brown,
Angelito insists on meeting you.
He likes to meet all our new friends.
So naturally, he must meet Mr. Brown.
You will come, won't you?
I warn you,
I'm not very good with children.
Did the Tontons take your name
when you came in?
Yes.
I waited for you at the pharmacy.
You never came.
I had a patient.
I have news from the north.
Things are definitely moving there.
You're a novice, Henri.
You don't know one end of a gun
from the other.
And what have we got in the north?
Twelve untrained men
with a few 1914 rifles.
Castro had only twelve men.
You are not Castro,
and he had twelve trained men.
What was that about trained men?
We have so few trained men left in Haiti,
Your Excellency.
All our best doctors have fled abroad.
- But not you.
- I suppose I am too fond of Haiti.

Sometimes, when I see the necessity
for a very long and careful treatment,
the young become impatient.

Like your Angelito.

I'm so glad you're here in my home.

- Were you happy in Rio?

- Very. Why?

He told me you were.

The first two years of my marriage.

- You can't be jealous of the past.

- Oh, yes, I can.

One day, I'll be the past.

There'll be a difference.

You'll hardly be able to say

to the next man,

"I was very happy in Haiti."

Angelito, what were you doing out of bed?

I wanted a biscuit. I'm hungry.

But you just had your supper.

Anyway, I don't keep biscuits in that desk.

Who is this man?

This man is Mr. Brown.

He's come up to say good night to you.

- How are you? How are you feeling?

- I have a temperature of 39 degrees.

I sleep here with my mother

until the fever is gone.

This is my father's side of the bed.

Darling, I don't think Mr. Brown

wants to hear about that.

- Does Mr. Brown play cards?

- Not often. Why?

My mother used to play an awful lot
of gin rummy with her friends in the town.

- Does she play any longer?

- Not often now.

Darling, say good night to Mr. Brown.

Scoot down.

You took this out of my desk.

I wanted the stamp. It's American.

It's a new American.

I always have your stamps.

Not until you ask me.

- Lf I tell your father...

- You won't, will you? Please.

Good night, then.

Good night, Mr...

Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown.

Good night, old man.

Were you ever in America?

No.

- What did he mean by that?

- He's inquisitive, like all children.

- My letter.

- He wouldn't know who it's from.

Your husband would.

He would never read a letter of mine.

I trust Manuel.

I better keep it.

Who sleeps here?

Oh, that's the guest room,

except we have no guests.

What's the matter?

Darling, I just wanted to see you.

Sometimes you fling yourself at me

like a suicide onto the pavement.

Why are you so desperate?

I've been away for three months.

Since I came back, I've seen you twice,

once in a car

and once in a men's changing room.

My husband is downstairs.

Angelito is along the corridor.

Can't you please try to understand

how a family feels? Can't you?

No.

How many adventures have you had

in your life?

- Four.

- I'm the fourth?

I hadn't counted you as an adventure.

The boy downstairs, Henri Philipot,

was he one of your adventures?

Oh, you fool.

And how many have you had?

It probably runs into the three figures.

This is the last.

I don't want another adventure.

Nor do I.
Manuel guesses.
But he says nothing.
- Let me tell him.
- I can't hurt Angelito.
You won't.
Give him a king-sized box of puzzles
and some ginger snaps.
- You told me he liked ginger snaps.
- Why do you sneer at him?
He's my child.
And Manuel's.
I saw the boy in your bed.
I can imagine the two-backed beast
that went to his making.
Perhaps in time, when he's a little older,
we could... I could...
In 10 years time, he won't need you at all.
He'll be slinking off to Mere Catherine's,
except you won't be here.
You'll be in Luxembourg or Liechtenstein.
But they probably
have brothels there, too.
Well, then I could come to you.
No, a bit too late.
You'll be middle-aged, and I'll be too old.
Too old to care.
No real feelings, have you?
I'm just the result of a seven-year itch.
You've less feeling than one of the girls
at Mere Catherine's.
Why don't you go there, then?
You used to often enough.
All right, Frau Pineda.
I will.
Mr. Brown, the others have just left,
I'm afraid. Come and have a nightcap.
No, thank you,
I have a rendezvous to keep.
Now? In Port-au-Prince?
Be careful, Mr. Brown.
Good night, Your Excellency,
and thank you very much
for asking me for a drink.

Martha.

Martha.

They've all gone.

I should have said good night to them.

Oh, they knew

that you were occupied with Angelito.

I must go to him.

He won't sleep until I come.

He's asleep.

I hope that Mr. Brown liked our son.

I think so.

Angelito wasn't very friendly.

Are you tired?

Sometimes I don't think

I can go on as we are.

I know.

The climate and then

all the unpleasantness that's here,

I never thought

we'd have to stay here for three years,

but then I suppose nobody at home

is very keen to take over my place.

Perhaps I should retire.

We have many friends.

We can't desert them.

Well, but then you weren't made

to be a deserter,

were you?

Philipot.

Good evening, Mere Catherine.

The Tontons they are here.

All the girls taken?

No, but the girl you used to like is busy.

- Are they in a dangerous mood?

- I don't think so.

They accompany someone very important.

He's out with Marie Threse.

You take another girl?

Perhaps. Anyway, I'm very thirsty.

Come. Bring me a rum and Coca Cola.

You, come here.

Good evening, Captain.

- I seem to see you everywhere.

- I try not to be conspicuous.

You can sit down.
I said, sit down.
- You were stopped at the door?
- No.
It just so happened
that your man was asleep.
Michel.
- Don't you feel safe here?
- I have to take precautions.
I am here with a very important foreigner.
Doesn't he feel safe,
alone with Marie Threse?
Or do you keep a guard in the bedroom?
You have a sense of humor.
I'm in favor of jokes.
They have a political value.
A release for the cowardly
and the impotent.
"Lmportant foreigner."
I thought you didn't like foreigners.
Oh, I'm offended by the color.
Like a toad's belly.
But we accept some of you,
if you are useful to the state.
You want a woman?
I will treat you to one.
That one, with the flower in her hair.
She is shy
because she thinks I am jealous.
Jealous of a putain. What absurdity.
No, thanks,
I don't need a woman at the moment.
There's a question I've been wanting
to ask you ever since this morning.
This morning?
What happened this morning?
Well, it's a little thing.
You've probably forgotten.
You stole a dead body in a coffin. Why?
I told you, I had my orders.
The people believe
the President took poor old Philipot's body
to work in the cellars of the palace.
Zombies are cheap labor.

The people are very ignorant.
It is proper for them
to fear the authorities.
So you educate them
with bogeys and bullets.
The commandant.
Why, bless my soul and buttons,
if it isn't old Brown!
- Jones!
- Well, this is a pleasant surprise!
And talking of surprises, you ought
to meet the girlfriend, Theresa somebody.
- Oh, boy!
- Marie Threse. We know each other.
Oh, you do. Oh, good-o.
Now, what's your poison?
Apparently not much variety here.
Rum and Coke, rum and 7UP,
- rum and water.
- No, thank you, Jones. I'm off.
Not just one snifter for the road
with our friend, the Captain?
Another time,
when you keep better company.
- What's wrong, old man?
- Be careful, Jones. He' s dangerous.
Dangerous?
He's eating out of my hand, old fruit.
VIP treatment for yours truly,
a red carpet spread,
a luxury suite at the Villa Crole.
Tomorrow, I have a car, my own driver.
Jones, what are you up to?
Have you never had a dream
that suddenly came true?
No, never.
Marie Threse.
I tell them I go faire pipi.
How are you, Marie Threse?
Bien, et vous?
Bien, too.
Marie Threse,
did Jones behave nicely to you?
Yes.

I liked him. I liked him a lot.

- Why?

- He made me laugh.

A general who thought it was sound
to economize tanks on the ground
said, "A couple of planes
will blow out the brains
"for ten shillings less in the pound."

What is a pound?

\$2.79, at the last rate I saw.

There are no planes on this list.

My partner, Brigadier Pike,
knows where to find three jet fighters.

Out of service, of course,
but we'll need a further deposit.

My predecessor, Colonel Biche,
has already paid \$300,000
into your bank in Miami.

Where are these arms?

In Miami, of course.

In a disused beef factory
rented by Brigadier Pike.
You'll find it all there
in our correspondence with Colonel Biche.
He was perfectly satisfied.

And you know

where Colonel Biche is now?

This is an undercover operation, Colonel.
There has to be trust on both sides.

For the moment, we are only interested
in whether we can trust you.

Your consul has checked the arms
with Brigadier Pike.

You have his certificate there marked "C."

We do not trust any consul very far.

These arms are no good to us
in a beef factory in Miami.

- Tricky business getting them over here.

- That is your concern, not ours.

I am sending Captain Concasseur,
Major, to Miami

to meet Brigadier Pike
and to check these arms.

Of course, we believe all is in order

for the best of reasons,
because we have your word.
I appreciate that, Colonel.
And because you stay here with us.
The President takes a special interest
in anything to do
with new defensive weapons.
No, no, no, Joseph. No eggs.
Mr. Smith is adamant
on the subject of eggs.
What about these onions?
No, no, no, we buy them better.
Mammy Dorothe.
I think
we'll put this poor old thing out to grass.
Hello, there, you take care of that.
It's seen long service.
Young Mr. Philipot write.
He want to see you.
Urgently, he say, at the old wharf.
Come.
Hello, Philipot.
- Thank you for coming.
- What happened?
Let's talk.
Okay.
All right.
- So what happened to your arm?
- They tried to get me.
My aunt has taken refuge
in the Brazilian Embassy.
I'm on the run.
What are you up to?
You're not a politician.
I want you to go to your friend,
Major Jones.
Jones? Why?
Please talk to him.
He can help us as no one else can.
Jones is as crooked as hell, Philipot.
What do I care?
I want his experience, not his honesty.
What can any of us do against the Tontons
without proper arms or training?

I'm a painter, not a soldier.
I can't lead them.
I don't even know how to use a gun.
What are you gonna offer him,
a cave with all the modern conveniences?
We have contacts in the police.
We can get him out of prison.
He's out already on his own steam.
Then offer him money.
Too late, Philipot.
He's been bought already by Papa Doc.
He can't want to be mixed up
with murderers like that.
At least speak to him.
Philipot, I'm a foreign hotel keeper.
I don't mix with politics.
- We are risking our lives for Haiti.
- It's your country.
Haiti has given you a home.
If by home, you mean a bankrupt hotel,
my mother gave it to me, not Haiti.
- She loved Haiti.
- She loved a good deal here and there.
Are you afraid?
Yes.
Yes.
You have a hope.
You carry it everywhere, like a priest
with a sacrament in his pocket.
If I had to leave Port-au-Prince,
I would leave carrying nothing.
I have no hope, and what I love is here.
A bankrupt hotel?
No, no, I didn't mean the hotel.
- Is that your last word?
- Yes.
How many men have you got
to fight the Tontons?
A dozen?
Not even that.
You said it yourself,
you're a painter, not a soldier.
Now get into safety while you can.
You were not here for the fight, were you?

Well, you missed
something rather extraordinary.
You see this cock?
I bought it just now after the fight.
One eye had gone, and it couldn't see
with the other because of the blood.
It could hardly stand.
No one would have bet \$1 on its victory,
but the owner called out
to Ogoun Feraille, our god of war,
and then this cock drove its beak
straight into the breast of the other,
home to the heart.
A brave bird.
It deserves a better end than the pot.
We are meeting tonight
to pray to our gods,
and we'll sacrifice this cock
to Ogoun Feraille.
We'll have need of him from now on.
Philipot, you don't believe
in such nonsense?
- Is there no nonsense you believe in?
- No.
You're afraid to believe in anything at all.
I'm afraid of the Tontons.
I'm afraid of torture and death
like any sane man,
but I'm not afraid of gods or of ghosts.
"I believe because it is impossible."
- A Christian saint said that.
- Yeah, well, I'm not a Christian.
Then come and see my gods in action.
My grandmother came from Africa,
and her gods are the only ones
that can help me now.
I've pretended to be Western for too long.
We meet tonight
at the voodoo temple near Kenscoff.
Come and join us, if you dare.
Come away, Joseph.
Monsieur Brown, go home.
I stay.
- Where's Joseph?

- I don't know.
- Where's Philipot?
- How would I know?
You saw Philipot last night,
and Joseph was with him.
I took Joseph to the voodoo ceremony.
I saw Philipot there,
but I didn't speak to him.
- I left before it was over.
- Why?
Because it sickened me.

At 4:

a police station at Kenscoff was attacked.
- One of my men was killed.
- I'm glad.
Four will die for every one they kill.
Do not pretend courage.
You are frightened.
- Look how your face sweats.
- It's very hot.
What did Philipot tell you at the cockpit?
That Baudelaire's his favorite poet.
We can shoot you while resisting arrest,
but there should be a struggle first.
Of course, we'll show your body
to your ambassador.
Oh, I forgot.
We got rid of your ambassador.
All right, start. Knock out his teeth.
Vous etes tous cowards.
You woman striker.
Montrez-moi votre warrant.
Votre warrant, ou est-il?
Warrant?
Mrs. Smith, Concasseur.
You've met before.
Tell him he's a disgrace to his color.
You've told him enough already,
Mrs. Smith,
- and he does understand English.
- Then he'll understand this.
Get out of here,
and take your men with you.

We have our duty.
If you don't go, I'll wake my husband.
The presidential candidate
of the United States of America.
Come upstairs,
and I'll wash your mouth with Listerine.
Mr. Smith and I never travel
without a bottle of antiseptic.
All right.
It's you.
Really you.
I came as soon as I heard.
There was no one downstairs.
No one saw me come up.
- How long have you been here?
- Ten minutes.
I dreamt that we were quarrelling.
That's right. We did quarrel.
It's over.
Quarrels between us
are always such damned ugly things.
Does it hurt your mouth when we kiss?
It's a good hurt.
Did you go to Mere Catherine's?
I went, but that's all I did.
You see? This isn't just an adventure.
Yeah, I knew that in New York.
I was afraid you wouldn't come back.
"In the watches of the night, as I lay abed,
"I searched for my heart's love,
and I searched in vain."
The Jesuits taught me that.
- The Jesuits?
- At school.
It wasn't prescribed reading,
but it is the Bible all the same.
"That woman thou'st made my bride,
my true love.
"What a woman thou hast made
in this heart of mine,
"thighs well-shaped
as the beads of a necklace,
"belly rounded
like a heap of corn among leaves."

I think you're a defrocked priest.
My body knows no theology.
What's that?
Oh, some rally in town
ordered by Papa Doc.
Here, pour chapeau.
My dear, where are you all going
at this hour?
To the cemetery.
President have big meeting.
He say all children must go.
Very special privilege.
How strange.
Some Roman Catholic service perhaps.
Let's go see.
- What is it, dear?
- Now, wait.
Antilles Airways announces
the departure of Flight 40.
All passengers
for San Juan and New York,
please leave by gate number one.
And if he should ask,
you may tell the Minister
that even if he had offered me
the palace itself for my center, I...
You'd find the palace bloodstained, too.
- Mr. Smith came with such high hopes.
- And you, too, dear.
I suppose, Mr. Brown,
we must seem ridiculous figures to you.
No, not ridiculous. Heroic.
Oh, we're not at all made in that mold.
- Which gate is number one?
- There's only one gate.
You and the military are the only people
who have exit permits. This way.
Mr. And Mrs. Smith!
Mr. And Mrs. Smith,
I wanted to say bon voyage.
It was good of you to come.
Goodbye, Monsieur Petit Pierre.
I hope you have enjoyed
our lovely country.

It has been very illuminating.
"Parting is a little death,"
one of our poets said.
You come here. We make friends.
You go away.
So seldom in Port-au-Prince
we see our friends return.
- One day, perhaps.
- I always hope.
Poor old man.
Things will be sad now at the hotel.
Yes.
Mr. Smith? Mrs. Smith?
Brown, are you there?
Jones! Come on in. What happened?
- Where's Smith?
- They've gone.
Gone! Oh, God, I thought he'd help me.
- What's wrong?
- I've gotta get away from here.
The game's up. The Tontons are after me.
- What game?
- Well, I've done nothing.
It's my partner, Pike.
He's done a bunk with their bloody consul
in Miami and all the boodle.
They think I planned it.
Now, wait a minute.
Let me get you a drink.
What's all this about?
What have you and your friend, Pike,
been up to?
A simple arms deal, that's all.
Old army stock.
I see.
For Papa Doc and his gang, I suppose.
Well, you can't let the stuff rust away.
It's a crime to waste good weapons.
Brown, while we're talking,
they're after me.
Help me to get away from here.
Why should I help you?
- A fellow Britisher?
- Like your friend, Pike.

All right, I'll try to help you.
Not because we're fellow Britishers.
You wanna know why?
I don't care. We've got to get cracking.
Because I like you.
God knows why I should.
Car's in the garage.
I must try and get you
to the American embassy.
Oh, not there. They'll be watching there.
They'll be watching every place
if they know you've got away.
Well, there must be somewhere.
Yes, perhaps.
But how to get you in?
What's that?
Oh, it's only the cook. It's her night off.
Violette, come here a minute.
- The Ambassador expect you?
- Yes.
- Who is this woman?
- My cook.
The Ambassador's short of help.
I'm lending her for a few days.
- My wife is asleep.
- It's you I want to see.
Me? Then can't it wait till the morning?
You know, it's very late.
- I have a lot of work to finish.
- Yes, it's very urgent, sir.
There are two of us.
Who is this lady?
This is Major Jones.
His Excellency, the Ambassador.
I'm delighted to meet Your Excellency.
He's on the run from the Tontons.
He seeks asylum.
I understand. I understand.
I'll wake my wife.
Martha!
We'll get a room ready at once.
Have you eaten, Major?
Perhaps you'd care for some food, sir?
What is it, Manuel?

Mr. Brown?

My dear, our first refugee is

- Major Jones.

- Major...

Major!

I'll prepare

the blue guest room immediately.

Do come up, Major.

I'm sure

you must want to change your clothes.

I haven't brought much with me.

Didn't have time to pack a proper bag.

Well, I'm sure we can find

everything for you here.

Unfortunately, my husband's pajamas

would be too big for you,

and my son's, too small.

To tell you the truth, Mrs. Pineda,

I don't wear pajamas.

Cuts down the laundry bills.

Well, we don't charge for laundry here.

- Oh, well, that's good news.

- This way.

Oh, don't worry about Major Jones.

My wife will look after him.

Come and have a drink. You deserve it.

I think I better not. I better get back.

They're probably searching the hotel.

But the Tontons

must have questioned you.

Yes, they...

Well, I told them

that I was lending you my cook.

Well, I wouldn't like to be in their shoes

tomorrow morning.

In fact, my shoes are gonna start pinching

once the President finds out

where Major Jones is.

I'm sorry, but there was nowhere else

I could take him.

No, I'm very glad. Very glad.

We shall enjoy having him here.

Life is fairly lonely here at times.

Yes.

Oh, all your things are wet.
I'll have them dried in the morning.
These are old friends.
They've played their last game.
We have plenty of cards here.
What do you play?
- Gin rummy.
- Very good. So do I.
Monsieur Brown is here, mon capitaine.
Good afternoon, Brown.
- Why have you brought me here?
- I invited you.
If I'd refused?
Please, come with me.
You will not be wanted, Michel.
Please take a chair.
- I hope I've not inconvenienced you.
- You have. I had an appointment.
Or perhaps a rendezvous?
- What do you mean by that?
- I think you know.
We could be friends.
Really? That's a curious thought.
We can help each other.
The President very angry
with Ambassador Pineda.
For two weeks now, we have brought
every legitimate pressure to bear.
I think Pineda may have to leave Haiti.
His wife, too, of course.
You know Major Jones well.
You could tell him
of the probable consequences
for his hosts.
I think he'd prefer to save his own skin.
We would give him a safe conduct
to the airport and a ticket to New York.
You would drive him to the airport
in your car.
He trusts you. You're English.
Safe conduct?
I suppose
there'd be one seat on the plane empty.
Perhaps.

But Madam Pineda's bed
would be empty, too.
Our Tontons get to know about things,
and servants talk.
He certainly has a way with him,
your Major Jones.
First, Mere Catherine,
and now fun at the embassy.
He even took me in and badly.
So at least
we have something in common.
I wouldn't like to believe that.
For you, \$2,000, American currency.
Inflation everywhere.
It used to be 30 pieces of silver.
I want
to thank you very much, Concasseur.
I always wanted to know
the worst about myself,
always wanted to feel
the bottom of the gutter with my toes.
You agree?
You're too simple to be a good tempter.
You're nothing but a flatfoot, after all.
- What happened, darling? You're so late.
- I'm sorry.
What's wrong?
Oh, I had a bad quarter of an hour
with Concasseur.
Oh, damn Concasseur,
he wastes precious minutes.
I have to go soon.
- He knows a lot about us.
- Who cares?
We stopped being prudent long ago.
Look, we're being watched now.
- You trust your servants?
- No, none of them,
except, of course, Pedro.
Your maid watches you, you know that?
What is there for her to see?
You aren't there.
Darling, I really must go.
We have the Brazilian Ambassador

coming over for lunch.

I see.

You know how fat and pompous he is.

Jones does a wonderful imitation of him.

I can imagine it.

Will you come this evening?

Oh, my darling, I can't.

I want to, but I can't.

- Something important?

- Well, I promised Angelito and Jones...

Too bad. Too bad.

Haven't you ever made a promise
you have to keep?

No, never.

As you've told me often enough,
I'm a man without a family.

Don't tell me you're jealous
of Angelito and Jones?

I must confess that

when I brought Jones to the house,
I'd no idea he was gonna become
such a friend of the family.

Manuel likes him. Angelito likes him.

He makes us laugh. He's interesting.

He tells us of his days in Burma.

Othello caught Desdemona
with his tales of adventure.

It's a very old technique.

- You going?

- Yes.

Darling, be careful.

To you,

nothing exists but in your thoughts.

Not me, not Jones.

You're trying to turn poor Jones
into a seducer.

But we do exist, independently.

We can't always play
the parts you've written for us.
Probably a misunderstanding
due to language.

Does Jones speak German, Frau Pineda?

When you want me, I am a woman.

When I've hurt you, I am always German.

Magiot.

Magiot? Let me put on the light.

I had a difficult operation this afternoon.

My eyes were tired.

- Drink?

- No.

I want your company, that's all.

Your mother and I used to sit here often,
talking or silent
or reading.

I would never admit even to myself
that she would die before me.

What are you reading?

"Bernanos, Diary of a Country Priest."

I thought Das Kapital
was more in your line.

Last time I dined with you,
you had Karl Marx on your shelf.

Do you think that was wise?

Papa Doc allows us to study
the theory of communism.

If there were no communists at all,
what help would he get
from the United States?

I think you have something there.

Papa Doc is a bulwark
against communism.

- You're lucky.

- Why?

You have a faith,
even if it's only Papa Marx.

I came up tonight
for more than old times' sake.

- I want help.

- Help from me?

I'm worried about young Philipot.

I had a message from him today.

Does he share your faith?

He doesn't read Karl Marx,
if that's what you mean.

Rebels are not always communists,
unless America insists.

- Where is he?

- In the mountains with a few men.

Untrained, some of them unarmed.
It's happened here before.
They get drunk with courage,
charge a fortified post and die like heroes.
- A happy death.
- A useless death.
It changes nothing.
If only he had with him
anyone with a bit of real experience.
Don't look at me. I don't know
one end of a gun from another.
I was thinking of your friend, Jones.
He had the right sort of experience,
didn't he, in Burma?
He boasts about it often enough.
Keeps the entire embassy enthralled.
He can't want to spend his life there.
Doesn't want to die on the steps, either.
An escape is not too difficult to arrange.
No, no, you'll never get Jones.
He's snug, and he's safe.
Also, he's got the best audience
he's had in years.
You can sometimes trap
a man who boasts.
Perhaps, after all, I will take a whisky,
a light one.
Grand gin. Want your revenge?
I've played enough.
Perhaps Martha would like to play.
Is there any more news in the town?
Have you heard of the latest arrest?
Well, Angelito is asleep.
- Are your drinks all right?
- Magiot says there's been another arrest.
- Anyone we know?
- A schoolmaster.
I used to see him out with his pupils.
What's he supposed to have done?
He refused to take his children
to the cinema.
They are showing the film
of the executions every day for a week.
You mean the kids

have to go and see that?
Papa Doc's orders.
Personally, I feel ashamed,
sitting here drinking this good whisky.
Why should you? We're all right, Jack.
Well, speak for yourself.
As an old soldier, I feel rotten
sitting around, hors de combat.
One ex-officer can't do much.
If I had 50 of my old commandos,
I'd take over the country.
Young Philipot is trying to train men
in the mountains.
Well, that chap's got courage,
but the attack on the police station
was amateurish.
They need someone like you to lead them.
How could I? I'm shut up here.
I think I could arrange your escape, Major.
They'd shoot him
if he set one foot outside this house.
There are 5,000 Tontons.
Five thousand.
What a thing it would be, wouldn't it?
Yours truly riding into Port-au-Prince,
seizing the palace,
a provisional government,
recognition by the powers,
and then the job done,
I'd slip quietly away.
No fuss, like Lawrence of Arabia.
You'd have to be ready
at a moment's warning.
The Tontons search every car.
You can trust me to have thought of that.
Scarlet Pimpernel stuff.
You'd come?
Just signal me D-day.
This is childish.
It won't be just shoe black
and Angelito's toy pistol.
You're 50 points down, Doctor.
Better take your revenge while you can.
With pleasure, Major.

Your deal.

Philipot will be at the rendezvous
each night for three nights running,
a village cemetery
20 kilometers beyond Gonaives,

- **between 1:**

- So you'll go tonight?

If the amputation today goes well.

I can't delay it.

From our operation, I may never return.

I've warned Jones. He's standing by.

- Think the plan will work?

- It has to.

- You think he's really worth the risk?

- I don't know. Do you?

Anyway, we can't find better.

Magiot, why don't you get out
while it's still possible,
forget Jones and Philipot?

- Is that what you do?

- I don't believe in causes.

The role of cynic

doesn't really suit you, Brown.

I don't believe in playacting either.

You imagine because you've lost one faith,
you've lost all?

You're wrong, Brown. There is always
an alternative to the faith we lose.

I have no faith in faith.

Good luck tonight.

Wait until I've finished.

He died very quickly.

Everything he had on him is here.

There's a photograph of a woman.

Perhaps you know her?

Oh, yes, I knew her very well

for a short time when I was a child.

She was my mother.

Do you mind if I keep this?

Of course.

I'm sorry. I did my best.

I wish I could say the same.

Magiot couldn't make it.

You mean it's all off?

No, it's on. I've come in his stead, that's all. Now, you know what you have to do.

We have to watch it tonight.

Blackout's late.

- Typical.

- Okay.

I'm scared to hell. There's no denying that.

Wipe the lipstick off your face.

What...

Where's Dr. Magiot?

I can't tell you now. I've come instead.

- But do you know what to do?

- Yes.

You've been crying.

I've been happy with Jones here.

I'll miss him.

More than you missed me

when I was away?

You were coming back.

At least you said you were.

I'm not sure whether you ever did.

You've got what you wanted.

Come and finish your job.

Stop!

I didn't hear you.

What have you done to my car?

You've searched it once.

You see?

What are you waiting for?

Don't I rate a kiss as much as Jones?

I'm taking the same risk.

Yes, but I don't like your motive.

Have you slept with Jones?

You've been asking me that question

for days, haven't you?

All right, then. The answer is yes.

Yes, I have slept with Jones.

You okay?

Awful cramp in the left leg.

- Can I have a snifter?

- It's in there.

- Shall we make the rendezvous on time?

- I doubt it.

You'll probably have to keep under cover until tomorrow night.

It's the life.

I've often dreamt of something like this.

I thought it was the life

you were always used to.

- Not as comfortable as the embassy.

- I think I'm ruined in my vitals.

- How did you get on with Martha?

- She's a wonderful girl.

- She seemed very fond of you.

- Oh, we got on like a house on fire.

Sometimes I wished I were in your shoes.

Perhaps she's not your type.

They're all my type,

but she was something special.

- You know she's German, don't you?

- Those Fruleins know a thing or two.

Manuel.

You've come back.

- Yes.

- But it wasn't gin rummy this time.

I realize that.

No.

Jones is gone.

Yes, I know.

And Papa Doc will know also.

This is the end of our life here, Martha.

That's worse for you than it is for me.

For me, it's just the end

of a second-rate diplomatic post.

You were happy with me in Rio,

weren't you?

Yes.

It won't be Rio this time.

Perhaps it...

Well, who knows?

They can't give me anything much smaller

than Luxembourg, can they?

I'm sorry.

I don't want you to be unhappy.

I wish I hadn't lied tonight

of all nights.

It doesn't matter.

I don't mean you. I can always lie to you.

You always forgive, don't you?

I'm sorry.

Manuel, I'm afraid.

Well, when one's afraid,
it's best not to be alone.

- That was some bump, old man.

- Yeah.

God, it's black. Are we nearly there?

I think so. It's difficult to tell.

- Can I have another drop?

- Drink what you like.

Well, we better finish it
before we join the boys.

It wouldn't go far with them.

I thought you'd reserve it
for the officers' mess.

No, thanks.

I'll wait to take my drink when
I get back to Port-au-Prince tomorrow.

- And what's your alibi?

- The Tontons?

Well, I'll tell them they searched my car
before I left.

And I'll stop in Gonaives on the way home
and do some marketing.

Tell me, how did you get on with Pineda?

Fine. I wasn't stealing any greens of his.

I thought perhaps you were.

Martha doesn't sleep with him anymore.

How do you know?

Old man, there are questions
a gentleman doesn't ask.

You mean, she was a good lay?

Remarkable.

- The front axle's gone, all right.

- Good Lord.

- Well, surely, it can't be much further.

- No, no, it's not very far.

Magiot said it was a cemetery

20 kilometers from Gonaives.

- The doctor's lucky it's not his car.

- Yes.

Front axle's gone, all right.

Nothing but shanks' pony now.
- Something wrong with your feet?
- It's just a shoe that pinches, that's all.
- Give me your kitbag.
- No, no, no, old man.
I'm just a bit out of condition, that's all.
- I'm worried, old man.
- What about?
I talked a lot of nonsense in the car.
The whisky went to my head.
We're there.
No one here.
We're two hours late.
- What do we do now?
- Try and get some sleep.
Philipot will come back tomorrow night.
I think we'll hide out here.
I wish I had a gun.
What about your unarmed combat?
It's a bit rusty.
What about you?
Well, at daylight, I shall go back to the car.
A village bus will pick me up
or a patrol wagon.
Even if I'm arrested, I have my story.
You've risked an awful lot.
The game's turned serious now.
What game?
I understand why people want to confess.
Death's a bloody serious affair,
like a decoration you don't deserve.
Have you so much to confess?
We all do, don't we?
Oh, I don't mean to a priest or God.
To whom?
Anyone.
If I had a dog here tonight,
I'd confess to the dog.
Well, yes, a dog has to keep your secrets.
I'm fed up with secrets.
I wish you'd sit or something.
Kneeling like that,
you make me feel like a priest.
Sorry.

What's that?
Just a cat.
What I said about Martha,
there wasn't a word of truth in it.
I've never had a woman in my life
I haven't paid for or promised to pay.
Martha said she'd been to bed with you.
Why, I don't believe you!
Those were her last words to me.
Oh, God.
I never realized.
She must be your girl.
Oh, you mustn't believe her, Brown.
I've always lied about women.
I've lied about everything I wanted.
You were never in Burma?
Well, I nearly was.
At Imphal in Assam, 50 miles away.
I managed a cinema there.
When the war came, they wouldn't
have me in the army because of flat feet.
But they gave me a sort of uniform
and put me in charge
of entertaining troops.
Not exactly in charge.
We had Noel Coward once.
How did the two of you get on?
I never actually spoke to him.
Frightened now?
I'm like a fireman at his first fire.
- I'm afraid I can't smuggle you back.
- Oh, I don't want to go back.
You don't know how awful I felt,
safe in Imphal.
I used to make friends with the officers,
introduce them to girls and so on.
Then they'd go off into Burma,
and I wouldn't see them again.
There was a chap called Charters,
who would smell water.
I never quite believed that story.
It wasn't me, but when he told me
about it, I felt sure I could do it, too.
It was like someone calling me

by my real name.
Which wasn't Jones?
Jones was on my birth certificate.
I saw it once.
My father went home before I was born.
He was a sergeant
in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
or so my mother said.
And she was Indian?
Or she had some Indian blood.
I never saw my birth certificate,
but I've always believed Brown to be true.
My mother preferred more fanciful names.
- I suppose I've shocked you.
- Oh, no, no.
You know, Jones, I've always liked you.
I never knew why until now.
There's not much to like.
Well, both come out of the same stable.
- Only you've kept your innocence.
- You're joking.
No.
I haven't told you the lot.
This identity bracelet, it isn't mine.
I got it off Charters
when he died of typhoid.
I altered the name after the war.
What's that mean?
It's an old church formula that means,
"Sleep well."
I'll watch a while.
I have to get back to the car at daylight.
Don't move.
Now get over there.
Stay quite still.
Where's Major Jones?
Jones? How would I know?
I was on my way to Cap Haitien.
My car broke down
on that bloody road of yours.
- Speak quietly.
- I know nothing of Jones.
Brown, old fruit,
have a bit of breakfast before you go.

Get back! Get back, you fool!
Run for it! Go on! Run! We're trapped!
This way, Major Jones.
This way.
Into the jeep.
Where is Magiot?
They murdered him yesterday
in the hospital.
Well, where is Jones?
You came about two minutes too late.
- They kill the best of us.
- Yes.
The men were waiting for him.
I told them, "You have an Englishman
coming to lead you, Major Jones.
"He was in Burma. He's fought the Japs.
He knows all the tricks of guerrilla war."
- It was true, wasn't it?
- Of course, of course.
When I left them, their morale was high.
If I bring them back a corpse,
they will lose all heart.
What are you going to do now, Brown?
Well, I'll have to get back
to Port-au-Prince somehow.
You can't. The first patrol which passes
will find these bodies.
Yes, yes, I'm cornered, aren't I?
My men are waiting for Major Jones.
For some reason, they believe
that white men
are the only true experts in killing.
I can drag the bodies out of road,
but they will find the jeep.
Now, look, Philipot, I'm no use to you.
I have no training.
I can't smell water any more than...
Anyway, I've never been in Burma
as he was,
and I don't wanna get mixed up
in your politics.
Was Magiot's death politics?
If you go back,
you die miserably and for nothing.

You have no choice, Brown.

"Major H.O. Jones, 5 Corps, Imphal."

After you, Major.

- What's this supposed to be?

- The closest we can come to liquid fire.

- It's full of petrol.

- Oh.

There's a Tonton post over there,
six kilometers off the slope of Kenscoff.

They have two Bren guns. We need them.

- Is that really Kenscoff?

- Yes.

Then Port-au-Prince is just behind.

We'll get back there one day.

- Do you plan to attack with this job lot?

- Yes.

Your rum punch, Monsieur Brown.

Major Jones, Joseph.

You better let me talk to them.

Don't try to discourage them.

How can I?

They don't understand a word of English.

Then what are you trying to do?

Satisfy myself, Philipot,
an itch to face things as they are.

My friends,

tomorrow we attack the Tontons.

We are crazy fools.

You don't know how to fight.

I don't know how to fight.

We are going against the Tontons

with a handful of shotguns

and machetes and a garden syringe.

A hotel keeper, a painter, a barman

and you, you stupid bastards,

the rabble of the cockpit and the slums.

My ragged regiment.

Petit Pierre.

I was afraid I'd be too late to see you.

There is great excitement in town.

What has happened now?

A Tonton post the other side of Kenscoff
was attacked yesterday.

Two men are dead.

- Tontons?

- No, rebels.

One was Joseph,
the barman at the Trianon.

Please...

And the other?

No one we know.

All passengers aboard, please.

Well, it is time to say goodbye.

Angelito.

It was brave of you to come and see us off.

My diplomatic friends kept away.

You will miss our public festivities.

They're hanging the two bodies
in the square tomorrow.

Joseph and the other one.

Flight 101, begin boarding, please.

Remember us.

I cannot forget.

Remember poor Haiti.

Strange to think
it's somewhere down there.

Is it...

Manuel, look, is that smoke?

No.

No, that's just cloud.

Captain Hockstader and his crew
welcome on board
the passengers
who've joined us at Port-au-Prince.
You can unfasten your safety belts
and smoke now.

No pipes or cigars, please.

Our flying time to Miami
will be one hour, 10 minutes.

English