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The Day of the Jackal

By Kenneth Ross

August, 1962,
was a stormy time for France.
Many people felt that
President Charles de Gaulle...
...had betrayed the country
by giving independence to Algeria.
Extremists,
mostly from the army...
...swore to kill him in revenge.
They banded together
in an underground movement...
...and called themselves the OAS.
The minister's meeting is over.
They are very late.
The time elapsed from the first
to the last shot was seven seconds.
In all,
more than 140 shots were fired.
Several bullets pierced the president's car.
One came within an inch of his head.
But, as if by a miracle, neither
he nor anyone else was hurt.
Six months later..
Most of the conspirators
have been caught and tried.
Their leader, Col. Bastien-Thiry,
has been sentenced to death.
At the last moment, his lawyer
tries for a stay of execution.
The appeal for clemency
has been turned down.
There is nothing more one can do.
I am sorry.
- There is no need.
For heaven's sake, don't you
realize you're going to be shot?
You don't understand.
No French soldier is going
to raise his rifle against me.
Here is the 8..00 news
for today, March 11, 1963.
An hour ago, in the courtyard
of the Fort Efree, outside Paris...
Lieutenant Colonel Bastien-Thiry

was executed by firing squad...
...for leading the attempt on the life
of General de Gaulle last August.
The OAS now seems
completely demoralized...
...by the splendid performance
of our national security forces.
Already it is known that the new
chief of operations of the OAS...
Colonel Mark Rodin, a former
paratroop commander in Algeria...
...is on the run
and hiding somewhere in Austria.
Today's execution must surely mean
that the OAS is finished...
...once and for all.
What are the finances like, Rene?
No wonder our people are giving up.
They've lost faith.
We've failed them every single time.
We won't fail again.
- What can we do?
We're paralyzed.
- Every cop in France knows us.
Informants are all around us.
- We must find a foreigner.
A foreigner? Why?
- A contract killer.
One that hasn't worked in France
won't have a police record.
He can come and go as he pleases.
- That sort of person costs money.
Yes.
I'll find the right man.
They were going to meet again
in three months in Vienna.
In the pension you both know..
Pension Kleist. June 15.
It's a limited market.
I've compiled 11 dossiers
over the last three months.
Only those four men
seemed anywhere near right.
Now that you've read the files,

what do you think?

One Englishman did all these jobs?

- I don't believe it.

It's true.

- He did that fellow in the Congo?

And Trujillo?

- That's our man then, isn't it?

I should say so.

I'm glad you agree on the final choice.

Because he'll be here any moment.

- What?

He's arriving this afternoon from London.

Wolenski.

A normal precaution,
you understand. Come in.

We are not terrorists,
you understand. We are patriots.

Our duty is to the soldiers
who died fighting in Algeria...

...and the three million Frenchmen
who have always lived there.

So you want to get rid of him?

Speaking as a professional,
do you think it's possible?

It's possible.

The point is getting away with it.

Speaking as a professional,
that's an important consideration.

But, in principle,
you'd say it could be done?

Yes. With enough time and planning.

Would be much more difficult
than most other targets.

Why more?

- de Gaulle has the best security.

Their information is first-class.

You see, gentlemen, not only
have your own efforts failed...

...but you've queered the pitch
for everyone else.

How dare you suggest--

- You can't afford to be emotional.

It's why you've made so many mistakes.

But if we decided to employ a professional--

You have to employ a professional.
Your organization is
so riddled with informers...
...that nothing you decide
is a secret for long.
The job would have to be done
by an outsider.
The only question is
by whom and for how much?
Will you do it?
Yes.
How much?
- This is a once-in-a-lifetime job.
I could never work again.
- How much do you want?
Half a million, in cash.
- What?
Half in advance and half on completion.
Half a million francs?
- Dollars.
Are you mad?
- You'll get France in return.
I'd have thought it a reasonable price.
If you can't manage it,
there's nothing more to be said.
We accept.
How many people know about this?
- Just the four of us.
Let's keep it that way. This job
depends on absolute secrecy.
No notes must be kept.
If any one of you is captured,
I shall feel free to call it off.
I suggest you stay in a safe place
under guard until the work is done.
Agreed?
- Agreed.
The planning will be mine.
No one else will get the details...
...and you will hear nothing from me again.
This is the name and account
number of my bank in Switzerland.
When they tell me the first
\$250,000 has been deposited...

I'll move,
provided I'm ready.
I'll not be hurried in any way.
- Agreed.
All I want from you is
a telephone number in Paris...
...that I could call about changes
in de Gaulle's plans.
The contact mustn't know
who I am or what this is about.
Send me the number by mail.
- How do you expect us to find...
...half a million dollars so soon?
- Use your network to rob banks.
One last thing.
What code name will you use?
Why not the Jackal?
- Why not?
From now on, you'll be working
completely alone.
Not completely. One will have
the cooperation of de Gaulle.
He won't listen to his security
and stay out of the public eye.
A pleasant journey home, Mr. -- Mr. Jackal.
This has got to stop.
You're the Chief of Action Service.
You've had three weeks to find out
if the OAS is behind this.
If they are, what are they up to?
- It is the OAS, General.
But the ones we've caught are small fry.
They've been ordered to do it,
but they don't know why.
The minister has been after me again.
We've questioned known OAS people.
They know nothing.
Not even the high echelons.
- What about the informers?
Nothing. But we found out this morning...
...that Rodin and the other two are in Rome.
They arrived on June 18.
They've taken the two top floors
in the Hotel Garibaldi.

You're watching them?
- Twenty-four hours a day.
Birth certificate, please.
Paul Oliver Duggan.
Born in the parish of
Sambourne Fishley, April 3, 1 929.
Fill in the form. You'll find
the 1 929s up those stairs...
...and left at the first gallery.
- Right. Thanks.
Thank you, sir.
Excuse me, please.
How many krone to the pound?
The official parity rate is 1 9.34.
Hello.
Two bottles of Hairpin, please.
One in chestnut brown and one in gray.
I've only got Clairol, dear.
That's fine.
And also a tin of solvent.
It is here.
- Is it?
Hello.
Yes.
Hello, Zurich?
Mr. Kola, this is he.
That's right.
Account number 50664.
The money's been deposited.
How much?
Attention please.
Air Italia announces the departure
of Flight 127 to Genova.
Now boarding at Gate 5.
The Hotel Garibaldi is owned
by a Frenchman with OAS sympathies.
Extra Action Service staff have
been sent from Paris to Rome...
...to keep watching them around the clock.
Rodin, Montclair and Casson
live at the top floor alone.
On the next floor down are the bodyguards:
ex-paratroopers or foreign legionnaires.
How many?

- Eight.

They're afraid of being kidnapped.

I know Rodin.

He's not a man to be afraid.

The lift doors on the top floor
are welded together...

...and everything has to go
through the bodyguards.

Not one of them has set a foot
outside the hotel for five weeks.

The only contact
with the outside world is one man:
Adjutant Wolenski.

- Tell me about him.

Bersie, run the film, please.

This is Wolenski.

He goes to the post office
every morning and afternoon.

See that? You'll have to cut his
hand off to get the mail from him.

He always waits until
the collection van arrives...

...before he posts any letters.

Then he picks up the mail.

All their mail comes to general delivery...
...and is addressed in the name of Partrier.

Wolenski, of course,
can identify himself as such.
Colonel Rolland here.

I want everything you've got
on a foreign legionnaire.

His name is Viktor Wolenski.

- If the OAS is planning something...

...then their agents
must be working on it now.

You must find out who they are
and where they make contact.

I let myself in.

I'll make us some coffee.

Denise.

I ask you to get rid of these
for your own safety.

I'll do it tonight.

Maybe I should do it for you now.

They know all about your fiance.

I have an assignment for you
that sounds very important.

It's not very pleasant.

Go on.

They want you to get involved
with an Elysee Palace official...

...someone fairly close to de Gaulle.

It might be dangerous.

It's certainly distasteful.

Who is this official?

- I'll show him to you in a week.

Good afternoon.

- Yes, please come in.

You think you can do it?

- Certainly.

I can take an existing gun,
make the modifications.

It must be very light in weight,
and it must have a short barrel.

A short barrel.

That's a pity.

Lastly, there must be a silencer
and a telescopic sight.

Over what range will you fire?

I'm not sure yet, but probably
not more than 400 feet.

Will the gentleman be moving?

- Stationary.

Will you go for a head shot or a chest shot?

Probably head.

What about the chances of a second shot?

I might get the chance,
but I doubt it.

I'll need a silencer to escape.

Then you'd better have explosive bullets.

I can prepare a handful for you.

- Glycerin or mercury?

Mercury, I think.

It's much cleaner.

More Campari?

- No, thank you.

It seems then, the gun must be
carried past Customs...

...without arousing suspicion.

Recognize that?

The whole thing should
be composed of a series...

...of hollow aluminium tubes
which screw together.

The top one holds the rifle strut.

The one below, the bolt
with the breech inside it.

The shoulder rest of the rifle
doubles for both purposes...

...without changing in any way.

- That's excellent.

The last two sections house
the telescopic sight and silencer.

Here.

It's very remarkable.

It's so simple.

I shall need the gun in about two weeks.

If you could meet me here August 13...

...then you could try out the gun
and discuss last minute details.

Very well. August 13.

Now the question of your fee.

I have to ask a fee of 1,000\$
for this kind of a job, you see...

...and, say...

...another 1 00\$ or 200\$

for the raw materials.

Done.

I'll pay you half the fee now
and the rest on delivery.

What do you think?

Marvelous, eh?

I knew you didn't come to Genova
for a driver's license.

Anyone in London could've done that.

The problem is I won't have time
to play around with makeup.

I'm not much good at it anyway.

- Forget about makeup.

The important thing is the skin.

It must look gray and tired.

We used a trick in the army to

fake illness and get out of duty.

Can you get some cordite?

- I suppose so.

You swallow a couple
of small pieces of cordite.

It'll make you feel sick
and turn the skin a gray color.

After about an hour,
you'll feel all right again.

Your skin'll look gray longer.

- I'll try it.

What about the French documents?

- French identity card's all right.

The other one, I don't think
I've seen what they look like...

...let alone copy it.

I'll get a colleague in France
to pick someone's pocket...

...so I can make a duplicate.

Give me more time, more money.

How much more?

Five hundred.

Three hundred pounds?

Half now, half on delivery.

- When will I hear from you?

I'll be returning to Genova on August 14.

Be in the same place
where we met tonight at 6:00.

Must be a big job you've got.

There are certain things

I wish to make clear.

When you've finished, you will
hand over the negatives...

...and all the prints
of the photographs you've taken.

You will also forget the name of Duggan...

...and the name on the French
documents you're going to produce.

Is that understood?

Taking it easy?

I wish I had your job.

All my tenants are on holiday.

What time is it?

Half past 5:

- I must hurry.

Good-bye.

- Good-bye.

That's him. See?

In the light coat.

He's the Elysee Palace official.

He'll pack his wife and children

off to the Loire Valley...

...for the annual holiday.

You haven't got much time.

I need Wolenski.

Arrange to get him across the border.

What? Never mind the Italian government.

Once he's inside France...

...bring him to Paris immediately.

You're being very foolish, Viktor.

You know yourself,

they always talk in the end.

You've seen it with your own

two eyes in Indo-China.

And in Algeria, of course.

Tell us what they're waiting for

in that hotel.

What are they planning?

Who have they been meeting with?

Nobody? Not a soul?

Then where were they

before they went to Rome?

Tell us, Viktor.

Go back a bit.

Hold it. Stop.

Question:

Why did they go to Rome?

No answer.

- Check.

Question:

Answer:

- Check.

Question:

in Vienna, Viktor?

No answer.

- Check.

Was it a house?

I am asking you,

was it a house?

Answer:

K-K-Kleist.

Go on.

Question:

What does he do?

What did they do to the bastard?

I can't understand a word.

Put it on the speakers.

- Where from, sir?

'Who is Kleist? ' That bit.

Who is Kleist?

What does he do?

Jack? Jackie?

Would that be Jackie?

Jackie?

That's not possible.

Go back, and this time turn up the sound.

Heel, Rex.

Rex, come here.

Are you all right?

- I think so.

Do you want me to call for an ambulance?

Are you sure?

- I'll survive.

There. See?

I'm sorry.

- It's not your fault, my dear.

Sorry to drag you away, Colonel.

- Nonsense.

The tape is on your machine

in case you want to refer back...

...and here is the transcript.

Jackal.

I thought Wolenski used it

as a swear word...

...but it doesn't sound like him.

Fair.

Excuse me, Colonel.

The foreigner--

Could it be a fair foreigner?

A blonde?

Is Kleist the foreigner?

Colonel, it's 4:

The plot described above
constitutes, in my view...

...the most dangerous single conception...

...that the terrorists
could possibly have devised...

...to endanger the life
of President de Gaulle.

If the plot exists as described...

...and if a foreign-born assassin,
whose code name may be 'Jackal'...

...has, in fact, been engaged
for this attempt on the life--...

Sorry.

- On the life of the president...

...it is my duty to inform you,
Minister, that in my opinion...

...we face a national emergency.

New paragraph.

The above report is top secret
and intended for your eyes only.

Written at 0800 hours...

August 14, 1963.

Address to the Minister of the Interior.

Have the dispatch rider stand by...

...and forget everything you've heard.

Well?

- If what Rolland says is true...

...the whole network of our agents
inside the OAS is no good to us.

The president must be told.

I'll ask for an interview.

Get me the Elysee Palace.

Minister.

One moment, sir.

The Minister of the Interior.

There you are.

It's all there.
The driving license and the French
identity card were easy enough...
...but that third card was a big headache.
It's nicely dog-eared,
isn't it?
Have you forgotten something?
- Sorry?
The original driving license
I said I wanted back.
I thought we might have a chat about that.
The fact is, the original
driving license is not here.
But don't worry. It's put away
in a very safe place.
Nobody can get at it but me.
What do you want?
- I'm coming to that.
What I propose is simply a little trade.
I give you the original driving license...
...and all those negatives I took of you...
...for a certain sum of money.
How much?
- A thousand pounds.
Isn't it worth that
to get those documents back?
I suppose so.
An English gentleman can always
be trusted to see sense.
I can find the first 500 by noon
tomorrow, but we don't meet here.
There's nothing wrong with this place.
It's very quiet and private.
There's everything wrong with this place.
Forget about that. Nobody comes
here unless they're invited by me.
One has to be very discreet,
you know, in my little sideline.
I asked for aluminium.
- I tried the aluminium...
...but it bent like tissue paper.
I had to use stainless steel.
But it's all right.
It looks the same.

Where can I practice?

- There's the Montemorro Forest.

You could be there and back in a day.

Excuse me.

- I won't need the case.

Silencer, please.

Strut.

And the sniper scope.

- Here.

Trigger.

Trigger, please.

Beautiful piece of work.

It's really excellent.

These are for practice.

I took out six of them...

...to convert to explosive tips.

Let me have one.

Good evening, gentlemen.

- Good evening.

Please sit down.

I trust that you've all read

Colonel Rolland's report?

I delivered a copy

to the president this afternoon.

Unhappily, in the interest

of the dignity of France...

...he feels obliged to impose

enormous limitations on us.

He refuses to alter in any way...

...the summer schedule

of his public appearances.

Good heavens.

- The search for this Jackal...

...will be conducted in absolute secrecy.

Needless to say, you are all

sworn to total silence...

...and won't discuss this matter

outside this room.

But, Minister--

- But it's impossible.

The president was absolutely adamant.

What extra security precautions

do we take, Minister?

None.

General Colbert.
Any success in Vienna?
Inquiries were made by our agents
at the Pension Kleist.
They showed photographs
of Rodin, Montclair and Casson...
...to the desk clerk.
Some money changed hands.
He stated that he recognized them.
They had arrived on June 14.
Were there any visitors?
One man the next afternoon.
He left half an hour later.
The only description the clerk could give...
...was the man was well-groomed...
...in his early thirties and had fair hair.
Surely a better description can be found.
From whom?
Rodin, for instance.
I hardly think he'd accept an invitation....
...from any of our departments,
Colonel.
Commissioner Berthier,
any suggestions?
We're in trouble on this one.
Our agents inside the OAS
can't pin him down...
...since not even the OAS know who he is.
Action Service can't destroy him.
They don't know who to destroy.
Territorial surveillance can't
pick him up at the border...
...because they don't know
what he looks like.
The gendarmes, all 48,000 of them,
can't pursue him.
They don't know who to pursue.
The police can't arrest him.
We don't know who to arrest.
Without a name, all other
proposals are meaningless.
The first task then is to find it.
With a name,
we get a passport and a face.

With a face,
we get an arrest.
But to find his name,
and to do it in secret...
...is a job of pure detective work.
Commissioner, who is the best
detective on the force?
The best detective on the force...
...is my own deputy commissioner,
Claude Lebel.
Claude.
Berthier wants to see you.
What? Now?
- He's sent a car.
Don't be back later than 9:00.
Commissioner Lebel.
Good evening.
Remember, you have full powers
in this investigation...
...and the resources of every
department represented here...
...entirely at your disposal.
My instructions are simply:
no publicity and do not fail.
Keep your copy of the report.
Any questions?
No, Minister.
In that case,
I'll not detain you.
Thank you, Commissioner.
Collect the reports,
and put them in my private safe.
Yes, Minister.
- Good night, gentlemen.
Good night.
- Thank you.
You'll have to drop whatever
you're doing. Everything.
Clear the desk completely.
You want a new office?
From now on it's headquarters
for this job, nothing else.
The minister said he wants
a progress report by you...

...every evening from now on.

Here. 1 0:

- Oh, God.

I know.

You've just got to find him
before he gets to de Gaulle.

I wonder if he has a timetable.

- I'm sure he has.

The trouble is,
only he knows it.

He might go for a hit tomorrow
or maybe not for a month.

You've just got to work flat out
until you locate him.

After that, we can have Action
Service do the rest, the thugs.
Obviously, you've got to have
a heavy mob for a thing like this.

Anyway, just go and find
this Jackal, will you?

What?

I'll need help.

- Who?

Young Caron,
and he'll have to be told.

I'll have to get clearance.

- All I want is Caron.

That's all.

You know what they'll do to you
if you don't catch him in time?

I've been given a job,
so we'll just have to do it.

But no crime has been committed yet.

Where are we supposed to start
looking for the criminal?

We start by recognizing that,
after de Gaulle...

...we are the two most
powerful people in France.

Now make notes.

Get my secretary transferred
until further notice.

You will be my secretary

and assistant rolled into one.

I want a bed in here
with linen and all the usual...
...including something to wash in
and shaving things.

Also, get a percolator and lots of coffee.
Right, sir.

- Get onto the switchboard.

I want a good telephonist,
the best they've got.

I need ten outside lines
open around-the-clock.

If there's any nonsense,
refer them to Berthier.

This job gets top priority at all times.

Do you want anything
from them immediately?

A person-to-person link to the heads...

...of the homicide divisions
of the following countries:

Holland, Belgium, Italy...

West Germany and South Africa.

The FBI in the United States...

...and Scotland Yard's
Special Branch in Britain.

How many is that?

- Seven.

Get the head man at home or in the office.

Ask them to take a call from me
tomorrow morning...

...and see that there's no one listening in.

In the meantime, I'm going
down to general records...

...to check if this Jackal
has ever operated inside France.

Sir, how do you know the Jackal
comes from any of these countries?

I don't. But he must be on file somewhere.

Sorry I'm late, darling.

- What kept you so long?

There was a long meeting.

- I've been waiting for hours.

Yes, I'm sorry about the hour, but--

Yes, Washington, I know it's

What?

Could you call him at the club, please?

I didn't go out.

I just sat waiting for you to call.

It was impossible.

There was a crisis on.

Crisis? What crisis?

Never mind.

What crisis?

- It was nothing.

What crisis?

Mr. Mallinson.

I'm sorry to disturb you, sir.

It's Paris. Inspector Caron.

I don't wish to sound rude,

but wouldn't it be better...

...if routine inquiries could be
conducted through proper channels?

Preferably when we're all awake.

- I'm sorry, Mr. Mallinson.

It is very urgent.

Commissioner Lebel didn't wish
to make a formal request.

He was rather hoping that you'd
cooperate with us unofficially.

All right. I'll take the
commissioner's call at 8:30.

Fine. Good night.

What's left of it.

Who was that?

- The old boy network.

Yes?

Denise.

- Valmy here.

They found out about the Jackal.

All I found in central records...

...was that in the ten last years
there've only been...

...four contract killers in France.

We've got three. The fourth is
serving time in Africa somewhere.

So our man must be from abroad.

Surely, he's come to someone's
attention somewhere.

Who do I speak to first?

- Scotland Yard...

Special Branch.

Assistant Commissioner Mallinson.

There's no name.

Nothing to go on, I'm afraid.

All this unofficial secrecy
is pretty irregular, isn't it?

Makes my task difficult.

- Yes, I know.

I've never heard of a political
killer in this country.

It's not our style, is it?

- It's more your department...

...so I'll leave it in your hands.

- Yes, but--

Try to get it out of the way by tomorrow.

I'm understaffed as it is.

Yes, sir.

What's the cost?

Give me the foreign office,
would you, please, luv?

Extension 905.

Hello, Barrie?

Brian Thomas.

Could you meet me in an hour
at the usual place?

We've been plowing through
the files till we're cross-eyed.

None of them fits the description.

But before we drop it,

I had a thought.

If this contract killer
did all his work abroad...

...he'd be quite respectable
in England, wouldn't he?

So?

- Your people operate abroad.

I thought you might have tabs
on a bloke like that.

I'll have a look.

Brian, call for you.

Thomas.

Yes, that's right.

Is this some sort of bloody joke?

What? Now?

Personally?

Yes, I'll--...

The Prime Minister?

- The Prime Minister, sir.

He said if there's the remotest possibility...

...of General de Gaulle's life
being threatened...

...by a person of these islands,
then it is to be stopped.

He's given me full powers and top priority.

Is this some kind of joke?

- Of course not, sir.

I've got to drop whatever I'm doing.

I shall need six

of your best men straightaway.

Where's the notification for this?

Where's the proper authority?

Yes.

Yes, sir.

Of course, sir.

Nothing more than taproom
gossip, I'm afraid.

Do you remember Trujillo?

You mean the dictator of some
republic in South America?

Yes, Dominica.

He was killed in 1961.

We got word that an Englishman
may have been mixed up in it.

Just an unconfirmed report,
mind you.

Did he have a name?

- Charles Harold Calthrop.

He was the Caribbean rep
for a small armaments firm.

According to the rumor,
he was a fantastic shot.

He disappeared after the assassination.

Nobody knows where he went.

Is that all there is to go on?

- Afraid so.

Just a name?

What makes you think it might be him?
Your friend's code name is Jackal, right?
Jackal in French is chacal.
See? Now it might just be a coincidence...
...but the first three letters
of his Christian name, Charles...
...and the first three letters
of Calthrop make up--
That's all the Charles H. Calthrops
way back to 1 958.
How many does that make?
- Twenty-three.
Will you please tell Commissioner Lebel...
...there is a faint possibility,
very faint...
...the name is Charles Harold Calthrop.
That's right. We've checked
with the passport office.
Twenty-three passports were issued
to Charles H. Calthrops...
...during the past five years.
We've interviewed 1 2 of them so far.
Nothing at all,
but I'll keep you posted.
Do you have a garage for rent?
Excuse me.
Would you happen to know
where Mr. Charles Calthrop is?
Mr. Calthrop?
- Yes.
I think he's abroad.
He often is, you know.
Thank you.
We better get a search warrant.
What's happening?
Come in.
We've been through the lot, sir.
He's away, all right.
Let's see what you've got.
What's this?
- His passport.
We checked it.
It's him.
Look.

The Dominican visa.
There's no exit stamp though.
He must have got out on the sly.
You haven't grasped it yet,
have you?
Yes, this is our man, all right.
Definitely.
But hasn't it occurred to you
that we're holding his passport?
If he is out of the country,
what's he traveling on?
He might be somewhere in the U.K.
- Yes, he might.
Then again, he might not.
He's Charles Harold Calthrop.
Here's his passport photo.
I'll circulate photos
to each of you after the meeting.
Excellent.
Thank you, Commissioner.
It may be this Calthrop
has already entered the country.
He may be staying at a hotel.
Phillison.
Minister?
- I want every hotel card...
...for the past 72 hours
checked by the police.
The same goes for you, Pascal,
with those cards that are filed...
...for the greater Paris area.
- Yes, Minister.
Circulate to your staffs
this man's name and photograph.
He must be arrested on sight,
and my office notified at once.
I want every border post...
...airport, seaport,
fishing village alerted.
General Colbert.
- Minister?
Calthrop is probably still abroad.
Get your agents working on that.
- Yes, sir.

In the meantime, complete
silence must be maintained...
...until we're sure the man's in this country.
Thank you. Good night.
- Good night.
Commissioner Lebel's office.
Yes.
Thank you.
Good-bye.
No one called Calthrop has crossed
any border point legally...
...since the start of the year.
And no hotel has taken in
a guest under that name.
Maybe he's given up and gone into hiding.
If the British found
Calthrop's passport in his flat...
...it's because he no longer needed it.
Don't count on that man
making too many errors.
He's not the type.
I'm beginning to get
a feeling about the Jackal.
He may be abroad,
travelling on a false passport.
What you're going to do now is
go down to the passport office.
Get every passport application
for the last three months.
But, sir--
- I don't care who's closed.
Wake the buggers up.
Then take all those papers
down to Somerset House...
...get started on checking
the applicants' names...
...against death certificates,
not birth certificates.
If you find an application filed
by someone who died as a child...
...the one who filed it might be our man.
If you don't find anything
in the first three months...
...go back another three and another three.

Off you go.

Yes?

How's it going, Hughes?

How many applications?

You'll be there a week.

How about I send you some more staff?

Bloody holiday season.

About 4,000 more to go,

Mr. Thomas.

But if we work through lunch,
we should be finished tonight.

Superintendent Thomas,
Special Branch.

Hughes here, sir.

Paul Oliver Duggan.

Born April 3, 1 929,

in Sambourne Fishley.

Applied for passport July 1 4 of this year.

Passport mailed July 1 7

to an address in Paddington.

That will probably turn out
to be an accommodation address.

Why?

Duggan died at the age of two
and a half on November 8, 1 931.

Passport, please.

One moment.

Mr. Duggan?

- Yes?

Mr. Duggan?

- Yes?

What's the purpose of your visit to France?

Tourism.

You buy this in Italy?

- No, it's hired.

I shall be returning it
to Genova in about a week.

Papers, please.

Got any luggage?

In the boot.

- Bring it inside.

Thank you.

Once we've found his new name...

Lebel shouldn't have

any trouble catching him.
It's not that simple.
Over two million foreigners
are in Paris at this time of year.
I'm very sorry, Minister.
Commissioner Lebel
requested this meeting...
...because he has new information
on the British suspect.
Commissioner.
Calthrop is travelling on a false passport...
...in the name of Paul Oliver Duggan.
The passport number is 29491.
The photo will reach us in a few hours.
What do we do now?
The Duggan passport
was issued on July 30.
No need to go further back than that.
Special Branch in Britain
is trying to trace him...
...through the passenger lists
of all airlines and ferries.
If they pick him up in Britain,
they'll detain him.
If we locate him inside France,
we arrest him.
If he's found in a third country,
Action Service will deal with him.
Commissioner--
- In the meantime...
I'll be grateful if you would do this my way.
Good morning, sir.
Paris, please. Molitor 5901.
Carrier number one, please.
The Jackal is blown.
Wolenski talked before dying.

Repeat:

Room 1 4.
Thank you, Mr. Duggan.
I'll have coffee in the lounge.
Do you mind my sitting here?
Thank you.
Boring, aren't they?

The magazines.

I find them fascinating.

- What?

Articles on pig breeding
and combine harvesters?

I'm enthralled by combine harvesters.

In fact, I yearn to have one, as a pet.

Yes.

When did you say?

This afternoon.

Repeat that again.

A white Alfa Romeo sports two-seater...

...license number GE 1 7 41.

Duggan crossed the border
at Ventimiglia four hours ago.

Call London and tell them
we'll handle it from now on.

Where is he?

- How should I know?

This damn secrecy. We'll have
to wait for the hotel cards.

It's madness. There's nothing
we can do about it.

No, of course I don't live in the Alps.

I went there for a visit,
that's all.

Climbing?

Good Lord, no.

I spent the day at the cadet
academy in Barcelonnette...

...amongst a lot of
jaundiced military types...

...watching my son receive his commission.

He's nineteen.

I never know when you're being serious.

It's true, unfortunately.

- Why 'unfortunately'?

I see nothing unfortunate--

I'm not begging for compliments,
Mr. Duggan.

Will you have a liqueur?

- No, I must go to bed.

I have to leave very early
tomorrow morning.

Are you sure?

- Positive.

Good night, Mr. Duggan.

I've got to leave in a couple of hours.

I've a long way to go.

You've got to go back to your room.

Your husband meeting you?

No, he isn't there.

Good morning.

Excuse me, madam.

Only three new guests last night.

All right.

Put them in the rack for Nice.

Cards ready yet?

Hello? Nice?

Yes. Repeat, please.

Stay by the phone until

I call back. Don't do a thing.

I don't want him disturbed yet,
but isolate the place.

Let no one in or out

and stop all phone calls.

He's been staying in this hotel
near Grasse since last night.

He's registered for two days.

- Shall I put out an alert?

Not yet. He'll kill anybody
who tries to intercept him.

We'd better get there right away.

You have an Englishman
named Duggan staying here.

Where is he?

- Mr. Duggan's gone, sir.

He left this morning,

just after 1 1:

Assemble the staff and guests.

Don't let anyone get away.

Get the manager.

That's strange.

He was booked for two days...

...then just after 1 1:00,

he asks for his bill and leaves.

He's got five hours start.

Put out an alert for the car.
But Madame de Montpellier's bed
was slept in by two people?
Yes, sir. Definitely.
You can always tell.
And you saw them in the lounge together?
That is correct, sir.
I served them coffee and liqueur.
They seemed very engrossed.
In what?
- In each other, sir.
What did Mr. Duggan's luggage
consist of when he left?
Two bags.
- Nothing else?
No parcels or packages of any kind?
Just the two bags.
I carried them to his car.
That will be all.
You photographed everything?
- Yes.
Go over his room for fingerprints.
Send the stuff to Paris.
I'll have a talk with the lady.
There's more news. They have
a description of your car.
Keep out of sight for a few days.
How's the lady?
- Very disturbed by all this.
You told her nothing?
I know nothing at all
about Mr. Duggan's whereabouts.
We only met in the lounge of that hotel.
He joined me for coffee.
- What did he want?
What did you talk about?
Social chitchat. I imagine
he was trying to impress me.
Why do you think that?
Commissioner, please,
we're not children.
No, madam.
When you both met later,
was it only in your bedroom?

' Later'?

- Afterwards. After the coffee.

Madam, be in no doubt as to the seriousness of your position.

We met in my bedroom.

That's all.

I'd never seen this man until yesterday.

He doesn't even know my real name.

I regret to say that we have lost track of him.

Temporarily, I hope.

But he simply disappeared.

Could that mean he's changed his mind?

We've obviously scared him off.

Is it possible he's decided to give up?

His only chance to escape is to get across the border fast.

I think he's still in France.

He may be waiting.

Waiting for what?

- I don't know.

But I don't think we can assume that he's given up.

Good morning.

Madam,

there is a gentleman--

Surprised?

Thank you, Michael.

Do that later, Ernestine.

- Yes, madam.

Yes, I am surprised.

- Why?

Your husband's still away, isn't he?

Why did you come here?

To see you.

I had to.

But why?

Does it matter?

Make a search of hills, farmhouses, cafes and hotels... ..in a ten-kilometre radius from the scene of the crash.

Look for a fair-haired, young

foreigner with two suitcases.
He may have been injured
and gone into hiding.
The police were here yesterday
looking for you.
Did they say they were coming back?
Only that I should phone if--
I know you stole that car.
It has a local license plate.
I know it must be very serious.
I don't mind.
You can tell me what you've done.
You can stay here.
It's safe.
But you must tell me, Paul.
I won't say anything.
Good-bye, Mr. Duggan.
Your coffee, madam.
Madam?
Good morning.
A single ticket to Paris, please.
What class?
- Second.
How soon will the train be here?
- In an hour.
Platform one.
- Thank you.
Your papers.
Danish?
- Please?
Denmark?
- Yes.
What is your business here?
I'm a schoolteacher on holiday.
Madam?
Commissioner, Madame de Montpellier
has been murdered.
Do they know who did it?
- It sounds like Duggan.
He arrived at her place yesterday,
but disappeared again with her car.
There's no need for secrecy.
It's a straight murder hunt now.
Put out a general alert for Duggan.

Describe the car.

Listen, I've found that car.

The gendarmes by the railway
station say only three men...

...boarded the midday train to Paris.

Two were locals...

...and the third was a teacher
travelling on a Danish passport.

Age:

brown hair, blue eyes.

He can't remember the name.

What time is that train due
at Austerlitz station?

Ten past 7:

Come on.

You know a good Turkish bath?

- Of course.

Take me there.

It's obvious that the Jackal
has been tipped off all along.

And yet he's decided
to go ahead, regardless.

He's simply challenged the whole lot of us.

Are you suggesting there's a leak
from inside this room?

I can't say.

We think the Jackal is now in
Paris with a new name and face...

...probably masquerading
as a Danish schoolteacher.

Minister?

- Can you estimate...

...how many Danes might have
entered Paris this afternoon?

Probably several hundred
at this time of the year.

We must check on the men personally.

I'll have every hotel visited
at midnight and 3:00 a.m.

All registration cards will be collected.

Every likely Dane will be investigated.

Good.

In the meantime, I'll try
to persuade the president...
...to cancel all public appearances.
You're getting all steamed up.
I think so.
I haven't seen you here before.
- No, I'm on holiday from Denmark.
Really?
I know Copenhagen very well.
Unfortunately,
I come from Silkyborge.
It's a very small town.
My name is Jule.
Jule Bernard.
Lundquist.
Perl Lundquist.
Perhaps you would like
to come for a drink at my home?
I live quite nearby.
That would be nice.
So this Jackal
has a Danish passport, right?
Mm-hmm.
He must have got it somewhere.
- Yes.
If he's had to dye his hair,
it looks as if he stole it.
Yes, go on.
Since his trip to Paris in July,
he's been based in London.
The chances are he stole it
in one of those two places.
What would you do if you were
a Dane and lost your passport?
I'd go to the consulate.
Are you calling Thomas?
- Yes.
Then the Danish Consul in Paris.
- Good.
How is it going?
- Not well.
We're interviewing every man
about five feet eight.
No Danish schoolteacher

has turned up though.
Have the list sent to my office.
- Right.
You are quite right, sir.
A Danish schoolteacher
had his passport stolen...
...at London Airport on July 1 2.

Name:

of Copenhagen, age 33.
Five feet ten,
chestnut brown hair, blue eyes.
That's it. That's the one.
Perl Lundquist.
Look him up. Yes?
There isn't one.
- What?
One moment, Superintendent.
I don't understand it.
There isn't a Lundquist
on the hotels list. Not one.
The following conversation was

recorded at 6:

The number being dialled
was identified as Molitor 5901.
Hello.
- Yes?
Denise.
- Valmy here.
They know he's a Danish schoolteacher.
They're visiting every hotel in Paris.
The contact was arrested an hour ago.
Unfortunately, the information
came from this room.
Whose voice was that?
I regret to have to inform you, Minister...
...that it was the voice of a friend of mine.
She's staying with me at the moment.
Excuse me.
I feel we owe you an apology.
- Thank you.
I must report that the president
will not change his mind.

Excuse me.

It's occurred to me that we've got two days to catch the Jackal.

What? Why?

How do you know?

It was silly of me not to have seen it before.

The president has no engagements outside the palace...

...today, tomorrow or Saturday?

- Nothing.

And what is Sunday,

August 25?

Of course.

Liberation Day.

That's what he's been waiting for.

We have a little over 48 hours.

We must have been blind, gentlemen.

All we need is the passport photograph of Perl Lundquist.

Copenhagen promised to send it by this evening's conference.

There is one thing.

How did you know whose telephone to tap?

I didn't,

so I tapped all of them.

Are you home already?

We now have the passport photograph of Perl Lundquist.

The ban on publicity is off.

This is now a straight murder hunt.

Lundquist's photo will appear in the papers tomorrow morning.

We'll have news flashes on TV every 30 minutes.

Every policeman and CRS man in Paris...

...will be on the street to check the papers...

...of anyone remotely resembling the suspect.

Every detective will be called off his job to help.

How many men does that make?

- Almost a hundred thousand.

Commissioner Lebel.

- Yes?

My congratulations
on the splendid job you've done.
We shall take over from now on.
We need detain you no longer.
And, again, thank you.
Did you see it?

- See what?

Your face on the TV just now.

- What do you mean?

I was passing a TV rental shop,
and I saw your face.

Never.

- Yes.

Don't turn it off.

What was it about?

- I don't know...

...but I swear it was you.

See?

We apologize for interrupting
with the following announcement.
Police are still searching for the murderer...

...of Madame de Montpellier.

His name is Perl Lundquist,
and this is his photograph.

If you have seen this man,
contact the police immediately.

For God's sake,
wake up, will you?

The minister wants to see you.

We can't find him.

He's vanished.

Just disappeared off the face of the Earth.

I don't think we had any idea
what kind of man...

...you have been pursuing.

- What about tomorrow?

The president rekindles
the eternal flame at 1 0:00.

High mass is at 1 1:00.

There's only one public ceremony
in the afternoon at 4:00.

He will present liberation medals
to veterans of the resistance.

What about crowd control?
Crowds will be kept back
further than ever before.
Steel barriers go up several hours
before each ceremony.
Every house inside the barrier ring
is searched from top to bottom...
...including the sewers.
Police will be issued special
lapel badges at the last moment...
...in case he tries to masquerade
as a security man.
There'll be marksmen inside Notre Dame...
...even among the congregation.
The priests celebrating mass will
be searched for concealed weapons.
We'll have firemen and marksmen
on every rooftop...
...along the procession route.
Dumont has drafted a number
of especially tall officers...
...to hedge around the president
without him noticing.
Can I pass, please?
- What for?
I live there.
I have a room at 1 54.
Papers.
All right.
Thank you.
Excuse me, madam.
Would you be so kind
as to give me a drink of water?
Of course. Come in.
Please come in.
It's hot,
waiting for the ceremony.
Are you getting a medal today?
I got mine two years ago with one of my--
Top floor.
What do you think you're doing?
Who are you?
- Charles Calthrop.
This is my bloody flat.

I think you better
come down to the Yard, sir.
Too bloody right, I will.
There's no question
of Her Majesty's government...
...ever concealing the fact that
this Jackal was an Englishman.
So far as one can see,
there was a period...
...when an Englishman
came under suspicion...
...but he has now been cleared.
Certainly, the Jackal
masqueraded as an Englishman...
...but he also masqueraded
as a Dane and as a Frenchman.
There's no way of proving his identity at all.
But if the Jackal wasn't Calthrop...
...then who the hell was he?