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Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

By Dale Launer

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Your Highness, please allow
me to make this little contribution.

No, I cannot accept them.

But think of what

these could do for your cause.

Even though I know those pearls would
mean freedom for many of my people,

- I will not take them.

- Please. Please!

These could save the lives of many men.

The men of my country are proud.

They would die rather than have
their Prince accept charity.

Then think of the lives

of the women, the mothers...

The women of my country
fight alongside the men.

They are also too

proud to accept charity.

Then consider

the lives of the children.

The innocent children.

But... for the children.

She's the blonde in

the blue sequined dress.

Extremely rich, very married,

eminently corruptible

and a willing infidel.

Perfect.

Faites vos jeu!

Rien Ne Va plus!

Sept rouge, inpair et manque!

Faites vos jeu, messieurs!

Monsieur Andre, would you

see what you can get for this?

- Not the royal ring, Your Highness?

- Shh!

Do you want the whole world to know?

Excuse me. Is that man

there truly royalty?

- No, Madame.

- But you called him "Your Highness."

It was a faux pas. Please forget it.

You can trust me, I won't tell.

Madame, I am the police
chief of Beaumont-sur-Mer.

What makes you Americans think
you can buy anyone at any price?

- Oh, I'm so sorry.

- No!

I've already caused the Prince enough...
Prince?

He sounded like he was in
trouble. Perhaps I can help.

If you really want to help,
forget everything that
you have seen and heard.

Forget the very existence...

of that brilliant,
extraordinary man...
of destiny.

Your Highness...

Your Highness, don't be
alarmed. I can be trusted.

- Are you one of my subjects?

- No. I'm an American.

Fanny Eubanks of Omaha.

I couldn't help overhearing. If
you're in trouble and I can help...

Thank you. But I cannot accept.

You've already risked too
much just in speaking to me.

I still wanna help.

You must understand. I
have powerful enemies.

They may be watching even as we...

My God, you're attractive.

It's late.

I must go.

- Has he left?

- Yes. Just a moment ago.

Good.

Please. You must tell me where he lives.

I feel it only

fair to warn you...

I know he told me he

has powerful enemies.

There may also be an emotional risk.

You see, His Highness has
been a widower for five years.

For five years?

Please, Your Highness.

Fanny... the

Freedom Fighters thank you.

This is for the overhead.

This goes to you, Arthur.

This goes to you, Andre.

This goes to me... which means
it's time to go to Zurich.

Excuse me. May I sit here, please?

- If you like.

- Thank you.

Good evening, sir. Would
you like to see the menu?

Oh, yes. I'm starving.

Really starving.

Oh! Prices.

Woo!

I think I'll just have some water.

- Water?

- Yes.

Only water? But you seemed so hungry.

I'm saving my money
for something special.

- My mother.

- Your mother?

Well, she's not really my mother.

Actually, she's my grandmother.

But she raised me.

My real parents... didn't want me.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- But my grandmother is wonderful.

She has a laugh that
can make the birds sing.

But she's been quite ill lately... and
the hospital bills have been adding up.

I just wanna do my share.

It's kinda tough for me because
I was never very good with money.

I just seem to take what
the Red Cross pays me

and I give it right back to them.
But I am going to help my gram-gram.
She is the one who taught me it is
better to be truthful and good...
than to not.

- Waiter!

- What are you doing?

Waiter.

- Give this man whatever he wants.

- I can't let you buy me a meal!

Nonsense.

I'll have a double turkey
sandwich on white, side
order fries, and one of
those large knockwurst,
three bags of potato chips, a
chocolate milk and two beers.
Why don't you have a beer? Three beers.
Thank you.

Forgot I had a first-class ticket.

- That bother you?

- No.

I love to love you in the night...
I couldn't help overhearing your
conversation in the dining car.
My condolences to your grandmother.

Huh?

Oh!

Oh... right.

Didn't you say she was taken ill?

I tell 'em what they wanna
hear if it gets me what I want.
Rather a shabby trick, isn't it?

I can tell you've got a
lot to learn about women.

Yes, I'm afraid I am a bit naive
when it comes to the weaker sex.

Freddy Benson.

- And you are?

- Lawrence Jamieson.

- You're married, aren't you?

- You can tell?

Listen.

We're the weaker sex. Men

don't live as long as women.
We get more heart attacks, more
strokes, more prostate trouble.
I say it's time for a change.
I say let them give us money.
Let's live off them for a while.
That probably shocks
a guy like you, right?
Well, it's rather a
revolutionary thought.
Do you really think it's possible?
Look what I did in the dining
car! She gave me 100 francs.
That's like, uh... 20 bucks!
Do you have any idea what it feels
like to take a woman for 20 bucks?
No, I haven't.
I'm afraid it's a
little out of my class.
- What?
- It's too bad.
We could've had a blast on the Riviera.
- You're headed for the Riviera?
- Yeah.
There's a little town there, supposed
to be crawling with rich women.
Oh. And what town is that?
Uh... Beaumont-sur-Mer.
Beaumont-sur-Mer?
I'm afraid you've been misinformed.
Beaumont used to be lively spot,
but it's been taken over now
by older, retired couples. It's quite dead
- Older, retired couples? Are you sure?
- Yes, I live there.
I'm considered to be the town's playboy.
All the social activity has
gone to the Italian Riviera.
Portofino.
Still doesn't hurt to check it out.
Some of these sleepy
towns really pay off.
Would you excuse me? I have
to phone my wife and children.

I always like to let them know exactly what time I'm arriving. They really got you on a leash. Don't they?

Afraid so.

Well, here we are.

Older, retired couples?

- You have a ride into town?

- Yes, I have.

- Great. You can give me lift.

- Do you have a hotel room?

I never make reservations.

Excuse me. Is this train going to Portofino?

Yes, it is. But we're getting off, right?

Scusi.

- We're getting off, right?

- Uh...

Gee.

- How far up is Portofino?

- Portofino?

It's about 170 km. I live there.

- No!

- Yes!

Come and stay with me. You can always go to Portofino later.

I would love to, but my grandmother is there and she's expecting me.

Your grandmother is living in Portofino?

Yes. Actually, she's quite ill.

Well, good luck. Give my best to your grandmother.

I hope her health improves.

- Ciao.

- Ciao.

Ciao.

Your phone call did not give me much time.

Marion was perfect.

Make sure she gets back all right, Andre.

May I ask why she was necessary?

I needed a decoy. There was this idiot sharing my compartment.

He fancied himself as a bit of a player.

Said he was going to do some
hunting in my Beaumont-sur-Mer.

Monsieur Lawrence, you can
afford to dismiss such amateurs.

- Surely he was no match for you?

- You can't be too careful, Andre.

After all, a poacher who shoots at
rabbits may scare big game away.

Hey, Lawrence, listen to this.

"A clever, young American con
artist, nicknamed The Jackal,
has been working Western Europe."

If he's in the papers,
how clever can he be?

Now, to business. Krista Knudsen.

Widow of Lars Knudsen,
the Danish match king.

She left the Excelsior Hotel in Genoa
at 0740 hours this

morning in a white Ferrari.

She should be arriving
at approximately...

Ah-hah!

Here she is now.

Well, listen. I would very much like to
help your grandmother.

- No, I got some money here.

- Oh, no. I wouldn't accept it.

That's strange. There's
a young man with her.

- Please, I insist. I insist.

- I'm gonna pay you back.

- The poacher?

- Yes.

And he's no longer
satisfied with rabbits.

Monsieur Police Inspector, can
you arrange something for me?

- I'm gonna pay you back, though.

- No!

The usual?

Bonjour!

Hey! Encore, encore!

Yee-ha!

Da da-da da da

Da-da da-da da da

Da-da da-da da da daa!

Monsieur!

Merci.

Something like this, OK? All
right, here we go! Here we go!

OK. Two more! Two more. How much is it?

Have you seen enough, Mrs. Knudsen?

That money was supposed to go toward an
operation for his grandmother!

Here we go! Ha ha haa!

He's a confidence man. A trickster.

Will Madame sign the complaint?

Gladly.

I'm telling you, I didn't steal any
money from her! She gave it to me.

But, she filed this complaint against you.

She caught me with another woman.

C'mon. You're French, you understand that!

To be with another

woman, that is French.

To be caught, that is American.

God! All right, what am I gonna
do? How am I gonna get out of here?

It's very difficult.

The charge is a serious one and
you are a vagrant, an unknown.

Listen, I'm not a vagrant!

This is my point!

I know somebody here. I met
him on a train. His name is...

His name is... James... No.

His name is... James Josephson.

Oh, no, no!

James Lawrence. Lawrence! Lawrence!

Lawrence...

Lawrence Fells. Lawrence Fings.

Forest Lawrenceton.

La... Lars. Lars!

Lawrence. Lawrence Lacko...

Lawrence...

His name is James Jessenden.

Lawrence Fells. Lawrence Jesterton.

Lawrence Jesterton.

- Lawrence Jamieson?

- Yes!

Yes! Yes! We're like this!

Freddy. This is really very serious.

They don't treat gigolos
lightly in France.

What do you mean?

Until 75 years ago, they
were still castrating them.

Don't say that word!

- What do they do now?

- Well, that depends who the judge is.

- Inspecteur, qui est Le juge?

- Reynoux.

Oh. Judge Reynoux.

Good luck, Freddy.

No, you can't go. You gotta stay.

You gotta help me.

- Do you have any money?

- Yeah, I got about 12... 900 dollars.

No, no, no. I know this chap.

He'll want at least 5,000.

5,000? I don't have 5,000!

- Can you get it?

- I have... I have it at home.

I... I could fly home and
could mail him a check. I promise.

OK.

- Inspecteur!

- Oui?

Est-il possible...

Non! Non, non, pas possible! Crtin!

Freddy.

He says you can go... Ah-ah-ah!

He's got to have the rest
of the money within 48 hours
or he'll submit your
name to Interpol and
you'll never be able to
travel in Europe again.

That's fine, that's fine.

Thank you, thank you.

Thank you, Lawrence Jamieson.
You know, I'm pretty
good at sizing people up,
and I think you are one terrific guy.
I suppose I get pleasure from
helping people like you out.
- I see you know His Highness.
- Who?
- The Prince.
- The Prince?
I saw him shake your hand
and pat you on the back.
No kidding!
- And you are?
- Fanny Eubanks.
Fanny Eubanks? Of Omaha?
- Of Omaha?
- You don't have to cover up with me.
It may be my money that's
financing your mission.
You're financing my mission?
Perhaps His Highness has mentioned me?
Oh, Lady Fanny of Omaha?
He called me Lady Fanny?
Oh, yes. Lady Fanny of Omaha.
He speaks of you with great affection.
Drink, sir?
You have done a wonderful thing.
Sir.
Excuse me. I'm very sorry, sir,
but the man said it was urgent.
- What man?
- The courier, sir.
He's waiting outside.
He said you would recognize
the secret password.
- What secret password?
- Lady Fanny of Omaha!
Hi!
Could you take this to the guest bedroom
and see that everything is neatly pressed?
Go ahead, Arthur.
Wow!
Wo-ha-ha-how! Wow!

All I can say is "wow!"

What an asshole I was
telling you how to take women!
All right. How much do you want?

Oh, Your Highness, I
don't want money from a man
who needs every penny to
free his enslaved people.

- What do you want?

- This!

This! I want this!

This is what I want.

I don't want money. I want you
to teach me. I'm in your hands.

- You can't be serious.

- Larry...

Lawrence.

All my life, I wanted to
be the best at something.
I thought I was the best, till I met you.
I mean, I never realized how far you
could go with this scamming thing.

- You've opened my eyes!

- Freddy, this "scamming" thing,
as you put it, took me years to perfect.

- I got time.

- Why should I help you?

A guy with my mouth could ruin a
lot of business around here for you.

What sort of an education did you have?

High school diploma.

And you majored in...?

- Metal shop.

- Metal shop.

All right. I'll do it.

Ha ha haa!

I'll teach you, I'll set you up,
and pay you a percentage.

- Great!

- But with this one understanding.

I run this operation
and you do as I say.

Great!

Classes begin after lunch.

I have a plan for this Jackal.

There is a man who owes me a favor.

Rn the Knife. He is a
master with the stiletto,
and an absolute magician
at hiding a body.

- Andre...

- As police inspector,
I give you my word, the case will be
investigated in a very slipshod manner.
Stop worrying, Andre.

I tell you, it is a
mistake to take him in!

I am taking him in gracefully in
order to get him out gracefully.

- Well done!

- I look great, don't I?

- I know the moves!

- Yes, Freddy. You're ready.

But remember our agreement.

I'm in charge. You do exactly as I say.

Exactly as you say!

I feel like a kept man.

I'm sorry.

I'm going straight to Andre and tell
him to tear up the check immediately.

Oh, no, you can't! I paid
the 100,000 francs in cash.

Damn.

Please don't be mad at me.

Well, he said he wouldn't let you
leave unless I paid off your loan.

What else did he say?

He told me how you needed
that money for your country,
to help fight the communists.

It's just such a noble cause.

Oh, please don't be angry with me.

Pretty please!

Here comes a creep man...

He's out to get you!

There's that smile!

Daddy says we're gonna have the
biggest weddin' Tulsa's ever seen.

When do you think we can fly back?

Perhaps we should go by ship.

Oh!

Ruprecht loves the water.

- R... Ruprecht?

- Yes, Ruprecht.

Didn't I tell you about him?

Ruprecht is my brother.

- You have a brother?

- Yes, the young Prince.

You mean I'm goin'

home with two Princes?

Wherever I go, Ruprecht goes, too.

- When do I meet him?

- He's in his room, even as we speak.

- Would you like to meet him right now?

- I would love to.

- What's he doin' out here?

- His quarters are here.

I think I should warn you
that Ruprecht is, well, uh,
special.

Ruprecht, it is I, your brother.

No sudden moves.

You've been banging on your
pots again, haven't you?

I told you, if you keep on doing
it, you won't have any pots left.

All right.

Cuddly-cuddly.

Oh, Ruprecht.

Ruprecht, don't do that. Ruprecht, no!

Stop it, Ruprecht! Ruprecht!

He's very affectionate.

Now, come along. Come along.

Now, I want you to meet this nice lady.

- Mother?

- No, this isn't your mother.

- Not Mother?

- No. But I have wonderful news.

Miss Trumble and I are
going to be married.

And we are going to live in Oklahoma.

Really?

Oh dear.

Ruprecht!

We have a guest. What
do we do for guests?

What did we do when Uncle Ted was here?

No, Ruprecht.

Ruprecht, no!

After that.

We apologize.

Ruprecht!

Ruprecht! You want the genital cuff?

Don't worry, Ruprecht. We
won't go anywhere without you.

Oklahoma! Oklahoma!

Oklahoma! Oklahoma! Oklahoma!

He'll enjoy Oklahoma's
wide-open spaces.

He loves to run and run and run.

- Not Mother?

- No, Ruprecht. She's not our mother.

- Go on, Diana. You were saying.

- Well, I think that... Ow!

- Ruprecht!

- May I take your trident, sir?

Yes.

Now, Diana, as you were saying. You don't
think the poor should be allowed in museums?

- I think...

- Ruprecht.

Don't take the cork off the fork.

Why is the cork on the fork?

To prevent him hurting
himself... and others.

Ooh!

Ruprecht, eat your apple sauce.

Ruprecht, we have wonderful news.

Diana and I are going to be married...

and we are all going
to live in Palm Beach.

Ruprecht!

- Eat your food.

- Excuse me.

- May I go to the bathroom first?

- Of course you may.

Thank you.

Driving relaxes Ruprecht.

Oh, Lawrence, this

is the happiest day of my life!

I think my testicles are dropping!

It's been a very good month, chaps.

Now, we've got 20% for the overhead.

- For you, Arthur, it's 10%.

- Thank you, sir.

Ow!

- 15% for you, Andre.

- Nice work.

And the rest is for me.

- Au revoir, Lawrence.

- Au revoir, Andre.

Excuse me! What about me? What do I get?

You are the student,

Freddy. You get knowledge.

Wait a minute. I did most of the work. I should get my share of the cash.

Freddy, I wouldn't dream of giving you your share without being certain that you would spend it wisely on beauty and culture.

I've got culture coming out of my ass.

Spending money is a responsibility, Freddy.

All right, all right. How am I supposed to spend my money?

Now, all these wines are very old.

I purchased them to make certain that they were cared for properly.

So you got a lot of wine to drink.

You can't drink them, Freddy.

They're far too valuable.

- So you sell them?

- I'd never sell them.

They mean too much to me.

In Europe, Freddy, gardens take centuries to grow and cultivate.

This one was about to die, until Mrs. Everson's brooch paid for its preservation.

- What's the angle?

- There is no angle, Freddy.

I rescued this from certain destruction
and donated it to the museum.

Just looking at it feeds my soul.

- May I say something here?

- Of course.

Are you kidding me or what?!

I don't get it.

You want me to spend my
money on wine you can't drink,
and a garden that, frankly to me, looks
like a big mowing headache.

Now, it's true that is a sculpture of a
naked woman, and I can appreciate that.

But otherwise, you
have got to be joking.

You agreed to do what I say.

Yes, but I didn't agree to you telling
me how to spend my money,
and I didn't agree to playing Ruprecht,
the Monkey boy all the time!

I'm going it alone.

Ugh!

Freddy. You still have so much to learn.

No, thanks. I was doing
great with my own look.

I don't need these clothes
or I don't need your instructions.

You taught me what you know.

Great. Thanks. Thanks a yahoo.

I'm gettin' out of this town.

Good luck.

Well, the Jackal has finally tucked his
tail between his legs and crawled away.
Good. Then it is business as usual, huh?

- Au revoir, Lawrence.

- Au revoir, Andre.

Oh, Miss! Miss!

Excuse me. Do you know where I can pick-up
a copy of the Wall Street Journal?

I'm trying to find out the latest stock
prices to see how my takeover bid is going.
You know, it's so hard to get the

stock prices around here.
Au revoir!
What are you doing here?
You know, that's a funny story.
I was at the train
station, ticket in hand,
and I thought to myself "What am I leaving
this place for? I love me here!"
So, I'll be around a
little bit more. Lucky you.
Freddy. Freddy!
Freddy!
There simply isn't enough room for
both of us to work Beaumont-sur-Mer.
You know what I think?
I think you're scared.
Of what?
Me. Competition. You've been
top dog in this town for so long,
you think you own the place. Nice!
Believe me, Freddy,
I'm not afraid of you.
Sure you are, and you should be.
I'm younger than you. I'm
better-looking than you.
I'm thinner than you.
I could kick your ass off
this hill in a New York minute.
And I could have you arrested again.
And I could always call
Lady Fanny of Omaha.
Freddy, as a younger man,
I was a sculptor, a
painter and a musician.
There was just one problem.
I wasn't very good.
As a matter of fact, I was dreadful.
I finally came to the
frustrating conclusion
that I had taste and
style, but not talent.
I knew my limitations.
We all have our limitations, Freddy.
Fortunately, I discovered

that taste and style
were commodities that people desired.
Freddy, what I'm saying
is... know your limitations.
You are a moron.
You've been trying to get me out
of this town ever since I came here.
I'll tell you what. We'll make a bet.
If I lose, I'll leave.
If I win... you leave.
All right, Freddy, suppose we try this.
We find a woman, set a price,
and the first man to extract
the correct amount from her wins.
But if you...
But if you lose, you not
only leave town graciously,
you promise never to come
back to Beaumont-sur-Mer again.
Done. Who's the woman?
Ooh!
- Charles!
- Yes, monsieur?
- Who is that?
- Miss Janet Colgate, monsieur.
Who is she?
I believe she is the
United States Soap Queen.
Thank you, Charles.
- OK, how much?
- She's a little young, isn't she?
Out of your league?
All right. I'll make it
easy for you. \$50,000.
\$50,000?!
Out of your league?
All right. I could use \$50,000.
First one to get 50,000 out of her.
May the best man win.
Thank you.
She is at the roulette table,
just waiting for Your Highness.
And Freddy?
He has dropped from sight.

Perhaps the Jackal finally realizes
he is no match for the lion, huh?
Keep your eyes open,
Andre. He'll turn up.
Mesdames, Messieurs, faites vos jeu.
Rien Ne Va plus. Termini!.
Merci.
Les jeu, messieurs.
33!
400 francs.
Voila, monsieur, 200 francs.
Excuse me. Excuse me!
- Ohh!
- Sorry, ma'am. Excuse me!
Oh, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
Pardon me.
Hi.
Thank you.
Sorry. Excuse me.
Thank you.
Pardon me, miss. Would you
mind placing the bet for me?
As you could see, it's terribly difficult
for me to reach the table.
Sure. What number would you like?
The way my luck's been running...
Would you pick a number for me?
I could use all the luck I can get.
Oh.
Miss? Would you ask the gentleman if he could
advance me a few dollars on this please?
I'm sorry, I cannot, monsieur.
That's fine. Thank you.
- Excuse me.
- Monsieur wins again.
Listen, maybe I can help you.
It's just that that was my last chance.
- Your last chance for what?
- My last chance for an operation.
Well, shouldn't the Navy
pay for your operation?
It's not for me. It's
for my grandmother.

I just got word from the hospital
that she's in pretty bad shape
and if they don't
operate soon, she might...
I'm sorry. I don't even know you
and here I am, bothering
you with my problems.
Oh, please don't feel that way.
Why don't you just
tell me what they are?
Just one stroke of
bad luck after another.
Andre, come with me.
10,000 francs.
That's almost \$2,000.
I don't know how to thank you.
But I want you to know...
that you have saved the
life of a wonderful person.
You are a wonderful person. Thank you.
You're welcome.
Freddy... would an operation help you?
No. My problem isn't physical.
- It's emotional.
- Really?
I'm on six weeks' MTL.
Mental trauma leave.
- What happened?
- Well...
I was engaged to a
girl back in the States.
And we loved to dance.
We wanted to be professionals.
Isn't that silly?
And we got an opportunity to
perform on TV, on Dance USA.
And we decided that if
we won, we'd get married.
So, we went on and
we danced, and we won!
Oh, great!
And in the excitement...
we got separated.
So I went back to the studio...

and there they were...

naked...

dancing.

And then they stopped...

and they made love, right

there on the dance floor.

Who was she with?

Deney Terrio, the host of Dance USA.

I'm sorry.

In the morning, I woke up

and my legs were useless.

- Numb.

- Oh, my God.

- I couldn't walk.

- Oh, my God.

- Well, surely someone can help you?

- Oh, yeah. There is, but...

What?

There's this psychiatrist,

Doctor Emil Schauffhausen

in Liechtenstein.

Why don't you go to him?

A man like Schauffhausen is

in demand all over the world.

He gets astronomical fees.

It's just not something I can handle.

What do you mean by astronomical?

\$50,000.

That is a lot of money.

- Freddy, are you OK?

- Oh, God.

They're dancing. They're dancing!

Freddy, we are going

up to my room right now

and write to Dr. Schauffhausen.

Oh, God! They're dancing!

- Ssh-ssh-ssh.

Oh, take me from this place!

Oh, God!

I wish you hadn't written these

things about me to Dr. Schauffhausen.

- You make me sound like a hero.

- Well, they're true, aren't they?

Yes. Still, you shouldn't

have promised him the money.
Where am I gonna get \$50,000?
You leave that to me, Freddy. When the
time comes, I promise you, you'll have it.
I'm going downstairs to mail this
letter and I'll be right back.
Janet.
Thank you.
Number one! Number one!
Number one! Number one!
Dr. Schaufhausen!
Dr. Emil Schaufhausen!
Dr. Schaufhausen!
Dr. Emil Schaufhausen!
Hello again!
Are you Dr. Schaufhausen?
- Yes, Frulein.
- What a coincidence! This is a miracle!
I just wrote you a letter about
someone who needs your help.
Good. I look forward to
reading it when I get back to my clinic.
- Auf Wiedersehen.
- Uh, what?
Goodbye.
Could I just talk to you
for a minute, right now?
Please. I am on my vacation.
It's about an American
Naval Officer, Fred Benson.
You saw him. He was right next to
you at the roulette table.
- Benson. Benson.
- In the wheelchair?
Is he the one who wrote
me all those letters?
Something about his fianc
running off with a, uh... dancer.
That's the one! And he's
right here in the hotel.
I hate to disturb you while
you're on vacation, Dr. Schaufhausen,
but could I... could I just get you
to take a look at him?

I'm sorry, Fru... What is your name?

- Janet Colgate.

- Janet. Oh.

I am sorry, Janet, but if I see your friend Benson, I have to see everyone.

I must draw the line somewhere.

But if it's a

matter of money, I...

You haven't given him

any money, have you?

Just a little bit. For his

grandmother's operation.

- Don't give him any more money.

- Why?

You see...

his ego has taken one

shattering blow from a woman.

And, if he accepts charity from

a woman, that is another blow.

- It makes my work so much harder.

- Does that mean you'll see him?

- All right. I'll see him.

- That's wonderful!

But remember what I

said. No money for him.

If I do decide to take this case,

you must pay the fee directly to me.

- You understand?

- Absolutely.

All right.

Where is the boy?

Freddy!

Freddy!

Where are you?

Boy, you can really get lost

in one of these big places.

I have a wonderful surprise for you.

- What?

- Cover your eyes.

- You are a nut!

- Go on.

Now, who is the one

person in this world,

outside of your grandmother,

that you would like most
to see right at this moment?

- I give up! Who?

- Dr. Emil Schauffhausen!

At last we meet, Officer Benson.

After all those letters,

I feel that I know you.

- He can't believe it's really you!

- Yes, I think that's it.

I am here to help you, my boy.

Great!

Now, let's have a look
at those legs, shall we?

So...

You are numb from the waist down?

- Is that correct?

- Yes, sir.

Completely numb? No feeling whatsoever?

- That's right.

- Mm-hm.

You won't be feeling Mr.

Piggy, then, will you?

No.

Tell me if you feel this.

Tickle, tickle, tickle.

- No.

- No?

We must try something else.

Something a little more stringent.

Now tell me, do you feel this?

No.

How about...

that?

- Nothing.

- Nothing, hm?

Watch yourself, Janet!

Back a little bit.

Thank you.

How about... this?!

Nothing? Hmm.

Any feeling there?

No?

This case intrigues me, Janet.

I will take Officer Benson as a patient.

Did you hear that, Freddy?
I am renting a villa in this area.
We will move him in, and I
will really go to work on him.
Oh, thank you, doctor.
Do you really think you
can get him to walk again?
I will have him running,
jumping, shouting, screaming...
or my name isn't Doctor
Emil Schauffhausen...
the Third.
Look, doctor, he's
so happy, he's crying.
Your Highness!
Mrs. Reed!
I didn't recognize you for the
moment. How wonderful to see you.
- Protector of the Veld.
- What a pleasant surprise.
How was your mission to Belahavula?
It was a great success, thanks to you.
I feel so proud.
Mrs. Reed, may I present Lady
Janet. Lady Janet, this is Mrs. Reed.
- How do you do?
- Hello.
Your Highness. Your accent.
- I'm traveling incognito.
- Oh, I see.
How are the Freedom Fighters?
Oh, Lady Janet is one of us.
Oh, wonderful!
And, uh...
Oh, this is my royal
adjutant, General Benson.
- How do you do?
- Charmed.
- Your High...
- Let's have lunch, Mrs. Reed.
- Thank you, Your Highness.
- I will telephone you.
Oh, please!
One of my former patients.

Unfortunately, incurable.
Freddy, isn't this beautiful?
I can't believe this
is really happening.
He's sacrificing his vacation
and sharing his villa.
This is incredible.
Arthur, this is Miss Colgate.
She will be staying at the hotel.
But Officer Benson here
will be staying with us.
Please don't worry. You
are close to my room.
I shall keep my eyes
on you night and day.
May I show you the villa?
It has a fascinating history.
Welcome to hell.
This is so beautiful.
Janet, we haven't discussed my fee yet.
It will be \$50,000.
Yes, I'll have to call my father.
I wish I could make it lower, but
the clinic would never allow that.
Oh, I understand.
- Let me show you the rest of the villa.
- OK.
- What about Freddy?
- Freddy, go to your room.
I'd like to come upstairs, too.
Of course you would. Come on!
- But he can't!
- Yes, he can. It's all in his mind.
- It seems so cruel.
- Trust me. I'm a doctor.
First, I will show you the music room.
Oh, my goodness.
- Isn't this beautiful?
- Mm.
I love all these old
musical instruments.
This music box. This is my favorite.
Listen.
In the old days, people

used to dance to this.

Come.

Freddy!

I heard the music... and I
pulled myself up the stairs.

And then I saw you and him...
dancing!

The more he sees us dance, the
more he will get used to it.

Ohhh!

It's awful to see us
like this, isn't it?

Janet, you're right.

Now he can't see us.

- This is terrible.

- No pity.

I know this is difficult,
but it is only through our
strength that Freddy will find his.

I have a splendid day
planned for Freddy.

- But I need your help for his therapy to be successful.

- Of course

- You will sit here.

- Thank you.

I will sit here...

and Freddy will sit there.

Uh-huh.

Sir, Officer Benson is not in
his room. I found this on the bed.

Thank you, Arthur.

What? What does it say?

"I've lost hope."

"Would you please see that my
grandmother gets my insurance,"
"and if my body's washed ashore,"
"that my remains are cremated and
tossed over the Suwannee River."

He's gonna drown himself!

There he is, doctor!

Sit down. Sit down.

It's a bluff to gain sympathy.

Pretend to enjoy

yourself. Laugh out loud.

Louder.
Would you
like some strawberries?
He's looking. Keep laughing.
Excuse me, sir. The man
is here with your satellite dish.
What satellite dish?
I'll be right back.
What would I
want with a satellite dish?
Freddy!
I'm out of control!
I'm out of control! Oh, my God! Oh!
Oh, no! Oh, no!
Freddy! Freddy!
Freddy! Freddy!
Freddy! No!
Freddy, stop, please!
Janet, don't make me crawl
around you. This sand is too hot.
- Then just stop where you are.
- And then what?
When you're not looking, I will come
down here, and I will do it right!
Then I'm not going to leave you.
I'm going to get Dr. Schaufhausen.
Janet. Janet! Janet!
Not him. He hates me.
He's trying to torture me.
He doesn't hate you.
He may seem strict, but
he's just trying to help you.
Don't make me go back there.
Can't we just stay here a
little bit longer? Please?
Well...
Mm-hm!
Just as I thought.
I'm sorry I was so
depressed this morning.
It's just that last night,
I had a dream about her.
Ohh!
I remember...

how I used to stare at her...
and just sit and
touch her face, like this.
- That is so sweet.
- She was the first girl I ever kissed.
Really?
And now...
I will probably never kiss
another girl for the rest of my life.
Freddy, that is ridiculous!
You are an attractive and
exciting and sensitive man.
I'm sure there are a million
women who would love to kiss you.
I wanna ask you a question,
and I want you to be
completely honest with me.
OK.
Am I attractive and exciting to you?
- Miss Colgate!
- Ohh!
May I talk to you, please?
Oh, I'm sorry.
Janet, I am dropping this case.
Oh, no, please don't. I know
I shouldn't have done it.
It's just that I felt so sorry for him.
You heard that awful story about
his girlfriend and the dancer.
- How did that make you feel?
- It made me physically sick.
Then please help him!
Please, please, please!
- All right. I will.
- Thank you.
But, Janet, we must hide our pity.
You and I must be his role model.
We must enjoy ourselves so much
that Freddy will want to jump
out of the wheelchair and join us.
I'll try, Doctor, but it won't be easy.
I will be there to help you.
How much of this can he stand?
Don't show any pity. Look

happy. Enjoy yourself.

- Are you sure?

- Yes. Come, come.

Isn't she fabulous? Wouldn't
you like to dance with her?

What's stopping you?

Get out of that chair

and dance with the girl!

OK. If you just want to sit
there and miss all the fun.

Oi! Oi, mate!

- Who's the asshole?

- "Get up and dance" he says.

I'd like to smack him one.

I wouldn't mind so much,

but she used to be my girl.

If I could just get her alone,

I think I could have a chance.

But he's always around.

I have another idea. It was
love that put him in that chair.

Perhaps love could get him out.

Would you mind if I

gave you a little kiss?

- Well, if you think that it would help.

- Yes, I think it would help.

- OK.

- Right.

- That piece of shit!

- What do you reckon?

Hey! Oi!

There's a transport plane leaving
for Honduras at One o'clock tonight.

How'd you like your friend to be on it?

- Good night, Freddy.

- I'll be right back.

Think happy thoughts.

Doctor, do you think that
the therapy is working?

- Yes, I am terribly pleased.

- Good!

I'm sorry about the
delay in paying your fee.

I should have it by tomorrow.

It took longer than I thought
it would to raise the money.

- You had to raise the money?

- The cash prize wasn't quite enough,
so I had my father sell off the car
and the furniture and all the jewelry.

- What cash prize?

- From the contest.

You know, I was selected as
the United States Soap Queen.

That's why I'm on this
all-expense-paid trip to Europe.

Your father doesn't own the
United States Soap Company?

No! I just use their laundry detergent.

You see, I entered their
contest and then I won.

You barely know Freddy...

but you'd sell
everything you owned for him?

Well, it's not everything. I'm
keeping the mink. Is that wrong?

Besides, knowing I helped a man like
Freddy be able to live his life again
is worth more to me than the car
or the furniture or all the jewelry.

I really couldn't ask for
a better prize than that.

I never knew that
people like you existed.

You are generous, sincere.

You are... You are wonderful.

Thank you.

Well... good night.

Good night.

Freddy, get it into your head.

The bet's off. She hasn't got the money.

You know what it sounds like to me.

It sounds
like you're trying to
get out of the bet.

If you're trying to get out of the bet, fine.

Then you lose and you leave town. Fine.

- But she has the money.

- Only by selling everything she owns.

Oh, come on! She's keeping the mink.

I mean, if we take her for everything, she still comes out with a very very nice mink.

Freddy, the women I deal with are carefully screened.

They're wealthy and corrupt.

I never take advantage of the poor or the virtuous.

All right. All right. We'll forget about the money, but the bet is still on.

- We'll think up a whole new bet.

- All right. What is the bet?

- A completely new bet.

- Yes, well, think of one.

We'll make her the bet.

What do you mean?

What do you think I mean?

First one to get her into bed.

Don't you ever have an emotion that originates above the waist?

No!

Let me tell you something,

Freddy. This is for certain.

A woman like Janet would never give herself to a man like you.

What? What?!

You actually believe that?

- I know that, Freddy.

- You wanna bet?

All right, Freddy, I'll bet.

But I'm not competing to win.

I'm just betting that you fail.

- Loser leaves town.

- Loser leaves town.

I say. I say!

- What do you want?

- You're blocking my gate.

You have to see the captain. He's in the back of the truck.

Now, look here.

- This is private property, you know.

- Just see the captain in the back.

Captain? Which one of you is...

- Will you be all right?
- Oh, yeah. She said she'd meet me here.
Wish me luck!
Freddy! I thought Dr.
Schauffhausen took you home?
Yeah, well, he did. I... couldn't sleep.
I have to talk to you, Janet.
Well, come in.
I was thinking about what
Dr. Schauffhausen told me.
That I could walk again if
the desire was strong enough?
Yes, he told me the same thing.
Janet...
I think you're the only person in
the world who can give me that desire.
Well... what do you mean?
I love you...
and I think I could walk again
if I thought you loved me, too.
Oh, Freddy.
But... I still have this terrible fear.
- What fear?
- That my feelings won't be returned.
Oh, but your feelings will be returned,
because I think I love you, too, Freddy.
And you will walk.
- Here.
- What are you doing?
Now, stand up and walk to me.
- No!
- Come on! You can do it!
- You won't disappoint me?
- No, I won't disappoint you.
Stand up and walk to me.
Please, Freddy, just try!
Come on!
Come on. Let go!
Oh! Agh! Oh!
I'm standing.
I'm standing!
Yes. Now walk to me!
- You won't let me down?
- No, I won't let you down!

That's it. That's it.

Oh, God. You're doing it!

- Do you wanna rest?

- No, no, I wanna keep trying.

Go over there. Go stand over there!

- Here?

- By the bed!

I wanna see just how far I can go!

Here?

- Here?

- Yeah!

Walk to me!

- I... I'm still afraid.

- Oh, don't be afraid.

- Don't you wanna kiss me?

- Yeah!

If you come over here, I
will prove that I love you.

- You'll prove it?

- Come on. Come on.

You can do it. Come on. Take a step!

- That's it! I knew you could do it!

- I'm walking!

Ah! I made it! I made it!

Yes, Freddy! You made it!

And all because...

of your... love.

Our love, Freddy.

We all love you.

It's moments like this that
make being a doctor worthwhile.

Oh, no wonder they call you a genius!

You said he'd come

here tonight and he did!

You said that he would walk and he did!

Freddy, I'm beginning to believe
this man can really perform miracles.

I'm beginning to believe it, too.

How the hell did you get off that plane?

I never got on it.

There were six sailors
at the back of that truck.

Seven sailors, Freddy.

I am a Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve.

You think you got me, don't you?
This is just the beginning.
Because, now I am really going
to turn on the charm.
No, you're not, Freddy.
I am taking her to the
airport in the morning.
You failed.
And I'm making sure she gets as
far away from you as possible.
Oh, yeah? And how do you
plan on doing that?
How do you plan on getting
her to the airport
without Mr. Freddy Benson on you
like glue? What are you doing?
Hey, look who's here!
Oh, yes. And he can walk, just
like the man said he could.
Oi, guys! Have a look at this.
Hi!
Hey, would you take care of
my friend till I get back?
There's plenty more food
and champagne to come.
- But couldn't I just call Freddy?
- No. Trust me in this matter.
But I think that maybe I love him
and that maybe he loves me, I think.
And now that he's cured...
Then it's even more important for
you to go away for a couple of weeks.
If a man loves you, he will follow you.
- But how do I know...
- Trust me this one last time.
All right.
But what about your fee?
You do what I tell you,
and you can keep the fee.
- You're kidding!
- Yes.
You're wonderful.
- Will you tell Freddy I said goodbye?
- Of course.

Thanks.

Bye.

- Hello, mate.

- Hello.

- Thanks, mate.

- All right.

Yee-ha!

Did that really happen?

I don't believe that!

Listen, I gotta go. Take care. See ya.

- Great guy!

- Bye.

Well, you seem to be
having a very nice time.

I had a great time.

Could you hand me that
superglue solvent, please?

I was on that
wall for six hours.

God. Jesus!

- Well, Freddy, it's over.

- What's over?

See that plane? There goes your bet.

Janet's on it.

Have the honor to admit
it, Freddy. You've lost.

Go and see for yourself. She's gone.

Have a safe trip and
a prosperous career.

Auf Wiedersehen.

Merci.

Janet!

Janet, it's me, Freddy!

Janet!

I lost.

Freddy!

Freddy!

- You're here!

- Hi.

I know the doctor said it might endanger
your recovery, but I... I had to see you.

You see, I really am in love with you.

Really?

- You actually love me?

- Mm-hm.

Now that you're walking, do you think that you can... well...

I can try.

You may not believe this, but I haven't had very much experience.

- Me either.

- Could you close the drapes?

Sure.

And... shut the door.

Yeah.

It's Andre, sir.

Thank you.

- Hello, Andre. What a lovely morning.

- Monsieur Jamieson?

- Are you lying down?

- What?

Ms. Colgate was seen returning to the hotel.

- But I took her to the plane.

- Then somebody has took her off.

Where's Freddy?

The Jackal is with Miss Colgate right now.

They have been together in her room, with the curtains drawn.

Oh. And for how long?

Oh, not long. But long enough. It is a disaster.

It seems the teacher has underestimated the student.

We must accept defeat graciously.

Now, I will prepare myself for the Jackal.

I'm sure he'll be over here soon to gloat over his victory.

Thank you, my old friend.

Janet!

Janet. What is the matter?

I know what you said, but I just had to see him again.

You see, I... I thought I was in love with him.

- What?

- I went back to see him and...

- And?

- And...

We made love and...

I tried to please him,

but how could I have known?

And then what happened

was I fell asleep,

and when I woke up, he was gone.

He took all my money. My mink,

my jewelry, my traveler's checks.

Even my little change purse.

What kind of a man would

do something like that?

And do you know what else?

I'm beginning to think

that he could walk.

That he pretended this whole thing

just to get to me and my money.

It was all my savings, the

prize money. Everything.

\$50,000!

Janet, I told you I'd waive my fee.

It had already gotten

here. I had it in my purse.

What am I gonna say to my

father? Some of the money was his.

Arthur!

Yes, sir?

I want you to phone Andre and

tell him to find Officer Benson.

It seems he has stolen some

of Miss Colgate's property.

I shall be at the airport.

Janet, I am going to cover your losses.

You and your father will

get your \$50,000 back,

and I am putting you on

the first plane out of here.

And this time, I will

make sure you are on it.

But you're not responsible.

How could you have known?

Any good psychiatrist would

have known he was a charlatan.

Come. In any case, it's
cheaper than a malpractice suit,
which I am sure you would win.
- I can't take your money.
- You can, and you will. Take it.
Janet, come on.
- You change planes in Paris.
- OK.
I don't feel good
about taking your money.
I feel good about it.
It has been so great to meet you, I...
If you're ever in
Cleveland, will you call me?
I will.
Goodbye.
Janet!
Have a good flight.
Thank you!
I can't take this. It
doesn't belong to me.
And I'll always have something
from you that means much more!
Bye!
Goodbye!
Monsieur Jamieson! I caught him at the
hotel, returning to the scene of the crime.
What crime? What is
this guy talking about?
Listen, Freddy. This time,
she really is on that plane.
- And you can't harm her again.
- What? You let her go? You gotta stop her!
Hey! Hey!
Hey! Hey! Hold it! Hold it!
Come back! Hey, hey, hey!
Hold it!
You idiot! You let her go!
I know, you slept with her, but you
didn't have to steal her money.
Steal her money? I didn't steal her money.
She stole from me.
All I know is, I'm about
to win the bet and she

says "Close the drapes."
So, I close the drapes.
Then she says, "Close the door." So, I close the door.
Then she says, "Would you mind taking a shower?"
So, I say "OK, I'll take a shower."
But, I come out, she's gone.
My clothes are gone,
my wallet is gone and
my watch is gone.
She even took the 2,000 francs she gave me!
Do you really expect me to believe that when she just returned the \$50,000 that I gave her?
- What \$50,000?
- The \$50,000 you stole from her.
I didn't steal \$50,000 from her!
Hey, there's my clothes.
"Hello, boys. It was fun."
"I'll miss you. Love, Janet. The Jackal."
"PS. I'm keeping the money. Is that wrong?"
Of all the lousy...
She is disgusting!
She is lying! She is deceitful! She is two-faced!
She is conniving and she is dishonest!
Yes.
Isn't she wonderful?
Arthur.
I'm sorry I broke your VHS player. I want you to give me the make and model number.
As soon as I get settled, I'm gonna send you a check.
Oh, shut up.
Well, thanks for letting me stay the extra week.
You know, I kind of had it figured from the beginning.
"J," Janet. "J," Jackal.

If you think about it, it's obvious.
When do you think she was onto us?
From the beginning, Freddy.
She was onto us from the very beginning.
She was perfect.
So, uh... what
are you gonna do now?
Well, things are going to
be quiet around here now.
The season's over.
Autumn's coming.
I'll be shutting up part of the house.
Well...
Goodbye.
Goodbye, Freddy.
Wait a minute, everybody.
Wait a minute! Can you hang on?
Hold it, hold it, hold
it! Excuse me, hold it!
Excuse me! Excuse me.
Hello there, my darlings. There you are!
God, what a hike? What, are you
kidding me with this gravel?
These heels weren't made for this.
Hey! Hello! We made it. Could
youse get the bags up here pronto?
Yeah, thank you.
Now, first, intros.
Nikos. Nikos, get over here.
- Nikos, come here!
- All right, Paula.
Come on, everybody. I want you
to meet Mr. Big Stuff.
I was showing Nikos property in Florida.
He goes "If I'm gonna invest 16 million
bucks, I wanna do it someplace new."
I say "Like, where?" He goes
"How about Australia?"
And then it hits me. Boom!
Australia, what, are you kidding me?
We gotta go meet Mr.
Australia himself!, I say
He goes "Why not?" I go "Why not?"
- Pretty soon, the whole group goes...

- "Why not?"
So here we are.
So, Nikos Papandropolous,
I'd like you to meet the
favorite son of Australia,
Chips O'Toole.
Well, aren't you gonna say anything?
G'day, Nikos.
How's it goin', sport?
Good on ya, cobber.
Chips O'Toole. Hotels
and oil from down under.
Do you still have any of those
situations available in Sydney?
No, it's all gone, Paula.
Never mind, Nikos. People
drop out, don't they?
Anyway, come on up to the house.
We'll put couple of some shrimps
on the barbie for ya.
Hey, I almost forgot somebody!
Mr. Junior Partner. The
man Chips can't do without.
The whiz kid. Randy Bentwick.
Unfortunately, Randy is a mute.
All right, everybody get on
up to the house for a drink.
You wanna refresh those
cocktails, don't you?
The ice is melting. Hurry, hurry.
Go on up! Follow the
path around the house.
Keep going! That's it, keep going!
I'll be right up there.
Fellas, last year I made \$3 million.
But your \$50,000 was the most fun.
Are you ready?
Then let's go get 'em.