

Notorious Script

*Is there any legal reason why
sentence should not be pronounced?*

- No, Your Honor.
- Yes. I have something to say.

You can put me away. But you can't
put away what's going to happen...

to you and to this
whole country next time.

- Next time we are going to...
- I wouldn't say anymore.

We'll leave that for the appeal.

It is the judgment of this court
that the defendant, John Huberman,

having been found guilty of the crime
of treason against the United States...

by the jury of this court for the
southern district of Florida at Miami,

be committed to the custody
of the United States attorney general...

for imprisonment in an institution
of the penitentiary type...

for a period of years.

And the defendant
may be forthwith remanded...

to the custody
of the United States marshall.

- *Court is now adjourned.*

- *Here she comes.*

- *Just a minute, Miss Huberman.*

- *Hold it, Miss Huberman.*

We'd like a statement from you,
Miss Huberman, about your father.

For instance, do you think
your father got what he deserved?

Could we say you're pleased your
father is going to pay the penalty...

for being a German worker?

Let us know
if she tries to leave town.

Would you care to pause for
some refreshments, Mr. Hop... kins?

Alicia, were you really followed by
a policeman? It sounds very exciting.

- I'm going to shoot it out
with them tomorrow.

- He's had enough.

- So have you.

- Don't be silly. The important
drinking hasn't started yet.

Everybody here's
got a stuffed fish hanging on the wall.

Where'd they get it?

Never seen a fish.

How about you, handsome?

Haven't I seen you somewhere before?

Oh, it doesn't matter.

I like party crashers.

- He's not a party crasher.

I brought him.

- Oh.

- I wouldn't mind
being followed by a cop.

I hate low, underhanded people
like policemen pussyfooting after you.

Because I'm a marked
woman, you know.

I'm liable to blow up
the Panama Canal any minute now.

- Do you want some ice in it?
- No, thank you.

It's not becoming for a lovely girl
like you to be worried about policemen.

- You won't be tomorrow.

- Oh, really?

- We sail at : .

- Really? We just sail away, huh?

Show me a fish,
and I'll show you a liar.

- What this party needs
is a little gland treatment.

- No fish.

We'd better start breaking up, Alicia.

I have to be on board at : .

One week in Havana, and this whole thing
about your father will have blown over.

- Do you love me, Commodore?
- You're a very beautiful woman.

I'll have another drink
to appreciate that.

- Where are you going?
- Fishing.

- This time of night?
- How about you? Still drinking?

- What's the difference?
- You know something? I like you.

Well, I'll see you
on board, Alicia, : .

Oh, I-I'll

have to think that over.

You don't have to pack.

We can pick up some things in Havana.

I think I'll have to leave him

here to dry out a little.

I'm very sorry you all have to go.

It has been a perfectly hideous party.

- *Good night.*

- *Good night.*

- *Good night, dear.*

- *Good night.*

There's one more drink
left apiece.

- Shame about the ice.
- What is?

- Gone.
- Who's gone?

The ice.
Why do you like that song?

Because it's a lot of hoey.

There's nothing like a love song
to give you a good laugh.

That's right.

It's stuffy in here, isn't it?

Might be.

What about...

we have a picnic?

Outside?

It's too stuffy
in here for a picnic.

- Wanna finish that?
- Shame to leave it.

You're quite a boy.

- My car is outside.

- Naturally.

- Wanna go for a ride?

- Very much.

What about your guests?

*They'll crawl out
under their own steam.*

L- I'm going to drive.

Tha-That's understood.

- Don't you need a coat?
- You'll do.

Wait a minute. Let me put this on you.
You might catch cold.

- How am I doing?
- Not bad.

- Scared?
- No.

Oh, no, you're not scared
of anything, are you?

Not too much.

- This fog gets me.
- That's your hair in your eyes.

Oh.

What does the speedometer say?

Sixty-five.

I'm gonna make it
and wipe that grin off your face.

I don't like gentlemen
who grin at me.

- A cop.

- What?

A policeman
is chasing us. Look.

Oh, they make me sick.

He wants to talk to you.

Drunken driving. My second offense.
Now I go to jail.

Whole family in jail.
Who cares?

Havin' a time to yourself,
aren't you?

People like you
ought to be in bed.

- Drunk, huh?

- Just a minute, officer.

No arguments, mister.

You ain't got a leg to stand on.

Sorry, but you didn't speak up.

- *That's all right.*

- *Sure you can handle her?*

- *No trouble.*

- *Well, you oughta know.*

Where's the ticket?

He didn't give me a ticket.

What was your name?

Devlin.

When you showed that cop
something, he saluted you.

- Did he?

- I saw him.

Why, you double-crossing buzzard!

You're a cop!

All right, we'll argue later.

Get away from my car!

Get out of my car!

- I'm gonna take you home.

- You're not gonna take me home at all!

- Ooh!

- Move over.

- Come on.

- Ow!

Get out of my car,
federal cop!

Crashing my party, just like
that buzzard with the glasses!

Leave me alone! You're trailing me
to get something on me.

Get... out!

Gonna calm down?

Good. Now, move over.

Oh.

L... I'm not gonna le...

Whew!

You'd better drink that.

All right.

Go on, drink it.

Finish it.

Feel better?

What do you care how I feel?

You... You copper.

What's this all about, huh?

- What's your angle?

- What angle?

- *About last night.*

- *Just wanted to be friends.*

Friends, yeah.

So you could frame me, hmm?

- No, I've got a job for you.

- Oh, yeah? Don't tell me.

There's only...

Ohhh.

There's only one job that
you coppers would want me for.

Well, you can forget it, Mr...

- *Devlin. Devlin.*

- *What?*

I am no stool pigeon,

Mr. Devlin.

My department authorized me
to engage you to do some work for us.

It's a job in Brazil.

Oh, go away.

The whole thing bores me.

Some of the German gentry who were
paying your father are working in Rio.

Ever hear of
the I.G. Farben Industries?

I tell you,
I'm not interested.

Farben has men in South America,
planted there before the war.

*We're cooperating with the Brazilian
government to smoke them out.*

*- My chief thinks
that the daughter of a...
- Of a traitor?*

Well, he thinks you might
be valuable in the work.

They might sort of trust you.

And you could make up a little
for your daddy's peculiarities.

- Why should I?

- Patriotism.

That word gives me a pain.

No, thank you.

I don't go for patriotism...

or... or patriots.

I'd like to dispute that with you.

*Waving the flag with one hand
and picking pockets with the other.*

That's your patriotism.

Well, you can have it.

*We've had your bungalow
wired for three months.*

"Conversation between John Huberman
and daughter Alicia,

: p.m., January
at Miami Beach, Florida."

Some of the evidence
that wasn't used at the trial.

- I don't want to hear that.

- Relax, hard-boiled, and listen.

...money in it, Alicia.

I told you before Christmas

I wouldn't do it.

You don't use your judgment.

You can have anything you want.

- The work is easy.

- I'll not listen, Father.

This is not your country, is it?

My mother was born here.

We have American citizenship.

Where is your judgment?

In your feelings, you are German.

You've got to listen to me.

You don't know what we stand for.

I know what you stand for!

You and your murdering swine.

I've hated you

ever since I found out.

My daughter,

don't talk to me like that.

Stay on your side of the table!

- Alicia, put your voice down.

I hate you all.

And I love this country.

Do you understand that?

I love it.

I'll see you all hanged before

I'll raise a finger against it.

Now, go on and get out of here,

or so help me, I'll turn you in.

Don't ever come near me or speak to me

again about your rotten schemes.

Well, that doesn't prove much.

I didn't turn him in.

We didn't expect you to.

Well, what do you say?

Go away and leave me alone.

I have my own life to lead.

Good times.

That's what I want.

And laughs with people I like.

*- And no underhanded cops who want
to put me in a shooting gallery.*

But people of my own kind...

who'll treat me right

and like me and understand me.

Good morning, Alicia.

- Oh, hello.

- Thought you might
need a hand this morning.

- We're sailing with the tide,
you know. Are you ready?

- Yes.

- Don't tell me you've
forgotten, my dear.

- Almost.

I'll help you pack, although
you really don't need anything.
We've got everything on board.

Oh, thank you.

I'll pack myself. L...

We're moored at the hotel pier.

You know the spot.

- Yes.

- You're a darling.

Sweetest girl I ever knew.

See you soon.

Well, what about it?

Plane leaves tomorrow morning, early.

All right.

You better tell him.

Hmm. I'll tell her.

See you later.

He's a very nice-looking man.

You'll be seeing him in Rio.

Oh, no, no.

I won't be seeing any men in Rio.

Oh, yes, you will.

That's our boss, Paul Prescott.

Did he say anything about the job?

- No.
- No hints?

No. But he had some news about your father he picked up at the last stop.

- What about him?
- He died this morning.

Oh. How?

- *Poison capsule.*
- *He did it himself?*

Yes, in his cell. Sorry.

I don't know
why I should feel so bad.

When he told me a few years ago
what he was, everything went to pot.

I didn't care
what happened to me.

But now I remember
how nice he once was.

How nice we both were.

Very nice.

It's a very curious feeling,

as if something had happened

to me and not to him.

You see, I don't
have to hate him anymore.

Or myself.

We're coming into Rio.

Oh, yes. So we are.

I wonder if the embassy
someone can get me a maid.

It's a nice apartment, and I don't mind
dusting and sweeping but I hate cooking.

- I'll ask them.

- And while you're at it,

- find out when I go to work,
and on what.

- Yes, ma'am.

Have another drink?

- No, thank you. I've had enough.

- Oh. Whiskey and soda.

Well, do you hear that?

I'm practically on the wagon.

That's quite a change.

- It's a phase.

- You don't think a woman can change?

Sure. But change is fun...

for a while.

For a while.

What a rat you are, Devlin.

All right. You've been

sober for eight days.

As far as I know,

you've made no new conquests.

Well, that's something.

Eight days.

Practically whitewashed.

I'm very happy, Dev.

Why won't you let me be happy?

Nobody's stopping you.

Why don't you give that
copper's brain of yours a rest?

Every time you look at me,
I can see it dwelling over its slogans:

"Once a crook, always a crook.
Once a tramp, always a tramp."

Go on. You can hold my hand.

I won't blackmail you
for it afterwards.

Scared?

I've always been scared
of women, but I get over it.

And now you're scared of yourself.

You're afraid you'll
fall in love with me.

- That wouldn't be hard.
- Ooh, now, careful, careful.

You enjoy making fun
of me, don't you?

No, Dev.

I'm making fun of myself.

I'm pretending I'm a nice,
unspoiled child...

whose heart is full
of daisies and buttercups.

Nice daydream. Than what?

I think I will have another drink.

I thought you'd get around to it.

Make it a double.

Why won't you believe in me, Dev?

Just a little.

Why won't you?

I know why you won't, Dev.

You're sore.

You're sore because you've
fallen for a little drunk...

you tailed in Miami,
and you don't like it.

Makes you sick all over,

doesn't it?

People will laugh at you, the invincible
Devlin in love with someone...

who isn't worth
even wasting the words on.

Poor Dev, in love with a no-good gal.
It must be awful. I'm sor...

Gentlemen, I assure you
she's a perfect type for the job.

*It's not the girl. It's this
German scientist I'm worried about.*

I simply question why we don't find

some way of taking them into custody.

*It'd do no good. Even if we arrested
their leader Alexander Sebastian,*

*tomorrow another Farben man
takes his place and their work goes on.*

Yes, you're right. I see, Captain
Prescott, your method is the best way.

Well, she's good at making
friends with gentlemen,

and we want somebody inside
his house, in his confidence.

You have faith in this procedure,
Captain Prescott?

Oh, yes.

With somebody on the inside...

- Have you consulted the young lady?

- No, not yet.

As a matter of fact, our man Devlin just
brought here down here the other day.

Now we're waiting for Sebastian
to come back to Rio.

Has your Mr. Devlin told her
the nature of the work?

No, we haven't discussed it
with him at all. But I can set

your mind at rest about her.

- You're sure of her political side?

- Oh, oh, yes.

Well, there is nothing to be lost
if we proceed as you advise.

Now, that's fine. I'll give Devlin
his instructions right away.

It's nice out here.

Let's not go out for dinner.

Let's stay here.

We have to eat.

We can eat here.

I'll cook.

I thought you didn't

like to cook.

No, I don't like to cook.

But I have a chicken in the icebox,
and you're eating it.

What about all the washing up
afterward?

We'll eat it with our fingers.

Don't we need any plates?

Yes. One for you and one for me.

Mind if I have dinner
with you tonight?

I'd be delighted.

- Where are you going?
- Well, if we're going to stay in,

I have to telephone the hotel,
see if there are any messages.

- You have to?
- I have to.

This is a very strange
love affair.

Why?

Maybe the fact
that you don't love me.

Hello? Palace Hotel?

Parle Anglais?

This is T.R. Devlin.

Are there any messages for me?

When I don't love you,
I'll let you know.

You haven't said anything.

Actions speak louder than words.

There is? Good.

Read it to me, please.

Prescott wants me over
right away.

- Did he say what about?

- No.

- Maybe it's our assignment.

- Probably.

Do you want me to bring
anything back with me?

Yes. What about a nice bottle of wine?

We'll celebrate.

What time shall I come back?

Seven o'clock.

- Good-bye.

- Good-bye.

What is it, Devlin?

What's the matter?

- I don't know if she'll do it.

- What do you mean,

you don't think she'd...

- *You haven't discussed it with her, have you?*
- *I didn't know what the job was.*

Well, what do you mean, she wouldn't do it?

Well, I don't think she's that type of woman. She strikes me as being...

I don't understand your attitude.

- *Why do you think she won't do it?*
- *Well, she's had no experience.*

Oh, come now. What experience does she lack, do you think?

She's never been trained for that

kind of work. They'll see through her.

Miss Huberman was chosen
not only because her father...

gives her an ideal background,
but because Sebastian knows her.

Oh, yes. He was once
in love with her.

Oh, I didn't know that.

I don't see why we're arguing
about petty things like this.

We've got important work to do.
Sebastian's house is a cover-up...

for whatever this Farben
group's up to here in Rio.

*We've got to get Miss Huberman
inside that house and find out
what's going on there.*

So I think you'd better go back
to Miss Huberman and explain
to her what she has to do.

- *I, uh...*

- *Well, what is it?*

- Nothing, sir.

- Oh, I thought you were
going to say something.

- *How is the meeting to be arranged?*

- *Oh, well, we've discussed that.*

I think the riding club
would be the best place.

Sebastian usually
rides there in the mornings.

So the rest is up to you
and Miss Huberman.

- *Okay, Devlin, that's all.*

- *All right.*

- *Dev, is that you?*

- *Uh-huh.*

*I'm glad you're late. This chicken
took longer than I expected.*

*What did they say?
Hope it isn't done too much.*

It caught fire once.

*I think it's better
if I cut it up out here.*

*Unless you want a half a one
to yourself.*

*We're going to have
knives and forks after all.*

*I've decided we're
going to eat in style.*

Marriage must be wonderful with this
sort of thing going on every day.

I wonder if it's too cold out here.
Maybe we should eat inside.

Hasn't something like this
happened before?

What's the matter?

Don't look so tense.

Troubles?

Well, handsome, I think you'd better
tell mama what's going on.

All this secrecy's going
to ruin my little dinner.

Come on, Mr. D.,
what is darkening your brow?

- After dinner.

- No, now.

Look, I'll make it easy for you.
The time has come...

when you must tell me that you have
a wife and two adorable children...

and this madness between us
can't go on any longer.

I'll bet you've heard
that line often enough.

Right below the belt every time.
Oh, that isn't fair, Dev.

Skip it. We have other things
to talk about. We've got a job.

Oh. So there is a job.

You, uh... You remember
a man named Sebastian?

- *Alex Sebastian?*

- *Yes.*

One of my father's friends, yes.

He had quite a crush on you.

I wasn't very responsive.

Well, he's here. The head
of a large German business concern.

His family always had money.

He's part of the combine that
built up the German war machine
and hopes to keep on going.

- Something big?
- It has all the earmarks
of being something big.

We have to contact him.

Go on.

Let's have all of it.

We're meeting him tomorrow.

The rest is up to you.

You've got to work on him

and land him.

Mata Hari.

She makes love for the papers.

There are no papers.

You land him.

Find out what's going on
inside his house,

what the group around him
is up to, and report to us.

I suppose you knew about this pretty
little job of mine all the time.

No. I only just
found out about it.

Did you say anything?

I mean, that maybe I wasn't
the girl for such shenanigans?

I figured that was up to you.

- If you'd care to back out...
- I suppose you told them,

"Alicia Huberman will have this
Sebastian eating out of her
hand in a couple of weeks.

- She's good at that. Always was."
- I didn't say anything.

Not a word for that little
lovesick lady you left an hour ago?

I told you,
that's the assignment.

Oh, well, now,

don't get sore, Dev.

I'm only fishing for
a little bird call from my dream man.

One little remark such as,

"How dare you gentlemen
suggest that Alicia Huberman...

the new Miss Huberman...
be submitted to so ugly a fate?"

That's not funny.

Do you want me to take the job?

- You're answering for yourself.

- I am asking you.

It's up to you.

Not a peep, hmm?

Oh, darling, what you didn't
tell them, tell me...

that you believe I'm nice and that
I love you and I'll never change back.

I'm waiting for your answer.

What a little pal you are.

Never believing me, hmm?

Not a word of faith.

Just down the drain with Alicia.

That's where she belongs.

Oh, Dev, Dev.

When do I go to work

for Uncle Sam?

Tomorrow morning.

Oh, we shouldn't have had this out here.

It's all cold now.

What are you looking for?

I had a bottle of champagne.

I must have left it somewhere.

In case you're asked,

I'm with Pan American Airways.

- As Devlin?

- Yes. Public relations office.

Anything else?

No, except we met on the plane

coming in from Miami.

Less detail, the better.

- Are you sure that's him?

- Yes.

We'll go by him easy,
let him spot you. Come on.

I guess I'm the girl
nobody remembers.

- Was it Sebastian?

- Yes.

We'll stick around,
give him another chance.

My dear Alicia, will you
forgive me for being late?

Last minute conference at the office.

You got my message?

- Yes. It's all right, Alex.

- Sweet of you to wait.

- I was afraid you might run on.

- Oh, I'm not that easily put off.

I was too anxious
to meet you again.

You know, I'm tired.

The worst thing about business
is it makes you feel old and look old.

You seem to have escaped
all of that.

Four years of dullness
and disintegration. Awful.

Alex, you look younger
than you did in Washington.

Well, it's a temporary improvement,
entirely due to your presence, my dear.

You always affected me like a tonic.

Perhaps now
with you here in Rio...

unless you insist
on running away from me again...

Oh, uh, would you like
another drink?

- *Yes. Thank you.*

- *Deux martinis.*

You know him?

No, I don't think so.
But he seems familiar.

Captain Prescott,
intelligence man.

He's down here as part
of a Washington espionage.

- *The American embassy*
is loaded with them.

- *Really?*

Hey, he's rather
handsome, isn't he?

I'm allergic
to American agents.

Their fine points don't
particularly appeal to me.

Have they bothered you
since you came down?

No. No, not yet.

They were troublesome in Miami?

Yes. That's why I left
right after the trial,

to get away from their snooping.

I wondered why
you left your father.

He insisted.
He was so unselfish.

He kept worrying about me,
begging me to leave.

I had no idea
he was going to die.

Many things have died
for all of us.

We mustn't let our spirit
die with them.

Perhaps I can help you
to forget. I'd like to.

It's odd...

but I feel at home with you.

You know, my dear,
I knew this was going to happen.

I knew when we met the other day

that if I saw you again,

I'd feel what I used to for you.

The same hunger.

You're so lovely, my dear.

Oh, now I'm going
to make a fool of myself again.

There's someone else, of course.
Who is it this time?

That Mr. Devlin you were with?

There is no one.

He seemed attentive.

Mr. Devlin has pestered me with his attentiveness ever since I arrived.

- I met him on the plane from Miami.

- You made a pretty couple.

Oh, Alex, Mr. Devlin doesn't interest me.

I was so lonely that day, I could have gone riding with Peter Rabbit.

You'll let me help your loneliness?

You are very sweet to forget
what a brat I was... once.

My dear, I shall test out
your repentance at once.

Will you have dinner with me
again tomorrow night?

- Thank you very much.
- My house?

- *Yes, how nice.*
- *My mother is giving a dinner party.*

She won't mind an extra guest?

An old friend
is never an extra guest.

Well, shall we order now?

- Yes, yes. I'm starved.
- Garcon.

*Now, let's see, what shall we...
what shall we have for our first
dinner together?*

- Good evening.
- Very good.

Yes, yes, isn't it?

Oh, I'd like you to wear these.

They're rented for the occasion.

Oh. All right.

Would you help me,
please? L...

- Why-Why, yes, certainly.

- Thank you.

So, uh, the old boy knew me, eh?

Yes. He thought
you were very handsome.

Oh, you don't say?

Sorry I'm not going with you.

- Oh, Dev'll pick those up later.

- All right.

Now, try to memorize the names
of all the people you see there tonight.

The men, I mean. And get their
nationalities. That's very important.

You mean the Germans?

That won't be difficult for me.

And I suggest that you don't ask any
questions. Just use your eyes and ears.

They're a pretty keen and desperate
bunch. Don't underestimate them.

Right. Thank you for your
instructions. Good evening.

Oh, by the way, unless you have
something very urgent to report,

I suggest that you two keep shy
of each other for the next few days.

That's in case Sebastian's people
want to check on you after your visit.

- Yes, I understand.

- That's all. Good luck.

- Good evening.

- Good night.

Good evening. I'm Miss Huberman.

Will you tell Mr. Sebastian
that I'm here?

- *Miss Huberman?*

- *Yes.*

Please forgive me
for keeping you waiting.

- *Not at all.*

- *You resemble your father very much.*

- *I'm Alex's mother.*

- *I knew when I saw you.*

Alex has always admired you.

Now at last I know why.

You're very kind.

You did not testify at your father's
trial. We thought that unusual.

He didn't want me to. He refused
to let his lawyers call me on the stand.

I wonder why.

Hello... Alicia.

I'm so glad.

You met my mother.

- Yes, we just met.
- You didn't meet Alicia...

when we were in Washington
four years ago, did you, Mother?

I don't know where
you were at the time.

Alex, I think we should
join our other guests.

- May I take your wrap?
- Thank you.

Miss Huberman,
may I present Eric Mathis?

- *How do you do?*

- *How do you do?*

William Rossner.

How do you do?

Very honored.

Emil Hupka.

How do you do?

Delighted.

And Mr. Knerr.

And Dr. Anderson.

Dr. Anderson.

It gives me great pleasure.

Dr. Anderson is our guest
of honor tonight.

You mustn't bore Miss Huberman,
Alex, with discourses on science.

Not before dinner, anyway.

Dinner is served, madame.

Dr. Anderson, you will sit
beside me, over there.

Eric, you will sit
next to Miss Huberman.

You have just come from Spain, senora?

A few weeks ago. It seems ages.

*Travel does not mean anything
anymore. It goes so swift.*

*- One has the feeling
of not going anywhere.*

*I suppose we can expect
rocket ships to be carrying us
across the ocean very soon.*

You can expect many strange things.

- See a good movie
this afternoon, Eric?
- No. I was disappointed.

Hmm, must have been a comedy. You know,
Eric loves to go to the movies to cry.

He's very sentimental.

*It takes nearly as long to go
from the city to the airport...*

as it does to cross

over the Atlantic.

I'm afraid, gentlemen, that
something must be done about Emil.

I don't know. It was an understandable
slip. The man was tired.

No. It was
a very dangerous slip.

It's not the first one. There have been
several other lapses before.

There'll be more,
if we permit them.

That's bad.

That's very bad.

I think, gentlemen, you can
leave it to me to find some way.

When you drive up to Petropolis,
the road winds quite a bit.

It is very high.

There are some
very awkward turns.

I'm sure I will not have
any difficulty in getting Emil
to give me a lift in his car.

It's quite a trick to jump clear.

I'll just have to be careful,
that is all.

Turned my ankle the last time.

Madame says,
will you join the others...

or will you take
your coffee in here?

Oh, I think we'll take
coffee in here, Emil.

I'm very sorry, gentlemen,
to make such an exhibition.

Ah, nonsense.

We all have nerves.

You have been overworking.

Don't you think so, Rossner?

You need a rest. Your health
is very important to us.

Oh, that's very considerate.

I am very tired.

So, now I think perhaps
if-if you'll make my pardon...

to the ladies, Alex, for my
leaving so early, then l...

Maybe, Emil, it would be better
if I came with you.

I think that perhaps
if you try to drive yourself...

all the way up to Petropolis,
it might be too much for you.

I shall drive you.

No. That would be
too much for you.

All that way.
That's too much to ask.

Nonsense.

I'd love to go.

Come on, Emil.

Good night, gentlemen.

Good night, Alex.

I hope you'll feel better
in the morning, Emil.

Thank you.

And I'm very sorry...

to make a scene
before strangers.

Very sorry.

Thank you, Alex,
for an excellent dinner.

And please tell your mother
for me that the dessert was superb.

Miss Huberman has
been gone a long time.

Mother, is it necessary for you to
always address Alicia as Miss Huberman?

I do wish you'd be
a little more cordial to her.

Really, I thought I was
behaving rather well.

- Has she been complaining about me?

- Oh, no.

- I'm grateful.

- You might smile at her.

Wouldn't it be a little too much if
we both grinned at her like idiots?

Please, Mother,
I want to enjoy myself.

Is it so boring
to sit with me alone?

Not at all, not at all.

- Hello.

- Oh, hello.

- I thought I saw you.

- How are you?

- Fine, thanks.

Great turnout, isn't it?

- Yes.

- Where are they?

- In a box in the stand.

I don't think they can see us,
Alex and his mother.

Don't telephone me anymore.

Just rely upon my popping up.

- Can you hear me?
- Sure. Go ahead.

Heard of a Dr. Anderson?

- No.
- He's some kind of a scientist.

Kind face, years old, gray hair,
deep crease in forehead.

- Tall or short?
- Short.

- Uh-huh.
- Emil Hupka? Heard of him?

No.

He made quite a scene
about a wine bottle the other night.

Didn't like the vintage?

He seemed to think there was
something else in the bottle.

- Was there?

- No. It was wine. We drank it.

Has he pulled anything since?

Haven't seen him since.

- Anything else?

- Nothing important.

Just a minor item that
you may want for the record.

What is it?

You can add Sebastian's name
to my list of playmates.

- Pretty fast work.
- That's what you wanted, wasn't it?

Skip it.

- Are you betting on this race?
- No.

Alex says number ten is sure to win.

He knows the owner.

- Thanks for the tip.

- Alex says they have been
holding him back all season...

I can't help recalling
some of your remarks.

About being a new woman.
Daisies and buttercups, wasn't it?

You idiot.
What are you sore about?

You knew very well
what I was doing.

- Did I?

- You could have stopped me
with one word.

But no, you wouldn't.

You threw me at him.

- *I threw you at nobody.*

- *Didn't you tell me to go ahead?*

A man doesn't tell a woman
what to do. She tells herself.

*You almost had me believing in that
little hokey-pokey miracle of yours...*

- *that a woman like you
could ever change her spots.*

- *Oh, you're rotten.*

That's why I didn't stop you.

The answer had to come from you.

I see.

Some kind of love test.

That's right.

You never believed in me anyway,
so what's the difference?

Lucky for both of us I didn't.
It wouldn't have been pretty
if I'd believed in you.

*If I'd figured, "She'd never be able
to go through with this.*

She's been made over by love. "

If you only once had said
that you loved me. Oh, Dev.

Listen. You chalked up another
boyfriend, that's all. No harm done.

- I hate you.
- There's no occasion to.
You're doing good work.

Number ten's out in front. Looks as if
Sebastian knows how to pick 'em.

Is that all you have
to say to me?

Dry your eyes, baby.

It's out of character.

Except, keep on your toes.

It's a tough job we're on.

Snap out of it.

Here comes dreamboat.

Oh, hello, Alex.

It was so exciting.

A beautiful horse.

Do you remember Mr. Devlin?

- How do you do?

- Hello.

Alicia tells me you had a bet
on number ten. Sorry I didn't
get the tip earlier.

- So long.

- See you sometime, Dev.

It was a wonderful race.

Did you have much money on the winner?

- I didn't see the race.

- Didn't you?

I thought I saw you looking
through your field glasses.

I was watching you
and your friend, Mr. Devlin.

*I presume that's why
you left my mother and me.*

*- You had an appointment to meet him.
- Don't be absurd.*

*- I met him purely by accident.
- You didn't seem very anxious
to get away from him.*

*- Oh, he's just...
- I watched you.*

*I thought maybe
you're in love with him.*

*Don't talk like that.
I detest him.*

Really?

He's very good-looking.

Alex, I've told you before.

Mr. Devlin doesn't mean a thing to me.

I'd like to be convinced.

Would you maybe care to convince me,
Alicia, that Mr. Devlin
means nothing to you?

...pleased to hear, Senor Barbosa, that
our little theatrical plan is working.

We've got hold of something
concrete for a change.

I'm delighted, gentlemen.

What is it?

Professor Wilhelm Otto Rensler
is working here in Brazil.

- One of Germany's scientific wizards.

- I didn't know he was here.

Oh, yes. He's living
and experimenting in Sebastian's house.

They call him Dr. Anderson.

Entree.

Excuse me, sir. Miss Huberman wishes
to see Captain Prescott or Mr. Devlin.

- *What do you mean? She's here?*

- *Yes, sir.*

Well, show her in, Ribiero.

- *Yes, sir.*

I don't like this.

I don't like her coming here.

She's had me worried for some time.

A woman of that sort.

What sort is that,

Mr. Beardsley?

Oh, I don't think any of us have

any illusions about her character,
have we, Devlin?

Not at all,
not the slightest.

Miss Huberman is first,
last and always not a lady.

She may be risking her life,
but when it comes to being a lady,

*she doesn't hold a candle
to your wife, sir,*

sitting in Washington playing
bridge with three other ladies
of great honor and virtue.

- *Take it easy, Dev.*

- *Sorry.*

I think those remarks
about my wife are uncalled-for.

Withdrawn. Apologized, sir.

- How do you do, Miss Huberman?

- How do you do?

This is Mr. Beardsley
and SenorJulio Barbosa.

Care to sit down?

Thank you.

You have the esteem

of my government, senorita.

*But we are worried
about your visiting this office.*

I promise not to break the rules
again, but I need some advice
and I couldn't find Mr. Devlin.

In fact, I need it before lunch.

Something happened?

Yes, something
rather confusing.

Mr. Sebastian
has asked me to marry him.

- *What?*

- *Well, well.*

He, he wants me
to marry him right away,

and I am to give him
my answer at lunch.

But I didn't know what the department
might think about such a step.

*Are you willing to go this
far for us, Miss Huberman?*

Yes, if you wish.

What do you think of this, Devlin?

Oh, I think it's a useful idea.

*Well, you know the situation
better than any of us.*

May I ask what inspired
Alex Sebastian to go this far?

He's in love with me.

And he thinks
you're in love with him?

Yes, that's what he thinks.

Gentlemen, it's the cream of the jest.

Then...

Then it's all right?

Well, yes. I'd, I'd say so.

*Of course, it's
a perfect marriage... for us.*

There's only one thing.

Won't it delay us a bit?

What do you mean?

Well, Mr. Sebastian is a very romantic
fellow, isn't he, Alicia?

Yes.

Then he'll probably want to take
his bride away for a long honeymoon.

- Won't that hold us up?
- Devlin's got a point there.

*Oh, I don't know. I think
we can rely on Miss Huberman...*

to get back
into the house quickly.

Yes, I think I can manage that.

Well, everything seems
to be nicely arranged.

I don't think you need me here anymore,
do you, Captain Prescott?

*I do want to thank you,
Miss Huberman, very much.*

*I think so far everything has been
managed with great intelligence.*

Yes. Thank you very much.

Are you quite sure she didn't
come down here to see you?

To capture the rich

Alex Sebastian for a husband?

Don't be absurd, Mother.

She didn't even know I was here.

We will discuss it
more fully tonight.

We will not discuss it tonight.

All these carping questions are merely
the expression of your own jealousy,

just as you've always
been jealous of any woman
I've ever shown any interest in.

In this case, there's

nothing more to discuss.

You mean, then, you are
going ahead with this marriage?

I mean that the wedding
will be next week.

It'll be private.

We shall both be pleased
to have you present, if you wish.

Oh.

- Good evening, sir. Madame.

- Good evening, Joseph.

Joseph. Joseph, it doesn't look
very cheerful in here.

*I'm sorry, sir. Madame Sebastian
wasn't certain you'd be back tonight.*

Why not?

I telegraphed her.

Madame Sebastian said
we were all to retire, sir.

- Where is my mother?

- Madame Sebastian

went to bed very early, sir.

I'm sorry, my dear. I'm afraid this
isn't a very bright homecoming for you.

- That's all right, Alex.

- Well, what shall we do?

Shall we have Joseph arrange
a little food for us?

Not unless you want to.

I'm rather tired myself.

- We'll go right up, then?

- Good night.

Good night, madame.

I'd like to have all my dresses
put out on the beds here.

Don't hang anything up.

I'd like to know where everything goes.

- Oh, Joseph, would you
have the closets aired?

- Yes, madame.

Oh, this isn't very large.

I'll need more room.

- This door is locked.

- That's used for a storeroom, madame.

Oh. May I have the key?

- I do not have the keys, madame.

- Where are they?

Madame Sebastian has charge
of all the house keys, madame.

Oh.

Do you know
where Mr. Sebastian is?

I believe he is having a business
meeting downstairs in the study, madame.

I miss Hupka. He was
a first-class metallurgist.

Leykin is just as good.

Such is your opinion.
But I don't want to criticize.

What, uh, were you asking?

Oh, you want a report.

A written report.

Well, my friends,

my work is done.

- You've been successful.

- Yes.

- Oh, I'm very sorry. L...

- Not at all. Come on in.

No. I'm sorry to interrupt you.

I didn't know you were busy.

Some of the closets are locked.

Could you give me the keys?

Oh, I'm so sorry.

I'd forgotten about the keys.

Of course.

I'll get them for you at once.

I'll bring the keys to you
right away, my dear.

Mother? Mother?

Come in.

*Mother, Alicia wants the keys
to get into the closets.*

*I think they can be safer
left to me. After all...*

*Please, Mother, stop arguing!
Give me those keys!*

*I will not. You won't get
these keys, and that's that.*

*Mother, will you please
give me the keys? Thank you.*

Well, here they are.

*Afraid I'm going to be busy
for the rest of the morning,
my dear.*

- See you at lunch.

- Thank you, dear.

Mr. Sebastian

has the key for this, madame.

It's the wine cellar.

Well, then, the wine cellar
is the obvious place to look.

Alex has the key to that.

Then get it from him.

Get it? How?

Don't you live hear him?

What do I look for
if I get the key?

You look for a bottle of wine,
like the one that rattled
the fellow at dinner that night.

All the bottles look alike to me.
I'm no mastermind.

You're doing all right.

It's no fun, Dev.

Too late for that now,
isn't it?

Look, uh, why don't you persuade
your husband to throw a large shindig...

so that he can introduce his bride
to Rio society, say sometime next week?

- Why?

- Consider me invited,

and I'll try and find out
about that wine cellar business.

I don't think my husband is
interested in entertaining just yet.

The honeymoon isn't over, huh?

Don't underestimate
your charms, Mrs. Sebastian.

You can handle it.

I don't think it's going
to be so easy about you.

He thinks
you're in love with me.

Well, then tell him you thought
if you invited me to the house...

and I saw
how happily married you were,

then the horrid passion I have
for you might be torn out of me.

That sounds very logical.

Good. Next week, then,
and get the key.

I have to fly up to Berlin,
but I'll be back in time.

All right.

I'll be looking forward
to seeing you.

It's always a pleasure
meeting you, madame.

*I'm surprised
at Mr. Devlin coming tonight.*

*I don't blame anyone for being
in love with you, darling.*

*L- I just hope that nothing will happen
to give him any false impression.*

I'll be with you in a minute.

Darling.

It's not that I don't trust you,
but when you're in love at my age,

every man who looks
at a woman is a menace.

Will you forgive me
for even talking about it?

I'm very contrite.

Well, I think we might join
the rest of the party now.

I think all our guests are here.

Where can I find Alex Sebastian?

- By the drawing room, sir.

- Thanks.

- Hello, Dev.

- Good evening.

You haven't seen the house,
have you?

Well, it's quite
a jolly, little cottage.

Let me show you
around the place.

Later.

He's on the trail.

- Devlin, glad to see you.

- Good evening.

It was kind of your bride
to invite me.

We both invited you, Mr. Devlin. See
that our guest is fed, my dear, amused.

You know what...

Oh, excuse me.

Madame Esterich,

I'm so glad to see you.

- This isn't going to be easy.

- Why?

He, uh... he's quite sensitive
about you.

He's going to watch us
like a hawk.

Yes, he's rather jealous
of anyone.

Where'd you get the key,
off his chain?

Yes.

Let's hope the liquor doesn't run out
and start him down the cellar for more.

- Oh, I hadn't thought about that.
- Quite a point.

Thank you.

Oh, Mr. Devlin. How nice.

You remember me?

- Senora Ortiz.

- How sweet. Young men
usually have short memories.

Oh, here's something I adore...
champagne.

Oh, may I?

Joseph?

- Madame?

- Do you think you have enough
champagne to last the evening?

I don't know, madame.

I hope so.

- Enjoying yourself, Mr. Devlin?

- Very much, thank you.

There's so many things I would
like to ask about the States.

- *I haven't heard anything
for a long time.*

- *I'll be glad to tell you.*

- Will you excuse me?

- Would you mind?

Certainly.

- We better hurry.

- Lots of time.

No, Joseph might have
to ask Alex for more wine.

- Uh-huh.

- Hmm.

- He's running out
faster than he thought.

- Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Is he, uh, watching?

Yes. You'd better go out

in the garden alone...

and wait around back of the house for me
and I'll show you the wine cellar door.

- Nice party, isn't it?

- It's a wonderful party.

And you're doing wonderfully well.

I'm very proud.

- Mr. Devlin bothering you much?

- Oh, no, darling.

He's trying to drown his sorrow.

Excuse me. I think I'll ask the
orchestra to play some Brazilian music.

- They've played waltzes all evening.
- Go, my dear.

- That's the door.
- Right.

I'll keep the garden door open,
and I'll tell you if anything happens.

What happened?

Look. Vintage sand.

Hmm. We've got to leave things
as we found them.

Help me find a bottle of wine
with the same label as these others.

But it isn't really sand, is it?

No, I think it's some kind
of metal ore.

- This is a bit weird.

- I'm terrified.

Just pretend you're a janitor.
Janitors are never terrified.

I have a feeling
we're very slow.

Well, we're on schedule.
Take it easy.

- I keep hearing someone coming.

- Oh, that'll be nice.

- Think if he comes down with Joseph.

- Unfortunate.

Okay.

Come on.

Someone is coming!

It's Alex! He's seen us!

- Wait a minute. I'm going to kiss you.

- No, he'd only think we'd...

That's what

I want him to think.

You'd better stay upstairs,

Joseph. They may need you.

Yes, sir.

Oh, Dev. Dev.

Push me away.

I'm sorry to intrude
on this tender scene.

L- I couldn't help what happened.

He's been drinking.

Oh. So he carried you down here.

Oh, please, Alex.

- You love him.

- No, of course not. Please go.

For what it's worth, as an apology,
your wife is telling the truth.

I knew her before you,
loved her before you.

But I wasn't as lucky as you.
Sorry, Alicia.

- Please go.
- Good night.

Alex, don't be foolish.

L- I came down here...

because he threatened to make a scene
unless I'd see him alone.

He kissed you.

L- I couldn't stop him.

I tried.

We'll talk about it later.

Your guests are upstairs.

Will you please go to them?

Oh, Mr. Devlin,
are you going so soon?

Yes, I'm afraid I have to be up
early in the morning.

Thank you and good night.

- Oh, Joseph.

- Yes, sir.

- We can go down for the wine now.

- Yes, sir.

You know, Joseph,

I don't think we need
give them any more champagne.

- We still have some upstairs,
haven't we?

- Yes, sir.

And some whiskey and wine?

- Yes, sir.

- Well, I think we'll give them that.

Very good, sir.

I'm sorry
about what happened, Alex.

Oh, my dear, I shall never
forgive myself for behaving
like a stupid schoolboy.

- Then you believe me?

- Well, of course.

- It isn't worth mentioning again.

- Thank you.

- Are you coming up?

- Not for a little while.

Dr. Anderson's waiting for me
in the study.

Sleep well.

It was a very successful party.

- Good night, then.

- Good night.

Thanks for being so nice.

Mother.

Mother.

Why are you up so early?

- I need your help.

- Something is wrong?

A great deal. Alicia.

I have expected it.

I knew. I knew.

What is it? Mr. Devlin?

No.

I am married
to an American agent.

Yes. It is easy to see now.

I knew, but I didn't see.

They picked her
because of her father.

I must have been insane, mad,

behaved like an idiot to believe
in her with her clinging kisses.

Stop wallowing
in your foul memories.

Then what do I do?

There's nothing to do.
I'm done, finished.

- They'll find out.
- They won't find out.

They'll find out
what I'm married to.

Look what they did to Emil Hupka...
Emil, who did nothing.

And I've betrayed them.
I've bungled, and there's no excuse.

I'd do the same myself...
kill the fool that betrayed them.

There's no need
for them to find out.

- *Mathis is very sharp.*

- *Yes. He dislikes you.*

But his criticism of your
talents wouldn't go that far...

to imagine that you are married
to an American agent.

We are protected by
the enormity of your stupidity.

- For a time.

- Alicia. I'll take care of her myself.

- No. Not that way.

- I stood looking at her
when she was asleep.

- *I could have...*

- *Quiet, Alex!*

You're almost as impetuous
as before your wedding.

You barred me from that episode.

Let me arrange this one.

Listen to me.

No one must know what she is.

There must be no suspicion
of her, of you or me.

She must be allowed
to move about freely.

But she will be on a leash.

She will learn
nothing further to inform.

She must go,
but it must happen slowly.

If she could become ill...

and remain ill for a time, until...

Drink your coffee, darling.

It's getting cold.

Are you going out this afternoon, Alex?

No, my dear. I have some letters
to write. What are you going to do?

Oh, I just have a little shopping.

I'd like to go to the Imperiale.
Maybe I'll go to Cosmo's...

and see if they have any new
books in from New York.

*If you're going there, will you go
and see if my cigars have arrived?*

*Should be about of them.
If they have,*

*ask them to keep them in
the humidior for me, will you?*

- *Anything wrong?*

- *No.*

No, the light bothers me.
I have a bit of a headache.

- Would you mind?

- Oh, yes. I think we can fix that.

Thank you.

You know, some people get too much sun
down here. You must be careful.

I think you can be very proud
of yourself, Mrs. Sebastian.

That sand that Devlin brought in
shows uranium ore.

So now we know
what we're driving at.

And your job from now on will be
to try to help us find out
where that sand comes from.

The location of the uranium
deposit is of vast importance,

and we're putting
quite a few people on it.

- But I think you'll be of great help.

- All right.

But that isn't
the main reason why I asked you
to come up here this afternoon.

- No?

- No. I wanted to tell you...

that I'm going to change
your contact in about a week.

Mr. Devlin's been transferred
to Spain.

To Spain?

- *Does Mr. Devlin know that?*

- *Oh, yes.*

- *He asked for the transfer.*

- *Why?*

Well, I guess he thought
he was going stale here.

Oh, he wants to leave Rio?

Yes. I guess he thought he'd
find... Spain more interesting.

Yes, I imagine it would be.

There really isn't very much
for a brainy fellow like Mr. Devlin

to do in Rio anymore.

Well, of course,
it is more or less routine now.

In the meantime, I am to report
to Mr. Devlin as usual?

*Oh, yes. He'll be here
until the new man arrives.*

Thank you, Captain Prescott.

I'll keep my ears wide open.
Good-bye.

Good-bye.
Oh, and, uh...

go easy on that sun, hey?

Daring, what is it?

- I don't know. L...

- Are you in pain?

Yes, l...

I'm so dizzy. L...

Wh-What happened to her?

We were walking,
and she was stricken suddenly.

I'll be all right.

Let's go inside.

I'm sorry

I couldn't make it on time.

It gets a bit lonely
squatting on a bench all day.

Yes, Rio can be a very dull town.

What's new?

Nothing.

What's new with you?

Nothing.

*Any domestic troubles
about the other night?*

- No.
- Any footprints in that sand yet?

No. Nothing yet.

Just a social visit, huh?

A little fresh air helps.

You don't look so hot.

- *Well...*
- *Sick?*

No. Hangover.

That's news.

Back to the bottle again, huh?

It sort of...

lightens my chores.

- *Big party?*

- *Just the family circle.*

- Sounds quite jolly.

- It helps life in a dull town.

You ought to take it easy

on that liquor.

Don't you find Rio
a little hard to take too?

Not a bad town.

*You look all mashed up.
Must have been quite an evening.*

Yeah. It was.

Okay. If you wanna play
that way, go on. Have fun.

- No reason why you shouldn't.
- That's right, Dev.

Here's something that belongs to you.
I should have given it to you sooner.

- What is it?

- A scarf that you leant me once,

in Miami.

Cleaning house, huh?

Well, good-bye, Dev.

What do you mean, "good-bye"?

Nothing. Just good-bye.

Fresh air isn't as good
for a hangover as I thought.

Sit down.

You're still tight.

I don't want to.

Where are you going?

Back... home.

You are not taking care
of yourself, Alicia.

Oh, I feel much better.

You look like something awful.

The circles under the eyes.

My dear child, you must have a doctor
find out what is the matter with you.

I never go near doctors.

*They always want
to cart you off to a hospital.*

Maybe you belong in a hospital.

Tell me.

When did you first feel sick?

Oh, I-I don't remember.

Maybe the party... I think.

I still think a sea trip would
be much better for you, darling,
than doctors and hospitals.

A little cruise somewhere.
Maybe Spain?

Put the roses
back in your cheeks, my sweet.

I don't think so.
I don't care much for boats.

We could go together, my dear,

if you could bear to leave Alex
behind for a few weeks.

I think I'd prefer Alex
to a case of seasickness.

I always get seasick.

Then you might like
the mountains, hmm?

The air is fresh and pure and...

I am going next week.

Oh, you're leaving?
I'm sorry. I'll miss you.

Yes. I'm delaying my work
too long.

*If you'll come with me,
the mountains won't make you seasick.*

And the Imorez Mountains are beautiful...
covered with flowers and...

Oh, um, what Alicia needs
is rest, not mountain-climbing.

I've heard about the Imorez.

Did you? Really?

Mmm, yes.

*About the beautiful
little native towns.*

Tell me,
are you going to Leopoldina?

No, no, no.
I'm going to Santa Ma...

Care for some more brandy,
Otto?

No, no, thank you.

I, er, never drink more than one brandy,
and even this is sometimes too much.

I'll just finish my coffee.

- No, that is not your cup!

- But that's Ali...

Oh, I'm sorry.

*Yeah, perhaps, uh,
Alex is right, my dear child.*

*When you're young,
rest's the best doctor.*

*And if you...
lie still for a few days,*

reading, relaxing,

forgetting all your troubles,

*it might be as well as medicine
or sea air.*

*When I come back,
you will be all well,*

making us all very happy once more.

Oh!

Excuse me, I-I want to go to bed.

I feel...

- Pain again, darling?

- I'm sorry to complain again.

Shall I take you
up to your room?

May I help you, my dear?

Some hot water, maybe?

No. No, please. Don't bother.

I'll be all right.

*If she doesn't feel better in the
morning, I insist you call a doctor.*

*I don't like
the way she looks, Alex.*

I'm worried about her.

I'm afraid she's very ill.

- Alicia! Alicia!

- Joseph. Joseph.

- Help me take her up to her room.

- You must take her up to bed.

Come on, my dear.

Okay. I told you she is sick.

Come on.

Don't exert yourself. Come.

Be quiet.

No! Go! Go away!

No! No!

No, I don't want to go.

It's some sort of spasm.

I'm sure it's not serious.

We must get a doctor.

Poor child is suffering too much.

I'll call the hospital.

- *I'll get a doctor.*

- *Don't worry, dear Otto.*

We'll get a doctor...

a good one.

We'll take

the best care of her.

Joseph, disconnect the telephone.

Madame must have absolute quiet.

Take it out of the room, Joseph.

Five days, eh?

- Say, that must be
quite a binge she's on.

- I don't think so.

Well, you said she was drinking
last week and drunk when you saw her.

- *Yes, but I've had time
to think it over.*

- *Think what over?*

That drinking of hers.
I don't believe it.

Why should she lie to you
about that?

I don't know.

She wasn't drunk.

- *She was sick.*

- *Maybe that's why she hasn't shown up.*

She looked like
the ragged end of nowhere.

Well, it still sounds
like a hangover.

- *Yes, but I'm gonna pay her a call.*

- *Now, wait a minute.*

I don't want you to mess
things up. We hope to close
this case out in a few days.

I won't mess anything up.

Just a social call.

I, uh, I'm a friend
of the family.

All right. Go ahead if you want to,
but don't take any chances.

*Oh, and, uh, call me up
when you get back.*

- I'll do that.

- 'Kay.

- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening.

- Family home tonight?

- Yes, sir.

Would you mind telling Mr. Sebastian
that Mr. Devlin is here?

- What is it, Joseph?

- I'm very sorry, sir,

but since Mr. Sebastian asked me
not to disturb him, I don't know.

- Asleep?

- No, sir.

He's in the study with
some business associates, sir.

- How long do you think
he'll be tied up?

- I don't know, sir.

- Mrs. Sebastian home?

- Uh, yes, sir.

- Would you mind telling her?

- I'm afraid I can't, sir.

- Why not?

- Mrs. Sebastian is very ill
and confined to her bed.

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

How long has she been ill?

- A week.

- *Has she had a doctor?*

I think so, sir.

We're all very concerned about her.

*If you will wait here, Mr. Devlin,
I'll tell Mr. Sebastian.*

Right.

- Excuse me, sir.

- What is it, Joseph?

Mr. Devlin to see you, sir.

Oh. Tell him I'll be with him
in a minute, will you?

Yes, sir.

Go on, Professor.

This sounds serious to me.

To me also.

What happened Monday?

Same thing.

When I left the bank,
a man was following me.

*But this morning, when I went
to the ticket office,*

*the same man came inside
and stood beside me.*

Alicia. Alicia.

Dev.

Alicia,

what's wrong with you?

I'm so glad you came.

I had to.

I couldn't stand any more...

waiting and worrying about you.

That wasn't a hangover
you had that day.

You were sick then.

What is it?

Yes, I was sick.

What's wrong with you, Alicia?

- Oh, Dev.

- What is it, dear?

What's wrong with you?

They're poisoning me.

I couldn't get away from them.

I tried, but I was too weak.

How long?

Since the party.

Alex and his mother found out.

Come on. Try and sit up.

Sit up. I'm going
to get you out of here.

I thought you had gone.

No. I had to see you once,
speak my piece.

I was getting out
because I love you.

I couldn't bear
seeing you and him together.

Oh, you love me.

Why didn't you tell me before?

I know.

But I couldn't see straight
or think straight.

I was a fatheaded guy,
full of pain.

It tore me up not having you.

Oh, you love me.

Oh, you love me.

Long ago. All the time,
since the beginning.

Here, put on your robe.

- Come on.

- Yes.

- Try to sit up.

- Yes.

Oh, Dev. I'm afraid...

I can't make it because
they gave me pills to sleep.

Keep awake. Keep talking.

- Yes.

- Have you got a coat?

In the closet.

They didn't want
the others to know about me.

Keep talking.

Go on. What happened?

- What happened?
- Alex found out.

- And the others haven't?
- They'd kill him if they knew.

They killed Emil.

- Are you in pain?
- I don't know. The pills.

- Give me your feet.
- Yes.

Say it again.

It keeps me awake.

I love you.

Stand up. Stand up.

- Oh.

- Come on. Wake up. Talk.

Dr. Anderson...

Go on, go on. Walk, talk.

The sand comes
from the Imorez Mountains.

We'll find it.

From a town...

Santa Ma-something.

Good girl.

We'll take care of it later.

- Come on. Keep awake. Keep walking.

- Oh, I'm afraid!

Dev, I'm afraid. They're all
in the house. We can't make it.

Oh, don't ever leave me.

You'll never
get rid of me again.

Never tried to.

Brace up. Here he comes.

What are you doing, Alicia?

What is this, Mr. Devlin?

I'm taking her to the hospital
to get the poison out of her.

- Poison?

- How'd you like your friends
downstairs to know?

- *They've yet to be told.*

- *I'm taking her back to her room.*

No, Dev. I'll raise

quite a rumpus, if you try.

Alex. He knows?

- Yes.

What is happening, Alex?

- *Alicia!*

- *She is worse?*

- Yes.

- Go.

All right, dear.

We're going. We're going.

You haven't forgotten what they did
to Emil, have you, Sebastian?

Help him, Alex.

I'm glad you
have a head on you, madame.

I'm not afraid to die.

You've got your chance here and now.
Tell them who she is.

Need any help, Alex?

- No, we can handle her.
- Where are you taking her?

- You answer that one, Sebastian.

- To the hospital.

Alex, talk to them, quick!

Glad she's going.

You should not have waited
so long, Alex.

Well, what am I going to do,
start shooting?

Hold on. You've only got
about yards to go.

- What happened, Alex?

- Hmm?

Oh, um... sh-she collapsed.

Mr. Devlin heard her scream when he
was waiting for me. Come on, Alicia.

Yes, I telephoned the hospital
as soon as I saw how she was.

- You have a car? You heard, Alex.
- Out in front.

You're going with them, madame?

No. Alex will call me up.
I'll wait here.

Poor child.

- How do you feel?

- A bit dizzy.

- Take some deep breaths.

- Just hurry, hurry.

- Now just a minute.

I must sit with her!

- No room, Sebastian.

- But you must take me.

They're watching me.

- That's your headache.

Please take me! Please!

Please! Please!

There is no telephone
in her room to call the hospital.

Alex, will you come in, please?

I wish to talk to you.