

"Spies & things"

Charade 409

63. EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY
The fine old building in the Rue Gabriel.

64.- DELETED
68.

69. INT. EMBASSY CORRIDOR -- DAY
As REGGIE leaves the elevator two young DIPLOMATIC TYPES
step in, immersed in conversation.

1ST DIPLOMATIC TYPE

I bluffed the Old Man out of the last pot --
with a pair of deuces.

2ND DIPLOMATIC TYPE

What's so depressing about that?

1ST DIPLOMATIC TYPE

If I can do it, what are the Russians
doing to him?

The elevator door closes on them. REGGIE reacts to this and
starts down the hall, finally stopping at the door.

70. MED. SHOT -- DOOR
It is marked "307-A H. BARTHOLOMEW." REGGIE checks the
letter, then opens the door.

71. INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S OUTER OFFICE -- DAY
The office is empty, the typewriter on the secretary's desk
is covered with its plastic shroud. REGGIE enters, looks
for somebody, notices that the door to the private office is
slightly ajar.

REGGIE (tentatively)
Hello -- ? (There is no answer) Hello.

BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (o.s.)
(from the private office) Is there anything
wrong, Miss Tompkins?

REGGIE
Uh -- Miss Tompkins isn't here.

BARTHOLOMEW comes to the door and looks in. He is a pale
grey-haired man who looks, on first examination, older than
his forty-odd years. Sickly would be the word that describes
him best -- pallid, consumptive-looking. He wears heavy
tortoise-framed glasses which fall down his nose and cause
him to push them back in place every so often with a quick
automatic motion.

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tous,
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takes.
back

M/W-D

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm sorry -- my secretary must have gone to lunch. You are -- ?

REGGIE

Mrs. Lampert -- Mrs. Charles Lampert.

BARTHOLOMEW (looking at his watch)

Come in, Mrs. Lampert. You're quite late.

He motions for her to enter, standing aside to let her do so.

72.

INT. BARTHOLOMEW'S PRIVATE OFFICE -- DAY

A small cubicle -- there is a silver-framed photo of three kids on the desk. BARTHOLOMEW indicates a chair, then goes behind his desk and sits. A can of lighter fluid stands open on the desk and a crumpled hankie beside it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Excuse me for a moment, Mrs. Lampert -- it's a stubborn little devil.

He works at a stain on his necktie with lighter fluid and hankie.

Dry-cleaningwise, things are all fouled up. I had a really good man - an excellent man on the Rue Ponthieu, but H.Q. asked us to use the plant here in the building -- to ease the gold outflow.

REGGIE

Mr. Bartholomew -- are you sure you know who I am?

BARTHOLOMEW (looking up)

Charles Lampert's widow -- yes? (going back to the tie) Last time I sent out a tie only the spot came back.

He looks up at her, laughs silently, then goes back to his tie.

Voilà! As they say.

He puts away the lighter fluid in a desk drawer, smells the hankie, passes on it, then sticks it in his pocket.

He opens another drawer and pulls out various * * * sandwiches wrapped in waxpaper, a salt and peper shaker, a tube of mustard, a bottle of red wine and two Dixie cups.

BARTHOLOMEW

Have some, please. I've got . . . (checking)
. . . liverwurst -- liverwurst -- chicken and --
liverwurst.

REGGIE

No thanks.

He uncorks the wine, fills a cup and begins eating.

BARTHOLOMEW

Do you know what C.I.A. is, Mrs. Lampert?

REGGIE

I don't suppose it's an airline, is it?

BARTHOLOMEW

Central Intelligence Agency -- C.I.A.

REGGIE (surprised)

You mean spies and things like that?

BARTHOLOMEW

Only we call them agents.

REGGIE

We? You mean you're -- ?

BARTHOLOMEW

Someone has to do it, Mrs. Lampert --

REGGIE

I'm sorry, it's just that I didn't think that
you people were supposed to admit --

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm not an agent, Mrs. Lampert -- I'm an administrator
-- a desk jockey -- trying to run a bureau
of overworked men with under-allocated funds.
Congress seems to think that all a spy needs --

412 Charade

REGGIE

Agent.

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes -- that all he needs is a code book and a cyanide pill and he's in business.

REGGIE

What's all this got to do with me, Mr. Bartholomew?

BARTHOLOMEW (his mouth full)

Your husband was wanted by the U.S. Government.

REGGIE (a pause)

May I have a sandwich, please?

He hands her a sandwich and fills a wine-cup for her.

BARTHOLOMEW

To be more specific, he was wanted by this agency.

REGGIE (eating)

So that was it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes. We knew him, of course, by his real name.

REGGIE (almost choking)

His -- real -- ?

BARTHOLOMEW

Voss -- Charles Voss. All right, Mrs. Voss -- (taking a photo from his desk) -- I'd like you to look at this photograph, please -- by the way, you saw this one, didn't you? (indicating the kids on the desk) Scott, Cathy and Ham, Jr.

REGGIE

Very sweet.

BARTHOLOMEW

Aren't they? Now look at this one, Mrs. Voss, and --

REGGIE

Stop calling me that! Lampert's the name on the marriage license.

73.

74.

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BARTHOLOMEW

Yes -- and tell me if you recognize anyone.
Just a moment. Have a good look.

He reaches back into the drawer and pulls out a glass which he gives her.

73. CLOSE SHOT PHOTO
FOUR MEN, all in army uniform, sitting behind a table. The glass is held over the first, magnifying the face.

74. CLOSER SHOT PHOTO
It's a photo of a young CHARLES LAMPERT.

~~REGGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

It's Charles!

~~BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

Very good.

~~REGGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

He looks so young -- when was this taken?

~~BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

1944. The next face, please.

The glass and CAMERA move to the next man -- a young TEX.

~~REGGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

It's the man who came to the funeral yesterday -- I'm sure of it -- a tall man in a corduroy suit and string tie.

~~BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

Does the name Tex Penthollow mean anything to you?

~~REGGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

No.

~~BARTHOLOMEW'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

Next, please.

The glass and CAMERA move to the third face -- a young GIDEON.

~~REGGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)~~

Yes -- and he was there, too -- a little fatter now -- and less hair -- but it's the same one.

Film Basic Instinct "I Still Miss You" M/W/D 10.

START

DR. ELIZABETH GARDNER, the police psychologist, is a very good-looking, dark-haired woman. She is 30.

MM

NICK
BETH

BETH

(smiles)

How are you, Nick?

NICK

I'm fine. Come on, Beth! You know I'm fine! How the hell long do I have to keep doing this?

BETH

As long as Internal Affairs wants you to, I suppose. Sit down, Nick.

NICK

It's bullshit. You know it is.

BETH

(smiles)

I know it is -- but sit down anyway so we can get it over with, okay?

He sits down.

BETH

So -- how are things?

NICK

(after a beat)

Things are fine. I told you.. They're fine.

She watches him closely.

BETH

(after a beat)

How is your -- personal life?

NICK

My sex life is fine.

(a beat)

My sex life is pretty shitty actually since I stopped seeing you -- maybe I should think about my Electrolux again.

That embarrassed her; she looks away from him.

NICK

(after a beat)

Sorry.

She shrugs. A beat.