

GAMBIT

Transcribed by

NOLAN MCDERMOTT

Screenplay by

JACK DAVIES AND ALVIN SARGENT

From a story by

SIDNEY CARROLL

FADE IN:

EXT. HONG KONG - DAY

The morning comings and goings of thousands of boats coming into the harbor. The great trading port and international hub that Honk Kong once was.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A woman in a green polka dot dress walks the streets as a car slowly follows her.

In the car a slightly crooked looking man tracks her intensely.

She enters CHERRY BAR, one of the many bars on the street.

The man looks on and plots.

EXT. HONG KONG - NIGHT

The bright neon lights illuminate the International Palace of Joy's sign.

INT. CHERRY CLUB - NIGHT

Six lovely women in bright blue bird costumes sign "LITTLE MISS BLUEBIRD" in front of a raucous crowd.

The man watching from afar, his eyes cast in the shadow.

He sits down with another man, who watches on almost as intensely. They watch as the woman that entered the club plucks off one of her blue bird feathers, holds it gently in her palm and then blows it off into the crowd.

The performance finishes and the girls walk backstage into the dressing room. The woman is the last one in and slams the door shut with the simple message on the back of the door, KEEP OUT.

INT. CHERRY CLUB - LATER

Another record is played, the girls in much more comfortable clothing come out to the dance floor.

The two men sit at a table and do Sake bombs waiting. They watch the backstage door.

FIRST MAN

Here she is.

The woman, now wearing a pristine white dress joins the crowd with a smattering of applause.

She sits down at an empty table and scans the room.

The second man pulls out a pair of binoculars. Really focuses on the woman's face.

FIRST MAN

What do you think.

SECOND MAN

Perfect! Perfect! Will she cooperate?

FIRST MAN

A girl making 50 Honk Kong cents a dance? Of course she'll cooperate. Now, pay close attention.

He starts whispering in the second man's ear.

INT. CHERRY CLUB - NIGHT

The woman sits at her table. The first man slowly drops 3 coins in her jar. She stands and looks him dead in the eye.

FIRST MAN

Dean's the name. Harry Dean.

He wags his finger to say follow me. They walk over to the second man at the table. He stands to meet her.

DEAN

May I present Emile Fournier, art dealing and connoisseur.

EMILE

Enchante, mademoiselle.

He kisses her hand.

DEAN

Why don't you sit down.

She does, and they do. She hasn't said a word yet.

DEAN

How would you like to make \$5,000?

She looks down, puts a cigarette in her mouth.

He grabs a lighter.

DEAN (CONT.)

Not Hong Kong. 5,000 United States
of America dollars.

He holds out the flame, she lights her cigarette.

DEAN (CONT.)

That's uh. Five... zero... zero... zero.

She takes a drag from her cigarette.

Cut to:

EXT. DAMMUZ AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

A crowd of men in headscarves and fezzes watch as a TWA plane lands on the runway. A private escort is let onto the runway. A very serious looking Arab man exits the car and approaches the jetway.

The woman, now wearing a very ornate hairdo and dress, exits the plane followed by Dean.

She walks with grace and with a stoic look up to the shocked Arab Man.

DEAN

Good morning, my name is Dean.
Harold Dean.

ARAB MAN

Ah, Sir Harold. Welcome to Dammuz.
I am J.K. Ram, the manager of the
Semiramis Hotel.

DEAN

Good of you to meet us, Ram. This
is Lady Dean.

J.K.

Ah, yes, Lady Dean

They bow heads.

[MORE]

J.K. (CONT)

I have a car for you, if you will
just be good enough to follow me.

They start walking to the car.

DEAN

Yes, and about our luggage, old
boy. We don't want to lose that,
now do we?

J.K.

Oh of course not, Sir Harold. All
such details will be taken care
of. Your luggage will be sent onto
you later at the hotel.

He ushers them into the car and shuts the door.

DEAN

Oh, are you not coming with us?

J.K.

No, I have one or two details to
attend to. I shall have the honor
to see you later at the hotel.

The car drives off. J.K. rushes to the payphone on the runway.

INT. CAR - DAY

Dean and the woman are driven away.

INT. PAYPHONE - DAY

J.K.

Connect me with Mr. Shahbandar's
Private telephone immediately.
That is what I said, immediately!

Hello! Abdual!

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Harry and Lady Dean enter the hotel. They walk past amazed faces
as they approach the front desk, led by the doorman.

He introduces them to the front desk worker.

DOORMAN

Sir Harold and Lady Dean, Sir.

FRONT DESK WORKER

Good morning, sir.

DEAN

Good morning.

FRONT DESK WORKER

The royal sweet is ready for you
sir. If you care to register. Sir
Harold.

He hands Dean a pen.

DEAN

Thank you.

Emilie approaches the front desk.

EMILIE

Where can I cash a traveler's
check, please?

FRONT DESK WORKER

At the cashier's office.

He gestures behind him.

EMILIE

Thank you.

He walks off.

FRONT DESK WORKER

If I may have your passport, Sir
Harold.

DEAN

Yes.

He hands it over.

[MORE]

FRONT DESK WORKER

Only a formality I will return
them immediately.

He snaps his fingers, and another hotel worker comes over.

FRONT DESK

Please conduct Sir Harold and Lady
Dean to the royal suite.

HOTEL WORKER

Yes sir. This way, Sir Harold.

Emilie finishes cashing his check.

Cut to:

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY

Close up on a magazine photo of Ahmed Shahbandar. Dean reads
from the article.

DEAN

"Pictorial's" Visit to the Richest
Man in the World. An exclusive
look at the Shyest Billionaire and
His Exotic Hotel-Apartment
Hideaway. Several times a year,
mostly holidays, Ahmed Shahbandar,
believed by many to be the
wealthiest man in the world,
journeys to Dammuz and to his
exotic penthouse in the world-
famous Hotel Semiramis.

The woman stands in the room, staring at him with the same stoic
look she's held this whole time.

DEAN (CONT.)

Sit down, love. Sit down.

She does. He continues reading.

DEAN (CONT.)

While his less exclusive
countrymen make merry in the
Casbah-flavored city

DEAN (CONT.)

this latter-day Arabian knight
locks himself into his fortress,
to which only his most intimate
associates have ever been invited...

He folds the magazine and walks over to her.

DEAN (CONT.)

We are going to change all this.
Take a look at this.

He places the magazine down on her lap. Point at the picture.

DEAN (CONT.)

That's Shahbandar. Twenty years
ago. Now take a look at the girl.

An extremely close up on the face of Shahbandar shifts to a
woman in a wedding dress that looks exactly like the Lady Dean.

DEAN (CONT.)

That's why you're here. She died a
year after they married. He never
married again. When he hears about
you, he'll want to see you. That
means he has to see me, the
invitation should arrive any
minute.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - DAY

J.K. Ram knocks at the door.

DEAN

Come in.

He opens the door to reveal Harry and Lady Dean. He bows his
head.

DEAN

What is it Ram?

J.K.

I very great honor Sir Harold, you
are invited to take a cocktail

J.K. (CONT.)

this evening at the apartment of
Mr. Ahmed Shahbandar.

DEAN

Um whose he?

J.K.

(Shocked)

Ahmed Shahbandar. He owns this
hotel sir, He owns most of Dammuz.

DEAN

Oh, he does, does he. Well fancy
that now.

He looks at his watch.

DEAN (CONT.)

Well, I suppose I can fit him in,
can you occupy yourself, my dear,
while I have a drink with this...
Shah chappie?

J.K.

Oh no Sir Harold, the invitation
is also for the Lady Dean. Most
assuredly for the Lady Dean.

DEAN

Oh really, oh well then.

J.K.

May I then come to collect you at
ten minutes to six, sir?

DEAN

Ten minutes to six it shall be
dear boy.

J.K. exits and Dean picks up the phone.

[MORE]

DEAN

4279, please.

EXT. DAMMUZ STREETS - DAY

Emile waits by a payphone in a crowded market. It rings, he picks up.

EMILE

Hello?

DEAN

Uh, hello. It's Harold Dean speaking.

EMILE

This is me... Emile.

DEAN

Have you made the delivery?

EMILE

Yes, I have made the delivery.

DEAN

Very well, thank you.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - ROYAL SUITE - 5:50

A gold watch displays the time. Lady Dean gets ready in the mirror with Dean right behind her.

DEAN

You must bear in mind at all times, this image of his wife is Shahbandar's lifelong obsession. For 20 years, he has never looked at another woman. All he's ever wanted was a facsimile of her. Remember that.

There is a knock at the door.

DEAN (CONT.)

That'll be Ram.

He goes to get to the door. She rises and follows.

DEAN (CONT.)

One last thing, at 11:30 no matter where you are. No matter what you are doing. Go to the airport, be there by midnight. The plane leaves at 12:30. Come in!

J.K. bursts through the door.

J.K.

It is ten minutes to six Sir Harold. Mr. Shahbandar awaits your presence.

DEAN

We're right with you dear boy.

They exit.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - ELEVATOR/LOBBY - 5:55

The doors open into the lobby.

J.K.

Harold, Lady, if you'll follow me.

DEAN

Lead on, dear boy. Lead on.

J.K.

Thank you so much, Sir Harold. Well, there is only one entrance to Mr. Shahbandar's private apartment and that is through his personal elevator. Which was brought here all the way from Paris in his own personal aircraft. And as of course you can see he has his own personal bodyguard.

Dean loosens his cuff link as J.K. escorts them past the stern-looking bodyguard and into the elevator.

J.K.

If you will permit me Sir Harold,
I will now ascend the lift.

Close up on Dean's cuff link, he drops it on the floor and sweeps it into the crack between the elevator and the floor.

J.K. (CONT.)

I'm afraid this method is rather slow, but I do believe we will arrive there with perfect punctuality.

DEAN

Just one moment. I've dropped my cuff link down the shaft.

J.K.

Oh, my goodness gracious! Well, I shall get it for you later.

DEAN

Not later dear boy. Now!

J.K.

Well mister Shahbandar does not like to be kept waiting.

He reaches for the elevator panel. Three buttons vertically stacked. APARTMENT, FOYER, GARAGE. Dean smacks J.K.'s hand away from apartment and presses GARAGE.

DEAN

I don't like to walk around half naked.

The door shuts.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - 6:00

SHAHBANDAR

Why am I being kept waiting?

[MORE]

SECRETARY

You must try to be patient,
effendi. The British aristocracy
insists on arriving either too
early or too late, but never on
time. And while we are waiting you
are yet to make a decision about
the Buddha?

He points to the enormous Buddha statue in the room.

SHAHBANDER

What?

SECRETARY

I promised him an early reply.

SHAHBANDER

How much?

SECRETARY

Only \$5,000. Extremely
inexpensive.

SHAHBANDER

Alright alright buy it.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - GARAGE - 7:00

J.K. is on his hands and knees looking under the elevator car
for the cuff link.

DEAN

It has to be down there somewhere,
doesn't it? Don't worry Ram, we'll
find it.

He and lady Dean walk to the man by the fancy car in the garage.

DEAN (CONT.)

Ah, very nice, very nice indeed.
How many Rolls does Mr. Shahbandar
own?

[MORE]

CAR ATTENDANT

Three, sir. This one, the black
and a new white one.

DEAN

Oh, and how does one move these
cars in and out?

CAR ATTENDANT

In the usual manner, sir. Through
the door. That is the door.

He points to the massive steel garage door on the other side of
the building.

DEAN

Goodness gracious. Looks more like
a safety curtain.

J.K. comes running back over.

J.K.

Here is the cuff link, Sir Harold.
It was quite undamaged.

DEAN

Good, I knew we'd find it.

J.K.

Shall we go now Harold, Lady Dean?

DEAN

Go along now darling. Could you
fix this for me dear boy?

He shows the cuff link.

J.K.

It would be my pleasure, sir
Harold, my pleasure.

DEAN

Thank you.

J.K.

My pleasure Sir Harold

They reenter the elevator.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

They exit the elevator.

DEAN

Ah, Mr. Shahbandar.

SECRETARY

I am Mr. Shahbandar's secretary.

DEAN

Oh, I am sorry.

SECRETARY

Welcome, Sir Harold, milady. This way please.

They are led into...

INT. - SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - SITTING ROOM - DAY

SECRETARY

Now if you just wait here Mr. Shahbandar will be here in a moment.

DEAN

Thank you.

Mr. Shahbandar watches in the corner of the room. His monocle precariously positioned. He stares at Lady Dean intently.

He enters, meets Dean's gaze for a second before returning his focus solely on Lady Dean and the face he remembers so well.

SHAHBANDAR

Sir Harold, how kind of you to meet me.

[MORE]

DEAN

How do you do? May I present my wife?

Shahbandar approaches her, removes his monocle, kisses her hand.

SHAHBANDAR

Uh, please be seated.

They sit.

SHAHBANDAR

May I offer you some refreshments, possibly some champagne?

They grab glasses, Shahbandar does not.

DEAN

Aren't you going to join us?

SHAHBANDAR

We are not permitted alcohol. I expect you are wondering why I wanted to meet you.

DEAN

The thought had crossed my mind. I presumed you wanted to have a chat about the world oil situation.

SHAHBANDAR

I remarkable thing has happened. You might even call it a miracle. I don't quite know how to explain it. You have a very beautiful wife, how long have you been married?

DEAN

Four years.

SHAHBANDAR

You're fortunate. I was married for only one year. It was a

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

wonderful year but it passed so quickly, and then she was gone. May I show you something quite extraordinary?

He stands.

DEAN

Sure, I'm always wanting to see something extraordinary.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

They enter the room with the Buddha statue.

SHAHBANDAR

This is my office, and library. This way, please.

DEAN

I must say, Mr. Shahbandar, you have some beautiful things. This.

Dean points out the Buddha statue.

DEAN

This, for instance. Chinese, isn't it?

SHAHBANDAR

That's right yes.

He ushers Lady Dean to the next room. Dean peers out at the open window before following.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - STATUE ROOM - DAY

Dean enters, Lady Dean stares across the room at Shahbandar standing next to a statue of her own face.

SHAHBANDAR

You see.

Lady Dean approaches the statue silently. Stares at her likeness.

[MORE]

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

This bust is of the Empress Lissu. She was born in Burma 2,300 years ago, daughter of a Burmese mother and a Greek father. She married the emperor of China when she was 12 years old. I believe I gave the highest price ever paid for a work of art but that is not important. You see, I had to have her because the face of Lissu is the image of my late wife. And now... You understand now what I meant by a miracle?

DEAN

It's... it's incredible! It's absolutely amazing. At the risk of appearing bad-mannered Mr. Shahbandar. I wonder if I might have another glass of champagne.

SHAHBANDAR

Of course.

DEAN

Come darling.

SHAHBANDAR

Indeed, now that you realize why I wanted to meet your wife, I hope you'll have more than a glass of champagne. I'd be greatly honored if you would dine with me.

Cut to:

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

An ornate candlestick holder with bright yellow candles lit atop sits in the middle of the table. Dean and Shahbandar seated at the heads with Lady Dean in the center. Dean talks while Lady Dean peels an orange under Shahbandar's meaningful gaze.

[MORE]

DEAN

Now take Hutton. There is a cricketer for you. They knighted him, you know. Jolly well deserved it too. Most people you know, they think that cricket is solely for the Australians and the English. But let me tell you this Shahbandar, the West Indians are playing better than we are at the moment. Of course, I don't think they'll beat the Australians. They're dedicated sort of chaps.

Dean checks his watch.

DEAN (CONT.)

Goodness gracious, 10:00.

He stands and walks around the table.

DEAN (CONT.)

Nicole, my dear, we really must be going.

She stands.

SHAHBANDAR

Going? But uh... Must you really? It is early, could I not persuade you to-[cutoff]

DEAN

Things to do Shahbandar, things to do. I have to call London. Might even have to call New York, damn it. I'm afraid your trip to the Arab Quarter has been knocked for a six, my dear. I had promised Lady Dean a tour of your city but I'm afraid I don't have the time right now. Well, it's been a delightful evening, and we've thoroughly enjoyed it. Come along darling.

They go to leave, Shahbandar follows.

SHAHBANDAR

Sir Harold, I hope you won't find this too presumptuous, I'm not quite sure how to suggest this, but... I would consider it an honor and a privilege if you would allow me to show Lady Dean our beautiful city.

DEAN

Well, that's very kind of you Shahbandar but that's far too much trouble.

SHAHBANDAR

But I insist, please. With your permission, of course.

DEAN

Uh... very well then. Thank you for your generosity. Uh... well, I suppose that just leaves me to say good night. Thanks awfully for a wonderful evening, oh and uh please bear in mind, the Lady Dean does value her rest. Don't be too late darling. Too doo loo.

He exits in the elevator.

Cut to:

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean enters, just his feet visible as he slides out of his fancy dress shoes and into a pair of silent cat burglar slippers.

His hands grab a pair of black gloves off the table.

He exits.

EXT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - STREET - NIGHT

Dean walks the row of cars parked outside the hotel. He enters one.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - GARAGE - NIGHT

The car attendant is washing Mr. Shahbandar's black Rolls.

A horn sounded outside the garage door. It blares again. The attendant walks over to the garage door and slides open the viewing panel.

All that can be seen are the two headlights on the car honking its horn outside.

The attendant opens the door, walks over to the car, opens the rear door, and is pulled inside. The car rolls into the garage.

Dean gets out, closes the garage door, and heads for the elevator.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - NIGHT

The elevator guard stands hearing the lift about to arrive on his floor. The door opens, no one appears to be inside. He investigates but as soon as he steps into the elevator Dean gut punches and incapacitates him.

Dean closes the elevator gate with the guard inside. Slowly sneaks into the dining room and then the office. He walks over to the window he looked at before and quietly opens it.

He peaks in the statue room and then walks over to the Buddha statue, he removes it head and pulls out three items on the table. He then replaces the head and unfolds one of the items revealing it to be a black leather bag. He walks into the statue room and with his black gloved hands grabs the prized bust.

Cut to:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - ARAB QUARTER - NIGHT

Mr. Shahbandar and Lady Dean watch as a band plays for a dancer. The crown claps along in rhythm.

Shahbandar looks at the stoic Lady Dean, removes his monocle.

Cut to:

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Dean secures a grappling hook to the railing and carefully climbs over. He laces the repelling device to his foot and slowly descends from the balcony window down to the street.

Cut to:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - ARAB QUARTER - NIGHT

The music and dance routine continues. Shahbandar grabs Lady Dean's hand. She turns and looks and sees his watch it reads 11:30.

She unclasps her purse and pulls out some money. Then she stands and without looking at Shahbandar, puts her purse down on the table and walks away.

Mr. Shahbandar stands concerned but he picks up the purse on the table and assumes it as a sign that she is returning. He watches her walk off, puts down the purse and sits back down.

EXT. DAMMUZ AIRPORT - NIGHT

A cab pulls up and Lady Dean hands the driver the money for the fare. She exits the cab and there standing behind a tree near the airport entrance is Dean.

He walks up to her.

DEAN

There's the ticket to Hong Kong.
There's a passport made out in the
name of Lady Dean to get you out
of here. And there's \$5,000. Your
plane leaves in 15 minutes.
Goodbye and thank you for your
cooperation.

He walks away and she slowly goes into the airport.

Fade to:

INT. CHERRY CLUB - NIGHT

Emile focuses the binoculars on the woman's face. He and Dean are back at the Cherry Club sitting at the same table still looking at the woman. She pulls out a cigarette.

DEAN

And that's the plan, Emile, down
to the very last detail. It can't
fail. It's absolutely foolproof.

EMILE

If it works the way you think it
will work.

DEAN

It works. They'll write us up in
the books. We'll be historical.

[MORE]

EMILIE

What do you know about her?

DEAN

Her name's Nicole Chang. French
Canadian mother, Eurasian father.
Displaced person.

EMILE

Stateless?

DEAN

Yeah.

EMILE

What makes you so sure she will
cooperate?

DEAN

Instinct, Emile. Instinct.

He stands, walks over to her table and tosses a coin in her cup
and introduces himself just like he did in his plan.

DEAN

Dean's the name. Harry Dean.

He moves with his finger for her to follow as he walks back to
Emile, but she doesn't. She just stands there looking puzzled at
him walking away.

Dean comes over to the table to introduce her to Emile. Emile
stands but doesn't give away that she hasn't followed.

DEAN

May I present Emile Fournier, art
dealing and connoisseur. May I
present-

He turns and finally sees that she hasn't moved from her table.

She raises her eyebrows at him in bewilderment.

He puts his hand on Emile's shoulder then walks back over to
her.

[MORE]

DEAN

I wanted you to follow me.

NICOLE

So, you did.

DEAN

So why are you standing here?

NICOLE

I thought you wanted to dance.

She holds up her glass full of coins.

DEAN

No, no, no. I want you to meet
this friend of mine.

NICOLE

Oh, he wants to dance. Is he shy?

DEAN

No, we wanna talk to you.

NICOLE

No kidding? What about?

DEAN

Well, it's about, uh... Look, let me
put it this way. If you would do
me the honor of accepting my
invitation, I assure you we will
tell you.

NICOLE

Well, now, since you put it so
gallantly, Mr. Dean, I can hardly
refuse, can I?

DEAN

You're so very kind.

They walk over to Emile.

DEAN

Emile Fournier, art dealing and
connoisseur, may I present.

NICOLE

Nicole Chang.

EMILE

Enchante, mademoiselle.

He kisses her hand.

NICOLE

Enchante.

EMILE

Vous parlez francais?

NICOLE

No just a few phrases, and I know
one German limerick.

She starts reciting the limerick and Dean is already fed up.

DEAN

Yeah. Well, will ya... will ya sit
down please?

NICOLE

Sorry.

They all sit at the table. Dean and Emile stared at her face,
getting the closest and best look yet.

NICOLE

Is there any particular subject
you'd like to talk about?

DEAN

How would you like to make \$5,000?

NICOLE

Now that's a terrific subject.

She starts digging in her purse for her cigarettes.

DEAN

I happen to be perfectly serious.

NICOLE

Serious is as serious does, Mr. Dean.

DEAN

Then I will ask the question again, Miss Chang. How would you like to make \$5,000 very serious American dollars.

EMILE

And a genuine guaranteed British passport.

She ponders.

NICOLE

What would I have to do?

DEAN

Nothing too difficult. Slide into some beautiful clothes. Travel in first-class luxury. Be entertained in top notch style. Pretend to be my wife.

NICOLE

Oh. Pretend?

DEAN

Yes. Just pretend, Miss Chang.

NICOLE

What's the catch, Mr. Dean? Is it dishonest?

DEAN

Do I look like a crook?

She shakes her head yes.

NICOLE

You do a little, right there. On the left side of this cheek, a kind of crooked little indentation all the way up to his eye. Yup. You do. You do look like a crook. But then again, you can't tell the crooks from the good guys anymore, can you? I mean, with all this secret stuff going on. Genuine, guaranteed British Passport?

They nod yes.

NICOLE

Then I'll do it.

Cut to:

EXT. DAMMUZ AIRPORT - RUNWAY - DAY

A crowd of men in headscarves and fezzes watch as a TWA plane lands on the runway.

Dean and Nicole, in a fancy yellow dress, are escorted with the rest of the passengers off the plane.

AIRPORT WORKER

This way to immigration please.

The crown bumps past them as they stop on the runway.

NICOLE

I thought you said there'd be a Rolls-Royce.

DEAN

It'll be out front.

AIRPORT WORKER

Do hurry, please. You're holding up the line.

INT. DAMMUZ AIRPORT - IMMIGRATION - DAY

The officer opens Dean's passport to the photo page. He flips to the stamp page and stamps it.

OFFICER

This way to customs, please. Have your baggage checks ready. Thank you.

He hands the passport back to Dean.

DEAN

Thank you.

They try to walk off but are stopped by the officer.

OFFICER

This way to customs sir, have your baggage checks ready.

DEAN

I happen to be Sir Harold Dean. Isn't there some way of avoiding these-[cutoff]

NICOLE

It's an international custom, Harry. Everyone has to do it.

DEAN

Will you wait for me by the exit, darling.

NICOLE

Yes, Harry.

He pulls out his wallet.

OFFICER

It is forbidden to take tips, effendi.

[MORE]

DEAN

It's not a tip, dear boy. It's a bribe.

OFFICER

Well, that's quite another matter.
He grabs the cash.

OFFICER (CONT.)

I shall move you through very quickly, sir, and have your bags taken directly to the taxi.

DEAN

There's no need for a taxi, dear boy. There'll be a Rolls-Royce waiting for me.

Cut to:

INT. TAXI - DAY

Dean holds his bag in his lap annoyed as Nicole tries to pop her ears.

NICOLE

Do airplanes bother you?

DEAN

Nope.

NICOLE

You know, when you go from air to ground travel, it can affect your equilibrium.

DEAN

My equilibrium is fine, thank you.

NICOLE

You're not still mad because I wore this dress instead of the red one, are you, Harry? It's better for traveling and I reall-[cutoff]

DEAN

Yes, yes. You explained all that at the Hong Kong airport.

NICOLE

So, I did. Well, I met this Norwegian ship captain once. I think he was from Oslo, and he had a theory about motion sickness. Something to do with the relationship between your vision and the weight of your shoes. He said he made a study of things like that. Isn't it interesting how some people get attracted to things?

Dean looks away coldly.

NICOLE (CONT.)

You know, I've come to realize in the past two weeks that you're a very difficult man to know.

She tries to pop her ears again.

DEAN

I wish we'd come by boat.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - LOBBY

Dean and Nicole enter the modern lobby crowded with businessmen. Dean grabs the first worker he sees.

DEAN

I say. Would you tell your Mr. Ram that Sir Harold and Lady Dean are here and would like to have-
[cutoff]

WORKER

Step to the reception desk, sir.
They'll take care of you there.

They approach the desk, the front desk worker is talking to another hotel guest.

FRONT DESK WORKER

Well, if I were you, I'd send it direct to his company.

DEAN

I say.

FRONT DESK WORKER

Yes Sir?

DEAN

My name is Sir Harold Dean. Why wasn't my limousine at the airport?

FRONT DESK WORKER

Sorry sir it is no longer the policy of the hotel to send the limousine to the airport.

DEAN

All right, get me your manager Mr. Ram.

FRONT DESK WORKER

Mr. Ram is not with us anymore, sir.

DEAN

(annoyed)

I suppose you do have a suite reserved for me?

FRONT DESK WORKER

Yes, of course.

DEAN

Oh, really?

FRONT DESK WORKER

If you will be good enough to register, please.

Dean holds out his hand from the pen, the front desk worker gives it to him.

DEAN

Thank you.

Another man approaches the desk.

MAN

My key to room 135 please.

The front desk worker hands him a key and he leaves.

FRONT DESK WORKER

I shall be needing your passport,
Sir Gerald.

DEAN

It's Harold with an H.

FRONT DESK WORKER

Oh yes of course.

He snaps his fingers to call over another worker.

FRONT DESK WORKER (CONT.)

816 and 817. This way, sir.

Dean turns to follows, hesitates for a moment.

NICOLE

Something else missing Harry?

DEAN

No, no nothing.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

The baggage workers set Dean and Nicole's luggage down on the floor in the bedroom.

Dean hands them each a bill as they exit.

DEAN

Thank you.

Dean opens his briefcase, and they close the door behind them as they exit.

NICOLE

Harry, it's like a palace! I never thought I'd be standing in a place like this! Don't you think it's a palace too?

Nicole gallops around the room like an excited schoolchild.

DEAN

Yes.

NICOLE

You know what it reminds me of?

DEAN

What?

NICOLE

It reminds me of Mrs. Peonski. Did I ever tell you about Mrs. Peonski?

DEAN

I should think so you told me about all the other chaps in your life.

NICOLE

She's not a chap. She's an old woman and she came from Poland on a cattle boat, and then rode all the way from Burma to Thailand on an ox.

DEAN

Ah, here it is.

Dean finds what he was looking for in his briefcase, clearly uninterested in Nicole's story, she continues, nonetheless.

NICOLE

And all she had with her was a
small paper sack.

DEAN

Full of soap, I hope.

Dean picks up the phone, Nicole sits down at the piano
exasperated.

DEAN

4279 please.

Nicole starts playing a perfect rendition of Fur Elise.

DEAN

Could you play a little quieter
Nicole?

She doesn't listen.

DEAN

Nicole!

She stops.

NICOLE

Whenever I think of Mrs. Peonski,
I appreciate luxury more. I'm
going into the bedroom now.

DEAN

Promise? Yes 4279 please.

EXT. DAMMUZ STREETS - DAY

The payphone rings, Emile slowly approaches it but right before
he can answer it another man in a headscarf grabs it.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

DEAN

Hello Emile?

The man responds in Arabic.

DEAN

Who is this?

EXT. DAMMUZ STREETS - DAY

The man hangs up the phone, pushing Emile away.

EMILE

That call is for me!

The man puts money into the payphone starts dialing another number. Emilie backs off annoyed.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

DEAN

Hello?

Operator, would you get me 4792 again please? I think there's been a mistake.

It can't possibly be busy, would you please keep trying.

NICOLE

There's only one bed in here Harry. Where are you going to sleep?

DEAN

Sleep? Oh, nobody's gonna sleep anywhere. If things will start going properly, we'll be out of here by midnight.

NICOLE

Midnight? You mean we came all this way just to leave at midnight.

DEAN

That's right.

NICOLE

Oh, I think I'm entitled to know a little more of what's going on. Don't you?

She sits down next to him on the couch.

DEAN

Funny you should say that.

He gets up and walks back over to his briefcase at the piano.

DEAN (CONT.)

I do think you are entitled to know a little more about what's going on. Now here is part two of your instructions.

He hands her the magazine and sits back down in front of her.

NICOLE

This magazine is 10 years old.

DEAN

Turn to page 41.

She starts flipping through the pages, stops like 5 in.

NICOLE

Look at the funny hats they wore then, Harry. And the hemlines...

DEAN

Yes, well never mind the hats and hemlines, turn to page 41.

She keeps swiping pages.

NICOLE

37, 38. Forty-one.

DEAN

Alright, now take a good hard look at that man.

NICOLE

I'm taking a good hard look.

DEAN

His name is Ahmed Shahbandar.

NICOLE

Ahmed Shahbandar.

DEAN

He's the man were here to meet.

NICOLE

He's the man were here to meet.

DEAN

He also happens to be the richest man in the entire world.

NICOLE

Hey Harry. There's no such thing as the richest man in the entire world. It's like the highest star. It's like infinity.

DEAN

Yeah, all right. The second richest man in the entire world. The 27th! What difference does it make?

NICOLE

You don't have to get mad at me.

DEAN

Your mind's always going off on some sort of tangent! If it's not one thing, it's another. Either it's the ship's captain from Oslo, or your Chinese nurse with the wooden toe or Mrs. Ponskiwonski's paper ox!

NICOLE

It's not Ponskiwonski. It's Peonski. And it wasn't a paper ox, it was a paper sack. I can't help it if my mind takes a tangent every now and then.

DEAN

Well, it's driving me round the bloody bend!

NICOLE

All right, all right. So, you've made an appointment with this richest man in the entire world. Is that it?

DEAN

If you will read the magazine as I ask, you will see that he does not make appointments because he is a recluse.

NICOLE

But then why does he want to see us? A recluse doesn't see anyone.

DEAN

(pointing at the picture)

That's why. That's why.

NICOLE

Who is this, his wife?

DEAN

Was his wife. She's dead.

NICOLE

(finally figures it out)

You made me look like this dead lady.

DEAN

Exactly. And when Shahbandar learns about you, we will be invited to meet him.

NICOLE

Between now and midnight?

DEAN

Yes.

NICOLE

And then what? Whatever it is Harry if I were the richest man in the world, I certainly wouldn't fall for this.

DEAN

Well, you're not and he will. And when he does, you just do as you're told and listen to the instructions, I'm about to give you, you understand?

NICOLE

Yes, Harry.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - OFFICE - DAY

Shahbandar sits at his desk on the phone, the buddha statue behind him.

SHAHBANDAR

I have already taken care of Oriental Steamship. Yes. They agreed to my price. \$15 million. I know. Anytime.

SECRETARY

15 million for Oriental Steamship. Ahmed, you're a genius.

SHAHBANDAR

Hardly, Abdul, hardly.

ASSISTANT

You won't forget the Buddha, Mr. Shahbandar?

SHAHBANDAR

Hmm?

ABDUL

The Buddha from the Frenchman, Fournier. You remember him. He did an excellent reproduction for us a few years ago.

SHAHBANDAR

How much?

ABDUL

5,000. Quite reasonable.

SHAHBANDAR

Perhaps too reasonable. I'll think about it. Arlette, would you mind leaving us for a moment?

She does. Adbul talks around the desk to see what Shahbandar is looking at.

SHAHBANDAR

No, Adbul. If I were a genius, I would understand this. I would understand exactly why this particular face has arrived at this particular hotel.

ADBUL

They flew TWA from Karachi. They have a 48-hour visa. The man is 30 years old he was born in London, and he was wearing an Etonian tie.

SHAHBANDAR

It's too good to be true.

He pulls out a large magnifying glass and gets a closer look at Nicole's picture.

ADBUL

Imagine my reaction when I first saw her in the hotel lobby. The resemblance is absolutely astounding. It's like magic.

SHAHBANDAR

Perhaps too much like magic. Have them watched.

ADBUL

Yes sir.

INT - SEMARIUS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean is finishing giving Nicole her second set of instructions.

DEAN

And at 11:30, no matter where you are, no matter what you are doing, leave it. Go to the airport. Be there by midnight. Plane leaves at 12:30.

NICOLE

I'm supposed to drop everything, no matter where I am?

DEAN

That's right.

NICOLE

Is that all you're gonna tell me?

DEAN

That's all you have to know. Now just follow your instructions and retire gracefully, alright?

NICOLE

Yes sir.

She mockingly salutes him 3 times as she walks back to the bedroom. He picks up the phone again.

DEAN

This is Sir Harold Dean, 20
minutes ago I asked you for 4279.
Where is it?

EXT. DAMMUZ STREETS - DAY

Emile is still waiting for the man at the payphone.

EMILE

Would you mind hurrying please!

MAN

Shuddup.

The man pushes Emile away, continues his conversation in Arabic.

INT - SEMARIUS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Nicole is unpacking her suitcase, putting all the fancy dresses into the dresser. Dean enters.

DEAN

Come with me.

NICOLE

Lady Dean has retired gracefully
and is unpacking.

DEAN

Will you come with me please?

He grabs her hand.

NICOLE

Why, where are we going?

DEAN

We're going to find Emile.

NICOLE

Emile? I thought he was in Hong
Kong.

DEAN

No, he's here. Now will you stop asking questions?

NICOLE

It's only human to be curious Harry.

DEAN

Well, as far as I'm concerned, you're far too human.

EXT. DAMMUZ STREETS - DAY

A taxi drives Dean and Nicole though the crowded market street. It stops and Nicole and Dean get out. Two men get out of the car that was following them as well.

Dean talks to the taxi driver.

DEAN

Vous restez ici quelques minutes pour moi. Merci.

They walk off, Nicole notices the men behind them as Dean pulls her along.

Nicole keeps looking over his shoulder at the men following them as they walk farther into the crowded market.

NICOLE

Harry. I have the funniest feeling.

They arrive at the payphone, the man is still talking in Arabic on it. Dean looks around. Nicole stares back at the men, they start fingering trinkets at a purple booth.

NICOLE

Harry?

DEAN

What is it?

[MORE]

NICOLE

You're not one of those spies who gets blown up are you?

DEAN

What are you talking about?

NICOLE

We're being followed.

DEAN

Are you at it again? Who's following us, your Aunt Minnie from Manchuria?

NICOLE

I don't know their names, but they've been behind us ever since we left the hotel.

DEAN

Are you sure?

NICOLE

They're fingering trinkets at the purple booth.

DEAN

Purple booth?

NICOLE

Why is it that people who follow people always end up fingering trinkets?

DEAN

I don't know, but they're fingering trinkets all right. Come with me.

They continue off, the men follow.

Dean pulls Nicole against the flow of the crowd. He loses grip of her hand, and the crowd carries her away.

DEAN

Nicole! Nicole!

Nicole runs back to the taxi, the two men in pursuit. She gets in, the men get back in their car and follow after the taxi.

EXT. DAMMUZ CAFÉ - DAY

Dean puts out a cigarette and pours some more beer from his bottle into a glass.

Nicole looks at him, her face showing compassion and intrigue. She walks up behind him, taps him on the opposite shoulder, he falls for it.

NICOLE

Hello. Could I have a drink of something, please?

DEAN

Do you know you've been gone 20 minutes?

NICOLE

Do you know you have very nice eyes for a man who never smiles?

DEAN

Where have you been?

NICOLE

Moving in and out of car doors.

DEAN

Do you realize what sort of place this is? You could be bought and sold for half a crown.

NICOLE

Are you worried about me?

DEAN

No at all! I was worried about losing those two men.

NICOLE

No, no. That's where you weren't being tricky enough. I let them follow me back to the taxi. I got into the back seat of the taxi, and I told the driver to drive away. They got into their car and followed the taxi. Only they didn't suspect that I've been to the cinema many times and knew to crawl out of the other side of the taxi before my driver even left, which means that their car is still following my taxi. Oh, I forgot to tell you. I found Emile.

DEAN

You what?

NICOLE

He said, "Please tell Harry everything is all right. I have made the delivery."

Nicole laughs.

NICOLE

I don't know what it means, but it must be very good.

DEAN

You are the most infuriating person I've ever met in my life.

He pulls her away.

NICOLE

But Harry, my drink! I'm thirsty!

INT - SEMARIUS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean and Nicole enter, she sits on the couch as Dean goes over to the phone.

DEAN

Hello, the message desk please.

Nicole notices the huge bouquet of flowers sitting on the piano. She runs over to them and smells them. She reads the note.

NICOLE

"May your stay in Dammuz be all you have ever desired."

She looks at Harry, still on the phone.

DEAN

Are there any messages for me?

NICOLE

Harry Dean, you're a major confusion to me.

DEAN

Are you absolutely sure?

NICOLE

Absolutely.

DEAN

Thank you.

NICOLE

You're welcome. I never would have thought you were the type to send a lady flowers. You're one of those people who live in spurts, aren't you?

DEAN

Spurts?

NICOLE

Mm-hmm. I know all about it. It has to do with emotional contradiction. A psychologist tried to explain-[cutoff]

[MORE]

DEAN

Don't you ever simply come to the point about things?

NICOLE

But the point is simply... I find it touching that you sent me a bouquet of flowers.

He grabs the note, reads the front side, flips it reads the back. "Compliments of the Management." He walks back over to her.

DEAN

Rule of thumb, always read both sides.

NICOLE

"Compliments of the Management."

NICOLE/DEAN

I'm sorr...

A knock at the door. Dean walks to get it. He opens the door.

MESSENGER

Sir Harold Dean?

DEAN

Yes?

He sees the note. Grabs it.

DEAN (CONT.)

Oh. Thank you.

He closes the door. Opens the note, laughs.

DEAN

"Mr. Ahmed Shahbandar requests the pleasure of the company of Sir Harold and Lady Dean to Luncheon at one..."

[MORE]

DEAN (CONT.)

Luncheon? I don't wanna go to luncheon. I want to go to dinner. At the Osiris. What the hell is that? I don't want lunch at the Osiris! I wanna see his apartment!

NICOLE

Something else gone wrong, Harry?

DEAN

No, no. Everything's fine. Thanks.

NICOLE

Then why are you standing there like a wounded basset hound?

DEAN

Oh, yes, yes. Very helpful.

NICOLE

All I'm trying to say is I know what it's like when things don't go right. Maybe I can help you Harry if you only let me try.

DEAN

Look, I happen to have a foolproof plan. And the only way you can help me is by doing the right thing when you meet Shahbandar. Speak when you are spoken to. Smile if he makes a joke. Always use the right knife and fork and if you don't know which one to use, watch me. And never under any circumstances talk about your psychologist and his emotional contradictions, understand?

NICOLE

Yes, Harry.

Cut to:

EXT. OSIRIS - DAY

A speedboat tender escorts Dean and Nicole to the Osiris Yacht.

Shahbandar, in a modern white suit watches on intently. The speedboat arrives. He gets one last unobstructed look before putting his designer shades on to greet them.

Dean fixes his hair as the crew assist Nicole and him onto the bigger boat.

SHAHBANDAR

Lady Dean. I'm Ahmed Shahbandar

He kisses her hand.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

Sir Harold.

They shake.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

I'm so pleased you were able to accept my invitation.

DEAN

My pleasure, always ready to discuss the oil situation. I presume that's why we're here.

SHAHBANDAR

Oil?

DEAN

Yes.

SHAHBANDAR

Ah, yes of course. A favorite subject of mine, and there is nothing like discussing a favorite subject with someone from the old school, is there?

DEAN

So true.

EXT. OSIRIS - TOP DECK - DAY

SHAHBANDAR

Who was headmaster in your day,
Sir Harold?

DEAN

Headmaster?

SHAHBANDAR

At the old school. Your Etonian
tie.

DEAN

Ah let's see, what was his name
now. Nasty old chap his name began
with a M.

NICOLE

What a perfectly lovely setting
for luncheon, Mr. Shahbandar.

SHAHBANDAR

Thank you, shall we be seated.

They sit.

NICOLE

You know, Mr. Shahbandar, you're
not at all what I expected.

SHAHBANDAR

Oh?

NICOLE

No. I expected a monocle, a fez, a
high fancy collar perhaps. You're
nothing like the pictures I've
seen of you.

SHAHBANDAR

What you speak of is the, uh... the
public Shahbandar, or was.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

I discovered early in life Lady
Dean that newspaper people prefer
to think of rich men as
eccentrics.

He sips his freshly poured wine, approves.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

I encourage that fallacy and
manage to maintain my privacy.

Dean picks up an amber tiger statue on the table.

DEAN

Chinese?

SHAHBANDAR

Yes, Ming Dynasty. Are you fond of
amber Sir Harold?

DEAN

Yes, I've always been fond of
amber.

SHAHBANDAR

Then you must know what the
Chinese say about it.

DEAN

Oh yes. Uh, how does that go now?
Uh... uh...

Nicole sees him fumbling.

NICOLE

"Amber is the soul of the tiger
turned to stone."

Dean smiles, maybe this girl is more than just a famous face
after all.

[MORE]

NICOLE (CONT.)

Why do you fly a multicolored flag, Mr. Shahbandar? Is it a special occasion?

SHAHBANDAR

A very special occasion. Not only are you my guest but it is the feast day of Ali Hajj. Perhaps you know the legend. It's the story of a young boy, Ali Hajj, who was given three wishes. His first wish was for great health; His second, for great happiness...

DEAN

And the third was for great wealth, I suppose. It always is with these wish things.

The servers place a ceviche salad in front of each of the diners.

SHAHBANDAR

Not always, Sir Harold. Ali Hajj considered health and happiness all the riches he required. And so, he gave his third wish to the people. That all who are in Dammuz on this day, today, should have one wish come true. Even our guests may have a wish.

NICOLE

What a perfect day to have arrived in Dammuz.

They start eating.

NICOLE (CONT.)

Have you made a wish Mr. Shahbandar?

SHAHBANDAR

Not yet, but I will.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

You, Sir Harold... Have you a wish for today?

DEAN

Well, I-I suppose I shall have to give that some thought.

SHAHBANDAR

What a careful man you are. Lady Dean?

NICOLE

Yes. Yes, I do. I just thought of something I'd like to wish. I wish that the public Mr. Shahbandar would permit my husband and myself the honor of a further glimpse of the private Mr. Shahbandar. We understand that your apartment is magnificent. Don't we, Harold?

DEAN

Quite.

SHAHBANDAR

My apartment?

NICOLE

Yes.

SHAHBANDAR

You wish to see it?

NICOLE

Could we?

SHAHBANDAR

That is a wish I can easily grant anytime.

[MORE]

DEAN

Well, what a lovely day.

Nicole smiles at Dean.

Cut to:

INT. SHABANDAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Shahbandar grabs a thick book off the wall with a red and white spine. Flips the pages starts reading.

SHAHBANDAR

"Dean, Sir Harold Everett. Sixth baronet. OBE, JP. Born 1892."

ADBUL

I bit elderly for our man, I should think.

SHAHBANDAR

"Dean, Sir Harold Bingley Roger, KCB, KBE. Lieutenant General, retired."

ADBUL

Read on.

SHAHBANDAR

"Dean, Sir Harold de Vere Morgan, KCMG. British ambassador to the Netherlands.

He flips the page.

SHAHBANDAR

Well, so much for his title.

He closes the book, puts it back on the shelf.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

I doubt that he is listed in any other record books either. Certainly not at Eton

[MORE]

ADBUL

He's an imposter.

SHAHBANDAR

Obviously.

ADBUL

But what does he want?

SHAHBANDAR

At the moment he wants to see my apartment. Go and fetch them I've had them invited to tea.

ADBUL

Ahmed, what on earth for?

SHAHBANDAR

Come, come. Have you no sense of curiosity? This couple have staged an elaborate and no doubt costly production for my benefit. I wouldn't dream of missing the second half of the performance.

ADBUL

The performance? Or her?

SHAHBANDAR

You must occasionally leave me my little secrets Abdul. Go and fetch them.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Dean undoes his cufflink, drops it on the floor. He goes to slide it between the cracks in the floor but before he can Abdul reaches down and grabs it.

ADBUL

Your cufflink, Sir Harold.

[MORE]

DEAN

Thank you.

He puts it back on, Adul closes the gate, and they start ascending slowly.

Dean looks at the control panel, same layout as he imagined Apartment, Foyer, Garage all stacked vertically except below there are two other options. Alarme and arret. Dean takes notice, looks up at the roof panel and sees them slowly approaching the Apartment, Nicole also looks up curious.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - FOYER - DAY

The arrive at the Foyer, the guard opens the gate. The apartment a much more modern and in a much different layout than Dean had imagined.

He scans the room, before Shahbandar enters by descending the staircase. Shahbandar notices him looking about.

SHAHBANDAR

Is there something that puzzles you?

DEAN

No, it's just that I imagined it would be quite different.

SHAHBANDAR

Thank you Adbul. Different. Well, as a matter of fact, it was different. Yes. I remember a few years back, in a moment of weakness, I permitted an American magazine to photograph it all. As soon as the pictures were published, I completely redecorated.

He leads them upstairs.

NICOLE

The private Mr. Shahbandar vs the public one.

[MORE]

SHAHBANDAR

Partly, yes. In any case,
contemporary furnishing gives a
better setting for my art
collection.

Dean notices a grate above the elevator shaft, he can see the
systems of ropes and pulleys.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

I chose this room for my
paintings.

INT. PAITINING ROOM - DAY

SHAHBANDAR

You'll find a somewhat varied
collection from the chiaroscuro of
the Dutch masters to the symbolic
fantasy of Chagall, Matisse,
Picasso.

DEAN

Yes, yea very nice. Very nice
indeed. Is this your entire
collection, Mr. Shahbandar?

SHAHBANDAR

No, I have other things in other
rooms.

Nicole takes a closer look at one of the paintings.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

You approve, Lady Dean?

NICOLE

Oh, very much. Um... it's one of his
earlier paintings, isn't it.

SHAHBANDAR

Yes, it is.

[MORE]

NICOLE

Interesting.

She moves to the next painting.

SHAHBANDAR

Picasso, and one of his best, I
always think.

NICOLE

The blue period.

SHAHBANDAR

Yes 1906.

NICOLE

Was it 1906 or was it 1907? No, I
think perhaps you're right... 1906.

SHAHBANDAR

I must congratulate you Lady Dean
on your knowledge of art.

NICOLE

Oh, thank you. One rarely sees so
many originals, they must be worth
thousands.

He shakes his head and laughs.

NICOLE

Hundreds of thousands.

SHAHBANDAR

Yes. And you, Sir Harold, have you
any special favorites?

Dean turns to face him.

DEAN

I beg your pardon.

[MORE]

SHAHBANDAR

Have you any special favorite?

DEAN

Ah... well it's difficult to say, I really must confess that my great weakness is sculpture.

SHAHBANDAR

Is it?

DEAN

Yes.

SHAHBANDAR

Then we have something in common, Sir Harold, my greatest treasure is a piece of sculpture.

DEAN

Oh, really?

SHAHBANDAR

Would you care to see it?

DEAN

That would be nice, wouldn't it?

INT - STATUE ROOM - DAY

They walk into the next room where the main attraction sits in the middle of the room, other statues including the Buddha.

Nicole looks at the statue of Lissu shocked.

SHAHBANDAR

Remarkable, isn't it?

DEAN

Remarkable.

SHAHBANDAR

I mean the likeness.

DEAN

Yes. It... it's really quite extraordinary. An almost unbelievable coincidence.

SHAHBANDAR

I thought it would surprise you. I did me when I first set eyes on you Lady Dean. This is the empress Lissu. It is said that Marco Polo found her in China and brought her to Rome. She is the most magnificent example of early Chinese art. What are you thinking?

NICOLE

Thinking?

SHAHBANDAR

I mean, what do you think, Lady Dean, about my most prized possession?

NICOLE

I'm stunned!

SHAHBANDAR

Hmm. They say that when the empress was alive there would never be another to match her beauty, nor her purity. And yet it seems that um...

NICOLE

Is it very valuable?

SHAHBANDAR

Oh priceless, yes. My friends believe I paid such an enormous sum for it because of its uncanny resemblance to my late wife.

[MORE]

NICOLE

Aren't you afraid of it being stolen?

SHAHBANDAR

Not really Lady Dean. Although her original owner is supposed to have kept 100 guards to watch over her day and night. Um, stretch out your hand Lady Dean as if to touch her.

NICOLE

My hand?

SHAHBANDAR

Yes.

She reaches to touch the statue but as soon as her hand gets close alarm bells sound. She jolts her hand back. Dean watches as bars close in on the windows and steel doors shut the entrances. A bookcase slides open to reveal a hidden door with Adbul and an armed guard behind it. Dean smiles, he's thoroughly enjoying the performance. Adbul shuts off the alarm.

SHAHBANDAR

I'm so sorry to have shocked you.
You can release the doors now.

Adbul does and the bars slide open.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

You see Lady Dean in this modern age a simple electron device is all the protection necessary. See those little lights around the edges.

He points up at a birdcage like structure supported by four columns that sit over the statues, around the perimeter of it are small lights.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

Each is an electronic eye that sends a ray down to the receptacles on the floor.

The floor has tiny silver spots matching the location of the lights above.

SHAHBANDAR

I love gadgets. This one isn't particularly ingenious, but, uh... Well, it's good enough, do you think?

DEAN

At the risk of appearing badmanned Mr. Shahbandar, I wonder if I might have a drink?

SHAHBANDAR

Well of course, please.

Shahbandar and Nicole start walking back into the painting room. Dean remains standing there mesmerized.

SHAHBANDAR

It's difficult to tear oneself away isn't it Mr. Dean?

Dean turns to face him.

DEAN

Practically impossible.

They turn away, Dean glances at the Buddha statue before following.

INT. PAINTING ROOM - DAY

SHAHBANDAR

Now, what may I offer you, Sir Harold? A cocktail or something stronger perhaps. Lady Dean, some tea?

NICOLE

I won't have anything thank you, we've taken quite enough of your time already. We should be going Harold.

SHAHBANDAR

Oh, you have an engagement?

DEAN

No hurry, darling. We're not catching any trains. I'll have a whiskey and soda if I may please and I'm sure Lady Dean would love some tea.

SHAHBANDAR

Good. You know, Lady Dean, I have not yet made my wish for Ali Hajj. It is my wish that you both will be my quest for dinner tonight. Would love to show you our city, especially today in its most colorful moment.

DEAN

Impossible, I'm afraid. I'm expecting some important telephone calls this evening.

SHAHABANDAR

I see what a pity, it seems that my wish cannot come true.

DEAN

Yes, it is a shame, cheers. Oh... now wait a minute. You can have half a wish. There's no reason why Nicole shouldn't enjoy herself.

SAHABANDAR

Perhaps Lady Dean would prefer-
[cutoff]

DEAN

Oh no, nonsense. She'd love to go with you wouldn't you, Nicole?

[MORE]

NICOLE

You've made my wish come true Mr.
Shahbandar I'd be delighted to.

SHAHBANDAR

Thank you, Lady Dean. I'm honored.
And now I think I will have a
drink.

He pours a drink.

SHAHBANDAR

Sir Harold. To whatever you may
wish for yourself today.

INT. SEMIRAMIS HOTEL - DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean comes bursting through the door he can hardly contain his excitement. Nicole follows clearly annoyed, she sits down and starts flipping through the pages of a magazine. He is sure to shut the door behind him before letting out a laugh.

DEAN

I've got him! I've really got him!
I held out the bait. He bit, and I
hooked him. And as for you, you
were marvelous, absolutely
marvelous! Much better than I ever
expected. Fancy you knowing all
about Matisse, Chagall, the Dutch
masters and their Blue Period and
all that. No, you were great.
Absolutely great! And as for that
stuff about the Chinese jade and
the proverbs, I don't know how you
came up with it. Here.

He gets right next to her.

DEAN (CONT.)

I bet you do know all about
dragons, don't you?

She gets up, throws the magazine on the table and walks into the
bedroom. He follows.

[MORE]

DEAN

What's the matter with you then?

NICOLE

I asked you right at the start if this job was honest and you said yes.

DEAN

On the contrary. I said "Do I look like a crook?" and you said yes. So, I took it for granted that you knew it wasn't exactly honest.

NICOLE

I didn't expect tea at Buckingham Palace, but I never dreamed you'd get me involved in something like stealing that statue up there.

DEAN

If you are going to break the law, you might as well do it properly.

She stands, grabs her suitcase and opens it.

DEAN

And what do you think you're doing?

NICOLE

Leaving.

DEAN

Oh really?

She starts grabbing the dresses out of the wardrobe, hangers in all, and stuffing them in the suitcase.

NICOLE

I don't like being lied to, I don't like being taken advantage of and I don't like crooks.

DEAN

We made a deal remember. I'm paying you \$5,000 for this.

NICOLE

A lot of good that'll do me in jail.

DEAN

Nobody is going to jail I've got it all worked out perfectly.

NICOLE

It will have to work perfectly without me.

DEAN

If I'm as terrible as that, why did you accept Shahbandar's invitation if you'd no intention-[cutoff]

NICOLE

Me accept it? You didn't give me a chance to refuse! While we're on the subject of Shahbandar, don't you underestimate him.

DEAN

Or me! A lot of money's been spent on this operation with airplane fares, hotels, most of my clothes, all of yours including the dress you're wearing!

NICOLE

You can have them all back. Including the dress I'm wearing. Besides I'm saving you \$5,000 by leaving.

[MORE]

DEAN

So, after all this time and all
I've done for you, you're leaving
me in a lurch?

NICOLE

I'm getting out of this place as
quickly as I can, and if you had
any brains, you'd do the same
thing.

DEAN

I have no intention of leaving but
if you don't want to fulfill your
obligations, that's just too bad.
I'll do it alone!

He goes to storm off,

DEAN (CONT.)

And put those hangers back!

He exits, closes the bedroom doors.

She looks at the dress on the hanger and all the ones in the
bag, goes to put it back but then just slams it back into the
suitcase in frustration. She sits and crosses her legs.

Cut to:

INT. DAMMUZ MECHANIC'S SHOP - DAY

MECHANIC

I'm sure I have something for you.
Let's see.

He leads Dean over to his workbench, produces a bulky metal
vice.

DEAN

No, no, no that's too big.

He produces a couple other options but Dean spots what he wants,
a long thin threaded bolt with a screw attachment.

DEAN

Is this for sale?

MECHANIC

Yes, it is.

DEAN

I'll take that, would you wrap it
up for me please.

The mechanic grabs it and does so, Dean grabs a pair of plyers
as well.

DEAN

I'll take these as well.

Cut to:

EXT. DAMMUZ MARKET - DAY

SALESWOMAN

Here you are, sir. Lighter fuel.

She holds up the lighter fuel in a tin can.

DEAN

Yeah, uh. Do you have lighter fuel
in a glass bottle?

SALESWOMAN

Yes, bottle, yes.

She turns and grabs the item from behind her.

SALESWOMAN

Bottle, sir.

DEAN

That's it, how much is that?

SALESWOMAN

Two francs.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Nicole opens the shaded doors between the bedroom and the main
room, looks at Dean who has his back turned to the doors and is
messing with his recently purchased items. She opens the doors,
revealing her pristine white dress and her hair let down.

DEAN

(without looking)

You said you were leaving.

NICOLE

I changed my mind. I have a dinner engagement.

DEAN

I thought you changed your mind about dinner.

NICOLE

I changed it back again.

DEAN

Oh, why?

NICOLE

Cause when you come right down to it. I can't bear the thought of you spending the next 20 years in an Arab jail. Even though you are a crook.

DEAN

Do you that's the nicest thing that anybody...

He turns and looks at her, briefly stunned by her appearance.

DEAN (CONT.)

Ever said to me.

NICOLE

I don't doubt it.

DEAN

If you're gonna have dinner with Shahbandar, why are you wearing that dress with your hair down?

[MORE]

NICOLE

This is my dress, and I like it
and I think Mr. Shahbandar is
going to like it and the way I've
done my hair whether you like it
or not. Do you understand?

He stands, gets right up close to her.

DEAN

I like the way you look Nicole.

NICOLE

Thank you.

A knock at the door.

She walks over and answers, it's Abdul.

ADBUL

Mr. Shahbandar's compliments, my
lady.

She exits closing the doors behind her.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APRTMENT - DAY

Shahbandar stands before Nicole in a black suit with a cape. He
looks kind of like Dracula.

SHAHBANDAR

Exquisite. If I may say so, Lady
Dean, your husband is very foolish
to be so dedicated to his work.

NICOLE

My husband is an ambitious man.
With him, his work comes first.

SHAHBANDAR

Then the idle shall benefit. You
must forgive me for not offering
you a cocktail, but I thought you
might wish to see something of our
city before the sun sets.

[MORE]

NICOLE

Oh, I'd like that.

SHAHBANDAR

Good, then shall be go.

She turns to walk towards the exit.

SHAHBANDAR

No, this way please. I have a few surprises for you first.

They walk into the statue room.

SHAHBANDAR

Speaking of surprises, I thought it rather strange you didn't know of the likeness between you and my Lissu.

NICOLE

Is there any reason why I should have?

SHAHBANDAR

Perhaps not, your husband seems to. He took it so... so calmly when I showed him the Lissu.

NICOLE

My husband never shows his emotions. He's English, you know.

SHAHBANDAR

Ah yes of course, the English.

He leads her into an adjoining room.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

Now this room should interest you.
It's unique of its kind.

He closes the doors behind them, and then another pair of pairs once inside. He walks over to the bed in the room.

SHAHBANDAR

As you already gathered this
afternoon, Lady Dean, I have a
passion for gadgets.

He pressed one of the four buttons on the headstand of the bed.
It slides open to curtains to reveal a mosaic behind them.

SHAHBANDAR

Are you ready?

NICOLE

Am I ready for what?

SHAHBANDAR

Watch

He presses the top button, the mosaic begins moving, or is it
the room?

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

We're going up one floor.

The mosaic gives way to the skyline of Dammuz a bright purple
from the sunset.

SHAHBANDAER

I'm so sorry Sir Harold couldn't
join us, I'm sure he would have
liked to see the city this way.

They exit onto the roof, a helicopter sits waiting with a pilot
standing by.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

Business affairs preventing us
from having fun too often don't
then? You don't mind flying? Well
of course not, you must have flown
thousands of miles with your
husband.

NICOLE

Hundreds of thousands.

They get in.

EXT. DEAN'S BALCONY - DAY

Dean smokes a cigarette and watches as the helicopter flies off overhead. He looks up at it then walks inside.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - DAY

Dean enters and picks up the phone.

DEAN

Mr. Shahbandar's apartment please.

This is Sir Harold Dean, can I speak to Lady Dean please?

Oh, she has? Oh, all right. Thank you.

Oh, by the way, does Mr. Shahbandar own a helicopter?

Oh, he does.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

SHAHBANDAR

What you see now is something of a potpourri of past and present. There is so much to become acquainted with here. Is there a chance your husband's business will keep him in town longer than he thinks?

NICOLE

Oh no I don't think so, perhaps we will stay longer next time.

SHAHBANDAR

I hope you will. We are going to land over there by those trees, I have a car waiting to take us to the old quarters where the festivities are.

EXT. ARAB QUARTER - NIGHT

A raucous festival fills the streets, men playing drums and dancing, women in ornate attire sing. Shahbandar leads Nicole through the crowd.

SHAHBANDAR

It is always like this on the
feats of Ali Hajj. Everyone is
happy hoping their wish will come
true.

They watch a couple dance and perform a traditional hip dance to
the music. Men surround another group of men play fighting with
wooden sticks. A street vendor with a basket of scrolls
approached them.

VENDOR

Buy a scroll, effendi. Buy the
scroll of Ali Hajj. Bring much
luck and good fortune to you and
your lady.

Shahbandar tosses some coins in his basket, grabs the scroll and
unrolls it. The vendor bows and walks away. Shahbandar reads the
scroll.

SHAHBANDAR

Luck and good fortune to you, and
of course to Sir Harold.

Cut to:

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean downs a shot of brown liquor, walks into the room and
switches the light on. He looks at his watch.

INT. SWANKY RESTURANTE - NIGHT

Shahbandar leads Nicole to a table where another man waits.

SHAHBANDAR

Lady Dean, may I present Colonel
Salim. Colonel Salim, Lady Dean.

He kisses her hand, and they all sit down.

NICOLE

How do you do.

SHAHBANDAR

I asked Colonel Salim to join us
because I thought your husband

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

would be happier if we were
chaperoned and nobody could make a
more suitable chaperone than the
colonel. He's our chief of police.

NICOLE

Oh really, how interesting.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dean slips into his soft soled shoes. He puts his suit jacket on. He grabs the vice and plyers and pockets them. Then he unscrews the cap of the glass bottle of lighter fuel and carefully puts the open bottle in his lower left outside jacket pocket. He grabs his gloves as well and put those in the other pocket. Finally, he grabs the long thing slotted rod and tucks it under his belt.

INT. SWANKY RESTURANTE - NIGHT

The colonel and Shahbandar laugh, nice sips her soup.

SHAHBANDAR

Salim and I have been friends for
years, we have many interests in
common. He also shared my
enthusiasm for gadgets. In fact,
it was he who helped me to protect
all those electronic devices to
protect my painting and sculpture.
One of these days, we hope to test
them out, don't we Salim?

The band starts playing their main show. A Tango line of dancers come on stage with tap shoes and hand clappers.

INT. HOTEL SEMIRAMIS - LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open, and a small crowd exits including Dean. He has an unlit cigarette in his mouth. He eyes the newspaper stand in the lobby. The attendant stands in the small circular booth, newspapers on all the walls. She hands a man a paper.

INT. SWANKY RESTURANTE - NIGHT

The dance continues.

Nicole reaches into her purse and pulls out some money.

[MORE]

NICOLE

If you'll excuse me for one moment, I'll be right back.

She leaves her purse and gloves and walks away, Salim and Shahbandar watch her walk off suspiciously but Shahbandar looks at the purse and gloves on the table, brushes it off and continues watching the show.

EXT. SWANKY CLUB - NIGHT

A club attendant leads Nicole to a taxi. He opens the door for her, and she enters.

NICOLE

Hotel Semiramis please.

The car drives away.

INT. HOTEL SEMIRAMIS - LOBBY - DAY

Covered by the newspapers, and through the holes in the side of the stand, Dean empties the entire bottle of lighter fluid into the paper filled wastebin inside the small booth.

Dean slides over, uses a match to light his cigarette and tosses the lit match into the wastebin and turns away.

The wastebin at once ignites a huge fire, the newspaper lady turns around and screams at the top of her lungs.

DEAN

Fire! Fire!

The fire spreads to the papers on the walls of the booth, bystanders run by to try and help. They start pulling away the flaming pages.

Dean runs over to the private elevator with its guard and fire extinguisher.

DEAN

There's a fire! Quick! Quick, look!

Dean shows him the very real fire, hands him the fire extinguisher and as soon as he vacates the elevator to go help, he enters the elevator.

Cut to:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The lift ascends slowly, Dean puts on his black gloves. He looks up through the ceiling panel and as he is getting close to the apartment, he hits the arete button. The elevator stops.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The guard sits in his chair. Bored out of his goddamn mind and almost falling asleep.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Dean opens the top access panel and climbs onto the roof of the elevator. He finds the ladder and ascends it to the top of the shaft where he finds the grated panel that leads into the painting room.

He climbs over and pulls out his plyers, he begins losing the bolts on the panel.

There is a noise from inside. Adbul leaves the painting room and descends the stairs into Shahbandar's office on the lower floor. Dean continues unscrewing the bolts.

INT. SWANKY RESTURANTE - NIGHT

The dance continues.

Shahbandar looks at the door, no Nicole.

He looks at the white purse and gloves still sitting on the table.

Tries to go back to enjoying the show.

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The guard is now fully asleep. Dean finished the panel. He removes it and enters. He snaps it back into place, the slight noise wakes the guard, who tries his best to stay away by rubbing his face. Abdul continues working in the office.

Dean walks silently into the painting room. Just as he is about to head into the statue room, he hears a door opening. He hides behind the curtains.

Another servant walks into the room and steals a couple cigars from the cigar box. He then exits.

Dean runs over to the statue room and shuts and locks the door behind him. He is alone with his Lissu.

He looks up at the lights and the cage above it. He pushes one of the marble columns used to display other statues as close as

he can to the lights. He walks over to the buddha and removes the head.

INT. SWANKY RESTURANTE - NIGHT

The dance continues.

Shahbandar whispers to a worker to go check on Nicole.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Dean assembles the slotted bolt and vice. He stands up on the marble pillar. He then grabs a chair and uses it to get up on the marble pillar easier.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole enters and closes the doors behind her. She runs into the bedroom.

NICOLE

Harry?

She turns the light on and starts taking off her dress.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Dean snips of a metal piece that design the birdcage structure.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole strips off her dress.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Dean snips off another piece, and then another. The last one drops to the floor with a rattle just narrowly avoids tripping the sensor.

Dean looks down at it almost in disbelief. He looks around, pulls out the vice and screw and slots it between the vertical bars of the bird cage. He then uses his plyers to turn it to widen the gap between the bars.

INT. SWANKY RESTURANTE - NIGHT

The dance finishes. The crowd claps.

The worker walks back over to Shahbandar and whispers in his ear. Shahbandar then confers with Salim.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Dean is still working on widening the gap when he hears the sound of the elevator descending.

He sees the light from behind the door as it comes down next to the room. He jumps down from the pillar, grabs the chair and holds it over his head as if to smash it over the head of whoever enters.

Nicole, now in a modest green outfit opens the double doors, she investigates the room but doesn't see Dean, so she enters.

NICOLE

Harry!

Dean, still carrying the chair above his head looks mystified at the elevator room and then at Nicole.

DEAN

What are you doing in Shahbandar's
bedroom?

NICOLE

It goes up and down.

DEAN

What does?

NICOLE

The bedroom, it's one of his
gadgets. It's goes all the way to
the roof-[cutoff]

DEAN

Why are you dressed like that?

NICOLE

I just left Shahbandar in a rest-
[cutoff]

DEAN

Shhh!

NICOLE

I sneaked out and got ready to
leave. Harry he's planning some
dreadful trap for you.

NICOLE (CONT.)

There's a fire escape out here we can get out this way.

DEAN

If you think I'm gonna pack it in now, you must be mad.

He goes back to work.

NICOLE

Harry, be sensible! He'll be here any minute!

DEAN

Shut up!

He gets back on the pillar, continues twisting the vice.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Shahbandar and Salim sit in the back in silence.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Dean continues trying to widen the gap.

NICOLE

You'll never get through there, Harry. If you are so determined to go through with this why won't you let me help you? I can get through there now.

Dean looks at the gap then at her.

DEAN

You sure?

She looks again at the gap, nods her head.

He gets down off the pillar.

DEAN

Go on then.

She gets up on the pillar and puts her left leg through the gap. Then lifting herself up she squeezes her other leg through and

rests it next to the head on the pillar that the Lissu rests on. She grabs the bird cage and slides her leg along the inside pillar before dropping herself the final foot onto the ground. Her feet fit inside the circle just barely. She wiggles around to the other side of the statue, her arms still in the air so as not to cross the sensors. She lowers her hands to the statue and Dean gets back on the pillar and reaches his hands down into the cage. With effort she slowly raises the statue up to him and he grabs it and pulls it through the gap.

He then places it down on the outside pillar and gets down off it. He picks it back up, looks at it then looks at her.

DEAN

You're a clever girl, and I love
you.

She smiles and goes to hug him at once setting off the alarm.

He puts the statue back, grabs the chair and uses it to block the steel doors from closing off the bedroom.

DEAN

Get out! I'll meet you at the
airport!

She runs into the bedroom elevator and he regrabbs the head and moves behind the sliding bookcase. It slides open concealing everything but his eyes.

Adbul and the guard enter, seeing nobody they shut off the alarm and investigate.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Nicole exits via the fire escape.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Dean watches as Adbul walks over to the wall on the other side of the room, he presses a button that reveals a hidden compartment with another Lissu statue inside. He looks at a mark on the bottom of the statue to confirm to himself that's it's the authentic one. He looks around the statue rooms one last time. Exits through the hidden sliding door and closes the bookcase, leaving Dean by himself again.

INT. DEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole enters and grabs her gray overcoat and other small items before leaving again.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Dean exits via the fire escape.

INT. HOTEL SEMIRAMIS - LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Nicole walks out into the lobby.

She sees Shahbandar and Salim exit their car and come towards the lobby. She hides behind one of the display cases and watches them enter the lobby.

They look at the burned-out newspaper stand, head towards the elevators.

Nicole takes the chance to exit via the revolving door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dean walks with his bag strung over his shoulder. He approaches a car parked on the sidewalk and goes for the door handle when a dog seated in the car loudly barks at him.

He walks around the other side of the car and tries the next car in the line. He gets in and using a key from his bag starts it up and pulls away.

EXT. HOTEL SEMIRAMIS - NIGHT

Nicole walks over to a taxi

NICOLE

To the airport.

She gets in and the taxi pulls away.

INT. STATUE ROOM - NIGHT

Salim unscrews the vice and pulls it from the cage. He shows it to Shahbandar.

SHAHBANDAR

Very bright.

Shahbandar walks over to the secret hiding place for the real Lissu. Pushes the button which slides the door open and looks at it and smiles. He goes to close the door when he stops, his smile turns to a frown.

Adbul who had been watching had his smile turn to a frown as well.

Shahbandar picks up the statue and looks at the base of it, Adbul walks over and Shahbandar shows it to him.

SHAHBANDAR

Bring them back.

Salim runs over to the rotary phone and starts dialing.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Dean pulls up in his car and gets out.

He walks towards the entrance and looks through the window for any prying eyes, when he hears a car pull up. He hides in the bushes near the entrance and sees three serious looking men all in suits get out. He watches them enter and spread out in the airport lobby.

Nicole's taxi pulls up, Dean notices and runs over to it.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Nicole pays the driver.

NICOLE

Thank you very much.

Dean gets in the other side of the taxi.

DEAN

Just a minute, just a minute!
There are police everywhere, we
can't leave together.

He reaches into his coat pocket.

DEAN (CONT.)

Here's your ticket and your
passport. They'll never recognize
you on your own. Get on the plane
and I'll meet you in Hong Kong.

NICOLE

But what about you?

DEAN

Don't worry about me. I'm taking
another route. It's all been
arranged. I'll see you.

He kisses her.

DEAN (CONT.)

Go on!

He opens the door and ushers her out, he watches her leave and instructs the taxi driver to drive away.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Nicole enters being watched but not stopped by the men.

She approaches the desk. The worker is with another couple.

AIRPORT WORKER

20 francs Sir, airport tax.

He pays.

AIRPORT WORKER

Immigration is to your left sir.

They walk off. Nicole walks up.

AIRPORT WORKER

Passport and ticket please.

He inspects the passport and ticket, another one of Shahbandar's men also looks at them.

AIRPORT WORKER

Which is your luggage, Miss, uh,
Chang?

NICOLE

No luggage.

AIRPORT WORKER

That will be 10 francs please,
airport tax.

She pays.

AIRPORT WORKER

Immigration is over there, your
plane will be leaving in 15
minutes.

She walks over to the immigration desk, hands her passport to the guard.

The guard looks at the passport, a very different looking picture of Nicole, but still has that famous face. He looks at her, she looks at him. He smiles, stamps the passport.

IMMIGRATION GUARD

Through that door. Have a good trip, Miss Chang.

Nicole walks past the guards and heads to the exterior doors towards the runway.

MAN

One moment Miss Chang.

She turns, it's one of the serious looking men.

Cut to:

INT. SHAHBANDAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shahbandar sits reading a dossier.

Nicole enters with Salim, Shahbandar stands to greet her.

SHAHBANDAR

Good morning. You look a little different this morning. Come and sit down.

She does.

SHAHBANDAR

I trust you slept well. You must forgive my not waiting, but I breakfast rather early. There's fresh fruit and juices, coffee and rolls.

A servant pours her coffee and walks off. Nicole sits and does nothing.

SHAHBANDAR

Strang is it not. How we spend time with people and still can't be certain what they are really like. So many of us posing as one thing. In reality being something quite different. Your young man for instance.

SHAHBANDAR (CONT.)

Fashioning himself as some sort of clever high society burglar. He didn't play his part very well, did he? He got away, but he'll be caught. While you've been sleeping, my people in London have been learning precisely who and where he is. One telephone call to Hong Kong can have Mr. Dean shackled and flying back here within a few hours. However, as I took you and your friend rather too lightly and played a game with you and lost. I'll put off making that telephone call. Instead, I have decided that you will go on to Hong Kong and tell mister Dean that unless my Lissu is returned he will be apprehended and punished for his crime. Punished severely, I assure you. That's all I have to say.

Nicole stands.

SHAHBANDAR

Perhaps reading this dossier will be an inducement to help put an immediate end to this ridiculous crime spree of his.

He hands her the dossier.

NICOLE

Thank you.

SHAHBANDAR

Goodbye, Nicole. The Lissu will now always remind me of her when I get her back.

EXT. HONG KONG - DAY

An airplane performing the famous "Kai Tak Heart Attack" approach Honk Kong's airport.

INT. KAI TAK AIRPORT - DAY

Nicole exits down the arrival staircase. Dean spots her and grabs her from behind.

DEAN

Where the devil have you been?

NICOLE

Oh, Harry!

They hugged.

DEAN

I've met every plane for the past
48 hours.

NICOLE

Listen to me.

She pulls him away from the crowd.

DEAN

You listen to me.

NICOLE

I've got a message for you from
Shahbandar.

DEAN

Forget Shahbandar.

NICOLE

You can't forget Shahbandar cause
he's not gonna forget you.

DEAN

I said forget Shahbandar.

NICOLE

Harry, you must send the head
back.

[MORE]

DEAN

I can't send the head back.

NICOLE

Well, you must send the head back.
Shahbandar knows you're here and
has people watching you right now!

DEAN

I didn't steal it.

NICOLE

Oh, don't joke with me now.

DEAN

I am not joking with you, I didn't
steal the head.

NICOLE

You don't seem to understand. He
can have you shackled and flown
back on a plane to Dammuz within
the hour.

DEAN

I'll bet you \$5,000 and a British
passport that I didn't steal the
head.

That shuts her up, she looks at him confused.

INT. STATUE ROOM - DAY

The Buddha statue sits in the room with the now empty pedestal.
Shahbandar reads a note.

SHAHBANDAR

"The smile of the Buddha covers a
multitude of sins." Stop. Shall we
call it a draw? Harry Dean.
Arrived a few hours ago.

They walk over to the statue.

[MORE]

SHAHBANDAR

Now look.

He pulls the head off the statue. Salim reaches his hand in.

SHAHBANDAR

There's nothing inside. I've checked.

Salim knocks his hand at the top of the statue. A hollow sound. Then he knocks the center of the statue, solid. Then he knocks the base of the statue, hollow again.

Salim and Shahbandar flip the statue and pop off the base revealing the Lissu head, in the same room this whole time.

Shahbandar returns it to the pedestal. Smiles at it.

SHAHBANDAR

Welcome back. You know Salim, I don't consider myself to be an unintelligent man. But for the life of me, I can't understand why they should go through all this trouble and expense, in order not to steal it.

Cut to:

INT. EMILE'S STUDIO - DAY

DEAN

The answer is very simple. We needed the publicity, and we got it.

He throws a collection of newspaper articles down on the table. One headline reads. "Art Treasure Missing"

DEAN (CONT.)

All over the world.

NICOLE

Publicity? For what?

[MORE]

DEAN

I'll tell you. Two years ago, for insurance purposes, Shahbandar commissioned Emile to make a copy of the Lissu. Now, Emile is something of a genius when it comes to copying the work of others. So, does he stop at making one copy? You bet your life he doesn't.

Emile walks over to a cabinet in the corner and behind a not even locked door pulls out an identical Lissu statue.

DEAN

He makes a second copy. I reproduction that is so perfect it is impossible to tell it from the original.

EMILE

It is my finest work. I found clay 2,000 years old in Mongolia. I used the same tools, the same method of baking as they did in ancient times.

DEAN

Every art expert in the world will believe that this is the original.

NICOLE

And what happens when Shahbandar announces he has it back?

DEAN

We already have three definite offers from people who don't care what Shahbandar announces because they believe that Shahbandar has the copy, and this is the original.

[MORE]

NICOLE

Who thought up this whole idea?

EMILE

He did.

NICOLE

Who paid for it? Who financed it?

DEAN

He did.

NICOLE

Of all the nasty, low-down,
underhanded, despicable tricks!
You're not even honest enough to
be crooks!

DEAN

Now hold on a minute!

NICOLE

You hold on a minute, Harry
Tristan Dean! You've done your
best to turn me into a thief. Now
you want to turn me into a
swindler. Maybe you'd like to lead
a life of crime but count me out!

She goes to storm off my Harry blocks her.

DEAN

Who told you my name was Tristan?

NICOLE

I know lots about you, Tristan.

DEAN

Nobody knows my name is Tristan.

[MORE]

NICOLE

And your father's name was Eric
and your mother's name was Mary.
You grew up on the London docks
and ran away from home at 17 to
join the navy. You've never been
married and had your tonsils out
at the age of 18.

DEAN

Who told you my name was Tristan!

NICOLE

It was in Shahbandar's dossier.
And you won the Ping-Pong
championship during the Korean War
with His Majesty's fleet. You've
never been in jail and never even
been arrested. So, this is
probably your first crime. There's
lots more I'd like to know about
you, Harry Tristan Dean, but if
you insist in this ridiculous
crime spree, what's the point?
Excuse me.

She pushes past him and heads for the door.

DEAN

Nicole stop!

NICOLE

What for?

DEAN

I'll show you something.

Dean turns to Emile, he picks up the Lissu statue and throws it
down on the ground, it shatters into a million pieces. He looks
at Nicole. Emile takes a seat exasperated. Dean turns back to
him.

[MORE]

DEAN

I'm sorry, Emile. I suppose this is the end of a beautiful friendship. Well, I'll help pay for all the cost of everything. Goodbye.

He holds out his hand and they shake.

DEAN

Forgive me if you can.

Dean walks over to Nicole and looks her in the eyes.

DEAN

I do love you.

They kiss. Emile sits there awkwardly. They stop.

DEAN

Cmon

Dean pushes her to the exit.

NICOLE

Sorry Emile, it's for the best. I'm sure you can find something honest to do with all that Mongolian clay.

They exit. The phone rings. Emile tiptoes over the broken statue to pick it up.

EMILE

Emile Fournier speaking.

Yes, come at once!

He tiptoes back over the broken statue and walks over to the cabinet in the corner protected by a simple padlock. He undoes it and open to door to reveal three more identical Lissu statues. He smiles and grabs one.

THE END