

# «MOROCCO»

The credits appear over a background of Moorish Arches.

A globe of the world revolves, then fades to a Close-up of part of a map of Africa and the word MOROCCO fades in.

Fade out.

Fade in to a street scene in a Moroccan town; beneath some overhanging palms, an Arab is attempting in vain to pull a donkey behind him; in the background marching legionnaires can be seen coming forward to the accompaniment of bugle calls and drums.

MAN in Arabic: *Curse the man who sold you to me! You're the son of a thousand curses!*

A number of Arab girls watch the legionnaires passing.

Drums and bugles sounding, the soldiers march forward under the arches which hang Low over the street, watched by crowds of Arabs.

The Arabs, all dressed in Long white burnouses, stand still, watching.

OFFICER off: *Compagnie, halte!*

The legionnaires begin to set down their arms. TOM, a very tall and lanky legionnaire, appears.

OFFICER in French off: *Company halt! Company halt! Company halt! Stand easy! Stand easy!*

A short and aggressive SERGEANT enters and goes to stand in the center of a group of legionnaires.

SERGEANT: *Now, listen here, fatheads! We're back home again, and just because you did a little fighting I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, „ Well, here comes us, Foreign Legion – each man a hero, all the...*

TOM looks about him coolly.

SERGEANT continuing off: *... booze in the world made for us and the women thrown in! Well, you're wrong! This time you're going to behave yourselves...*

Two girls, camp-followers, peer over the edge of a roof.

SERGEANT continuing off: *... like gentlemen, even if it kills you!*

TOM is still looking casually around.

SERGEANT continuing off: *Yes, I'm talking to you.*

A muezzin begins to sound the call to prayer.

The Arabs in the street kneel.

TOM is standing among the legionnaires, eating. The call to prayer is still audible off.

An Arab GIRL smiles invitingly in the direction of TOM. TOM snatches a bracelet from a string hanging near him and throws it towards the GIRL.

The GIRL snatches the bracelet, puts it on her wrist and then makes a sign to TOM with her hand.

TOM replies with a similar sign, raising his fingers.

The SERGEANT glares in his direction.

He addresses himself to TOM.

SERGEANT: *Why don't you get into that line? What are you doing with those fingers?*

TOM: *Nothing – yet.*

SERGEANT: *Get in there!*

The SERGEANT goes away and TOM and the other soldiers begin to follow. A confused babble of voices breaks out.

A crowd of Arabs in the street parts to make way for the legionnaires. Singing and music fade in.

A girl's hands with castenets fastened to them are held high in the air. Fade out.

Fade in to a group of people gathered on the fog-shrouded deck of a ship.

A nearby shoreline is visible through the fog and the ship's fog-horn sounds.

LA BESSIERE , wearing an overcoat and trilby hat, is standing on the deck among a number of other passengers.

A neatly dressed VALET approaches him discreetly, as the fog-horn sounds again.

VALET: *All packed up, Sir, ready to land.*

LA BESSIERE: *Thank you, John.*

AMY, dressed in a long dark coat and hat, walks forward along the deck from the foggy background, then drops her suitcase close to where LA BESSIERE is standing.

AMY bends down and starts to pick her belongings up and put them back in her suitcase. LA BESSIERE comes up to her. Close shot of AMY; her face is calm and still, slightly wistful. LA BESSIERE is now standing by AMY'S shoulder, handing her suitcase.

LA BESSIERE: *There you are. I hope I haven't forgotten anything.*

AMY: *Merci, monsieur. You are very kind.*

LA BESSIERE ingratiatingly: *Your first voyage to Morocco?*

AMY: *Yes.*

LA BESSIERE: *I make the trip quite often. Perhaps I can be of some service.*

Close shot of AMY.

LA BESSIERE off: *I'd be happy to help you.*

AMY: *I won't need any help.*

LA BESSIERE politely hands AMY his visiting card.

LA BESSIERE: *You can always reach me at this address, mademoiselle.*

AMY: *Merci, monsieur.*

AMY takes the card and walks slowly away.

AMY stands leaning against the ship's rail and very deliberately tears up the visiting card and scatters the pieces over the side of the ship. The fog-horn sounds again.

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, smiling ironically as he looks in the direction of AMY.

LA BESSIERE approaches one of the ship's officers who is leaning over another part of the rail, smoking a pipe.

LA BESSIERE: *Good evening, officer.*

OFFICER: *Good evening.*

LA BESSIERE: *Do you know what that WOMAN is?*

OFFICER: *A vaudeville actress probably.*

LA BESSIERE: *Er – just how do you know that?*

OFFICER sucking vigorously at his pipe: *Oh, we carry them every day. We call them „suicide passengers“ – one-way tickets. They never return.*

The fog-horn sounds again.

Close shot of AMY gazing into the distance.

Close shot of LA BESSIERE. Fade out.

Fade in to a street scene; crowds of people are milling about confusedly and talking very loudly.

We move from the street into the interior of a cafe, where a number of people are either sitting at tables or moving around. This is LO TINTO'S cafe.

A group of men and women in evening dress are sitting at one of the tables; a WOMAN wearing a long white evening gown stands up and looks around. LA BESSIERE , also in evening dress, comes up to her.

WOMAN: *Well, the wanderer returns. How are you? When did you get back?*

LA BESSIERE: *Last night.*

We move closer to the group around the table.

WOMAN: *Alexander, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Monsieur La Bessiere – citizen of the world.*

LA BESSIERE: *Very happy.*

MAN: *Citizen of the world? You're a Frenchman, aren't you?*

LA BESSIERE: *Yes.*

WOMAN introducing another member of the party: *Miss Martin.*

MISS MARTIN: *Aren't you the painter, La Bessiere ?*

LA BESSIERE smiling faintly: *I paint – when I find the time.*

WOMAN: *He has all the time he needs. He would be a great painter if he were not so rich.* She turns to another member of the party. *Colonel Beauchard.*

LA BESSIERE: *Colonel.*

COLONEL: *Charmed.*

WOMAN: *Won't you join us?*

LA BESSIERE: *I'd love to, but...* He looks in the direction of another table... *isn't that Caesar and his wife?*

WOMAN: *Yes.*

LA BESSIERE turning to go: *See you later.*

LA BESSIERE crosses the floor of the cafe, stopping to exchange a few words with an Arab.

HASSAN in Arabic: *I am very glad to see you here.*

LA BESSIERE in Arabic: *I will be very happy to have you.*

He walks away.

LA BESSIERE walks up to another table, at which CAESAR, a sharp-faced officer in the Foreign Legion, and his young, attractive wife are sitting.

CAESAR: *Awfully nice to see you in Morocco again.*

LA BESSIERE : *I'm very happy to be here – even in this heat.*

CAESAR: *Yes, it is hot.*

LA BESSIERE: *And you, Madame Caesar? How have you been?*

MADAME CAESAR: *I've been lonely. We've missed you.*

LA BESSIERE : *I feel greatly – flattered.*

We return to the group of men and women in evening dress around the table which LA BESSIERE has just left.

MAN: *Your rich friend is very democratic.*

WOMAN: *He can afford to be. He's always chosen his own friends.*

MAN: *Adjutant Caesar was a Captain in the German Air Service before joining the Legion.*

WOMAN: *Then perhaps you can give me the history of his wife?*

MAN: *The less said about that the better.*

The party round the table breaks into laughter.

TOM, the tall, lanky legionnaire, enters the cafe and walks down a short flight of stairs towards a table in the center of the cafe.

TOM settles down at a table; other people are milling round it. Then he stands up and waves, as though he has just recognized someone in another part of the cafe.

LA BESSIERE is now sitting with CAESAR and MADAME CAESAR at their table. Other people are moving about in the background of the cafe. MADAME CAESAR waves, apparently replying to TOM'S wave.

TOM is still standing by his table, then he sits down again.

Two dolls, side-by-side, in close-up; we are in AMY'S dressingroom at LO TINTO'S cafe and music-hall.

AMY singing off: *Pourquoi pleurer...*

AMY is moving about the room dressed in skirt and blouse.

AMY singing: ... *les jours enfuis... humming... regretter les songes partis... humming... Les baisers sont flétris.*

LO TINTO, a portly man dressed in evening clothes, looks about the main room of his cafe, which is packed with people.

AMY is still preparing herself in her dressing-room, when LO TINTO enters.

LO TINTO: *The house is packed. This is a great night for you. If you make a hit, you can stay here as long as you like. Now you may have heard of me in Europe or not. My house is patronized by the finest society in Morocco. Now, what was I going to say? Oh, yes – pick yourself a protector. It will give you prestige. An officer in the Legion. They will tell you that the officers in the Legion are unimportant, that the common legionnaire is the thing.*

AMY puts on a top hat and holds out a tail coat to LO TINTO, who helps her on with it.

LO TINTO continuing: *They will tell you that Private So-and-So is a Russian Prince or an ex-General – that he joined the Legion to forget his past. Don't believe it. The private in the Legion is nobody – at seventy-five centimes per day. Thank you. Pick the officers – they have the money.*

He leaves the room.

The café is packed with people; LO TINTO appears on the stage at one end of the room. His appearance is greeted with thunderous clapping.

He begins to pull the curtain back on one side of the stage, then trips over his own feet, which causes the audience to shout and laugh with derision.

The CONDUCTOR, standing before the small orchestra, raises his hand, preparing to start the music.

LO TINTO takes up his position again in the center of the platform.

We see the orchestra again, preparing to play.

LO TINTO looks from side to side over the audience, from his vantage point on the platform.

LO TINTO: *Ladies and gentlemen.*

This opening remark is greeted with shouts and applause from the audience.

Close shot of LO TINTO preparing to speak to the audience.

LO TINTO: *It is no small task, as you know, to supply my establishment with new talent. For some reason the artists I engage don't last very long. It may be the heat. I do my best. I pay the highest wages in Africa...*

There is loud laughter from the audience, then LO TINTO'S tone becomes even more ingratiating.

LO TINTO continuing: *Mille gracias, Senors and Senoras. Mille gracias! Anyway, I open the programme tonight with Mademoiselle Amy Jolly, a newcomer, whom I hope you will receive with your usual discriminating kindness.*

More laughter from the audience.

LA BESSIERE, CAESAR and his wife turn to each other, laughing.

LA BESSIERE: *If I remember correctly, Adjutant, this audience shows its usual discriminating kindness by receiving its newcomers rather unpleasantly.*

We look down at TOM, waiting at his table; a GIRL, raffishly dressed, dashes enthusiastically towards him.

GIRL in Spanish: *Oh, I'm so happy to be here.*

TOM: *What's the matter?*

GIRL in Spanish: *My sweetheart wouldn't let me come and my father came home and we had the biggest fight, and you have no idea how hard a time I had to get away.*

TOM laconically: *All right. Sit down, if you want to.*

LO TINTO and AMY stand waiting in the wings; the orchestra plays off.

AMY casually strolls forth on to the stage, elegantly dressed in top hat and tails. Immediately booing from the audience mingles with the music of the orchestra.

TOM looks up in the direction of the stage, clearly agreeably surprised.

AMY looks down coolly towards the audience, quite unmoved by the storm of booing.

The members of the audience shout and push among themselves below the level of the stage.

AMY draws casually on her cigarette.

TOM, down in the audience, turns to the jeering soldiers around him and forces them to applaud.

AMY looks on unmoved, as the hub-bub continues off.

We look on to the audience again; a girl is standing in the center of a group of men, near the edge of the stage; one of the men pulls her down into a seat and the girl screams.

Finally the sounds of derision begin to turn to applause as AMY steps down among the audience and passes near the table at which the group of guests, all wearing evening dress, is sitting.

TOM now has his GIRL friend sitting next to him at his table.

AMY singing huskily off: *On fait...*

AMY looks coolly at the audience as she sings.

AMY singing: ... *serment. En sa...*

LA BESSIERE pulls thoughtfully on a cigarette.

AMY singing off: ... *folie de s'adorer.*

AMY stands among the audience, then slowly begins to stroll very casually past the guest.

AMY singing: *Longtemps, longtemps / On est charmant, / Elle est jolie. / C'est par un soir / De gai printemps, / Mais un beau jour / Pour rien, sans cause...*

TOM, with his GIRL, looks interestedly in the direction of AMY.

AMY singing off: *L'amour se fane avec les fleurs, / Alors on reste là, / Toute chose le coeur serre.*

Close shot of AMY, bland, casual.

AMY: *Les yeux remplis de pleurs...*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE looking, faintly amused, in the direction of AMY.

AMY singing off: *Lorsque tout est fini, / Quand se meurt / Votre beau rêve.*

Close shot of AMY singing.

AMY singing: *Pourquoi pleurer les jours...*

Close shot of TOM and his GIRL, listening carefully.

AMY singing off: ... *enfuis. / Regretter les songes...*

Close shot of AMY.

AMY: ... *partis. / Les baisers sont flétris. / Le roman vite s'achève et l'on / Reste a jamais meurtri / Quand tout est fini.*

TOM and the GIRL applaud the end of the song, as do the rest of the audience.

The applause continues and AMY steps over a rail which separates her from the main body of the audience and joins the party of guests in evening dress. One of the men rises to his feet, holding a glass of champagne.

MAN: *May I offer you this glass of champagne, mademoiselle?*

The audience continues applauding as AMY takes the glass of champagne and drinks.

AMY: *A votre santé.*

Then AMY leans forward and takes a flower from one of the women at the table. The WOMAN laughs.

AMY: *May I have this?*

WOMAN: *Of course.*

AMY kisses the WOMAN, then raises the flower to her nose, before walking away to the laughter of the audience.

AMY stands among the audience, delicately holding the flower.

TOM, his GIRL, and other members of the audience look on, applauding.

Then suddenly the applause mounts as AMY, with a supremely cool gesture, tosses the flower into the air and turns to walk away, hands in pockets, urchin-like.

The flower flies through the air towards where TOM and his GIRL are sitting; TOM catches the flower.

AMY has been joined by LO TINTO on the stage. With supreme confidence she strolls towards the wings, while LO TINTO scurries obsequiously after her.

TOM looks on in the direction she has taken, still holding the flower. The rest of the audience go on applauding AMY'S exit. Fade out.

Fade in to a scene behind the stage; LO TINTO is joined by AMY, who is wearing a very short skirt, revealing the whole of her thighs.

LO TINTO: *Sing your number once and then sell the apples. That's the most important thing – sell the apples! Ten per cent is yours – ninety per cent is mine. You'll make a fortune.*

A buzzer sounds somewhere in the background, indicating that it is time for AMY'S next act to begin. LO TINTO and AMY go out.

In the main room of the cafe TOM is still lounging at his table with the GIRL; he is still holding the flower, which the GIRL tries to grab from him.

GIRL in Spanish: *It's a shame to treat me in this way after I had such a fight with my sweetheart. Give me that flower.*

TOM contemptuously: *Yeah?*

GIRL in Spanish: *Give me that flower.*

TOM: *Over my dead body.*

GIRL in Spanish: *Give me that flower or I'll go home.*

TOM: *Well, what's keeping you, baby?*

GIRL indignantly: *Ohhh!*

She gets up and sweeps away from the table.

MADAME CAESAR is looking towards another part of the room, presumably in the direction of TOM.

The CONDUCTOR turns to the orchestra with a furious sweep of the arm to start the music.

LO TINTO comes on to the stage with a basket of apples.

AMY follows him, and takes up the basket. The audience loudly applauds her reappearance.

TOM looks up with renewed interest in the direction of the stage.

Close shot of AMY, as composed as ever.

The orchestra playing the accompanying music.

AMY: *What am I bid for my apple, / The fruit that made Adam so wise?.....*

The orchestra playing the accompanying music.

Close shot of AMY.

AMY: *On the historic night, / When he took a bite, / They discovered a new Paradise.*

Close shot of TOM, propping his head up on his hand and grinning.

Close shot of AMY.

Close shot of TOM, in the same position.

AMY stands with her arms folded over the basket.

AMY: *An apple, they say, / Keeps the doctor away, / While his pretty young wife / Has the time of her life.*

Bursts of laughter can be heard coming from the audience.

AMY continuing: *With the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker. / Oh! What am I bid for my apple?*

LO TINTO appears carrying another basket as AMY walks away.

LO TINTO and AMY are now standing among the audience, then AMY starts to walk among the tables, selling her apples. As she goes past one table, a guest grabs at the long stole which is draped round her neck; she coquettishly pulls it away from him, an action which brings renewed applause from the audience.

AMY glides from table to table offering her apples for sale. AMY comes up to the table where LA BESSIERE, CAESAR and his wife are sitting.

AMY turns to look in the direction of the people at the table.

AMY moves close to LA BESSIERE.

AMY huskily: *We meet once more, Monsieur.*

LA BESSIERE: *I didn't anticipate this pleasure so soon. Can I also have an apple?*

He hands her a banknote.

AMY: *But I have no change for that.*

LA BESSIERE , laughing: *I hardly expected you'd have.*

AMY: *You are again very kind.*

LA BESSIERE: *Mademoiselle, may I have the honor of your company after the performance?*

AMY demurring: *I'm sorry.*

We see AMY standing with LA BESSIERE behind the other people of his party.

AMY: *I have disposed of the balance of the evening.*

LA BESSIERE gently insistent: *Some other time, perhaps?*

AMY: *Of course. An apple, sir?*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE , unruffled, but very intrigued.

AMY off: *Madame?*

AMY slowly walks away from the group towards other guests. LO TINTO bends towards AMY as she stands among other members of the audience.

LO TINTO sibilantly: *Don't waste your time down there. There's no money in the pit.*

AMY turns scornfully towards her employer.

AMY sneering: *Isn't there?*

The audience around her breaks into more laughter at the humiliation of LO TINTO.

The orchestra playing the accompanying music.

TOM is now lounging in his chair with his feet on the table.

AMY approaches him and he slowly removes his feet.

TOM: *Thanks for the flower, Mademoiselle.*

AMY: *Can I offer you an apple, too?*

TOM turning round in the direction of some companion: *Lend me twenty francs, Barney.*

BARNEY off: *Dot makes sixty!*

There is laughter from the surrounding soldiers.

TOM turns and looks up towards AMY.

TOM: *Two weeks' pay is a lot of money for an apple.*

More laughter from the people around.

AMY gazes down knowingly at TOM.

AMY: *You can have it for nothing – if you like.*

TOM drawling: *Nothing doing. I always pay for what I get.* The people around him applaud. *I'd sit down if I were you.*

Calmly chewing, he reaches out to pull her down into a chair beside him.

Close shot of LA BESSIERE , watching.

AMY gently resists TOM'S importunate gesture.

AMY mock-reproving: *You are pretty brave – with women.*

More laughter from the people around.

TOM: *What's the matter? Don't you like brave men?*

AMY: *Perhaps. Your change – soldier.*

She hands something to TOM, then turns and moves gracefully away.

TOM bites thoughtfully into his apple.

Close shot of TOM'S hand, holding a key and caressing it with his fingers.

TOM smiles, very satisfied. Fade out.

TOM is walking forward down a dark alleyway; a whiterobed figure, MADAME CAESAR, rushes urgently behind him.

MADAME CAESAR calling: *Tom!*

MADAME CAESAR, a white hood drawn over her head, comes up to TOM, who turns to see who is following him.

TOM: *Hello. Well, if it isn't Madame Caesar!*

MADAME CAESAR breathlessly: *Tom, I must see you tonight.*

TOM unconcerned: *See me tonight? What if your husband sees you tonight?*

MADAME CAESAR: *He isn't going to see me.*

TOM: *Isn't he? What if he does?*

MADAME CAESAR: *Caesar's wife is above suspicion.*

TOM prodding her: *Yeah? You may know something about ancient history but I know something about husbands.*

MADAME CAESAR shocked: *Tom!*

He walks away from her.

Seen from behind, he walks away down the dark alleyway and disappears into the shadows.

Looking through an archway; just beyond it TOM is unlocking the door of a house; he opens the door and disappears through the doorway.

Close shot of MADAME CAESAR peering suspiciously in the shadows.

TOM enters a small, simply-furnished room; the walls are adorned with photographs of AMY. TOM strolls about the room, inspecting it, then picks up a fan and starts to fan himself.

AMY enters the room through a curtain, which conceals the entrance to the balcony, and looks with a slightly surprised expression in the direction of TOM.

AMY: *Oh, it's you.*

TOM looks up, slightly taken aback.

TOM: *What's the matter? Were you expecting someone else?*

Close shot of AMY, now quite composed.

AMY goes up to TOM and shakes his hand.

AMY: *Can I offer you something – cognac?*

TOM: *Too hot. Got any gin?*

AMY: *Yes. Cigarette?*

TOM: *Thanks.*

She moves away.

Rapid close shot of AMY.

Close shot of TOM, coolly smoking and fanning himself.

Close shot of AMY, as she goes to another part of the room.

AMY appears again and goes up to TOM with a bottle and glass. She opens the bottle and pours out a glass of gin.

TOM: *You've made this place look pretty nice. It looks different now.*

AMY: *How do you know? Have you been here before?*

TOM laughing: *Well, I've been stationed in this town for a long time...*

She turns and hands him the glass.

TOM continuing: *... Aren't you drinking?*

AMY: *No.*

She moves away.

She goes across to another part of the room.

TOM starts to drink.

TOM: *Well – salut.*

AMY sits down on a low sofa.

TOM walks over and looks behind the curtain which hangs in front of the doorway leading to the balcony.

TOM: *You can smell the desert tonight.*

He turns and sits down beside AMY.

TOM is sitting beside AMY, holding his flower.

TOM: *Hot, isn't it?*

She takes the flower from him, and casually throws it away.

AMY: *Faded.*

TOM bends forward to kiss AMY, but she pushes him back, gets up and walks over to a piano in another part of the room. AMY runs her hand along the keys.

AMY: *You can go now – soldier.*

TOM remains sitting for the moment.

TOM coolly: *All right, lady. You won't have any trouble getting rid of me.*

AMY looks in his direction from her position by the piano.

AMY: *Nothing like independence, is there?*

TOM rises and walks over towards AMY.

TOM: *Well, maybe I am independent – with women.*

AMY moves away from him again.

Close shot of AMY looking up cynically through narrowed eyes; a cigarette hangs casually between her lips.

TOM fans himself.

Close shot of AMY, cool and slightly contemptuous.

AMY: *You evidently don't think much of women.*

TOM moves slowly across the room in the direction of AMY.

TOM: *I'll tell you, lady. It's their fault...*

TOM goes up to AMY and holds out a light for her cigarette.

TOM continuing: ... *not mine.*

Close shot of TOM, looking down in the direction of AMY'S face and smiling faintly.

Close shot of AMY, drawing slowly on her cigarette.

AMY: *Been in the legion very long?*

The smile widens on TOM'S face.

TOM: *Almost three years. Three years! He laughs outright. It seems like...*

Close shot of AMY, her expression still and unchanging as she continues smoking.

TOM continuing off: ... *three hundred.*

AMY: *You sound tired of life.*

Close shot of TOM.

TOM: *I don't know whether I am or not. I was when I joined...*

Close shot of AMY.

TOM continuing off: ... *this outfit.*

Close shot of TOM.

TOM: *How about you, Mademoiselle? Been on the stage...*

AMY goes on smoking, looking composedly across at TOM.

TOM continuing: ... *very long?*

AMY: *Long enough.*

TOM: *Tired of it?*

AMY coldly: *No.*

Close shot of TOM.

Close shot of AMY.

TOM gestures towards one of the photographs which adorn the wall.

TOM: *You've got a lot of pictures with that man.*

Close shot of the photograph, which shows AMY nestling very close to a man wearing a military-style cap.

Close shot of AMY, following the direction of TOM'S gesture.

TOM off: *Your husband?*

AMY looking speculatively at her cigarette: *Husband? I never found a man good enough for that.*

Close shot of TOM, a wry expression on his face.

TOM: *That's just the way I feel...*

TOM and AMY facing each other.

TOM continuing: ... *about women.*

TOM moves a few steps away from AMY towards the photograph on the wall.

TOM: *How long ago was that picture taken?*

AMY: *Why?*

TOM: *That looks like Russian sable. That coat's worth a lot of shekels. You still got it?*

AMY: *Don't be absurd. If I still had that coat, I wouldn't be here.*

He comes and sits down near AMY.

TOM: *What in the name of ten thousand corporals made you come to a country like this for, anyway?*

TOM and AMY sitting together.

AMY: *I understand that men are never asked why they enter the Foreign Legion.*

TOM: *That's right. They never asked me and if they had I wouldn't have told. When I crashed the Legion, I ditched the past.*

AMY walks past TOM towards the entrance to the balcony, turns towards him, folding her arms.

AMY: *There's a Foreign Legion of women, too. But we have no uniforms – no flags – and no medals when we are brave.*

AMY pulls at a medal which is pinned to the breast of TOM'S tunic.

AMY: *No wound stripes – when we are hurt.*

TOM: *Look here, is there anything I can do to help you?*

AMY: *No, I've heard that before....*

Close shot of AMY looking down sadly.

AMY: *... or do you think you can restore my faith in men?*

TOM gets to his feet.

TOM: *Not me. You got the wrong man for that. Anybody who has faith in me is a sucker.*

TOM starts to pace about, then approaches AMY.

AMY: *You'd better go now. I'm... beginning to like you.*

TOM tosses the fan on the floor in a show of mock-exasperation; then he picks it up again.

TOM: *I've told women about everything a man can say. I'm going to tell you something I've never told a Woman before. I wish I'd met you...*

Close shot of AMY.

TOM continuing off: *... ten years ago.*

TOM starts to walk away from AMY.

TOM: *Good night.*

AMY: *Good night. And thanks.*

He moves away in the direction of the door. At the door he turns and looks at his watch.

TOM: *Well, the night's still young.*

AMY looks on, rather sad.

TOM proffers the front-door key to AMY.

TOM: *There's your key, lady. If I were you, I wouldn't hand it around.*

He goes out.

AMY raises a hand and runs it slowly through her hair, then she goes out through the doorway to her balcony. As she goes, music starts up somewhere, with a hard rhythmic beat.

TOM walks forward down a dark, mysterious-looking alleyway.

Meanwhile, AMY comes back across her living-room, fanning herself, and goes out.

In the street, MADAME CAESAR is waiting in the shadows; TOM appears.

MADAME CAESAR: *Tom!*

Rapid shot of CAESAR himself, uniformed, peering intently from the shadows.

AMY runs forward down the street.

MADAME CAESAR draws back into a dark entrance way, while TOM remains standing in the open.

MADAME CAESAR: *I hear something.*

Close shot of CAESAR in the shadows.

AMY comes down the street and goes immediately up to TOM.

TOM: *Taking a walk? Out for some fresh air?*

AMY: *No. I was looking for you.*

She seizes TOM'S arm and kisses him.

TOM: *It's a good thing you found me. This quarter isn't safe at night. I'd better take you home.*

CAESAR looks on, unmoving.

MADAME CAESAR, heavily veiled, now comes out of the dark entrance-way and hurries off down the street.

TOM and AMY move away down the street, barely distinguishable in the shadows; AMY giggles as TOM sweeps her briefly off her feet.

They come to a halt beneath an archway and lean against a wrought-iron railing, facing each other.

TOM: *Hundred and twenty?*

AMY laughing: *No, I wish I were. I only feel so light to you because your arms are so powerful.*

TOM: *Well, we're going to get along better this time.*

Two Arabs, heavily wrapped in their burnouses, are seated near an arched window, which is made up with a wrought-iron grill. MADAME CAESAR appears and goes up to them.

MADAME CAESAR in Arabic: *Did you see the soldier? Kill him!*

ARAB in Arabic: *I'll kill him for that amount of money.*

MADAME CAESAR in Arabic: *Kill him!*

The ARABS get up and start away on their mission.

CAESAR leans forward from his place in the shadows to listen. Then he quickly withdraws his head again.

AMY and TOM are coming forward down the street, when the two ARABS appear, going menacingly towards the couple.

AMY suddenly shouting: *Look out!*

Close shot of CAESAR, watching intently from the shadows.

TOM sends one of the ARABS crashing to the ground.

ARAB in Arabic: *Curse you! He has killed me! He has killed me! The son of a dog! He groans. He has killed me!*

SECOND ARAB in Arabic: *You son of a dog! You have killed him! I'll show you!*

A further scuffle takes place in the shadows and the SECOND ARAB falls to the ground.

TOM gestures to AMY to run away.

TOM: *You'd better beat it. There's going to be trouble.*

CAESAR also comes out of his hiding-place in the shadows, looking round worriedly before hurrying away. Fade out.

Fade in on CAESAR'S office; CAESAR is behind his desk, looking officiously towards another part of the room; he picks up a fan from his desk and wafts it about.

TOM, simply dressed in white shirt and white uniform trousers, is standing between a SOLDIER and a SERGEANT, facing in the direction of CAESAR'S desk. He starts to lean casually to one side and the SOLDIER raises his leg to make him stand up straight, but knocks against the SERGEANT instead.

SERGEANT furiously: *Get your knee out of my hip.*

CAESAR looks down thoughtfully at his desk.

CAESAR sternly: *Do you think the two women you are trying to protect are worth it?*

Close shot of TOM with the SERGEANT.

TOM smiling: *Well, I think one of them is.*

CAESAR continues fanning himself, looking very grim.

Close shot of TOM, looking on blandly.

Close shot of CAESAR, grim-faced.

A SOLDIER enters the room and stands stiffly to attention in front of CAESAR'S desk.

SOLDIER: *Mon Adjutant, Monsieur La Bessiere is here to take you to his club.*

CAESAR: *Ask him to wait. I'll be through in a minute. No, let him come in.*

The SOLDIER goes to the door again.

SOLDIER speaking to someone on the other side of the doorway: *Yes, sir. Entrez Monsieur.*

LA BESSIERE, dressed in a white tropical suit, enters.

LA BESSIERE: *I didn't know that the Military was quite so busy.*

He walks over towards a chair.

CAESAR: *Oh, yes, we are busy. Sit down. Perhaps you can learn something about this country which you think is so marvelous.*

TOM coolly sticks a cigarette in his mouth and looks down to the SERGEANT.

TOM: *Got a match?*

The SERGEANT looks up and furiously pulls the cigarette from TOM'S mouth.

CAESAR addresses LA BESSIERE, who is watching the proceedings with some amusement.

CAESAR: *This little matter also involves someone you're interested in.*

LA BESSIERE: *I'm properly curious.*

Close shot of TOM, unimpressed.

CAESAR off: *Bring in...*

The SOLDIER starts to go towards a door at the rear of the room, behind CAESAR and LA BESSIERE.

CAESAR continuing: *... that Woman.*

The SOLDIER opens the door and AMY enters the room.

CAESAR continuing: *Mademoiselle, I think you know Monsieur La Bessiere.*

LA BESSIERE turns to AMY with a great show of courtesy.

LA BESSIERE: *Very happy to meet you again, Mademoiselle.*

CAESAR: *Sit down.*

AMY ignoring CAESAR'S invitation: *I am happy to meet you again.*

She walks over towards the rear wall of the room, where she stands quite close to TOM and the SERGEANT.

CAESAR and LA BESSIERE near the desk.

CAESAR with forced politeness: *It's nice of you to have come, Mademoiselle.*

AMY is standing with her back to the rest of the people in the room.

Close shot of CAESAR, looking thoughtfully at the fan which he is still casually waving in front of him.

CAESAR: *You were present at this affray in which the prisoner, with his customary bravery, severely wounded two helpless natives.*

Close shot of AMY as she turns round furiously to face in the direction of CAESAR.

AMY: *Those natives were not helpless. They attacked us.*

TOM grins at this outburst, while the SERGEANT looks at him furiously.

AMY shrugs her shoulders and settles herself in a window embrasure to watch events.

Close shot of CAESAR looking sternly in the direction of AMY.

CAESAR: *Who was the other woman?*

Close shot of AMY, scornful.

AMY: *I don't know. I'd like to know, too.*

TOM and the SERGEANT; TOM smiles faintly, presumably at AMY'S repartee and CAESAR'S obvious discomfiture.

LA BESSIERE who seems to be enjoying the scene, has now got up from his chair. CAESAR turns irritably towards him.

CAESAR: *Oh, do sit down! The curious part of this is, I'm the only one that really seems to know who this other woman is.*

He raps the surface of his desk with the fan.

TOM looks grim at CAESAR'S latest remark.

TOM tersely: *If you do know, you'd better keep it to yourself.*

CAESAR, glowering furiously, rises to his feet behind his desk.

LA BESSIERE: *Careful, Caesar. Don't lose your temper.*

CAESAR: *Return the prisoner to the guard-house.*

TOM starts to go towards the door with the SERGEANT, passing CAESAR and LA BESSIERE. As he goes he salutes AMY.

SERGEANT angrily: *Allez!*

Close shot of AMY smiling at TOM'S gallantry.

CAESAR, now uncontrollably angry, looks up towards TOM.

CAESAR: *I appreciate your attempt to keep my wife out of this.*

Close shot of AMY looking down, very thoughtful.

TOM pauses a moment uneasily. in front of CAESAR and LA BESSIERE , then gives a perfunctory salute. He goes out through the door at the rear of the room in the company of the SERGEANT.

LA BESSIERE, who has been sitting on the edge of CAESAR'S desk, his back to us, during the preceding exchange, now stands up and turns round. CAESAR looks in the direction of AMY.

CAESAR: *You may go now...*

AMY is still sitting in the window embrasure.

CAESAR continuing off: ... *Mademoiselle.*

CAESAR walks towards the door at the rear of the room, passing LA BESSIERE.

CAESAR: *I'll join you in a minute.*

He goes through the doorway, leaving LA BESSIERE looking speculatively in the direction of AMY.

AMY is gazing out of the window, as LA BESSIERE comes up to her.

LA BESSIERE: *You look charming this morning.*

AMY: *What will they do to him?*

LA BESSIERE: *I don't know.*

Close shot of AMY, looking very worried.

LA BESSIERE watches her carefully.

LA BESSIERE seriously: *Personally, I shouldn't care to have Adjutant Caesar as an enemy.*

Close shot of AMY, anxious.

AMY bitterly: *I seem to have the unhappy faculty of causing trouble wherever I go.*

LA BESSIERE , looks craftily in AMY'S direction.

LA BESSIERE , laughing: *Oh, nonsense! You know, I carry some weight with Caesar. Possibly I can help you.*

AMY looks up hopefully, yet with some bitterness.

AMY: *Every time a man has helped me, there has been a price. What's yours?*

LA BESSIERE looks very serious and blows on his cigarette.

LA BESSIERE: *My price?*

LA BESSIERE looks towards AMY to see what effect his words have had on her.

LA BESSIERE: *A smile.*

AMY gets up and stretches her hand out towards LA BESSIERE and gently caresses the sleeve of his jacket.

AMY: *I haven't got much more.*

CAESAR comes back into the room through the door behind his desk.

AMY and LA BESSIERE gaze meaningfully at each other.

CAESAR picks up his officer's belt very deliberately from his desk and buckles it on.

CAESAR very serious: *Shall we go?*

TOM is lying on a simple bed in a whitewashed cell. The SERGEANT comes into the cell and throws a slip of paper towards the prisoner, who promptly sits up.

SERGEANT: *Here you are! There's your pass. You're a free MAN. The door's wide open and you can do as you like – until seven o'clock in the morning.*

TOM: *What's the idea of this?*

SERGEANT: *You're leaving for Amalfa Pass tomorrow.*

TOM: *Not me. I'm beginning to like this town. Tell Caesar I'm not going.*

SERGEANT: *You tell him yourself. He's going along this time.*

Close shot of TOM.

TOM: *Who's going along?*

TOM and the SERGEANT together.

SERGEANT: *You heard what I said. Caesar's going along this time.*

Close up of TOM, with raised eyebrows, reflecting on this information.

TOM: *So that's what it is! That's why he didn't recommend a court-martial! He's going to get me out on the road and face me in the proper direction.*

The SERGEANT glares at him.

SERGEANT: *Well, you've got it coming to you, haven't you? You can't get away with murder all your life.*

TOM, his képi casually pushed back, grins triumphantly.

TOM: *That's right, Sergeant. Your argument's perfectly sound. But nobody's going to use me for target practice. I'm through with the army, anyway. I've been looking for the right kind of woman all my life and I think I've found her. So I quit, take this dame and spend a few weeks somewhere along the blue Mediterranean.*

The SERGEANT goes towards the door of the cell, looking back towards TOM.

SERGEANT: *So you quit, hey? Well, nobody's stopping you. By the way, do you happen to remember what the penalty is for desertion?*

TOM: *There's a hundred ways of dying, brother, and I'm picking my own way.*

SERGEANT exasperated: *Come on! Get out of here!*

He goes out. TOM slides forward and gets up off his bed and goes through the doorway, banging his képi on the lintel as he goes.

AMY, wearing her apple-girl outfit, is with LO TINTO in the hall of his cafe; he moves to open a door for her.

LO TINTO: *He's in there. I never saw such luck in all my life. He's rich enough to buy Morocco. Don't forget me. You met him in my theatre.*

AMY passes through the door which LO TINTO is holding open.

LA BESSIERE is waiting for her in her dressing-room. He shakes hands with AMY as she comes in.

LA BESSIERE: *Good evening.*

AMY: *Your flowers are wonderful. Any news of him?*

LA BESSIERE: *I did what I could. They will not court-martial him.*

Outside the door LO TINTO is bending forward to listen to the conversation inside the dressing-room.

LA BESSIERE off: *They're going to transfer him...*

AMY removes her stole and pulls a silk gown on; LA BESSIERE watches her, calmly fanning himself.

LA BESSIERE continuing: *... which means, of course, that he will have to leave town.*

Close shot of AMY and LA BESSIERE together; he is still fanning himself.

LA BESSIERE: *Do you love him?*

AMY: *I don't know. I hope not.*

LO TINTO, listening outside the door, grins and then hurries away.

Inside the dressing-room, AMY sits down.

LA BESSIERE moves over to her and slips a bracelet on her wrist.

AMY, with LA BESSIERE, is taken aback by his action. Bewildered, she looks up in the direction of LA BESSIERE.

AMY: *I can't accept this. It's worth a fortune.*

LA BESSIERE looks at her appreciatively.

LA BESSIERE: *Anything of less value would be unworthy of you.*

A buzzer sounds somewhere close by and AMY looks up.

AMY: *I've got to change.*

She gets up and moves away.

Outside the dressing-room; applause and music can be heard coming from the main part of the cafe. TOM approaches the door, stops, listens, then knocks.

Inside the dressing-room, AMY is arranging her costume. LA BESSIERE, hands her a drink he has prepared for her.

TOM is still standing looking at the door.

Inside, AMY and LA BESSIERE have hardly moved position.

TOM gazes at the outside of the door.

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, smiling, and AMY.

LA BESSIERE: *I'd like to take you away from here.*

AMY: *Would you? Exactly what do you offer now?*

TOM has pressed his ear close to the door now.

AMY and LA BESSIERE face each other.

LA BESSIERE: *The conventional thing. My offer is highly respectable – marriage.*

Close shot of TOM outside the door. Strains of music are still coming from another part of the cafe.

Close shot of AMY and LA BESSIERE inside the dressing-room.

AMY: *You're a strange man.*

LA BESSIERE: *You find it so strange that I should be fond of you?*

Close shot of TOM outside the door.

AMY and LA BESSIERE inside the dressing-room.

AMY: *Must I answer you now?*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE.

LA BESSIERE: *I'd sleep better tonight if you did.*

Close shot of TOM outside the door.

LA BESSIERE and AMY, very thoughtful.

AMY: *I don't think I care to take advantage of your tempting offer.*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, slightly taken aback.

LA BESSIERE: *Then you're in love?*

AMY looks rather amused by this suggestion.

AMY laughing: *No. I don't think I am.*

LA BESSIERE off: *Supposing you had never met a certain...*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE.

LA BESSIERE: *... private in the Foreign Legion?*

Close shot of TOM, listening outside the door.

LA BESSIERE continuing off: *What would your answer...*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE.

LA BESSIERE continuing: *... have been?*

Close shot of AMY considering her answer.

AMY: *It might have been the same. I don't know.*

TOM finally knocks hard on the door of the dressing-room. Applause and music come from another part of the establishment.

TOM enters the dressing-room and stands stiffly in front of AMY and LA BESSIERE.

TOM: *I'm sorry to intrude. But I'm leaving for the Sahara in the morning, and I just came to say goodbye.*

LA BESSIERE: *I think you two want to be alone ... I understand you're leaving on a rather strenuous journey. May I wish you good luck?*

He shakes hands with TOM.

TOM: *Thanks.*

LA BESSIERE to AMY: *A bientôt, Mademoiselle.*

AMY: *A bientôt.*

LA BESSIERE goes out, leaving AMY and TOM facing each other.

LA BESSIERE in the room outside the dressing-room; there is a burst of applause from the cafe.

TOM and AMY are now standing very close to each other

AMY: *Will you be gone long? When will I see you again?*

TOM: *Maybe never. Something tells me I'm not coming back this time.*

AMY looks up wistfully, then pulls TOM to her and they kiss.

Very close shot of TOM looking down earnestly at AMY.

AMY pleading: *Don't go.*

TOM slightly frivolous: *That's just what I was thinking. I could desert and board a freighter for Europe tonight.*

AMY walks away from him.

She goes to stand in front of a large wall-mirror and starts nervously arranging a bouquet of flowers which stands in front of the mirror. TOM is reflected behind her in the mirror.

AMY: *Why don't you?*

TOM: *I would in a minute if you'd go with me. Will you?*

AMY looks up at herself in the mirror.

AMY: *Yes.*

TOM comes up to her, but at that moment the buzzer sounds, signifying that it is time for AMY'S act.

AMY walks over to the door of the dressing-room, then turns to look back in the direction of TOM.

AMY: *I'll be back. Wait for me.*

She goes out and closes the door behind her.

TOM walks around the room, inspecting the fittings; he notices the bracelet which LA BESSIERE has given AMY lying on the powder table. He picks it up and looks closely at it, whistling in admiration. Then he picks up AMY'S shiny black top hat and tries it on, then replaces his képi on his head.

TOM looks at himself thoughtfully in the wall-mirror, then picks up a stick of stage make-up and writes on the mirror: „I changed my mind. Good luck!“ He leaves the room. Fade out.

Fade in on an outside street scene; CAESAR dressed in desert uniform, is looking about him. Close by, the loud strains of a military band can be heard mingling with the sounds of orders and loud cries.

A crowd of legionnaires, including TOM, are passionately kissing the girl camp-followers goodbye.

GIRL shouting: *Da me un beso!*

Close shot of CAESAR, apparently unmoved by the scene.

The legionnaire band passes through in the foreground, in front of the legionnaires and the camp-followers. A large Rolls-Royce limousine comes to a halt in the crowded street.

AMY, wearing a long white gown, climbs out of the car and looks around over the heads of the crowd. LA BESSIERE, dressed in an elegant tropical suit, gets out on the other side of the car.

AMY goes up to TOM, who is standing with his arms round two girls, bending to kiss one.  
GIRL: *No me olvide!*

AMY offers to shake hands with TOM, who still has both arms occupied with the two GIRLS.  
AMY: *If you can spare one of your hands, I would like to say goodbye, too.*

They shake hands.

AMY: *Why didn't you stay last night?*

TOM casually: *I had a few other calls to make.*

Legionnaires continue to mill about in the street; a whistle sounds off.

TOM and AMY among the crowd; a bugle sounds somewhere close by and TOM leaves.

Legionnaires and people mingle together as the whistle sounds again.

The SERGEANT stands among a group of soldiers, as drums begin to beat in march time.

Close shot of AMY, bewildered and anxious. Another bugle call sounds off.

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, a worried expression on his face.

OFFICER off: *En avant!*

Close shot of AMY.

OFFICER off: *Allons!*

The column of legionnaires begins to march away to the sound of drums.

LA BESSIERE walks through the crowd of watching Arabs.

He walks up to AMY, who is staring in the direction of the departing soldiers.

The column of legionnaires marches briskly away from us to the strains of a lively march tune.

AMY and LA BESSIERE stand looking in the direction the soldiers have taken.

The women camp-followers, carrying their simple baggage, move down the street in a straggling group, in the direction taken by the marching column.

The soldiers march by, accompanied by the band.

The women camp-followers walk on behind.

AMY and LA BESSIERE look in the direction of the passing women.

We follow the women, who are all dressed in simple flowing garments, along the street.

AMY addresses herself naively to LA BESSIERE.

AMY: *Who are those women?*

LA BESSIERE: *Those women? I would call them the rear guard.*

AMY turns and smiles faintly.

AMY: *How can they keep pace with the men?*

LA BESSIERE: *Sometimes they catch up with them and sometimes they don't. And very often when they do, they find their men dead.*

AMY: *Those women must be mad.*

LA BESSIERE: *I don't know. You see – they love their men.*

AMY turns away disdainfully.

Drums beating, the band marches away from us; the main body of soldiers follow and the column passes away under a large arch.

AMY, still smiling disdainfully, looks on with LA BESSIERE.

Part of the column of legionnaires, marching to the sound of bugle and drum.

Close shot of AMY watching.

The group of women camp-followers also pass through the archway.

Close shot of AMY. Fade out.

Fade into insert of a relief map of a very mountainous district – MOGADOR. The sound of the legionnaires' drums is heard off.

Lap dissolve into a shot of legionnaires marching in broken order. A number of shots ring out and the soldiers halt and lie down on the ground.

TOM, leaning casually with his elbow on the ground, is with the SERGEANT and other soldiers.

TOM groaning: *I don't see why we have to keep getting down all day. We only have to get up again. Anyhow, those walking bed sheets can't shoot straight.*

SERGEANT sharply: *Well, if you don't like this war why don't you quit? Anyway, I thought you were going to desert.*

TOM: *I've turned decent, Sergeant – decent.*

SERGEANT incredulous: *What did you say?*

TOM: *Decent. I'm in love.*

CAESAAR is standing between two officers, looking away towards some distant hills through his field-glasses. He turns and walks away.

His legs pass by TOM and the SERGEANT lying on the ground. Close shot of CAESAR, looking down grimly.

TOM looks up casually.

Close shot of CAESAR, hard-faced and unforgiving.

TOM and SERGEANT with other soldiers on the ground.

CAESAR gives signal to the bugler to sound the call to march.

The men rise wearily to their feet, encouraged by an OFFICER.

OFFICER: *Allez-vous, ca va!*

Fade out.

Fade in to a shot of AMY'S dressing-room. At the back of the room is an arched aperture covered by a wrought-iron grill which throws a shadow pattern of lines and squares on another wall; a cat creeps along behind the grill. A couch is littered with bottles.

LO TINTO is in the hall outside the dressing-room. He is joined by LA BESSIERE in evening clothes.

LO TINTO anxiously: *You'd better not go in.*

LA BESSIERE: *What's wrong, Lo Tinto ?*

LO TINTO: *What's wrong? She's been drinking like a fish. And – don't send any more flowers in pots. She threw the last one at me an hour ago.*

LA BESSIERE walks over to the door of AMY'S dressing-room. He comes into AMY'S dressing-room and removes his top hat; AMY turns to face him.

AMY: *Hello, there.*

LA BESSIERE: *Bon soir, Mademoiselle.*

AMY humming loudly and drunkenly: *How do you like me now?*

LA BESSIERE: *You seem gay tonight. Have you had good news?*

*Have you heard from Private Brown?*

AMY goes up to the wall mirror and starts to pull the basket of flowers away from it; as she does so, she catches a jar and sends it crashing to the floor. Finally, she succeeds in removing the basket, to reveal TOM'S message scrawled on the glass. LA BESSIERE stands reflected in the mirror.

AMY: *Not badly written for a soldier.*

LA BESSIERE comes towards her.

LA BESSIERE: *Perhaps it was for the best.*

AMY: *Give me a drink.*

LA BESSIERE pours a drink out for her and hands her the glass, which she promptly hurls at the mirror.

LA BESSIERE goes immediately to the dressing-room door and opens it to admit LO TINTO.

LA BESSIERE decisively: *Call my chauffeur, Lo Tinto. You're losing your headliner tonight.*

LO TINTO: *Good! I'm not losing anything. She's been no use to me for three weeks.*

LO TINTO goes out and LA BESSIERE turns round coolly to look at AMY.

AMY is hastily gathering a few articles of clothing together; she is joined by LA BESSIERE who takes up his hat and cane. AMY carefully hands him her two dolls. Fade out.

Fade in to an insert of a physical map, with very high relief. Lap dissolve into a shot of the legionnaires marching through the desert. A whistle sounds and the column comes to a halt. CAESAR and the CAPTAIN move forward, when there is a sudden loud outburst of firing.

CAPTAIN: *Envoyez une patrouille!*

Close shot of CAESAR, then we look to the rest of the legionnaires.

CAESAR turning and calling: *Legionnaire Brown!*

CAPTAIN turning and calling: *Legionnaire Brown!*

PRIVATE calling off: *Legionnaire Brown!*

TOM is standing with the SERGEANT and other soldiers.

TOM resignedly: *Well, I had the right...*

We move closer to TOM and the SERGEANT.

TOM continuing: *... hunch, didn't I?*

TOM starts to move forward, but the SERGEANT restrains him.

SERGEANT: *That's too bad, Brown. Wait a minute. Give me those twenty francs you owe me.*

TOM pays up and walks away.

SERGEANT: *You know, that Lady Killer wasn't a bad soldier at that.*

TOM presents himself to CAESAR and the CAPTAIN.

CAESAR: *Destroy that machine gun.*

CAPTAIN: *May I go, too, sir?*

TOM departs alone on his mission.

TOM moves forward over the rocky ground; CAESAR is following him, some distance behind. The sound of machine-gun fire continues close by.

Close shot of TOM.

Close shot of CAESAR; his hand reaches down towards his revolver.

TOM, rifle at the ready, moves in a crouching position round the side of a large rock, still followed by CAESAR.

Two Arabs are crouching behind a heavy machine-gun, firing rapid bursts.

CAESAR is crouching by a bank, then suddenly there is another burst of firing and he stiffens, then slowly starts to slide down the bank.

TOM, meanwhile, looks up and continues to advance at a crawl round the rock.

He moves further round the rock, rifle still at the ready. Fade out.

Fade in on a landing in a very large and richly-appointed Moroccan house. LA BESSIERE appears, climbing up the very ornate staircase. He reaches the landing and goes to a decorated double-door, which he opens to reveal a room beyond, where AMY is sitting on a sofa. He goes through the doorway and walks towards AMY.

LA BESSIERE goes and stands over AMY'S chair, where she has been trying to read.

LA BESSIERE: *You're not at all excited – reading on the night of our engagement dinner, while we're all waiting for you. Everybody's here.*

AMY listlessly: *I didn't think they would come.*

LA BESSIERE: *On the contrary, they're delighted to witness the unconditional surrender of the most exacting bachelor in the world.*

AMY takes hold of LA BESSIERE'S arm and leans her head on it.

LA BESSIERE: *I know. You want to thank me for making you happy. You want to thank me for giving you those pearls this morning. You want to thank me for this and you want to thank me for that...*

Close shot of AMY and LA BESSIERE together.

AMY resigned: *Shall we go down now?*

LA BESSIERE helps AMY to her feet; she stops for a moment to look at herself in a mirror.

AMY. *Anything wrong?*

LA BESSIERE looks sadly at AMY.

LA BESSIERE: *Caesar was killed. I received the news this morning. Legionnaire Tom Brown will probably come back tonight.*

AMY: *Is his...*

LA BESSIERE and AMY look at each other very seriously.

AMY continuing: *... company returning?*

LA BESSIERE: *What's left of it.*

AMY trying to sound decisive: *You don't need to be concerned about him, dead or alive.*

LA BESSIERE: *There's still time to tell me.*

AMY taking his arm: *Do come. They are waiting.*

AMY and LA BESSIERE walk forward through the double-doorway.

Dissolve to the party at table in the dining-room; LA BESSIERE is sitting at the head of the table with AMY beside him. The COLONEL, short and pompous, is standing to one side of the table, bobbing up and down as he delivers his speech of congratulation.

COLONEL in French: *Those of us, our friends, who are invited here, are very happy to be among those present, and now I will tell you the surprise that is in store for you. Our old friend, the great painter, Monsieur La Bessiere, who is an old bachelor...*

There is a burst of laughter and conversation.

COLONEL continuing: *... No, I don't mean old bachelor, has decided to enter the ranks of conjugal bliss...*

AMY suddenly looks up anxiously as she hears the sound of drums and bugles outside the house.

AMY, no longer able to control herself, gets to her feet, darts an anxious glance at the guests around the table, and clutches nervously at her new pearl necklace.

AMY looks round wildly, then she turns to go, but her string of pearls catches on the back of her chair and breaks, scattering the pearls.

AMY runs across the mosaic-paved patio, which is luxuriously hung with drapes and festoons. She runs out through an arch at the rear, as the sound of military drums can be heard again. In the dining room: LA BESSIERE and his guests look at each other in consternation. LA BESSIERE summons a servant who enters.

LA BESSIERE: *Mohammed, pick up those pearls, and take them to my room, please.*

Outside the house: AMY comes out through the main door and stands, looking anxiously from side to side along the street. A weary-looking column of soldiers begins to straggle by.

AMY looks anxiously from side to side in the direction of the passing men.

AMY begins to walk down the street, past groups of Arabs, who have gathered to watch the arrival of the soldiers. More legionnaires walk wearily past her.

AMY starts to run down the street, through the groups of passing soldiers, desperately searching.

We follow AMY as she runs alongside the soldiers.

AMY gazes anxiously into the faces of the legionnaires as she runs past them.

More soldiers walk wearily past her, until finally the SERGEANT appears.

AMY: *Where's Tom Brown?*

AMY grabs the SERGEANT by his shoulder-straps and swings him round to face her.

AMY: *Was he killed?*

SERGEANT: *Not so rough, Mademoiselle. I'm liable to fall apart. We left him at Amalfa. You can't kill that long drink of water.*

AMY: *Is he badly hurt?*

SERGEANT anxious to get away: *Well, we didn't go down there for any entertainment. I gotta get some sleep.*

The SERGEANT moves on, leaving AMY staring wildly after him; then she turns round and starts to run.

We return to the dining-room in LA BESSIERE'S house; a group of MEN and a WOMAN around the table.

WOMAN: *Alexander, don't you think it unusually hot this month?*

LA BESSIERE is looking very pensive, his hand raised to his mouth.

MAN off: *No ...*

Close shot of the MAN, somewhat flustered.

MAN: ... *I don't think so.*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE.

WOMAN off: *Oh, you always disagree with me.*

The COLONEL turns towards the MAN and the WOMAN.

COLONEL: *When I came to Morocco as a boy, it snowed in the summer. Have you heard of that...*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, looking very preoccupied.

COLONEL off: ... *before, Monsieur La Bessiere?*

LA BESSIERE: *I wasn't listening, Colonel. What did you say?*

COLONEL off: *When I came to Morocco ...*

The COLONEL, MAN and WOMAN at the table.

COLONEL continuing: ... *as a boy ---- what did I say?*

WOMAN: *When you came to Morocco as a boy, it rained or – or something.*

COLONEL: *That was it.*

A group of ARABS are standing in the street, apparently waiting for something to happen. AMY appears and runs wildly through the group to the door of LA BESSIERE'S house and disappears inside. The turbaned lackey, standing to one side of the doorway, bows as she passes.

AMY runs across the patio and disappears through the doorway leading to the main staircase.

AMY runs into the dining-room and goes immediately up to LA BESSIERE.

She stands facing him.

AMY urgently: *I must go to him. They left him at Amalfa.*

LA BESSIERE: *Is he badly wounded?*

AMY: *I hope not.*

The guests rise to their feet around the table.

AMY and LA BESSIERE stand at the head of the table, looking at the guests.

LA BESSIERE: *Please don't disturb yourselves. Sit down. I don't mind your hearing this.*

Close shot of AMY, determined and very fixed in purpose.

LA BESSIERE off: *Why not let me send a...*

LA BESSIERE'S manner towards AMY has become very conciliatory, as though he realizes that he has to do with a very strong-willed woman.

LA BESSIERE continuing: ... *telegram and learn the details? If his condition is serious, we can drive down tomorrow.*

Close shot of AMY,

AMY: *I'm going now.*

AMY leaves the group around the table.

She goes up a flight of steps out of the room.

LA BESSIERE turns back towards the guests at the table.

LA BESSIERE shouting to a servant: *Order the car and pack my bag.*

LA BESSIERE grins and looks round at the guests, not without a certain amount of self-satisfaction.

LA BESSIERE: *You see ... He laughs ... I love her. I'd do anything to make her happy.*

He turns and goes out through the archway at the rear of the room.

Dissolve to a scene outside the house; AMY, wearing a belted coat, climbs into LA BESSIERE'S Rolls-Royce. LA BESSIERE appears and joins her in the car. A turbaned lackey closes the car door behind them and bows deeply as the Rolls starts to glide silently forward.

Dissolve into a close-up of the map of Mogador.

GIRL singing in Arabic off: *I ask of Allah a handsome sweetheart.*

Lap dissolve into a street scene; the singer, an Arab girl dressed in a loose gown, is entertaining a group of Arabs.

GIRL singing: *Who will lavish on me beautiful gowns.*

The GIRL smiles and looks down at the Arabs gathered around her.

GIRL singing: *Gowns the colour of ripe grapes.*

AMY and LA BESSIERE appear in the street; AMY runs towards a building – the hospital – dashes up the outside steps and goes inside.

GIRL singing off: *I ask of Allah a handsome sweetheart.*

The GIRL goes on singing to the group around her.

GIRL singing: *Who will lavish on me beautiful gowns.*

Inside the hospital corridor, AMY and LA BESSIERE stand in front of a desk, behind which a man in uniform is sitting.

LA BESSIERE: *Is there a Legionnaire Brown here?*

MAN: *Brown? No, there is no Legionnaire Brown here.*

LA BESSIERE: *Are you sure?*

MAN: *Well, he might be under some other name. Have a look.*

In the meantime, AMY has walked impatiently on into the ward, where she goes from bed to bed peering at the men lying there under mosquito nets.

Suddenly, one man, bandaged about the head, sits up in bed, recognition dawning on his face. AMY goes up to his bed.

MAN: *Hello, Mademoiselle. What are you doing down here?*

AMY: *I'm looking for Legionnaire Tom Brown.*

MAN: *Oh, you don't find him down here. Der verdammte Schweinehund! He make believe that he been hurt very badly, but they find it out and put him in another company.*

AMY: *Is he still in town?*

MAN wagging his finger: *He's around the corner at Christine's, and don't forget to tell him to pay me the sixty francs he owes me.*

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, looking very downcast.

AMY starts to walk away; at the same time loud rhythmic music starts up.

Lap dissolve into a scene inside a cafe; a dancing girl can be seen over the heads of the customers; the atmosphere is thick and smoke-laden.

Close shot of the top of a table, littered with cigarette butts; a hand is carving a name on top of the table: AMY JOLLY.

TOM is sitting at the table, very close to a GIRL, who is wearing his képi; her gown is almost slipping from her shoulders as she fans herself and caresses his hair.

GIRL: *Who is this girl?*

TOM: *It wouldn't do you any good if I told you.*

GIRL: *You love her very much?*

TOM: *Yes.*

GIRL: *Poor boy.*

AMY is standing outside the cafe; she opens the door and stands for a moment gazing into the smoke-filled interior, then she goes in.

AMY comes into the crowded main room of the cafe; she walks down a short flight of steps and comes forward through an archway.

AMY walks over to the table where TOM is sitting with the GIRL and stops, looking down at them. TOM moves brusquely to cover the name he has carved on the table. The GIRL gets up and goes to sit on the other side of the table; TOM grabs his képi as she goes.

GIRL: *Es su novia? (Is she your sweetheart?)*

TOM: *Callete! He turns to AMY. What are you doing in this part of the world?*

Very close shot of TOM, looking sullen.

AMY looks down at TOM.

AMY: *I heard you were wounded.*

TOM: *Not me. I never felt better in my life.*

The music starts again and AMY sits down.

AMY looks cynically at TOM.

TOM: *Are you married?*

AMY: *No.*

Very close shot of TOM.

TOM and AMY together; TOM has pulled his képi low over his eyes.

AMY: *Why didn't you return with your company?*

TOM: *Aren't you going to marry that rich friend of yours?*

Very close shot of TOM.

AMY off: *Of course.*

Very close shot of AMY, composed.

She pushes TOM'S képi back from his eyes.

TOM: *Are you sure?*

AMY: *I don't change my mind.*

Very close shot of AMY, smiling.

Very close shot of TOM.

Very close shot of AMY.

TOM and AMY; TOM determinedly pulls his képi back over his eyes.

TOM: *Well, then I wish you all the luck in ...*

Very close shot of TOM.

TOM continuing: *... the world, mademoiselle.*

Very close shot of AMY.

Close shot of AMY and TOM together. A whistle sounds close by.

A soldier is standing pompously in the entrance way to the main room of the cafe.

SOLDIER: *Rassemblement! Back to the barracks. Ihr Schweinhunde raus!*

TOM gets to his feet.

TOM: *Going to be a thirsty march.*

He goes away with the GIRL, leaving AMY sitting despondently at the table.

Close shot of AMY.

TOM suddenly stops on his way across the cafe with the GIRL.

GIRL: *Have you lost something? Can I help you?*

TOM: *Go on, beat it!*

AMY is still sitting at the table, playing idly with a card.

The music starts up again.

TOM comes forward through an archway to the table and picks up his knife which he has left on the table.

TOM: *I forgot my knife.*

AMY: *You forgot to say goodbye, too.*

TOM: *We leave at dawn. Come and see us off, will you?*

AMY: *Maybe.*

He tosses the knife up once or twice, then turns and walks away through the archway and up the short flight of steps leading towards the door of the cafe. He pauses for a moment then carries on.

He walks on and leaves the cafe.

AMY has remained at the table, smiling faintly and shuffling the cards on the table; in doing so, she uncovers her name carved on the table.

AMY looks down towards the surface of the table, reading.

Close shot of her name carved on the table.

AMY stares dreamily into the distance, obviously quite pleased with what she has just seen.

A legionnaire stands against the sand of the desert, holding a standard.

TOM is standing with a group of legionnaires; he looks out to where a number of horses are tethered in the sand.

AMY and LA BESSIERE are watching the scene from the latter's Rolls; AMY slowly winds the side window down.

Close shot of TOM, back to camera.

AMY and LA BESSIERE looking out of the car; AMY presses the horn and starts to climb out of the car.

Close shot of TOM, turning as he hears the horn.

AMY has now climbed completely out of the car.

TOM walks past groups of people on his way to the car.

He comes up to AMY.

TOM: *Goodbye, Mademoiselle.*

AMY: *Goodbye.*

LA BESSIERE, who has remained in the car, smiles faintly at TOM.

TOM: *Goodbye, sir.*

LA BESSIERE: *Good luck, Legionnaire Brown.*

A Legion officer is joined by a number of soldiers who begin to form up under a large archway, beyond which we can see the desert.

TOM takes his leave of AMY as bugles begin to sound. He looks round anxiously.

More soldiers form ranks in front of the large arch.

Close shot of a woman camp-follower shouldering her pack. A second camp-follower shoulders her pack.

AMY looks on in the direction of the preparations for departure, very worried.

A captain moves along the front rank of the soldiers, stopping from time to time to straighten a piece of equipment.

Close shot of AMY watching.

TOM looks round in the direction of AMY.

AMY smiles sadly.

TOM manages to smile back.

Close shot of AMY.

TOM makes a slight gesture of farewell, then turns away.

AMY makes a half-hearted salute in his direction; indistinct commands are being issued in French close by.

The soldiers begin to march away in triple file under the arch, to the beating of drums.

AMY suddenly seems to make her mind up; she pulls her scarf from round her neck and starts running towards the arch.

The columns of legionnaires are marching away on the other side of the archway; AMY stands, her back to us, by one pillar of the arch, gazing towards the departing soldiers.

LA BESSIERE finally climbs out of the car.

The column moves further away into the desert, gradually turning away from the archway. The forlorn figure of AMY remains silhouetted against the bright sand.

The camp-followers come into sight, straggling some way behind the column.

Close shot of AMY, watching.

The women camp-followers walk with difficulty after the men, who are rapidly disappearing into the distance. AMY is still standing in the archway.

AMY comes up to LA BESSIERE and a wordless exchange takes place between them.

AMY takes her leave of LA BESSIERE.

AMY walks away in the direction of the desert.

Close shot of LA BESSIERE, watching.

AMY'S feet and legs, as she ploughs her way through the sand. She kicks off her shoes and leaves them lying in the sand.

The soldiers march off into the desert; then the camp-followers come into view behind them. AMY appears and finally catches up with the women and joins them as they walk away over the sand. Gradually the sound of the legionnaires' bugles begins to die away and the sound of the desert wind becomes more audible. Fade out.

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