

## The Third Man

COMMENTATOR: I never knew the old Vienna before the war, with its Strauss music, its glamour and easy charm. Constantinople suited me better. I really got to know it in the classic period of the black market. We'd run anything it people wanted it enough, and had the money to pay. Of course a situation like that does tempt amateurs. You know they, can't stay the course like a professional. Now the city is divided into four zones, you know, each occupied by a power: American, British, Russian and the French. But the center of the city, that's international, policed by an international patrol, one member of each of the four powers. Wonderful! What a hope they had. All strangers to the place and none of them could speak the same language, except of course a smattering of German. Good fellows on the whole. Did their best, you know. Vienna doesn't really look any worse than a lot of other European cities. Bombed about a bit. Oh, I was going to tell you, I was going to tell you about Holly Martins, an American came all the way here to visit a friend of his - the name was Lime. Harry Lime. Now Martins was broke and Lime had offered him some sort, I don't know, some sort of a job. Anyway, there he was, poor chap. Happy as a lark, and without a cent.

POLICE: Passport, please.

MARTINS: Oh.

POLICE: What's the purpose of your visit?

MARTINS: A friend of mine offered me a job here.

POLICE: Where are you staying?

MARTINS: With him. Fifteen Stiffgasse.

POLICE: His name?

MARTINS: Lime. Harry Lime.

POLICE: O.K.

MARTINS: I thought he'd be here to meet me.

Martins in front of Lime's apartment building.

PORTER: (in German) ....mit einer musik and ein wein da pack, ma does in zwetschken ein... da werden sei Kein gluck haben mein lieber herr...(To Martins) Sie kommen zehn minute zu spa! Das ist niemand mein hier. Sie lauten un sonst.

MARTINS: Speak English?

PORTER: English? Little, little. Sie kommen zehn minuten zu spat. Ten minutes too late. Already gone.

MARTINS: Who?

PORTER: His friends and, er, the coffin.

MARTINS: Coffin?

PORTER: Mr. Lime's. Accident. Knocked over by a car, here in front of the house. Have seen it myself. Killed at once, immediately. Already in hell or in heaven (indicating wrong directions)

I'm sorry for the grave diggers. Hard work in this frost.

Martins goes to the cemetery. The priest is reading the service. Martins asks a man, Calloway, if this is in fact his friend's funeral.

MARTINS: Can you tell me whose...

CALLOWAY: Fellow called Lime.

PRIEST: (in German) Gelitten unter Pontius Pilatus gekreuzuget, gestorben und bgraben. Abestiengen zu der hoelle am dritten tage. Weider auferstanden von den toten. Aufgerfahren in den Himmel siset zur rechten hand gottes des allmaechtigen vater. Von dannen er kommen wird zu richten die lebendigen toten. Ich glaube an den heiligen geist die heilige kathoische kirche. Gemeinschaft der heiligen ablass der sueden. Auferstehung des fleisches. Ein ewiges leben. Her gib ihner die weige ruhe. In namen des vater des sohnes und des heiligen geistes.

Amen.

MEN: Und das ewige licht leuchte ihnen.

After pouring some earth on the grave of his friend, Martins walks away.

CALLOWAY: Like a lift to town? I've got a car here.

MARTINS: Thanks.

CALLOWAY: My name is Calloway.

MARTINS: Martins.

CALLOWAY: You a friend of Lime's?

MARTINS: Yes.

CALLOWAY: Been here long?

MARTINS: No.

CALLOWAY: You've had a bit of a shock, haven't you? You could do with a drink.

MARTINS: Could you buy me one? I haven't got any Austrian kroners. Thanks.

CALLOWAY: Schmolka!

MARTINS: I guess nobody knew Harry like he did - I did.

CALLOWAY: How long ago?

MARTINS: Back in school. Never so lonesome in my life till he showed up.

CALLOWAY: When did you see him last?

MARTINS: September '39.

CALLOWAY: When the business started?

MARTINS: Mm Mm

CALLOWAY: See much of him before that?

MARTINS: Once in awhile. Best friend I ever had.

CALLOWAY: That sounds like a cheap novelette.

MARTINS: Well, I write cheap novelettes.

CALLOWAY: I'm afraid I've never heard of you. What's your name again?

MARTINS: Holly Martins.

CALLOWAY: No, sorry.

MARTINS: Did you ever hear of "The Lone Rider of Santa Fe"?

CALLOWAY: I can't say that I have.

MARTINS: "Death at the Double X Ranch" - "Ra-a-nch" (trying British pronunciation)

CALLOWAY: No.

MARTINS: Must have known I was broke. Even sent me an airplane ticket. It's a shame.

CALLOWAY: What?

MARTINS: Him dying like that.

CALLOWAY: Best thing that ever happened to him.

MARTINS: What are you trying to say?

CALLOWAY: He was about the worst racketeer who ever made a dirty living in this city.

MARTINS: Policeman, eh?

CALLOWAY: Come on, have another drink.

MARTINS: No, I never did like policemen. I have to call them sheriffs.

CALLOWAY: Ever seen one?

MARTINS: Pin it on a dead man. Some petty racket with gasoline or something. Just like a cop. You're a real cop, I suppose.

CALLOWAY: It wasn't petrol.

MARTINS: So it wasn't petrol. So it was tires, or saccharin... Why don't you catch a few murderers for a change?

CALLOWAY: Well, you could say that murder was part of his racket.

(Martins tries to hit Calloway.)

CALLOWAY: It's all right. Paine. He's only a scribbler with too much drink in him. Take Mr. Holly Martins home.

PAINE: Holly Martins, sir? The writer? The author of "Death at the Double X Ranch?"

MARTINS: Listen, Callaghan.

CALLOWAY: Calloway, I'm English not Irish.

MARTINS: You're not going to close your files at a dead man's expense.

CALLOWAY: Going to find me the real criminal? It sounds like one of your stories.

MARTINS: When I've finished with you, you'll leave Vienna, you'll look so silly.

CALLOWAY: Here's some army money. Should see you through tonight at Sacher's Hotel, if you don't drink too much at the bar. We'll keep a seat for you on tomorrow's plane.

(Martins tries to hit him again.)

PAINE: Please be careful, sir. Up we come. Written anything lately?

CALLOWAY: Take him to Sacher's. Don't hit him again if he behaves. You go carefully there. It's a military hotel.

PAINE: I'm so glad to have met you, sir. I've read quite a few of your books..... I like a good western. That's what I like about them, sir. You can pick them up and put them down any time. Oh, Mr. Hartman.

PORTER: Yes, sir.

PAINE: Major Calloway says this gentleman's got to have a room for tonight. He'll be off tomorrow.

PORTER: Passport, please.

CRABBIN: I can't very well introduce you to everybody.

PORTER: Would you mind filling this in?

PAINE: Mr. Crabbin?

CRABBIN: What is it, sergeant?

PAINE: Mr. Holly Martins, sir.

CRABBIN: Who?

PAINE: The author. Thought you might be interested.

CRABBIN: Never heard of him.

PAINE: Oh, he's very good, sir. I've read quite a few of his books.

CRABBIN: Have you sergeant? Author - Martins. Thank you, sergeant. (To Martins)

Oh, Mr. Martins, my name is Crabbin. I represent the C.R.S of G.H.Q.

MARTINS: You do?

CRABBIN: Yes, Cultural reeducation, Section Propaganda. Very important in a place like this. We do a little show each week. Last week we did "Hamlet" and the week before we had something...

PAINE: Striptease, sir...

CRABBIN: Yes, Hindu dances, thank you, sergeant. This is the first opportunity we've had of making an American author welcome.

MARTINS: Welcome?

CRABBIN: I'll tell you what, Mr. Martins. On Wednesday night at our institute we are having a little lecture on the contemporary novel. I thought perhaps you'd like to speak.

MARTINS: They wouldn't know me.

CRABBIN: Nonsense. Your novels are very popular here. Aren't they, sergeant?

PAINE: Very popular, sir.

CRABBIN: Very popular. Are you staying long?

MARTINS: How long can one stay here on this stage money?

CRABBIN: Listen, Mr. Martins, if you'd agree to be our guest, we'd be delighted to have you.

MARTINS: Would you?

CRABBIN: For as long as you care to stay.

PAINE: But he's due to...leaving tomorrow, sir.

CRABBIN: Excuse me, have you got a toothache?

PORTER: Number eight, Mr. Martins.

MARTINS: Come upstairs a moment.

CRABBIN: I know a very good dentist.

MARTINS: I don't need a dentist. Somebody hit me, that's all.

CRABBIN: Goodness. We must report that to the police. Did they try to rob you?

MARTINS: It was just a soldier. I was trying to punch his major in the eye.

CRABBIN: No, a major, were you really?

MARTINS: Heard of Harry Lime?

CRABBIN: I've heard of him, of course, but I didn't exactly know him.

MARTINS: I was going to stay with him but he died Thursday.

CRABBIN: Goodness, that's awkward.

MARTINS: Is that what you say to people after death "goodness, that's awkward."?

PORTER: Mr. Martins. Excuse me. Telephone.

MARTINS: Who is it?

PORTER: Baron Kurtz

MARTINS: Must be some mistake. Yes?

BARON: I was a friend of Harry Lime.

MARTINS: I would very much like to meet you, Baron. Come around.

BARON: Austrians aren't allowed in your hotel. Couldn't we meet at the Mozart Cafe?

MARTINS: Where?

BARON: Just around the corner.

MARTINS: How will I know you?

BARON: I'll carry a copy of one of your books. Harry gave it to me.

MARTINS: I'll be there in a moment. Wait a minute (to Crabbins), if I do this lecture business,

you'll put me up here awhile?

CRABBIN: Certainly.

MARTINS: It's a deal. Did you ever read a book of mine called "The Lone Rider of Santa Fe"?

PAINE: No, not that one, sir.

MARTINS: It's a story of a man who hunted down a sheriff who was victimizing his best friend.

CRABBIN: It seems exciting.

MARTINS: It is, and I'm gunning just the same way for your Major Callaghan.

PAINE: Sounds anti-British, sir.

(Baron arrives along the street in front of the Cafe Mozart, carrying Martins' book)

MARTINS: Baron Kurtz?

KURTZ: Mr. Martins. Delighted to meet you. Come, let's sit down here. (to waiter: Ober! Zwei) What would you like? Tea? Coffee?

MARTINS: Coffee.

KURTZ: (to waiter) Zwei zwartze. It's wonderful how you keep the tension.

MARTINS: Tension?

KURTZ: Suspense.

MARTINS: You really liked it?

KURTZ: At the end of every chapter you are left guessing what he'll be up to next.

MARTINS: So you were a friend of Harry's?

KURTZ: I think his best, except for you of course.

MARTINS: The police have a crazy notion that he was mixed up in some sort of racket.

KURTZ: Everyone in Vienna is. We all sell cigarettes and that kind of thing. I tell you I've done things that would have seemed unthinkable before the war. Once, when I was hard up, I sold some tires on the black market. I wonder what my father would have said.

MARTINS: I'm afraid the police meant more than that.

KURTZ: They get rather absurd ideas sometimes. He's somewhere now, he won't mind about that.

MARTINS: Even so, I'm not going to leave it at this. Will you help me?

KURTZ: I wish I could, but you know I am an Austrian. I have to be careful with the police. I'm afraid I can't help you, except with advice of course. Advice.

(in front of Harry's apartment building.)

KURTZ: We came out of his place like this, and were walking this way. A friend of his called to him from over there. Harry went across and from up there came the truck. It was just about here.

MARTINS: Here?

KURTZ: Yes. His friend and I picked him up, carried him across over here. It was a terrible thing. Terrible. We laid him down just about here. And this is where he died. Even at the end, his thoughts were of you.

MARTINS: What did he say?

KURTZ: I don't remember the exact words, Holly...I may call you Holly, mayn't I? He always called you that to us. He was anxious that I look after you when you arrived. To see that you got safely home. Tickets you know and all that.

MARTINS: But he said he died instantaneously. (indicating apartment building porter)

KURTZ: Well he died before the ambulance could reach us.

MARTINS: Well, there was only you, and this friend of his. Who is he?

KURTZ: A Romanian. Mr. Popescu.

MARTINS: I'd like to talk to him.

KURTZ: He's left Vienna.

(to porter)

MARTINS: Excuse me!

PORTER: Yes, sir.

MARTINS: Did you know Mr. Lime well?

PORTER: Mr. Lime, yes.

MARTINS: You remember me? Upstairs...

PORTER: Yes, I remember you.

MARTINS: Well, who used to visit Mr. Lime?

PORTER: Visit? (To Kurtz, in German: Was will er wissen?)

KURTZ: Er will wissen wer hier verkehrt.

PORTER: So, es kommen so viele lauter heir -sie - den der...Popescu...und ich kann nicht alle kennen.

MARTINS: What does he say?

KURTZ: He says he doesn't know everybody.

PORTER'S WIFE: Carl! Kannst du einen moment zu mir herein kommen?

PORTER: Ein moment.

PORTER'S WIFE: Du musst zum telefon.

PORTER: Excuse me.

MARTINS: Who was at the funeral besides you?

KURTZ: Only his doctor, Dr. Winkel.

MARTINS: Wasn't there a girl there?

KURTZ: Some girl of the Josefstadt theater. Well you know what Harry was. You oughtn't to speak to her. It would only cause her pain.

MARTINS: Not necessarily. She'd probably want to help.

KURTZ: What's the good of another post-mortem? Suppose you dig up something, well, discreditable to Harry?

MARTINS: Will you give me your address?

KURTZ: I live in the Russian sector, but you'll find me at the Casanova Club every night. One has to work the best way one can, you know.

MARTINS: What's the name of this girl?

KURTZ: I don't know. I don't think I ever heard it.

MARTINS: But you did mention the theater.

KURTZ: the Josefstadt. But I still think it won't do Harry any good. You'd do better to think

of yourself.

MARTINS: I'll be all right.

KURTZ: I'm so glad to have met you....A master of suspense. Such a good cover, I think.

(at hotel)

MARTINS: Number eight, please.

PAINE: Major Calloway's compliments, sir, and here's the ticket for the plane tomorrow.

MARTINS: Tell the major I won't need it. Oh, and Porter, order me a ticket tonight for the Josefstadt theater.

CRABBIN: Oh, Mr. Martins, good evening.

MARTINS: Good evening, Mr. Crabbin.

PAINE: He said I was to drive you to the airfield or take you to the bus, whichever you prefer.

MARTINS: Didn't you hear Mr. Crabbin offer me the hospitality of the H.Q.B.M.T.?

(at the Josefstadt Theater)

ACTORS: Ich bitte dich. Ich bitte dich. Ich bitte dich. Ferisiche uns jetzt nur nicht streng zu

kommen....sonst sagen wir alles der Frau Mama....Um gotteswillem. Nein, nein, nur das nicht mein herzensguten wenn ich der Mam nicht sage das stubenmaedchen nicht immer in die wange zwekst. Laesse du nicht dann den Wolfgang Heiraten....Jas das ist ja glatte expressung....ja, ja,

ja...also, also....Ja, ja, ja, Na wenn ich drei madelen nicht nat dakonnt ich mir auch drei krenzottern halten. Giftiger kommen die auch nicht stechn au...

(backstage)

MARTINS: I was a friend of Harry Lime's.

ANNA: Afterwards.

ACTORS: Ich habe gleich hier mit Geniesse das Eheleben in vierfacher Auflage... Kind das neue Chiffonleid für dich ist bestellt.

(at Anna's dressing room)

MAID: Good night.

ANNA: Good night.

MARTINS: Miss Schmidt?

ANNA: Oh, come in.

MARTINS: Thank you.

ANNA: Sit down.

MARTINS: Thank you. I enjoyed the play very much.

GIRL: (to Anna) Guten nacht, Anna.

ANNA: Guten nacht.

MARTINS: You were awfully good.

ANNA: Do you understand German?

MARTINS: No, no...oh...excuse me. But I could follow it just fine. Perhaps Harry told you about me. My name's Holly Martins.

ANNA: No, he never told me about his friends. Would you like some tea?

MARTINS: Thank you.

ANNA: Someone threw me a packet last week. Sometimes the British do, instead of flowers you know, on the first night. There was a bouquet, too, from an American. Would you rather have a whiskey?

MARTINS: Tea's fine.

ANNA: Good. I wanted to sell it. Oh, there's some tea left.

MARTINS: Had you known him some time?

ANNA: Yes.

MARTINS: I wanted to talk to you. No, thank you. I wanted to talk to you about him.

ANNA: There's nothing really to talk about, is there? Nothing.

MARTINS: Well, I saw you at the funeral.

ANNA: I'm so sorry. I didn't notice much.

MARTINS: You were in love with him, weren't you?

ANNA: I don't know. How can you know a thing like that afterwards? I don't know anything any more. Except that I want to be dead too. Some more tea?

MARTINS: No, not tea. Would you like a cigarette?

ANNA: Oh, American, thank you. I like them.

MARTINS: I was talking to another friend of Harry's. A Baron Kurtz, do you know him?

ANNA: No.

MARTINS: He has a little dog.

ANNA: Oh, yes, yes...

MARTINS: Don't understand what Harry saw in a fellow like that.

ANNA: That was the man that brought me some money when Harry died. He said Harry had been anxious at the last moment.

MARTINS: He said he remembered me too. Seems to show he wasn't in much pain.

ANNA: Dr. Winkel told me that.

MARTINS: Dr. Winkel? Who is he?

ANNA: The doctor Harry used to go to. He was passing just after it happened.

MARTINS: His own doctor?

ANNA: Yes.

MARTINS: Were you at the inquest?

ANNA: Yes. They said it wasn't the driver's fault. Harry often said what a careful driver he was.

MARTINS: He was Harry's driver?

ANNA: Hmm

MARTINS: I don't get it. All of them there. Kurtz, this Romanian Popescu, his own driver knocking him over. His own doctor passing by. No strangers there at all.

ANNA: I know. I wondered about it a hundred times, if it really was an accident....What difference does it make? He's dead, isn't he?

MARTINS: Well, if it wasn't an accident...

VOICE: Miss Schmidt!

ANNA: Ja, herr Hogan. I must hurry. They don't like us to use the light.

(on the street)

MARTINS: The porter saw it happen.

ANNA: Then why worry?

MARTINS: Do you know that porter?

ANNA: Yes.

PORTER: (To Anna in German) Sehen sei da gleich da unter. Da unten ist est passiert. Passiert - English.

MARTINS: What's he saying?

ANNA: He says it happened right down there.

PORTER: Happened...yes, happened right down there.

MARTINS: You saw it?

PORTER: Not saw, heard, heard. I heard the brakes. Wham! And I got to the window and saw them carry the body to the other side of the....er....er....Joseph.....that's Joseph Emperor Joseph Statue.

Statue.

MARTINS: Why didn't they bring him in the house? Could he have been conscious?

PORTER: Conscious? Cas sollich auch noch wissen?

MARTINS: Oh, er, was he, was he still alive?

PORTER: Er, alive? He couldn't have been alive, not with his head in the way it was.

MARTINS: I was told that he did not die at once.

PORTER: Ah, er war glich tot, I mean, sie war gliech tot brtauchen kein angst zu. Ein moment.

Wart ein bisschen...wartein bisschen, Fraulein Schmidt. Wis sagt men in English gleich tot?

ANNA: He was quite dead.

PORTER: He was quite dead.

MARTINS: But that sounds crazy. If he was killed at once, how could he have talked about me, and this lady here, after he was dead? Why didn't you say all this at the inquest?

PORTER: It is better not to be mixed up in things like this.

MARTINS: Things like what?

PORTER: I was not the only one who did not give evidence.

MARTINS: Who else?

PORTER: Three men helped to carry your friend to the statue.

MARTINS: Kurtz.

PORTER: Yes.

MARTINS: The Romanian.

PORTER: Yes.

MARTINS: And?

PORTER: There was a third man, he didn't give evidence.

MARTINS: You don't mean that doctor?

PORTER: No, no. He cam late after they carried him to the Joseph Statue.

MARTINS: What did he look like?

PORTER: I didn't see his face. He didn't look up. He was quite - gewernlich- ordinary. He might have been just anybody.

MARTINS: Just anybody.

(the telephone rings in Harry's room, Anna answers)

ANNA: Hullo, hullo. Wer ist da? Hullo? Warum antworten sie nicht? Hullo?

MARTINS: Who was that?

ANNA: I don't know. They didn't answer.

MARTINS: I was told there were only two men there. (to porter) You got to tell your story to the police.

PORTER: Police? Why police? Das ist alles bludsum was sie da sangen. No, no. It is all nonsense, it was an accident.

MARTINS: You don't know it was an accident. You only saw a dead man and three men carry him.

PORTER: Der ami macht mich noch ganz deppert. I should have listened to my wife. She said you were up to no good. Gossip.

MARTINS: Suppose I take your evidence to the police?

PORTER: Fer von mir aus gehen sie zur gansalt aber mich lassen sie aus mit der politzei.

MARTINS: No, hold on.

PORTER: Das hat man davon wenn man freundlich ist mit den auslandern... I have no evidence! I saw nothing! I said nothing! It's not my business!

MARTINS: Well, make it your business.

PORTER: Ach jetzt hates aber zwolte Geschlagen. Jetzt heh ma aber. Fraulein Schmidt, ebs sie waren mir mier sympatische. I have always liked you but you must not bring this gentleman here again. You must go at once please. Sonst fergesseich meinen weinerischen charm. Please.

ANNA: You shouldn't get mixed up in this.

MARTINS: Well, if I do find out something, can I look you up again?

ANNA: Why don't you leave this town? Go home.

(at Anna's apartment building)

LANDLADY: Wo unglaublich stecken sie denn Fraulein Schmidt. Die Politzei is oben. Sie suchen nach papieron. Une lesen alle ihre briefe. Als wenn man ein werbrecher ware.

MARTINS: What is it?

LANDLADY: Was will die politzei von ihnen?

ANNA: Ich weiss nicht.

LANDLADY: Das müssen sie doch wissen. Ich meine ohne grund wird die politzei doch nicht ins Hans komme Fraulein Schmidt, ein schande.

MARTINS: What's she talking about?

ANNA: The police. They're searching my room. Sie müssen doch wissen.

LANDLADY: Une was es sich handelt, Mein Eott das ist doch ichrecklich. Man ist ja nicht mehr herr in seinem eigen Hans. Wein es noch die Oesterreichische politzei ware einen nach rechtzartig.

(in Anna's room)

MARTINS: What the devil?

CALLOWAY: Getting around, Martins?

MARTINS: Oh, pinning things on girls now.

CALLOWAY: Miss Schmidt, I should like to see your papers, please.

MARTINS: Don't give him anything.

CALLOWAY: Thank you. You were born in Graz of Austrian parents?

ANNA: Yes.

CALLOWAY: Paine? Hmm!

PAINE: It's very good sir, isn't it?

CALLOWAY: How much did you pay for this? I'm afraid I'll have to keep this for a while, Miss Schmidt.

MARTINS: How do you expect her to live in this city without papers?

CALLOWAY: Write her out a receipt, Paine. Give her a receipt for these letters, too.

PAINE: This way, miss.

MARTINS: I suppose it wouldn't interest you to know that Lime was murdered? You're too busy. You haven't even bothered to get complete evidence.

ANNA: Must you take those?

PAINE: They'll be returned, miss.

ANNA: They're private letters.

PAINE: That's all right, miss. Don't worry. We're used to it - like doctors.

MARTINS: And there was a third man there. I suppose that doesn't sound peculiar to you.

CALLOWAY: I'm not interested in whether a racketeer like Lime was killed by his friends or by accident. The only important thing is that he's dead.....(Anna appears).I'm sorry

MARTINS: Tactful, too, aren't we Callaghan?

CALLOWAY: Calloway.

ANNA: Must you take those letters?

CALLOWAY: I'm afraid so.

ANNA: They're Harry's.

CALLOWAY: That's the reason.



ANNA: You won't learn anything from them. They are only love letters. There are not many of them.

CALLOWAY: They'll be returned to you, Miss Schmidt, as soon as they've been examined.

ANNA: There's nothing in them. Harry never did anything. Only a small thing once, out of kindness.

CALLOWAY: And what was that?

ANNA: You've got it in your hand.

MILITARY POLICEMAN: Finished?

CALLOWAY: Yes.

MILITARY POLICEMAN: O.K.

CALLOWAY: You'll have to come with us, Miss Schmidt.

MARTINS: You're not locking her up?

CALLOWAY: Go home, Martins, like a sensible chap. You don't know what you're mixing in. Get the next plane.

MARTINS: As soon as I get to the bottom of this, I'll get the next plane.

CALLOWAY: Death is at the bottom of everything, Martins. Leave death to the professionals.

MARTINS: Do you mind if I use that line in my next Western? You can't chuck me out, my papers are in order.

PAINE: There you are, miss. Your receipt for the letters.

ANNA: I don't want it.

PAINE: Well, I've got it when you want it, miss.

MARTINS: Anything really wrong with your papers?

ANNA: They're forged.

MARTINS: Why?

ANNA: The Russians would claim me. I come from Czechoslovakia.

LANDLADY: Wie die Vandalen! Ja sie wo schlep wo schleppen sie schlon das weider hir! Mein gott sie kommen doch nicht das gause Hans auf den Kopf stellen Monsieur och versteht er auch nicht - Mensch zimmer einer-dame. Fraulein Schmidt, erklaren sie doch den leuten.

ANNA: Ja, ja, ja

LANDLADY: Sayen sie ed our den Leuten damit sie es auch wissen.

MARTINS: What did she say?

LANDLADY: Hier sind fruher Fursten ans unt eingeganger. Heir hat sogar ein Metternich verkeehrt.

ANNA: Give her some cigarettes.

LANDLADY: Das worren noch zeiten da hut man sich noch austandig behomen da war?

MARTINS: Cigarette?

LANDLADY: Danke, danke.

MARTINS: Please take some more.

LANDLADY: ...sehr leibernsurdig danke, danke, danke, vielmals sie sind wieklich der eisnsige austandige Mennsch hier.

CALLOWAY: Miss Schmidt? Ready?

MARTINS: Look, look, I'll straighten out all this nonsense about Harry. You'll be all right.

ANNA: Sometimes he said I laughed too much.

MARTINS: Oh, what's the name of that doctor? Harry's doctor?

ANNA: Dr. Winkel.

CALLOWAY: What do you want to see a doctor for, huh?

MARTINS: A bruised lip.

PAINE: Good.

CALLOWAY: Laboratory? We're coming right down. You wait here, Miss Schmidt.

(Martins in front of Dr. Winkel's house.)

WINKEL: Haben sie lieber den flugel oder das bein?

MAID: Die sprechstund zwischen is von drei bis funf...

MARTINS: Dr. Winkel, I'm sorry, I don't speak German.

MAID: Nein.

MARTINS: Please, won't you say that I'm a friend of Harry Lime.

WINKEL: Hilda!

MAID: Ja!

WINKEL: Furen sie den herre herein.  
MAID: Bitte, Bitte sir.  
WINKEL: Guten abend.  
MARTINS: Dr. Winkel? (mispronouncing the w)  
WINKEL: Vinkle.  
MARTINS: Vinkel...You've got quite a collection of er- collection.  
WINKEL: Yes. (to dog: Was wilst du hier? Du hast heir earnichts verloren mach dass du rauskommst. Ja, komm, komm, komm, komm, hier. Komm sie brav nu sei brav ja nu mach schon mach schon, mach schon. So, so is gut.  
MARTINS: Is that your dog?  
WINKEL: Yes. Would you mind...er....er.  
MARTINS: Martins.  
WINKEL: ...coming to the point, please.  
MARTINS: Thank you.  
WINKEL: I have guests waiting.  
MARTINS: We were both friends of Harry Lime. I want to find out all I can.  
WINKEL: Find out?  
MARTINS: Hear the details.  
WINKEL: I can tell you very little. He was run over by a car. He was dead when I arrived.  
MARTINS: Who was with him?  
WINKEL: Two friends of his.  
MARTINS: Sure? Two?  
WINKEL: Quite sure.  
MARTINS: Could he have been at all conscious?  
WINKEL: I understand he was, yes, for a short time, while they carried him across the road.  
MARTINS: In great pain?  
WINKEL: Not necessarily.  
MARTINS: Well, could he have been capable of making plans for me and others, just, just during those few moments? I understand he left some instruction before he died.  
WINKEL: I cannot give any opinion. I was not there. My opinion is limited as to the cause of death. Have you any reason to be dissatisfied?  
MARTINS: Was, is it possible that his death might have been - not accidental? Could he have been...could he have been pushed, Dr. Winkel?  
WINKEL: I cannot give an opinion, the injuries to the head and skull would have been the same.

(at police headquarters)

RUSSIAN POLICEMAN: Major, may I see you a moment, please?  
CALLOWAY: Certainly, Brodsky. What is it?  
RUSSIAN POLICEMAN: This is forgery. It is very clever. We are interested in this case. Have you arrested the girl?  
CALLOWAY: No, not yet.  
RUSSIAN POLICEMAN: Please keep this passport to yourself, until I make some inquiries, will you Major?  
CALLOWAY: Yes, of course.  
RUSSIAN POLICEMAN: Thank you.

CALLOWAY: Right. Sit down, Miss Schmidt, we will send your letters and things back to you.  
ANNA: And my passport?  
CALLOWAY: We will need that for a while longer.  
ANNA: What does he mean?  
CALLOWAY: You know as much as I do, Miss Schmidt. You were intimate with Lime, weren't you?  
ANNA: We loved each other, do you mean that?  
CALLOWAY: (holding photo) Do you know this man?  
ANNA: I've never seen him.  
CALLOWAY: Joseph Harbin.  
ANNA: No.  
CALLOWAY: He works in a military hospital.  
ANNA: No.  
CALLOWAY: It's stupid to lie to me, Miss Schmidt. I'm in a position to help you.  
ANNA: I'm not lying. You're wrong about Harry. You are wrong about everything.

CALLOWAY: In one of his letters he asked you to telephone a good friend of his called Joseph. He gave you the number of the Casanova Club. That is where a lot of friends of Lime used to go.

ANNA: It wasn't important.

CALLOWAY: What was the message?

ANNA: Something about meeting Harry at his home.

CALLOWAY: Harbin disappeared the day you telephoned. We've got to find him. You can help us.

ANNA: What can I tell you but that you have got everything upside down.

CALLOWAY: OK. That American friend of yours is still waiting for you. He won't do you much good. Thank you Miss Schmidt. We will send for you when we want you.

(at the Casanova Club)

DOORMAN: Bitte schoen.

CRABBIN: Hello, Mr. Martins, we tried to get you at your hotel. We have arranged that lecture for tomorrow.

MARTINS: What about?

CRABBIN: On the modern novel. You remember what we arranged and we want you to talk on the "Crisis of Faith".

MARTINS: What's that?

CRABBIN: Oh, I thought you would know. You're a writer. Of course you do. Good night, old man. Oh, I've forgotten my hat. I'll let you know the time later.

MARTINS: Drink?

ANNA: Whiskey.

MARTINS: Two whiskeys.

BARMAN: Zwei whiskeys

MARTINS: How much?

BARMAN: Zwanzig schillings.

ANNA: They don't take army money here.

MARTINS: Harry? (looking at photo)

ANNA: Yes. He moved his head, but the rest is good, isn't it?

KURTZ: Good evening, Miss Schmidt.

ANNA: Good evening.

KURTZ: So, you have found out my little secret. A man must live. How goes the investigation? Have you proved to the police they are wrong?

MARTINS: Not yet.

KURTZ: But you will. Our friend Dr. Winkel said you had called. Wasn't he helpful?

MARTINS: Well, he was, er, limited.

KURTZ: Mr. Popescu is here tonight.

MARTINS: The Romanian?

KURTZ: Yes. The man who helped carry him.

MARTINS: I thought he left Vienna?

KURTZ: He is back now.

MARTINS: I'd like to meet all of Harry's friends.

KURTZ: I'll bring him to you.

ANNA: Haven't you done enough for tonight?

MARTINS: The porter said three men carried the body, and two of them are here. (to police) Who are you looking for now?

ANNA: Sh. Don't. Don't, please.

MARTINS: Silly looking bunch.

KURTZ: Mr. Popescu - Mr. Martins.

MARTINS: How do you do?

POPESCU: Any friend of Harry's is a friend of mine.

KURTZ: I'll leave you together.

POPESCU: Good evening, Miss Schmidt. You remember me?

ANNA: Of course.

POPESCU: I helped Harry fix her papers, Mr. Martins.

MARTINS: Oh, you did?

POPESCU: Not the sort of thing I should confess to a total stranger, but you have to break the rules sometimes. Humanity's duty. Cigarette, Miss Schmidt?

ANNA: Thank you.

POPESCU: Keep the packet.

MARTINS: I understand you were with Harry...

POPESCU: Two double whiskeys. Was wünschen sie?

ANNA: Nichts danke. Kein.

POPESCU: Entschuldigen sie. It was a terrible thing. I was just crossing the road to go to Harry. He and the Baron were on the sidewalk. If I hadn't started to cross the road it wouldn't

have happened. I can't help blaming myself and wishing things had been different. Anyway, he saw me and stepped off the sidewalk to meet me, and the truck... It was terrible, Mr. Martins, terrible.

I have never seen a man killed before.

MARTINS: I thought there was something funny about the whole thing.

POPESCU: Funny?

MARTINS: Something wrong.

POPESCU: Of course there was. Some ice for Mr. Martins?

MARTINS: You think so, too?

POPESCU: I was so terrible for a man like Harry to be killed in an ordinary street accident.

MARTINS: That's all you meant?

POPESCU: What else?

MARTINS: Who was the third man?

POPESCU: (about his drink) I oughtn't to drink it. It makes me acid. What man would you be referring to, Mr. Martins?

MARTINS: I was told that a third man helped you and Kurtz to carry the body.

POPESCU: I don't know how you could have heard that here. The finding of the body was in the police report. There was just the two of us, me and the Baron. Who could have told you a story like that?

MARTINS: The porter at Harry's place. He was cleaning the window at the time.

POPESCU: And saw the accident?

MARTINS: No, no. He didn't see the accident but he saw three men carrying the body.

POPESCU: Wasn't he at the police inquiry?

MARTINS: He didn't want to get involved.

POPESCU: Will we never teach these Austrians to be good citizens. It was his duty to give the evidence. Even so, he remembered wrong. What else did he tell you?

MARTINS: That Harry was dead before you got him to that statue. He probably knows a lot more than that. Somebody's lying.

POPESCU: Not necessarily.

MARTINS: The police say he was mixed up in some racket.

POPESCU: Oh, that's quite impossible. He had a great sense of duty.

MARTINS: Your friend Kurtz seems to think it was possible.

POPESCU: I understand how an Anglo-Saxon feels. The Baron hasn't traveled, you know.

MARTINS: He seems to have been around a bit. Do you know a man called, er, Harbin?

POPESCU: No.

MARTINS: Joseph Harbin.

POPESCU: Joseph Harbin? No, No.. That's a nice girl that, but she ought to go careful in Vienna. Everybody ought to go careful in a city like this.

(on the telephone)

POPESCU: You will meet us at the bridge. Good.

(Popescu, Kurtz, and Dr. Winkel meet on a bridge to discuss something.)

(Martins, walking around in front of Harry's apartment building.)

PORTER: Hullo! Hey - is it so very important for you?

MARTINS: Yes, it is.

PORTER: I am not a bad man. I would like to tell you something.

MARTINS: Tell me, how did a car...

PORTER: Come tonight. My wife goes out.

MARTINS: All right, I'll come back, but...

PORTER: Tonight.

(Anna sitting alone in her room.)

ANNA: Wer is da?

MARTINS: That mean come in?

ANNA: Oh, yes, yes, come in.

MARTINS: The porter is going to talk to us tonight.

ANNA: Need we go through it all again?

MARTINS: Might as well, I suppose. Are you busy?

ANNA: Just another part I've got to learn.

MARTINS: Can I hear you?

ANNA: In German?

MARTINS: I can try. Is it comedy or tragedy?

ANNA: Comedy, I don't play tragedy.

MARTINS: Do I?

ANNA: You read this.

MARTINS: (In poor German) "Gestern bein heurigen..."

ANNA: What's that?

MARTINS: "ein hurigan", I guess. H-E-Z-T

ANNA: Oh, let me see. No, no that's not the cue. It means she has to sit down.

MARTINS: Well, Frau Housman....

ANNA: No, no. It's no good.

MARTINS: Bad day?

ANNA: It is always bad about this time. He used to look in around six. I've been frightened at

being alone, without friends and money. But I've never known anything like this. Please talk. Tell me about him.

MARTINS: Tell you what?

ANNA: Oh, anything - just talk. When did you see him last?

MARTINS: Oh, we didn't make much sense. Drank too much. Once he tried to steal my girl.

ANNA: Where is she?

MARTINS: Oh, that was twenty years ago.

ANNA: Tell me more.

MARTINS: Oh, it's very difficult. You know Harry, we didn't do anything very amusing. He just made everything seem like such, er, fun.

ANNA: Was he clever when he was a boy?

MARTINS: I suppose so - he could fix anything.

ANNA: What sort of things?

MARTINS: Oh little things. How to put your temperature up before an exam, the best cribs. How to avoid this and that.

ANNA: He fixed my papers for me. He heard that the Russians were repatriating people like me who came from Czechoslovakia. He knew the right person straight away for forging stamps.

MARTINS: Yes. When he was fourteen, he taught me the three card trick. That's growing up fast.

ANNA: He never grew up. That world grew up around him, that's all, and buried him.

MARTINS: Anna, you'll fall in love again.

ANNA: Can't you see I don't want to. I don't ever want to.

MARTINS: Come on out and have a drink.

ANNA: Why did you say that?

MARTINS: Seemed like a good idea.

ANNA: It's just what he used to say.

MARTINS: Well, I didn't learn that from him.

ANNA: If we have to see the Porter we'd better go.

MARTINS: What's the hurry? Can't we talk quietly for a couple of minutes?

ANNA: I thought you wanted...

MARTINS: A moment ago you said you didn't want to see the porter.

ANNA: We're both in it, Harry.

MARTINS: Holly.

ANNA: I'm so sorry.

MARTINS: It's all right. You might get the name right.

ANNA: Do you know? You ought to find yourself a girl.

(Walking down the street towards Harry's apartment building to talk to the porter.)

MARTINS: His English is very bad. We'll let him talk German. You'll just be good enough to trans...

ANNA: Look!

MARTINS: That's Harry's place, isn't it?

ANNA: Yes. Let's go away.

MARTINS: What's the matter?

ANNA: Let's not get into any more trouble.

(Group of people standing around the apartment building.)

MARTINS: What's the matter, what is loos...

MAN: (in German) De porter ist um gebracht worden.

MARTINS: I don't understand.

MAN: The porter. Dead. Kaput. He's murdered. The porter is odraht, kaput

BOY: Papa! Papa!

FATHER: (in German) Was willst den Hansel?

BOY: Papa der war's.

FATHER: Was den herr da?

BOY: Ja, papa. Ich hab's doch g'sehen! Papa, der ist der morder. Morder! Morder!

FATHER: Sagen sie haben sie einen streit gehabt mit dem portier?

MARTINS: I don't understand.

BOY: Hey, vo gest due mir? Ta papa der war's. Der war's. Ja papa, der is der murder.

ANNA: What is it?

MARTINS: The porter's been murdered.

FATHER: Warms er ist der mit...dem portier die rauferei gehabt hat.

WOMAN: Warscheinlich ist der murder.

ANNA: They think you did it.

BOY: Morder! Morder! So gemascht odraht. Papa! Papa der war's.

FATHER: Hullo! warten sie bissl. Sie moment mal.

BOY: Papa! Papa!

FATHER: Stock stehen hier.

(Martins and Anna run away. They go to a cinema.)

ANNA: That money is no good. Zei bitte.

MARTINS: Sneak out the other way, and go back to your theater. I'd better not see you again.

ANNA: What are you going to do?

MARTINS: I wish I knew.

ANNA: Be sensible, tell Major Calloway.

(In the lobby of the Sacher Hotel.)

TAXI DRIVER: (in German) Sagen sie furmal hab dieser Mr. Martins garnichts unter lassen wegen eine taxi.

CLERK: Nein garnichts.

MARTINS: Get me Major Callaghan on the phone.

CLERK: Oh, Mr. Martins, excuse me.

MARTINS: Please hurry up, just get him on the telephone.

CLERK: Do you know his number?

MARTINS: No, I don't know his number.

CLERK: I'll look it up for you.

MARTINS: Well, look, is there a car here I can use.

CLERK: Of course, there's one waiting for you.

DRIVER: Bitte schoen mein herr. Bitte schoen.

MARTINS: Never mind about the number. Take me to headquarters. Hold on! Hold on!

I haven't even told you where to take me yet.

DRIVER: (in German) Bleiben sie doch ruhig.

MARTINS: Driver! Driver! Hey! Stop! Have you got orders to kill me? Hey, stop!

DRIVER: Bitte schoen, gehen sie herein main herr...

CRABBIN: Oh, Mr. Martins. What a relief to see you. I was beginning to think something had happened to you. Come along Mr. Martins. Everything is ready for you...I was frantic in case

you hadn't got my message at the hotel. The porters out here are so unreliable if you know what I mean. We're all set for a wonderful evening. You'll find the audience most appreciative. Oh, let me take your coat. I've got it. Come along now, Mr. M. Follow me. Here we are, ladies and gentlemen. All's well that ends well. Would you look after that for me. Would you like to sit there, Mr. Martins? That's right. Ladies and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in introducing Mr. Holly Martins from the other side.

MARTINS: Well...

POPESCU: (at home) Bring the car, and anyone else who'd like to come. Don't be too long, hm?

MARTINS: Well, yes. I suppose that is what I meant to say.

CRABBIN: Of course, of course, of course.

MAN: Do you believe, Mr. Martins, in the stream of consciousness?

MARTINS: Stream of consciousness...well...well...

MAN: What author has chiefly influenced you most?

MARTINS: Grey.

WOMAN: Grey? What Grey?

MARTINS: Zane Grey.

CRABBIN: Oh, that is Mr. Martins' little joke, of course. We all know perfectly well that Zane

Grey wrote what we call Westerns - cowboys and bandits.

MAN: Mr. James Joyce, now, where would you put him?

MARTINS: Oh, would you mind repeating that question?

MAN: I said, where would you put Mr. James Joyce? In what category?

POPESCU: Can I ask is Mr. Martins engaged on a new book?

MARTINS: Yes, it is called the Third Man.

POPESCU: A novel, Mr. Martins?

MARTINS: It's a murder story. I've just started it....based on fact.

CRABBIN: Why, it's Mr. Popescu. Very great pleasure to see you here, Mr. Popescu. As you know, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Popescu is a very great supporter of one of our medical charities.

POPESCU: Are you a slow writer, Mr. Martins?

MARTINS: Not when I get interested.

POPESCU: I'd say you are doing something pretty dangerous this time.

MARTINS: Yes?

POPESCU: Mixing fact and fiction.

MARTINS: Should I make it all fact?

POPESCU: Why no, Mr. Martins. I'd say stick to fiction. Straight fiction.

MARTINS: I'm too far along with the book, Mr. Popescu.

POPESCU: Haven't you ever scrapped a book, Mr. Martins?

MARTINS: Never.

POPESCU: Pity.

CRABBIN: Ladies and gentlemen, if there are no more questions for Mr. Martins, I think I can call the meeting officially closed.

POPESCU: Loos!

(Popescu's men chase Martins through the building, then through the streets of Vienna. Martins goes to see Calloway.)

CALLOWAY: I told you to go away, Martins. This isn't Santa Fe, I'm not a sheriff, and you aren't a cowboy. You have been blundering around with the worst bunch of racketeers in Vienna, your precious Harry's friends, and now you're wanted for murder.

MARTINS: Put in drunk and disorderly, too.

CALLOWAY: I have. What's the matter with your hand?

MARTINS: A parrot bit me.

CALLOWAY: Oh, stop behaving like a fool, Martins.

MARTINS: I'm only a little fool. I'm an amateur at it, you're the professional. You've been shaking your cap and bells all over town.

CALLOWAY: Paine, get me the Harry Lime file, and Mr. Martins a large whiskey.

MARTINS: I don't need your drinks, Calloway.

CALLOWAY: You will. I don't want another murder in this case, and you were born to be murdered. So you're going to hear the facts.

MARTINS: You haven't told me a single one yet.

CALLOWAY: Have you ever heard of penicillin?

MARTINS: Well?

CALLOWAY: In Vienna there hasn't been enough penicillin to go round. So a nice trade started here. Stealing penicillin from the military hospitals, diluting it to make it go further and selling it to patients. Do you see what that means?

MARTINS: Are you too busy chasing a few tubes of penicillin to investigate a murder?

CALLOWAY: These were murders. Men with gangrene legs, women in childbirth, and there were children, too. They used some of this diluted penicillin against meningitis. The lucky children died. The unlucky ones went off their heads. You can see them now in the mental ward.

That is the racket Harry Lime organized.

MARTINS: Calloway, you haven't shown me one shred of evidence.

CALLOWAY: We're just coming to that. Paine, the magic lantern show.

PAINE: Very good, sir.

CALLOWAY: You know, Paine's one of your most devoted readers. He's promised to lend me one of your books. Which one is it, Paine?

PAINE: "The Lone Rider of Santa Fe", sir.

CALLOWAY: That's right, "The Lone Rider of Santa Fe"

PAINE: I'd like to visit Texas one day, sir.

MARTINS: Come on, show me what you've got to show.

CALLOWAY: All right, Paine?

PAINE: Yes, sir.

CALLOWAY: Paine, Paine, Paine...

PAINE: I got them muddled. This is the new lot that's just come in from Mr. Crabbin.

CALLOWAY: You see this man here, a fellow called Harbin, medical orderly at the general hospital. He worked for Lime and helped to steal the stuff from the laboratories. We forced him to give information to us which led us as far as Kurtz and Lime. But we didn't arrest them, as our evidence wasn't complete and it might have spoiled our chances of getting the others....

Next, Paine.

MARTINS: I would like a word with this orderly Harbin.

CALLOWAY: So would I.

MARTINS: Bring him in.

CALLOWAY: I can't. He disappeared a week ago.

MARTINS: It's more like a mortuary than police headquarters.

CALLOWAY: We have better witnesses. Look here....

MARTINS: How could he have done it?

CALLOWAY: Seventy pounds a tube. Go back to the hotel. And do keep out of trouble. I'll try and fix things with the Austrian police. You'll be all right in the hotel, but I can't be responsible for you in the streets.

MARTINS: I'm not asking you to.

CALLOWAY: I'm sorry, Martins.

MARTINS: I'm sorry too. Still got that airplane ticket on you?

CALLOWAY: We'll send one across to your hotel in the morning.

MARTINS: Thank you. Excuse me.

CALLOWAY: Get me Austrian police headquarters.

RUSSIAN: Can I have that woman's passport? You know, the Anna Schmidt one.

CALLOWAY: Oh, we're not going to pick her up for that, are we?

RUSSIAN: What can we do? We have our instructions. Thank you.

(At Anna's apartment building.)

ANNA: Wer ist da?

MARTINS: Me. Hullo.

ANNA: What is it? What's happened to you?



MARTINS: I just came to see you.

ANNA: Come in. I thought you were going to go away. Aren't the police after you?

MARTINS: I don't know.

ANNA: You're drunk, aren't you?

MARTINS: A bit. Sorry. But I did want to say good bye before I pushed off. I'm going back home.

ANNA: Why?

MARTINS: It's what you've always wanted. All of you. Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty...

Don't you want to play, kitty? Sleepy kitty? Not very sociable, is he?

ANNA: No. He only like Harry. What made you decide so suddenly?

MARTINS: I brought you these. They got a little wet.

ANNA: What happened to your hand?

MARTINS: A parrot....let it go.

ANNA: Have you seen Calloway?

MARTINS: Can you imagine a parrot nipping a man?

ANNA: Have you?

MARTINS: Oh, I've been saying good bye all over, you know.

ANNA: He told you, didn't he?

MARTINS: Told me?

ANNA: About Harry.

MARTINS: You know?

ANNA: I've seen Major Calloway today. He's better dead. I knew he was mixed up, but not like that.

MARTINS: I knew him for twenty years, at least I thought I knew him. I suppose he was laughing at fools like us all the time.

ANNA: He liked to laugh.

MARTINS: Seventy pounds a tube. He wanted me to write for his great medical charity.

ANNA: I'll put these in water.

MARTINS: Perhaps I could have raised the price to eighty pounds for him.

ANNA: Oh, please, for heaven's sake, stop making him in your own image. Harry was real.

He wasn't just your friend and my lover. He was Harry.

MARTINS: Well, don't preach wisdom to me. You talk about him as if he had occasional bad manners. I know, I'm just a hack writer who drinks too much and falls in love with girls. You...

ANNA: Me?

MARTINS: Don't be such a fool, of course.

ANNA: If you'd rung me up and asked me if you were fair or dark, or had a mustache, I wouldn't have known.

MARTINS: I'm leaving Vienna. I don't care whether Harry was murdered by Kurtz or Popescu or a third man. Whoever killed him, there was some sort of justice. Maybe I'd have killed him myself.

ANNA: A person doesn't change because you find out more.

MARTINS: Look, I've got a splitting headache and you just stand there and just talk, and talk and talk... I hate it. First time I ever saw you laugh. Do it again.

ANNA: There isn't enough for two laughs.

MARTINS: I make comic faces and stand on my head and grin at you between my legs, and tell all sorts of jokes. I wouldn't stand a chance, would I? All right, you did tell me I had to find

myself a girl...

(Out on the street in front of Anna's apartment building.)

MARTINS: What kind of a spy do you think you are, satchel foot? What are you tailing me for? Cat got your tongue? Come on out! Come out, come out wherever you are! Step out into the light. Let's have a look at you.

WOMAN: (in German) Was ist den da los? Was bilden sie sich ein sind sie teppert. so, wei kommen sie einenkrowall zu machen!

MARTINS: Harry!

WOMAN: Wie kommen sie einen krowell zu machen.

MARTINS: Harry!

(In plaza, in front of a kiosk with Calloway.)

MARTINS: I followed his shadow until suddenly...  
CALLOWAY: Well?  
MARTINS: This is where he vanished?  
CALLOWAY: I see.  
MARTINS: Suppose you don't believe me.  
CALLOWAY: No.  
MARTINS: Look, I tell you, you don't think I'm blind, do you?  
CALLOWAY: Yes. Where were you when you saw him last?  
MARTINS: Fifty yards right down there.  
CALLOWAY: Which side of the road?  
MARTINS: I was on that side, the shadow was on that side, and no turnings on either side.  
CALLOWAY: How about the doorway?  
MARTINS: I tell you I heard him running ahead of me.  
CALLOWAY: Yes, yes, yes, and then he vanished out there, I suppose, with a puff of smoke and like a clap of.... It wasn't the German gin.  
MARTINS: What's this? Where are we?  
PAINE: It's the main sewer, runs right into the Blue Danube. Smells sweet, doesn't it?  
CALLOWAY: We should have dug deeper than a grave.

(At the cemetery.)

OFFICIAL: So jetzt bringen wir den sarg heraus.  
CALLOWAY: Auf machen.  
OFFICIAL: You knew him, Major?  
CALLOWAY: Hm, yes, yes. Joseph Harbin...medical orderly at the general hospital. He used to work for Harry Lime.  
MARTINS: Joseph Harbin?  
CALLOWAY: Yes, he's the man I told you was missing. Next time we'll have a foolproof coffin.

(At Anna's apartment building).

LANDLADY: (in German) Sie kommen doch nicht alleine da harauf gahen warten wie doch bis ich nachkornen ich cann ja nicht so rennen. Schlicselich ist das aach eine austan dige naus and keine kasorpe.  
ANNA: We is da?  
POLICE: International politzei...  
RUSSIAN: Fraulein Schmidt?  
ANNA: Ja, was wollen sie?  
RUSSIAN: Sie müssen mit uns kommen.  
ANNA: Warum?  
RUSSIAN: Ist das irhe pass?  
ANNA: Ja  
RUSSIAN: Bitte siechen sie sick an...  
LANDLADY: Was ist donn nun weider les. Wird das so weiter gehen? Kommen sie jetzt jeden tag zu uns? Was machen, denn die dadringen. Kommen sie nicht rader ja nichten nichten nichten. Das kennen jeder. Rade sollen sie kommen sie nicht deutch? Die sprechen hatten sie schon langst larnnen kommen. Large genug sind sie jat heir, jetzt geht er. Was glotzen sie mich an? Habon sie nach nie einen turkey geschen?  
ANNA: Where are you taking me?  
POLICE: International Police Headquarters, just to check up.  
LANDLADY: Haben sie denn garne in shame.  
ANNA: Aber regen sie sich nicht auf.  
LANDLADY: Un glaublich!  
RUSSIAN: Ist gut! Ist gut. Bernigen sie sich sind sie fertig fraulein.  
SOLDIER: I'm sorry, miss, it's orders. We can't go against the Protocol.  
ANNA: I don't even know what the protocol means.  
SOLDIER: Neither do I, miss.  
FRENCH SOLDIER: Mademoiselle, your lipstick.  
MARTINS: Anna, what's happened to you?

POLICE: All right. All right. Keep out of this.  
MARTINS: Listen, I've got to talk to you. I've just seen a dead man walk.  
POLICE: All right, chum. Get back.  
MARTINS: I saw him buried.  
POLICE: Cut it out.  
MARTINS: And now I've seen him alive  
CALLOWAY: Just a minute. Bring her in here. You stay out here. Come in, Miss Schmidt.  
Now, then, Miss Schmidt, I'm not interested in your forged papers - that's purely a Russian case.  
When did you last see Lime?  
ANNA: Two weeks ago.  
CALLOWAY: I want the truth, Miss Schmidt. We know he's alive.  
ANNA: It's true then?  
CALLOWAY: Joseph Harbin's body was found in the coffin.  
ANNA: What did you say? I'm sorry....  
CALLOWAY: I said, another man was buried in his place.  
ANNA: Where's Harry?  
CALLOWAY: That's what we want to find out.  
ANNA: I'm sorry, I don't seem to be able to understand anything you say. He's alive now this minute - he's doing something.  
CALLOWAY: Miss Schmidt, we know he is somewhere across the canal in the Russian sector. You may as well help us. In a few minutes Colonel Brodsky will be questioning you about your papers. Tell me where Lime is.  
ANNA: I don't know.  
CALLOWAY: If you help me, I am prepared to help you.  
ANNA: Martins always said you were a fool.  
CALLOWAY: Vienna is a closed city, Miss Schmidt, he can't get away.  
ANNA: Poor Harry, I wish he was dead, he would be safe from all of you then.

(Martins in front of Kurtz's house in the Russian sector.)  
KURTZ: Why that's you! Come up! Winkel, look who's here!  
MARTINS: I want to speak to you, Kurtz.  
KURTZ: Of course...come up.  
MARTINS: I'll wait here.  
KURTZ: I don't understand.  
MARTINS: I want to talk to Harry.  
KURTZ: Are you mad?  
MARTINS: All right, I'm mad. I've seen a ghost. You tell Harry I want to see him.  
KURTZ: Be reasonable. Come up and talk.  
MARTINS: No, thank you. I like the open. Tell him I'll wait by that wheel there. Or do ghosts only ride by night, Dr. Winkel? Got an opinion on that?  
HARRY: Hello, old man. How are you?  
MARTINS: Hello, Harry.  
HARRY: Well, well, they seem to've been giving you quite some busy time.  
MARTINS: Listen...  
HARRY: Yes.  
MARTINS: I want to talk to you.  
HARRY: Talk to me? Of course, come on. Kids used to ride this thing a lot in the old days. They haven't got the money nowadays, poor little devils.  
GIRL: Zwei steck.  
HARRY: Geht in ordnung.  
GIRL: Vielen danke.  
MARTINS: Listen, Harry - I didn't believe that...  
HARRY: It's good to see you, Holly.  
MARTINS: I was at your funeral.  
HARRY: It was pretty smart, wasn't it? Oh, the same old indigestion, Holly. These are the only things that help - these tablets. These are the last. Can't get them anywhere in Europe any more.  
MARTINS: Do you know what's happened to your girl? She's been arrested.

HARRY: Tough, tough. Don't worry, old man. They won't hurt her.

MARTINS: They are handing her over to the Russians.

HARRY: What can I do, old man, I'm dead aren't?

MARTINS: You can help her.

HARRY: Holly, exactly who did you tell about me, hm?

MARTINS: I told the police.

HARRY: Unwise, Holly...

MARTINS: ...and Anna...

HARRY: Did the police believe you?

MARTINS: You don't care anything at all about Anna, do you?

HARRY: Well, I've got quite a lot on my mind.

MARTINS: You wouldn't do anything.

HARRY: What do you want me to do?

MARTINS: You can get somebody else..

HARRY: Do you expect me to give myself up?

MARTINS: Why not?

HARRY: "It's a far better thing that I do..." Holly, you and I aren't heroes, the world doesn't make any heroes..

MARTINS: You've got plenty of contacts.

HARRY: Outside of our stories. I've got to be careful. I'm only safe in the Russian Zone. I'm safe as long as they can use me.

MARTINS: As long as they can use you?

HARRY: I wish I could get rid of this thing.

MARTINS: Oh, so that's how they found out about Anna. You told them, didn't you?

HARRY: Don't try to be a policeman, old man.

MARTINS: What did you expect me to be, part of your...

HARRY: Part? You can have any part you want, so long as you don't interfere. I have never cut you out of anything yet.

MARTINS: I remember when they raided the gambling joint. You knew a safe way out.

HARRY: Sure.

MARTINS: Yes, safe for you, not safe for me.

HARRY: Old man, you never should have gone to the police. You know you ought to leave this thing alone.

MARTINS: Have you ever seen any of your victims?

HARRY: You know, I don't ever feel comfortable on these sort of things. Victims? Don't be melodramatic. Look down there. Would you feel any pity if one of those dots stopped moving forever? If I offered you 20,000 pounds for every dot that stopped moving, would you really, old man, tell me to keep my money? Or would you calculate how many dots you could afford to spare? Free of income tax, old man. Free of income tax. It's the only way to save money nowadays.

MARTINS: A lot of good your money will do you in jail.

HARRY: That jail is in another zone. There's no proof against me, besides you.

MARTINS: I should be pretty easy to get rid of.

HARRY: Pretty easy.

MARTINS: I wouldn't be too sure.

HARRY: I carry a gun. I don't think they'd look for a bullet would after you'd hit that ground.

MARTINS: They have dug up your coffin.

HARRY: And found Harbin? Hmm, pity. Oh, Holly, what fools we are, talking to each other this way. As though I would do anything to you, or you to me. You're just a little mixed up about things in general. Nobody thinks in terms of human beings. Governments don't, so why should we? They talk about the people and the proletariat. I talk about the suckers and the mugs.

It's the same thing. They have their five year plans, and so have I.

MARTINS: You used to believe in God.

HARRY: I still do believe in God, old man. I believe in God and Mercy and all that. The dead are happier dead. They don't miss much here, poor devils. What do you believe in? Well, if you ever get Anna out of this mess, be kind to her. You'll find she's worth it. I wish I had asked

you to bring me some of these tablets from home. Holly, I would like to cut you in, old man. Nobody left in Vienna I can really trust, and we have always done everything together. When you make up your mind, send me a message. I'll meet you any place, any time. And when we do meet, old man, it's you I want to see, not the police. Remember that, won't you? Don't be so gloomy. After all, it's not that awful. Remember what the fellow said. In Italy, for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love. They had five hundred years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock. So long. Holly.

(At police headquarters.)

CALLOWAY: Look here, Martins. You can always arrange to meet him at some cafe here in the international zone.

MARTINS: It wouldn't work.

CALLOWAY: We'll never get him in the Russian zone.

MARTINS: Calloway, you expect too much. I know he deserves to hang, you proved your stuff. But twenty years is a long time. Don't ask me to tie the rope.

CALLOWAY: OK, forget it.

BRODSKY: Busy, Major?

CALLOWAY: What is it, Brodsky?

BRODSKY: We have identified the girl. Her is her report.

CALLOWAY: I've questioned her. We've got nothing against her.

BRODSKY: We shall apply for her at the Four Power meeting tomorrow. She has no right to be here.

CALLOWAY: I've asked your people to help with Lime.

BRODSKY: That's a different case. It's being looked into. So long, Major.

CALLOWAY: In the last war, a General would hang his opponent's picture on the wall. He got to know him that way. I think this would have worked with your help.

MARTINS: What price would you pay?

CALLOWAY: Name it.

(At the railway station.)

PAINE: Here we are. You'll be all right here, Miss.

ANNA: I don't understand Major Calloway.

PAINE: I expect he has a soft spot for you, miss.

ANNA: Why has he done all this?

PAINE: Don't you worry, miss. You're well out of things. There you are, miss.

ANNA: Thank you, you have been so kind.

PAINE: Well, I'll be saying good night. Good night, miss.

ANNA: Good bye.

(Anna sees Martins waiting around the station cafe.)

ANNA: Are you going, too?

MARTINS: Oh.

ANNA: What are you doing here?

MARTINS: I wanted to see you off.

ANNA: See me off? From here?

MARTINS: Oh, I watched you on the train. No harm in that, is there?

ANNA: How did you know I would be here?

MARTINS: I heard something about it at police headquarters.

ANNA: Have you been seeing Major Calloway again?

MARTINS: Of course not. I don't live in his pocket.

ANNA: Harry, what is it?

MARTINS: For heaven's sake, stop calling me Harry.

ANNA: I'm sorry.

MARTINS: Let's go.

ANNA: What is on your mind? Why did you hide?

MARTINS: Hide? Can't a fellow have a drink? Here, it will be cold on that train.

ANNA: I shall be all right.

MARTINS: You send me a wire as soon as you arrive.

ANNA: What is going to happen? Where is Harry?

MARTINS: He's safe in the Russian zone.

ANNA: How do you know?

MARTINS: I saw him today.

ANNA: How is he?

MARTINS: He can look after himself, don't worry.

ANNA: Did he say anything about me? Tell me.

MARTINS: Oh, the usual things.

ANNA: There's something wrong. Did you tell Calloway about meeting Harry?

MARTINS: Of course I didn't tell Calloway.

ANNA: Why should he help me like that? The Russians will only make trouble for him.

MARTINS: That's his headache.

ANNA: His.

MARTINS: Oh, well.

ANNA: Why are you lying?

MARTINS: We're getting you out of here, aren't we?

ANNA: I'm not going.

MARTINS: You...Anna, don't you recognize a good turn when you see one?

ANNA: You have seen Calloway. What are you two doing?

MARTINS: Well, they asked me to help take him, and I'm helping.

ANNA: Poor Harry.

MARTINS: Poor Harry? Poor Harry! Wouldn't even lift a finger to help you.

ANNA: Oh, you've got your precious honesty and don't want anything else.

MARTINS: You still want him.

ANNA: I don't want him any more. I don't want to see him or hear him, but he is still part of me.

That's a fact. I couldn't do a thing to harm him.

MARTINS: Oh, Anna, why do we always have to quarrel?

ANNA: If you want to sell your service, I'm not willing to be the price. I loved him. You loved

him. What good have we done him? Look at yourself. They have names for faces like that.

(Back at police headquarters.)

MARTINS: Calloway!

CALLOWAY: Oh, there you are. Come in here, there isn't much time.

MARTINS: I want to get a plane out of here tonight.

CALLOWAY: So she talked you out of it.

MARTINS: She gave me these.

CALLOWAY: A girl of spirit.

MARTINS: She's right. It's none of my business.

CALLOWAY: It won't make any difference in the long run. I'll get him.

MARTINS: I won't have helped.

CALLOWAY: That will be a fine boast to make. Well, I always wanted you to catch that plane, didn't I?

MARTINS: You all did.

CALLOWAY: I'd better see if there's someone still at the terminus. You may need a priority. Do you mind if I drop off somewhere on the way? I've got an appointment, won't take five minutes.

MARTINS: Of course.

CALLOWAY: Why don't you come in, too. You're a writer. Might interest you. This is the biggest children's hospital in Vienna. All the kids in here are the result of Lime's penicillin

racket. It had meningitis. They gave it some of Lime's penicillin. Terribly pity, isn't it? (back in the jeep.) Paine lent me one of your books, "Oklahoma Kid" I think it was. Read a bit

of it. Think it's pretty good. What made you take up this sort of thing? Been doing it for long?

MARTINS: All right, Calloway. You win.

CALLOWAY: I never knew there were snake charmers in Texas.

MARTINS: I said, you win.

CALLOWAY: Win what?

MARTINS: I'll be your dumb decoy duck.

(Hiding out on the street, watching the cafe where Holly is going to meet Harry.)

POLICEMAN: Pssst!

CALLOWAY: Paine!

PAINE: Look, sir!

(Anna enters the cafe.)

ANNA: How much longer are you going to sit here?

PAINE: Shall I go over there, sir?

CALLOWAY: No, no. Leave them for awhile.

BALLOON MAN: (in German) Wollen sie have balloon?

CALLOWAY: Nein, danke.

BALLOON MAN: Balloons?

CALLOWAY: Vyter gehen fair schtanzel nicht?

PAINE: Gehen sie weiter go on, scarper!

BALLOON MAN: Balloon, mein herr?

CALLOWAY: Gehen sie weiter, bitte.

PAINE: Nur einen. Come on schnell, schnell. All right. Only one. Scarper!

MARTINS: You should have gone. How did you know I was here anyway?

ANNA: From Kurtz. They have just been arrested. But Harry won't come, he's not a fool.

CALLOWAY: Yes, Paine. Slip over there. See what she is up to.

PAINE: Right, sir.

ANNA: You can't tell me you're doing all this for nothing. What is your price this time?

Honest, sensible, sober, harmless Holly Martins. Holly, what a silly name! You must be very proud to be a police informer. Harry! Get away! The police are outside. Quick!

HARRY: Anna!

PAINE: Sir! The back! The back!

(Down in the Vienna sewer system, where Harry is trying to escape.)

CALLOWAY: Martins, get back!

POLICEMEN: Los! Halt! Stehen bleiben oder ich schisse. Bleib hier ich lauf hinunter. Hier ist nichts los toter...gang gehen richtung stadtpark. Licht! Halt - stehen - bleiben oder wir schissen! Halt - stehen - bleibenn oder wir schisson!

MARTINS: Harry!

HARRY: Is that you?

MARTINS: You're through, Harry. Come out! You haven't got a chance this way.

HARRY: What do you want?

MARTINS: You might as well give up.

PAINE: Mr. Martins, sir, get back! Get back! Keep back, sir, come back! Hurry, come back, sir!

CALLOWAY: Martins! Be careful, Martins! Don't take any chances! If you see him, shoot!

(At Harry's second funeral.)

PRIEST (in German) Herr gib ihnen die weige ruh und das weige licht leutche ihnen. Herr lass sie ruhen in frieden. Amen. In namen des vaters des sohnes und des heiligen geistes, Amen.

CALLOWAY: What time is it?

MARTINS: Two thirty.

CALLOWAY: I'll have to step on it, if you're going to catch that plane.

MARTINS: Calloway, can't you do something about Anna?

CALLOWAY: I'll do what I can, if she'll let me.

MARTINS: Wait a minute. Let me out.

CALLOWAY: Well, there's not much time.

MARTINS: One can't just leave. Please.

CALLOWAY: Be sensible, Martins.

MARTINS: I haven't got a sensible name, Calloway.

THE END