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RESTLESS

Part 2

By William Boyd

Pink Revisions (25 / 6 / 12)

Yellow Revisions (30/ 7 / 12)

1 SCENE CUT 1

2 SCENE CUT 2

3 SCENE CUT 3

4 SCENE CUT 4

5 SCENE CUT 5

6 SCENE CUT 6

7 INT MASON HARDING'S OFFICE DAY 7

CLOSE -- EVA'S FACE -- concentrating. Mute. FADE UP the sound of a MAN talking. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are in --

A grander office. A stars and Stripes on a pole behind the desk. Pictures on the wall, a wide leather-topped desk, another view of D.C. through the window.

Behind the desk sits MASON HARDING -- a plump but handsome man (mid 30s) in a seersucker suit and a bow tie. Very Ivy League. A sign on his desk tells us his name. Also a family photo in a silver frame. Wife and two young kids. A HAND-MADE CARD. Childish writing; "Hapy Berthdy, Daddy".

Eva, we now see, is sitting opposite him, note book and pen in hand.

She crosses her legs. Tugs down the hem of her skirt.

Harding is trying to concentrate on her questions but it's clear he finds her incredibly alluring.

HARDING

-- It's a fair point, Miss Dalton, but I can assure you the Department of Commerce's concern over matters in Latin America is not diminished -- not one jot, not one iota -- by what's happening in Europe -- what's your press agency called?

EVA

Transoceanic.

HARDING

Can't say I've heard of it.

EVA

I'm not surprised -- we only deal
with Latin and South America.

(smiles)

Hence the thrust of my questions.

They look at each other. Eva smiles.

EVA

I don't know DC. Is there a
restaurant you'd recommend?

HARDING

(not concentrating)

What?... Yeah... Say, why don't
we carry on this delightful
conversation over a cocktail? I
can give you the names of a few
nice places to visit.

7A LADIES' WAITING ROOM, GENTLEMAN'S CLUB DAY 7A

Ruth waiting in a meagrely furnished room. Every expense
spared. A few chairs pushed back against the walls. A parched
spider-plant on the mantelpiece. Dog-eared magazines on a
coffee table. A room for second-class citizens

Ruth is tense. She stands, paces around. Takes a pack of
cigarettes out of her bag, puts them back.

She sits, smooths her skirt, glances at her watch. Waits.

8 INT COCKTAIL BAR WASHINGTON D.C. NIGHT 8

A dark, exclusive bar. Soft jazz plays. Harding is getting
drunk, enjoying himself.

EVA

-- No, but look at it this way,
Mr Harding --

HARDING

-- Mason, please --

EVA

-- Mason. A lot of these South
American countries --

HARDING

-- You have to understand, Eve,
that my boss, Harry Hopkins, and
the President are like that --
(he crosses his fingers)
But Hopkins is ill. He has
cancer. He's had half his stomach
taken out.

(MORE)

HARDING (cont'd)
Nobody talks to him at the
moment. I'm afraid you're stuck
with me --

He reaches for her hand. Eva removes it.

EVA
-- Just a few facts, Mason. So:
you're a married man with two
young children --

HARDING
-- Waiter? Sir!
(to Eva)
Same again?

TIME CUT -- Harding is being more expansive and indiscreet.
Jacket off, voice ever-so-slightly slurred.

HARDING
-- Look, don't get me wrong. We
love England. FDR loves England.
Hopkins loves England. If it was
up to us we'd be there -- you
know -- fighting the Nazis with
you, shoulder to shoulder. Mano a
mano. But we can't go to war
without a vote in Congress... And
we'd never, never win... Nope.
Not by a country mile. Eighty
percent of Americans are against
entering the war in Europe.
Eighty percent. Eight out of ten
Americans want nothing to do with
your war. So... Something's got
to change. People's minds have
got to change. Something's got to
happen to make this country want
to join you in your war...
(smiles)
One for the road?

9 INT COCKTAIL BAR LOBBY/ ROMER'S OFFICE NIGHT 9

A glassed-in PHONE BOX. Eva is on the phone to Romer in
New York. WE CROSSCUT --

EVA
-- Yes, I suppose you could say I
struck "gold". He wants to
continue the interview tomorrow --

CUT TO -- Romer -- at his paper-strewn desk in a pool of
light cast by his desk lamp. He's pleased.

ROMER
Good. Take it to the next stage.

EVA
What do you mean?

ROMER
Be extra friendly.

EVA
Right...

ROMER
I'll be down on Friday. Set it
all up.

EVA
See you then...
(beat, voice softens)
I miss you, Lucas. I wish you
were here with me, just us two...

ROMER
(not responding)
You're doing good work. See you
Friday.

He hangs up. Eva hangs up. Thoughtful.

10 INT EVA'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT 10

Eva comes in. Switches on the light. Drops her bag on the floor. Sits on the bed. Allows herself to fall back, staring at the ceiling -- a bit overwhelmed.

11 SCENE CUT 11

12 INT MASON HARDING'S CAR DUSK 12

Harding has pulled up outside her hotel. We can see "London Hall Hotel" on an awning.

EVA
Well -- thank you for a great
day. I feel I know the city now.

HARDING
Damn -- I wanted to take you to
Arlington. Maybe tomorrow?

EVA
I have to get back to New York.
Sorry --

HARDING
(leans towards her)
-- It's the weekend -- stay the
weekend. I'd like you to stay --

He tries to kiss her. She pushes him off.

EVA

Mason -- please --

HARDING

Come on, Eve, you know what I feel -- I find you incredibly attractive. Irresistibly --

EVA

-- I'm sure your wife's very attractive, also --

HARDING

-- Look, we're not kids. My personal situation has nothing to do with this... I've got to go to Baltimore tomorrow. The Allegany Hotel. Meet me there at six --

EVA

-- This is all wrong --

HARDING

-- I was talking to Harry Hopkins today. He's feeling a bit stronger. Maybe we can fix that interview, after all...

EVA

(beat, looks at him)
The Allegany Hotel, Baltimore.

HARDING

Six o'clock.

Eva gets out of the car.

13 INT EVA'S HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

13

Eva comes into her room. Locks the door. Switches on the light. She gasps --

ROMER IS THERE -- standing in the corner.

ROMER

How did it go?

EVA

He wants me to meet him in a Baltimore Hotel, tomorrow evening.

ROMER

Perfect.

EVA

What do we need?

ROMER

Just a photograph. An
incriminating one.

He takes a quart bottle of whisky out of his pocket and sits down at the desk. Two tooth glasses are there. He adds some whisky.

Eva sits on the bed. She wants to kiss him but she knows she can't. She takes the glass he offers. Clink glasses. As intimate as they'll get, tonight. Romer is enthused.

ROMER

Well done. Really well done.
We're going to have somebody in
the Oval Office, thanks to you.
We'll know everything Roosevelt
is thinking.

EVA

(flatly)
I'm glad.

She takes a cigarette out of her bag and lights it.

EVA

I just have to sleep with Mason
Harding so that the British
Secret Service can know what
Roosevelt's thinking.

ROMER

You don't have to sleep with him.
Finesse it any way you like.

EVA

"Finesse" - nice word.

ROMER

People only betray their country
for three reasons -- revenge,
money and... blackmail...

(more softly)

You have to think of it as a job,
Eva. Keep your feelings out of
it. I shouldn't be telling you
this, but the pressure from
London is huge. Immense...

He tops up their glasses.

ROMER

...We have to get America into
this war. As simple as that.

(MORE)

ROMER (cont'd)

Churchill met Roosevelt three months ago. What's happened? Nothing. You know what the press is saying; "Where are the Yanks?" "What's keeping the USA?" We can't do it on our own. We have to get them in this war with us --

EVA

-- How will you feel about me in bed with Mason Harding? --

ROMER

(steely)

-- My feelings are completely irrelevant. Completely. I just want America in Europe.

EVA

(looks at him, deadpan)

I'll do my best.

Romer stands. Puts his glass down.

ROMER

See you in Baltimore.

He leaves. Eva stubs her cigarette out.

14 INT PALL MALL CLUB. LADIES WAITING ROOM. DAY 14

The door opens. Ruth jumps. It's the servant.

SERVANT

Lord Romer will see you in the Library.

He holds the door open. Ruth leaves.

15 INT PALL MALL CLUB. LIBRARY DAY 15

A grand, high ceilinged room. Enormous bookshelves rise to the ornate ceiling. Groups of leather armchairs. Empty. The door opens and Ruth comes in. She looks around.

At the far end in front of a window a man is standing, in silhouette. Ruth walks towards him. He keeps his back turned. [We'll recall Eva's first meeting with him]

At the last moment he wheels round. ROMER.

His handsome old face is alert, his eyes mobile. Missing nothing. Ruth smiles, winningly. Holds out her hand.

RUTH

How do you do?

16 INT CORRIDOR. ALLEGANY HOTEL, BALTIMORE NIGHT 16

Eva and Harding come out of the lift. Eva is in a cocktail dress. Harding is drunk. Arm around her shoulder, swaying. He stops suddenly -- looks serious. Points at Eva.

HARDING

Y'know -- someone told me I
should've had you checked out.

EVA

(a beat)
Really? --

HARDING

-- Yeah... Bad security...
(smiles)
A little late now...

He giggles to himself, leans back against the wall. Eva unlocks the door. Pushes Harding in. Before she goes in herself, she glances behind her. She closes the door. CLICK. It's locked behind her.

17 INT ALLEGANY HOTEL, ROOM NIGHT 17

Eva undressing slowly. Trying not to think about what's coming up.

Harding is hauling his clothes off, singing "If you were the only girl in the world".

Eva, down to her bra and panties.

HARDING (V.O.)

Come to Daddy, baby...

EVA'S FACE. She puts on a smile...

TIME CUT -- The room is DARK. Harding is naked under the sheets, asleep. Snoring gently. Eva is beside him, awake. She turns the bedside clock towards her.

CLOSE -- it's midnight.

She slides quietly out of bed -- she's wearing her slip -- and goes to the door. Unlocks it. Slides back into bed.

The door opens quietly. A shadowy figure of a MAN steps in. The light goes on.

Harding wakes, turns. Sits up. Blinks. Holds up an arm to screen himself.

HARDING

Hey! What the --

Eva sits up -- feigning shock -- sheet held to her breasts.

The PHOTOGRAPHER stands there. Camera poised. FLASH! A flashbulb pops.

HARDING
Jesus! What gives? --

The PHOTOGRAPHER raises a second camera hanging round his neck. FLASH! He walks out.

ON HARDING -- dazzled. Brain not working. Fuddled with drink. He looks across the room.

HARDING
Eve?...

Eva is already half dressed. Hauling on her clothes. She zips up her dress. Steps into her shoes.

Harding gets it. His face darkens. He's lost.

HARDING
You bitch. You fucking bitch --

Eva says nothing. She picks up her bag and walks out, slamming the door behind her -- the honeytrap sprung.

18 INT HOTEL CORRIDOR NIGHT 18

Eva closes the door. Leans against it. Closes her eyes. For a moment it looks like she might be sick. Hand to mouth, feeling dirty, smirched. She pulls herself together and strides off down the corridor.

DISSOLVE TO --

19 INT PALL MALL CLUB. LIBRARY DAY 19

Romer looks at Ruth intently as he shakes her hand.

RUTH
Lord Romer, thank you for seeing me. I'm Ruth Gilmartin.

ROMER
Do sit down.

She sits. Romer sits down carefully, opposite her.

He smiles at her. He's in total control. There's a slight hoarseness to his voice. Old man's polyps in his throat.

ROMER
Miss Gilmartin of the Times.

RUTH

The Telegraph.

ROMER

Of course. Who's your editor there? Toby Litton-Fry?

RUTH

No, I'm freelance --
(improvising)
Bobbie Von Arnim's my contact.

ROMER

Bobbie von Arnim, von Arnim...
Don't know him...

RUTH

World War Two specialist.

ROMER

Ah... That would explain it. May I offer you a cup of tea?

RUTH

I wouldn't mind an alcoholic drink -- if "ladies" are allowed such a thing.

ROMER

Oh, we're very broad minded here in Brydges'. Excellent idea. What'll it be?

RUTH

A whisky and soda.

ROMER

Be warned that all our measures are doubles in this club.

RUTH

How wise.

Romer stands slowly and pushes a bell on the wall. In a second the SERVANT is back.

ROMER

One whisky and soda, Henry. A tomato juice for me -- spicy.

SERVANT

Right away, sir.

He leaves. Romer sits down. Scrutinizes Ruth, still with his slight enigmatic smile.

ROMER

I've been looking forward to this meeting. At my age one feels wholly forgotten and then, all of a sudden, out of the blue, a newspaper rings up wanting an interview. Strange how that happens, isn't it? Bobbie von Arnim -- that's the name?

RUTH

Yes.

Romer takes out a little notebook and writes the name down.

ROMER

I'll give Toby a ring about him. I always like to know who's correcting the copy.

Ruth smiles, concealing her alarm. Luckily, Henry the servant arrives with the drinks on a tray. Sets them down.

ROMER

Remove the peanuts, Henry. Never serve peanuts with whisky -- never.

SERVANT

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

He leaves with the peanuts. Ruth raises her glass.

RUTH

Cheers.

ROMER

What was it you wanted to know?

Ruth takes a gulp of her drink and consults her notebook.

RUTH

I was wanting to ask you about the setting up of BSC -- British Security Co-ordination -- in New York and what they were doing in America in 1941.

Romer stiffens, ever so slightly.

ROMER

Why on earth would you want to know that?

RUTH

I thought I was meant to be asking the questions...

(MORE)

RUTH (cont'd)

There was subdivision of BSC
called AAS Ltd. Later
Transoceanic Press.

ROMER

Where did you get those names?

RUTH

Are you familiar with them?

ROMER

(unsmiling now)

How did you come by those names?

RUTH

It was in a printed source.

ROMER

Have you seen it?

Before she can answer there's a knock on the door and Henry comes in carrying a telephone.

SERVANT

Telephone call for you, your
lordship.

He plugs in the phone, leaves, and Romer picks up the receiver, turning away from Ruth.

ROMER

Yes?... No, I'm not concerned,
not remotely.

He hangs up. Turns back to Ruth with a smile.

ROMER

You were telling me why you're so
interested in BSC.

ROMER

My uncle worked for BSC -- in New
York. In 1941.

ROMER

Really? What was his name?

RUTH

(watching closely)

Morris Devereux.

ROMER

(thinks)

Devereux... No, didn't know him.

RUTH

But you admit you were part of
BSC.

She stares at him. Tilts her head, characteristically.
A little flicker of recognition in Romer's eyes.

ROMER
Remind me of your name, again?

RUTH
Ruth Gilmartin.

ROMER
(smiling)
Well, I admit nothing, Miss
Gilmartin...
(he stands)
Do you know -- sorry to be a bore
-- but I've decided not to
continue with this interview.

RUTH
May I ask why?

ROMER
Because I don't really believe a
word you've told me. I'll see
you out.

RUTH
(standing)
Don't worry, I can see myself
out.

ROMER
I'm afraid you're not allowed to.

He stands by the door and opens it. Meeting over.

20 INT PALL MALL CLUB CORRIDOR DAY 20

Ruth walking down the corridor, Romer beside her, smiling,
unperturbed -- showing her the door.

21 EXT PALL CLUB. PALL MALL DAY 21

Ruth and Romer appear on the steps.

ROMER
I assume you know your way home.

A BENTLEY pulls up at the kerb and a CHAUFFEUR gets out,
opens the door for Romer. Romer doesn't offer his hand.

ROMER
Goodbye, Miss Gilmartin.

RUTH

I'll still be writing my article.

ROMER

Of course you will. Just be watchful about the laws of libel. I've an excellent, rather ferocious lawyer. Member of this club, as it happens.

They look each other in the eye. Ruth isn't afraid.

RUTH

Is that a threat?

ROMER

It's a fact. Goodbye.

He goes carefully down the steps to his car.

Ruth turns, goes down the steps and heads off in the other direction.

Romer watches her go before getting into the Bentley. Closes the door. It pulls away.

22 INT PHONE BOX. LONDON DAY 22

Ruth on the phone to Sally. She lets it ring three times, hangs up and dials again. The SOUND of the ring tone. No reply. Ruth is puzzled, a bit worried. She hangs up.

23 CLOSE -- 23

A HAND HOLDING A GUN -- POINTING STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA -- a second later we will realize it's a child's hand holding a toy gun. PULL BACK --

JOCHEN STANDS IN A GARDEN pointing his gun at a bush.

JOCHEN

Don't move or I'll shoot! Come out whoever you are!

Jochen goes round the bush, pushing branches aside. Disappears.

PULLING BACK FURTHER we will realize we are --

24 EXT SALLY'S GARDEN. CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY 24

Sally and Ruth sit in deckchairs. They have mugs of coffee on a low folding table in front of them and Ruth is rolling a cigarette. She lights it. Ruth is in a bad mood. Jumpy.

RUTH

-- Where's Jochen? Jochen!
Jochen!

She stands -- suddenly nervous. Jochen reappears behind the bush.

RUTH

Don't leave the garden -- all right?

JOCHEN

OK, OK... I was just playing.

RUTH

(turning to Sally)
-- I mean where the hell were you? I was "reporting in" as per your instructions --

SALLY

-- I was busy --

RUTH

(sitting, Calming)
-- Imagine how I felt. You said "call" and you weren't there. I thought something might have happened --

SALLY

-- I apologize...
(bows her head)
So -- In any event, you found Lord Romer a cold fish...

RUTH

Well, not so much "cold" as very watchful. He was very suspicious of me. He asked me more questions than I asked him.

SALLY

(wry chuckle)
That's Lucas Romer all right.

RUTH

He certainly reacted to the name "Morris Devereux" -- that's when he effectively threw me out.

SALLY

Doesn't matter. The object of the exercise had been achieved. I thought you both looked a bit frosty when you said goodbye. No handshake, I noticed.

RUTH

(frowning)

Hang on. How do you --

SALLY

-- I followed him home --

RUTH

-- Followed?

SALLY

I was in my car outside. Followed his Bentley to Knightsbridge. Now I know where he lives: 8 Walton Crescent. We can meet him in his house now -- it'll be better than --

RUTH

(infuriated)

-- Bloody hell, Sal! You set me up! You just had me flush him out --

SALLY

-- I couldn't have done it without you. You were great. Perfect. If I'd told you the real plan you'd have been nervous and given it away...

Ruth looks at her mother shrewdly. Smiles wryly.

RUTH

You're the expert, I suppose.

SALLY

We make a great team. No, we do, seriously.

RUTH

Ha-ha...

Sally gestures for Ruth's cigarette. Ruth hands it over and Sally has a puff. She reflects.

SALLY

He'll think something's up. I know him. He'll be even more careful now, more watchful.

(MORE)

SALLY (cont'd)

That's why we have to speak to him in his home, when he's off his guard. Then he'll help -- or at least be more helpful, I'm sure... We have to get to him when he's not expecting us...

RUTH

He has to help you, doesn't he? I mean, after what you did...

DISSOLVE TO --

25

INT ROMER'S OFFICE. TRANSOCEANIC. 1941 NIGHT

25

Eva sits there, stiffly, unhappy. Romer is tuning the wireless on a shelf behind his desk. CRACKLE OF STATIC.

ROMER

You have to hear this...
You're just in time...

APPLAUSE. Then, ROOSEVELT'S VOICE on the wireless.

ROOSEVELT'S VOICE

...I have in my possession a secret map -- made in Germany by Hitler's government. It is a map of South America as Hitler proposes to reorganize it --

Romer glances at Eva. He's excited. She looks like she's about to speak. But he holds his finger to his lips. Shhh.

ROOSEVELT'S VOICE

-- The geographical experts of Berlin have divided South America into five vassal states... They have also arranged that one of these new puppet states includes the Republic of Panama and our great lifeline, the Panama Canal... This map, which came into our hands, makes clear the Nazi design not only against South America but against the United States as well..."

Romer, delighted, stands and clicks off the wireless.

ROMER

Fantastic. You should see that map -- "Argentinien", "Brasilien", "Neu Spanien" -- incredibly convincing --

EVA

-- What, you mean --

ROMER

-- Oh yes, it's ours. But the
FBI is very suspicious of us --
we have to be even more careful.

He sits down opposite her. He smiles at her, knowingly.

EVA

Don't worry. I've been well
trained.

Romer takes her hand. Voice softens.

ROMER

You did well in Washington, Eva,
very well --

EVA

(with bitterness)
-- Don't forget my wonderful
night in Baltimore.

ROMER

I missed you.

Eva looks at him. It's too much. Emotions well. She
crumbles. Hangs her head. Sobs. Romer gathers her in his
arms. Holds her to him. Soothes her. Mutters endearments.
She calms, slowly.

EVA

I'm sorry... It just wasn't...
very nice...

ROMER

I know, I know... That's why you
deserve a treat. A reward...

EVA

What do you mean?

ROMER

Head Office have asked us --
Transoceanic -- to do a job for
them. I thought you should have
it. Mason Harding is being
incredibly helpful. Very
forthcoming...

EVA

Good. I don't need a reward. I
was doing my job, like you said.

Romer kisses her. Smiles.

ROMER

I've got to go to London. I thought you might like some winter sunshine while I'm gone.

He goes over to his desk and comes over with a fat wad of dollars. Drops it in front of her.

EVA

What's that?

ROMER

Five thousand dollars. First you go to Albuquerque and pick up a package. Then you deliver the package and the money to another man. You'll be told where to go. Just a routine courier job.

EVA

Have I any choice?

ROMER

I thought it'd be a treat. But it's entirely up to you. If you don't feel like it Sylvia can go.

Eva picks up the brick of money. Thinks.

EVA

Who'll be running me?

ROMER

Morris, probably. I'll be in London --

EVA

-- Can I think about it?

ROMER

Take your time. Entirely up to you.

Eva looks at him. Love in her eyes. He smiles back.

ROMER

What is it?

EVA

I think I may be falling in love with you.

Romer laughs. Shakes his finger at her.

ROMER

That would be very dangerous. Talking of danger -- do you want a gun to take on your trip?

EVA

I thought you said it was a routine courier job.

ROMER

Just a suggestion --

EVA

-- Anyway -- why do I need a gun? Like you once said -- I've always got my nails and my teeth.

She makes her hands claws and bares her teeth. She growls. RAAAAARRRRRR!!!!

Romer laughs -- genuinely. He stares at her, fascinated.

ROMER

Eva Delektorskaya... Who would have thought?... Come on, we should go. It's late.

26

EXT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES NIGHT

26

Eva and Romer stand outside the office block on the sidewalk. A pool of light from a streetlamp.

ROMER

I'd like to kiss you, but --

EVA

-- The FBI might be watching.

ROMER

Goodnight, Eva. And thank you...

He gives her a warm look, turns and walks away.

EVA'S FACE -- watching him go. Eyes boring into his back. She mouths: "Turn around, turn around. Turn, turn."

ROMER -- walking away. He pauses. Turns. Gives her a wave.

EVA'S FACE -- she smiles. Happy. CUT TO --

27

INT RUTH'S FLAT. CAMBRIDGE NIGHT

27

Ruth is sitting reading Sally's typescript. Jochen is in bed. KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Ruth jumps. Then is cross with herself for being so jumpy.

She goes to the door and opens it.

A WOMAN POLICE CONSTABLE STANDS THERE. Another man behind her in a suit.

WPC

Miss Gilmartin? Miss Ruth
Gilmartin? --

RUTH

What's wrong? What's happened?

The MAN steps forward. He's young, 30s, dark, intense.

MAN

Nothing. Just a few questions.
(he flashes his card)
I'm detective sergeant Mason --

RUTH

(startled)
-- Mason?

MASON

Yes. May we come in? We won't
take much of your time.

A MINUTE LATER -- Ruth is sitting facing Mason and the
constable. Mason is looking at his notebook.

MASON

Karl-Heinz Kleist was your ex-
husband --

RUTH

-- We never married. We lived
together. We had a child. Then we
split up. What's this got to do
with Karl-Heinz?

MASON

The German police want to talk to
him. But he's not at his home
address.

RUTH

Perhaps he's on holiday.

MASON

Perhaps. Has he come to Cambridge
to see his son?

RUTH

How do you know our child's a
boy?

Mason holds up his notebook, smiles. He's smart. Ruth
senses this and is even more suspicious.

MASON

I have a few facts here.

RUTH

I haven't seen Karl-Heinz in over
two years.

Mason makes a note.

MASON

Any other family members he might
visit?

He looks at her coolly. Ruth looks back. This is what it's
all about. She stays impassive.

RUTH

No.

MASON

Nobody in the neighbourhood?
Relative, perhaps?

RUTH

No... Did somebody send you to
interview me?

MASON

No. Just an enquiry from the
Bundeskriminalamt in Berlin.

RUTH

The BKA... What do they want to
talk to him about?

MASON

Apparently it's to do with
contacts he has with the Baader-
Meinhoff group.

RUTH

You could arrest half the
intellectuals in Germany on those
grounds.

MASON

I'm just following up.

RUTH

Of course you are.

She stands. He stands. Hands her his card. Ruth is highly
suspicious. Mason smiles blandly.

MASON

Do give us a call if Herr Kleist
should pay you a visit.

RUTH
(taking card)
He won't come here. We're pretty
much estranged...

She walks them to the door. Mason looks casually around as he goes, checking out her flat. Noting the big poster.

MASON
Thank you so much, Miss
Gilmartin. Most helpful.

He and the WPC leave. Ruth closes the door. Almost trembling. Feeling sick. Eva's world come to visit her.

DISSOLVE TO --

28 EXT NEW MEXICO DAY 28

BLAZING SUN IN A WASHED-OUT BLUE SKY -

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to find a two lane tarmac road running through an empty landscape of desert scrub. A solitary CAR is barreling down the road. MOVE IN --

29 INT CAR DAY 29

Eva is at the wheel. Music playing on the radio. She's in a good mood, Happy. She turns down the music. She checks the rear-view mirror, Nothing. She slows.

Pulls in to the side of the road on the gravelled verge.

30 EXT NEW MEXICO ROADSIDE DAY 30

Eva gets out of the car with her bag and puts a straw hat on her head. The sun hammers down.

She's parked by a sign -- "ALBUQUERQUE - 20 MILES". She locks the car and begins to walk through the scrub to a small rocky hill.

31 EXT ROCKY HILL DAY 31

Eva sits in the shade cast by a rock -- binoculars held to her eyes. Scanning the road. Her car stands baking by the road sign. A CAR whizzes by. A TRUCK comes in the other direction.

She waits.

TIME CUT -- Eva has moved position to stay in the shadow of the rock. She lifts the binoculars as another car comes along the road. It passes hers. Then slows. Stops.

It reverses back to her car. Two men get out. They wear suits and pork-pie hats. They look into her car. Stare out into the desert.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- Eva swivels from one man to the next. Then to their car. Holds still on the number plate.

She writes the number down in her notebook.

The men get back into their car and drive away.

Eva stands. Picks up her bag and picks her way down to her car. Now someone is on her tail. She gets in, starts her car -- does a U-turn and heads back the way she came.

32 EXT ALBUQUERQUE HOTEL NIGHT 32

A modest hotel. A sign. "THE DUKE PLAZA HOTEL." There's a pay phone by the entrance. A DOORMAN in a shabby brown uniform smokes a cigarette. *

EVA sits in her parked car. *

Outside the hotel is a man, 40s, overweight, carrying a newspaper, his name is JACK. *
* *

EVA notices him, gets out her car and goes into the hotel. JACK follows her in. *
* *

33 INT ALBUQUERQUE HOTEL LOBBY / DINING ROOM NIGHT 33 *

EVA moves through the lobby and into the dining room. It's deserted. She sits down at a table. *
* *

Soon after Jack enters, spots Eva and comes over to her table. *

JACK *

Hi, glad to see you're looking so well.

EVA

I just had a two-week vacation.

JACK *

Go to the mountains?

EVA

I prefer the seaside.

The man sits down. He's wheezing a bit.

JACK *

You weren't here lunchtime.

EVA

Had to make a detour.

He puts the newspaper on the table. Fishes in his pockets for cigarettes. Takes out a pack and lights a cigarette.

JACK

Take the package to Las Cruces.
The Alamagordo Inn. A man called
Raul will contact you.

*

EVA

How long do I stay there?

JACK

Until Raul shows up. He'll tell
you exactly what to do.

*

Raises a hand.

JACK

Nice talking to you.

*

Eva stands, picks up the newspaper and leaves.

34 EXT DUKE PLAZA HOTEL NIGHT 34

Eva is sitting in her car. The FOLDED NEWSPAPER on the seat
beside her. Through the window, she watches JACK leave the
hotel, have a few words with the doorman and wander off.

*

Eva reaches for the newspaper and unfolds it. There's a
brown ENVELOPE inside. She switches on the overhead lamp.
She tears open the envelope and extracts a document. She
unfolds it. It's a map

CLOSE SHOT -- The map. It's a map of Mexico.

Across the top is the printed heading: LUFTVERKEHERSNETZ
VON MEXIKO. HAUPTLINEN.

We will see that Mexico has been divided into four states.
GAU 1, GAU 2 etc.

BLUE ARCED LINES indicate air-routes between cities --
Mexico City to Monterrey, Guadalajara to Chihuahua.

Two lines extend from Mexico City beyond the country. They
are marked "Für SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS" AND "Für MIAMI".

Eva studies the map with intense care. Turns it over, feels
the quality of the paper. Then she puts it back in the
envelope and gets out of the car.

35 EXT PAYPHONE BY HOTEL NIGHT / INT. TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES 35
NIGHT

Eva on the phone. She feeds in some quarters. The doorman
is not interested.

WE CROSSCUT with the TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES.

In the offices ANGUS WOOLF picks up the phone.

EVA

Hello Sage, Rosemary here.

ANGUS

(stiffens)

Hello, Rosemary. I'll get Sage for you. How's the party going?

EVA

Interesting. But my gift is disappointing.

ANGUS

I'll get the manager.

He signals Morris Devereux over. Covers the phone.

ANGUS

Rosemary says her gift is disappointing.

MORRIS

(taking phone)

Disappointing? --

EVA

-- Inferior material. There's a spelling mistake. The grammar is wrong also. Are you sure this is our product?

MORRIS

Yes. As far as I know.

EVA

Tell the boss and I'll call back tomorrow.

MORRIS

Where are you going?

EVA

A place called Las Cruces --

She makes a face. Damn. She wasn't thinking. She shouldn't have said the name.

EVA

And there were two uninvited guests at the party.

MORRIS

Any idea who?

EVA

Local boys, I'd guess.

MORRIS

Interesting -- but not unexpected. They're being very nose-y. We're all noticing the new shadows.

EVA

I lost them, anyway.

MORRIS

Good. Proceed with caution. I'll tell the boss.

EVA

All right.

She hangs up. Thinking.

36 EXT ROAD TO LAS CRUCES DAY 36

Eva's car motoring down the two lane blacktop to Las Cruces. Passes a sign: "LAS CRUCES 45 MILES".

Up ahead she sees a dirt track. As she reaches it, she suddenly swerves into it. Bumps out of sight.

37 EXT UNDERGROWTH NEAR ROAD DAY 37

In the shade of a stunted cottonwood tree Eva sits smoking a cigarette. She picks up her binoculars and scans the road whenever the odd car motors by. Nothing unusual. She stands. Heads back to her car.

38 EXT ROAD TO LAS CRUCES DAY 38

Eva's car pulls back onto the road from the track. Heads off for Las Cruces.

39 EXT LAS CRUCES NIGHT 39

Eva's car pulls up outside a small hotel. White peeling facade. Neon sign: THE ALAMAGORDO INN. It looks shabby.

She gets out of the car with her bag. Locks the car and goes in the main door.

40 INT LOBBY. ALAMAGORDO INN NIGHT 40

A DESK CLERK -- a young man with spots and a jacket too big for him -- sits at the reception desk flicking through a film magazine. A roof fan stirs the air. A yucca is dying in a sandy pot.

A sign above a leather sofa says "POSITIVELY NO LOITERING". The clerk closes his magazine as Eva approaches.

DESK CLERK

Evening, Mam. Can I help you?

EVA

I'd like a room. Three nights.
I'll pay in advance. Cash.

DESK CLERK

Twenty dollars, including tax.

She gives him the notes. He turns the ledger and she writes in it. He reaches under his desk for a key.

DESK CLERK

It's our best room...

(lowers voice)

Sure you want to stay here, Mam?
There's a new motel just out of
town. Much nicer.

EVA

This'll do fine. Has the room got
a phone?

DESK CLERK

Sure has.

41 INT EVA'S ROOM ALAMAGORDO INN/ TRANSOCEANIC NIGHT 41

A double bed. An Indian rug on a tiled floor.

Eva goes to the window. Moves the blind to one side.

WHAT SHE SEES -- Her car parked under a streetlight.

Then a small open topped RED SPORTS CAR pulls in. Stops. A MAN and a YOUNG WOMAN in a headscarf. They seem to be having an argument. It pulls away with a rip of exhaust.

She lets the blind fall back. Goes to the phone and dials.

WE CROSSCUT WITH TRANSOCEANIC and MORRIS

EVA

It's Rosemary.

MORRIS

Sage here. What's happening?

EVA

Is the boss there with you? I
thought I heard his voice.

MORRIS

The boss is away. I told you.

EVA

When did you speak to him last?

MORRIS

Last night. After you called.

EVA

What did he say?

MORRIS

He says it's up to you. It's your party. If you want to leave -- leave. Or if you want to change the music -- go ahead. He said, and I quote: "Trust your instincts."

Eva takes this in. A little smile.

EVA

"Trust your instincts"... You told him what I thought about the quality of our gift.

MORRIS

Yes. It's definitely our product. He checked -- so they must want it distributed.

EVA

I'll give it some thought. Bye.

She hangs up. Morris listens for a while, then hangs up himself. Thinking hard.

BACK WITH EVA. She goes to the window and with a finger moves the blind so she can see the main street outside.

WHAT SHE SEES -- The red sports car motors past. Only THE MAN at the wheel.

Eva lets the blind fall back in place. She walks back to the bed. Flings herself on it. Levers her shoes off with her feet. Thinking, thinking.

42

INT ALAMAGORDO INN. LOBBY DAY

42

Eva comes down the stairs from her room. The DESK CLERK beams at her.

DESK CLERK

Mornin', Mam.

EVA

That new motel you were talking
about. Where is it exactly?

43 EXT ROAD FROM LAS CRUCES DAY 43

Eva's car turns off the road following the directions of a sign. MESILLA MOTOR LODGE. TWO MILES.

44 EXT MESILLA MOTOR LODGE DAY 44

Small clapboard bungalows linked by wooden boardwalk pathways. Gravelled parking spaces for cars beside them.

Eva is following a YOUNG WOMAN RECEPTIONIST along the pathways. They pass some bungalows. Outside one there is a small red open-topped SPORTS CAR. Eva notices it. The receptionist opens the door to a bungalow.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sure you'll find this very comfortable. How long were you planning on staying?

EVA

Three days -- or so.

They go in.

45 INT BUNGALOW DAY 45

Everything looks fresh and newly painted. A bed with a bright blanket. A picture of a desert landscape. A wardrobe. The receptionist opens a connecting door.

RECEPTIONIST

-- And your bathroom is right here.

Eva stands by a writing desk. She looks down.

CLOSE: A small cactus in a pot. A writing set -- a blotter, paper, envelopes, three sharp pencils. Neatly laid out.

EVA

It's very nice. I'd like to pay in advance -- three nights.

RECEPTIONIST

Certainly. I'll be in the office.

She leaves, closes the door behind her.

Eva takes the envelope with the map and the five thousand dollars out of her bag. She opens the wardrobe. Looks at the possibilities. Reaches in and prizes away a panel of wood. She puts the map in and half the money. Pushes the panel back in place. She puts the rest of the money back in her bag, takes another look around and leaves.

46 INT ALAMAGORDO INN. LOBBY DAY 46

Eva walks in.

A TALL MAN with albino-white hair sits sprawled on the sofa. Their eyes meet. Eva approaches him.

TALL MAN

Hi. Glad to see you looking so well.

He stands. The desk clerk pretends not to be curious.

EVA

Thank you. I've just had a two-week vacation.

TALL MAN

Go to the mountains?

EVA

I prefer the seaside.

TALL MAN

I'm Raul...
(to desk clerk)
Hey, sonny. Can we get a drink here?

DESK CLERK

No. But there's a bar down the street.

TALL MAN

(to Eva)
I got to get a beer.

47 INT LAS CRUCES BAR NIGHT 47

Dark basic bar. Quite busy. Working MEN. A couple of GIRLS in heavy make-up who could be hookers. Music plays on a juke box.

Eva and Raul sit in a wooden booth to one side. Eva is very watchful. Raul necks his beer in a one-er.

RAUL

(belching quietly)
I was dying of thirst.
(MORE)

RAUL (cont'd)
Water doesn't work for me...
(looks at her)
You got something?

EVA
There's been a delay. A problem.

RAUL
Oh yeah?... Nobody told me
nothing.

EVA
I've got to come back next week.
They told me to give you this.

She hands him an envelope. He looks in it. His eyes widen -
- he wasn't expecting this.

RAUL
Wow.

EVA
Two thousand. Same next week
when I come back.

She glances round.

One of the GIRLS is dancing by the juke-box. She glances at
Eva from time to time. Or is she looking at Raul?

RAUL
I ain't complaining. See you next
week. When?

EVA
You'll be contacted.
(she stands)
Stay here for ten minutes, all
right? Buy another beer.

RAUL
Sure...
(holds up envelope)
Might buy myself a barrel.

Eva smiles, leaves. People look up as she walks by.

48 INT BUNGALOW. MESILLA MOTOR LODGE/TRANSOCEANIC EVENING 48 *

Eva at the writing desk, on the phone. We will NOTE the
writing set. The envelopes. The SHARP pencils. Eva has a
pencil in her hand, twiddling with it as she talks. Her
hair is up. Held in place with a couple of combs.

WE CROSSCUT with Morris in the Transoceanic office.

EVA

I'm not enjoying the party any more. I'm going to leave.

MORRIS

Fine. It's your call. Come on home. Any particular reason?

EVA

Things aren't adding up. Doesn't feel good. My cash payment wasn't expected. I wonder why.

MORRIS

Good point. Trust your instincts, the boss says.

EVA

I'll get a plane back from Dallas tomorrow.

MORRIS

See you later.

He hangs up, frowning. Is he annoyed-- or puzzled?

Eva puts the phone down. She steps outside.

49 EXT MESILLA MOTOR LODGE EVENING 49 *

Eva leaves the bungalow -- locking it -- and goes for a stroll -- checking out the other bungalows around hers.

She passes the bungalow with the RED SPORTS CAR. Music coming from inside. She passes another one.

An ELDERLY COUPLE unlock their front door and go in.

The little MEXICAN GIRLS play tag outside their bungalow.

Nothing could be more normal. We sense her begin to relax. As she turns and walks back. Takes her keys from her bag, unlocks her door and goes inside.

50 INT EVA'S BUNGALOW. MESILLA MOTOR LODGE NIGHT 50

Dark. Eva comes in. Shuts the door. Switches on the light. Jolts with alarm.

There's a MAN sitting on her bed. He has a snub-nosed revolver pointed at her. He's a THICK-SET MEXICAN -- 40s -- moustachioed. Wearing a greasy suit. Tie pulled away from his collar. He has dead eyes. A weary manner. He's done this many times before. He speaks with a Mexican accent.

MEXICAN

Move away from the door.

He flips the gun. Eva moves towards the writing desk.

EVA

What do you want?

MEXICAN

Where's the map?

EVA

(beat)

In the cupboard.

MEXICAN

Get it. And the money.

Eva goes to the cupboard -- retrieves the map and the rest of the money. She hands it to him. He puts the map in one jacket pocket. The money in the other.

MEXICAN

Take your clothes off.

EVA

I'm unarmed.

MEXICAN

Take your clothes off.

Eva takes her dress off. She's down to her bra and panties. She reaches behind her to unclip her bra.

MEXICAN

OK. Stop. Get dressed.

Eva gets dressed. The Mexican tips her bag on the floor. Nothing of interest.

EVA

What's happening?

MEXICAN

You're going to meet someone.

Eva backs towards the desk. The Mexican has his gun on her.

EVA

No. I'm not going anywhere.

MEXICAN

Sure you are.

He moves to the door and snaps off the light. Opens the door. He seems to give a wave to someone outside.

WE MAY BE AWARE THAT EVA HAS PICKED SOMETHING OFF THE DESK

MEXICAN

We'll go to my car. You're driving.

Eva adjusts her hair with both hands. Walks out of the bungalow, the Mexican right behind her, gun in her back.

51 INT/EXT THE MEXICAN'S CAR/DESERT NIGHT

51

Eva driving. The Mexican sits beside her on the bench seat. Gun in her ribs.

UP AHEAD -- the wash of the headlights on a desert road.

EVA

You're a cop, aren't you?

MEXICAN

Turn left here.

Eva turns the car onto a dirt track. The car begins to bounce on its springs.

EVA

I can tell you're a policeman. Where are we going? Who lives out here?

MEXICAN

(wearily)
Shut your mouth.

They drive on a bit, in silence.

UP AHEAD -- the headlight beams light a wooden bridge.

MEXICAN

Stop here.

Eva stops the car.

EVA

Listen -- I have more money. I can get you another ten thousand. In an hour. Ten thousand.

MEXICAN

(chuckles)
Get out.

Eva tucks a lock of hair behind her ear.

EVA

Think about it. Ten thousand dollars...

SLOW MOTION --

CLOSE -- her fingers in her hair. She touches, then holds and grips the rubber tip of a sharpened pencil concealed there. Taken from the desk in her motel bungalow.

Then -- in a SUDDEN WHEELING ARC Eva swings her hand round and drives the pencil DEEP INTO THE MEXICAN'S EYE.

The Mexican gasps. Stiffens and slumps back, instantly. DEAD. His gun drops into the floor well with a CLATTER.

CLOSE -- THE RUBBER ERASER AND TWO INCHES OF THE PENCIL sticking out of the jelly of his eyeball. No blood.

We can read on the pencil shaft: "MESILLA MOTOR LO -- "

BACK TO EVA -- Eva sits frozen. Staring at him. Appalled. She touches him. He doesn't move. He's dead. She gives a shudder and for a second holds her head in her hands. She opens the car door and steps out.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

Eva stands taking deep breaths. In shock. Calming down. She looks around. Gets her bearings. There --

IN THE DISTANCE -- HEADLIGHTS and the SOUND of traffic from the highway, a mile or so away.

She gets back in the car.

INSIDE THE CAR --

She switches off the engine. Switches on the interior light. She takes a handkerchief from her pocket. Using the handkerchief, Eva reaches into the Mexican's inside jacket pocket. Takes out his wallet, opens it.

CLOSE -- MEXICAN POLICE I.D. -- SUB-INSPECTOR LUIS DE BACA.

A cop was going to kill her. She puts the wallet back.

She opens the glove compartment (still using the handkerchief) . It's full of stuff. Road maps. Documentation. Handcuffs. A flashlight. She takes the flashlight and gets out.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

The headlight beams illuminate a wooden bridge across a deep dry gully. Eva walks up to the edge. Shines the torch beam down into the gully. She knows what to do, now.

MOMENTS LATER. BACK IN THE CAR --

Eva sitting beside the dead De Baca. She starts the engine. Drives the car off the road to the edge of the gully.

She puts on the handbrake, gets out, leaving the engine running. Through the open door she drags the Mexican over to the driving seat. She reaches across him and releases the handbrake. Steps back quickly. Slams the door.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

The car rolls forward slowly in first gear. Topples over the edge of the gully,

WE HEAR its heavy THUMP as it hits the gully floor. The SOUND of GLASS SHATTERING as the windscreen pops out.

Lighting her way with the torch, Eva scrambles down to the gully floor. One headlight is still on. The door on the driver's side has burst open.

De Baca has smashed into the wheel. Blood is now dripping from his eye. And a cut on his forehead.

She moves fast. She takes the map out of his pocket. Puts it on the seat beside him.

She takes the money out of his other pocket and slips it into the glove compartment. She reopens the compartment and takes a few bills for herself. Closes it again.

She plays the flashlight over the scene. She wipes down, with the handkerchief, those areas of the car she might have touched.

She puts the gear lever into fourth.

One last thing. She pulls De Baca so his head ROLLS UP.

She takes the twisted windscreen wiper and positions it carefully next to the eye with the pencil in it.

SHE DRAWS OUT THE PENCIL -- with a gasp. Throws it away into the night.

Then -- CAMERA ON EVA -- she jabs the end of the windscreen wiper into the injured eye.

She REELS away. Upset. Composes herself.

One last time, she surveys the scene of the accident. The torch beam playing over the wrecked car.

She turns and begins to scramble up the gully slope. She stops. She goes back down to the car and opens the door.

INSIDE THE CAR -- Not looking at De Baca -- she reaches across him for the map. Folds it up into a small square and stuffs it INTO HIS LOAFER under his heel. She slams the door shut with her elbow. CUT TO --

EVA, as she walks back along the desert track, the torch beam lighting her way, heading towards the distant lights of cars on the highway.

HER FACE. Angry. Emotional.

She knows something now. She knows she was meant to be killed. She knows she was betrayed.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

52 EXT SALLY'S COTTAGE EVENING 52

Ruth's car parked outside.

53 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE. KITCHEN EVENING 53

JOCHEN at the top of the stairs in his pyjamas.

JOCHEN

I'm not tired.

RUTH

You go back to bed. I'll be back tomorrow morning.

Jochen sighs, turns and goes back to bed with bad grace.

Ruth goes through to the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN --SALLY is standing frozen, staring into space.

RUTH

You all right?

SALLY'S FACE -- CLOSE -- STERN. HOLD ON IT. Almost as if she's thinking back. She turns, snapping out of it.

SALLY

-- You don't know what they're like... You have to watch for the tiniest thing, the tiniest indication... It may save your life...

She starts unpacking shopping bags on the kitchen table. Ruth helps, putting tins away in cupboards.

SALLY

Did you hear about the accident?

RUTH

-- No. What accident?

SALLY

This elderly woman in a wheelchair in Chipping Campden. Crossing the road, seriously injured by a speeding car -- hit and run. The driver just took off. They haven't got him yet.

RUTH

How awful. But what's it got to --

SALLY

-- I've been in a wheelchair recently. The woman was the same age as me. The hit-and-run car was stolen --

RUTH

-- Now, Sal, no, no, I'm not letting you get away with --

SALLY

-- I tell you. I'm being watched. I think they thought that woman was me. I think they thought they'd got me --

Ruth stands there thinking. Decides to tell Sally.

RUTH

The police came to my flat -- said they were looking for Karl-Heinz.

Sally stiffens -- this is unwelcome news.

SALLY

Did you believe them?

RUTH

I don't know. I don't know anything now... You've got me all confused.

SALLY

Never assume anything is a coincidence. A very important rule... I'll get the rest of the stuff out of the car.

She leaves the kitchen. Ruth thinks. Goes to the window. Glances over her shoulder and picks up the binoculars. Focusses them on the wood. CUT TO --

53A EXT RUTH'S APARTMENT, CAMBRIDGE NIGHT

53A

Ruth gets out of her car -- some distance from her flat -- and walks towards it.

WE OBSERVE HER as if from the POV of a concealed watcher, following her at a distance.

As she approaches her door, she stops, aware of being followed. She turns abruptly, edgy, calls out --

RUTH

Who are you? What are you doing?

HER VIEW OF THE ROAD. Nothing. All quiet. Then a FIGURE steps out of the shadows. Walks towards her. Steps into the light.

MAN

Don't be frightened, Ruth -- it's just me -- Karl-Heinz.

Karl Heinz is tall, good looking -- wearing a leather jacket. He has a noticeable German accent.

Ruth is instantly relieved -- then instantly angry.

RUTH

What the fuck're you playing at?
You know you can't just come here
and --

KARL-HEINZ

-- I wanted to see my son. My boy.
Where is he?

RUTH

He's staying the night with a
friend.

KARL-HEINZ

Oh. Too bad. I'm leaving tomorrow.

RUTH

The police came round here --
asking about you. What've you
done?

KARL-HEINZ

Me? Nothing. I'm on holiday.

RUTH

With your Baader-Meinhof buddies?

KARL-HEINZ

(smiles)
Ah, Ruth... Sometimes I miss you.

RUTH

It's not mutual.

KARL-HEINZ

I assume you won't be telling the police about this meeting. Think of Jochen...

RUTH

I'd get out of here if I were you.

She turns and walks away up the path to her front door.

Karl-Heinz looks intently after her. Then chuckles. Turns and walks away into the night. CUT TO --

54 INT EVA'S "SAFE HOUSE" BROOKLYN DAY 54

Eva sits on the bed in a small one room cold-water flat in Brooklyn. Very plain. Linoleum floor. Empty walls. A sink and an electric ring in a corner. A bed. A table and chair. A tiny bathroom with a WC.

She's thinking. She takes some change from her pocket and goes out on to the landing.

55 INT LANDING/TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES DAY 55

There's a pay phone outside. Graffiti on walls. A BLACK COUPLE come down the stairs, chatting. The place is poor, run-down.

Through the dirty window an oblique view of Brooklyn Bridge and Manhattan.

She feeds some dimes into the phone and dials.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Transoceanic Press Agency.

EVA

No fish deliveries today.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Just one moment, I'll put you through.

WE CROSSCUT WITH TRANSOCEANIC --

Romer at his desk. He snatches up the phone.

ROMER

Thank god. Where are you?

EVA

I'm in my safe place.

ROMER

Come to the office --

ROMER waves in the others. Word spreads. ANGUS, SYLVIA, MORRIS, ALFIE BLYTHESWOOD all scramble around the desk.

Romer covers the mouthpiece, mouths "Eva".

EVA

-- I'm not coming in, Lucas.

ROMER

Don't be ridiculous.

EVA

I was sold.

ROMER

That's impossible. Come in, Eva, your friends are here --

EVA

(angry)

-- I was sold! Somebody in Transoceanic or Head Office sold me.

ROMER

(beat)

We have to talk.

He gestures to Sylvia. Hands her the receiver.

SYLVIA

(voice very calm)

You have to come in, Eve.
Everything's going to be fine...
Believe me...

Sylvia listens. Nods. Hands the receiver back to Romer.

EVA

Meet me on the corner of 44th and 3rd.

She hangs up. Romer hangs up.

SYLVIA

She'll come in.

MORRIS

She's safe. Thank god.

ROMER

She's in New York. She seems all right. Bit cross, though.

MORRIS

(relaxing)

Well, we know what she's like
when she's not happy.

SYLVIA

(drily)

Watch out, New York City. Hurricane
warning.

The others all laugh. Genuine pleasure that she's home.

ALFIE

All's well that ends well.

ANGUS

Don't jump the gun, Alfie. She's
not quite back yet.

CUT TO --

56 EXT NEW YORK STREET DAY 56

ROUND THE EDGE OF A BUILDING -- a LONG SHOT of Romer standing in the queue at a silver HOT-DOG STAND. He's reading a newspaper as he waits. PASSERSBY come and go

Romer stands there, newspaper open. Headline: US GOVT. FREEZES JAPANESE ASSETS. The odd PASSERBY. HUM of traffic, street noise.

OVER ROMER'S SHOULDER -- we see Eva approaching quietly. She stops close behind him.

EVA
Don't turn round.

ROMER
(not turning, calm)
How are you, Eva? Are you all right? Are you well?

The concern in his voice unsettles her.

EVA
I'm fine. We've got a problem, however...

ROMER
I don't know what went wrong. But Transoceanic is "tight".

EVA
Well someone's not "tight". Maybe in Head Office, then. I was followed. Very, very well followed. I never spotted them. But they knew where I was all the time. They knew I had the map. If it's not Transoceanic it must be Head Office.

ROMER
Head Office would give you a medal if they could. You've done an amazing job.

This throws Eva -- what's he talking about?

ROMER
Can I turn round?

He stands and turns. Smiles. They step away from the queue.

ROMER

Let's have a drink. Celebrate
your incredible achievement.

57

INT NEW YORK BAR DAY

57

In the corner of a small dark cocktail bar. Eva and Romer
sit in a corner, close. Romer talks in a low voice.

ROMER

-- When you reported the crash
the sheriff of Dona Ana county
himself went out to investigate.
He found the map and the money
and thought it was suspicious so
he called the local FBI agent in
Santa Fe... the agent took one
look at the map and sent it to
Hoover in Washington. Hoover
himself put the map on
Roosevelt's desk...

EVA

My god...

ROMER

The FBI is on fire. How do you
explain it? The death of a
Mexican detective in a road crash
near the border. A map, in
German, outlining proposed
Lufthansa airline routes between
Mexico and the USA. Foul play? An
unlucky accident? Was it a sale
that had gone wrong? Who knows.
"Investigations are proceeding".
The key thing from our point of
view -- the British -- is that it
confirms the validity of the
Brazilian map. Nazi Germany does
indeed have plans for South
America. Mexico could be a Nazi
state on the USA's borders...

(spreads his hands,
smiles)

The sheer, amazing, exceptional
beauty of all this is that the
map got to Roosevelt without a
trace, without a hint of the
devious British on it. From
County Sheriff to FBI operative
to Edgar Hoover to the White
House. What's going on south of
the border? What are the Nazis
planning with their Gaus and
their airline routes? Alarm bells
are ringing everywhere --

EVA

(thinking)

-- But the map was bad. There was a spelling mistake. It's not "Für Miami" it should be "Nach Miami" -

ROMER

-- Not important. Raul was simply going to hand it in to a local newspaper -- feed it in to the system that way. Until your plan took over.

EVA

But I didn't have a plan.

ROMER

All right. Your brilliant improvisation.

(looks at her)

Don't you see, Eva -- this has worked out better than anyone could ever have hoped. They can't point a finger at us and say -- another of your British dirty tricks to trap us into your European war. They found this themselves in their own back yard. What can the Anglophobes and the Isolationists say? What can America First say? This is hard evidence. The Nazis are planning airline flights from Mexico City to Texas, for Christ's sake. They're on your doorstep, USA. It's no longer something happening across the Atlantic in distant Europe. Wake up. This war is coming to you.

EVA

But it's our map. We created it. This is what we wanted...

ROMER

But you made it better, better than anything. London's very pleased. Very.

He takes her hand under the table. Voice softens.

ROMER

You need some time. You need a couple of days leave. Room 309, Algonquin Hotel. I'll be there at nine o'clock this evening...

Eva smiles. This is what she needs. She leans forward as if she's going to kiss him. Romer leans back.

ROMER

Not here. Save it for the hotel.

He squeezes her hand, stands and leaves.

Eva watches him go -- her heart full.

58 INT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES DAY 58

Eva is sitting behind her desk. The pin board behind her is full of stories about the map. "NAZI AIRLINE FLIGHTS TO TEXAS", "MEXICO PART OF GREATER GERMANY", "GERMAN AGENTS CROSS US BORDER."

Morris Devereux stands there contemplating the clippings.

MORRIS

It's bloody incredible... Our best coup ever... Bigger than the Brazil map. Bigger than anything we've ever done here...
(turns to her)
But you still think you were "sold".

EVA

I had to be. They were following me. They were really good. They knew about the map. And that Mexican cop was going to kill me -
- I know. I had no plan, Morris. I was just trying to save myself, cover tracks...

MORRIS

Maybe all great schemes are like that. Luck and happenstance...

EVA

I was sold, Morris. I'm lucky to be here... You have to agree.

MORRIS

(makes a face)
I suppose I do...

EVA

I keep thinking: what was their plan? By luck I foiled it and --
(gestures at clippings)
-- Turned it into this "great triumph".

(MORE)

EVA (cont'd)

But I was meant to be found shot dead in a desert in New Mexico with a dubious map and a big wad of dollars on me. That was the real plan... Why? What was that all about?

Morris paces up and down, thinking.

EVA

Who was running me?

MORRIS

I was. With Angus and Sylvia. It was my party.

EVA

(smiles)

So I should probably be very suspicious of you...

MORRIS

Yes... So it would seem... You lost the two crows who were following you to Albuquerque.

EVA

Yes.

MORRIS

But they were waiting for you in Las Cruces.

EVA

Not them. Someone else must have been. You knew I was going to Las Cruces.

MORRIS

Yes. You told me... We all knew you were in Las Cruces... You think the first crows were local.

EVA

Standard FBI. Men in suits with pork-pie hats.

MORRIS

Which suggests to me that the Las Cruces crows weren't. They were too good. Too good even for you.

EVA

So who was waiting for me in Las Cruces if they weren't FBI?

MORRIS

Let's follow it through. They wanted you dead with the map on you. You could be identified as a British agent because the FBI had followed you to Albuquerque and clearly knew who you were, before you lost them --

EVA

-- So what's the point. One dead British agent...

MORRIS

(thinks)

Yes... What does that gain anyone? Cui bono. Who gains? That's the key...

EVA

Who knew I was in Las Cruces?

MORRIS

Me, Angus, Sylvia.

EVA

Romer?

MORRIS

He was in London. He only knew you were going to Albuquerque.

EVA

The courier in Albuquerque knew -- the man who gave me the map -- he knew I was going to Las Cruces. And Raul knew. But how did the Mexican detective know I'd moved to the motor lodge? Nobody knew I was staying there. I swear I had no shadows. I was watching my back all the time.

MORRIS

You must have had shadows. Think about it. They must have had a big team on you in las Cruces. Six people. Maybe eight. Men -- and women, maybe. They were good.

EVA

(thinking back)

There was a woman in a red coupé... And then in a bar Raul took me to there were women... I wasn't looking for a woman, true...

(MORE)

EVA (cont'd)
And the desk clerk in the
Alamagordo -- he suggested the
motel to me...

MORRIS
Had to be a big team...
(pause, looks at her)
I'll keep thinking... Something's
bothering me but I don't know
what it is. See you later.

He leaves. We see him wander back to his office.

Sylvia comes in and sits down behind her desk. Starts
tidying.

SYLVIA
-- What about supper? Steak, a
fried egg, roast potatoes and a
good red wine? --

EVA
-- Sounds wonderful --

The phone rings on her desk.

EVA
Hi, Morris. What's --

MORRIS (V.O.)
-- Meet me on the stairs. Now.

Eva hangs up. Innocently, she picks up a file and leaves.

59 INT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES STAIRWELL NIGHT 59

Eva and Morris are talking quietly and earnestly on a
landing where the stairway turns.

MORRIS
-- Why didn't you just give the
map to Raul?

EVA
Sorry?

MORRIS
It was a simple job. Pick up the
package -- the map -- and give it
to Raul.

EVA
Yes.

MORRIS
So why didn't you?

EVA

Because I checked it and I saw there were mistakes. Inferior material.

MORRIS

Why did you check it? Did anyone ask you to?

EVA

No.

They PAUSE. An OFFICE WORKER goes by.

MORRIS

So why did you?

EVA

(confused)

I just... Because... Because I thought I should -- instinct. I suppose. Good procedure.

A SECRETARY clatters up the stairs past them. They pause.

MORRIS

Instinct... That's the key. If you had just followed instructions and given the map to Raul none of this would have happened. Everything happened because you didn't do what you had been told to...

EVA

(beat. Thinking)

I don't follow... Are you saying this is somehow all my own fault...

MORRIS

I have to do some more checks. Let's meet tomorrow.

*

EVA

What's going on, Morris? You can't leave me in the dark like this.

MORRIS

I think the crows in Las Cruces were our friends in grey.

EVA

The Abwehr?

MORRIS

Or the Sicherheitsdienst...
Nobody else could be that good.

EVA

German agents? But it doesn't
make any sense --

MORRIS

-- We'll talk tomorrow. I've got
to go.

*

He smiles a little grimly. Heads on down the stairs. Eva goes back up. CUT TO --

60

INT EVA/SYLVIA'S OFFICE DAY

60

CLOSE SHOT -- A wooden desk calendar. The handles on the side are turned and the date changes from "DEC 5" to "DEC 6". SOUND of a typewriter.

Sylvia is changing the date on her desk calendar. Eva is behind her desk, typing. She whips out the paper puts it in her in tray.

EVA

Has Morris been in today?

SYLVIA

No. Are you looking for him?

EVA

Wondered where he was.

SYLVIA

Maybe he's over at Head Office --

EVA

-- No. I tried. He wasn't there.

SYLVIA

Maybe he's not well.

EVA

No reply from his apartment.

SYLVIA

You are keen to see him, What's
up?

EVA

Nothing important. Not convinced
about this new four-engined
bomber story...

SYLVIA

We have to follow up your
astounding triumph with the map,
my darling. German bombers based
in Mexico, very tasty --

Eva stands and goes to get her coat.

EVA

-- God, is that the time. Must
dash --

She races out of the office.

SYLVIA

Eva? What's going on? Shall we
meet for a drink? It's a
Saturday, you know --

But she's gone. Sylvia looks after her shrewdly. What's
going on? Clearly something is.

61 SCENE CUT

61 *

*

62 EXT PAY PHONE 45TH STREET NIGHT

62

Eva dialling Morris's number.

MAN'S VOICE

Yes?

It's not Morris.

EVA

(American accent)
Could I speak with Elizabeth
Wesley, please?

MAN'S VOICE

You have the wrong number.

EVA

Oh. So sorry.

She hangs up. Now she's seriously worried.

63 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK UPPER EAST SIDE NIGHT 63

Eva stands across the street from a tall multi-storey apartment block. Her eyes on the lobby. The DOORMAN OUTSIDE.

She sees a couple crossing the street, heading for the lobby. She runs across the street and joins them.

EVA

Hi. I've just been with John and Mary Weiss and I can't remember if they're on the seventeenth or the eighteenth floor. I left my train ticket with them --

MAN

-- Do you know the Weisses?

WOMAN

There are the Wisemans but they're on eight --

Chatting away they go past the doorman. And inside.

The man gives the doorman a wave. Three friends together.

64 INT ELEVATOR NIGHT 64

Eva alone. She stops on the Thirteenth floor.

65 INT THIRTEENTH FLOOR NIGHT 65

Eva comes out of the elevator and immediately goes down the firestairs.

66 INT FIRESTAIRS NIGHT 66

Eva coming down the firestairs. She pauses at the steel door with "12" painted on it. She pushes it open a crack.

THROUGH THE CRACK --

A corridor. Doors off it. Two POLICEMEN stand outside the open door to an apartment.

Angus Woolf limps out and starts talking to a policeman.

EVA'S FACE -- something really bad has happened.

She steels herself -- pushes through the door.

67 INT CORRIDOR. APARTMENT BUILDING NIGHT 67

Eva breezes down the corridor towards Angus.

EVA
Angus? What's happening?

He looks up in alarm and limps away from the policemen to intercept her.

ANGUS
You'd better get out, Eve. It's a System Blue, here.

EVA
System Blue? My God! Where's Morris? I'm meant to be meeting him for a drink.

ANGUS
Morris is dead. He killed himself.

EVA
(genuinely shocked)
Oh, no.. No...

ANGUS
You'd better go. All kinds of panic-station alarms, so --

EVA ignores him. Pushes by and goes into the apartment.

67A INT APARTMENT/ ANTEROOM NIGHT 67A

Eva comes in and sees ROMER standing there in the hallway/anteroom of Morris's apartment. He's with another MAN. A BEARDED BALD MAN in a dark suit -- KEEGAN VALE from film 1. Angus follows her in.

Romer sees Eva. He's not happy. He walks towards her.

Angus moves away, back towards the cops.

ROMER
What're you doing here?

EVA
Morris had asked me over for a drink. What happened?

ROMER
He shot himself. Doors locked, windows locked.
(MORE)

ROMER (cont'd)

A note that made no sense --
something about some boy.

EVA

Why?...

ROMER

Who knows? How well do we know anyone?

(looks at her)

How did you get in here? The doorman didn't call up.

Romer is suspicious.

EVA

He was busy. I gave him a wave and got in the lift.

ROMER

Sure you weren't looking for Elizabeth Wesley?

EVA

Who?

Romer chuckles. But his eyes are dead.

ROMER

Never underestimate the resourcefulness of our Miss Delectorskaya, eh? Never underestimate her instincts...

KEEGAN-VALE advances. Eva recognises him.

KEEGAN-VALE

Romer? --

ROMER

-- This is Miss Dalton.

KEEGAN-VALE

Ah. Miss Dalton. Our heroine --

ROMER

-- She was due to meet Morris --

EVA

-- Can I see him?

KEEGAN-VALE

It's not pretty...

EVA

It's all right. I'll be fine.

They all go into Morris's bedroom.

Eva, Romer, Angus and Keegan-Vale stand looking on. Eva is shocked. Hand to her mouth. Tears in her eyes.

CAMERA PANS -- to Morris's bed. He lies there naked in a tangle of sheets. A great splash of blood and brains on the cream headboard of his bed.

One hand dangles over the edge -- a REVOLVER on the carpet.

EVA

Oh, god, poor Morris...

She looks at the three men -- standing apart from her. In her head, Morris's voice --

MORRIS (V.O.)

"...When it looks like a grade-A, incontestable, unmistakable suicide -- then it probably isn't..."

EVA -- eyes darting. ANGUS, ROMER, KEEGAN-VALE. ROMER whispering to KEEGAN-VALE. KEEGAN-VALE is "Mr X", she realises. Romer's Mr "X" from London and the Prenslo Tribunal. Someone high up in the Secret Service.

EVA'S FACE -- MEMORY FLASH --

THE PRENSLO TRIBUNAL -- NEKICH LEANING OVER TO WHISPER IN KEEGAN VALE'S EAR.

Eva glances at Morris again. One of these three men betrayed her. Which one?

KEEGAN-VALE

Miss Dalton? -

EVA

(jumps)

Sorry --

KEEGAN-VALE

This may not be the right moment but "C" wants to meet you -- tonight.

ROMER

It seems that Roosevelt is going to show the world your Mexico map next week --

KEEGAN-VALE

-- and "C" wants to meet his "shining star"... Shake you by the hand --

EVA

-- "C"? Here in New York? Well, of course, I --

ROMER

-- I'll pick you up outside your apartment. Ten o'clock.

EVA

Ten... I'll be there.

The phone rings. Angus limps over to answer it.

Romer moves her away from the other two. Lowers his voice.

ROMER

Don't tell Sylvia. Perhaps we can go on somewhere after you've met "C"... You'd better go, now.

EVA

I'd like that. See you at ten.

ANGUS

We'd better get Miss Dalton out. The detectives are on their way.

She turns and hurries out. CUT TO --

69

INT BROOKLYN APARTMENT "SAFE HOUSE" NIGHT

69

In the tiny WC. Eva lifts the mirrored medicine cabinet off the wall. Sets it down.

There's a LOOSE BRICK behind that she works free. She reaches into the cavity and takes out her spare passport, a wad of money, and a small Enfield revolver.

She walks through into the room. Pulls on her raincoat, ties a scarf round her throat. Puts the gun in her pocket.

She stuffs the money in her other pocket. Glances round the room. Leaves. SOUND of the door locking.

69A

EXT LANDING OUTSIDE EVA'S APARTMENT NIGHT

69A

Eva feeds dimes into the phone. Dials. It's answered.

EVA

Sylvia... It's me... Say nothing. We have a System Blue, here. Morris is... has gone on a long holiday. Romer wants us all out of the city. Hire a car. Bring walking boots, heavy jackets. You have the map, don't you?... Yes... Meet me at the Black Cat Diner. Main Street. Albany. As soon as you can. I'll be waiting for you. I'll tell you everything then.

She hangs up, dashes off.

69B INT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES NIGHT 69B

Sylvia stands by her desk with the telephone at her ear. Slowly she puts the phone down -- her mind racing. She grabs her coat and heads to the door. Pauses. Comes back to the phone. Dials.

70 INT A DINER, ALBANY UPSTATE NEW YORK NIGHT 70

A HANDYMAN is swabbing the floor with a mop. Eva is the only customer remaining. The CHEF wipes down the counter. Closing time. On the wall a clock with a CALENDER: DEC 6.

We've been here before [FILM 1] The door opens. Sylvia appears. Her face worried.

She strides over to her and sits down opposite. Worried. She hands over a folded map.

SYLVIA

Here it is. You all right? You said System Blue -- my god. I came as fast as I could. Is it true about Morris?

EVA

(studying map)
Suicide.

SYLVIA

(little bitter smile)
Of course. For sure.

EVA

Romer wants us both over the Canadian border tonight. Secretly.

SYLVIA

Tonight? How are we? --

Eva holds up map.

EVA

There are tracks marked through the woods.... Hunters' trails up by the woods in Champlain. We'll find our way.

SYLVIA

But both of us? Why?

Pause, then Eva, deadly serious.

EVA

We're being rolled up, Sylvia.
Somebody wants us all dead.

Sylvia looks at her. Shocked. Thinking hard.

SYLVIA

Let's go.

They get up and leave.

71 EXT SYLVIA'S CAR NIGHT 71

Sylvia's car barrels down a country road.

72 OMITTED 72 *

73 EXT PINE FOREST CANADIAN BORDER NIGHT 73

Sylvia's station wagon is parked on a muddy track.

Eva sits on the rear -- tailgate down -- pulling on a pair of galoshes. She stands. Sylvia hands her a leather jacket.

SYLVIA

I just grabbed anything I could
from the closet.

EVA

A little big but they'll do.

Eva turns and looks down the road. *

SYLVIA

There's no tail. I was very careful
leaving the city. *

EVA

Did anyone call you? Did Angus? *

SYLVIA

Angus?... Ah, no. I left right
after you telephoned. *

Eva looks at her. Is she lying? *

Helps her on with the jacket. She stuffs her city shoes in the pockets. She points at a track through the trees. *

EVA

We should keep following that trail. When the sun comes up we'll keep it on our right hand side. It'll take a good few hours. Then we'll be in Canada. French Canada -- how's your French, Mademoiselle?

Sylvia is looking at her. Steadily.

EVA

What is it?

SYLVIA

This is all about you, isn't it? No one's being rolled up. You're flying. Just you.

EVA

We are all going to be killed, Sylvia. I tell you. There's something going on --

SYLVIA

-- Don't tell me anything. The less I know the safer I'll be. I'm not coming with you. It's better I should stay behind and watch your back. Say you've gone to Mexico. Wait -- I've got you some sandwiches...

She goes back to the car, opens the driver's door. WE STAY on EVA. She takes the snub-nosed REVOLVER out of her pocket. Snaps off the safety catch. She handles the gun with awkwardness -- almost distaste. She walks round behind Sylvia who is rummaging in the glove compartment.

SYLVIA

Chopped liver and onions. Just the thing...

Eva levels the revolver at her back. She's under awful stress. She knows what she should do -- what would be "good procedure".

CLOSE -- her face, the terrible strain.

She puts the gun back in her pocket.

Sylvia emerges with the wrapped sandwiches. Hands them over. Eva puts them in her pocket. They look at each other.

SYLVIA

You can trust me, you know.

EVA

I know.

They embrace, hugging each other.

SYLVIA

You be careful. I'm going to spend
the night with my boyfriend in
Albany.

EVA

What boyfriend?

SYLVIA

I'll find one. I'm not choosy.

Eva laughs. Tears in her eyes. She hugs Sylvia again.

SYLVIA

(rough American accent)
Get outa here, girl!

Eva smiles, turns and heads off up the hunters' track into
the dark pine forest. Eva shuts the tailgate and gets into
her car. Drives off.

74 EXT PINE WOODS NIGHT

74

Eva -- still emotional at this parting -- climbing up a
hill through the woods along the path. Night noises. Owls.
It's eerie, scary. Little flurries of SNOW on the night
breeze. CREAK of pine trees in the wind.

She reaches an EXPOSED BLUFF, pauses, getting her breath.
Looks behind her.

SHE CAN SEE -- on the track below her. SYLVIA'S car
STOPPED. Blocked by ANOTHER CAR parked across the track.

She peers. Frowns. Then jumps.

CRACK! CRACK! Muffled detonations with a FLASH of light
from inside Sylvia's car.

Eva turns and RUNS.

75 EXT PINE WOODS NIGHT

75

Eva running desperately through the trees. Ducking under
branches. Gasping for breath. She stops for a second.
Looks behind her. Nothing. She races off again. Her
figure disappearing into the blackness.

76 EXT COUNTRY ROAD DUSK

76

Eva struggles up a slope onto a single line railway track. Weary, exhausted. She looks around her. She's an outlandish figure in her man's leather jacket and fur cap and galoshes.

The sun is setting.

She takes off the jacket (she has her raincoat underneath) and the fur hat. She throws them into the undergrowth. She takes her city shoes out of her pockets and changes out of her galoshes, slipping them on. She heaves the galoshes away into the undergrowth. She runs her fingers through her hair. She looks almost normal. She sets off down the railway track, wearily.

TIME CUT -- It's almost dark.

Eva walking down a country road. She can see lights burning in buildings up ahead. She comes to a road sign. Entry to a small town.

She looks at the sign -- SAINTE-JUSTINE. Quebec. Canada. She's made it. Tears well in her eyes. She walks on towards a wooden building. The Canadian flag flies on a flagpole.

77 INT COFFEE SHOP SAINTE-JUSTINE NIGHT 77

Eva is sitting at the bar. Only a couple of other customers. She is drinking coffee and eating bacon and eggs, trying to keep her ravening hunger in check.

Wall calender-- DECEMBER 7

The radio is playing softly. News break. Announcer's voice. Indistinct.

Eva cocks her head. She hears something.

EVA
(to chef)
Excuse me? Could you turn up the radio.

CHEF
Sure...
(he turns up the volume)

RADIO ANNOUNCER
-- News agencies in California are reporting that word is just reaching us of an attack by Japanese aircraft on the US naval Base at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. No warning was given. Initial estimates say three US warships have sunk and many fires are burning...

The announcer's voice goes on with the vague details.

Everyone in the diner is listening intently. Shocked.

EVA'S FACE. She knows how important this is. Everything has changed now. Her shoulders slump. She closes her eyes. Smiles. Maybe it's over, now. Maybe.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

78 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 78

CLOSE -- wine being poured into a wine glass.

Sally pours Ruth some wine. Ruth is looking at her intently.

RUTH

-- So, that was it?

SALLY

-- No. It's more intriguing than that. Of course America declared war on Japan immediately. So did we. But the USA didn't declare war on Germany -- not right away.

RUTH

Why not?

SALLY

Because Japan was the aggressor, not Germany. There was the real prospect of one American war against Japan in the Pacific and another, separate war in Europe -- Brits and the Russians against Nazi Germany. Then someone came to our rescue.

RUTH

Who? --

SALLY

-- Adolf Hitler. Three days after Pearl Harbor Hitler unilaterally declared war on the USA.

(smiles)

You could argue that it was possibly -- possibly -- the biggest mistake of his entire life. What if he hadn't?... Anyway, he did and so America finally joined the war in Europe -
- thanks to Adolf.

RUTH

Then everything had changed.

SALLY

Oh yes. America now firmly on our side. Russia was starting to defeat German armies. Even at the end of 1941 you could argue that we knew we would win the war, eventually.

Sally begins to set three places at the kitchen table.

Ruth turns, looks at her fixedly.

RUTH

-- So what did you do when you reached Canada?

SALLY

I went to Ottawa and got a job in a government department as a secretary. I was "Margery Allardice" by then. Government secretaries were being seconded to London all the time. I applied and after a couple of months -- in March 1942 -- I got a posting. Took a ship to Liverpool. Then I disappeared.

RUTH

As one does --

SALLY

-- I left the train at Crewe and made my own way to London where I turned back into "Lily Fitzroy" once more.

She smiles. Ruth can't really believe what she's hearing.

RUTH

Amazing. You'd done it. You were safe. Nobody knew who you were or where you were --

SALLY

(with feeling)

-- No -- I wasn't safe. That's the terrible problem -- you're never really truly safe again, you see -- never, ever. I was completely on my own -- and you can't survive for long on your own. You need other people -- if you're going to have a chance of being safe at all -- whether these other people know you need them or not...

DISSOLVE TO --

79

EXT BATTERSEA STREET DAY

79

Eva walking along the street of her Battersea safe house, suitcase in hand. She stops outside at the front gate. Looks up and down the street. Nothing suspicious. She goes up to the front door and rings the bell.

MRS DANGERFIELD opens it and ushers her in with a warm smile.

80 INT EVA'S ROOM. BATTERSEA DAY 80

The carpet is rolled back and the floorboard prized up.

Eva reaches in and takes out her bundle of British money and the small revolver. And her Lily Fitzroy passport. She puts the Margery Allerdice passport back in the hole. Replaces the floorboard and rolls back the carpet.

She puts the gun and the money on the bed. She sits down on the bed herself and looks at them. She hardens herself. She knows that nothing is over. Someone will be coming for her one of these days. She has to be careful. She has to be ready. She clicks open the revolver and awkwardly checks the bullets. Spins the chamber and closes it.

81 EXT BATTERSEA STREET DAY 81

A few days later. Eva is walking down the street checking on the cars parked there. In her hand a small notebook.

CLOSE -- car numbers. A series of ticks by them.

She pauses. A new car. A new number -- LFE 49 -- She writes it in her notebook then continues on her way.

82 INT LONDON HOTEL BAR NIGHT 82

Busy lounge bar in a sophisticated London Hotel. The Dorchester, say, or Claridge's. BABBLE of conversation. MEN and WOMEN -- SOLDIERS, AIRMEN and SAILORS -- but all OFFICERS. The women smart in cocktail dresses, full make-up, hair coiffed. WAITERS CIRCULATE. A PALM COURT ORCHESTRA plays on a dais to one side.

EVA -- looking very glamorous and attractive -- moves thorough the throng. She has a drink in one hand and an unlit cigarette in a cigarette holder in the other.

Her eyes flick here and there. She seems to be looking for a particular person.

MEN glance at her as she passes by them. Her powerful allure working as well as ever.

She stands for a moment by a group of POLISH AIR FORCE OFFICERS. Young men talking to each other in Polish.

She looks round -- one of them catches her eye.

Somebody pushes past, bumping into her slightly. She turns.

A fair haired YOUNG MAN in a dark suit. Handsome.

YOUNG MAN

(Irish accent)

Awful sorry. Is your drink safe,
that's the main thing?

He smiles at her -- clearly finds her very attractive.

Eve meets his gaze --levelly.

EVA

Safe as houses...

(holding up unlit
cigarette)

Could I trouble you for a light?

83

INT BEDROOM NIGHT

83

The young man is asleep, naked in a rumpled bed.

Eva, wearing her slip, is holding up his jacket, going through his pockets. She finds his passport. Takes it over to a side table and switches on a light.

Checks the man hasn't woken up.

CLOSE -- His passport. Irish. SEAN GILMARTIN. Inside it there's a pass for the Irish Consulate. Belgrave Square.

Perfect. Eva smiles. She puts the documents back in his jacket, re-hangs it on the back of the chair. Then she slides back into bed. Nuzzles up beside Sean Gilmartin. He wakes. Delighted to see her.

GILMARTIN

Well, hello there...

EVA

Hello...

They kiss.

84

EXT BATTERSEA STREET DAY

84

Eva is going up her street, coming back after her night out, watchfully, checking the cars.

She stops. She's seen a parked car, with a man inside. She creeps forward, stooping, so she can see the number plate.

She reads it. LFE 49. She hunches down behind another car.

CLOSE -- her notebook page. All the car numbers with their series of ticks beside them. LFE 49 -- nothing. The car she saw earlier.

Someone knows where she lives, now. She stands and walks away from her safe house.

85 EXT AAS OFFICES, FETTER LANE EVENING 85

Eva stands in a doorway, out of sight, watching the comings and goings in the familiar building. She stiffens.

ALFIE BLYTHESWOOD has come out. He turns up the collar of his coat and sets off homewards.

Eva follows.

86 INT LONDON PUB NIGHT 86

A busy smoky pub. Many SOLDIERS and SAILORS.

Alfie Blytheswood is sitting at a table, a pint of beer in front of him reading the evening paper [HEADLINE: "BRITISH COMMANDOS RAID ST.NAZAIRE"]

Eva approaches the table. She's wearing round tortoiseshell glasses and a beret.

EVA
(Cockney accent)
'Scuse me. That seat free?

BLYTHESWOOD
(looks up)
Help yourself, dear.

He doesn't recognize her. Returns to his newspaper. Eva sits down. Takes off her beret and her glasses.

EVA
Hello, Alfie...

He looks up again in total astonishment.

EVA
I'm not the traitor, Alfie. Is that what they told you? Me and Morris?

BLYTHESWOOD
(stunned, in shock)
Yes... They said Morris killed himself because he was about to be exposed and you had flown... We couldn't believe it. But Mr Romer explained it all.

EVA

I'm not the traitor, Alfie, not me or Morris. Someone tried to have me killed in New Mexico --

BLYTHESWOOD

-- Who would that be, then? --

EVA

-- Someone had Morris killed because Morris had realized who the traitor was. I had to fly because I'd be dead too if I hadn't. And then Sylvia was killed. Why would I be here talking to you if I wasn't telling the truth? I'd be long gone, wouldn't I? Not sitting in a London pub talking to you...

Blytheswood thinks about this. It's hard to disagree.

EVA

It can only be one of three people. Angus --

BLYTHESWOOD

-- You haven't heard, then?

EVA

Heard what?

BLYTHESWOOD

Angus is dead. Plane he was in was shot down when he was coming back from the States. Flying boat, Lisbon to Southampton -- shot down. They never found his body.

Eva is in major shock, now. She thinks about this.

86A

SCENE CUT.

86A

EVA

I told you... We're being rolled-up, Alfie. Someone's rolling us up.

(MORE)

EVA (cont'd)
First Morris, then me, then
Sylvia, now Angus. Don't you see
who's going to be --

She stops. Blytheswood doesn't need her to go on.

EVA
You've got to be very careful,
Alfie. Maybe you should go on a
holiday, or ask for a posting.
Fast. If I can find you, anyone
can. Easily.

Blytheswood is upset -- fighting against the powerful logic
of what she's saying.

EVA
Do you know where Romer is?

BLYTHESWOOD
I think he's still in America.
He's not back in AAS. They shut
down Transoceanic after Morris...
(upset)
Perhaps we should warn Mr Romer --

EVA
-- He'll know what's happening.
Don't worry. He can look after
himself -- we're the ones at
risk...

They both sit there in silence for a while. Both a bit
overwhelmed.

EVA
Where do you live, Alfie? It'll
be safer to meet there. I'll
come to you in about two hours,
all right?

87 EXT HOUSING ESTATE. EAST END NIGHT 87

Eva hurrying across the wide courtyard formed by four
apartment blocks. She pauses, looking for a staircase.
She has her gasmask kitbag over her shoulder.

It's dark. Blackout. The courtyard lamps barely glow.

She sees the doorway she wants. Goes in.

88 INT APARTMENT BLOCK NIGHT 88

Eva wandering along a featureless corridor looking for a
number. She finds it -- 15C.

She rings the bell. Waits. Alfie opens it. She steps in.

89

INT ALFIE BLYTHESWOOD'S FLAT NIGHT

89

A simple sitting room. Two armchairs, a gas fire, a large wireless on a table. A door off to a small kitchen. The wireless is on playing DANCE MUSIC. Alfie stands there -- he seems ill-at-ease. A sheen of sweat on his face. Something's wrong...

EVA
You all right, Alfie?

ALFIE
Couldn't be better. Cup of tea?

EVA
Lovely, thanks.

He goes into the kitchen. Eva is troubled. She does a prowling of the room, coming back to glance in the kitchen to see Alfie quickly raise and lower the bottom of the black-out blind twice -- a signal? -- before pouring boiling water from the kettle into the teapot.

EVA
How've you been keeping, Alfie?

She goes to the black-out curtain and pulls it aside an inch or two. She peers out.

WHAT SHE SEES -- Crossing the courtyard TOWARDS the flat -- the DARK FIGURE of a man in a coat, wearing a Trilby hat.

Eva's face -- ROMER. NOW SHE KNOWS. It's a set up. Alfie has sold her.

Alfie comes back in with the tea things on a tray.

ALFIE
Mustn't grumble, Eve. Mustn't grumble.

The sweat is gleaming on his face. His collar damp. He sets the tray down with a nervous rattle. He turns his back to her and pours the tea.

ALFIE
Milk in first, or after?

Eva takes her revolver out of her gasmask bag. She knows she has a minute or two at best. There's only one thing she can do. She picks up a cushion from an armchair.

ALFIE
(turning)
Haven't got any sugar I'm afraid -

Eva SLAMS the cushion to his chest and fires the revolver into it. Point blank range. A muffled BANG.

Alfie's eyes widen and he drops with a small groan.

FEATHERS float in the air from the punctured cushion.

EVA's very upset. Tears in her eyes. Backs off.

EVA

Sorry, Alfie... So sorry...

Then she dashes out of the door. Alfie Blytheswood lies there. Dance music playing SOFTLY on the wireless. SUDDENLY it's drowned by the WAIL of an air-raid SIREN.

90 EXT HOUSING ESTATE COURTYARD. EAST END NIGHT 90

Eva, in total shock, runs out of the entry way. Stops. SIREN WAILING.

In the night sky the white fingers of SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS.

People begin to run out of the doorways -- MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN -- clutching blankets, Thermos flasks, children in their pyjamas with their toys. Shouting. Panicked.

Eva seems frozen to the spot. Distant SOUND of aero-engines. People begin to flow around her. Running.

WOMAN

Better get to the shelter,
darling!

Eva, suddenly galvanized, begins to follow them. The CROWD streams across the courtyard to a doorway marked "AIR RAID SHELTER"

EVA looks up.

Anti-aircraft fire in the night sky. The HEAVY DRONE of bombers.

Eva disappears into the air-raid shelter.

91 INT AIR RAID SHELTER NIGHT 91

A long thin converted cellar. Low ceiling. Pipe-work running along tiled walls. Rows of benches and wooden bunk-beds line the walls.

About FORTY men women and children are gathered there. Apprehensive -- eyes reflexively looking upwards as the DRONE of bombers gets LOUDER.

CRUMP! CRUMP!

The first bombs begin to fall.

Eva sits down in a gap between two people. Not far from the door. She flinches as a BLAST erupts somewhere above their heads. A MOTHER carrying a BABY comes in. Sits across from EVA. EVA smiles at her. Trying to seem calm and reassured. Her eyes flick towards the door.

More arrivals. BOMBS ERUPT overhead. A few faint SCREAMS. Children are hushed. Eva looks around. Then --

AT THE FAR END OF THE SHELTER -- ROMER COMES IN.

Eva presses herself back against the wall. Frozen.

ROMER sits down from her. Lots of people mill around between them He takes his hat off. He looks around.

HE SEES EVA --

Their eyes meet.

BOOM! A huge blast overhead. Dust falls from the ceiling. The room shudders. SCREAMS. Lights flicker off and on.

Bricks and dust fall from the ceiling.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The lights go out. Flicker on.

ROMER IS STANDING.

ROMER
Eva! Wait!

BOOM! -- the lights go out again.

In the darkness EVA stands and runs for the door.

A BUNK BED falls over pinning her to the wall.

Romer is pushing his way through the crowds of hysterical women and children, his eyes fixed on Eva.

Eva struggles to free herself.

ROMER
Eva! Wait for me!

He clambers over the fallen bunk bed. Reaches out a hand. Grips her shoulder.

Their faces are very close. Romer's eyes bore into her.

ROMER
It's not what you think. I can explain --

The NOISE is tremendous. EXPLOSIONS. SCREAMS. CHILDREN
WAILING.

BOOM! The room SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY. DUST and BRICKS fall.

ROMER SLIPS. THE BUNK BED SHIFTS and Eva frees herself.

And EVA is out of the shelter in a flash.

92 EXT HOUSING ESTATE. EAST END NIGHT 92

Eva races out of the shelter entrance.

HELL erupting. MAYHEM. TERROR. The noise of BOMBS exploding. The sky ORANGE with flame. People SCREAMING. SIRENS WAILING.

Eva runs out of the courtyard.

ROMER emerges. Races after her.

93 EXT BOMBED BUILDINGS NIGHT 93

Eva scrambling over piles of fallen bricks. Shattered buildings all around her.

HUGE FLARES of FLAME from ruptured gas mains.

Orange light. Giant flickering shadows.

BOOM! A bomb blast flings her sideways. Dust and earth shower down on her.

Her face is cut. A trickle of blood on her forehead. She scrambles to a shattered doorway. Takes shelter. Looks round.

There -- scrambling across the piles and mounds of scattered brickwork -- is ROMER.

ROMER

Eva! Eva!... Don't do this!

Eva rummages in her gasmask bag. Takes out her revolver.

The noise of bombs falling is DEAFENING. Great FLASHES of WHITE LIGHT as they detonate.

ROMER is heading towards her.

ROMER

Eva! --

EVA aims at him. Both hands holding the gun steady. Fires.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- Romer falls.

And Eva is off again.

Scrambling away through the ruined building and off into the dubious safety of the erupting, repercussing night.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

94 INT SEAN GILMARTIN'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT 94

CLOSE SHOT -- EVA'S FACE -- her hair tied back. Smudged, dirty. Dried trickle of blood running down her forehead and cheek.

A HAND comes into view holding some cotton wool. Begins to dab away the blood.

All is quiet. Gilmartin cleans her wound.

GILMARTIN
Quite a raid.

EVA
Yes...

GILMARTIN
Not very sensible to be out there, wandering about.

EVA
I got lost.

GILMARTIN
What were you doing in the East End?

EVA
Looking for someone. A man.

GILMARTIN
Did you find him?

EVA
I did actually. I wanted to say goodbye.

GILMARTIN
And did you?

EVA
Yes. Forever.

Silence. Gilmartin has finished. Eva's face is clean. Just the little nick of the cut on her forehead.

GILMARTIN
That's more like you, now.

EVA
Thank you, Sean.

Gilmartin goes to his drinks table and pours a couple of whiskeys into two tumblers. Brings them over, hands one to Eva, who takes a sip.

GILMARTIN

Irish whiskey.

EVA

Bliss.

GILMARTIN

Talking of Ireland... I was just thinking. I've some leave due. Thought I might go home to Dublin...

EVA

Right. That'll be nice for you.

GILMARTIN

Would you like to come?

EVA

(Beat. Smiles)

Yes. I would. Please. More than words can say...

He clinks his glass with hers.

GILMARTIN

I'll arrange everything.

Eva holds her hand out, wordless. Smiling, tears in her eyes. She's safe at last.

Gilmartin takes her hand. Smiles back. Very happy.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

95

INT RUTH'S FLAT. CAMBRIDGE DAY

95

CLOSE -- RUTH'S FACE. Serious

Ruth is sitting in an armchair, on the last page of Sally's manuscript. She closes it. Sets it down. Thinking. She stands. Goes to the phone. Dials. Waits for three rings. Hangs up. Dials again.

The phone rings and rings and rings. Sally's not there. Ruth is worried. She dials again.

RUTH

(into phone)

Hi, Jennie... It's Ruth... yes, fine.... Look, something urgent's come up. Can you collect Jochen from school?.... Thanks a million... My mother, yes, you know.... I shouldn't be too late... I'll call you anyway, Thanks so much... Bye.

She hangs up. Snatches up her handbag and strides out of the flat.

96 EXT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 96

Ruth pulls up in her car. Gets out. No sign of Sally's white Allegro. Ruth goes up to the front door. Locked. Takes the key from under the flower pot, unlocks the door and goes in.

97 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 97

Ruth wandering through the rooms of the cottage.

RUTH

Sally? Mum? Are you there?...
Sal, where are you, dammit?...

She goes --

INTO THE KITCHEN -- Stops. This is odd.

Fixed to the kitchen table is a VICE. By it a small HACKSAW. Ruth picks up the hacksaw. She stoops. Peers. Touches something on the floor.

VERY CLOSE -- her fingertip. One small FRILL of cut metal.

RUTH

Shit...

She opens the kitchen cupboard that has the hanging wastebin in it. No, of course not. Slams it shut.

98 EXT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 98

By the kitchen door. Ruth picks up a dustbin and upends it. All the household detritus. She kneels, rummages. A package of folded newspaper. She opens it. Potato peelings. Lettuce leaves. She reaches in and --

Draws out the sawn-off barrel of the shotgun Sally had bought. Rummages again. Brings out the sawn-off stock.

RUTH

(realizing)
Aw, no! --

She runs to her car. CUT TO --

99 EXT KNIGHTSBRIDGE TERRACE. LONDON DUSK 99

An elegant curving terrace of white stucco buildings. Very grand, very expensive.

Small immaculate gardens with gates lead to front doors with highly polished brass door furniture. The place breathes exclusivity, privacy and wealth. It is dusk. Long evening shadows. A warm peachy light.

Ruth is striding along the pavement looking for Romer's house, number 8. She stops outside it. Turns. Looks across the street.

Sally is sitting in her white Allegro, opposite.

Ruth crosses the road and gets in on the passenger side. Slamming the door behind her.

100 INT SALLY'S CAR DUSK 100

Sally is looking very smart and elegant. Her hair newly cut. Full make up. A beautiful, sophisticated, older woman.

Ruth is trying to control her anger. Almost shouting.

RUTH

-- I will not let you kill him.
Do you understand me! --

SALLY

-- I'm not going to kill him --

RUTH

-- Where's the gun? --

Sally indicates her bag between the seats.

Ruth reaches in takes out the shotgun -- six inch barrel, pistol grip with no stock, about 18-inches long. It looks more lethal and dangerous, somehow.

RUTH

Jesus Christ. You can't --

Sally has silenced her, squeezing her arm. Ruth turns --

-- THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN they can see ROMER'S BENTLEY nosing up the crescent. It stops outside the house.

Ruth looks fiercely back at Sally. Drops the gun and gets out of the car. Striding impulsively across the road.

101 EXT WALTON CRESCENT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE DUSK 101

HIGH SHOT -- LOOKING DOWN -- Romer gets out of the Bentley. His CHAUFFEUR opening the rear door.

Simultaneously -- Ruth crossing the street.

ROMER -- in grey flannels and a tweed jacket -- has a brief word with his chauffeur who gets back in the Bentley and drives away.

Romer goes to the gate of his house.

ANGLE ON RUTH -- crossing the road, approaching Romer.

RUTH
Lord Romer?... May I have a word?

ROMER
(turning)
Who are you?

RUTH
I'm Ruth Gilmartin. We met the other day at your club. I interviewed you -- or at least I tried. Look, I have to --

ROMER
-- I've nothing to say to you.
Please leave me alone.

Romer opens the gate.

RUTH
No. I have to tell you --

ROMER
-- Good night, Miss Gilmartin. Go away. Leave me alone.

MOVE IN ON ROMER -- his confident smile.

SALLY (V.O.)
Hello, Lucas...

ROMER FREEZES. He turns, slowly.

Sally stands there in the shadows. Erect, slim, beautiful.

Romer focusses on her.

ROMER
Who are you?...

Sally steps forward into a beam of peachy sunlight. And Romer knows at once who she is.

His hand grips the gatepost. White knuckles. His face gives nothing away.

ROMER
My god... Eva Delectorskaya...
Who would've thought...

102 INT ROMER'S HOUSE WALTON CRESCENT DUSK 102

A classically elegant English drawing room. First floor. Two clusters of sofas. Fine paintings on the walls under picture lights. Floor to ceiling windows with swagged muslin curtains. Persian rugs and parquet flooring. Romer's world. Nothing could be more proper, more distinguished and understated.

ROMER stands in front of the fireplace. Sally/Eva stands opposite him.

Ruth stands back by the door -- conscious of the violent emotional currents surging under the apparently calm and civilized surface of this encounter.

ROMER
(to Ruth)
Forgive the enquiry -- but what relation do you have with... this woman?

RUTH
She's my mother.

ROMER
(assurance jolted)
Jesus Christ...
(looks at Eva)
I don't believe it.

SALLY
A chip off the old block, Lucas.

ROMER
What do you want?

SALLY
I should tell you that Ruth knows everything. I wrote everything down and gave it to her...
(smiles)
Your secret life is over. Very soon, everyone is going to know what you did. It's finished.

Romer takes this in and -- for a moment -- almost visibly wilts. Then he pulls himself together.

ROMER
As far as the British Government is concerned you are a wartime traitor -- who has still to be brought to justice. I just need to pick up this telephone and you'll be arrested.

SALLY

I wish you would. Go on, call the authorities...

(wry smile)

It's all finally gone wrong, Lucas, let's face it.

ROMER

(ironic smile)

Actually, it all went wrong at Pearl Harbor. Thanks to the Japanese. Pearl Harbor rather fucked everything up.

SALLY

You should have left me alone, Lucas. You shouldn't have kept looking for me. None of this would have happened.

ROMER

What on earth are you talking about?

Sally reaches into her bag and takes out the sawn-off shotgun. Points it directly at Romer's face. He flinches.

STAND OFF. Romer staring down the barrel of Sally's shotgun. Her hand rock-steady.

Romer begins to sweat.

RUTH

Sally... Please...

Sally lowers the shot gun. Puts it in her bag.

SALLY

Don't worry, darling. I just had to see what it was like. Having him at my mercy for a moment or two. Worth every second.

ROMER

Actually, you shot me once before, Eva. During that air raid. Hit me in the shoulder.

SALLY

Damn. I missed.

RUTH

(blurting out)

Why were you working for the Germans?

Romer turns to her.

SALLY

It wasn't the Germans. It was the Russians. The NKVD.

ROMER

(smiles)

You see, your mother knows everything --

SALLY

-- At the end of 1941 the last thing the Russians wanted was the USA entering the war in Europe. No, Europe was for Russia -- they had started to defeat German armies. So they instructed their special, special, most secret agent -- high up in the British Secret Service -- to find a way of destroying the credibility of British efforts to persuade America to join the war...

Romer looks at her, impassively.

SALLY

Lucas Romer -- the spy of spies. The ultimate double agent... the more it seemed that the British were trying to manipulate American public opinion the more the Americans would turn against joining the war in Europe...

RUTH

Hence the Mexican map --

SALLY

-- An obvious forgery found on the body of a dead British agent. Who would believe anything we said after that?...

(smiles at Romer)

That was your mission, wasn't it? Those were your instructions.

ROMER

One mission -- but it didn't go according to plan, alas. Thanks to you, Eva. Still, I've been very busy ever since. Some consolation...

RUTH

So speaks Baron Mansfield of Hampton Cleeve...

ROMER

It's always nice to be recognized. Especially by your enemies...

RUTH

So you're the Sixth Man --

ROMER

-- I have nothing to say to --

SALLY

But why? Why Russia? It wasn't money, or blackmail --

ROMER

-- You wouldn't know. You came here from exile. You could never understand how, for an Englishman, sometimes it's as easy to hate your country as it is to love it...

Silence. They look at each other. Romer gives a little bow of defeat.

ROMER

I could never find you, Eva. And, believe me, I tried... You were very good. Very... But I didn't think you needed to kill poor Alfie, however --

Ruth jolts. What? Glance flashes to Sally.

SALLY

Alfie had betrayed me to you. I had about ninety seconds -- then you would both have killed me...

They look at each other.

SALLY

What would you have done?

Romer bows. Concedes defeat.

SALLY

Time to go, my dear...

(to Romer)

Goodbye, Lucas. Remember this evening, remember what I said. You'll never see me again.

Romer stares at her, as if trying to print this last image of her on his memory.

Sally meets his gaze. Triumphant.

They leave. Ruth letting Sally go first. Ruth throws a glance back in the room before she closes the door.

Romer stands there, head bowed. Immobile.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

103 INT RUTH'S FLAT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT 103

Fire burning. Ruth and Sally sit with whiskies.

SALLY
Is Jochen asleep?

RUTH
Fast asleep... Feel like talking
a bit?...

SALLY
I suppose so.

RUTH
When did you know it was him?

SALLY
Not until I saw him outside
Alfie's apartment. The night of
the air raid. For sure. But I
didn't want to think it... This
was the man I loved. The man I
thought loved me...
(harder)
But I should have known at
Morris's apartment, when Morris
was dead, lying there. And Romer
said to me what he always said:
"Trust your instincts."
Instincts. He'd trained me -- he
knew me, incredibly well. He
didn't need to tell me what to do
in New Mexico because he knew I'd
do it anyway... That was what was
so damned clever.

RUTH
Didn't need to tell you to check
the map --

SALLY
-- Exactly. Because he knew I
would. And he knew I'd see there
was something wrong -- and I
wouldn't go through with the plan
-- that I'd go off on my own...

RUTH

So he wanted you to be killed with the map and the money on you. To be found dead in the desert. Why?

SALLY

To discredit the British. Our whole Secret Service operation in America. To expose everything we were doing -- all the propaganda, all the manipulation of the news, trying to get the USA to join the war in Europe...

(thinks)

It would have been a huge scandal. Imagine... very damaging.

RUTH

And Morris had figured that out.

SALLY

Yes. Before I did. But they got to him first and faked his suicide. I would have been next...

Silence. Ruth looks at her mother.

RUTH

And you killed Alfie...

SALLY

He's betrayed me to Romer. I had to. I wouldn't be sitting here, otherwise...

They look at each other.

RUTH

How do you feel?

SALLY

I'm not sure. Pleased. Sad. Worried. Angry. Exhilarated. Frightened --

RUTH

-- Not frightened. It's over now, Sal --

SALLY

-- But I made a mistake. I took a risk. One risk.

RUTH

No!... What?

SALLY

He knows you're my daughter. He knows your name. Ruth Gilmartin. They can find me, now. And you...

RUTH

What're you talking about? You've got him cold -- he knows that.

SALLY

Maybe you're right... But I worry he might leave something written. Some last instructions.

RUTH

What do you mean, "Last instructions", "Leave something written"? --

SALLY

He'll be dead by the morning.

RUTH

Dead? What're you talking about?

SALLY

(flatly)

Romer will kill himself tonight. An injection, a pill... He'll have had it ready for years. It'll look like a heart attack or a massive stroke. Something natural...

(smiles wryly)

Romer's dead. I didn't need to shoot him with that gun. The second he saw me he knew that his life was over... He was a dead man...

104

INT WALTON CRESCENT. ROMER'S DRAWING ROOM NIGHT

104

Romer sits in an armchair. Whisky glass by his side. Music playing on the gramophone -- Bach. FIRE BLAZING in the grate. He has his left sleeve rolled up and, with a hypodermic syringe, is injecting himself in a vein in his wrist. He puts the syringe down and replaces his watch on his wrist. He has a final sip of whisky.

He stands. Picks up the syringe and THROWS it in the fire. He begins to switch off the lights. Switches off the gramophone.

For a moment he stands in front of one of his fine paintings, as if committing it to memory.

ROMER'S FACE -- enigmatic smile.

Then he leaves the room, switching off the light.
Everything goes BLACK.

105 EXT ST JAMES'S PICCADILLY DAY 105

FADE UP --

CLOSE -- on a small poster in a glass case.

It reads: "St James's Church, Piccadilly. A memorial service to celebrate the life of Lucas Romer, Baron Mansfield of Hampton Cleeve, KCB. MC and bar, Croix de Guerre, OM.

PULL BACK --

Sally, Ruth and Jochen contemplate the poster set on the railings. They look round.

DIGNITARIES -- MEN and WOMEN -- in formal funereal garb -- are filing into the church.

SALLY

Look at them all. Romer would be delighted. His vanity would be satisfied. His last laugh -- all the great and the good turning up like this to pay their respects to the "great man"....

RUTH

That was important to him?

SALLY

Not at first. But that must have kept him going all the years. The honours. The title. His clubs. All the establishment trappings. He would have loved that. Laughing at them all the time. Laughing inside. Little did they know... Look, isn't that the Foreign Secretary?

JOCHEN

Why are we here? It's boring.

SALLY

It's a service for someone I used to know. A long time ago.

RUTH

He died -- and people have come to remember him.

JOCHEN

Was he a nice man?

SALLY

Why do you ask?

JOCHEN

Because you don't seem very sad.

SALLY

I thought he was nice at first.
Very nice. And then one day I
realized I'd made a big mistake.

JOCHEN

Oh. Can we go for lunch now?

SALLY

Isn't that Vivien Leigh?

RUTH

She's long gone, Sal.

JOCHEN

Where are we having lunch?

RUTH

At a lovely hotel. Called the
Ritz. We're going to drink
champagne --

JOCHEN

-- I like champagne. Can I have
some?

SALLY

Of course you can.

Ruth looks at Sally

RUTH

We're going to raise a glass to
Eva Delectorskaya... She won in
the end. You won...

SALLY

Yes, I suppose I did...

She smiles. But we can see that her eyes are troubled.

106

INT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY

106

Ruth and Jochen are ready to leave. Sally ushers them out.

RUTH

-- Are you sure? We can stay
the night, if you like.

SALLY

No, no. Off you go. I'm fine.

RUTH

Jochen -- run around and see you haven't left anything.

He leaves.

RUTH

Seriously. You all right? You seem a bit --

SALLY

-- I just worry about my mistake. You should have gone to meet him under an assumed name... It's so foolish of me, I --

RUTH

(firmly)

-- Mum. Stop. It's over. He's gone. It's over.

Jochen comes back with his toy bow and arrows.

JOCHEN

I nearly left these.

RUTH

Right, we're off.

Everybody kisses everybody else and Sally walks them to the front door.

107

EXT SALLY'S COTTAGE. FRONT DOOR DAY

107

Ruth and Jochen walk down the path to Sally's car.

RUTH

(calling back)

Bye! See you Saturday!

JOCHEN

Bye, Granny!

SALLY

Drive carefully!

She closes the door.

Ruth closes the garden gate and opens the back door of the car for Jochen who throws his bows and arrows inside.

RUTH

Where's your jersey?

JOCHEN

Ah... I think I left it in the kitchen.

RUTH
Get in. I'll fetch it.

Jochen gets in the back of the car and Ruth runs up the path back to the front door. And goes in.

108 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 108

Ruth striding towards the kitchen. Suddenly she slows.

Very quietly, she makes her way to the kitchen door and peers inside.

Her face falls.

WHAT SHE SEES -- SALLY is standing by the kitchen window -- the powerful binoculars raised to her eyes, scanning the woods across the meadow.

ANGLE ON SALLY -- watching, waiting.

RUTH -- upset, watching her from the kitchen door.

THROUGH SALLY'S BINOCULARS --

THE WOODS ACROSS THE MEADOW -- The focus moves here and there, sharpening and blurring, searching for those watching figures.

The branches heave and shift, as the wind rises -- the sound of the wind in the trees, the leaves tossing and thrashing -- eternally restless.

THE END

RUN CREDITS -- over MUTE images of the young Eva in Paris, Scotland, Prenslo, London, New York, New Mexico and London again.