

e n d @ r
p r o d u c t i o n s

20 Greek St
London W1D4DU
Tel. +44 (0)20 7851 1300 Fax +44 (0)20 7851 1301
hilaryassistant@endorproductions.co.uk

RESTLESS

Part 1

By William Boyd

Pink Revisions (25 / 6 / 12)

Yellow Revisions (4 / 7 / 12)

RESTLESS

Film 1

Screenplay by
William Boyd

Based on the novel
"Restless" by William Boyd

The story of British Secret Service operations in the USA during 1940-41 is one of the last great secrets of World War II, and indeed it remains a major political and diplomatic embarrassment. The Washington Post described the activities of British spies in the United States as "a masterful covert-action programme -- arguably the most effective in history". This is the background against which Restless is set.

1 FADE IN -- 1

AERIAL SHOT -- We are HIGH ABOVE a classic English landscape, looking down.

Fields, hedgerows, copses. Sunken lanes. "The Heart of England".

MOVE IN, MOVE DOWN -- to FIND a small CAR -- a Renault 5 -- a bit bashed about, a bit sun-faded, being driven at a fair lick along these minor roads.

CAPTION: "CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND, 1976"

HOLD on the car as we MOVE IN CLOSER and CUT TO --

2 INT RENAULT 5 DAY 2

A YOUNG WOMAN is at the wheel. Very pretty but with a serious look. A clever person. Wearing sunglasses. Long thick blonde hair. Beads. Tie-dye t-shirt. Hippy-dippy style.

MUSIC PLAYING. The Bellamy Brothers: "Let your love flow."

The young woman's name is RUTH GILMARTIN.

In the back seat, looking out of the back window, a SMALL BOY, 6 or 7, seemingly mesmerized by the road unwinding behind the car. He is Ruth's son, JOCHEN.

Ruth looks at him in the rear-view mirror. She turns down the music slightly.

RUTH
Jochen... Don't make yourself
sick. You'll have to walk home.

Jochen turns, sits down. Frowns.

JOCHEN
Mummy?

RUTH
Yes.

JOCHEN
Is Sally your real mummy?

RUTH
Of course. Why do you ask?

JOCHEN
She's so strange.

RUTH
(smiles. This is true)
Well... We're all strange when
you come to think about it. I'm
strange, you're strange...

JOCHEN
But we're not as strange as her.

Ruth smiles, shrugs. Maybe he has a point...

3 EXT/INT MIDDLE ASHTON/RUTH'S CAR DAY 3

The Renault 5 motors into a perfect, isolated English village. Thatched cottages. A pub. A manor house. Towering beech trees.

Parked in front of the pub is a lorry, delivering kegs of beer. The gap is narrow, very narrow. Ruth's car does not slow down.

IN THE CAR -- through the windscreen. Ruth sees a BIG FAT GUY -- in a sweatshirt, bushy sideburns -- holds up his hand to slow her down. Ruth SPEEDS past him. She has only a couple of inches to spare on each side.

THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW -- the diminishing figure of the Big Fat Guy shaking his fist and swearing.

JOCHEN
(delighted)
Mummy -- that man's very angry!

Ruth smiles. Speeds on.

3A INT MIDDLE ASHTON DAY 3A

The car pulls up opposite an isolated cottage in a large garden at the very far end of the village. Tucked away.

Ruth and Jochen get out, go through the gate and up the path to the front door.

4 INT COTTAGE DAY 4

The hall. Worn flagstone floor. A polished table with a telephone on it. Watercolours on the wall. A tasteful, classic English country interior. The door opens. Ruth and Jochen come in. It's very quiet. They look around. This is a bit odd.

RUTH
(calling out)
Sally -- we're here... Mum?

JOCHEN

Sally? We're he-re!

They look at each other. Silence.

CREAK. A door opens at the end of the passage. They turn.

Sitting in the doorway is a very attractive OLDER WOMAN (in her 60s) sitting in a wheelchair. Grey hair well cut, fine featured. Shrewd eyes. This is Ruth's mother, SALLY GILMARTIN. She smiles. Her voice is clear and strong.

SALLY

Hello, darlings.

Ruth and Jochen look on in astonishment as Sally wheels herself into the hall.

RUTH

My god. What's happened? What's with the wheelchair? --

Sally steps out of it. Smiles brightly. She kisses them.

SALLY

I fell and hurt my back. Doctor said not to overdo the walking.

She opens the door and peers out. MOVE IN ON HER FACE -- her eyes narrow, darting her gaze here and there, looking for something. She relaxes. Shuts it again.

SALLY

Did anyone follow you?

RUTH

What? No. I mean... What're you talking about? "Follow" us? --

But Sally strides past them and into the kitchen. Ruth follows Sally into the big kitchen. Jochen trailing behind.

Ruth glances back and she and Jochen look at each other.

Jochen's expression says "See? I told you. VERY strange."

5 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN DAY

5

SOME TIME LATER IN THE KITCHEN -- Big scrubbed pine table, Aga, picture-window overlooking a meadow and woods behind the house. Remains of lunch on the table.

Sally and Ruth sit facing each other. Jochen is playing in the garden. We can hear his whoops and shouts, OVER.

Sally pours them each a glass of wine. Ruth is rolling a cigarette. Sally contemplates her daughter.

SALLY

How's the thesis going?

RUTH

Slowly but surely.

SALLY

Wouldn't a job be better?

RUTH

I'll get a better job with a PhD.

SALLY

A PhD on "Anarchist Politics in Post-War Germany"?

RUTH

A PhD is a PhD.

SALLY

A PhD is a route to a job.

RUTH

Who says I want a "job"?

She lights up, plumes smoke at the ceiling. Sally shrugs, reaches for the cigarette has a puff. Hands it back.

SALLY

How's Jochen getting on?

RUTH

He's fine. Likes his school.

SALLY

What I was trying to say, in my clumsy way, is -- it's not too much for you, is it? Cambridge University, thesis, teaching foreign students, on your own with a little boy...

RUTH

We're fine, Sal. Don't worry. We're happy.

SALLY

Doesn't he miss his father?

RUTH

Karl-Heinz has the right to see him whenever he wants.

(smiles thinly)

Well, as long as I agree.

Ruth drinks her wine. Looks intently at her mother.

RUTH

So... Hadn't you better tell me?

SALLY

What?

RUTH

What's with this wheelchair
lark?...

Sally meets her gaze for a beat. Gets up, clears plates,
takes them to the sink.

By the sink we'll spot a pair of HIGH-POWERED BINOCULARS.

Sally picks them up, trains them on the wood beyond.

SALLY

Things are going on...

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- Jochen runs across frame, a blur.

FOCUS TWITCHES. Beyond, the dense woods, the branches
shifted by the summer breeze. The binoculars MOVE left.
Move right. Searching amongst the tree trunks. Nothing.

Sally puts them down. Turns. Ruth hides her irritation.

RUTH

What "things" are going on?

SALLY

There are people in the wood.

RUTH

Yes, ramblers. People walking
their dogs. People out for --

SALLY

-- People who are watching me...

RUTH

You need to see a doctor.

Sally rounds on her, stares hard. She's deadly serious

Ruth flinches. Holds up her hand in apology.

RUTH

All right, all right. I'm
sorry... But you must admit I
have good cause.

SALLY

I'll give you good cause.

She leaves the room. Ruth stubs out her cigarette. Stands
and picks up the binoculars. Looks out at the wood.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS -- Moving. The wood. The trees. SUDDENLY! -- A PERSON APPEARS between the trees for a split-second. A flash. Binoculars whip back. Refocus. Nothing.

Ruth lowers the binoculars. Frowns. Madness. Paranoia.

Sally comes back in. Ruth turns. Sally is holding something in her hand. A file containing pages of manuscript. Holds it out to Ruth. Ruth hesitates. She reaches out. Pauses. For a second they each have a hand on the file.

RUTH
What's this?

SALLY
Read it, you'll see.

Ruth takes the file. Looks at what's written on the cover

CLOSE SHOT -- A big handwritten scrawl on the cover says:

"THE STORY OF EVA DELECTORSKAYA"

Ruth looks at the title. Looks at her mother.

RUTH
Who the hell is Eva
Delectorskaya?

SALLY
(evenly)
I am.

RUTH
(beat, then calmly)
No. No, you're not. You're my
mother. You're Sally Gilmartin.

SALLY
I am Eva Delectorskaya.

Ruth's face -- huge scepticism and an undertow of worry.

Sally looks back at her -- unflinching. Her head tilted in a certain way. DISSOLVE TO --

6 EXT PARIS STREET/ MARKET DAY 6

It is 1939. A Paris street. A ROW OF MARKET STALLS have been set up. SHOPPERS bustle here and there.

AT THE END OF THE STREET -- a MARCH heading towards us. Tricouleurs, banners saying ACTION FRANCAISE. They are singing the "Marseillaise". A SNARE DRUM beating time. MEN marching in time to the rhythm. Some wearing medals, some tricouleur sashes.

CAMERA FINDS -- a very BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN -- late 20s. DARK HAired. Red lips, hair loosely tied back. She's reading a newspaper. Glancing through it. She lowers it, hearing the music. And then looks impatiently down the street both ways for someone -- her head tilted in a certain way.

But, despite the difference in colouring, something about her says immediately that this is the young Sally Gilmartin/Eva Delectorskaya. That way of tilting her head, the unflinching gaze, that makes this VERY obvious. She folds her newspaper, picks up the basket at her feet.

SOUND of the march getting closer as we FOLLOW Eva to a market stall.

CAPTION: PARIS, SUMMER 1939

EVA

Un beau choux, s'il vous plait.

She buys a cabbage, moves on. The first of the marchers are level with her now. The "Marseillaise" loud.

EVA buys two baguettes from another stall. The MARCHERS stride by her. She looks around, curious. Then spots someone.

A GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MAN emerges from the crowd: dark, vital. It's her younger brother KOLIA. Mid-20s. He leans forward, kisses her on both cheeks.

KOLIA

Eva -- I'm sorry. What can I say?

EVA

(sighs)

Only forty minutes late. You're getting better, Kolia.

He hands her a brown paper bag.

KOLIA

Father's medicine. There was a queue. Enormous. Kilometres long.

EVA

Of course there was.

Eva takes the bag, checks the contents.

KOLIA

-- I've got to run. See you tomorrow.

EVA

I thought we were meant to have lunch --

KOLIA
 (wags his finger)
 -- Eva, Eva, Eva. Always nagging.

EVA
 Where are you running to?

KOLIA
 A meeting --

EVA
 -- What kind of meeting?

KOLIA
 A meeting kind of meeting

He heads off, gives her a wave. Eva shouts after him.

EVA
 Be careful!

She smiles. Impossible Kolia. She watches him cross the road, head up the street. She sees him greet ANOTHER MAN. Wearing a brown Trilby and a tweed coat. They head off together. Kolia talking animatedly as if they know each other well. Eva heads for the fruit stall, thinks nothing of it.

7 INT MEETING HALL DAY

7

COME IN ON -- a big banner: "ACTION FRANCAISE" and a huge tricouleur hanging on the wall behind the stage. The Fascist right of French politics.

PULL BACK -- a SPEAKER on the stage, talking passionately. Loudly. Gesturing. Full of malice.

SPEAKER
 -- Et nous disons aux etrangers
 qui decident de vivre chez nous.
 Vous etes comme les Juifs et les
 Francmacons. On ne vous aime pas!
 Vous etes contre La France --

Cheers and applause. A few people stand -- over-excited, stirred by the increasingly loud rhetoric.

SPEAKER
 -- Et si vous etes contre La
 France vous etes contre nous, les
 vrais Francais. Et nous vous
 connaissons -- vous, les Juifs,
 les Francmaccons, les etrangers.
 On vous note. On note ou vous
 habitez -- et un jour on vous
 visitera! --

More cheering. CAMERA ROVES, FINDS -- KOLIA sitting at the end of a row, discreetly noting things down in a small notebook.

A FOLDED note is being passed down the row towards him. Kolia looks round, takes it, surprised.

CLOSE -- NIKOLAI DELECTORSKI.

He opens it, reads. Frowns. He stands and leaves the hall going out a side door.

The SPEAKER still RANTING on.

8

EXT ALLEY WAY DAY

8

Kolia steps out. Closes the door behind him.

Looks up and down. Waits a moment. Nobody. Looks at his watch. OVER -- more CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the hall. Thunderous applause.

Kolia gives up, lights a cigarette and heads up the alley. He stops.

THREE MEN -- coats, hats -- appear at the end.

Kolia turns -- to see --

TWO MORE MEN coming up behind. They close in on him. Big MEN with slab-like, unsmiling faces. They hem him in.

KOLIA

Hey... Qu'est ce que se passe --

A MAN plucks the cigarette from his mouth. Two others grab his arms. He's roughly searched. His notebook found.

KOLIA

Un moment, garçons... Je suis journaliste. J'écris --

SMASH! He is punched in the face. Blood streaming from his nose. He gasps in pain and shock.

They let him go. He sinks to his knees. Spits blood. Groggy.

THUD! The first KICK lands in his stomach. Kolia goes flying.

8A

EXT ALLEYWAY DAY

8A

CLOSE SHOT -- the paved floor of the alleyway.

INTO FRAME -- a slow trickle of blood sliding down the paving stones. CAMERA SLOWLY FOLLOWS the blood-flow to its source -- KOLIA'S BATTERED BODY.

His face kicked to a bloody pulp. DEAD... DISSOLVE TO --

9 EXT SALLY'S COTTAGE NIGHT 9

Tucked away in its dark leafy corner. A LIGHT burns in the kitchen window.

10 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE KITCHEN NIGHT 10

JOCHEN wrapped in a blanket, asleep on a sofa. CAMERA MOVES -- to find -- SALLY and RUTH facing each other across the table. The manuscript is OPEN between them. Ruth is dressed. Sally is in her dressing gown. Ruth is in a state.

SALLY

-- But, really, darling, you really didn't need to drive all this way just to --

RUTH

--Stop right there! You -- "Eva" or whoever you are -- have just described a young man being horribly kicked to death by a bunch of fascist thugs...

(taps manuscript)

This Kolia -- you say -- is my uncle. Was my uncle...

SALLY

He was --

RUTH

-- How do you think that makes me feel? Me! "Ruth Gilmartin", as was! Your daughter! Reading something like that -- how do I know what to believe?

SALLY

Believe it. It's the truth...

So they look at each other -- fixedly. Unflinching. Sally's mood has changed. She's hard -- serious. This is no game.

RUTH

But why now -- after all this time?

Sally gets up, goes to a drawer and comes back with a CUTTING from a local newspaper. Spreads it in front of her.

CLOSE -- big portrait shot of Sally -- in black. Headline:
"Memorial Service for Sean Gilmartin".

RUTH

I don't get it. What's Dad's
memorial service got to do with
anything?

SALLY

Somebody saw this photograph. I
knew they would --

RUTH

-- It's the Cambridge News and
Herald, Mum, for god's sake --

SALLY

-- They see everything! Because
then I noticed -- the people in
the wood, the new cars in the
village. They'd found me. Or
thought they had. So I had to do
something. I need your help...

RUTH

I just don't believe --

SALLY

-- It's happening. It's true.

RUTH

So -- suddenly I'm half Russian.

SALLY

Yes. You are.

Ruth looks away -- in a kind of turmoil. Looks back.

RUTH

What was he like, my uncle Kolia?

SALLY

Completely delightful. Funny,
clever. Always hopelessly late...
You would have loved him...

CLOSE ON SALLY -- we see the tears form in her eyes. And
then we CUT TO --

*

11 EXT PARISIAN CEMETERY DAY

11

EVA'S FACE -- veiled. But the veil can't hide her tear
tracks.

A windy, RAINY, day. The wind snatches at the clothes and
hats of A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE by an open grave. The
coffin is already inside. The service is RUSSIAN ORTHODOX.

Eva stands beside a very sick OLD MAN. Pale faced, shivering, wrapped in blankets. Her father. FIVE OTHER MOURNERS -- MEN and WOMEN, shabbily dressed, heads bowed. A PRIEST -- holding a fuming censor, intoning some Russian Orthodox prayer. *

Eva looks round. She can't believe her beloved brother is dead. She stiffens.

WHAT SHE SEES -- a MAN standing some distance away. Wearing a brown Trilby and a tweed coat.

He looks on for a moment, then turns and walks away.

12 SCENE CUT 12

13 EXT. PARIS STREET / MARKET DAY 13 *

It is a week after Kolia's funeral. Eva buys some flowers from one of the stalls. *

She senses someone is watching her and notices the MAN in the trilby again some distance away. He turns and moves away. *

14 EXT. PARIS GRAVEYARD DAY 14

Eva is moving through the graveyard carrying her flowers. She spots the MAN in a trilby once more, standing by a SMALL RUINED CHURCH. She goes over to him. *

EVA
Monsieur! S'il vous plait!
Pourquoi vous me suivez,
monsieur? Qu'est-ce que vous
voulez avec moi? *

MAN
(Turns. His accent is an
educated English) *

MAN

-- Mademoiselle Delectorskaya...
You must forgive me. I can
 explain everything.

*

(smiles persuasively)

*Please. If I could just have a
 moment of your time...*

*

*

He gestures for her to enter *the ruined church*.

*

Reluctantly, Eva does so. They step out of the rain.

14A

INT. RUINED CHURCH DAY

14A

EVA

How did you know *my brother*?

*

He takes his hat off. He is in his late 30s/early 40s.
 Dark. He has a hawkish, intense, handsome face. His name is
 LUCAS ROMER. He holds out his hand.

ROMER

My name's Lucas Romer. I was a
 friend of Kolia.

Eva, after a pause, shakes his hand.

EVA

I saw you the day he died.

ROMER

Yes, I met him.

EVA

(bitterly)

You heard what happened to him.
 Robbed and killed --

ROMER

-- *Actually*, I think he was
 murdered. *I think* they took his
 wallet to make it look like a
 robbery. *I'm afraid* he was killed
 by Fascists.

*

*

*

EVA

What're you talking about? He was
 a piano teacher. He was --

ROMER

-- Of course.

(pause, smiles)

Your English is excellent, by the
 way. Hardly any accent.

EVA

We had an English governess -- in
the old days. I don't understand
why you're following me --

He takes a business card out of his wallet, holds it out.
Eva takes it, reads it. She hands it back.

ROMER
Please keep it.

Eva slips it in her handbag.

EVA
"Lucas Romer. Managing director.
A.A.S." What does that mean?

ROMER
"Actuarial and Accountancy
Services".

EVA
You're an accountant? --

ROMER
-- Please. Miss Delectorskaya,
listen to me. I just wanted to
express my condolences. I wanted
to choose the right moment to
offer you my deepest sympathy.

*

Eva looks at him. This is all very strange.

EVA
Well... Thank you. Goodbye.

She gives a quick smile and leaves.

15 INT PARIS APARTMENT DUSK

15

CLOSE on a door. Threadbare coats hanging on it. Key in
the lock. And the door opens. It's EVA. Home from work.
Tired. Two baguettes and a cauliflower in a basket.

EVA
Papa?...

She puts the shopping bag down. Takes her coat off, hangs
it on the door. And goes wearily into --

THE SITTING ROOM -- ROMER stands there, smiling at her. Eva
is stunned.

EVA
What're you doing --

Her eyes swivel. To her FATHER standing pouring out two
small glasses of Port. Everything in the room is shabby,
poor. Furniture, the rug on the floor, the many bookcases
filled with tatty books. There's a picture of Kolia. Black
ribbon draped on the frame. Her father speaks English with
a heavy accent.

MR DELECTORSKI

Hello, my dear. Will you join us
in a drink?

EVA

Papa. What's he --

ROMER

-- I've been having a most
interesting conversation with
your father --

MR DELEKTORSKI hands Romer his glass, then picks up and
holds up a British passport. Beaming.

MR DELEKTORSKI

-- Mr Romer say I can be British
citizen. We can both be British
citizen, Eva...

(tears in his eyes)

Mr Romer is a friend for Kolia.

Eva is in a quiet fury. What's going on here? She looks
darkly at Romer.

EVA

Mr Romer has no right to promise
you these things. He's made a
mistake --

She takes the passport from her father. Hands it to Romer.

EVA

Mr Romer was just leaving...

Romer gives a little bow. Turns to her father.

ROMER

May I have a word with your
daughter, Mr Delektorski?

MR DELECTORSKI

Of course. I go prepare our
supper...

As he leaves the room he squeezes Eva's hand. Looks
meaningfully at her. The door closes behind him. Romer
looks intently at her.

EVA

This intrusion is completely --

ROMER

-- I wanted to tell your father a
little about Kolia...

EVA

Please leave. My father's not well. This sort of excitement --

ROMER

-- I'll explain. I work for the British government... The security services. Kolia was one of us. He was infiltrating and reporting on Fascist organizations in France.

Eva is stunned. She's very sceptical.

EVA

I thought you said you were an accountant.

ROMER

AAS is a convenient fabrication. It's a "cover"...

EVA

Well, Kolia never told me...

She looks at Kolia's photograph. Smiling, happy.

ROMER

Of course not. I recruited him two years ago. We were on the point of bringing him to London. He was very successful at what he did. Very. One of our best. Which is why they killed him.

EVA

(suddenly upset)

Why are you telling me all this?

ROMER

Because I want you to know that Kolia was doing something of great worth. That his life was not wasted...

He comes closer to her. Smiles. He's very charming.

ROMER

Perhaps we could go for a walk. I'll tell you everything.

Eva and Romer walking along the gravelled pathways of a "jardin publique" in a Parisian square. Talking. OLD MEN sit on park benches. CHILDREN play hide and seek.

NANNIES push babies to and fro in prams. Eva and Romer are talking with a degree of fervour.

EVA

-- But I don't understand. Why would Kolia join the British Secret Services? It's not like him --

ROMER

-- Because there's a war coming. Yes. A war with Germany. This year, next year. Just a matter of time. But for some of us it's already started and Kolia was fighting in that war. Think of him as a soldier. Don't let him have died in vain --

EVA

-- This has nothing to do with me. How can I believe you? You could tell me anything --

ROMER

-- Why would I go to all this trouble just to lie to you? --

EVA

-- My brother's dead, that's all I know. All I care about --

Romer stops walking. Eva stops. Romer has taken a passport out of his pocket. Hands it to her.

ROMER

Perhaps you'll believe me now.

Eva opens it.

CLOSE SHOT -- the first page. Her photograph. Below it -- a name: EVE DALTON.

EVA is shocked. She riffles through the pages.

EVA

What is this? Some kind of joke?

CLOSE -- Full of official stamps. Customs. Immigration. Clearly Eve Dalton has travelled a lot. Romer lowers his voice, persuasively.

ROMER

You're a British citizen. Your name is Eve Dalton. You work for us. You earn £500 a year. We'll get your father into hospital. The best treatment.

(MORE)

ROMER (cont'd)

Don't let Kolia have died in
vain. You can do something to
avenge his death. Think of Kolia -
-

She hands the passport back. Eyes blaze.

EVA

-- I do. Every minute of the day.
Keep your secret war, Mr Romer.
If it killed my brother I want
nothing to do with it.

ROMER

Just think about it. Think what
we can do for your father. You
still have my card?

EVA

What? Yes, I think so --

ROMER

-- Call me on that number.

EVA

I don't think that'll be
necessary, Mr Romer. I've made up
my mind. Goodbye.

She turns and walks away.

Romer watches her go for a moment. He shouts after her.

ROMER

Kolia asked me to ask you! Kolia
wanted you to join us! It was his
dearest wish!

Eva keeps walking. Not looking back. In turmoil. Tears in
her eyes. Hugely upset. Completely disturbed by what she's
just learned. CUT TO --

16A

EXT RUTH'S FLAT NIGHT

16A

The building that contains Ruth's flat. Her car parked at
the kerb.

17

INT/EXT RUTH'S FLAT, CAMBRIDGE/PHONE BOX NIGHT

17

A scruffy, comfortable, book-filled flat. Jochen's TOYS
scattered on the floor. A desk, an anglepoise lamp, an
electric typewriter. Counter-culture posters on the walls.
A large German Labour Movement poster: "Deutsche
Gewerkschaftsbund. I MAI. 40 STUNDEN SIND GENUG!" A
Sagging sofa and armchairs.

Ruth comes in through a door. A bottle of wine and a glass in her hands.

Ruth pours herself a glass of wine. Sits down. Picks up her mother's manuscript. Puts it down.

The phone RINGS. Ruth picks it up. It's Sally.

We INTERCUT with Sally. In a lit PHONE BOX. Darkness all around.

RUTH
Hello, Mum.

SALLY
How are you getting on? Where've you got to?

RUTH
I've stopped. I don't think I can take much more --

SALLY
-- Keep going... You'll see exactly why I need you --

There's a wash of HEADLIGHTS that illuminates the box. Sally's head snaps round. She hangs up. Darts out of the box into the night.

RUTH
(still speaking)
-- What've you done? Why do you need me?... Hello? Hello?...

She hangs up, exasperated. Takes her seat again. Picks up the typescript. Turns several pages in. Begins to read.

CUT TO --

18 EXT SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE DAY 18

A remote, very beautiful Scottish glen with a river running through the valley below.

A MILITARY CAR is driving along a one-lane road.

19 INT MILITARY CAR DAY 19

Eva sits in the back. Smart in a suit, her hair up. She looks out of the window at the unfamiliar view. A SOLDIER is at the wheel. Eva leans forward.

EVA
Excuse me?

SOLDIER
(Scottish accent)
Yes, Miss.

EVA
Where exactly are we?

SOLDIER
Somewhere between Edinburgh and
Inverness, Miss.

Eva smiles to herself, wryly. Sits back in her seat. Might as well enjoy the drive.

20

EXT LYNE MANOR DAY

20

The car has pulled up in front of a big solid Scottish country house. Lawns. A walled garden. Outbuildings. A stable block. Some cars are parked on the gravelled sweep before the front door. A couple of ARMY LORRIES.

Eva has stepped out and is looking around.

The DRIVER gets her suitcase from the boot. Takes it indoors. Eva looks around. Curious. Baffled. On the lawn in front of the house a few PEOPLE -- YOUNG MEN and WOMEN -- are sitting in deckchairs. Chatting.

OVER -- Eva can hear the sound of people playing tennis.

MAN'S VOICE
Miss Dalton...

Eva turns. Still uncomprehending.

A MAN, 50s, in a tweed suit, steps out of the front door, comes towards her. Patrician accent. Military bearing.

MAN
Welcome to Lyne Manor. I'm Gerald
Laird. I'm the director here.

They shake hands. Laird looks at her intently.

LAIRD
I've just been on the phone to
Lucas Romer. I think he's very
pleased you changed your mind.
(sad smile)
I believe your father passed
away... My condolences...

EVA
Yes. Well, it was a "blessed
release" for him, I suppose. And
I suppose it made me think...
(MORE)

EVA (cont'd)

About what Mr Romer said, you know...

(changes subject)

What's going on here? A house party? --

LAIRD

No, no. What were you expecting?

EVA

I don't know... A barracks... A camp... A parade ground...

LAIRD

We have entirely different methods of training. We want you to be efficient -- and enjoy yourself.

He gestures and they walk towards the house.

EVA

Oh... What kind of training?

LAIRD

It's not what you expect. It's very precise. Very particular. We concentrate on very specific things. Now we're at war.

EVA

Yes, of course. Mr Romer said there would be a war...

They've reached the front door.

LAIRD

May I show you to your room.

They go inside.

21 INT LYNE MANOR DAY

21

CLOSE -- a large tray. On it several dozen random objects. A golf ball, a hair brush, a bank note, a wooden toy, etc.

PULL BACK -- Eva is studying it with intense concentration.

A MALE INSTRUCTOR -- in uniform. Flips a sheet over it.

INSTRUCTOR

You have one minute.

Eva begins to write down everything she can remember very quickly on a pad.

22 INT LYNE MANOR, EVA'S ROOM NIGHT 22

Eva in her nightdress, brushing her hair.

A small Spartan room, an iron bed, lino, jug and ewer on a stand. Listening to the radio. War news:

RADIO ANNOUNCER
(clipped BBC accent)
-- Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union have agreed to a partition of Poland following their respective invasions of the country... The city of Warsaw has surrendered to German forces as of yesterday evening... The British prime minister, the right honourable Neville Chamberlain --

CLICK. Eva switches it off. Too depressing

23 INT LYNE MANOR DAY 23

Eva sitting in a room with a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN. bespectacled, school-marmy.

WOMAN
Just the very slightest emphasis. It can convey so much. Let's try it again.
(pause)
"You can't possibly be serious."

EVA
You can't possibly be serious...

WOMAN
Almost. Just a squidgeon more. Once again. "You can't possibly be serious."

EVA
You can't possibly be serious.

Eva's accent is becoming very English.

24 INT LYNE MANOR SCREENING ROOM NIGHT 24

A row of chairs set before a screen. A slide projector shows an image of a street (black and white). The street is clearly in the USA.

Eva is staring at the image with intense concentration.

EVA
Ready.

The image changes. It looks identical.

Eva's face as she studies it.

EVA

There were no dustbins -- sorry,
"trashcans" -- outside number
10... The car in front of number
seven had white-wall tyres... The
truck was facing the other way...
There were five steps up to the
diner not four...

25

EXT LYNE MANOR, WALLED GARDEN DAY

25

In the walled garden. Two YOUNG MEN and a YOUNG WOMAN in casual clothes are firing revolvers at targets set against a wall of sandbags. BANG! BANG!

CAMERA MOVES AWAY -- across the lawn to FIND --

Eva -- sitting with OTHER YOUNG MEN and WOMEN some way off in a deckchair watching them.

Eva is reading the NEW YORK TIMES. OVER -- More gunshots. The flat dry noise of repercussion.

Eva turns. A YOUNG MAN in an open neck shirt sits a little way off reading a newspaper. LE FIGARO.

EVA

Edward?... Have you had your
weapons training?

EDWARD

(polite smile)

Eva... You really shouldn't be
asking me that, you know.

EVA

Of course. Sorry.

She puts down her paper, stands and walks over to a STAFF SERGEANT with a clipboard.

EVA

Sergeant?

SERGEANT

Yes, Miss Dalton.

EVA

When am I due to have my firearms
training?

SERGEANT

Let me see...

(checks clipboard)

Ah. You're not to receive any firearms training, Miss Dalton.

(smiles)

Funny that...

EVA

Are you sure? Everyone else seems to be trained how to use a gun.

SERGEANT

That's what's down here, Miss. Mr Romer says it's not necessary.

EVA

(this is odd)

Oh... Right...

26 INT LYNE MANOR CLASS ROOM DAY

26

CLOSE -- Eva, FACING CAMERA -- in the background, Laird, ticking names off a clipboard. Eva making a real effort of memory.

EVA

--Millard Filmore... Franklin Pierce... James Buchanan... Abraham Lincoln... Andrew Johnson... Ulysses Grant... Rutherford Hayes...

27 EXT SCOTTISH GLEN DAY

27

An ARMY LORRY grinding up a hill. Very remote. Wild. It stops. A SOLDIER gets out and goes round to the rear. Flips open the canvas flaps at the back. TO REVEAL --

INSIDE -- Eva sits there. BLINDFOLDED.

SOLDIER

Miss Dalton.

EVA feels her way to the edge of the lorry. The soldier helps her down. He positions her at the side of the road.

SOLDIER

Count to a hundred, Miss. You're the last.

He jumps back in the lorry. Drives away out of sight.

EVA's face -- counting silently. She takes off her blindfold. She's completely alone. Looks around her at the empty glen, uncomprehendingly.

28 EXT SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE NIGHT 28

In a dark wood. Eva kneels in front of a small scratch fire. It's smoking, no flames. She leans forward, blows on it. Nothing. Just more smoke. She's wearing dungarees and a beret. Her rucksack nearby. She stands. Exasperated. Stamps it out.

TIME CUT -- Eva lying on the ground, huddled under a groundsheet. Feeling miserable. Tears in her eyes.

OVERHEAD -- the DRONE of bombers. Distant anti-aircraft fire crackles.

Eva stands up, suddenly, realising something. She moves so she can see the night sky. The DRONE of the bombers -- east to west. She gets her bearings. She smiles.

29 EXT SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE DAY 29

Eva, breathless, rucksack on her back, dirty, hair flying in the breeze, struggling up to the summit of a hill.

She reaches the top. Smiles. Hands on hips. There, below her in its valley, is Lyne Manor. Eva sets off down the hill towards it, a spring in her step.

30 EXT LYNE MANOR DAY 30

The STAFF SERGEANT stands by the door. Alongside him is Laird. Clip board in hand. Watching Eva stride towards him. He's impressed.

SERGEANT

First one home, Miss Dalton...

(ticks her name off)

Always full of surprises....

LAIRD

Bravo, Miss Dalton.

31 EXT EDINBURGH STREETS DAY 31

Eva striding along a street. Wearing a trenchcoat. She glances over her shoulder, as if she's being followed.

She passes uniformed SOLDIERS and SAILORS amongst the PEDESTRIANS. Some doorways are protected with sandbags. Windows with criss-crossed tape. A country at war.

She turns up into a side lane. Out of sight. HOLD ON the lane entrance. Eva comes out again, seconds later. She looks around her. Her gaze fixes on something.

A MAN WITH A GREEN JACKET -- across the street, looking intently into a shop window. He wanders off, not looking round.

Quick as a flash, Eva sets off back down the street the way she came.

A MINUTE LATER -- Eva strides past a LIVERIED DOORMAN at the entrance to a hotel.

32 INT HOTEL, LADIES LAVATORY DAY 32

Eva takes off her trenchcoat. Hangs it on the back of the door. From her pocket she takes a vibrant red chiffon scarf and ties it on her head, knotting it under her chin.

She checks her look in the mirror and strides out, leaving the trenchcoat.

33 EXT HOTEL/EDINBURGH STREET DAY 33

A DOZEN VISITORS with guide books and maps. They shuffle through the hotel's revolving door on to the street. Eva follows them out. Starts talking to an elderly man.

EVA

Excuse me. Do you know if you can walk to Arthur's seat from Princes Street? I was told it took an hour...

34 EXT EDINBURGH STREET DAY 34

They head off, Eva still chatting. The GAGGLE of tourists. Eva's red scarf very visible. As they pass a department store she darts inside.

35 INT DEPARTMENT STORE DAY 35

Eva going up the main stairs of the department store past other SHOPPERS. Glances back behind her. Still checking if she's being followed. She comes to a landing.

On glass doors: "MILLINERY & LADIES OUTFITTING".

To one side there's another wooden door: "STAFF ONLY". Eva pushes through and closes it behind her.

36 EXT DEPARTMENT STORE REAR ENTRANCE DAY 36

EVA -- coming down a FIRE ESCAPE. She drops to the ground beside a door with "STAFF ENTRANCE" above it. Dustbins and parked bikes. Empty packing cases.

Eva steps out. Looks around. All clear. She takes off her red scarf. Throws it in a dustbin. Unpins her dark hair and shakes it out. She looks different - glamorous, sexy, suddenly. She waits, looks around.

She smiles. No one has followed her. She's done it. She's beaten them. She strolls off up the lane, very pleased with herself.

ROMER'S VOICE

Eva!... Congratulations...

She whirls round. She starts, recognising him.

ROMER stands there in a dark suit. Smiling. Eva is baffled. How? What?... It's been a while since she saw him. He comes up to her. He's very relaxed, however.

ROMER

The red scarf was a masterstroke.
Do you like oysters? --

37

INT EDINBURGH OYSTER BAR DAY

37

White-tiled room. Stained glass windows. Eva and Romer sit in a rear booth. Empty oyster shells stacked on their plates. Romer pours white wine into their glasses.

ROMER

-- No, you did extremely well --
I was genuinely impressed --
seriously... How big was the
team following you? Four? --

EVA

-- Six, actually.

ROMER

Not many people can beat a six-
man follow. Not even sure I
could...

EVA

I'll take that as a compliment.

ROMER

It is. Except you forgot about
the "close follow"...

EVA

"Close follow"?

ROMER

I was never more than three or
four yards from you.

ROMER

You expect a crow to be following you at a safe distance. But sometimes crows are on your heels... Worth bearing in mind... Still -- brava!

He smiles, raises his glass to her. She raises hers back.

We can sense he's looking at her differently. And Eva's aware of this too. She knows she looks good. Her hair down. They look at each other. The masks slip for a second. Their eyes meet. A little message flashed. Eva deliberately changes the subject. Breaks the mood.

EVA

I meant to ask... Why didn't I have any weapons training?

ROMER

You won't need weapons in your line of work.

EVA

Oh, no? What if I'm in mortal danger?

ROMER

Most unlikely. But if you find yourself in "mortal danger" then use your intuition. Use your animal instincts. You always have your nails and your teeth.

Romer reaches into his pocket and takes out two more passports. Hands them to her.

ROMER

Two more identities.

EVA

What for?

She looks at them. Opens them. She reads the names.

CLOSE -- Eva's photographs. New names.

EVA

"Margery Allerdice" and "Lily Fitzroy". What are these for? I was getting quite used to being "Eve Dalton".

ROMER

Everyone who works for me is given three identities --

EVA

-- In the "Actuarial and Accounting Services, limited".

ROMER

Exactly. Think of it as a perk, a bonus. You might need them one day. They might be very handy. One other thing: at some stage I want you to find a safe house for yourself. In London. Or another big city. Don't tell anyone about them. Not even me.

EVA

I'll "bear it in mind".

ROMER

It's something I encourage all my operatives to do. One of my tips.

EVA

Ah. "Romer's Rules". Are there many of them?

ROMER

Lots. But I'll tell you the most important. Rule Number One...

He leans forward. It's clear he's very attracted to her. Eva listens. Smiling. Romer is wooing her, in his way.

ROMER

Don't trust anyone. Ever. Maybe it's the only rule you need... Especially not me --

EVA

-- Oh, I'd never trust you --

ROMER

-- You're a quick learner, Miss Dalton --

EVA

-- Thank you, Mr Romer...

He looks at her intently. Then leans back.

ROMER

Eva Delectorskaya... Who'd have thought?... Everyone's very pleased with you. Very.

(MORE)

ROMER (cont'd)

(pause)

Ever been to Belgium?

EVA

Yes. I went to Brussels once. For a weekend. Why?

ROMER

That's where you're going to be working. Training's over, you see. Theory becomes practise. Stakes are raised, massively. All change: it's real, now....

38

INT RAILWAY CARRIAGE NIGHT

38

Eva sits in a second class RAILWAY CARRIAGE waiting for the train to leave. STEAM through the window. A few late PASSENGERS hurry. It's RAINING HEAVILY.

SOUND of whistles. Trains chuffing off.

With her in the carriage are A MOTHER and CHILD. A TRAVELLING SALESMAN with a case of samples and a much younger tarty WOMAN. A SAILOR -- a bit drunk.

Eva sits there still, looking at them. Her senses peeled. Her eyes moving. Checking them out. Her new spy persona in full function.

MUTE -- CLOSE SHOTS --

The LITTLE BOY picks at a scab on his knee.

The SALESMAN surreptitiously removes his wedding ring.

His FLOOZY redoes her vivid lipstick from her compact.

The SAILOR tips his cap over his eyes and tries to sleep.

SLAM! -- SOUND RETURNS -- a door swings open with a BANG.

Eva looks up with a start. A GUARD stands there. He moves through the carriage. He speaks with a strong Scottish accent.

GUARD (V.O.)

The train for Innerliethen leaves in five minutes, ladies and gents.

Eva sits back, a small smile on her face. If only they knew...

39 INT CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE LIBRARY NIGHT 39

A dark room -- book-lined. CAMERA MOVING IN ON Ruth sitting at a desk in a pool of light reading her mother's manuscript. She's nearly finished. Absorbed. Held. A MAN'S HAND COMES INTO FRAME...

Touches her on the shoulder.

Ruth jumps visibly -- gives a little SCREAM.

STUDENT
(sitting beside her)
God. Terribly sorry. Just wanted
to know the time...

RUTH
(Calms. Looks at watch)
Um... Ah... Five to twelve...

Still jumpy, she gathers up the manuscript and stands.

39A EXT RUTH'S FLAT CAMBRIDGE DAY 39A

Ruth and Jochen coming down the path to the road. Another car waits there with ANOTHER MUM and a LITTLE BOY. We see Ruth kiss the other Mum, kiss Jochen goodbye and watch them clamber into the car and drive off. Ruth walks away towards college.

40 EXT CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE DAY 40

Ruth, briefcase in hand, is walking across the immaculate quadrangle of a Cambridge college. She pauses in the PORTER'S LODGE.

Checks her pigeonhole for mail. Picks up a couple of letters. Then steps out through the door in the main gate.

41 EXT CAMBRIDGE STREETS OUTSIDE COLLEGE DAY 41

Ruth is checking her mail. A couple of invitations. Boring. She looks up. Stiffens.

WHAT SHE SEES -- at the end of the street -- her mother, walking briskly.

Ruth frowns. What's she doing? She follows, quickly. Turns a corner.

ANOTHER STREET -- Sally heads down it. Ruth follows at a distance. Sally turns into --

ANOTHER STREET -- Up ahead Sally is making for a SPORTING GOODS shop. Fishing rods, waterproof clothing, shotguns. She goes in.

Ruth pauses -- then approaches slowly, very curious. Peers in the window. CUT TO --

CLOSE SHOT -- a new 12-bore single-barrelled pump-action shot gun being disassembled. Broken in two. Barrel. Stock. And fitted into the velvet moulds in a shotgun case. A box of cartridges is added. We are --

42

INT SPORTING GOODS SHOP. CAMBRIDGE

42

The SHOP ASSISTANT --a YOUNG MAN in a tweed jacket. Picks up a document and a passport. Sally stands opposite across the counter. She opens a box of cartridges and takes one out. She knows exactly what she wants.

ASSISTANT

-- Yes, it arrived on Monday. The Franchi PA7. Five-cartridge magazine. They do make nice looking guns, the Italians --

SALLY

-- I want 4 BB. Lead shot, not steel...

ASSISTANT

Oh. Yes, fine...
(checking documentation)
Special license, yes... I.D...
This is your primary address is it, Mrs Gilmartin? Rose Cottage, Middle Ashton?

SALLY

Yes.

ASSISTANT

(handing her a new box)
This will fell a bull elephant.

SALLY

My cottage backs on to this wood, you see. Foxes keep coming for my hens.

ASSISTANT

Ah, foxes. Right... Sign here --

She signs. He goes to the till and rings it up.

ASSISTANT

That'll be 275 pounds and fifty pence.

Sally gets out her cheque book. Begins to write in it.

Behind her, Ruth steps quietly into the shop. Sees the shotgun on the counter. Shocked. She goes up to Sally -- who signs her cheque.

RUTH
(low voice)
What the fuck is going on, Mum?

Sally turns abruptly. Disguises her surprise.

SALLY
Hello, darling...

She clicks the gun case shut. Sally steps away from the counter. Ruth follows. They talk in half-whispers.

SALLY
I'm buying a shotgun --

RUTH
-- What're you doing? What're you playing at? --

SALLY
-- I have to be able to protect myself. They'll be armed -- so I have to be.

Ruth looks at her, furious. Wordless. Frustrated.

RUTH
You need help. This is out of control.

Sally looks fiercely at her. Turns and hands the cheque to the assistant. He hands her the receipt.

ASSISTANT
Good hunting, Mrs Gilmartin!

SALLY
Thank you so much. Goodbye.

Sally picks up the gun case and moves to the door. She pauses. Waiting for Ruth to open it for her. Ruth does so, reluctantly, still angry and worried.

SALLY
(sweeping out)
I think we need to have a proper talk.

43

INT CAMBRIDGE PUB DAY

43

Ruth sits at a table at the rear of an ancient pub. Sally chooses a seat with care. Moves it so she can see the door. The pub is dark. Low ceilinged, beams, flagstones. It's quiet -- only a few other CUSTOMERS. They put their drinks down. Ruth is very tense. Pent up.

SALLY

Feeling calmer, now?

RUTH

How can I feel calm? Put yourself in my place. Suddenly your mother tells you she's someone else. Has a whole different past. She's not English, she's Russian. How would you feel?

SALLY

It's a shock, I suppose... Yes, if I were you I'd be a bit thrown, unsettled --

RUTH

-- Very unsettling. Everything I thought was sure and certain in my life turns out to be untrue --

SALLY

-- You don't believe me, do you? You think it's some kind of dementia --

RUTH

-- No, I don't. I do believe you -- I think. It's hard, that's all... You've just bought a shotgun, for god's sake -- and at the same time you say you need me to help you. What am I meant to think? What am I meant to say: "Oh, really, how fascinating." How do I get my head around it? You're a British spy called Eva Delectorskaya...

SALLY

That was my name.

Ruth looks at her: a beat, then tempted.

RUTH

OK. Go on -- say something in Russian, Eva Delectorskaya.

Sally's eyes narrow: irritated. She tilts her head, characteristically. Then she leans forward and speaks rapidly in a low angry voice, jabbing her finger at Ruth.

SALLY

Ya chustvuyu razocharovanie v mo
yei docheri, ona umuyi molodoi
zhenshchiny, ochen' umnyi yesli
ona provela tol'ko nebol' shaya
chast' yee znatichel' noe
mozgdumat' chto ya skazal yei,
chto ona poinet, chto ya nikogda
ne budet igrat' takoi zloi tryuk
na nyee. Ya ochen' razocharovan.

RUTH

(rocked, stunned)

My god... What does all that
mean? --

SALLY

-- I was saying that I'm very
disappointed in my daughter --
who is a very intelligent and
stubborn young woman but who, if
she'd engaged just a little of
her considerable brain power
would have realised in thirty
seconds that my story had to be
true. I'm very disappointed.

Sally reaches into her handbag and draws out another large envelope. She places it on the table in front of Ruth. Pushes it towards her. Ruth is still in shock.

RUTH

So, did you go to Belgium?

SALLY

Read it. You'll see.

Ruth opens the envelope. Draws out the typescript. Sally reaches over, takes Ruth's hand. Her voice softens.

SALLY

Don't look so perplexed, my love.
We all have secrets. Everyone. No
one knows even half the truth
about anybody else. However close
you may be. I'm sure you've got
secrets from me...

(smiles)

You went off to Germany for two
years and lived in a commune and
didn't tell me about Jochen's
arrival for months, did you?...
Not a word.

(MORE)

SALLY (cont'd)

Then, suddenly it's: By the way, I met a man called Karl-Heinz in Berlin, who just happens to be my professor, we had an affair and now you've got a grandson called Jochen...

Ruth's face. She shrugs. She has to concede this.

RUTH

Yes, but, I was in a different situation, I --

SALLY

-- That's all I'm doing. I'm telling you my secrets. That's all...

They look at each other.

RUTH

Did Dad know anything?

SALLY

No... No he didn't.

RUTH

Did he suspect?

SALLY

Not for a second.

RUTH

You didn't tell him anything before he died?

SALLY

No. There was no point. We were very happy together. That was all that mattered...

(stands)

Let's pick up Jochen from school. Be a nice surprise.

44

INT APARTMENT. OSTEND DAY

44

A neat but functional living room. Eva stands by a mirror at the front door tying her scarf.

She takes a square of blue card the size of a postage stamp from her pocket and opens the door. As she closes the door behind her she places the card in the jamb. Security -- to let her know if any one's been in the flat while she was out. Click -- the door closes.

CLOSE -- the edge of the card wedged in the door-jamb.

- 45 EXT SEAFRONT STREET IN OSTEND BELGIUM DAY 45
- Eva in a coat and scarf, hurries along the SEAFRONT. Gulls crying. It's cold. Autumn leaves blow in the gutters.
- CAPTION: OSTEND, BELGIUM, DECEMBER 1939
- She turns into an apartment building. There's a sign on the wall: AGENCE D'INFORMATION NADAL
- 46 INT NADAL BUILDING DAY 46
- Eva shows her ID to a porter. And gets into a lift. Slides the grille shut. CLANG. The lift begins to rise.
- 47 INT NADAL BUILDING, CORRIDOR DAY 47
- Eva walking along a corridor. Coming towards her a semi-crippled MAN (40s) with two walking sticks and an orthopaedic boot with a caliper. He walks with difficulty, a rolling gait, his sticks splayed. His name is ANGUS WOOLF. He has a noticeable but polite Scottish accent.
- ANGUS WOOLF
Morning, Eve. Make way, make way,
cripple approaching.
- Eva presses herself against the wall. Unperturbed.
- EVA
Morning, Angus. Is Romer in?
- ANGUS WOOLF
His Imperial Majesty has gone to
London, so I'm informed.
- They pass and Eva moves on. Opens a door and goes through.
- 48 INT NADAL BUILDING, EVA'S OFFICE DAY 48
- A large room. Two desks facing each other. Filing cabinets. A big map of Europe on the wall. There are newspapers and magazines stacked everywhere. Tall, teetering piles. On the floor, in corners. On top of the filing cabinets. Piled in cardboard boxes.
- On a pinboard various articles are cut out. All the languages of Europe.
- An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (late 30s -- about ten years older than Eva) is sticking an article in Swedish onto the pin-board.
- She is SYLVIA RHYS-MYERS. She's a German woman who was married to an Englishman. She looks round as Eva comes in. She has a clear and penetrating gaze.

Her manner is dry and feisty but it seems to disguise a deeper melancholy. She has a very slight German accent. Holds up article.

SYLVIA

Morgen, liebchen. Svenska **Posten**.
They picked up your drowned
sailors' story.

*

Eva hangs her coat on a coatstand, then takes the article.
Looks at it amazed.

EVA

Oh, good! My god, that's fast.

CLOSE -- **Isländsk fiskebåt gick på en mina utanför Narvik.
40 omkomna.** [Fishing boat hits mine off Narvik. 40 dead.]

SYLVIA

The Swedish nation stirs... Gold
star for Eve.

EVA

(marvelling)

I can never get used to it. That
went out as... as item number ten
on a news bulletin on a local
French radio station -- what?
Three days ago? -- and then this -

Holds up paper. She goes and pins it on the board with all
the other news stories. Sylvia studies the paper in her
typewriter. Types a couple of keys. A full stop.

SYLVIA

It's what we trade in, isn't it?
-- lovely stories, so compelling,
white and black, or any colour
you choose. Dream it up. Dress it
up. Send it out into the big wide
world to stand on its own two
feet...

She spreads her hands as if to say "easy".

EVA

Busy night?...

SYLVIA

Very exciting, actually.
everything buzzing away.

She goes to the coat stand and removes her own coat.

Eva sits down at her desk and clears a space. Piles of
Russian and French newspapers and magazines. Sylvia hands a
piece of paper from her desk to Eva.

SYLVIA

Oh, you might drop that in to
Alfie. News just broken.

(MORE)

SYLVIA (cont'd)

Three new bridges to be built
across the River Yser.

EVA

Now that is smart. That's where you're one jump ahead of me. Are they planned? --

SYLVIA

-- Maybe -- who knows? ... But three lovely new bridges -- why not? You know, make the Wermacht staff officers start altering their maps...

She shrugs. Thinking about the consequences, the scenario. Face suddenly serious. Then she smiles.

EVA

(wags finger, mockingly)

-- You're very devious, Sylvia --

SYLVIA

-- Yes, all right, I confess -- I'm a very devious woman, I must say -- keep your distance unless you're a Wermacht staff officer. What shall we have for supper tonight? --

EVA

-- What about some steak? I'll get some wine on the way back.

Sylvia heads to the door.

SYLVIA

Perfect. See you this evening. Tchuss, tchuss.

EVA

No horse meat.

SYLVIA

It shall be bovine. Moo.

She leaves. Eva stands. Goes to the pin board. Looking at her Svenska Dagbladet story. [We will note all the other foreign headlines]. She smooths it flat. She smiles. Pleased.

She picks up Sylvia's copy from her desk and leaves.

A windowless room with a large, powerful RADIO TRANSMITTER set against one wall. Dials wink and glow. Wires snake up the wall to a hole in the ceiling. Beeping of morse code.

A THICKSET MAN (30s) sits at the transmitter tapping out messages. His name is ALFIE BLYTHESWOOD. Avuncular, very friendly. A nice man.

Standing beside him leafing through papers is a donnish-looking YOUNG MAN (30s) in spectacles and wearing a bow-tie. His name is MORRIS DEVEREUX. Morris hands Alfie a sheet of paper.

MORRIS

Just Spain and Portugal for that one, Alfie. Let's see what our Spanish news agencies make of this lot...

Blytheswood takes it. Reads quickly.

BLYTHESWOOD

(Cockney accent)

They do like our war news, the Spaniards. I think Sylvia's got something for me as well --

Knock on door. Eva comes in.

BLYTHESWOOD

Morning, sweetheart. Looking lovely today. You got Sylvia's press release?

Eva hands him the page.

EVA

Here we are.

MORRIS

Morning, Eve.

EVA

Angus tells me Romer's in London.

MORRIS

I think he was summoned away.

Eva turns to leave. Morris goes with her.

MORRIS

Fancy a spot of lunch?

50 INT RESTAURANT DAY

50

Eva sits opposite Morris in a small dark bistro. White table cloths. A few other DINERS. Morris pours out the last of a bottle of wine. They have coffees in front of them. Lunch is over.

MORRIS

-- No. You are doing well. Romer will be very pleased.

EVA
(casually)
What's Romer doing in London?

MORRIS
Ours not to reason why...
probably talking to Mr X.

EVA
"Mr X"?

MORRIS
Mr X is our esteemed boss's boss.
A kind of Cardinal Richelieu
figure who allows Lucas Romer to
do more or less as he pleases.

Eva takes out a cigarette. Morris lights it for her.

EVA
How long have you known Romer?

Morris looks a little sharply at her: this is not the sort
of question they should be asking.

MORRIS
Well... A good few years, now --

EVA
-- Always in AAS?

Morris holds up a warning finger.

EVA
Sorry. Curiosity killed the cat.

She sips her wine. Morris looks at her intently.

MORRIS
Were you ever an actress?

EVA
No. Why?

MORRIS
Shame. I think you'd have been
rather good.

She senses his interest in her.

EVA
I'm not so sure...

MORRIS
(smiles)
Shall we be very naughty and have
a brandy?

51 INT LANDING OUTSIDE APARTMENT NIGHT

51

Eva comes up the stairs with a shopping bag. Wine bottles clink inside. Stops outside. At the foot of the door her small blue square of card has fallen. She stoops and picks it up. She puts her key in the lock and carefully opens the door. But it swings open. Sylvia stands there -- eyes full of warning. Her voice is light.

SYLVIA

Ah, there you are, naughty girl --
we were wondering what had
happened to you...

She points her thumb at her chest, mouths: "Romer"

ROMER STEPS INTO VIEW. Scowling.

Eva jumps. Surprised.

EVA

My god... Bit of a shock.

Sylvia goes and stands behind him in the sitting room -- signalling that she knows nothing. Hasn't a clue.

ROMER

You're late.

SYLVIA

(breezily)

Did you bring something to drink?
I'm gasping...

Romer steps aside and Eva goes in.

52 INT EVA'S APARTMENT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT

52

Eva dumps her shopping bag on a table. Sylvia picks it up.

SYLVIA

Ah -- wine, wine, wine. Perfect.
I'll just go and open it.

She seems to scoot off into the kitchen. Pauses at the door, listening. Eva sees her but Romer can't. Sylvia gives her a thumbs-up. Ducks into the kitchen.

EVA

Did a bit of shopping on the way
home. Thought I was off duty.

ROMER

You're never off duty.

EVA
(mock salutes)
Yes, sir.

ROMER
Pack an overnight bag. You and I
are going on a trip.

EVA
Oh, are we going to London?

ROMER
Sorry. A little town in Holland,
actually.

Eva tries to disguise how extremely pleased she is.

EVA
Oh Holland. Little town --
right...

Sylvia comes in with the wine. Gives her a wink.

CUT TO --

53

INT CAR DAWN

53

DAWN LIGHT. A STRAIGHT ROAD seen through windscreen wipers.
Their rhythmic swish.

Romer is driving. Eva sits beside him. Asleep. Her head nods. It slides over until it's resting on Romer's shoulder. Romer isn't complaining. He glances down at her.

Eva's face. Beautiful, still. She frowns, mutters something -- she's dreaming.

Romer's gaze on Eva. We can sense he's captivated. Having her so close. Unaware.

She wakes up. Eyes open suddenly. Realises her head is on Romer's shoulder. Sits up abruptly. A bit embarrassed.

EVA
Sorry. Nodded off...

ROMER
Sweet dreams?

EVA
No, not really. Actually, I was dreaming about Kolia...

Romer says nothing more.

Eva reaches for her handbag. Takes out her compact. Checks herself in the mirror. Touches her hair. Buying some time. Glances at Romer. His eyes are on the road.

EVA
Do you want me to take over?

ROMER
We're nearly there.

They drive on. The car is driving on the right hand side of the road. A LORRY comes in the other direction.

A road sign approaches. It flashes past.

PRENSLO 15 Kms. UITVEEREGHT 35 Kms. We are in Holland, clearly. She turns, reading the sign.

EVA
Prenslo...

ROMER
That's where we're going.

EVA
What's so important about Prenslo?

ROMER
It's on the border with Germany.

54 EXT HOTEL WILLEMS. CAR PARK DAWN

54

Romer and Eva stand outside their car, parked in the empty hotel carpark. The hotel is closed. Eva looks around, edgily. A sign above the door says HOTEL WILLEMS.

ROMER

We're perfectly safe. Remember
Holland is neutral.

EVA

(with irony)

I had heard... Just like the
good old US of A --

ROMER

(sharply)

-- Why do you say that?

EVA

It's true, isn't it? I had to do
all that American stuff at Lyne.
I couldn't understand why --

ROMER

-- You've never been to America,
have you?

EVA

No... Are we going to go into
Germany?...

Romer lights a cigarette. Takes a draw. Hands it to Eva. They stroll around the empty carpark, sharing their cigarette as they talk.

ROMER

No. But a German is coming to
us. A Wermacht general is
defecting. I say "Us" in the
sense of the British and Dutch
security forces.

EVA

Oh, right... So what's it got to
do with our Agence Nadal?

ROMER

Well... You know those stories
we've been putting out about
"disaffection" in the upper ranks
of the German Army? --

EVA

-- Senior officers unhappy.
Rumours of a possible coup --

ROMER

-- Threats of resignation.
Postings to provincial commands,
and all that --

EVA

-- Bit of a flyer, wasn't it?

ROMER

-- Exactly. But I'm convinced
this meeting is a direct result
of our stories from the Agency...

EVA

Score one for the AAS.

ROMER

(mildly bitter)

You'd think so... But we're not
going to get the credit. Our Head
of Station in Holland -- a very
pompous fellow called Fowler --
has decided to meet this general.
Coming to Prenslo himself to
"bring him in". He's going to
claim it's all his doing. I feel
it in my bones. I know these
people. Dead wood. I just want to
get the true story.

EVA

Ah-ha. Let him know we're on the
case also.

(glances at him)

All very exciting.

ROMER

On the contrary. Just routine.
And we're not participating.
We're just going to watch

Eva says nothing more. One of Romer's tortuous schemes.

SOUND of the hotel's front door opening. A sleepy PORTER
looks out. Romer and Eva head for the entrance.

CUT TO --

55

INT ROMER'S ROOM, HOTEL WILLEMS DAY

55

THROUGH BINOCULARS -- A ROAD. Tree-lined. A few houses. A
cafe with a car park -- the CAFE BACKUS. The name is on a
sign above the front door.

Fifty yards up the road from the cafe is a minor border
post.

Two wooden guard houses on either side of the frontier (Dutch and German flags flying, respectively. A Swastika).

And a black and white striped barrier across the road. Romer stands at the window looking out through binoculars. A small room, plain furniture, a double bed. KNOCK on the door.

ROMER

Come in.

Eva comes in. Romer lowers binoculars, turns. They stand there. The bed between them.

Eva finds the situation strange, charged. Romer smiles. He holds out the binoculars.

ROMER

Have a look. How's your room?

EVA

Ah... Fine. Yes...

She comes round the bed and takes the binoculars. Goes to the window. Looks out down the street to the cafe.

ROMER

The meeting is in that cafe. There will be two British SIS officers there -- Fowler and his number two -- and one Dutch agent. A staff car will come through from the German side some time between one and three o'clock this afternoon.

EVA

What do I have to do?

ROMER

Just go there and have a long lunch. Watch, note. You're my eyes and ears.

EVA

Why don't you come too?

ROMER

Because Fowler knows me. I'd be a very unwelcome guest at his party. In fact, if he knew I was here he might even call it off -- just to be spiteful.

Eva steps back into the room. She hands him the binoculars. They stand by the bed. The room is small, they're quite close to each other.

ROMER

But I want you to make yourself known to the Dutch agent before the German comes over. But don't let Fowler and his man see you. You know the passwords?

EVA

Yes, yes. "Have you fire? French Cigarettes. The Hague."

ROMER

Just stay alert. I need to know everything that happens. Every little thing. No matter how insignificant. How tiny.

EVA

(dryly)

It was what I was trained for.

ROMER

Let's see if it worked...
(holds up binoculars)
I'll be here, watching.

56

INT CAFE BACKUS DAY

56

A large plain dining room. A dozen tables and chairs. Lace curtains obscure the view of the road and the frontier barrier. Swing doors into the kitchen. A corridor with signs indicating the lavatories. "TOILETFACILITEITEN"

Eva sits at a table at the back of the room. Looking at the menu. She has a French novel on the table in front of her A REBOURS by Huysmans.

An ELDERLY COUPLE have started their first course, sitting by the window. A COUPLE OF WAITERS stand around in their uniforms. A MAITRE D' (60s) and a YOUNG GIRL (18).

Eva's POV -- The door opens and TWO MEN in dark suits come in. Ask for a table in English.

She watches. As the Maitre d' shows them to a table.

Then another MAN comes in -- blonde, 20s. Leather jacket, cord trousers. He speaks Dutch. As he is shown to his table he glances over at the two Englishmen. They glance back. He nods discreetly at them. If you weren't looking for it you wouldn't notice. He takes a seat at a separate table. Picks up the menu.

Eva notes all this.

The British and Dutch agents are now in place. Ready and waiting.

Eva stands and goes down the corridor to the toilets.

57 INT CAFE BACKUS. LADIES' TOILET DAY 57

Eva locks the door behind her.

There's a small single-paned frosted-glass window set high in the outside wall. She lowers the lid of the toilet and stands on it. The window is cobwebbed and dusty. Hasn't been opened for ages. Eva works the catch and bangs the frame with her hand. It opens with a shower of dust. Eva peers out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW -- Dustbins. Parked bicycles. A small van. Empty crates for bottles. Distant CLATTER of plates and utensils from the kitchens. Behind the cafe building there's a fence, a small meadow beyond and then a wood.

Eva looks around. No sign of anyone. She has a way out.

She pulls the window to -- not quite shutting it. Steps back off the toilet. Flushes it. Leaves.

58 INT CAFE BACKUS, DINING ROOM DAY 58

An hour has passed. The elderly COUPLE are still there. The two BRITISH AGENTS and the DUTCHMAN. The Elderly COUPLE call for their bill.

Eva has finished her lunch. Her novel is open in front of her. The waiter clears her dessert plate.

EVA
Een koffie, asltublieft.

She watches as the two English agents get up and leave. They haven't finished their meal. One of them has left his hat on the table. Clearly checking the carpark.

The elderly couple are on their coffees. The MAN lights a small cigar.

Eva takes a pack of Gauloises out of her handbag. She takes a cigarette out and strolls over to the Dutch agent.

EVA
(French accent)
Do you speak English?

DUTCH AGENT
Yes.

EVA
Have you fire?

She holds out the cigarette. The Dutchman stands, takes out a lighter and lights it for her. Eva exhales.

EVA

Thank you... Do you know where I can buy any French cigarettes?

DUTCH AGENT

You could try Amsterdam.

EVA

Of course...

(smiles)

Thank you so much.

She goes back to the table. Her smile gone. Her face set. We know instantly something is wrong.

The two English agents come back in and take their seats.

EVERYTHING MOVES FAST NOW --

Eva throws some notes on the table to cover the bill for lunch. Picks up her novel and puts it in her handbag.

And walks back down the corridor to the toilets.

59 INT CAFE BACKUS, LADIES TOILET DAY 59

Eva is standing on the toilet. She opens the window, throws her handbag out, and begins to climb out.

CLOSE -- the strap of her shoe catches on the window handle. Eva kicks it off. Slithers out.

60 EXT REAR OF CAFE BACKUS DAY 60

Eva drops to the ground from the toilet window. Kicks off her other shoe. Picks up her bag, slings it over her shoulder. No one has seen her.

She creeps round the side of the building and peers round the corner.

WHAT SHE SEES -- The gravelled carpark of the Cafe. Three cars parked there. All calm. And, beyond, the 50 yards of road towards the frontier post. The black and white barrier is down.

Eva leans back against the wall. Has she made a mistake? Now she has bare feet. Wondering what to do.

SUDDENLY -- she hears the SOUND of engines being gunned -- CARS being driven at speed.

She looks round the corner of the building again.

AT THE FRONTIER POST -- The black and white barrier has been raised and two large CARS roar through and skid to a halt in front of the Cafe Backus. Scatter of gravel, dust billows.

FOUR HEAVY-SET MEN in dark suits leap out and run inside.

The DRIVERS stay at the wheel, engines running.

Eva looks on -- in shock.

BLAM! BLAM! Shots are fired inside the cafe.

Eva flinches. She looks round again to see the two BRITISH AGENTS, cuffed, hands behind their backs. They are frogmarched out of the cafe and shoved into the back seat of the cars.

SUDDENLY -- Eva IS SPOTTED. One of the suited MEN sees her -- shouts.

EVA turns and runs. She runs across the fields towards the woods. As fast as she can go. Shouts behind her. She glances round.

SHATTER OF GLASS and the DUTCHMAN throws himself out of a rear window. And begins to run across the meadow towards the woods -- also making his escape.

Eva and the Dutchman FLEEING. Straining, Gasping. Running for their lives. Eva 20 yards ahead.

TWO of the SUITED MEN run out after him and level automatic pistols at them -- Lugers.

They fire. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A fusillade of shots.

EVA reaches the woods first. BULLETS THUNK into the tree behind her. She throws herself down. Looks back.

The Dutchman running desperately. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The DUTCHMAN goes down. Hit in the leg. He scrambles to his feet. SPURT of blood as he's hit in the shoulder. Then in the back.

Eva staring in shock.

He staggers, falls. He begins to crawl towards her.

CLOSE -- his face.

The two SUITED MEN stride into the meadow, empty their Lugers' magazines into his still body.

The body ROCKS as the bullets hit. Puffs of dust fly up at near misses.

EVA presses herself against the earth -- aghast, shocked.

One of the gunmen sees her. Their eyes meet. He raises his Luger slowly.

SUDDENLY -- URGENT SHOUTS FROM THE CAFE BACKUS.

The cars are ready, engines running, revving.

The MEN run back, get in and the cars roar back over the border. The frontier barrier falls back in place.

Dust hangs in the air from the wheel-spin of their tyres on the gravel car park.

A classic snatch. The whole thing lasted seconds. Silence.

Then -- somebody begins to SCREAM in the cafe. And scream and scream.

Eva stands. Very shaken. Trembling.

Looks at the Dutchman's dead body. Looks at the bullet scars in the tree beside her. She closes her eyes. Making a deliberate effort to remember everything.

Then, she turns, sets off. She disappears into the trees.

61 EXT PRENSLO WOODS DAY 61

Dappled sunlight. Birdsong. Eva pauses. Inhales, exhales. Trying to calm herself. Leans against a tree. Letting the jangling in her brain subside.

SOUND of alarm bells ringing as Dutch POLICE CARS begin to arrive. Distant shouts.

Eva turns and sets off along a path through the trees.

62 EXT HOTEL WILLEMS DAY 62

Eva cautiously crosses the car park, limping slightly. Goes round the rear of the building. Her stockings are torn, one foot bleeding from a cut.

63 INT HOTEL WILLEMS DAY 63

Eva limping up a corridor to Romer's room. She's still in shock. Jangled. She's dishevelled. Her feet sore.

She looks round. Cautiously, she knocks on the door.

EVA
Lucas? It's me.

Silence. She knocks again.

EVA
Lucas?... Romer?...

She turns the handle. The door opens. She steps in.

64

INT ROMER'S ROOM HOTEL WILLEMS DAY

64

Eva closes the door behind her.

The room is empty. The coverlet of the bed smooth and uncreased. His grip has gone. Eva controls herself. She picks up the phone and dials reception.

EVA
Hello?... Yes, I was looking for
Mr Romer... He checked in this
morning...

She listens. Face set.

EVA
He's gone? I see... When was
that. Half an hour ago.. Thank
you... No, no, that's all...

She hangs up. She stands by the bed. Head bowed for a moment. She picks up a carafe of water by the bed and hurls it against the wall. SMASH!

Romer has gone. He's left her on her own.

She sits down. Tears of rage in her eyes. Tries to compose herself. Tries to keep her voice steady as she picks up the phone again.

EVA
I'd like to be connected to a
telephone number in Belgium,
please... Ostend... four, seven,
two, one...
(pause)
Hello? Agence Nadal? I have a
story about a windmill... Yes,
I'll wait...
(pause)
"The windmill is black".

MORRIS (V.O.)
Eve? Are you all right?

EVA
Yes, I'm fine.

MORRIS (V.O.)

We thought you might have been taken. Or even --

EVA

-- No, no. I'm fine. Number one has gone.

MORRIS (V.O.)

We've heard nothing from number one. He reported the incident. Then nothing.

EVA

There's no trace. I'm here alone in the hotel.

MORRIS (V.O.)

That's normal procedure. He would have aborted immediately.

EVA

Yes... Of course...

MORRIS (V.O.)

Make your way back here. As soon as you can. Take a bus.

EVA

Yes. All right.

She hangs up. Sits there, expressionless.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

65 EXT MIDDLE ASHTON DAY

65

Ruth's car pulls up outside the cottage. Ruth gets out.

She looks back the way she came. Nothing. She stands for a while. Her gaze flicking here and there.

A FARMER on his TRACTOR goes by. Then a WOMAN on a HORSE clops by in the other direction. All perfectly normal.

66 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE, KITCHEN NIGHT

66

Ruth and Sally sit opposite each other at the kitchen table.

Lying on the table is the new Franchi PA 7 shotgun -- assembled -- and a box of cartridges.

Sally picks up the shotgun, begins to feed cartridges into the chamber. She does this with surprising competence. Feeds in five.

KER-CHAK -- cocks the pump action. Flicks on the safety. Sets it down on the table between them

RUTH
Do you mind?

She stands, picks up the gun gingerly and crosses the room.

PAUSES. The shotgun in her hands. Its weight. Its lethal potential. She props it carefully in a corner of the room.

RUTH
This is madness, you know.

SALLY
I feel safer, now. Makes all the difference. It helps me sleep.

Ruth takes her seat again as Sally fetches two glasses and a bottle of wine from the fridge. Puts them on the table, pours wine. As Sally does all this she talks. Her tone is flat, professional.

SALLY
When you call me in future I want you to ring three times then hang up, and then call me back... That way I'll know it's you. And when we speak to each other we must be careful what we say --

RUTH
-- You're saying the phone is tapped? --

SALLY
-- It's entirely possible. And when you come here in future, take a little diversion on the way each time, see if any car is following you --

RUTH
-- What's this all about, Mum? The war's been over for thirty years, for god's sake. Why're you carrying on with all this cloak and dagger stuff? What's the real story here?...

Silence. Sally looks at her. Fixedly. She's not joking. This isn't a game.

SALLY
Somebody is going to try and kill me... Very soon...

Ruth takes this in. It's clear her mother is deadly serious.

RUTH

Oh, come on. This is ridiculous...

(looks at her)

OK... OK... So let's, you know, assume this is going to happen. What are we going to do, Sal?

SALLY

I need you -- I need you to do something for me.

RUTH

What?...

SALLY

You see, there's only one person who can help me, now, after all this time. Only one --

RUTH

-- Who's that?

SALLY

Lucas Romer...

Beat. The two women look at each other.

RUTH

Lucas Romer?... Is he alive? He must be quite an elderly --

SALLY

-- He's alive -- I'm sure. I think he was ennobled -- years ago, now -- a knight or a lord or something. That's all I know.

RUTH

A "lord"? How am I meant --

SALLY

--You could ask your supervisor. You said he knows everyone --

RUTH

-- Bobby von Arnim? Well... He does seem to be well connected. Particularly if there's some sort of World War 2 involvement...

(looks hard at Sally)

Why Lucas Romer, though?

SALLY

He's the only person I can trust,
now, today. The only one who can
help...

CUT TO --

67 EXT FETTER LANE. AAS OFFICES DAY 67

LUCAS ROMER looking down through a grimy window with anti-blast tape on it. WHAT HE SEES --

Eva -- gas mask over her shoulder -- approaching a sooty office building. Off Fleet Street.

WITH EVA. Barrage balloons fly overhead. Some doorways are sandbagged. Half the PEDESTRIANS are in uniform. A country in the deeper depths of war.

CAPTION: LONDON. AUGUST 1940

Eva goes into the building. MOVE IN ON -- a tarnished brass sign. "AAS Ltd. 3rd Floor".

68 INT AAS OFFICES FETTER LANE DAY 68

Eva shows her pass to a SMOKING, ELDERLY WOMAN at reception and pushes through the swing doors into the offices.

69 INT EVA'S OFFICE DAY 69

A small cramped office. Two paper-covered desks, wooden filing cabinets. Like Ostend, there's a large pinboard covered with pages cut out of foreign newspapers.

Eva takes off her coat and gasmask and sits down. Takes an Italian clipping out of her in tray: TIMORI PER LA SALUTE DEL MARESCIALLO PETAIN

Takes another. A Canadian magazine; "Low Morale among Luftwaffe pilots". Across the top in red capitals in ink: "More on this!"

Blytheswood puts his head round the door.

BLYTHESWOOD

Transmitting in ten minutes,
ladies. Anything to go out?

EVA

Coming up, Alfie, thanks.

He retreats as Sylvia comes in. She hangs up her coat and gasmask. She looks tired, eyes dark.

SYLVIA
Morning, darling. Another lovely
grimy London day.

EVA
You all right?

SYLVIA
No. Are you?

EVA
No ... I sort of miss Ostend...
It seemed more... more "alive" --

SYLVIA
-- For a horrible moment I
thought you were going to say
"fun" --

EVA
-- It was sort of fun, in a way.
Though I don't suppose we'd have
laughed our way through the
Blitzkrieg...

SYLVIA
(thinking)
Not so easy for me, anyway. I
love my country... Just detest
the people running it...
(breaks the mood)
No -- just as well we left when
we did. So I mustn't complain
about dirty old London. At least
we have our tea and or sandwiches
(snaps fingers)
I forgot. His lordship wants you
upstairs.

EVA
Me? What for?

SYLVIA
Haven't a clue. You've been
summoned.
(puts on deep voice)
"Bring her to me. Now!"

Eva stands. Unreflectingly she checks her look in a mirror
hanging on the wall.

SYLVIA
You look absolutely simply
ravishingly divine. I'll have a
nice calming cup of tea waiting
for you afterwards. Jam sandwich?

Eva sticks her tongue out at Sylvia. They laugh.

SYLVIA
Go to him, wench.

70 INT STAIRWAY AAS LTD DAY

70

Eva going up. Morris is coming down.

EVA
Everything all right?

MORRIS
Well, he's not in the sunniest of
moods. Something's up but he
wasn't saying.

Eva frowns -- goes on upstairs. Like going to see the
headmaster. Knocks on a door at the top and goes in.

71 INT ROMER'S OFFICE DAY

71

Eva sitting in a chair. Romer standing, his back to her looking out of the window -- grilling her.

ROMER

What exactly did you say to him?

EVA

I said, "Do you know where I can buy some French cigarettes?"

ROMER

Exactly those words?

EVA

I think so.

ROMER

(turning, stern)

"Thinking" is not enough, Eva. You have to be absolutely precise.

EVA

Sorry. That's what I said.

ROMER

Then what did he say?

EVA

He said: "You could try Amsterdam." He should have said "The Hague". Why are we going over all this again? I put it all in my report. How many times do I have to --

ROMER

-- "C" wants to talk to you about Prenslo.

EVA

"C"? My god. Why me? --

ROMER

-- It's your evidence that's vital... It's very important that you get it right, Eva. The future of AAS may be on the line. Everything we've created, here, everything we've been trying to do with our elegant and misleading stories...

EVA

When does he want to see me?

ROMER

In about one hour. We're going to the Strand Bank Hotel.

72

INT STRAND BANK HOTEL CORRIDOR/ANTE ROOM DAY

72

Eva and Romer walking along a corridor on a high floor. They talk in low voices.

EVA

Why are we meeting in this hotel?

ROMER

They love meeting in hotels. Ninety percent of intelligence meetings take place in hotels...
(glances at her)
Just tell them everything you told me. Be completely honest.

EVA

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but.

ROMER

(casually)
There's rather a lot at stake. A big new operation for us. How you come across this morning will have a bearing on it all.

He smiles at her. Eva's a bit taken aback at this news.

EVA

Right... Under no pressure at all, then...

They go into an ANTE ROOM. Three chairs set against the wall like a waiting room. A NAVAL RATING stands guard at the door.

ROMER

Have a seat. They'll call you when they're ready. Good luck.

EVA

(alarmed)
Where are you going?

ROMER

To a pub to have a drink. I'll come back and get you when you're finished.

He grins at her, reassuringly.

ROMER

Break a leg.

EVA

Thanks.

Romer leaves. Eva sits down. Trying not to think.

MAN'S VOICE

(from the room)

Miss Dalton? Please come in.

The RATING opens the door. Eva stands. Smooths her jacket, touches her hair. Goes in. The door is closed behind her.

73

INT STRAND BANK HOTEL. HOTEL SUITE DAY

73

A large sitting room -- cleared of its furniture. Curtains drawn. Lights on.

Eva sits on a hard chair in the centre of the carpet.

Facing her is a long table behind which sit A SMARTLY DRESSED MAN in a dark suit, LAIRD from the Lyne training camp and a BEARDED BALD MAN in a pinstriped suit -- his name is KEEGAN-VALE. Silence as they consult dossiers in front of them. Whisper inaudibly to each other.

The SMARTLY DRESSED MAN leans over and whispers something to Laird.

EVA'S FACE -- trying to be calm and expressionless. Her eyes twitch.

A MAN, plump, with a polka dot bow tie comes silently in through a door behind the table. He stands in the shadows at the back. He glances at the SMARTLY DRESSED MAN who gives a small nod of his head.

EVA looks closely at the man with the bow-tie.

CLOSE -- BOW TIE'S face in the shadows. His name is NEKITCH.

Eva mentally logging his image.

LAIRD

-- Miss Dalton, thank you for your patience. The double password -- who gave you the details?

EVA

Mr Romer.

LAIRD

You're certain you had it
correctly.

EVA

Yes.

LAIRD

Why a double password?

EVA

We routinely use double passwords.

KEEGAN-VALE

"We"?

EVA

The team -- those of us who work for Mr Romer.

KEEGAN-VALE

How would you describe Lt Joos's response to your second question..

(consults notes)

"Do you know where I can buy French cigarettes"?

EVA

I don't understand.

KEEGAN-VALE

Was his voice flat? Nervous? Casual? Knowing? Professional?

EVA

I see. No, I would say, absolutely, that he thought he was giving me the correct answer to the second password.

The three men shoot glances at each other.

NEKITCH steps forward from the back of the room. He WHISPERS for a second in KEEGAN-VALE's ear. He nods.

NEKITCH

(foreign accent)

Excuse me... What were you yourself doing in Cafe Backus that day?

EVA

It was Mr Romer's idea. I was there to observe what happened and to make myself known to the Dutch agent.

KEEGAN-VALE

It was entirely Mr Romer's idea.

EVA

Yes. I was simply to observe.

LAIRD

Thank you very much, Miss Dalton.
You may go. Please wait outside.

Eva stands. Smiles nervously and leaves.

74

INT STRAND BANK HOTEL ANTE ROOM DAY

74

Eva sits -- alone -- waiting for Romer. We TIME CUT.

Eva smokes a cigarette -- Eva is brought a cup of tea by the NAVAL RATING -- Eva walks to and fro across the narrow room -- The door opens from the hotel suite. It's Romer.

He smiles hugely at her. Closes the door quietly behind him. Eva's relief is palpable. She almost looks like she'll step forward and embrace him. They talk in near-whispers.

ROMER

Well done! Excellent!

EVA

What did I do?

ROMER

Take the rest of the day off. You deserve it.

EVA

Right. Thanks --

ROMER

No, I know. Let's have supper this evening. Soho. Frith Street. There's an Italian restaurant called Luigi's. I'll see you there at eight.

EVA

I'm afraid I'm busy this evening -

ROMER

-- Nonsense. We're celebrating.
See you at eight.
(inclines head)
I'd better get back.

He gives her a thumbs up goes back into the suite. Eva looks at the door for a second. Picks up her bag and leaves.

75

EXT TERRACED HOUSE BATTERSEA DAY

75

Eva comes up the path to a modest terraced house. Takes out a bunch of keys. Searches for the right one, finds it, opens door. Goes in.

76 INT BATTERSEA HOUSE DAY

76

Eva stands with her LANDLADY -- MRS DANGERFIELD -- a plump woman in a pinafore. She's sorting through a pile of post.

MRS DANGERFIELD

-- Yes, I'm still getting post for lodgers who left months ago. No forwarding addresses. What can I do? That's the war for you...
(hands post to Eva)
That's yours, Miss Fitzroy.

EVA

Thanks very much.

MRS DANGERFIELD

How was Scotland?

EVA

Rainy. I'm just back for the day to pick up some clothes. Off back north this evening.

She hands a brown envelope from her bag to Mrs Dangerfield.

EVA

That's the rent for the next six months. You won't see much of me but I just like to keep my London base safe and sound.

MRS DANGERFIELD

If only all my ladies were like you, Miss Fitzroy. I'd have no complaints.

EVA

See you later.

Eva goes up the stairs to her room.

77 INT BATTERSEA HOUSE. EVA'S ROOM DAY

77

A simple bedroom. Chintzy curtains. A rug on a wooden floor. Watercolours. Wardrobe, chest of drawers. A gas fire with a meter. A dressing table with a mirror.

Eva shuffles through her post. Selects a couple of post cards and props them on the mantelpiece.

She locks the door. She pulls back the rug and levers up a loose floorboard. Takes out an oil cloth bundle and unwraps it.

WE SEE -- two passports [that Romer gave her in Edinburgh] a stash of five pound notes rolled up with a rubber band. A small revolver.

This is her "safe-house". Eva takes her wallet from her handbag, extracts three more fivers and adds them to her roll. Folds up the oil cloth puts it back in the hole, replaces floorboard and flips the rug back.

She goes to her wardrobe. Opens it. It's full of clothes. She selects a smart black evening dress. Lays it on the bed. She sits down at the dressing table and begins to reapply her make-up.

CUT TO --

78

INT LUIGI'S, FRITH STREET, SOHO NIGHT

78

CLOSE SHOT --

EVA'S FACE -- full make up.

She looks very beautiful. Dark arched eyebrows. Mascara-ed eyelashes. Perfect red lips. Earrings flash.

The muffled HUBBUB of a restaurant all around her. Romer in a dark blue suit and tie sits opposite her.

Luigi's is a small first floor restaurant. Checked tablecloths. Busy with other DINERS. Their plates are empty. Meal near its end. Romer pours Chianti from a Chianti flask. Tops up their glasses.

ROMER

I only come here for the Chianti.
Best Chianti in London.

EVA

Aren't we at war with Italy?

ROMER

We mustn't let the war get in the way of our pleasures. They seem to have an endless supply of the stuff, I must say.

(raises glass)

Here's to the head-office. I'll be sending them the bill. No -- here's to you, Eva. You did very well today. Bravo -- "brava", rather. You saved our bacon.

They clink glasses.

EVA

Thank you. Was that the full board of directors there today?

ROMER

Almost.

EVA

Was Mr "X" there?

Romer looks at her shrewdly.

ROMER

Yes, as a matter of fact.

EVA

Which one was he?

ROMER

(ignoring the question)
Mr "X" sees the great value of
AAS Ltd. That's his key asset,
as far as we're concerned.

He looks at her, as if taking in her beauty for the first time that evening.

ROMER

You look very... very smart.

EVA

How did I save your bacon?

Romer glances around. No one listening. Leans forward.

ROMER

The board of directors are
convinced that the "problem" we
had at Prenslo arose in the Dutch
branch of the business. Not the
British. We were let down by the
Dutch -- a rotten apple in the
Hague.

EVA

What do the Dutch say?

ROMER

They're very angry. They blame
us. Their executive was "forcibly
retired", after all.

EVA

(remembering)
Of course...

ROMER

Everything you said confirmed
their suspicions that the Dutch
were to blame.

EVA

Well, I'm glad I was of some use.

Romer sits back in his chair, nursing his wine glass, scrutinising her.

ROMER

You look very beautiful tonight, Eva... Has anyone ever told you that before?

EVA

(dryly)

Yes. Now and again.

79

EXT FRITH STREET NIGHT

79

Raining. Romer and Eva stand in a dark doorway waiting for a taxi. It's extremely dark -- the blackout

A taxi drives by [lights masked]. Romer steps out.

ROMER

Taxi! Taxi!

He ducks back into the doorway.

ROMER

Damn! At least they're out and about. We'll get one.

EVA

I'm in no hurry.

Silence -- they stand very close together in the doorway.

Drip of water. The splash of tyres on wet tarmac.

ROMER

Where do you live? Hampstead?

EVA

Bayswater.

She raises his face to his. Looks at him candidly. Calmly. She knows what's going to happen. Romer seems less calm.

ROMER

Maybe we should get the tube. What do you think?

EVA

I told you -- I'm in no hurry. A taxi will come.

ROMER

Yes, I suppose so.

The moment gathers around them -- its inevitability.

Eva's face raised. Romer looking down on her.

They kiss. Gently, then with increasing passion.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

80 INT ROMER'S FLAT. BEDROOM NIGHT 80

In the dark room Romer and Eva make love.

81 INT ROMER'S FLAT KITCHEN NIGHT 81

Romer, in a dressing gown pours whisky into two glasses.

The kitchen is small and functional in the extreme. A stove with a kettle on it, a sink, a kitchen table and two chairs. Eva -- wearing only Romer's shirt -- checks out the cupboards. Bare. She finds something. Holds it up

EVA
A tin of pilchards!

ROMER
And a bottle of whisky.

EVA
You do live very frugally --

ROMER
-- I'm not here very often.

She goes and sits on his lap. They kiss. They sip their whisky.

ROMER
We shouldn't have done that.

EVA
I'm not complaining. It was lovely.

ROMER
But I'm breaking all my rules.

EVA
Ah, Romer's Rules. It's not the end of the world.

ROMER
(kissing her neck)
Eva Delectorskaya -- who would have thought?...

EVA
 (kissing him back)
 You never told me what we were celebrating.

ROMER
 I didn't, did I? Promise you won't tell anyone...

EVA
 I promise.

ROMER
 We're all going on a trip abroad.

EVA
 (stiffens slightly)
 Anywhere interesting?

ROMER
 Yes, thanks to you, Eva Delectorskaya, we're all going to the United States of America.

EVA's face. Taking in this astonishing news.

CUT TO --

82 EXT CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE DAY 82

RUTH. Long blonde hair. Striding purposefully across an immaculate Cambridge College quadrangle.

Ruth turns and goes in the entrance to a stairway.

83 INT BOBBY VON ARNIM'S ROOMS DAY 83

CLOSE -- two glasses of whisky. One much fuller than the other.

MAN'S VOICE
 Splash of water?

A HANDSOME GREY HAired MAN (50s) -- immaculate dark suit, silk bow tie -- stands by a crowded drinks table in a large study/sitting room overlooking the quad. Big sofa. A desk piled with books. Glass-fronted bookshelves. Good paintings on the walls. Discreet, intellectual taste.

This is BOBBY Von Arnim, Fellow in German History -- Ruth's supervisor of her thesis. Ruth sits in an armchair.

RUTH
 Yes, please. Gallons of water.

Bobby von Arnim fills Ruth's glass with water from a jug. Adds a tiny splash to his. Carries the glasses over. Hands one to her and sits down opposite. He has a slight German accent.

BOBBY VON ARNIM

Well, I suppose it was too much to hope for a new chapter of your fascinating thesis but it's a delight to see you, Ruth Gilmartin, for whatever reason. Beggars can't be choosers. My day is made. My week is made. Prost.

He raises his glass and takes a sip of his whisky.

RUTH

Cheers. Any luck with the elusive Lucas Romer?

BOBBY VON ARNIM

We'll I've found somebody who might fit the bill. He's very discreet, this Romer fellow of yours. Who's Who, Debrett's -- nothing at all. However... there's a certain Baron Mansfield of Hampton Cleeve, a crossbencher in the House of Lords who might be him. Family name Romer. Ages tally. War years a total blank --

RUTH

-- Oh, right --

BOBBY VON ARNIM

-- But he does admit to a Croix de Guerre from Belgium. Must be a clue. A publisher, post-war, but he seems to have done nothing but publish obscure academic journals. However, he sold the firm for a lot of money about 15 years ago. Worth a shot, I reckon. Might be your man.

RUTH

How would I get in touch?

BOBBY VON ARNIM

Care of the House of Lords would be the best bet -- because there's no other address. Told you he was very discreet.

(smiles)

I just love your English class system -- you've no idea.

RUTH

But how would I get to see
him?...

Bobby von Arnim goes and replenishes his whisky. Looks at her shrewdly.

BOBBY VON ARNIM

You want to meet him? Why?

RUTH

I've some questions for him --

BOBBY VON ARNIM

-- The very beautiful but very
evasive Ruth Gilmartin said with
a slight blush rising to her
cheeks --

RUTH

-- I'm not blushing --

BOBBY VON ARNIM

-- You want to be a little
careful, my dear.

RUTH

Really? Why's that?

BOBBY VON ARNIM

Because I suspect your Lord Romer
was a spy.

Bobby von Arnim is suddenly knowing, looking at her intently. Ruth plays it cool.

RUTH

A spy? Nonsense --

BOBBY VON ARNIM

The various noticable gaps in the
information always give it away.
Then the obscure foreign
decoration. No home address
given. Why do you want to know
about Lucas Romer?

RUTH

Just, you know, helping an old
friend trying to track him down.
Used to work with him in some
organisation called AAS Ltd.

Bobby von Arnim becomes really curious now.

BOBBY VON ARNIM

AAS? How do you know about that?
Nobody knows about AAS.

RUTH

This friend mentioned it --

BOBBY VON ARNIM

-- Can I meet this "friend" of yours? I'd be most interested to ask a few questions.

RUTH

I doubt it. I don't think she --

BOBBY VON ARNIM

"She"? Even more interesting --

RUTH

-- You were going to tell me how to meet this Romer.

BOBBY VON ARNIM

Well, with these people the only thing to do is flatter them. Say you're writing a piece for the Times -- no, the Telegraph. That usually flushes them out. Another tiny whisky?

RUTH

No thanks. The Telegraph, you think. Goodness, is that the time? I better be going...

She stands, moves to the door. Bobby von Arnim opens it for her

BOBBY VON ARNIM

Yes... Do be careful, my dear Ruth. These people are... Let's say you never know what you'll uncover once you lift the lid.

Smiles. Ruth manages a smile back. She leaves. Bobby von Arnim closes the door behind her. Goes to his desk. Picks up the phone.

84

INT RUTH'S FLAT. CAMBRIDGE NIGHT

84

Jochen, in his pyjamas, is wandering around the room with a toy plane, "flying" it over the furniture. Making plane-noises. Sally looks on. Vaguely interested. Ruth comes in with two glasses of wine.

RUTH

Why don't you fly into bed, darling?

JOCHEN

Who's staying here tonight?

SALLY

We both are.

JOCHEN

(to Sally)

Will you be here in the morning?

SALLY

Only if you're very, very good.

RUTH

I'll be back before midnight.

Don't worry.

JOCHEN

I'm not worried. I just like to know what's happening.

He flies his plane off to the bedroom. Ruth and Sally sit down with their wine.

SALLY

Do you think your Bobby von Arnim is right?

RUTH

I did some more research. The dates fit. Everything sort of vaguely fits. So I've written to him care of the House of Lords. Said I'm a journalist on the Telegraph. Asking for an interview --

SALLY

-- about what? --

RUTH

-- I said "Secret Intelligence Service operations" -- Second World War -- very vague --

SALLY

-- Good. That's very good. That will intrigue him.

RUTH

Who are these people trying to "kill" you?

SALLY

Romer will know... He'll have all the answers. When you meet him, you must dress differently --

RUTH

-- What do you mean? --

SALLY

-- Look smart, efficient,
attractive --

RUTH

-- Thanks, Mum --

SALLY

-- I'll give you a list of
questions to ask him. Nothing too
close to the bone... Just to get
his interest piqued...

RUTH

Should I mention you?

SALLY

No. Absolutely no. Leave that to
me. Once you've made the first
contact, I can follow up.

Ruth stands. Goes to a table. Picks up a sheet of paper --
a photocopied photo. Stands holding it.

RUTH

I found this. In a magazine.
Taken at his son's wedding five
years ago. There are no other
published photos of him anywhere,
as far as I can tell. This is
what he looks like, now. Do you
want to see it?

SALLY

Yes.

RUTH

What if it's not him?

SALLY

We'll keep looking.

She hands it to Sally. Sally takes it. We sense her
sudden trepidation. She looks.

CLOSE -- a "society" wedding photograph. Lucas Romer --
bald, grey, a small beard, stouter, in a morning suit.

CLOSER -- on the grainy image of Romer's older face.
Unmistakable.

SALLY'S FACE. Tears brim in her eyes. She whispers.

SALLY

That's him... That's Lucas
Romer...

Ruth looks on. Upset at her mother's rare display of emotion. What she takes for love. Ruth goes and sits on the arm of the chair. Puts her arms round her mother, kisses the top of her head.

SALLY

See? Now you believe me, don't you?

RUTH

I think I always believed you. Well, maybe not at first... You won me over.

RUTH

Were you ever scared?

SALLY

At first it was more... more interesting than frightening. It got more frightening later... Once we went to America...

DISSOLVE TO --

85 EXT OFFICE BLOCK. MANHATTAN. TRANSOCEANIC PRESS DAY 85

Stars and Stripes flying above the doorway. A YELLOW CAB whizzes by. All the NOISE and street bustle of Midtown Manhattan.

CAPTION: TRANSOCEANIC PRESS OFFICES. NEW YORK CITY. 1941.

Eva and Angus come out of the door.

EVA

See you on Monday.

ANGUS

What's your weekend?

EVA

One of my radio stations. Upstate. Very boring.

They wave and part. CUT TO --

86 INT MOTEL ROOM. USA. DAY 86

Romer and Eva in bed. Romer asleep. Eva awake.

The modern fixtures and fittings say "USA".

Eva slips out of bed. Goes into the en suite bathroom. SOUND OF a shower being turned on.

TIME CUT -- Romer wakes. Eyes widen.

ROMER
Good morning.

Eva stands here, smart in a suit. She pulls up her skirt, checks the alignment of her stockings.

EVA
Some of us have a job to do.

ROMER
Come back to bed. They think I'm in Canada.

EVA
I'm sure everyone's as suspicious as hell.

ROMER
Oh, I'm very careful. Very.

He rolls out of bed. He's in his boxers. He gives her a quick kiss.

ROMER
When's your meet?

EVA
Eight-thirty.

ROMER
See you in Manhattan.

He goes into the bathroom. Eva waits. SOUND of shower.

She goes to Romer's briefcase. Opens it. Rummages through. Nothing interesting. She leaves, picking up her handbag as she goes. A routine check.

EVA
Bye!

87 INT DINER. ALBANY DAY

87

A classic diner. Formica counter. Short order chefs. Rows of booths. Breakfasts being served.

Eva is in a booth. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Morning, Mam. What can I get you?

EVA
Just a regular coffee.

When the waitress has gone, Eva takes a New York Times from her hand bag. Places it on the seat beside her. She takes out a press release. Glances at it.

CLOSE -- we see: "Transoceanic Press Agency" and a headline: "Eleven US sailors die in U-Boat attack"

She slips the press release into the folded newspaper.

The waitress returns with the coffee and her check. Eva takes a sip. Her eyes on the door. She stiffens slightly.

A CREW-CUT MIDDLE-AGED MAN has come in. Hat in hand. He looks around. His eyes meet Eva's.

Eva stands, picks up her check and heads for the cashier. The New York Times remains on the seat. The man takes Eva's seat. Picks up the paper. His name is WITOLDSKI. Eva leaves without looking back.

88 EXT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES, MANHATTAN DAY 88

Eva going in through the main door.

89 INT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES, MANHATTAN DAY 89

Eva comes into the large lobby and stairway area.

Sylvia stands there rummaging in her handbag, snaps it shut.

SYLVIA
Hello, you. Good trip?

EVA
Think so -- the fish are biting.

SYLVIA
Excellent news.

Sylvia smiles and they walk along a corridor together

ANGUS is limping along with two sticks and they join him.

ANGUS
Morning ladies. Race you to the coffee machine.

SYLVIA
Coffee is a poison.

ANGUS
Did you hear about the raids?

EVA

(carefully)

No. I was kind of out of touch.

SYLVIA

The best place to be, my dear.

800 bombers, they reckon.

Saturday and Sunday night.

EVA

Jesus. All on London?

ANGUS

Yes. The docks and the East
End... Anyone seen Romer
recently? --

They enter THE MAIN OFFICE AREA

Open-plan desks with TYPISTS bashing out press-releases. A couple of glassed-in OFFICES. The usual pin-boards covered with clippings.

Through the windows Manhattan's skyscrapers.

On the wall big letters. TRANSOCEANIC PRESS.

ANGUS, SYLVIA and EVA walk through the desks. SYLVIA picks up a piece of copy and glances at it. They pause, still chatting.

EVA

Romer? No... Not for a while...

SYLVIA

(glances at Eva)
I hear he was in Canada.

EVA

Yes, I think I heard that.

SYLVIA

(sighing expansively)
Ah, Canada...

Eva says nothing. Impassive.

ALFIE BLYTHESWOOD joins them. Clipboard in hand.

ALFIE

Everybody ready? What's the station?

EVA

WNLR Meadowville.

They turn in through another door, talking sombrely.

90

INT TRANSMITTING ROOM DAY

90

The room is dark. Dials glow on a powerful radio transmitter/receiver. They all file in.

ALFIE goes and sits in front of his machine.

Everybody takes a seat.

Blytheswood checks his clipboard. Retunes the dial and clicks it on. Static. Then an advertising JINGLE.

ANGUS

Fingers crossed, everyone.

RADIO VOICE

"WNLR News-flash. Nazi sailors at the French port of La Rochelle today welcomed the return of U-Boat U-549 that torpedoed the US destroyer Kearny south of Iceland last Wednesday. Eleven sailors died in the attack. On the conning tower of the Nazi boat were eleven American flags. Those are our boys, Herr Hitler. We won't forget.

CLICK. Blytheswood switches off. Everyone looks at each other, very pleased. A sudden release.

SYLVIA

(American accent)

Yes, that would make me pretty goddam furious, yes sirree--

ANGUS

-- Excellent. We can get that out coast-to-coast now it's broadcast -- now it was on the "news", after all, it's become "news". Well done, Miss Dalton. We needed a break.

EVA

It's Mr Witoldski, really. Not me.

ANGUS

Sylvia -- run that one everywhere -- particularly South America -- Argentina, Mexico.

SYLVIA

If I put it out in Mexico they all pick it up --

ANGUS

Great. Eve, get that to your Russian contacts.

EVA

Will do --

The phone rings. Blytheswood picks up.

ALFIE

Hello?... Yes, sure....
(hands receiver to Eva)
It's Morris.

Eva takes the receiver.

EVA

Morris?... Yes... Where? All right, see you there...
(looks at the others)
Something Russian's come up. Funny that...

SYLVIA

(looks at her shrewdly)
So... Over to the Russian expert.

Eva stands, shrugs and leaves. Blytheswood retunes the big wireless receiver. More static. Blare of jazzy music.

91 INT HOTEL CORRIDOR DAY

91

Eva walking along the anonymous and rather shabby corridor of a mid-town hotel. She approaches a doorway, guarded by a NYPD COP.

EVA

I'm meeting Mr Devereux here.

He opens the door for her. Eva enters.

92 INT HOTEL ROOM, NEW YORK DAY

92

An unmade bed. The quilted head board is splattered with a big BLOOD-BURST. PULL BACK --

Eva and Morris stand back looking on.

EVA
My god... What happened?

MORRIS
"Suicide" -- so they say.

He hands her some photographs. Eva looks at them.

CLOSE -- CRIME SCENE PHOTOS -- BLACK and WHITE --

A portly man, clothed, lying on his bed. He has a bow-tie. The top of his head has been blown off. Blood-spatter on the quilted headboard. He has a revolver loosely gripped in his right hand.

EVA looks closely. She's seen this man before. So have we.

EVA
Who is he?

MORRIS
He's a Russian spy. Defected from the NKVD a year ago. He's a mine of information about Russian penetration, here in the US and in England.

EVA
"Was" a mine of information.

MORRIS
Of course. Too late.

EVA
What's he got to do with you?

MORRIS
I was meant to meet him today. He told the Americans everything they wanted to hear. It was our turn.

EVA
I think I've seen him before.

MORRIS
Really?

EVA

When I was interviewed by "C"
about the Prenslo incident. In
London. He was in the room.

MEMORY FLASH -- MUTE. Nekitch asking Eva his question.

BACK WITH MORRIS -- this is most interesting.

MORRIS

How fascinating. In London? "C"
was in the room?

EVA

I believe so. What does that
prove?

MORRIS

His name was Alexandr Nekitch.
He was going to give me some
vital information. That's why he
committed suicide. Ha-ha...

Eva is cautious.

EVA

How'd you get in this room? Isn't
this the scene of a crime?

MORRIS

I've got some contacts in the New
York Police Department. I needed
to see this for myself. The
windows were closed. The door
was locked from the inside, key
in the lock. They're bloody
good, these Russians.

EVA

What do you mean?

MORRIS

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

EVA

You're saying he was murdered?...
(suspicious)
What's it got to do with me?

MORRIS

I want you to ask your Russian
contacts -- Tass, Pravda -- if
there've been any new faces in
town? See what their word is on
Nekich's death.

(MORE)

MORRIS (cont'd)
Casual questions, you know,
nothing to raise suspicions.

EVA
All right. Of course.

She hands him back the photographs. Looks at her watch.

EVA
I've got to run.

93

EXT RAILWAY STATION, NEW YORK DAY

93

Eva and Romer walking along a platform beside a waiting train. Steam, whistles, shouts. PORTERS, PASSENGERS hurry to and fro.

Romer glances around. He seems a bit agitated. On edge. No-one looking.

EVA
Is everything all right?

ROMER
I had a couple of ghosts on my tail on the way here. Took some shaking off. Quite efficient. How about you?

EVA
Nothing. I took all the precautions.
(smiles at him)
Romer's rules.

He smiles back. Relaxes. Eva takes his hand discreetly.

EVA
I loved our weekend.

ROMER
Anyone suspect anything?

EVA
Probably. They're all too clever. Little leading questions, you know. Morris didn't, though.

ROMER
When did you see Morris?

EVA
About an hour ago. He was showing me this horrible scene.
(MORE)

EVA (cont'd)
Some NKVD agent who committed
suicide in a hotel room.

ROMER
(suddenly suspicious)
An NKVD agent? What's it got to
do with Morris?

EVA
He was meant to meet this man,
Nekitch. But he died before.

ROMER
Nekitch... Most odd...
(frowns)
Why don't I know about this?

EVA
I assumed you did... Anyway,
listen, next Wednesday I've got
to go to a radio station in
Chicago. I thought we could --

ROMER
-- No. Something else has come
up. I want you to go to
Washington -- Now.

He opens a carriage door. Eva gets in. Romer follows.

93A

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE DAY

93A

This is the bar/diner carriage of the train. Bench seats, a
small bar at the end.

EVA
Washington? --

She can see this is business. Romer's demeanour has
changed. Romer goes to the bar.

ROMER
Coffee?

EVA
Please... What do I do in
Washington?

ROMER
(to barman)
One white coffee, one scotch and
branch water.

Turns back to Eva

ROMER

-- I want you to meet a man
called Mason Harding.

They take their drinks and sit down.

I want you to interview this
Mason Harding for Transoceanic.
Set it up. Make an official
appointment. Then, you know, get
to know him...

EVA

What do you mean? Make a date?
Go out for a drink?

ROMER

Yes. Make it personal.

He takes a gulp of his Scotch. Eva looks at him.

EVA

Why?

ROMER

Mason Harding is number two to Harry Hopkins -- and Harry Hopkins is the President's right hand. Harry Hopkins knows Roosevelt's every thought. We need to know what's happening in the oval office. We need to be that close...

He holds up his thumb and forefinger. Half an inch apart. Then spreads his arms wide.

ROMER

Currently, we're that close.

EVA

(carefully)

So I get to know this Mason Harding. We have a few drinks. What then? How "personal" do you want this to get?

ROMER

I'll tell you. Maybe I'll pop down to Washington - it's an interesting town.

(looks at her)

You can do it Eva. No man can stand in your way when you set your mind to it.

(smiles)

Look at me.

EVA

I'll take that as a compliment.

She tries to kiss him. He holds her back. He hands her an envelope from his jacket pocket.

ROMER

All the information's there. And money. Buy yourself a new wardrobe. I think a change of "look" might be wise.

EVA

(taking envelope)

How will you feel if I get to "know" this man very well?

ROMER

What I "feel" has nothing to do with it. And what you "feel" has nothing to do with it either.

(hard, serious)

We're losing this war, Eva.

(MORE)

ROMER (cont'd)

And we'll lose it for sure unless
we get America in on our side.
It's as simple as that --

EVA

-- We've got Russia on our side,
now --

ROMER

--And the German army's fifty miles from Moscow. No, if we can get close to Roosevelt, know his real thoughts, his private conversations -- everything changes. From our point of view.

(looks squarely at her)

EVA

(takes this in)

And this Mason Harding is the weak link? The way in?

ROMER

Yes. We think so. It's very important, Eva --

EVA

-- Of course.

Romer picks up her hand, kisses her fingers. Thinks. Back to his old self.

ROMER

(musing)

Why would Morris think you'd be interested in the death of a Russian agent?...

EVA

He wanted me to sound out the Russian press agencies. See what the word was...

ROMER

Really? Most unusual... Anyway... Just one thing --

EVA

What?

ROMER

If he finds out who you really are -- we can't come to your rescue.

EVA

Of course not.

ROMER

It would give everything away -- our whole operation.

EVA

I understand. It's fine.

WHISTLE BLOWS. Shouts of "All aboard, all aboard!" Blast of steam. Romer stands. Drains his drink.

ROMER

Call me when you've checked into your hotel. I'll give you all the information you need. This is "Operation Eldorado". Mason Harding is "Gold". Good luck.

He smiles and walks to the door. Eva watches him step down to the platform. Mixed feelings. HOLD -- on EVA'S FACE as we -- SOUND CUT --

PHONE RINGS once. CUT TO --

94

INT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY

94

CLOSE -- the telephone in the hall on its small table. Rings again.

PULL BACK -- Sally watching it. It rings again. Stops. Sally steps forward. Phone rings. She picks up receiver.

SALLY

Ruth?

RUTH'S VOICE

Hello, Mum.

SALLY

What's happening?

RUTH'S VOICE

Lucas Romer replied. He's prepared to meet me. At his London club.

Sally's emotions get the better of her again. She gasps. Covers mouthpiece with hand. Controls herself.

RUTH'S VOICE

Hello? You still there?

SALLY

Good. Come and see me and I'll give you all the information you need.

CUT TO --

95

INT DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE CORRIDOR WASHINGTON DC DAY 95

EVA -- TOTALLY DIFFERENT -- hair dyed BLONDE. Red lips. Tight suit. High heels. Sunglasses. Heels "click" on the parquet.

Walking along a featureless corridor -- TOWARDS CAMERA.

CUT TO --

96 SCENE CUT. 96

97 INT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 97

RUTH reflected in the hallway mirror. She looks TOTALLY DIFFERENT. Smart in a dark suit, knee length black boots, her hair up. She checks her hair. Sally looks on -- she seems tense, bottled up.

SALLY

-- Just say that Morris Devereux was your uncle. No more. And watch for his reaction. Very closely. Any little sign.

RUTH

You've already told me that. Why are you so nervous? You're making me jumpy --

SALLY

-- I'm not nervous --

RUTH

(turning away from the mirror)
-- We've gone over everything again and again. I know what to do. Look, I'll miss my train...

She leans over and kisses her.

RUTH

Relax. I'm just going to have a chat with a man.

SALLY

It's not that simple...
(tense)
It's just that it's very important -- for me. Lucas Romer is the only man who can help me. He's the only one...

RUTH

I'll talk to you later when I get back. It'll be fine.

She goes to the door.

98 EXT SALLY'S COTTAGE DAY 98

Ruth walking to her car, frowning. This is not like her mother. She pauses, looks back at the cottage.

Sally looks out through the window. Ruth gives her a thumbs-up sign. Gets into her car, starts engine. Sally moves away.

98A INT/EXT COTTAGE DAY 98A

IN THE EMPTY COTTAGE -- CAMERA ROVES down the corridor. Into the KITCHEN and on, out onto the TERRACE.

SALLY sits at the terrace table, head in her hands, staring intently at the woods, beyond. Troubled.

99 SCENE CUT 99

100 EXT PALL MALL GENTLEMAN'S CLUB. LONDON DAY 100

Ruth striding along a pavement -- WALKING TOWARDS US. She pauses. Looks across the street at --

The GRAND BUILDING that houses Lucas Romer's club. Brydges'.

She turns to the plate glass of a shop window and checks her appearance. Looking good.

She crosses the street towards the club. CUT TO --

ANOTHER ANGLE --

Ruth crossing the street. The view DOWN from a high window. PULLBACK TO REVEAL --

The OLD LUCAS ROMER looking down at Ruth arriving. He's in a suit and tie. Still handsome if a little stooped. His face is impassive. We ARE --

101 INT PALL MALL GENTLEMAN'S CLUB DAY 101

A small sitting room. A SERVANT in a morning suit stands waiting by the door. Romer turns away from the window.

ROMER
Tell her I'll be fifteen minutes.

The servant leaves. Romer goes to a phone. Dials.

ROMER
Greville?... It's Lucas Romer,
here --

CUT TO --

102 INT CORRIDOR. DEPT OF COMMERCE. WASHINGTON DC DAY 102

An endless corridor. Eva being escorted by a UNIFORMED SOLDIER. Her heels ring out on the flooring.

EVA following the soldier. She glances around. Eyes darting, taking everything in. Keeping her nerve.

She turns a corner. TWO UNIFORMED MARINES STAND THERE.

One of them opens a door. Eva goes through.

103

INT CORRIDOR -- GENTLEMEN'S CLUB DAY

103

The CLUB SERVANT in a morning suit leads Ruth along a panelled corridor lined with oil paintings of former eminent club members.

She passes some ELDERLY SUITED MEN who freeze in their tracks and look at her as if she's an alien.

Ruth smiles brightly at them. Strides on, heels ringing.

The servant has paused at a door. Gestures.

SERVANT

This is the ladies' waiting room, miss.

RUTH

How can you tell if I'm a lady?

SERVANT

Beg pardon?

RUTH

Nothing, nothing --

SERVANT

-- If you wish to use the conveniences please ring the bell first. Someone will come.

RUTH

Very reassuring.

SERVANT

Lord Romer will be with you shortly.

Ruth steps inside.

CUT TO --

104

INT ANTE ROOM -- OFFICE. WASHINGTON DC DAY

104

The door closes behind her. Eva stands. Goes to the window.

View of the Senate Building on Capitol Hill.

CAPTION -- "WASHINGTON D.C. OCTOBER 1941"

There is a picture of President Roosevelt on the wall and a Department of State crest.

Eva checks her appearance, smooths her skirt. She sits down again. She seems icy calm.

The door opens and a SECRETARY appears.

SECRETARY

Mr Harding will see you now.

Eva stands and follows her out.

END OF FILM ONE