RESTLESS

Part 2

By William Boyd

Pink Revisions (25 / 6 / 12)

Yellow Revisions (30/ 7 / 12)
INT  MASON HARDING’S OFFICE     DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVA
Transoceanic.

HARDING
Can’t say I’ve heard of it.
EVA
I’m not surprised -- we only deal
with Latin and South America.
(smiles)
Hence the thrust of my questions.

They look at each other. Eva smiles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

8
INT COCKTAIL BAR WASHINGTON D.C. NIGHT

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

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

HARDING
-- Mason, please --

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

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

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

He reaches for her hand. Eva removes it.

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

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

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

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

9
INT COCKTAIL BAR LOBBY/ ROMER’S OFFICE NIGHT

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

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

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

ROMER
Good. Take it to the next stage.
EVA
What do you mean?

ROMER
Be extra friendly.

EVA
Right...

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

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

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

He hangs up. Eva hangs up. Thoughtful.

INT EVA’S HOTEL ROOM   NIGHT
Eva comes in. Switches on the light. Drops her bag on the floor. Sits on the bed. Allows herself to fall back, staring at the ceiling -- a bit overwhelmed.

SCENE CUT

INT MASON HARDING’S CAR   DUSK
Harding has pulled up outside her hotel. We can see “London Hall Hotel” on an awning.

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

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

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

HARDING
(leans towards her)
-- It’s the weekend -- stay the weekend. I’d like you to stay --
He tries to kiss her. She pushes him off.

EVA
Mason -- please --

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

EVA
-- I’m sure your wife’s very attractive, also --

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

EVA
-- This is all wrong --

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

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

HARDING
Six o’clock.

Eva gets out of the car.

INT  EVA’S HOTEL ROOM   NIGHT

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

ROMER IS THERE -- standing in the corner.

ROMER
How did it go?

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

ROMER
Perfect.
EVA
What do we need?

ROMER
Just a photograph. An incriminating one.

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

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

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

EVA
(flatty)
I’m glad.

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

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

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

EVA
"Finesse" - nice word.

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

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

He tops up their glasses.

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

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

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

ROMER
(steely)
-- My feelings are completely irrelevant. Completely. I just want America in Europe.

EVA
(looks at him, deadpan)
I’ll do my best.

Romer stands. Puts his glass down.

ROMER
See you in Baltimore.

He leaves. Eva stubs her cigarette out.

INT PALL MALL CLUB. LADIES WAITING ROOM. DAY

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

SERVANT
Lord Romer will see you in the Library.

He holds the door open. Ruth leaves.

INT PALL MALL CLUB. LIBRARY DAY

A grand, high ceilinged room. Enormous bookshelves rise to the ornate ceiling. Groups of leather armchairs. Empty. The door opens and Ruth comes in. She looks around. At the far end in front of a window a man is standing, in silhouette. Ruth walks towards him. He keeps his back turned. [We’ll recall Eva’s first meeting with him]

At the last moment he wheels round. ROMER.

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

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

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

EVA
(a beat)
Really? --

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

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

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

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

Eva, down to her bra and panties.

HARDING (V.O.)
Come to Daddy, baby...

EVA’S FACE. She puts on a smile...

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

CLOSE -- it’s midnight.

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

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

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

HARDING
Hey! What the --
Eva sits up -- feigning shock -- sheet held to her breasts.

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

    HARDING
    Jesus! What gives? --

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

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

    HARDING
    Eve?...

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

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

    HARDING
    You bitch. You fucking bitch --

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

18  INT HOTEL CORRIDOR  NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE TO --

19  INT PALL MALL CLUB. LIBRARY  DAY

Romer looks at Ruth intently as he shakes her hand.

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

    ROMER
    Do sit down.

She sits. Romer sits down carefully, opposite her.

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

    ROMER
    Miss Gilmartin of the Times.
RUTH
The Telegraph.

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

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

ROMER
Bobbie von Arnim, von Arnim… Don’t know him…

RUTH
World War Two specialist.

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

RUTH
I wouldn’t mind an alcoholic drink -- if “ladies” are allowed such a thing.

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

RUTH
A whisky and soda.

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

RUTH
How wise.

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

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

SERVANT
Right away, sir.

He leaves. Romer sits down. Scrutinizes Ruth, still with his slight enigmatic smile.
ROMER
I’ve been looking forward to this meeting. At my age one feels wholly forgotten and then, all of a sudden, out of the blue, a newspaper rings up wanting an interview. Strange how that happens, isn’t it? Bobbie von Arnim -- that’s the name?

RUTH
Yes.

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

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

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

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

SERVANT
Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

He leaves with the peanuts. Ruth raises her glass.

RUTH
Cheers.

ROMER
What was it you wanted to know?

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

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

Romer stiffens, ever so slightly.

ROMER
Why on earth would you want to know that?

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

(MORE)
There was a subdivision of BSC called AAS Ltd. Later Transoceanic Press.

ROMER
Where did you get those names?

RUTH
Are you familiar with them?

ROMER
(unsmiling now)
How did you come by those names?

RUTH
It was in a printed source.

ROMER
Have you seen it?

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

SERVANT
Telephone call for you, your lordship.

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

ROMER
Yes?... No, I’m not concerned, not remotely.

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

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

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

ROMER
Really? What was his name?

RUTH
(watching closely)
Morris Devereux.

ROMER
(thinks)
Devereux... No, didn’t know him.

RUTH
But you admit you were part of BSC.
She stares at him. Tilts her head, characteristically.

A little flicker of recognition in Romer’s eyes.

**ROMER**

Remind me of your name, again?

**RUTH**

Ruth Gilmartin.

**ROMER**

(smiling)

Well, I admit nothing, Miss Gilmartin...

(he stands)

Do you know -- sorry to be a bore -- but I’ve decided not to continue with this interview.

**RUTH**

May I ask why?

**ROMER**

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

**RUTH**

(standing)

Don’t worry, I can see myself out.

**ROMER**

I’m afraid you’re not allowed to.

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

---

**INT PALL MALL CLUB CORRIDOR DAY**

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

**EXT PALL CLUB. PALL MALL DAY**

Ruth and Romer appear on the steps.

**ROMER**

I assume you know your way home.

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

**ROMER**

Goodbye, Miss Gilmartin.
RUTH
I’ll still be writing my article.

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

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

RUTH
Is that a threat?

ROMER
It’s a fact. Goodbye.

He goes carefully down the steps to his car.

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

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

22
INT PHONE BOX. LONDON DAY

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

23
CLOSE --

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

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

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

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

PULLING BACK FURTHER we will realize we are --
Sally and Ruth sit in deckchairs. They have mugs of coffee on a low folding table in front of them and Ruth is rolling a cigarette. She lights it. Ruth is in a bad mood. Jumpy.

RUTH
-- Where's Jochen? Jochen! Jochen!

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

RUTH
Don't leave the garden -- all right?

JOCHEN
OK, OK... I was just playing.

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

SALLY
-- I was busy --

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

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

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

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

RUTH
He certainly reacted to the name "Morris Devereux" -- that's when he effectively threw me out.
SALLY
Doesn’t matter. The object of the exercise had been achieved. I thought you both looked a bit frosty when you said goodbye. No handshake, I noticed.

RUTH
(frowning)
Hang on. How do you --

SALLY
-- I followed him home --

RUTH
-- Followed?

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

RUTH
(infuribiated)
-- Bloody hell, Sal! You set me up! You just had me flush him out --

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

Ruth looks at her mother shrewdly. Smiles wryly.

RUTH
You’re the expert, I suppose.

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

RUTH
Ha-ha...

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO --

25 INT ROMER’S OFFICE. TRANSOCEANIC. 1941 NIGHT
Eva sits there, stiffly, unhappy. Romer is tuning the wireless on a shelf behind his desk. CRACKLE OF STATIC.

ROMER
You have to hear this...
You’re just in time...

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

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

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

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

Romer, delighted, stands and clicks off the wireless.

ROMER
Fantastic. You should see that map -- “Argentinien”, “Brasilien”, “Neu Spanien” -- incredibly convincing --
EVA
-- What, you mean --

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

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

EVA
Don’t worry. I’ve been well trained.

Romer takes her hand. Voice softens.

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

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

ROMER
I missed you.


EVA
I’m sorry... It just wasn’t... very nice...

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

EVA
What do you mean?

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

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

Romer kisses her. Smiles.
ROMER
I’ve got to go to London. I thought you might like some winter sunshine while I’m gone.

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

EVA
What’s that?

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

EVA
Have I any choice?

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

Eva picks up the brick of money. Thinks.

EVA
Who’ll be running me?

ROMER
Morris, probably. I’ll be in London --

EVA
-- Can I think about it?

ROMER
Take your time. Entirely up to you.

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

ROMER
What is it?

EVA
I think I may be falling in love with you.

Romer laughs. Shakes his finger at her.

ROMER
That would be very dangerous. Talking of danger -- do you want a gun to take on your trip?
EVA
I thought you said it was a routine courier job.

ROMER
Just a suggestion --

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

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

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

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

26 EXT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES NIGHT

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

ROMER
I'd like to kiss you, but --

EVA
-- The FBI might be watching.

ROMER
Goodnight, Eva. And thank you...

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

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

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

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

27 INT RUTH'S FLAT. CAMBRIDGE NIGHT

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

She goes to the door and opens it.

A WOMAN POLICE CONSTABLE STANDS THERE. Another man behind her in a suit.
WPC
Miss Gilmartin? Miss Ruth
Gilmartin? --

RUTH
What’s wrong? What’s happened?

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

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

RUTH
(startled)
-- Mason?

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

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

MASON
Karl-Heinz Kleist was your ex-
husband --

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

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

RUTH
Perhaps he’s on holiday.

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

RUTH
How do you know our child’s a
boy?

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

MASON
I have a few facts here.
RUTH
I haven’t seen Karl-Heinz in over two years.

Mason makes a note.

MASON
Any other family members he might visit?

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

RUTH
No.

MASON
Nobody in the neighbourhood? Relative, perhaps?

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

MASON
No. Just an enquiry from the Bundeskriminalamt in Berlin.

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

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

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

MASON
I’m just following up.

RUTH
Of course you are.

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

MASON
Do give us a call if Herr Kleist should pay you a visit.
RUTH
(taking card)
He won’t come here. We’re pretty much estranged...

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO --

28  EXT NEW MEXICO DAY

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

29  INT CAR DAY

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

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

30  EXT NEW MEXICO ROADSIDE DAY

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

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

31  EXT ROCKY HILL DAY

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

She waits.

TIME CUT -- Eva has moved position to stay in the shadow of the rock. She lifts the binoculars as another car comes along the road. It passes hers. Then slows. Stops.
It reverses back to her car. Two men get out. They wear suits and pork-pie hats. They look into her car. Stare out into the desert.

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

She writes the number down in her notebook.

The men get back into their car and drive away.

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

EXT ALBUQUERQUE HOTEL  NIGHT

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

EVA sits in her parked car.

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

EVA notices him, gets out her car and goes into the hotel.

JACK follows her in.

INT ALBUQUERQUE HOTEL LOBBY / DINING ROOM  NIGHT

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

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

JACK
Hi, glad to see you’re looking so well.

EVA
I just had a two-week vacation.

JACK
Go to the mountains?

EVA
I prefer the seaside.

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

JACK
You weren’t here lunchtime.
EVA
Had to make a detour.

He puts the newspaper on the table. Fishes in his pockets for cigarettes. Takes out a pack and lights a cigarette.
JACK
Take the package to Las Cruces.
The Alamagordo Inn. A man called
Raul will contact you.

EVA
How long do I stay there?

JACK
* Until Raul shows up. He’ll tell
you exactly what to do.

Raise s a hand.

JACK
Nice talking to you.

Eva stands, picks up the newspaper and leaves.

34 EXT DUKE PLAZA HOTEL NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

35 EXT PAYPHONE BY HOTEL NIGHT / INT. TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES

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

WE CROSSCUT with the TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES.
In the offices ANGUS WOOLF picks up the phone.

EVA
Hello Sage, Rosemary here.

ANGUS
(stiffens)
Hello, Rosemary. I’ll get Sage for you. How’s the party going?

EVA
Interesting. But my gift is disappointing.

ANGUS
I’ll get the manager.

He signals Morris Devereux over. Covers the phone.

ANGUS
Rosemary says her gift is disappointing.

MORRIS
(taking phone)
Disappointing? --

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

MORRIS
Yes. As far as I know.

EVA
Tell the boss and I’ll call back tomorrow.

MORRIS
Where are you going?

EVA
A place called Las Cruces --

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

EVA
And there were two uninvited guests at the party.

MORRIS
Any idea who?

EVA
Local boys, I’d guess.
MORRIS
Interesting -- but not
unexpected. They’re being very
nosey. We’re all noticing the new
shadows.

EVA
I lost them, anyway.

MORRIS
Good. Proceed with caution. I’ll
tell the boss.

EVA
All right.

She hangs up. Thinking.

36 EXT ROAD TO LAS CRUCES DAY
Eva’s car motoring down the two lane blacktop to Las
Cruces. Passes a sign: “LAS CRUCES 45 MILES”.
Up ahead she sees a dirt track. As she reaches it, she
suddenly swerves into it. Bumps out of sight.

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

38 EXT ROAD TO LAS CRUCES DAY
Eva’s car pulls back onto the road from the track. Heads
off for Las Cruces.

39 EXT LAS CRUCES NIGHT
Eva’s car pulls up outside a small hotel. White peeling
She gets out of the car with her bag. Locks the car and
goes in the main door.

40 INT LOBBY. ALAMAGORDO INN NIGHT
A DESK CLERK -- a young man with spots and a jacket too big
for him -- sits at the reception desk flicking through a
film magazine. A roof fan stirs the air. A yucca is
dying in a sandy pot.
A sign above a leather sofa says “POSITIVELY NO LOITERING.” The clerk closes his magazine as Eva approaches.

DESK CLERK
Evening, Mam. Can I help you?

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

DESK CLERK
Twenty dollars, including tax.

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

DESK CLERK
It’s our best room...
(lowers voice)
Sure you want to stay here, Mam? There’s a new motel just out of town. Much nicer.

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

DESK CLERK
Sure has.

INT  EVA’S ROOM ALAMAGORDO INN/ TRANSOCEANIC   NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

WE CROSSCUT WITH TRANSOCEANIC and MORRIS

EVA
It’s Rosemary.

MORRIS
Sage here. What’s happening?

EVA
Is the boss there with you? I thought I heard his voice.
MORRIS
The boss is away. I told you.

EVA
When did you speak to him last?

MORRIS
Last night. After you called.

EVA
What did he say?

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

Eva takes this in. A little smile.

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

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

EVA
I’ll give it some thought. Bye.

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

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

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

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

42
INT ALAMAGORDO INN. LOBBY DAY

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

DESK CLERK
Mornin’, Mam.
EVA
That new motel you were talking about. Where is it exactly?

43 EXT ROAD FROM LAS CRUCES DAY
Eva’s car turns off the road following the directions of a sign. MESILLA MOTOR LODGE. TWO MILES.

44 EXT MESILLA MOTOR LODGE DAY
Small clapboard bungalows linked by wooden boardwalk pathways. Gravelled parking spaces for cars beside them.

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

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

EVA
Three days -- or so.

They go in.

45 INT BUNGALOW DAY

RECEPTIONIST
-- And your bathroom is right here.

Eva stands by a writing desk. She looks down.

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

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

RECEPTIONIST
Certainly. I’ll be in the office.

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

INT ALAMAGORDO INN. LOBBY DAY

Eva walks in.

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

TALL MAN
Hi. Glad to see you looking so well.

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

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

TALL MAN
Go to the mountains?

EVA
I prefer the seaside.

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

DESK CLERK
No. But there’s a bar down the street.

TALL MAN
(to Eva)
I got to get a beer.

INT LAS CRUCES BAR NIGHT

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

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

RAUL
(belching quietly)
I was dying of thirst.
(MORE)
RAUL (cont'd)
Water doesn’t work for me...
(looks at her)
You got something?

EVA
There’s been a delay. A problem.

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

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

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

RAUL
Wow.

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

She glances round.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WE CROSSCUT with Morris in the Transoceanic office.
EVA
I’m not enjoying the party any more. I’m going to leave.

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

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

MORRIS
Good point. Trust your instincts, the boss says.

EVA
I’ll get a plane back from Dallas tomorrow.

MORRIS
See you later.

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

Eva puts the phone down. She steps outside.

EXT  MESILLA MOTOR LODGE  EVENING

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

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

An ELDERLY COUPLE unlock their front door and go in.

The little MEXICAN GIRLS play tag outside their bungalow.

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

INT  EVA’S BUNGALOW. MESILLA MOTOR LODGE  NIGHT


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

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

EVA
What do you want?

MEXICAN
Where’s the map?

EVA
(beat)
In the cupboard.

MEXICAN
Get it. And the money.

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

MEXICAN
Take your clothes off.

EVA
I’m unarmed.

MEXICAN
Take your clothes off.

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

MEXICAN
OK. Stop. Get dressed.

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

EVA
What’s happening?

MEXICAN
You’re going to meet someone.

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

EVA
No. I’m not going anywhere.

MEXICAN
Sure you are.

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

WE MAY BE AWARE THAT EVA HAS PICKED SOMETHING OFF THE DESK
MEXICAN
We’ll go to my car. You’re driving.

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

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

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

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

EVA
You’re a cop, aren’t you?

MEXICAN
Turn left here.

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

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

MEXICAN
(wearily)
Shut your mouth.

They drive on a bit, in silence.

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

MEXICAN
Stop here.

Eva stops the car.

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

MEXICAN
(chuckles)
Get out.

Eva tucks a lock of hair behind her ear.

EVA
Think about it. Ten thousand dollars...

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

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

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

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

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

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

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

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

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

She gets back in the car.

INSIDE THE CAR --

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

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

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

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

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

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

MOMENTS LATER. BACK IN THE CAR --

Eva sitting beside the dead De Baca. She starts the engine. Drives the car off the road to the edge of the gully.
She puts on the handbrake, gets out, leaving the engine running. Through the open door she drags the Mexican over to the driving seat. She reaches across him and releases the handbrake. Steps back quickly. Slams the door.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She puts the gear lever into fourth.

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

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

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

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

She REELS away. Upset. Composes herself.

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

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

INSIDE THE CAR -- Not looking at De Baca -- she reaches across him for the map. Folds it up into a small square and stuffs it INTO HIS LOAFTER under his heel. She slams the door shut with her elbow. CUT TO --
EVA, as she walks back along the desert track, the torch beam lighting her way, heading towards the distant lights of cars on the highway.

HER FACE. Angry. Emotional.

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

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

Ruth’s car parked outside.

INT SALLY’S COTTAGE. KITCHEN EVENING

JOCHEN at the top of the stairs in his pyjamas.

JOCHEN
I’m not tired.

RUTH
You go back to bed. I’ll be back tomorrow morning.

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

Ruth goes through to the kitchen.

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

RUTH
You all right?

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

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

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

SALLY
Did you hear about the accident?

RUTH
-- No. What accident?
SALLY
This elderly woman in a wheelchair in Chipping Campden. Crossing the road, seriously injured by a speeding car -- hit and run. The driver just took off. They haven’t got him yet.

RUTH
How awful. But what’s it got to --

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

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

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

Ruth stands there thinking. Decides to tell Sally.

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

Sally stiffens -- this is unwelcome news.

SALLY
Did you believe them?

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

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

She leaves the kitchen. Ruth thinks. Goes to the window. Glances over her shoulder and picks up the binoculars. Focusses them on the wood. CUT TO --
EXT RUTH’S APARTMENT, CAMBRIDGE  NIGHT

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

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

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

RUTH
Who are you? What are you doing?

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

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

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

Ruth is instantly relieved -- then instantly angry.

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

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

RUTH
He’s staying the night with a friend.

KARL-HEINZ
Oh. Too bad. I’m leaving tomorrow.

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

KARL-HEINZ
Me? Nothing. I’m on holiday.

RUTH
With your Baader-Meinhof buddies?

KARL-HEINZ
(smiles)
Ah, Ruth... Sometimes I miss you.
RUTH
It’s not mutual.

KARL-HEINZ
I assume you won’t be telling the police about this meeting. Think of Jochen...

RUTH
I’d get out of here if I were you.

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

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

54 INT EVA’S “SAFE HOUSE’ BROOKLYN DAY

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

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

55 INT LANDING/TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES DAY

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

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

She feeds some dimes into the phone and dials.

WOMAN’S VOICE
Transoceanic Press Agency.

EVA
No fish deliveries today.

WOMAN’S VOICE
Just one moment, I’ll put you through.

WE CROSSCUT WITH TRANSOCEANIC --

Romer at his desk. He snatches up the phone.

ROMER
Thank god. Where are you?

EVA
I’m in my safe place.
ROMER
Come to the office --

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

Romer covers the mouthpiece, mouths “Eva”.

EVA
-- I’m not coming in, Lucas.

ROMER
Don’t be ridiculous.

EVA
I was sold.

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

EVA
(angry)
-- I was sold! Somebody in Transoceanic or Head Office sold me.

ROMER
(beat)
We have to talk.

He gestures to Sylvia. Hands her the receiver.

SYLVIA
(voice very calm)
You have to come in, Eve.
Everything’s going to be fine...
Believe me...


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

She hangs up. Romer hangs up.

SYLVIA
She’ll come in.

MORRIS
She’s safe. Thank god.

ROMER
She’s in New York. She seems all right. Bit cross, though.
MORRIS
(relaxing)
Well, we know what she’s like when she’s not happy.

SYLVIA
(drily)
Watch out, New York City. Hurricane warning.

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

ALFIE
All’s well that ends well.

ANGUS
Don’t jump the gun, Alfie. She’s not quite back yet.
ROUND THE EDGE OF A BUILDING -- a LONG SHOT of Romer standing in the queue at a silver HOT-DOG STAND. He’s reading a newspaper as he waits. PASSERSBY come and go.

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

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

EVA
Don’t turn round.

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

The concern in his voice unsettles her.

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

ROMER
I don’t know what went wrong. But Transoceanic is “tight”.

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

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

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

ROMER
Can I turn round?

He stands and turns. Smiles. They step away from the queue.
Let’s have a drink. Celebrate your incredible achievement.

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

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

My god...

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

(spreads his hands, smiles)
The sheer, amazing, exceptional beauty of all this is that the map got to Roosevelt without a trace, without a hint of the devious British on it. From County Sheriff to FBI operative to Edgar Hoover to the White House. What’s going on south of the border? What are the Nazis planning with their Gaus and their airline routes? Alarm bells are ringing everywhere --
EVA
(thinking)
-- But the map was bad. There was a spelling mistake. It’s not “Für Miami” it should be “Nach Miami” -

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

EVA
But I didn’t have a plan.

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

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

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

He takes her hand under the table. Voice softens.

ROMER
You need some time. You need a couple of days leave. Room 309, Algonquin Hotel. I’ll be there at nine o’clock this evening...
Eva smiles. This is what she needs. She leans forward as if she’s going to kiss him. Romer leans back.

ROMER
Not here. Save it for the hotel.

He squeezes her hand, stands and leaves.

Eva watches him go -- her heart full.

INT TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES DAY

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

Morris Devereux stands there contemplating the clippings.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Morris paces up and down, thinking.

EVA
Who was running me?

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

EVA
(smiles)
So I should probably be very suspicious of you...

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

EVA
Yes.

MORRIS
But they were waiting for you in Las Cruces.

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

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

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

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

EVA
So who was waiting for me in Las Cruces if they weren’t FBI?
MORRIS
Let’s follow it through. They wanted you dead with the map on you. You could be identified as a British agent because the FBI had followed you to Albuquerque and clearly knew who you were, before you lost them --

EVA
-- So what’s the point. One dead British agent...

MORRIS
(thinks)
Yes... What does that gain anyone? Cui bono. Who gains? That’s the key...

EVA
Who knew I was in Las Cruces?

MORRIS
Me, Angus, Sylvia.

EVA
Romer?

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

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

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

EVA
(thinking back)
There was a woman in a red coupé... And then in a bar Raul took me to there were women... I wasn’t looking for a woman, true...

(MORE)
And the desk clerk in the Alamagordo -- he suggested the motel to me...

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

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

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

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

EVA
-- Sounds wonderful --

The phone rings on her desk.

EVA
Hi, Morris. What’s --

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

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

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

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

EVA
Sorry?

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

EVA
Yes.

MORRIS
So why didn’t you?
Because I checked it and I saw there were mistakes. Inferior material.

**MORRIS**

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

**EVA**

No.

They PAUSE. An OFFICE WORKER goes by.

**MORRIS**

So why did you?

**EVA**

(confused)

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

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

**MORRIS**

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

**EVA**

(beat. Thinking)

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

**MORRIS**

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

**EVA**

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

**MORRIS**

I think the crows in Las Cruces were our friends in grey.
EVA
The Abwehr?

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

EVA
German agents? But it doesn’t make any sense --

MORRIS
-- We’ll talk tomorrow. I’ve got to go.

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

60 INT EVA/SYLVIA’S OFFICE DAY

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

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

EVA
Has Morris been in today?

SYLVIA
No. Are you looking for him?

EVA
Wondered where he was.

SYLVIA
Maybe he’s over at Head Office --

EVA
-- No. I tried. He wasn’t there.

SYLVIA
Maybe he’s not well.

EVA
No reply from his apartment.

SYLVIA
You are keen to see him, What’s up?

EVA
Nothing important. Not convinced about this new four-engined bomber story...
SYLVIA
We have to follow up your astounding triumph with the map, my darling. German bombers based in Mexico, very tasty --

Eva stands and goes to get her coat.

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

She races out of the office.

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

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

61 SCENE CUT

62 EXT PAY PHONE 45TH STREET NIGHT

Eva dialling Morris’s number.

MAN’S VOICE
Yes?

It’s not Morris.

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

MAN’S VOICE
You have the wrong number.
EVA
Oh. So sorry.

She hangs up. Now she’s seriously worried.

EXT APARTMENT BLOCK UPPER EAST SIDE NIGHT

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

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

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

MAN
-- Do you know the Weisses?

WOMAN
There are the Wisemans but they’re on eight --

Chatting away they go past the doorman. And inside.

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

INT ELEVATOR NIGHT

Eva alone. She stops on the Thirteenth floor.

INT THIRTEENTH FLOOR NIGHT

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

INT FIRESTAIRS NIGHT

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

THROUGH THE CRACK --

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

Angus Woolf limps out and starts talking to a policeman.

EVA’S FACE -- something really bad has happened.
She steel herself -- pushes through the door.

**INT    CORRIDOR. APARTMENT BUILDING    NIGHT**

Eva breezes down the corridor towards Angus.

**EVA**

Angus? What’s happening?

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

**ANGUS**

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

**EVA**

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

**ANGUS**

Morris is dead. He killed himself.

**EVA**

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

**ANGUS**

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

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

**INT    APARTMENT/ ANTEROOM    NIGHT**

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

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

Angus moves away, back towards the cops.

**ROMER**

What’re you doing here?

**EVA**

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

**ROMER**

He shot himself. Doors locked, windows locked.

(MORE)
ROMER (cont’d)
A note that made no sense --
something about some boy.

EVA
Why?...
ROMER
Who knows? How well do we know anyone?
(looks at her)
How did you get in here? The doorman didn’t call up.

Romer is suspicious.

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

ROMER
Sure you weren’t looking for Elizabeth Wesley?

EVA
Who?

Romer chuckles. But his eyes are dead.

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

KEEGAN-VALE advances. Eva recognises him.

KEEGAN-VALE
Romer? --

ROMER
-- This is Miss Dalton.

KEEGAN-VALE
Ah. Miss Dalton. Our heroine --

ROMER
-- She was due to meet Morris --

EVA
-- Can I see him?

KEEGAN-VALE
It’s not pretty...

EVA
It’s all right. I’ll be fine.

They all go into Morris’s bedroom.

68
INT MORRIS’S APARTMENT. BEDROOM NIGHT

Eva, Romer, Angus and Keegan-Vale stand looking on. Eva is shocked. Hand to her mouth. Tears in her eyes.
CAMERA PANS -- to Morris’s bed. He lies there naked in a tangle of sheets. A great splash of blood and brains on the cream headboard of his bed.

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

EVA
Oh, god, poor Morris...

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

MORRIS (V.O.)
“...When it looks like a grade-A, incontestable, unmistakable suicide -- then it probably isn’t...”

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

EVA’S FACE -- MEMORY FLASH --

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

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

KEEGAN-VALE
Miss Dalton? --

EVA
(jumps)
Sorry --

KEEGAN-VALE
This may not be the right moment but “C” wants to meet you -- tonight.

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

KEEGAN-VALE
-- and “C” wants to meet his “shining star”... Shake you by the hand --

EVA
-- “C”? Here in New York? Well, of course, I --
ROMER
-- I’ll pick you up outside your apartment. Ten o’clock.

EVA
Ten... I’ll be there.

The phone rings. Angus limps over to answer it.

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

ROMER
Don’t tell Sylvia. Perhaps we can go on somewhere after you’ve met “C”... You’d better go, now.

EVA
I’d like that. See you at ten.

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

She turns and hurries out. CUT TO --

INT BROOKLYN APARTMENT “SAFE HOUSE’ NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT LANDING OUTSIDE EVA’S APARTMENT NIGHT

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

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

69B   INT  TRANSOCEANIC OFFICES   NIGHT

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

70   INT  A DINER, ALBANY UPSTATE NEW YORK   NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EVA
(studying map)
Suicide.

SYLVIA
(little bitter smile)
Of course. For sure.

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

SYLVIA
Tonight? How are we? --

Eva holds up map.

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

SYLVIA
But both of us? Why?

Pause, then Eva, deadly serious.
EVA
We’re being rolled up, Sylvia.
Somebody wants us all dead.

Sylvia looks at her. Shocked. Thinking hard.

SYLVIA
Let’s go.

They get up and leave.
71 EXT SYLVIA’S CAR NIGHT
Sylvia’s car barrels down a country road.

72 OMITTED

73 EXT PINE FOREST CANADIAN BORDER NIGHT
Sylvia’s station wagon is parked on a muddy track.
Eva sits on the rear -- tailgate down -- pulling on a pair of galoshes. She stands. Sylvia hands her a leather jacket.

SYLVIA
I just grabbed anything I could from the closet.

EVA
A little big but they’ll do.

Eva turns and looks down the road.

SYLVIA
There’s no tail. I was very careful leaving the city.

EVA
Did anyone call you? Did Angus?

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

Eva looks at her. Is she lying?
Helps her on with the jacket. She stuffs her city shoes in the pockets. She points at a track through the trees.

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

Sylvia is looking at her. Steadily.

EVA
What is it?

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

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

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

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

SYLVIA
Chopped liver and onions. Just the thing...

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

CLOSE -- her face, the terrible strain.

She puts the gun back in her pocket.

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

SYLVIA
You can trust me, you know.
EVA
I know.

They embrace, hugging each other.

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

EVA
What boyfriend?

SYLVIA
I’ll find one. I’m not choosy.

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

SYLVIA
(rough American accent)
Get outa here, girl!

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

EXT PINE WOODS NIGHT

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

She reaches an exposed bluff, pauses, getting her breath. Looks behind her.

SHE CAN SEE -- on the track below her. SYLVIA’S car STOPPED. Blocked by another car parked across the track.

She peers. Frowns. Then jumps.

CRACK! CRACK! Muffled detonations with a flash of light from inside Sylvia’s car.

Eva turns and runs.

EXT PINE WOODS NIGHT

Eva running desperately through the trees. Ducking under branches. Gasping for breath. She stops for a second. Looks behind her. Nothing. She races off again. Her figure disappearing into the blackness.
Eva struggles up a slope onto a single line railway track. Weary, exhausted. She looks around her. She’s an outlandish figure in her man’s leather jacket and fur cap and galoshes.

The sun is setting.

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

TIME CUT -- It’s almost dark.
Eva walking down a country road. She can see lights burning in buildings up ahead. She comes to a road sign. Entry to a small town.

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

77 INT COFFEE SHOP SAINTE-JUSTINE NIGHT

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

Wall calendar-- DECEMBER 7


Eva cocks her head. She hears something.

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

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

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

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

Everyone in the diner is listening intently. Shocked.

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

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

78 INT SALLY’S COTTAGE DAY

CLOSE -- wine being poured into a wine glass.

Sally pours Ruth some wine. Ruth is looking at her intently.
RUTH
-- So, that was it?

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

RUTH
Why not?

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

RUTH
Who? --

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

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

RUTH
Then everything had changed.

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

Sally begins to set three places at the kitchen table.
Ruth turns, looks at her fixedly.

RUTH
-- So what did you do when you
reached Canada?
SALLY
I went to Ottawa and got a job in a government department as a secretary. I was “Margery Allardice” by then. Government secretaries were being seconded to London all the time. I applied and after a couple of months -- in March 1942 -- I got a posting. Took a ship to Liverpool. Then I disappeared.

RUTH
As one does --

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO --

EXT BATTERSEA STREET DAY

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

MRS DANGERFIELD opens it and ushers her in with a warm smile.
The carpet is rolled back and the floorboard prized up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A fair haired YOUNG MAN in a dark suit. Handsome.
YOUNG MAN
(Irish accent)
Awful sorry. Is your drink safe,
that’s the main thing?

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

Eve meets his gaze -- levelly.

EVA
Safe as houses...
(holding up unlit cigarette)
Could I trouble you for a light?

83 INT  BEDROOM  NIGHT

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

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

Checks the man hasn’t woken up.

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

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

GILMARTIN
Well, hello there...

EVA
Hello...

They kiss.

84 EXT  BATTERSEA STREET  DAY

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

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

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

CLOSE -- her notebook page. All the car numbers with their series of ticks beside them. LFE 49 -- nothing. The car she saw earlier.
Someone knows where she lives, now. She stands and walks away from her safe house.

EXT  AAS OFFICES, FETTER LANE    EVENING  85

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

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

Eva follows.

INT  LONDON PUB   NIGHT  86

A busy smoky pub. Many SOLDIERS and SAILORS.

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

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

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

    BLYTHESWOOD
    (looks up)
    Help yourself, dear.

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

    EVA
    Hello, Alfie...

He looks up again in total astonishment.

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

    BLYTHESWOOD
    (stunned, in shock)
    Yes... They said Morris killed himself because he was about to be exposed and you had flown... We couldn’t believe it. But Mr Romer explained it all.
EVA
I’m not the traitor, Alfie, not me or Morris. Someone tried to have me killed in New Mexico --

BLYTHESWOOD
-- Who would that be, then? --

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

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

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

BLYTHESWOOD
-- You haven’t heard, then?

EVA
Heard what?

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

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

86A SCENE CUT.

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

(MORE)
First Morris, then me, then Sylvia, now Angus. Don’t you see who’s going to be --

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

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

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

EVA
Do you know where Romer is?

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

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

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

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

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

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

She sees the doorway she wants. Goes in.

Eva wandering along a featureless corridor looking for a number. She finds it -- 15C.
She rings the bell. Waits. Alfie opens it. She steps in.

INT ALFIE BLYTHESWOOD'S FLAT     NIGHT

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

EVA
You all right, Alfie?

ALFIE
Couldn’t be better. Cup of tea?

EVA
Lovely, thanks.

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

EVA
How’ve you been keeping, Alfie?

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

WHAT SHE SEES -- Crossing the courtyard TOWARDS the flat -- the DARK FIGURE of a man in a coat, wearing a Trilby hat. Eva’s face -- ROMER. NOW SHE KNOWS. It’s a set up. Alfie has sold her.

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

ALFIE
Mustn’t grumble, Eve. Mustn’t grumble.

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

ALFIE
Milk in first, or after?

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

ALFIE
(turning)
Haven’t got any sugar I’m afraid --
Eva SLAMS the cushion to his chest and fires the revolver into it. Point blank range. A muffled BANG.

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

FEATHERS float in the air from the punctured cushion.

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

EVA

Sorry, Alfie... So sorry...

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

EXT HOUSING ESTATE COURTYARD. EAST END NIGHT

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

In the night sky the white fingers of SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS.

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

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

WOMAN

Better get to the shelter, darling!

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

EVA looks up.

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

Eva disappears into the air-raid shelter.

INT AIR RAID SHELTER NIGHT

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

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

CRUMP! CRUMP!
The first bombs begin to fall.

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

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

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

Eva presses herself back against the wall. Frozen.

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

HE SEES EVA --

Their eyes meet.

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

Bricks and dust fall from the ceiling.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The lights go out. Flicker on.

ROMER IS STANDING.

ROMER
Eva! Wait!

BOOM! -- the lights go out again.

In the darkness EVA stands and runs for the door.

A BUNK BED falls over pinning her to the wall.

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

Eva struggles to free herself.

ROMER
Eva! Wait for me!

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

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

ROMER
It’s not what you think. I can explain --
The NOISE is tremendous. EXPLOSIONS. SCREAMS. CHILDREN WAILING.

BOOM! The room SHUDDERS VIOLENTLY. DUST and BRICKS fall.
ROMER SLIPS. THE BUNK BED SHIFTS and Eva frees herself.
And EVA is out of the shelter in a flash.
EXT HOUSING ESTATE. EAST END NIGHT

Eva races out of the shelter entrance.

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

Eva runs out of the courtyard.

ROMER emerges. Races after her.

EXT BOMBED BUILDINGS NIGHT

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

HUGE FLARES of FLAME from ruptured gas mains.

Orange light. Giant flickering shadows.

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

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

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

ROMER
  Eva! Eva!... Don’t do this!

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

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

ROMER is heading towards her.

ROMER
  Eva! --

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

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- Romer falls.

And Eva is off again.

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

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP
CLOSE SHOT -- EVA’S FACE -- her hair tied back. Smudged, dirty. Dried trickle of blood running down her forehead and cheek.

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

All is quiet. Gilmartin cleans her wound.

GILMARTIN
Quite a raid.

EVA
Yes...

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

EVA
I got lost.

GILMARTIN
What were you doing in the East End?

EVA
Looking for someone. A man.

GILMARTIN
Did you find him?

EVA
I did actually. I wanted to say goodbye.

GILMARTIN
And did you?

EVA
Yes. Forever.

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

GILMARTIN
That’s more like you, now.

EVA
Thank you, Sean.

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

EVA
Bliss.

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

EVA
Right. That’ll be nice for you.

GILMARTIN
Would you like to come?

EVA
(Beat. Smiles)
Yes. I would. Please. More than words can say...

He clinks his glass with hers.

GILMARTIN
I’ll arrange everything.

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

Gilmartin takes her hand. Smiles back. Very happy.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

95
INT RUTH’S FLAT. CAMBRIDGE DAY
95

CLOSE -- RUTH’S FACE. Serious

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

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

RUTH
(into phone)
Hi, Jennie... It’s Ruth... yes, fine.... Look, something urgent’s come up. Can you collect Jochen from school?.... Thanks a million... My mother, yes, you know.... I shouldn’t be too late... I’ll call you anyway, Thanks so much... Bye.
She hangs up. Snatches up her handbag and strides out of the flat.

96 EXT SALLY’S COTTAGE  DAY

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

97 INT SALLY’S COTTAGE  DAY

Ruth wandering through the rooms of the cottage.

RUTH

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

She goes --

INTO THE KITCHEN -- Stops. This is odd.

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

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

RUTH

Shit...

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

98 EXT SALLY’S COTTAGE  DAY

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

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

RUTH

(realizing)

Aw, no! --

She runs to her car. CUT TO --

99 EXT KNIGHTSBRIDGE TERRACE. LONDON  DUSK

An elegant curving terrace of white stucco buildings. Very grand, very expensive.
Small immaculate gardens with gates lead to front doors with highly polished brass door furniture. The place breathes exclusivity, privacy and wealth. It is dusk. Long evening shadows. A warm peachy light.

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

Sally is sitting in her white Allegro, opposite.

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

100 INT SALLY’S CAR DUSK

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

Ruth is trying to control her anger. Almost shouting.

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

SALLY
-- I’m not going to kill him --

RUTH
-- Where’s the gun? --

Sally indicates her bag between the seats.

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

RUTH
Jesus Christ. You can’t --

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

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

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

101 EXT WALTON CRESCENT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE DUSK

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

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

Romer goes to the gate of his house.

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

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

    ROMER
    (turning)
    Who are you?

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

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

Romer opens the gate.

    RUTH
    No. I have to tell you --

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

MOVE IN ON ROMER -- his confident smile.

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

ROMER FREEZES. He turns, slowly.

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

Romer focusses on her.

    ROMER
    Who are you?...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ruth
She’s my mother.

Romer (assurance jolted)
Jesus Christ...
(looks at Eva)
I don’t believe it.

Sally
A chip off the old block, Lucas.

Romer
What do you want?

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

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

Romer
As far as the British Government is concerned you are a wartime traitor -- who has still to be brought to justice. I just need to pick up this telephone and you’ll be arrested.
SALLY
I wish you would. Go on, call the
authorities...
(wry smile)
It’s all finally gone wrong,
Lucas, let’s face it.

ROMER
(ironic smile)
Actually, it all went wrong at
Pearl Harbor. Thanks to the
Japanese. Pearl Harbor rather
fucked everything up.

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

ROMER
What on earth are you talking
about?

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

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

Romer begins to sweat.

RUTH
Sally... Please...

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

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

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

SALLY
Damn. I missed.

RUTH
(blurting out)
Why were you working for the
Germans?

Romer turns to her.
SALLY
It wasn’t the Germans. It was the Russians. The NKVD.

ROMER
(smiles)
You see, your mother knows everything --

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

Romer looks at her, impassively.

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

RUTH
Hence the Mexican map --

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

   (smiles at Romer)
That was your mission, wasn’t it? Those were your instructions.

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

RUTH
So speaks Baron Mansfield of Hampton Cleeve...
ROMER
It’s always nice to be recognized. Especially by your enemies...

RUTH
So you’re the Sixth Man --

ROMER
-- I have nothing to say to --

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

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

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

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


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

They look at each other.

SALLY
What would you have done?

Romer bows. Concedes defeat.

SALLY
Time to go, my dear...
(to Romer)
Goodbye, Lucas. Remember this evening, remember what I said. You’ll never see me again.

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

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

Romer stands there, head bowed. Immobile.

FADE TO BLACK -- FADE UP

INT RUTH’S FLAT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT

Fire burning. Ruth and Sally sit with whiskies.

SALLY
Is Jochen asleep?

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

SALLY
I suppose so.

RUTH
When did you know it was him?

SALLY
Not until I saw him outside Alfie’s apartment. The night of the air raid. For sure. But I didn’t want to think it... This was the man I loved. The man I thought loved me...

(harder)
But I should have known at Morris’s apartment, when Morris was dead, lying there. And Romer said to me what he always said: “Trust your instincts.” Instincts. He’d trained me -- he knew me, incredibly well. He didn’t need to tell me what to do in New Mexico because he knew I’d do it anyway... That was what was so damned clever.

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

SALLY
-- Exactly. Because he knew I would. And he knew I’d see there was something wrong -- and I wouldn’t go through with the plan -- that I’d go off on my own...
RUTH
So he wanted you to be killed with the map and the money on you. To be found dead in the desert. Why?

SALLY
To discredit the British. Our whole Secret Service operation in America. To expose everything we were doing -- all the propaganda, all the manipulation of the news, trying to get the USA to join the war in Europe...
(thinks)
It would have been a huge scandal. Imagine... very damaging.

RUTH
And Morris had figured that out.

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

Silence. Ruth looks at her mother.

RUTH
And you killed Alfie...

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

They look at each other.

RUTH
How do you feel?

SALLY

RUTH
-- Not frightened. It’s over now, Sal --

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

RUTH
No!... What?
SALLY
He knows you’re my daughter. He
knows your name. Ruth Gilmartin.
They can find me, now. And you...

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

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

RUTH
What do you mean, “Last
instructions”, “Leave something
written”? --

SALLY
He’ll be dead by the morning.

RUTH
Dead? What’re you talking about?

SALLY
(flatly)
Romer will kill himself tonight.
An injection, a pill... He’ll
have had it ready for years.
It’ll look like a heart attack or
a massive stroke. Something
natural...
(smiles wryly)
Romer’s dead. I didn’t need to
shoot him with that gun. The
second he saw me he knew that his
life was over... He was a dead
man...

104 INT WALTON CRESCENT. ROMER’S DRAWING ROOM NIGHT

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

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

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

ROMER’S FACE -- enigmatic smile.
Then he leaves the room, switching off the light.
Everything goes BLACK.

105 EXT ST JAMES’S PICCADILLY DAY

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

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

PULL BACK --

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

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

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

RUTH
That was important to him?

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

JOCHEN
Why are we here? It’s boring.

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

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

JOCHEN
Was he a nice man?
SALLY
Why do you ask?

JOCHEN
Because you don’t seem very sad.

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

JOCHEN
Oh. Can we go for lunch now?

SALLY
Isn’t that Vivien Leigh?

RUTH
She’s long gone, Sal.

JOCHEN
Where are we having lunch?

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

JOCHEN
-- I like champagne. Can I have some?

SALLY
Of course you can.

Ruth looks at Sally

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

SALLY
Yes, I suppose I did...

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

106 INT SALLY’S COTTAGE DAY 106

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

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

SALLY
No, no. Off you go. I’m fine.
RUTH
Jochen -- run around and see you haven’t left anything.

He leaves.

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

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

RUTH
(firmly)
-- Mum. Stop. It’s over. He’s gone. It’s over.

Jochen comes back with his toy bow and arrows.

JOCHEN
I nearly left these.

RUTH
Right, we’re off.

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

EXT  SALLY’S COTTAGE. FRONT DOOR    DAY
Ruth and Jochen walk down the path to Sally’s car.

RUTH
(calling back)
Bye! See you Saturday!

JOCHEN
Bye, Granny!

SALLY
Drive carefully!

She closes the door.

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

RUTH
Where’s your jersey?

JOCHEN
Ah... I think I left it in the kitchen.
Jochen gets in the back of the car and Ruth runs up the path back to the front door. And goes in.

Ruth striding towards the kitchen. Suddenly she slows.

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

Her face falls.

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

ANGLE ON SALLY -- watching, waiting.

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

THROUGH SALLY’S BINOCULARS --

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

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

THE END