

SHOW #1

Ken Follett's

TRIPLE

Teleplay for a 4-Hour

CBS Miniseries

by

Dick Berg

A Dick Berg/Stonehenge Production
in Association with Lorimar Productions

"TRIPLE"

PART ONE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

NEWSREEL CLIPS - BEN GURION AIRPORT - NIGHT

PANNING the white Boeing 707 -- lights blinking -- as it descends upon Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport.

MENACHEM BEGIN waits expectantly at the head of the red carpet, the HONOR GUARD at rigid attention behind him.

CROWD SHOTS -- thousands of Israelis readying their newly purchased red, white and black Egyptian flags. NARRATOR'S VOICE is HEARD OVER this and subsequent newsreel footage:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At two minutes before eight on Saturday night -- November 25, 1977 -- an Egyptian Boeing 707 landed at Tel Aviv's Ben Gurion Airport.

The plane touches down on Israeli tarmac, roars toward us down the runway, finally braking to a stop.

Israeli Army trumpeters blare out a welcoming fanfare.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

At that moment, a journey ended. A brief journey by the clock's reckoning -- less than two hours -- but one which spanned the decades that divided the people of Egypt and Israel.

An El Al ramp has been attached to the aircraft's body, the door opened. We are CLOSE enough now to define the jet's red and black stripes, as well as the words "ARAB REPUBLIC OF EGYPT" emblazoned along its side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A suspenseful beat before anyone appears. Then the familiar sight of ANWAR SADAT. The crowd explodes in a volley of APPLAUSE and the Egyptian flags are waved in welcome.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

For this mission was the first official visit to Israel by an Arab leader since the Jewish State was created.

The UNIFORMED BAND is now playing the Egyptian National Anthem and many in the crowd are openly weeping with joy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

In one stroke, Sadat was recognizing Israel as a State and Jerusalem as its Capital.

Sadat and his entourage are openly moved.

MATCHING SHOT of some of the other dignitaries in the Israeli welcoming party: ARIEL SHARON, MOSHE DAYAN, and -- finally -- the 79-year-old former Prime Minister, GOLDA MEIR. The old girl is beaming.

Sadat stands ramrod straight as the solemn strains of Israel's anthem, HATIKVAH, are HEARD OVER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

A bold gamble by two bold leaders, it caused jubilation in both their countries.

MUSIC ENDS and the first thump of a full 21-gun SALUTE reverberates.

Now the Egyptian leader spots Begin at the base of the mobile stairway. We PAN with his descent to the welcoming Prime Minister.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

However, for this mission to have been undertaken, both sides had to sufficiently want peace... and to fear the alternatives.

TIGHT TWO-SHOT

of the men coming together, Begin reaching up to embrace his swarthy guest. The instant their arms go around each other's shoulders, we FREEZE FRAME and PUSH IN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

Our story is an attempt to piece together -- through fact and imagination -- the events that led to this amazing confrontation.

The two faces, pressed together, are wreathed in smiles as they now FILL THE SCREEN. And the GUN VOLLEY tails off as we...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COBBLESTONED STREET - DAY

somewhere in a rundown section of the university town of Oxford, England. Sparse activity this early in the day -- before an arriving taxi turns a corner, pulls up at the curb.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continues)

It begins on an afternoon many years ago -- the first Sunday in November, 1947, to be exact. In the wake of World War Two.

The cab lets out an American G.I., AL CORTONE. Mid-twenties, sleek, his tailored uniform can't disguise the beginnings of a paunch. He pays the driver, straightens up, squints as he checks out numbers of nearby houses. All of them are old and in disrepair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

It was the one time that all the principals in this drama were together -- when they were young.

Now Cortone approaches an elderly lady who's putting out the garbage. He shows her the scrap of paper containing the address which is his target. She considers briefly,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

then hand-gestures as she explains the circuitous route to him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

Such people often meet in their youth at places like England's Oxford University...

Cortone nods that he has the directions committed to memory, thanks the old crone and ducks down an alley.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. DARKENED HALLWAY - A MAN'S FIST

rapping on a door. No response. More rapping. SOUNDS from within of a chair scrapping on floor, then FOOTSTEPS approaching. ANGLE SHIFTS to bring the visitor, Cortone, into profile as the door is opened... revealing the bespectacled NAT DICKSTEIN. Cortone is stunned by the other man's appearance.

Even half-lit by a slash of sunlight, Dickstein is a gaunt scarecrow of a man in his mid-twenties. His burning eyes question the intruder for a beat -- until recognition sets in.

NAT

(amazed)

Cortone! What in hell are you doing here?

CORTONE

Hi Nat.

(shaking hands; warmly)

Christ, you're a sight for sore eyes.

NAT

How long has it been?

CORTONE

Invite me in and I'll tell you.

NAT

(stands aside to make room)

You're fat and sassy as ever. Even fatter.

CORTONE

But not you, kiddo. When's the last time you ate?

Dickstein shuts the door behind them.

INT. NAT'S APARTMENT - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

The place is one high-ceilinged room in an old, rundown house. There is a single bed, neatly made up in army fashion; a heavy wardrobe of dark wood with a matching dresser; and a table piled with books in front of a small window. Otherwise no clue to the persona of Nat Dickstein.

NAT

I got out of the habit in that
fucking camp.

Cortone takes in the bare premises with some compassion. Nat enters behind him. He's been reading, has on unpressed slacks and a frayed shirt that's missing several buttons.

CORTONE

That's where I lost touch with
you. I heard you'd been captured.

NAT

You heard right.
(indicates stove)
Like some tea? I'm out of booze.

CORTONE

No, I just wanted to look at all
that beautiful skin and bones
before going home. To make sure
you weren't dead.

NAT

When do you go back?

CORTONE

Tomorrow.

NAT

You get your discharge?

CORTONE

In three weeks.

NAT

What're you going to do? Something
in Buffalo?

CORTONE

Where the hell else am I gonna
get laid as often as I do in
Frankfurt?

NAT

(grinning)
Or steal as much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

Only in Buffalo it ain't black market. In Buffalo we call it "the family business". But how'd you know?

NAT

How did I know? Just look at you. That uniform's been tailored, you bastard!

CORTONE

You were always the smartest kid in our platoon.

NAT

Until I saved your ass at Ragusa. That wasn't too bright.

CORTONE

(no longer kidding)
No. And if you hadn't, Dickstein, I'd be six feet under.

NAT

Don't get maudlin, Al. It gives me heartburn.

He crosses to the wardrobe, brings out a clean shirt.

CORTONE

Don't change for me, Nat. I love you just the way you are.

Dickstein shucks the frayed shirt for the fresh one.

NAT

It isn't for you, paizan. We're going to a party.

CORTONE

Middle of the day?

NAT

A sherry party. Very British. Very Oxford.

CORTONE

What the hell are you doing here? When the War Office told me you were at this English college...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Studying Hebrew Literature. I could write Hebrew before I went to school, didn't I ever tell you?

CORTONE

No... but why study Hebrew Literature for crissake?

NAT

Because I love it.
(finishes knotting
his tie)
And because I'm Jewish.

CORTONE

I know. But will it help you get girls?

FAVORING DICKSTEIN

His sophistication -- such as it is -- does not extend to this area. And he evades the question, blushing, crosses for a jacket.

NAT

I'm too busy for that.

CORTONE

(he caught it)
Don't shit me, Nat. There is someone, I can tell.

NAT

You're crazy.

CORTONE

Like hell. Who is she?

NAT

Piss off.

CORTONE

A student, right?

NAT

Wrong.

CORTONE

A waitress? Barmaid? Wench?
Whatever the hell they call 'em
over here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
Wrong again.

CORTONE
Then who?

Nat is at the door, unable to suppress a smile.

NAT
Try "professor's wife".

CORTONE
Jeesus.

NAT
And wait until you see her.

CORTONE
You mean now?

NAT
The sherry party, Al. They're
the ones who are giving it.

He follows Cortone out, slamming the door in camera's face.

EXT. OXFORD STREET - DAY (TRAVELLING)

ahead of Cortone and Dickstein, walking in comfortable silence fifteen minutes later. It is a cold bright morning. Pale sunshine washes the cream-colored stone of the city's old buildings.

They push ahead, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched against the biting November wind which whistles through the streets. There are few people about and the two men step up the pace until Nat reacts to someone across the road.

NAT
There's the Russian.
(calling out)
Hey, Rostov!

ANOTHER ANGLE

FAVORING an equally young man with an army haircut. ROSTOV is too long and too thin for his mass-produced suit. He wears a college scarf around his neck, smiles imperceptibly at Dickstein but he does cross the street to join the two Americans. When he speaks, it is with a considerable accent; but not an unpleasant one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

I'm starting to think everybody
in this country's on a diet.

NAT

Rostov's at Balliol. Same college
as me.

The Russian has reached them.

NAT

(continuing)

David Rostov, meet Alan Cortone.
Al and I were together in Italy
for a while.

ROSTOV

(shaking hands)

My pleasure.

NAT

Going to Ashford's house?

ROSTOV

(nods)

Anything for a free drink.

Nat resumes walking, flanked by the other two.

CORTONE

You also into Hebrew Literature?

ROSTOV

(solemnly)

No, I'm here to study bourgeois
economics.

Dickstein laughs loudly although Cortone fails to see the
joke.

NAT

(explaining)

Rostov is from Smolensk. He's
a party member. The Communist
Party.

CORTONE

I thought nobody was allowed to
leave Russia.

ROSTOV

My father was in the Diplomatic
service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
 (still amused)
 Sure. Serving in Japan when the war broke out.

ROSTOV
 (shrugs)
 We go where we are needed.
 (means Nat)
 Just as you contemplate going to Palestine.

CORTONE
 Palestine? What the hell do you need that for?

NAT
 I haven't decided yet.

ROSTOV
 You should go. The Jewish National Home will help to break up the last remnants of the British Empire.

NAT
 (faint smile)
 Is that the Party line?

ROSTOV
 (soberly)
 Yes, if you must know.

CORTONE
 (to Nat, unhappily)
 Hell, Nat -- the Arabs are murdering you people out there. Why look for more trouble?

NAT
 I said I haven't decided yet.

ROSTOV
 (to Cortone)
 Don't believe him.

CORTONE
 (to Nat)
 You only just escaped from the Germans, for crissake.

NAT
 It's still unresolved.
 (elbows Cortone)
 So stop being such a worrier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE
I will if you tell me about the
broad.

ROSTOV
"Broad"?

NAT
A colloquialism. For women.

CORTONE
The one woman.
(back to Dickstein)
What's really going on?

NAT
Nothing's going on. She's happily
married to our host. Ask Rostov.

CORTONE
But you said...

NAT
No, you did. I just said "wait
until you see her".

ROSTOV
I am confused. You are referring
to the old man's Lebanese wife, I
assume.

CORTONE
How old?

NAT
Calm down, paisan. Eila Ashford's
about thirty years younger than
the professor. And the only thing
going on between us is in my head.

He slows up, for they have reached:

EXT. TUDOR HOME - DAY - FULL

The trio of young men walk up a brick pathway to the house,
past the jungle of shrubs which is the front garden. The
front door is open and they enter.

INT. ASHFORD HOME - WIDE ANGLE

from the midst of the already-in-progress party as the
three men approach from the small, square entrance hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Abruptly Cortone stops dead in his tracks at the sight of someone PAST CAMERA. Dickstein smiles in amusement.

NAT
What did I tell you?

CORTONE
(to himself)
I don't believe it.

ANGLE SHIFTS to let in the object of their gaze. She is, of course, EILA ASHFORD, and she is beautiful beyond words. There is no makeup on her astonishing face, her black hair is straight. She wears a white dress and sandals. So provocative is this remarkable woman -- who crosses the rich Persian carpet to greet them -- that the effect is almost of nakedness.

NAT
(to Eila)
Mrs. Ashford... this is my friend, Alan Cortone.

EILA
(extends her long brown hand)
Welcome to our home.

CORTONE
(on his best)
Pleased to make your acquaintance.

She turns to Nat, offers him her cheek (which he brushes with his own) with the impersonality of a parent indulging her offspring. But a GLANCING SHOT of Nat during the brief embrace conveys that it means a great deal more to him.

EILA
Come along and have some sherry.

She turns away and leads them toward the drawing room. En route, Cortone touches Dickstein's arm, continues to register his disbelief at Eila's full-bodied and fine-boned beauty.

ANGLING UP - PAST A ROW OF SHERRY GLASSES

lined up with military precision on a table in the corner of the drawing room. Eila circles the table gracefully, hands Cortone his glass first. A group of men surround the nearby fireplace. In all, there are over a dozen guests.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EILA

I'm Eila Ashford, by the way.
Not "Mrs."

(nods toward elderly
chap in fireplace
group)

My husband insists these get-
togethers be on a first-name
basis.

CORTONE

Suits me, Eila.

Now she extends a glass in each of those graceful hands,
one to Nat and the other to Rostov.

EILA

David. Nat. Drink up.

NAT

(in Arabic)
Thank you.

EILA

(smiling, chides)
English, Nathaniel. Remember,
we are a British household.

NAT

(hangs on her every
word)
I'll try to.

She whirls to face one of the guests who stands at the fire-
place, admiring a wood carving on the mantelpiece. With the
merest flick of her index finger, she beckons the man (a
handsome Arab in a pearl-grey Western suit) to join them.
He is HASSAN.

EILA

(continuing; to
Nat's group)
I want you to meet Yasif Hassan.
He's a friend of my family from
home.

The dark-skinned Hassan approaches, resembling the young Omar
Sharif. He singles out Nat, extends his hand.

HASSAN

I know Dickstein.
(reminds him)
I'm at Worcester College.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Oh, sure.

ROSTOV

You're from Lebanon?

HASSAN

Palestine.

ROSTOV

(becomes animated)

Ah! And what do you think of the United Nations partition plan?

HASSAN

(languidly)

Irrelevant. The British must leave, and my country will have a democratic government.

ROSTOV

But then the Jews will be in a minority.

HASSAN

They are a minority in England. Should they be given Surrey as a national home?

ROSTOV

Surrey has never been theirs. Palestine was, once.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TIGHTER

Smiles vanish as the debate heats up and becomes more personal. Only Hassan maintains his cool, elegantly shrugging when he responds:

HASSAN

It was -- when the Welsh had England, the English had Germany, and the French lived in Scandinavia.

(turns to Nat)

You have a sense of justice. What do you think?

NAT

(takes off glasses)

Never mind justice. I want a place to call my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

Even if you have to steal mine?

NAT

You can have the rest of the
Middle East.

HASSAN

I don't want it.

ROSTOV

This discussion proves the
necessity for partition.

ANGLE WIDENS to LET IN Eila who has rejoined the group to offer a box of cigarettes.

Cortone takes one and lights hers, leading her slightly off from the others.

LOOSE TWO-SHOT

Cortone watches her brown lips close around the cigarette, before she delicately picks a fragment of tobacco from the tip of her tongue. Despite her surface passivity, we sense something deeper in her line of questioning.

EILA

Have you known Dickstein long?

CORTONE

We met in 1943.

EILA

I'm terribly curious about him.

CORTONE

Why?

EILA

He's only a boy and yet he seems
so old.

(reacts to someone's
approach)

My husband says he's a brilliant
student.

CORTONE

Nat saved my life.

Eila looks at Cortone more closely, as if wondering if he's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

merely being melodramatic. But after a beat, she appears to decide in his favor.

EILA

I'd like to hear about it.

Now the white-fringed man (seen earlier around the fireplace) has reached her side. He is PROFESSOR ASHFORD, an elderly academician in baggy clothes.

ASHFORD

How is everything, my dear?

EILA

Fine.

(then)

Alan Cortone, this is my husband.

CORTONE

(shaking hands)

Professor Ashford.

EILA

He was telling me how Nat Dickstein once saved his life.

ASHFORD

Really!

EILA

While you tell my husband about it, I'll mingle a bit.

She drifts off to join a clutch of guests.

WIDE ANGLE - PAST CORTONE

and Ashford. Beyond them, the muffled 'partition' debate goes on... Rostov with his feet apart, wagging a finger; Hassan smoking as he leans against a bookcase and feigns indifference; Dickstein's shoulders hunched as his passion grows.

CORTONE

(to Ashford)

It was in Sicily, near a place called Ragusa.

ASHFORD

Oh yes. A hill town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

Right. I'd taken a T-force around the outskirts... when we came on a German tank.

ASHFORD

Abandoned?

CORTONE

I wasn't sure, so I put a grenade into it.

ASHFORD

That was the trap.

CORTONE

You got it. And so did Nat... or I wouldn't be here. Because the second I left the tank there was a shot. And a German with a machine gun fell out of a tree.

ASHFORD

Young Dickstein spotted him.

CORTONE

Just in the nick.

ANGLE SHIFTS. In b.g. Eila is now crossing to where a pair of doors give on to the garden. While in foreground, the professor reacts to Cortone's story:

ASHFORD

Remarkable -- that kind of heroism. The simple, reflexive act that saves a life.

CORTONE

Later I took him to meet my cousins -- the family comes from Sicily. They made a hero of him.

ASHFORD

I should think so.

CORTONE

When I heard he was taken prisoner later that month, I figured I'd never see him again.

ASHFORD

He says very little about his time in the camp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

He survived. What's there to say?

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING A LITTLE GIRL

who comes in from the garden, carrying an elderly grey cat. Ashford introduces her with the coy pride of a man who has become a father in middle age.

Only four, the child is already a beauty with her mother's skin and hair.

ASHFORD

This is Suza.

SUZA

(means the cat)

And this is Hezekiah.

CORTONE

(shaking the cat's
paw)

How are you, Hezekiah?

SUZA

You may stroke her. Nat always does.

CORTONE

He's a friend of the cat's?

SUZA

(with some pride)

He's my friend.

CORTONE

Then we're all friends. You see, he and I were in the war together.

SUZA

Did you kill people?

CORTONE

(a beat)

Sure.

SUZA

Do you feel bad about it?

CORTONE

Not too bad. They were wicked people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA

Nat feels bad about it. That's why he doesn't like to talk about it too much.

Ashford strokes his daughter's head affectionately, tells Cortone:

ASHFORD

You see? A child has drawn more out of Dickstein than all of us put together.

CORTONE

(smiles)

Women.

MINUTES LATER - NATE AND CORTONE

are getting a refill at the sherry table.

CORTONE

I thought you told me it was all in your head. You and Eila.

NAT

Leave it alone, Al. She's a happily married woman.

CORTONE

Sure. Married to an old coot who can't get it up. I'm an authority on these things.

NAT

Some big authority.

CORTONE

I can tell by the way she talks about you. I mean it, kiddo. It's there.

NAT

Not for me or anyone else. Except the professor.

CORTONE

Who can't get it up.

NAT

You're crazy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)
 (amused, shakes his
 head)
 Come and see the garden.

He leads Cortone out through the French doors.

EXT. ASHFORD GARDEN - DAY - FROM ABOVE

FACING DOWN upon the thick box hedge which forms a maze, we are ANGLING at the French doors as Dickstein and Cortone emerge.

It is now a sparkling day, the sun having driven away the bitter cold. Nat drinks the air in sensually.

CORTONE
 So what'll you do after you get out of here? You're really not serious about that Palestine crap.

NAT
 (shrugs)
 As much as I am about anything else.

CAMERA DESCENDS, PRECEDES them as they slowly start walking through the hedge maze.

CORTONE
 The war's over, buddy. Start living. Soon as I get back into things at home, I know I can swing something for you.

NAT
 Don't worry about it.

CORTONE
 Bullshit. I owe you.

NAT
 I don't see it that way.

CORTONE
 Well I do. And it's my life that was saved. If I think that's worth paying someone back, don't tell me no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
All right then. If I ever need
a favor --

CORTONE
(completes the
sentence, sobering)
You get in touch. And call in
the debt.

NAT
Okay.

CORTONE
I'm serious. Whatever it is,
you just get in touch. Promise?

NAT
(slowly smiles)
I promise.

They are about to turn a corner in the maze when they hear voices over... faint and aspirate, as if both the man and woman (somewhere beyond a nearby hedge wall) were out of breath.

WOMAN (O.S.)
No... not here. Not now.

MAN (O.S.)
Yes... yes!

CLOSER

Dickstein and Cortone are standing beside the thick box hedge where it cuts off a corner of the garden. Whoever planted the maze never quite finished the job; a few steps from them a gap opens, then the hedge turns a right angle.

The woman's voice resumes, low and throaty this time.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Don't, damn you... please, no no
no no no yes...

Nat steps up to the gap, looks through it, goes slack.

PAST DICKSTEIN

and onto the woman, who is Eila Ashford. The skirt of her long white dress is now up around her waist. Her face is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

flushed with pleasure and she is kissing Yasif Hassan passionately. Between kisses, she continues to echo "yes yes yes" as the abandon of both lovers deafens them to the intruders.

BACK TO DICKSTEIN

riveted by the sight, gazing at the couple in horror and despair.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. PACIFIC ATOLL - DAY - AERIAL VIEW (ACTUAL FOOTAGE)

This is Bikini, viewed from above as it juts out of sparkling cerulean waters. The atoll itself is a ring of coral which frames the twin lagoons connected to the surrounding Pacific on the windward side.

Narrator's voice which opened our film returns to the soundtrack:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On an afternoon twenty-one years later, an event would be filmed -- one of a series of tests -- which will ultimately bring about the reunion of these once-young people.

Then it happens... the blast of a hydrogen bomb below us.

CUT TO VARIOUS ANGLES of the explosion... from both nearby and distant atolls as well as from other aircraft, dramatically selling the beauty and the horror in this display of force.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

The reunion and the conflict -- which only one of our trio will survive.

The glowing fireball now measures three-and-one-half miles across, as the intense heat and pressure pulverize the atoll.

Coral is sucked into the fire which boils up into a mushroom-shaped cloud that quickly spreads across the sky. CAMERA BEGINS to SLOWLY EASE BACK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)

For when a bomb can be developed with the force of fifteen million tons of TNT, the stakes are high.

We have now PULLED BACK to REVEAL that we are viewing the H-bomb test on a motion picture screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(continuing)
And human lives will be
sacrificed... to protect the
secret of that bomb.

REVERSE SHOT - PAST THE SCREEN

and onto the two people viewing the film in the darkened
basement of Mossad headquarters in Tel Aviv.

PIERRE BORG, burly Head of the Israeli Intelligence Agency,
pipesmokes as he turns -- in the fanning beam of the pro-
jection machine's light -- to his VISITOR, who is not yet
recognizeable in the shadows.

BORG

The film is less than a week old.
U.S. scientists ran the entire
operation.

VISITOR

(deep voiced)
Clandestinely, I assume.

BORG

Of course. Code-name was "Bravo".
The place is called Bikini.

VISITOR

(ironically)
What's left of it.

BORG

Yes. The radioactive fallout
covered an area of some seven
thousand square miles.

CAMERA MOVES toward them down the length of the light beam.

VISITOR

From the one explosion?

BORG

Correct.

VISITOR

Then unless we can develop such
a bomb before our neighbors do,
I'm afraid Israel will have a
short life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Even in silhouette the visitor is recognizable. And if the voice hasn't identified her by now, surely that craggy profile... backlit so as to be rimmed in silvery relief... establishes her as GOLDA MEIR, Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time.

BORG

I assure you that we shall deliver such a weapon. You can promise the Prime Minister that Pierre Borg and the Mossad will find a way.

The tough old girl (already 70 by now) gets up to leave, steps in the projection machine's cone of light to reply:

MEIR

(a quiet command)
You'd better.

She whirls and leaves. HOLD on Borg, the film's shadows dancing on his concerned face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A random sprinkling of workers are weeding and hoeing in this dusty vineyard overlooking the Sea of Galilee. PAN across a score of young backs and faces, all sweat-stained despite the light breeze.

CAMERA COMES TO REST on a couple working in tandem at the edge of the cultivated acreage. The girl, KAREN, is American, pretty, and -- while committed to the task at hand -- is quite taken with the man alongside her.

He is NAT DICKSTEIN. He has taken off his shirt and works in shorts and sandals, with the contempt for the sun which only the city-born possess. About forty, he is still bespectacled and thin. But he exudes health now. And his stringy muscles move like knotted rope under his brown, scarred skin.

For some seconds, we watch them perform their chores in silence... until he looks up, catches her staring. He grins, unembarrassed.

KAREN

(stops working)
What's so funny?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
You liberated American girls.
Where were you when I was young?

KAREN
Don't give me that. You've got
more energy than anyone here.

She resumes weeding.

NAT
No, I've just been doing it
longer.

KAREN
I say you're the youngest man
on the kibbutz.

NAT
And I say you're looking for
trouble.

KAREN
(stops, smiles
openly)
Absolutely.

NAT
Don't. I'm centuries too old
for you.

KAREN
(back to her weeding)
All that dodging -- it's
counterproductive. Women love
mystery.

NAT
That lets me out. I'm the
original open book.

KAREN
Oh, sure... that's why no one
knows what's true or what's
rumor about Nat Dickstein.

NAT
(innocently)
Rumors about me?

KAREN
(nods)
Like the one that you came back
here after the Six-Day War in
an ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
I never heard that one.

KAREN
Or another one about the tattoo
number on your wrist.

Dickstein instinctively adjusts the watch on his wrist,
to fully conceal the prison camp brand which is etched on
his skin. Then he regains his composure, nicely tells her:

NAT
We've got to finish up this row
before sundown.

KAREN
(amused by his
awkwardness)
Anything you say.

NAT
Find yourself a boy.

KAREN
(means him)
I already did.

She smiles more brazenly at him this time, returns to her
weeding with an assurance that tells him she'll wait for
as long as it takes.

EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK - WIDE ANGLE

of the tired workers -- Dickstein in the lead -- returning
from their day in the vineyard. As they enter the village,
they pass a young man on a pony. Carrying a rifle, he is
on his way to patrol the borders of the settlement.

Despite his own fatigue, Dickstein waves to the RIDER,
calls out:

NAT
Be careful, Yisrael!

RIDER
Shalom.

He trots off PAST CAMERA. Nat precedes the phalanx of
workers through the sturdy wooden entrance gates.

EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK - INSIDE THE COMPOUND

The weather-beaten face of ESTHER (the 87-year-old senior member of the kibbutz) breaks into a smile at the sight of the returning workers. PAN with her as she stomps off on her crude walking stick to greet Nat.

Make no mistake about this woman, however; she is still dynamic. And her wit as sharp as ever. During the upcoming exchange, it is clear that the banter is merely a cover for their love.

ESTHER

(to Nat)

You're late.

NAT

You can't say "hello" first?

ESTHER

When you're on time I say hello.

NAT

(checks his watch)

Three minutes. I'm not even three minutes late.

ESTHER

If you were a little boy -- lying there in bed with an upset stomach --

NAT

So stop poisoning him with your chicken soup.

ESTHER

(as if interrupted)

-- Lying there and waiting for a certain party who promised to read to him.

NAT

Just tell Mottie I'll be right there. As soon as I shower.

He veers off toward one of the crude buildings.

ESTHER

I'll tell him.

(to his back)

You couldn't give me a "hello" first?

The old lady shakes her head in mock disappointment just as Karen walks PAST CAMERA, amused by the scene she has just witnessed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dickstein remembers something before entering the building, backtracks to where Esther stands. Because the returning stragglers are within earshot, Nat lowers his voice when he re-addresses her. No longer are these two people humoring one another.

NAT
You're sure you have nothing to
tell me. No messages?

ESTHER
That's right. And be grateful.

NAT
Please, Esther. No lectures.

CAMERA MOVES IN on them.

ESTHER
I'm serious. You should thank
God they're leaving you alone
for these few months. You're
entitled
(nods in Karen's
direction)
to a little relaxation.

NAT
I'm entitled to get my messages.

ESTHER
You'll get, you'll get. When
they need you, you'll hear.

NAT
I know. Only that bastard
hates it when he needs me.

ESTHER
Go easy, Nat. He's on our side.

NAT
He's still a momser.

CAMERA has now brought Dickstein into CLOSE-UP. And we
feel his deep concern.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF PIERRE BORG

in his Mossad basement office, frowning as he lights his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ubiquitous pipe. The burly Intelligence Chief is standing in front of a detailed map of the Middle East which occupies an entire wall in this unwindowed area.

Looking like the giant in a fairy tale, Pierre Borg is heavy-featured: thick lips, broad cheeks, and protruding eyes shadowed by thick brows. When uneasy -- as he is now -- his hands continually go to his face, covering his mouth, rubbing his bulbous nose -- all in a subconscious attempt to hide his unsightliness.

BORG

Damn it. We should have heard by now.

ANGLE WIDENS to REVEAL the cluttered room as well as SARAH, the intense young Sabra who -- at 24 -- is Borg's Chief Aide. She is concluding a phone conversation in Hebrew, hangs up.

SARAH

One of the bright boys in the Ministry of Defense wants to know...

BORG

(overlaps)

I know what they want to know. The same thing I want to know -- "Why haven't we heard from Towfik?"

SARAH

(nods)

It's been over a week.

BORG

He's almost as irresponsible as Dickstein was when he was out in the field.

SARAH

Irresponsible? I heard Dickstein was very effective.

BORG

(unhappily)

Yes -- and you never knew when he'd make contact. Or how.

(snorts)

Hardly the qualifications for a good agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH
 In any case, Towfik isn't
 Dickstein. I'm sure he'll be
 in touch as soon as the plane
 lands in Cairo.

BORG
 (checks his watch)
 It was due an hour ago.

SARAH
 Then it's late.

BORG
 (puffs his pipe,
 concerned)
 I hope it's as simple as that.
 And that Towfik is still alive.

SARAH
 He's always been indestructible.

BORG
 (darkly)
 So were the two men who had the
 assignment before Towfik.

SARAH
 I'm sure he'll survive.

BORG
 If he doesn't, we'll never know
 why a physicist named Friedrich
 Schulz is on that plane...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK (OVERLOOKING CAIRO AIRPORT) - DAY

PANNING a Caravelle as it touches down on the shimmering
 concrete apron as the public address speaker sends out a
 doorbell-like SOUND before a WOMAN'S VOICE announces the
 arrival of an Alitalia flight from Milan -- in Arabic,
 Italian, French, and English.

BORG (V.O.)
 ... or why he's interrupting a
 vacation to visit Cairo at the
 Egyptian government's expense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE SHIFTS to LET IN an olive-skinned man with short hair and wearing a dark, European-style suit. He is TOWFIK-EL-MASIRI, a 26-year-old Israeli undercover agent passing for an Egyptian businessman. He puts on sunglasses as he follows the progress of the taxiing Caravelle.

MINUTES LATER - PASSENGERS

begin filing out of the parked Caravelle. Towfik, profiled in f.g., spots his man almost immediately -- the only tall, lean, white-haired man on the flight.

He is FRIEDRICH SCHULZ and he carries a plastic shopping bag and a camera. His much shorter WIFE has on a fashionable mini-dress and a blonde wig.

As they cross the airfield, the couple look about sniffing the dry desert air the way strangers do upon their first visit to North Africa. Then the Schulzes disappear with the other passengers into the Arrivals hall.

INT. CUSTOMS AREA - DAY - FAVORING TOWFIK

seemingly anonymous among the small crowd of friends and relatives awaiting the clearance of arrivals through the Customs barrier.

Before the passengers appear, Towfik casually checks out the waiting greeters. Growingly impatient, they smoke, shift their weight from one foot to another, crane their necks and fidget.

There is a middle class family with four children, two men in the traditional striped cotton galabiya robes, a businessman in a dark suit, a young white woman, a chauffeur with a sign "FORD MOTOR COMPANY", and...

A PATIENT MAN. WHIP PAN off him to Towfik, reacting (only with his eyes) from his concealed position among the greeters. Towfik is no longer wearing sunglasses.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST TOWFIK

and keeping the Patient Man in range. Like Towfik he has dark skin, short hair, and European suit. We should infer from Towfik's efforts to remain hidden (at the same time as he observes the other man) that he considers the Patient Man an enemy agent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now Patient Man, hands behind his back, turns to face the Exit from the baggage hall. There is a streak of paler skin alongside his nose, like an old scar. He touches it once -- nervous gesture or a signal of some kind? -- then nonchalantly puts his hands behind his back again. When his gaze drifts toward Towfik, our man abruptly engages the businessman alongside him in casual conversation.

TOWFIK

(means Customs delay)

The formalities take longer than the flight.

The businessman nods his agreement and Towfik sees the Patient Man's gaze has returned to the exit area. There is a stirring and the crowd poise themselves as:

PASSENGERS

begin to emerge -- Schulz and his wife among the first to come through the Customs barrier. Towfik (in f.g.) shifts for a better view of them, stiffens at the sight of the Patient Man approaching the physicist, shaking hands as if he were expected.

After Schulz introduces his wife, the Patient Man summons porters, ushers the couple away. Towfik's mind is racing as he rushes off through another exit.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING AREA - DAY

Towfik hurries toward a dirty blue Renault parked, in f.g., at the end of an aisle. He removes his jacket and tie as he slides behind the wheel; then changes his appearance more dramatically by putting on a white cotton cap as well as the sunglasses he had on earlier. The Renault zooms backward and away.

EXT. AIR TERMINAL - MAIN ENTRANCE - PAST TOWFIK'S CAR

He slows up about 50 yards from the "NO WAITING" zone outside the entrance building -- just as the OTHER AGENT (Patient Man) supervises porters loading the Schulz luggage into the boot of his gray Mercedes. Then, anticipating, Towfik powers the Renault off the premises.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - TRAVELLING

in the slow lane with Towfik fifteen minutes later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is clearly waiting for the vehicle carrying the Schulzes to come up from behind him. Moments later, the gray Mercedes zooms past and Towfik accelerates to keep it within sight.

JUMP CUT TO:

APPROACHING CAIRO - AERIAL VIEW

of cars speeding down the palm-lined highway some time later. Towfik closes the gap until there is only one vehicle separating him from the Other Agent.

The gray car turns right onto the Corniche al-Nil, then crosses the river by the 26 July Bridge, enters the Zamalek district of Gezira Island. The Renault on its tail.

RESIDENTIAL STREET - MINUTES LATER

The Mercedes turns INTO VIEW, passes the Officers' Club and stops outside an apartment block with a jacaranda tree in the garden. Towfik deliberately overshoots them, turning out of sight at the corner.

INTERSECTING STREET

as Towfik parks, jumps out of the Renault, runs back to the corner, CAMERA FOLLOWING. We are just in time to SEE Other Agent and the Schulzes disappear into the building, followed by a caretaker in galabiya struggling with their luggage.

Towfik stands in f.g., watching. Seconds later, the Other Agent reappears alone, gets into his car and drives off.

Towfik returns to his car, U-turns, parks across the street from the building which the Schulzes entered. Then he settles down to wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHULZ BUILDING - DUSK - WIDE ANGLE

of the place Towfik has under surveillance as a taxi pulls up in front of the jacaranda tree. Almost on cue, the Schulzes emerge from their apartment -- appearing refreshed. The driver exits cab to perform his door-ritual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOOM BACK to the Renault parked somewhere across the street. Towfik, who might have been dozing, reacts to SOUND of the taxi driving away. He hits the ignition and takes off after them.

EXT. MOSQUE OF IBN TULON - DUSK

We are VIEWING the Mosque from the nearby Gayer-Anderson Museum as Towfik parks, gets out of the Renault, tails the Schulzes on foot as the physicist leads his wife away from their waiting cab. HAND-HELD CAMERA FOLLOWS behind Towfik.

The couple take a perfunctory look around the Mosque, then head east, dawdling at fountains, peering into dark, tiny shops which are still open -- while the adjacent street stalls are all being closed up for the night.

Suddenly, the dawdling takes on a more deliberate quality as Schulz points his wife away from the street markets and toward a covered souq specializing in saddlery. Schulz glances at his wristwatch and says something to his wife -- giving Towfik (always in f.g.) the first tremors of anxiety.

They walk a little faster until they emerge at Bab Zuweyla which is the gateway to the original walled city. A donkey enters SHOT -- pulling a cart loaded with Ali Baba jars, momentarily blocking our view. When the cart passes, Towfik curses under his breath, because...

Schulz is already saying good-bye to his wife and getting into the Other Agent's Mercedes (established in airport sequence). Now the car door slams and it pulls away. Towfik ignores Frau Schulz, turns and breaks into a run to his own parked car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Towfik drops into the driver's seat, powers his Renault off in the same direction as the Mercedes.

EXT. GIZA ROAD - DUSK - TRAVELLING SHOTS

of the Mercedes rocketing westward on the arrow-straight road which splits the yellow sand -- and Towfik's attempts to prevent more than a car or two from separating them. But the Renault is losing ground in the chase.

A NARROWER, BUMPY ROAD - NIGHT

We are deep into the Western Desert now, approaching the moonlit oil fields leading to Qattara. There is virtually no traffic on this remote strip. Towfik appears to have lost the Mercedes, for the only light speck is over a mile ahead and is barely identifiable through the dust-coated windshield as he continues to power ahead.

EXT. OASIS VILLAGE - NIGHT - ANGLING

PAST a pair of Fanta cans on a makeshift table and onto the road (even more pitted here) as Towfik abruptly swerves the Renault onto a f.g. clearing.

He flicks on search beam outside the car door, arcs it around in an anxious, sweeping probe into the darkness. But there is no sign of his quarry -- only a few scrawny animals, a jar of fava beans near the makeshift table, and an OLD MAN who stands motionless outside the local cafe. He just watches Towfik, who is beside himself with frustration over losing Schulz.

TOWFIK
(from the car)
Have you seen a gray Mercedes?

The peasant stares at him blankly. This further upsets Towfik and the agent turns off the motor, gets out.

CLOSER

Towfik is straining to control himself as he walks over to the peasant. When he reaches within ten feet of the other man, Towfik realizes that the object alongside him is a bony buffalo. Neither man nor beast acknowledge the arrival.

TOWFIK
Have you seen a gray car? Any
car in the last half-hour?

The old man brushes a large black fly off his forehead and nods once.

TOWFIK
(continuing)
Which way did it go?

OLD MAN
(pointing westward)
Qattara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWFIK

That's another sixty kilometers.
Where can I get petrol?

OLD MAN

(pointing to the
east)

Only that way. Cairo.

Towfik is fuming now, takes the old man by the shoulder and is about to exhort further. But the peasant's expression tells him he's gotten everything out of him that he ever will. And Towfik wearily returns to the Renault, U-turns and heads back for Cairo.

THE JACARANDA TREE - BY DAYLIGHT

tells us we're back at the Schulz apartment the following day. Towfik -- looking as if he slept in the car -- is parked precisely where he was when he first tailed the couple to this building.

Munching an apple in one hand and sipping from a beer bottle in the other, Towfik reacts when the familiar gray Mercedes pulls up and lets out a tired and rumped Professor Schulz.

After dropping his passenger off, the Other Agent abruptly circles, surprising Towfik by skimming alongside and looking right into Towfik's face for the instant they almost collide. Then he zooms down the street and out of view.

For a beat we HOLD on Towfik, his apple in mid-air as he absorbs the shock of having been discovered so nakedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

DOOR OPENING IN CAMERA'S FACE

as the Schulzes emerge, dressed for dinner. It is nine o'clock that night and both husband and wife follow the cab driver (who has come to fetch them) along the front lawn and toward the jacaranda tree and the taxi parked beyond it.

Just before they enter the cab, we PAN off them to a foreground bush, behind which Towfik has been awaiting their departure for the evening. But instead of following them this time, he delays until they can be SEEN driving off. Then he crosses to an inner courtyard, lets himself in the building's entrance door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FROM ABOVE

Towfik enters, surveys the abandoned foyer, runs sure-footed up a wide staircase. We have been viewing him from the second floor landing; as he ascends, we PULL BACK, preceding him down the length of corridor until he stops at Apartment 3.

He goes into his pocket for a ring with two skeleton keys. Neither of them fit. Without missing a beat he goes to that same pocket for a strip of plastic, adroitly jimmies open the door within seconds, goes in.

INT. SCHULZ APARTMENT - NIGHT

Towfik enters, closes the door behind him. It is now quite dark outside. A little light from a streetlamp comes through the unshaded windows. He draws a small flashlight from his breast pocket, but he doesn't switch it on yet.

The apartment itself is large and airy -- a big drawing room, a dining area, three bedrooms, and a kitchen. After orienting himself, Towfik starts snooping in earnest, heads straight for the coffee table.

He flips on the pinpoint beam as he quickly glances at a guidebook to Cairo, a copy of Vogue, and -- finally -- stapled pages of the typed notes for a lecture entitled "Isotypes".

Towfik mutters the word "scientist" to himself, impressed with the level of the man he's been assigned to tail; he folds the typed pages, puts them in breast pocket, finds nothing else of interest out here, and crosses to...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

where he makes a bee-line for the clothes Schulz wore into the desert. They now lie in a heap at foot of the bed. He inspects the pants first, finds dusty gray smears on the trouser cuffs.

He goes through the jacket, brings something out of the breast pocket.

INSERT

His hand palms a blue plastic container, 1½ inches square. Very slender, it contains a light-tight envelope of the kind used to protect photographic film.

BACK TO SCENE

as Towfik pockets the plastic box. He keeps checking out the room, stabbing at the darkness with the miniature flashlight. He stops at discovery of a notepad which lies on the floor beside a rattan chair. A pencil rests on the pad.

Jagged edges of prior top-sheets send him in search of the sheets Schulz must have torn from the pad. Nothing like them in this room, so he goes into...

INT. BATHROOM

He flicks on overhead light, closes the door behind him, soon finds what he's after -- the foolscap sheets burned to cinders -- in a large glass ashtray. His hand is on the doorknob as he prepares to return to the bedroom when a man's VOICE (it is Schulz's) is HEARD OVER from somewhere in the apartment:

SCHULZ (V.O.)

I'm sorry, honey. I just wasn't up to it.

Towfik knows they're back and he stiffens, at once douses the overhead light.

MRS. SCHULZ (V.O.)

You could have decided that before we went out.

Towfik noiselessly pushes open the door, re-enters the bedroom, CAMERA RIGHT BEHIND him. He remains in position for a fleeting moment, attempts to get a fix on the Schulzes' location while:

SCHULZ (O.S.)

Look, I tried to make it, Ellen. I just didn't realize how much the trip had taken out of me.

Towfik now knows how dangerously close they are -- and approaching. So he turns away from the hall door, faces French doors leading out to a balcony.

MRS. SCHULZ (O.S.)

Well, you should have.

Towfik moves like a cat crossing the room. It takes some heavy wrist-action to force open the stuck double doors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But he manages to slip out and close them the split second before the ongoing exchange delivers the Schulzes into the master bedroom, the husband in the lead -- and already undoing his necktie and removing his jacket.

SCHULZ

I'll make it up to you tomorrow.

MRS. SCHULZ

(unforgiving)

We'll see.

WHIP PAN off them to the French doors -- just as Towfik loses himself in the darkness.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Towfik can still hear their voices (although they are unintelligible out here) as he moves to the outer edge, bellies over the parapet, hanging by his fingertips at full length.

DOWN SHOT

to show his suspended body, hugging the balcony's outer wall. He looks down at the fifteen-foot drop, barely able to see the ground.

He steels himself, lets go.

GROUND LEVEL

Towfik drops to within a foot of CAMERA, rolls over on impact (like a trained paratrooper), dusts himself off, and cuts across the courtyard toward the jacaranda tree.

PAST HIS PARKED RENAULT

Towfik is in a half-trot as he returns to his car with some sense of relief. He gets in, starts it, hits the lights when...

Two men emerge from the shadows, stand on either side of the Renault.

TOWFIK

(blurts)

Who...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without pausing to figure out what's going on, he rams the gearshift into first. The two men heave themselves away to avoid being hit.

CLOSE ON TOWFIK

behind the wheel as the Renault catapults past them and out into center of the road. HOLD on him for a few seconds until he's sure -- after checking outside mirror -- they're not in pursuit. He sighs heavily, keeping his foot on the floorboard.

Then... perhaps triggered by the SOUND of a gun click... a thought occurs to him; and Towfik slowly looks behind his inside shoulder as CAMERA ANGLE SHIFTS to LET IN the TALL ARAB in the back seat -- smiling at Towfik over the snout of a small handgun.

With unbearable sadness, Towfik pieces it all together. He resumes driving as he refers to the two men he just left:

TOWFIK

The reason they didn't stop me is -- they wanted me to stay in the car.

TALL ARAB

Excellent. Now drive on. But not quite so fast, please.

Towfik blinks to shut out the scene... knowing he will never see Jerusalem again.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

THREE POOLS OF YELLOW LIGHT

hard-edged, against a field of jet black. One of the golden orbs encircles the close-cropped head of KAWASH (the Tall Arab we just met); the second of the spot-lighted faces belongs to Towfik who -- although visible only down to his chest -- appears to be naked. Wired pads are attached to his head and chest.

The third illuminated target is a finely calibrated Lie Detector, certainly the most sophisticated apparatus of its kind available in the year 1968.

As the scene progresses, we will HEAR the movement, stirrings, and breathing of other people in the room. But we SEE only the two heads and the measuring device -- reinforcing the surreal effect.

KAWASH

What is your name?

TOWFIK

Towfik-el-Masiri.

KAWASH

Describe yourself.

TOWFIK

Age twenty-six, five-foot-nine, one hundred and seventy-three pounds, brown eyes, black hair, light brown skin.

KAWASH

Semitic features?

TOWFIK

According to some.

KAWASH

Who do you work for?

TOWFIK

I am a student.

KAWASH

What is your nationality?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWFIK
Egyptian.

KAWASH
What is twenty minus seven?

TOWFIK
Thirteen.

CAMERA SLOWLY PUSHES IN on the darkest corner of this bizarrely lit (unlit?) room. And despite the fact we are only inches away from the two ARABS who are monitoring these proceedings, we cannot see them in a defined way.

FIRST ARAB
(a whispered
explanation)
Those questions were all
designed to facilitate
fine tuning of the lie
detector.

KAWASH (O.S.)
What day is today?

SECOND ARAB
I see.

TOWFIK (O.S.)
Saturday.

FIRST ARAB
Now it really begins.

He listens now.

KAWASH (O.S.)
You work for the C.I.A.?

TOWFIK (O.S.)
No.

FIRST ARAB
(whispers)
True.

KAWASH (O.S.)
The Germans?

TOWFIK (O.S.)
No.

FIRST ARAB
(still a whisper)
True.

KAWASH (O.S.)
Israel then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWFIK (O.S.)
No.

So CLOSE now, we almost can see him:

FIRST ARAB
False.

CLOSE ON KAWASH

His aristocratic features FILL THE SCREEN as he continues:

KAWASH
You really are a student?

TOWFIK (O.S.)
Yes.

KAWASH
Tell me about your studies.

TOWFIK (O.S.)
I'm doing chemistry at Cairo
University. I want to become a
petro-chemical engineer.

KAWASH
What is your name?

TOWFIK (O.S.)
I told you -- Towfik-el-Masiri.

KAWASH
The pads attached to your head
and chest measure your heartbeat,
breathing, and perspiration.
When you tell untruths --

CLOSE ON TOWFIK

He is, in truth, perspiring. Profusely.

KAWASH (O.S.)
(continuing)
-- your metabolism betrays you.
You breathe faster, sweat more.
And so on. This machine tells
me when you are lying. Besides,
I happen to know that Towfik
el-Masiri is dead. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Towfik refuses to answer.

KAWASH (O.S.)

(continuing)

The wire taped to your genitals
is part of a different machine.
It is connected to this button
here. When I press it --

Towfik screams in anguish.

KAWASH (O.S.)

(continuing)

-- an electric current passes
through the wire and gives you
a shock. We have put your feet
in a bucket of water to improve
the efficiency of the apparatus.
What is your name?

Towfik lowers his voice, as if shamed by his inability
to resist further:

TOWFIK

Avram Ambache.

TWO SHOT - FAVORING KAWASH

as his hand enters Towfik's circle of light bearing a
pack of cigarettes, one extended.

KAWASH

Have a cigarette.

Towfik allows the cigarette to be put in his mouth and
lit by his interrogator.

TOWFIK

Thank you.

KAWASH

Believe it or not, I hate this
work. I'm a sensitive person --
I hate to see people suffer.
Don't you?

Towfik (rather, the man we have been referring to as Towfik)
strains to remain silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAWASH

(continuing)

You're now thinking of ways to resist me. Please don't bother. There is no defense against modern techniques of -- interviewing. What is your name?

TOWFIK

Avram Ambache.

KAWASH

Who is your control?

TOWFIK

I don't know what you mean.

KAWASH

The machine says you do. Is it Bosch?

TOWFIK

No. Friedman.

KAWASH

It is Bosch.

TOWFIK

Yes.

KAWASH

No, it isn't. It's Krantz.

TOWFIK

Okay, it's Krantz.

KAWASH

How do you make contact?

TOWFIK

By radio.

Disbelieving the answer, Kawash hits the button, sending Towfik into a near-faint.

KAWASH

Try again. The method of contact.

TOWFIK

A dead letter box in the Faubourg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA BEGINS to CIRCLE around the twin spotlights, alternately FAVORING one man, then the other -- but always HOLDING the Lie Detector in b.g.

KAWASH

(as if to a backward child)

You are thinking that when you are in pain, the lie detector will be made to malfunction.

(half-smiles)

Not so with this device. It readjusts as your metabolism changes. How do you make contact?

TOWFIK

A dead letter --

Another jolt. This time he screams and actually will pass out for a few seconds, his head rolling to one side and almost out of FRAME. At the same time we hear SOUNDS of convulsive movement before:

KAWASH

Ali! He's kicked his feet free. Tie him again, before he comes around. And put more water in that bucket -- ah, he's waking. Can you hear me, Towfik?

Towfik rallies, his eyes still glassy. He mutters some garbled response.

KAWASH

(continuing)

What is your name?

TOWFIK

(weakly)

Avram Ambache.

KAWASH

What is twenty minus seven?

TOWFIK

Thirteen.

KAWASH

What is your profession?

TOWFIK

I'm a student --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWFIK (cont'd)
 (sucks in his breath)
 -- no, don't please and a spy yes
 I'm a spy don't touch the button
 please oh god oh god --

KAWASH
 How do you make contact?

TOWFIK
 Coded cables.

KAWASH
 Good. You lost your cigarette
 back there -- have another.

He lights this one for Towfik himself, puts it between
 the other man's lips.

KAWASH
 (continuing)
 Are you feeling better?

TOWFIK
 Yes.

KAWASH
 So am I. And as long as you tell
 the truth, there will be no
 discomfort.
 (leans in)
 Now -- why were you following
 Professor Schulz?

PUSH IN on Towfik. He is weakening, even without the
 electric charge, his jaw slack.

DRAMATIC ANGLE OF KAWASH

SHOOTING upward PAST Towfik's head and into Kawash's
 starkly lit features -- shifting IN and OUT of FOCUS to
 convey Towfik's deteriorating condition.

TOWFIK
 I was ordered to.

KAWASH
 By Tel Aviv?

TOWFIK
 Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAWASH
Who in Tel Aviv?

TOWFIK
I don't know.

KAWASH
But you can guess.

TOWFIK
Bosch.

KAWASH
Or Krantz.

TOWFIK
Perhaps.

KAWASH
Krantz is a good man. Dependable.
How's his wife?

TOWFIK
Very well, I --

His head goes rigid as another current shoots through him.

KAWASH
His wife died in 1958. Why do
you make me hurt you?

His hand comes down toward CAMERA as he gently wipes off
a bead of perspiration on Towfik's brow. Towfik is quietly
sobbing.

KAWASH
(continuing)
What did Schulz do in Egypt?

TOWFIK
Went sightseeing, then to the
desert... toward Qattara... in
a gray Mercedes. Disappeared.

KAWASH
And when you burglarized his
apartment, what did you learn?

TOWFIK
He is a scientist.

KAWASH
Who was your instructor in
training?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOWFIK

Ertl.

KAWASH

His real name?

TOWFIK

I don't know --

(panic)

-- no, not the button let me think it was just a minute I think his real name was Manning.

KAWASH

(this is news to him
and it amuses him)

Oh, Manning. Pity. He's of the old school -- still thinks you can train agents to resist interrogation. It's his fault you're suffering so much. What about your colleagues? Who trained with you?

TOWFIK

I never knew their real names.

KAWASH

Didn't you?

Towfik shudders after another stabbing jolt, is almost off the table now. He barely regains consciousness.

KAWASH

(continuing)

What is your name?

TOWFIK

Avram... Towfik... please, no. Ambache.

KAWASH

What is twenty minus seven?

TOWFIK

Twenty-seven.

KAWASH

What did you tell Krantz about professor Schulz?

TOWFIK

Sightseeing... Qattara... desert...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAWASH
Who did you train with?

REVERSE - FACING DOWN

onto Towfik as he stares blankly into the light source. Another electric charge, but he is too weak to scream.

KAWASH (O.S.)
(continuing)
Who did you train with?

TOWFIK
(as if to himself)
Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death --

KAWASH (O.S.)
Who did you train with?

KAWASH

unhappily presses the button again. No response whatever this time -- even the whimpering has ended. A moment's stark silence before he reacts to the stirring of one of his colleagues. Then:

KAWASH
No, Ali -- no more water.
(re-faces Towfik
below camera)
The prisoner is dead.

SMASH CUT TO:

TRAIN WHEELS

thundering down the track, throwing off sparks as metal grates against metal -- the DIN echoing off ancient stone walls.

ZOOM BACK to REVEAL our vantage point behind a bulky man's silhouette, standing at one end of the Bakerloo Line platform in Oxford Circus subway station. It isn't until he turns to face the oncoming train that we can identify the profile as belonging to Pierre Borg.

The head of the Mossad handles his pipe as an actor would

CONTINUED:

a 'prop' -- using it to downplay whatever anxieties consume him. And when the train stops and disgorges its human cargo, Borg appears less interested in the arriving passengers than in the advertisement for a series of lectures in Theosophy plastered against the tile wall.

TIGHT ON BORG

as a shadow falls across his face. He barely turns to acknowledge the man who joins him before the Theosophy poster.

MAN'S VOICE

Thank you for coming.

ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal his identity -- it is Kawash!

The TRAIN NOISE abruptly BUILDS as it pulls away, serving as a buffer for the two men against any eavesdroppers.

BORG

What's new?

KAWASH

I had to pick up one of your youngsters in Cairo on Friday.

BORG

You had to?

KAWASH

Military Intelligence were bodyguarding a VIP named Schulz when they spotted the kid tailing him.

BORG

Military don't have operational personnel in that city?

KAWASH

Not at the time. So they asked my department to pick him up. It was an official request.

BORG

God damnit -- what happened to him?

He turns further to the tiled wall and away from the scattering of commuters who have begun to collect for the next train. Kawash joins him.

TWO SHOT

Neither man faces the other for this stage of the exchange.

KAWASH

I had to do it by the book.
 (has trouble
 saying it)
 The boy was interrogated and
 killed.

BORG

(bitterly)
 Which "boy"?

KAWASH

Avram Ambache. He worked under
 the name of Towfik el-Masiri.

BORG

He told you his real name?

KAWASH

(faces Borg for
 this)
 He's dead, Pierre.

BORG

(shaking his head)
 Why did he tell you his name?

KAWASH

We're using the Russian
 equipment -- the electric shock
 and the lie detector together.
 (ironically)
 You're not training them to cope
 with that.

BORG

(shrugs)
 If we told them about it, we'd
 never get any recruits.
 (re-toughens)
 What else did he give away?

KAWASH

Nothing we didn't know. He would
 have but I killed him first.

BORG

You killed him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAWASH

I conducted the interrogation to make sure he would say nothing of importance. You see, all these interviews are taped now -- and the transcripts filed.

BORG

You're really learning from the Russians.

KAWASH

(sadly)

Would you prefer I let someone else kill your boys?

Borg stares at him for a long moment, then his gaze returns to the Theosophy poster as he deliberately re-directs the conversation away from the sentimental.

BORG

(to the wall)

What did Towfik discover about Schulz?

KAWASH

An agent took the professor into the Western Desert. Probably Qattara.

BORG

Why?

KAWASH

I don't know.

BORG

You must know. You're in Egyptian Intelligence!

KAWASH

But they've set up a special group to handle it. My department isn't informed.

BORG

Any idea why?

KAWASH

(shrugs)

I'd say they don't want the Russians to know about it. These days Moscow gets everything that goes through us.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST THEM

and toward the long tunnel as the next train appears, an expanding dot. Borg is clearly disappointed by Kawash's data.

BORG

And that's all Towfik could manage?

The augmenting ROAR of the oncoming train permits them to abandon the wall.

KAWASH

(anger in his soft voice)

The kid died for you.

BORG

I'll thank him in heaven. Did he die in vain?

Kawash's hand goes to an inside pocket of his coat, brings out the small, square box of blue plastic.

KAWASH

He took this from Schulz's apartment.

BORG

(takes the box)

How do you know where he got it?

KAWASH

It has Schulz's fingerprints on it. And we arrested Towfik just after he broke into the apartment.

Borg opens the box and fingers the light-proof envelope. It is unsealed. He takes out the photographic negative.

KAWASH

(continuing)

We opened the envelope and developed the film. It's blank.

The train has come to a resounding stop just beyond them -- passengers getting on and off.

FAVORING BORG

With a growing sense of satisfaction, he reassembles the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

box, puts it in his own pocket. Now it all makes sense to him and he is anxious to end this scene and get on with it.

BORG
(indicates the
train)
Don't you want to catch this
one?

KAWASH
(frowning)
Yes -- but I don't know what
on earth the box is.

BORG
(smiles thinly)
I do.

Then he redirects Kawash's attention to the train -- it is an order this time.

Kawash nods assent, hurriedly moves to edge of the platform, is the last man aboard just before the doors slide shut.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. KIBBUTZ - DUSK

Nat Dickstein, paintbrush in hand, is lacquering a miniature seesaw in an isolated corner of the village compound.

Seated beneath a fig tree, the bespectacled man appears so intent upon finishing up (he's actually applying a dark stripe around the perimeter to the toy's lighter-colored plank) that he is unmindful of Karen's approach.

The pretty American girl has drifted this way after leaving the enclosed shower stalls. And she is still tying up her terrycloth robe and drying her hair with a towel.

KAREN

If I hadn't spent my senior year at U.C.L.A. on the couch, I'd be feeling pretty insecure.

NAT

(keeps painting)
Something I did?

KAREN

Did not do. Tell me, Dickstein, where did I go wrong?

NAT

You try too hard.

KAREN

How can you say that? I've only thrown myself at you four times this week.

NAT

Five but who's counting.

KAREN

Okay, then I'll play it cooler. No more dirty words. No coming on. I'll even start wearing a bra again.

NAT

Do that and the deal's off for good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN
I'm going to take that as a
compliment.

NAT
Fine with me.

He hasn't allowed her to interrupt him for one second;
and he has just about completed the final touch. De-
spite herself, Karen is amused by his preoccupation.

KAREN
(shaking her head)
Only you're not even listening
to me.

NAT
Course I am.

KAREN
No, you're either picking enough
grapes in one day to get the
entire Israeli army stoned, or
you're building tie racks --

NAT
(corrects her)
It's a seesaw -- for Mottie's
birthday. I promised him.

KAREN
(half turns to
leave)
I refuse to compete with a six-
year-old kid.

NAT
(total candor)
You know something? It isn't
easy being somebody else's
fantasy.

KAREN
(turns back)
Don't tell me your troubles.

NAT
I'm reading to the kids tonight.
Maybe afterward --

Karen reveals the trace of a smile at this first break-
through. And she takes a final swipe at her hair with
the towel as she backtracks out of frame.

INT. KIBBUTZ RECREATION BUILDING - NIGHT

PANNING the dozens of faces of children (from five to ten) forming an irregular circle around Nat the storyteller.

He is seated on a low stool in front of the roaring fireplace, the kids in various states of repose on the floor surrounding him; a few of the youngest already asleep.

The frayed book jacket tells us Dickstein is reading from Robert Louis Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND. His voice is mesmerizing -- not with the histrionics of an actor, but the deep intensity of a man who believes his words:

NAT
(reading)
"The cold evening breeze, of
which I have spoken, whistled
through every chink of the rude
building..."

FAVORING MOTTIE

a beautiful tow-head directly alongside Dickstein, he looks up at the man who is clearly his idol from his seat on the striped seesaw we saw Nat working on earlier.

NAT
(continuing)
"... and sprinkled the floor
with a continual rain of fine
sand.

CAMERA PULLS AWAY across the varnished floor, PASSING a random assortment of adults, most of whom have come just to share in a mutual activity with the kibbutz's children.

NAT
(continuing)
"There was sand in our eyes,
sand in our teeth, sand in our
supper, sand dancing in the
spring at the bottom of the
kettle.

CAMERA SLOWS when it reaches the two women just inside the rec hall's main entrance doors, some thirty yards from Nat -- a distance which permits their quiet exchange to take place without impinging on the reading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Esther, the 87-year-old "den mother" established earlier, sits in one of the canvas stools which fringe the area, 'kvelling' over the opportunity to discuss her favorite subject -- Nat Dickstein -- with Karen.

The beautiful American girl is casually (but studied) attired; and she is aglow with anticipation as the old lady responds to her questions about the man she hopes to bed later tonight... and who continues to regale the kids in b.g.

ESTHER

Nat had been to Sicily in the war, and he knew the Mafia there.

KAREN

They probably had guns left over.

ESTHER

Sure. But Nat wanted those guns for Israel. Only he had no money.

KAREN

(delighted)

You telling me he stole them?

ESTHER

Not yet. First he persuaded the Sicilians to sell them to an Arab purchaser. Then he stole the guns and sailed to Israel with them.

KAREN

I love it. The Sicilians got paid and your country got the weapons!

ESTHER

(nodding)

They don't call him "The Pirate" for nothing.

Dickstein has reached a dialogue scene in the narrative, is acting out the various roles convincingly. The two women's attention shifts to his performance:

NAT

(as Long John Silver)

"'Keep indoors, men. Ten to one this is a trick.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)
 (he hails someone,
 responds in the
 Buccaneer's voice)
 "'Who goes? Stand, or we fire.'
 (becomes Silver
 again)
 "'Flag of truce,' cried Silver.

As he continues with the story, Karen gets caught up in the reading. But Esther reacts to the quiet arrival of someone behind her.

We TURN with her gaze -- to discover Pierre Borg. The Chief of Mossad's fleshy face is expressionless as he stands in the open doorway. Staring across the backs of the audience at Dickstein.

Nat is still in the world of Stevenson:

NAT
 (narrating)
 "The captain was in the porch...
 (reacts to something
 out of corner of his
 eye)
 "... keeping himself out of the
 way of a treacherous shot, should
 any be intended.
 (now he's sure of
 the identification)
 "He turned and spoke to us..."
 (abruptly Nat
 Dickstein again)
 And we'll hear exactly what Captain
 Silver had to say same time tomorrow
 night.

ANOTHER ANGLE

of the circle surrounding Nat; a few of the youngsters grouse over the sudden termination of the evening's entertainment. But Dickstein jollies them along easily, gets to his feet.

NAT
 (continuing; in
 response to a
 complaint)
 That makes it a terrific place
 to stop. In the midst of all
 that suspense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ADULT
Besides it's bed time.

Another chorus of jeers. But it's all mild and good-humored. Adults converge on kids from the outer edges of the hall, exchange GOOD NIGHTS with them as Nat marches straight toward the entrance door.

Borg is no longer there. But Nat seems undeterred, keeps going out into the night.

PAST KAREN

She reaches up as Nat goes by, reacts when he ignores her and exits SHOT.

Esther has caught the entire progression, leans in to tell the frustrated girl:

ESTHER
Don't break your heart, child.
That one's not made to be a
husband.

- KAREN
(sadly)
I was ready to settle for a lot
less.

Esther squeezes the girl's hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED TOWN - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

We are inside a big, black Citroën roaring through an Arab town. Borg and Dickstein are in the back seat. A Mossad BODYGUARD is driving; his machine pistol on the front seat beside him.

The air between the passengers is thick -- and not merely with the smoke from Borg's cigar. For there is a basic antagonism in their relationship... personality differences (the antisocial French Canadian and the openly gregarious American) and even tactical disagreements. For Nat is the quintessential maverick, while Borg's job demands that he be the ultimate Organization Man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG

Recent history of the Middle East shows a pattern of limited wars about once a decade.

(nods toward deserted street)

These people can afford to lose one from time to time. But our first defeat will be our last.

NAT

(looks outside)

Save the lecture, Borg. Where the hell are we? And where are you taking me?

BORG

This is Nazareth we're passing through. But relax. They're all home in bed.

NAT

Which is where I should be.

BORG

You don't think you've been on holiday long enough? Three years?

NAT

I think I'm entitled to a life. And I always have the feeling you're out to sacrifice it.

BORG

No... I have nothing against you personally.

NAT

How could you? I saved your ass -- and your job -- half a dozen times.

BORG

(shrugs)

You're a good agent. Technically.

NAT

I'm better than good -- that's why you're here. But I'm not suicidal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG

You think I'm putting you into
a no-win situation?

NAT

You'd put your own mother into
a no-win situation. And throw
in your wife and kids.

BORG

I'm a bachelor, Dickstein.

NAT

How did I ever forget? With
that face of yours.

BORG

(unamused)

This is the story: Israel must
have the power to inflict
permanent damage on the next
army that crosses our borders.

NAT

Define 'permanent'.

BORG

(metallic)

We must have nuclear weapons,
Dickstein. That's what this
meeting is about.

Nat is still for an extended moment, then lets out his
breath in a long whistle.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. COAST ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

PANNING the Citroen as it butts along on the road from
Haifa to Tel Aviv. On the right, the Mediterranean glints
like a jewel in the moonlight. The black car's headlights
form an illuminating cone in the misty darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Despite our WIDE ANGLE view of the scene, the agents' VOICES continue OVER in close range and as if uninterrupted:

BORG (O.S.)

A physicist named Friedrich Schulz visited Cairo in February. I had him followed, but he gave our boy the slip.

NAT (O.S.)

People are always giving your boys the slip.

BORG (O.S.)

In any case, Schulz disappeared near Qattara for a while. CIA satellite pictures tell us there's a major construction project going on in that part of the desert.

INT. THE CAR - BACK SEAT

Borg reaches into his pocket, takes out a small plastic box, hands it to Dickstein.

NAT

What's this?

BORG

When Schulz came back, he had it in his pocket. It's a personnel dosimeter.

NAT

(sardonically)

Meaning what to a layman, Borg?

Borg switches on the interior light so that Dickstein can examine the components.

BORG

This envelope -- which is light-tight -- contains a piece of ordinary photographic film. You carry the box in your pocket. If you're exposed to radiation, the film shows fogging when it's developed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dickstein studies the film.

NAT

Whose pockets are these things
made for?

BORG

Everyone who works in a nuclear
power station.

He snaps off the light, takes the box back from Nat.

NAT

You're telling me they're
building atomic bombs in
Qattara?

BORG

I am.

NAT

So the Cabinet gave Dayan the
go-ahead to make a bomb?

BORG

In principle, yes.

NAT

How so?

BORG

There are some practical
problems -- the main one
being plutonium, the explosive
material.

NAT

You mean getting hold of it?

BORG

Right. You get it out of an
atomic reactor. It's a by-
product.

NAT

I thought we had one in the
Negev.

BORG

We do -- it's our worst kept
secret. But we don't have the
equipment for extracting the
plutonium from the spent fuel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Why don't we build a re-processing plant?

BORG

Because we have no uranium of our own to put through the reactor.

NAT

We must have uranium, to fuel the reactor for normal use.

BORG

Correct. We get it from France. And it's supplied to us on condition we return the spent fuel to them. So they can get the plutonium.

NAT

What about other suppliers?

BORG

They'd all impose the same condition -- it's part of every nuclear non-proliferation treaty.

NAT

So the problem is to get hold of some uranium.

BORG

Right.

NAT

And the solution?

BORG

The solution is for you to steal it.

ABRUPTLY CUT TO:

BEGINNING OF MONTAGE

INT. MOSSAD 'SAFE HOUSE' - NEAR TEL AVIV - DAY -

This is the first of a swift series of SHOTS conveying

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nat Dickstein's crash course for his upcoming assignment. This particular area... a converted living room... is teeming with security-vetted Intelligence employees who are preparing meals and coffee while, outside the window, we SEE other Mossad agents patrolling the garden with revolvers under their jackets.

The Borg-Dickstein exchange continues over uninterrupted on the SOUND TRACK as -- in a corner of the room -- we SEE a Physics professor with long hair and a flowered tie lecturing to Nat in front of an improvised blackboard: punctuating his words with chalk marks explaining the chemistry of uranium.

NAT (V.O.)

Why not just buy it -- and then refuse to send it back for re-processing?

BORG (V.O.)

Because that way everyone would know what we're up to.

Nat asks the scientist a question and the other man replies by writing out a chemical equation with dazzling speed.

Pierre Borg stands some yards away, a quiet observer.

NAT (V.O.)

So?

BORG (V.O.)

Re-processing takes months. During that time, two things would happen --

NAT (V.O.)

You mean Egypt would move like the wind...

BORG (V.O.)

(overlapping)
... plus America would pressure us not to build the bomb.

INT. FUEL FABRICATION WORKS - DAY

ELEVATION SHOT DOWN upon a pair of Administrators (a male and female) who guide Nat down the aisle of this immaculate plant in Dimona -- Borg only a few steps behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An entire sidewall, to which the woman constantly refers, is devoted to oversized placards under the overall heading "SAFETY RULES AND REGULATIONS".

Sub-heads identify listings from the International Atomic Energy Agency, the U.S. and U.K. Commissions, and Euratom.

The V.O. DIALOGUE CONTINUES, Nat growingly upset as the difficulty of his assignment escalates:

NAT (V.O.)

So you want me to steal the stuff without anyone knowing that it's us!

BORG (V.O.)

More than that. No one can know it's been stolen. It has to appear to be lost. So that the owners will be so embarrassed they'll cover it up.

TIGHT TWO-SHOT

Borg and Nat hunched over a flashlight as the burly Chief identifies passports, cash, and driving licenses before handing them over to the newly re-recruited agent Dickstein.

Just beyond them, the helicopter which will move Nat out of here tonight is revving up.

NAT (V.O.)

How long can they keep it quiet? It's bound to come out.

BORG (V.O.)

Not before we've got our bomb.

NAT (V.O.)

How much uranium do we need?

BORG (V.O.)

Enough to make twelve bombs. In yellow cake form -- that's the uranium ore -- it would mean about a hundred tons.

NAT (V.O.)

Then I won't be able to hide it in my pocket.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. THE JEAN MONNET BUILDING - DAY - PANNING

DOWN the facade of the Luxembourg structure which houses the EURATOM SAFEGUARDS DIRECTORATE.

When CAMERA reaches ground level, we RECOGNIZE Dickstein who stands in the building's recessed entrance, studying the faces of employees as they arrive for work.

BORG (V.O.)

I expect not. You're talking about millions of dollars worth of the stuff.

NAT (V.O.)

And you think the losers will just hush it up?

BORG (V.O.)

If it's done right.

NAT (V.O.)

How?

BORG (V.O.)

That's your job, Pirate. And you'd better get cracking.

NAT (V.O.)

(ironically)
I can't wait.

BORG (V.O.)

Any idea where you're going to start?

NAT (V.O.)

Yes and it's none of your goddamn business.

ZOOM IN on a rather dapper Nat, still checking out arrivals' faces in the recessed entranceway. Now he makes an identification, calls out:

NAT

(faintly British)
M'sieu Pfaffer?

He is a slim, elegant MAN in a dark blue suit, blue tie, and white shirt with starched collar. His dark hair, a little longer than usual for a man of his (and Dickstein's) age, is graying over the ears. He carries a handsome attache case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
 (flashing a Press
 Card)
 I'm Ed Rodgers. With "Science
 International" in London.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. PFAFFER'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Euratom's Press Officer, Pfaffer appears rather honored by a visit from so worthy a journal's 'senior writer'... a role Nat carries off with weary aplomb.

NAT
 (between coffee
 sips)
 On the contrary, Pfaffer -- the
 pleasure's mine. It isn't that
 often we get to meet you men in
 the trenches.

PFAFFER
 (self-effacing)
 Well, it is somewhat anonymous
 work.

NAT
 It won't be by the time I've
 filed my story. Believe me.

PFAFFER
 Exactly what are you writing
 about at the moment?

NAT
 The article is called M.U.F. --
 Material Unaccounted For. You
 see, back in the States,
 radioactive fuel is continually
 getting lost.

PFAFFER
 (with some pride)
 But nothing like that could
 happen over here, of course.
 Not with Euratom.

NAT
 (fishing)
 You mean because of your system
 for keeping track of all such
 material.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pfaffer gets up from behind his desk, starts pacing with the energy of a man who is discovering his own greatness as the scene unfolds. Nat takes notes on a small pad.

PFAFFER

Exactly. After all, the member countries hand over total control of fissile substances to Euratom.

NAT

Then you have complete lists of all places where stocks are held?

PFAFFER

(nods)

A process of inspection and double-checking is carried out twice a year.

NAT

So, at any given moment, your computer knows the location of every scrap of uranium in Europe.

PFAFFER

Within the member countries. And not just uranium. All radioactive material.

Dickstein completes his note-taking and gets to his feet as if relieved at what he has just learned.

NAT

Sounds as if it would be rather difficult for anyone to divert any of this -- what you call "yellow cake"...

(an afterthought,
he's still fishing)
and have it go undetected.

PFAFFER

Not difficult, Mr. Rodgers. Impossible.

NAT

That's certainly reassuring. And it's exactly what I'd hoped to find out.

(prepares to leave)
Thanks for the briefing, Pfaffer. And I promise to spell your name right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PFAFFER

It isn't that important to me.
 (goes into pocket
 for his card)
 But, nonetheless, here's my
 card.

Nat takes the card, shakes hands, and starts out.

NAT

I'd give you one of mine, but
 I left them in my hotel room.

PFAFFER

Where are you staying?

NAT

The Alfa. Opposite the
 railroad station.

Pfaffer follows Nat to the door.

PFAFFER

Enjoy Luxembourg.

NAT

I'll do my best.

He is on his way out when Pfaffer stops him with:

PFAFFER

By the way -- I never used the
 words "yellow cake".

NAT

(doesn't turn
 around)

No?

DRAMATIC ANGLE

PAST Dickstein... already in the outer office and facing
 INTO CAMERA... and onto Pfaffer whose expression tells us
 he hasn't been taken in for a moment.

PFAFFER

(hard as nails)
 No. And just for the record,
 I'm checking out the London
 office of "Science International".
 To see if there really is an Ed
 Rodgers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nat flinches for an instant, quickly rallies to pretend that he's beyond earshot, keeps exiting, CAMERA LEADING him.

PFAFFER

(continuing;
undeterred)

In the event you're planning to
go after any uranium...

(raising his voice)
I'd think twice. Our staff are
incorruptible -- and much brighter
than you think!

Nat feigns nonchalance as he adjusts his hat at a jaunty angle. But just before he exits PAST CAMERA, he registers deep concern at having been unmasked.

CAMERA HOLDS on Pfaffer in b.g. Grinning.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. LUXEMBOURG STREET - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

of a winding, cobbled road atop a hill in the "old town" district. The pedestrian ascending into VIEW becomes recognizable when the man enters the glowing circle of a nearby streetlamp. It is Pfaffer.

Slouching a bit after his long workday, the still-elegant bureaucrat veers off after nearing CAMERA, crosses a lawn and enters an old terraced house.

ANGLE SHIFTS to LET IN Dickstein who, unobserved, has been waiting in the shadows for Pfaffer's return. He looks up at the house. Seconds later, a light goes on in an upstairs window. Nat leans against a tree, will do some more waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW - NAT'S POV

It is an hour later and the light goes out again. Nat retreats into f.g. shadows as the front door of the terraced house opens and Pfaffer emerges.

But it is a far different Pfaffer then the man who went into the house. He now has on tight-fitting slacks and an orange scarf around his neck. When he passes beneath the intense glare of the streetlamp, we SEE that his hair is combed forward (subtracting years from his appearance) and his walk is jauntier.

DICKSTEIN

takes it all in, waits for the sound of Pfaffer's heels to convey he's well on his way down the hill. Then he takes off in the same direction. Most discreetly this time.

CLOSE OF A GUITARIST

singing into a microphone. The song is in German. While we cannot understand the words, there is little doubt that it's an obscene lyric -- for the entertainer addresses the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

mike too sensually, his mascaraed eyes rolling to underline each double-entendre.

PAN OFF him to the clientele, an overly responsive sprinkling of couples in this smoke-filled gay bar; they hoot and roar after each suggestive phrase. Predominantly male, but some women.

CAMERA SLOWS when it reaches the stairway leading down from street level. Pfaffer descends INTO VIEW familiarly surveying the premises in search of someone.

But before he finds the person he's looking for, someone surprises him from behind -- a 24-year-old blond man in a maroon jacket who spins Pfaffer around. They embrace warmly.

EXT. RUE DICKS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

the unlit doorway which leads to the bar's staircase. The inner door is open at the moment -- admitting a male couple in matching yellow jeans -- and the obscene singer's VOICE drifts up to us here on street level.

Now the door closes, cutting OFF MUSIC and LAUGHTER. A very PRETTY GIRL arrives, holding hands with an older woman in a man's suit. The younger one stops just before entering, sees something out of the corner of her eye. She smilingly addresses the dark alley:

PRETTY GIRL

Your first time?

We PAN over to the object of her remark, the almost hidden form of someone in the shadows separating this building from the next.

PUSH IN on Dickstein, who doesn't budge.

PRETTY GIRL (O.S.)

(continuing)

You musn't be shy. We're all friends here!

Nat remains in the darkness as we HEAR the young girl explain to her companion that she thought she saw someone. Then they enter the bar.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dickstein delays a beat, waits for the street to clear,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

then emerges from the alley. He crosses to the entrance, considers going in, thinks better of it, returns to the alley to resume his vigil.

But he is stunned to discover he is no longer alone. A large YOUTH, with long hair and in a worn leather jacket, blocks his way. Anxious to avoid a confrontation, Nat turns around.

A SECOND YOUTH -- less formidable physically -- has materialized to prevent his departure. But this one holds a knife, its blade glinting in the street light.

The bigger one approaches sullenly.

FIRST YOUTH

All right, let's have your wallet.

NAT

Fine.

(brings it out,
extracts all
bills)

Here's all the money I've got.

SECOND YOUTH

(flashing his knife)

The wallet.

NAT

But why? There's nothing else in here but some credit cards.

FIRST YOUTH

What's wrong with them, faggot? Isn't your credit any good?

NAT

Yes, but I need my papers. So just take the money and I won't report --

Before he can finish the sentence, the big youth catches him in back of the neck with a punch that staggers Dickstein. But he shakes it off, realizes a fight is inevitable.

He lets the big boy come at him again -- but this time he's ready for him. And in a quick series of judo chops and kicks, he reduces the giant to a heap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then in a further display of his astonishing physical prowess, Nat dances backward, as the one with the knife comes at him, kicking the boy's shin. He feints, kicks out again. The youth lunges, knife extended this time. Dickstein dodges and kicks him again in exactly the same place. The young hood screams in pain, collapses -- the knife clattering to the ground.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

Nat pins him against the cobblestones, hisses into his ear:

NAT
Who sent you?

No response; he applies more pressure.

NAT
(continuing)
Come on, you little bastard --
what're you after?

He half-turns the man's body, enabling him to twist his arm behind him, almost forcing it out of its socket.

SECOND YOUTH
(gasping)
Money --

NAT
You wanted my I.D. Why?
(tightens arm-
twist)
Do you work for someone? What
else were you looking for?

SECOND YOUTH
(eyes bulging)
No... just cash -- we scare it
out of the queers -- they hang
out here. Figured you were one --

NAT
If I find out you've been
following me...
(one final arm-
twist)
I'll break it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND YOUTH

I swear... only cash.

NAT

Maybe.

He heaves the man away and gets to his feet, unsure whether these are mere street muggers, but unable to resolve the matter.

INT. ALFA HOTEL LOBBY - HOURS LATER

At the check-out desk, a uniformed CLERK is inspecting the credit card before him, checking it out against the closing bill. Satisfied, he addresses CAMERA:

CLERK

Did you enjoy your stay,
Mr. Rodgers.

EASE BACK to LET IN Dickstein who reaches in to sign the slip.

NAT

I certainly did. And now if
you'll be good enough to get me
a cab to the airport --

He is interrupted by a MAN tapping him on the shoulder -- and a voice which paralyzes him!

MAN'S VOICE

(delighted)
My God -- it's Nat Dickstein!

Nat instantly rallies to gather up his credit card things, whirls around to face:

YASIF HASSAN

who still has his hand on Nat's shoulder and is elated at his discovery. Although there are a few grey streaks in his hair, he has aged well over the twenty-year span.

NAT (O.S.)

I'm afraid you've got the wrong --

HASSAN

(beaming)
It is you.

NAT

Instant recognition leads to:

SUBLIMINAL SHOT

of that afternoon twenty years ago -- of Eila Ashford's dress up around her waist as the young Hassan kisses her passionately.

BACK TO NAT AND HASSAN

Nat fleetingly looks to the desk clerk, who is too busy with another guest to be mindful of the Hassan encounter -- before Dickstein decides (however dangerously) not to dissemble:

NAT
Christ. Hassan.

Hassan can't get over his good fortune, sticks out his hand.

HASSAN
How long -- it must be -- more
than twenty years!

Nat shakes his hand mechanically, his mind racing.

NAT
It must be. What are you doing
here?

HASSAN
I live here. You?

NAT
I'm just leaving.
(checks wrist-
watch)
And I'm late for my plane.

HASSAN
My car's outside. I'll take you
to the airport.

NAT
I've ordered a taxi.

HASSAN
To hell with it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN (cont'd)
 (reaches down for
 Nat's bag)
 How often do old friends bump
 into each other?
 (handshake)
 Twenty years.

He starts out of the lobby, leaving Nat with no other choice but to follow... his distress palpable.

INT. BATTERED ENGLISH SPORTS CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

SEEN CLOSER, behind the wheel of his car, Hassan appears less elegant than we originally surmised -- less the archetypal aristocrat. His hauteur seems to have gone, displaced by a ferret-like quality. In general, he's like the car: somewhat the worse for wear.

Dickstein strains to remain casual.

NAT
 You live here now?

HASSAN
 My bank has its headquarters here,
 The Cedar Bank of Lebanon.

NAT
 Why Luxembourg?

HASSAN
 It's a financial center. And
 they have an international
 stock exchange. But what about
 you?

NAT
 I live in Israel. My kibbutz
 makes wine -- I was looking into
 the possibilities of European
 distribution.

HASSAN
 Coals to Newcastle?

NAT
 I'm beginning to think so.

HASSAN
 Perhaps I can help you, if you're
 coming back. I have many contacts
 here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Thank you, but I doubt I'll be making the trip again. The French seem to have the wine market sewn up.

HASSAN

(winking)

Watch out for your countrymen as well. I hear the California grapes are not to be ignored.

Dickstein forces a smile, looks outside window as AIRPORT SOUNDS promise an end to Hassan's probing.

EXT. LUXEMBOURG AIRPORT - NIGHT

Hassan's car pulls up at the terminal's entrance. Even before it stops, Dickstein has his door half open and one foot on the curb.

But his anxiety to get away is leavened by the abruptly personal tone of Hassan's question:

HASSAN

By the way, are you married?

NAT

No. You?

HASSAN

No.

NAT

(must pursue the matter)

I'm surprised to hear that.

HASSAN

Are you?

NAT

Well, yes -- I always assumed you were something of a ladies' man.

HASSAN

I like to flatter myself that was the case --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
(fishing)
I have this image of you
surrounded by beautiful women.

HASSAN
How reassuring. But where was
this?

NAT
At the Ashfords. One of their
sherry parties, probably.

HASSAN
That is curious. The only
beautiful woman I remember
meeting at their place was
Mrs. Ashford.

NAT
Really? Her face escapes me.

HASSAN
Then you remember the wrong
things, Dickstein.
(moans longingly)
Eila Ashford was incredible.

NAT
Yes, well... I'd better run.

He reaches for his bag.

HASSAN
In fact -- now that I think of
it -- she was rather fond of
you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nat won't be patronized further. Refusing to acknowledge
the remark, he steps out of the car.

NAT
Thanks for the lift.

HASSAN
Call me next time you're here.

NAT
Good-bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He strides hurriedly toward the entrance. Hassan guns the car, roars off onto the road circling the airport.

TRAVELLING WITH HASSAN

He throws a glance over his shoulder at the vanishing figure of Dickstein, eyes darting to and from him until Nat actually enters the terminal building.

EXT. AIRPORT CIRCLE - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS the battered sportscar as it swings into the outermost lane, continues arcing toward a macadamized oblong at the huge circle's mid-point, in f.g.

ANGLE SHIFTS to REVEAL that we are in an immaculate Service Area -- three squat gasoline pumps, a brick enclosure housing Men's and Women's rooms, and a pair of phone booths.

Hassan screeches to a stop, slams out of his car, crosses to a booth while fishing for coins in his pocket.

CLOSE OF HASSAN - ON THE PHONE

minutes later. Unsmiling but expectant under the glare of the glass cubicle's light:

HASSAN

(into phone)

He was checking out of the Alfa Hotel under an assumed name...

(strains to recall)

... Roberts or Rodgers... No, that is not surmise. It is fact. I knew the man twenty years ago, and he's Nathan Dickstein.

(he obviously triggered a reaction)

You mean he's with the Mossad?...

No, I just left him off at
(eyes the terminal in b.g.)

the airport. But there may still be time to find out where's he's going.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

huge desk top -- including the N.Y. Times, London Telegraph, Rome's Messagaro, and Paris Soir. He looks up in surprise at the intrusion.

VORONTSOV

A problem, Colonel?

The striding man enters SHOT, and we RECOGNIZE the gray-ing but militarily erect figure as David Rostov -- Dickstein's former companion at Oxford!

Today he is the quintessential careerist, a star in this prime division called SMERSH (a name dropped after much embarrassing publicity in the West). He still wears the Army haircut of his youth; although his nails are manicured these days.

ROSTOV

Not quite yet a problem.
(indicates manila folder)
But soon enough.

VORONTSOV

Don't be mysterious with me, Rostov. Does it have to do with yesterday's meeting?

ROSTOV

I'll let you decide.
(pulls out top-sheet from folder)
An agent in Luxembourg has just reported the sighting there of an Israeli operative...

VORONTSOV

So what? The continent is teeming with operatives.

ROSTOV

This particular one is American-born and is probably the best man in the entire Mossad. His name is Nathan Dickstein.

VORONTSOV

What makes you such an authority on him?

ROSTOV

We go way back together. College days at Oxford. I even tried proselytizing him at one point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VORONTSOV

Not enough passion on his part?
Or was there too little on
yours?

ROSTOV

(defensively)
Certainly not the latter,
Comrade Chief...

VORONTSOV

Oh stop the bullshit, David. I
know you're a good Party man.
(gets to his feet)
But come to the point. Suppose
I grant you that Dickstein is
the ultimate Israeli agent and
that he was seen in Luxembourg...

ROSTOV

(overlaps)
By an operative for our Egyptian
allies.
(circles desk to
join Vorontsov
near the large
window)

Listen to me, Feliks. I know
this man Dickstein as well as
I know myself. I played chess
with him a hundred times. I
initiated his file. There is
no wasted motion in his life.
And if he is out in the field
again only twenty-four hours
after we learned that the Arabs
are working on a nuclear bomb...

VORONTSOV

Perhaps you misunderstood what
went on at yesterday's meeting.
The Egyptian Foreign Minister
was merely asking if we were
interested in supporting such
an effort...

ROSTOV

But we both know what that means.
They have a reactor in development
without us. He was only seeking
our political support.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Chief looks at Rostov paternally, shakes his head.

VORONTSOV

Poor Rostov... the reason you'll never cross over into the world of diplomacy is you've never broadened your base. Scientifically or culturally.

ROSTOV

That isn't true. I understand physics well enough to know that, technically, a nuclear bomb is no more difficult to build than a conventional bomb.

VORONTSOV

My very point, Rostov... "technically". But where will the Arabs get their plutonium? And for that matter, where will the Israelis get theirs?

Rostov goes into the manila folder for another document, hands it to his superior.

ROSTOV

Perhaps your copy of the Committee's recommendation hasn't reached your desk. On the Arab request.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

FAVORING Vorontsov who whips out a reading (magnifying) glass from his inner breast pocket and rapidly scans the summary report.

VORONTSOV

(impressed)

I see... so we've decided to cooperate.

ROSTOV

And why not? If we refuse to help, we estrange ourselves from the Arabs.

VORONTSOV

(nods, still reading)

In other words, if they're going to have a bomb anyway, there had better be a Russian finger on the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV

Precisely. And don't you imagine Israel anticipated we'd support Egypt's request?

VORONTSOV

Probably so.

ROSTOV

Which brings me back to Dickstein.
(re-waves the top-sheet)

He only comes off that damn kibbutz of his when it's important -- he led the assassination team hunting Nazis, the effort against rocket scientists working for Egypt in sixty-four --

VORONTSOV

All right, all right... Dickstein could be on a mission related to nuclear weaponry. What do you want from me?

ROSTOV

A reassignment to the field. I think the occasion warrants my leaving my little kibbutz.

VORONTSOV

You wish to join the Egyptians in their investigation of Dickstein?

ROSTOV

I hardly regard them as our co-equals. But I don't object to taking help wherever we can get it.

VORONTSOV

(smiles)

What you mean is you want me to let you head up a team. With one of the Egyptians working under you.

ROSTOV

How could you infer that, Feliks?

VORONTSOV

Because I've also played chess with you. And lost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He returns documents to Rostov and goes back to his desk. Rostov replaces all sheets in the manila folder, stands at attention. ANGLE SHIFTS to FAVOR him.

ROSTOV

May I have your permission, then,
to put such a plan into motion?

VORONTSOV

(grudgingly, as he
sits behind desk)
I suppose so. But tell me,
Rostov -- how did the chess
games go between you and
Dickstein?

CAMERA MOVES IN on Rostov.

ROSTOV

(coldly)
He usually won.
(this is the thought
that consumes him)
But we'll compensate for that
now.

His grim expression FILLS THE SCREEN as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. ROME - DAY - AERIAL VIEW

of this most spectacular of all European cities, awash in umbers and siennas under the drenching Italian sunlight.

ZOOM IN on the Old City -- winding alleys, remnants of the original wall, finally a restored building which (then as now) houses the baths.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

INT. BATHHOUSE - DAY - PANNING

the towel-clad clientele within the tiled walls, making a blur of the erotic frieze decorating those walls.

CAMERA COMES TO REST in the steam room where Pierre Borg stands, seethingly surveys the premises in search of someone.

He wears the largest towel (he could find) around his ample waist, is clearly uncomfortable in these surroundings; conscious that he is white except for his face and hands, his softly plump flesh, a pelt of greying hair across his shoulder.

He spots his target, reacts, is beckoned to:

A PRIVATE ROOM

PAST the lean and darkish figure of the man who summoned Borg -- his Egyptian double-agent Kawash.

As soon as the Mossad Chief enters the relative privacy of this small chamber, Kawash crosses to the bed in here, switches on the machine that causes it to vibrate.

BORG
 (reacting to vibrator's hum)
 My God -- You think someone has
this place wired?

KAWASH
 (shrugs)
 One never knows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG
 (churlish)
 Seems to be the story of our
 lives -- not knowing.

KAWASH
 You're angry.

BORG
 You're damn right I'm angry. I
 hate these places, just as I
 hate displaying my own body.
 (snorts)
 Jesus -- no contact from you for
 days on end. Then a message to
 meet in a Roman bath --

KAWASH
 It's the best I could do.

BORG
 (as if uninterrupted)
 Reminds me of the time I was
 giving lectures at the Training
 School -- trying to drum it into
 their thick-heads, "Call in.
 Always call in. We need to know
 what you're doing every day."
 Then the trainees would go into
 the bar and hear Nat Dickstein's
 motto...

KAWASH
 (heard it often)
 "Never call in for less than a
 hundred thousand dollars."

BORG
 And that amuses you?

KAWASH
 (erases his smile)
 The hard news is that I've gotten
 a man into Qattara.

BORG
 (impressed)
 That's good. But your department
 isn't even involved in that
 project.

KAWASH
 I have a cousin in Military
 Intelligence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG

Very good. What did he find?

KAWASH

Construction work is finished. They've built the reactor housing and an airstrip. Egypt is much farther ahead than anyone imagines.

BORG

What about the reactor itself? That's what counts.

KAWASH

They're working on it now. Hard to say how long it will take -- there's a certain amount of precision work.

BORG

Are they going to be able to manage all those complex control systems?

KAWASH

I'm told controls needn't be sophisticated. You slow the speed of the nuclear reaction supply by pushing metal rods into the atomic pile.

TIGHT TWO SHOT

Kawash lowers his voice for this next:

KAWASH

Anyway there's been a new development. Qattara -- our man reports -- is now crawling with Russians.

BORG

Goddamnit.

KAWASH

So now I guess they'll have all the fancy electronics they need.

ANGLE WIDENS as Borg crosses to a small chair, sits down thoughtfully -- forgetting the bathhouse and the vibrating bed and his soft white body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG
This is bad news indeed.

KAWASH
There's worse. Dickstein's
cover is blown.

BORG
(thunderstruck)
Blown? How did the bastard
manage that?

KAWASH
He was recognized by an agent of
ours in Luxembourg.

BORG
What in hell was he doing there?

KAWASH
You should know.

BORG
Skip it.

KAWASH
Apparently it was a chance
meeting. The agent is called
Yassif Hassan. He's small fry --
works for a Lebanese bank and
keeps an eye on visiting Israelis.

BORG
What put your people onto him?

KAWASH
They recognized his name.

BORG
(incredulously)
He's using his real name?

KAWASH
No, but Hassan knew him from way
back.

Borg gets to his feet, unhappily circles the small room
as he shakes his head.

BORG
You wouldn't think we were the
Chosen People -- with our luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAWASH

We put Dickstein under surveillance
and informed Moscow.

BORG

You're still tailing him?

KAWASH

I'm afraid not. He lost the
surveillance team in a matter
of hours.

BORG

Naturally.

KAWASH

Moscow's putting together a major
effort. They'll find him again.

Borg interrupts his journey around the chamber's peri-
meter to bitterly re-cap Kawash's information:

BORG

Marvellous. The Egyptians are moving
along with their reactor; the
Russians are helping them;
Dickstein is blown; the KGB has
put a team on him.

(crosses to Kawash)

We could lose this race. Then
they'll have the bomb and we
won't.

(grabs Kawash by
the shoulders)

And do you think they'll use it?
They're your people. You tell
me. Will they drop the bomb on
Israel? You're damn right they
will!

KAWASH

(disengages calmly)

Stop shouting. There's a long
road ahead before either side
can win.

BORG

(turns away)

I suppose.

KAWASH

The important thing now is for
you to contact Dickstein and
warn him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Borg tiredly re-faces Kawash, despondently replies:

BORG
How in hell can I warn the man
when I haven't the vaguest idea
where he is?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LUXEMBOURG STREET - NIGHT - DRAMATIC ANGLE

of Dickstein, in profile, looking out the window of an attic flat and down onto the cobblestoned street below.

We recognize it at once as being Pfaffer's neighborhood. For the (now) uninhibited Euratom official is passing beneath the glow of the streetlamp, returning to his room for the night.

Differently shirted than when we saw him last, he again wears the orange scarf around his neck as he stops for an instant, looks behind him down the hill. After seeing what he'd hoped to, Pfaffer crosses lawn to the terraced home's back staircase.

ON DICKSTEIN

watching Pfaffer's progress, abruptly shifts his gaze.

THE STREET - NAT'S POV

as the young man following Pfaffer home passes beneath the streetlamp, then crosses lawn toward the rear outside staircase Pfaffer took. He is RENE, the same 24-year-old blond we met earlier in the Rue Dicks gay bar. Tonight he has on a turtlenecked sweater which accentuates his broad shoulders.

INT. PFAFFER'S ATTIC APARTMENT - NIGHT

This is an ESTABLISHING SHOT of the flat -- silhouetted by moonlight as Nat remains in the window area, waiting.

When the lights do go on, we'll be surprised by the size of the place. It is rather elegantly decorated with period furniture, striped wallpaper, and many plants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUNDS now of Rene taking two steps at a time, catching up with Pfaffer on the landing just outside this apartment. Then we HEAR a key in the door before it is flung open. The moment they enter, Pfaffer hits the light switch, reacts to Nat's presence:

PFAFFER

Oh, God!

RENE

Who is he? Do you know him?

PFAFFER

He claims to be a journalist.

NAT

I have to talk to you.

RENE

Call the police.

NAT

Oh, I doubt you'd be interested in going public.

PFAFFER

What in hell's that supposed to mean?

NAT

You tell me, Pfaffer. Look, we both know you're in a sensitive job. I was keeping tabs on a random bunch of you who work at Euratom and I happened to luck out in your case.

RENE

(belligerently)

Is that a fact?

PFAFFER

(senses what's coming,
restrains Rene)

No, let him talk.

(to Nat)

What do you mean "lucked out"?

NAT

I followed you on one of your "nights out" last week. To the bar in Rue Dicks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)

(meanfully)

I don't imagine your Department Head would be overjoyed to find out what kind of a bar it is.

(means Rene)

Or that he's your lovelife.

PFAFFER

You bastard. You're no more a journalist than I am.

RENE

You checked him out?

PFAFFER

No, because it wasn't necessary.

NAT

Too bad. If you had, you'd have gotten verification. There is an Ed Rodgers working for "Science International"...

PFAFFER

Even though he probably isn't you.

NAT

How much time would you like to spend arguing about it?

Rene is still fuming, but Pfaffer decides it's pointless to rebut, nods to his companion.

PFAFFER

None.

ANOTHER ANGLE ,

as Pfaffer and Rene sit in matching chairs. The Euratom executive takes a cigarette from a box, lights it with a table lighter and puts it in Rene's mouth, a clear effort to cool down the other man. Dickstein stands over them.

NAT

In any case, let's assume I'm a working journalist.

RENE

Journalists interview people. They don't break into their flats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

They do when they want a story badly enough, and I need one about Euratom.

He crosses to a highly polished table with a whiskey decanter, pours himself a drink.

NAT

(continuing)

May I?

RENE

You already have.

NAT

(ignores him, re-
facing Pfaffer)

Look, you're vulnerable and I'm picking on you. I expect you to hate me for that, but I'm not going to pretend I hate you. I'm using you and that's all there is to it.

RENE

Except that you're drinking his liquor as well.

PFAFFER

(to Nat)

What is it you want to know?

NAT

Euratom keeps records of all movements of fissionable material into and out of the member countries, right?

PFAFFER

Yes.

NAT

In other words, before anyone can move an ounce of uranium from A to B he has to ask your permission.

PFAFFER

Yes again.

NAT

Complete records are kept of all permits given.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PFAFFER
(nodding)
On a computer.

NAT
I assume. So that if asked, the
computer would print out a list
of all future uranium shipments.

PFAFFER
It does, regularly. A list is
circulated once a month within
the office. But it's highly
classified.

NAT
Great. All I want is that list.

Pfaffer emits a nervous laugh at the outrageousness of
the suggestion. But Dickstein is dead serious as he
stares him down.

INT. HOTEL ALFA LOBBY - NIGHT - FAVORING

David Rostov as he checks into the Luxembourg Hotel under
the name of "Davidson". Just prior to handing Rostov his
bag, the Room Clerk recalls that he has a message awaiting
the arrival, and he hands Rostov a small envelope.

Rostov nods, follows his PORTER and luggage to the open-
caged elevator. En route he opens the envelope.

INSERT

The message -- hand scrawled -- simply reads "Room 379."
Rostov's fist crumples the sheet.

HOTEL ROOM DOOR - MINUTES LATER

A hand raps softly on the varnished oak surface, directly
beneath the digits "379." A beat before the door is
opened to reveal Yasif Hassan.

ANGLE SHIFTS to INCLUDE his visitor. And for an extended
beat, Rostov and Hassan regard each other tentatively.

ROSTOV
Hassan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN
The years haven't touched you.
(extends his hand
which Rostov
shakes)
Come in.

The Russian enters, closing door behind him.

INT. HASSAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hassan crosses to the liquor cabinet but his gaze remains on his impeccably attired KGB guest (Rostov has on a dark tailored suit in the Wall Street tradition).

HASSAN
(marvelling)
After all this time.

ROSTOV
Twenty years.

HASSAN
And what brings us together is
that the two of us are working
for our countries.

ROSTOV
(corrects him)
Three of us, Hassan. Remember
that it's Dickstein who is
responsible for this meeting.

HASSAN
(trace of pride)
I don't need reminding. I'm
the one who spotted him.

ROSTOV
Yes I know.

HASSAN
(removes glass top
from decanter)
American whiskey as I recall.

ROSTOV
My compliments on your good
memory.

Hassan pours drinks for both of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

Please make yourself comfortable.

ROSTOV

(remains standing)

I'm not here to be comfortable, Hassan. I'm here to work. And as soon as the rest of our "team" arrive, I'll introduce you.

HASSAN

Also KGB men I assume.

ROSTOV

Naturally. But you'll get along with them, I assure you.

HASSAN

It would seem I have to. My orders are to cooperate.

ROSTOV

They'll arrive tonight -- Nik Bunin and Peter Tyrin. They know how I like things done.

HASSAN

(faint smile)

I'm sure of that.

ROSTOV

You'll learn a lot from them. They're good agents.

(downs the whiskey
in one gulp)

Now bring me up to date on Dickstein.

HASSAN

After losing him once, we picked him up again at Nice airport.

ROSTOV

What happened in France?

HASSAN

Among other things, he went on a guided tour of a nuclear power station.

FAVOR ROSTOV

who pounds the empty glass into his palm, his judgement confirmed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV

Which should put to rest any doubts as to what he's up to.

HASSAN

Your colleagues entertain such doubts? I certainly have none. Considering it was here in Luxembourg I ran into him.

ROSTOV

And what is it you consider so significant in Luxembourg?

Hassan joins him in a TWO SHOT, is clearly enjoying the moment.

HASSAN

The fact that it is the home of Euratom... which is short for European Atomic Energy Community --

ROSTOV

(overlaps)

I know what it is, Hassan. I'd just forgotten where it was based.

HASSAN

In any case, it all fits. And as soon as we pick up his trail --

ROSTOV

(back in charge)

Then your people lost him again?

HASSAN

Only temporarily.

ROSTOV

What makes you confident of that?

HASSAN

My countrymen aren't entirely without ingenuity, Rostov. We also understand the values of infiltration.

ROSTOV

Stop being so damn smug and tell me straight out. What did you get on Dickstein before you lost contact?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

The fact that he's either gotten
... or will soon be getting...
information on licensed shipments
of fissionable materials.

ROSTOV

You mean nuclear stuff, correct?

HASSAN

Exactly. Uranium metal,
plutonium, yellowcake...

ROSTOV

I assume your informant is
reliable. Or close to the
person who's feeding Dickstein.

HASSAN

Quite close -- the next pillow,
in fact. You see, our contact
is the Euratom official's lover.
A big blond boy with shoulders
like a soccer player.

ROSTOV

Why haven't you forced the
information out of them?

HASSAN

This all surfaced only hours
ago. By then we knew you
would be arriving.

ROSTOV

What kind of remark is that?
Another of your Middle-Eastern
mysteries?

HASSAN

Not at all. But when it comes
to applying pressure on anyone
-- man, woman, or child -- you
people wrote the book.

ROSTOV

(unsmiling)

Quite true, Hassan. And I trust
you meant that as a compliment.

Hassan refuses to comment. But his enigmatic smile says
it all.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY - PANNING

off the familiar statue of Nelson and DOWN the extreme length of its column to ESTABLISH London on a gray and misty morning.

NAT (O.S.)

Sorry to bump you out of a sound sleep, but it couldn't be helped.

ZOOM BACK to place Nat in the foreground of our SHOT as he speaks into the phone. He is hunched over it in one of those red-lacquered booths that dot the English horizon.

In his Burberry trench coat, he melds effectively into the British landscape. Despite the scarcity of people on the street this early in the day, he nonetheless looks around him from time to time -- through all four glass walls of the booth -- with the instinct of a professional.

NAT

(into phone)

No, that's behind me. I'm in London now and I'll need a contact here outside the Embassy --

INTERCUT BORG

as angry as he is tousled. Alone in his huge bed, the Mossad chief rasps into the phone:

BORG

I suppose this is what you call "staying in touch." Well I don't, dammit! And you're going to have to start --

NAT

(overlaps)

Lecture me another time. I'm here to check out a ship at Lloyd's Registry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG

What ship, dammit! I should pull you out of the field. Do you know that your cover is blown?

NAT

(unhappily)
No, I didn't.

BORG

If you'd keep in touch you'd be up to date on these things.

NAT

If I kept in touch, I'd be blown even more often.

BORG

Bastard.

He reaches over for the remains of a cigar on his night table, lights up.

NAT

Blown is nothing. What counts is how much they know.

BORG

You were fingered by this Hassan, who knows you from years back. He's working with the Russians now.

NAT

But what do they know?

BORG

That you've been in Luxembourg and France. But not even the Mossad knows why.

CAMERA is on Dickstein for this information.

NAT

Look, I've picked a consignment of uranium for us to steal. It's going by ship from Antwerp to Genoa in November. I'm going to hijack the ship.

Borg's mouth falls open and he tears the wet cigar from

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

his lower lip. However his shock and fear are laced with a curious kind of pleasure at the audacity of the idea.

BORG

Shit! How in hell will you keep it under wraps?

NAT

I was working on that. But...
(needling him)
since you're thinking of pulling me out --

BORG

Stop playing games with me. Use Base Two in Richmond as a contact point. But remember that the KGB is on to you. They may even know you're in London.

NAT

Then I'll get out of London for a day or so...

BORG

And go where?

CLOSE ON DICKSTEIN

It is here that a thought occurs to him. Or perhaps it crossed his mind earlier and this is the moment it fully crystallizes... CAMERA PUSHING IN on his face as it takes on an almost wistful expression. Nostalgia.

NAT

(continuing)
I don't know -- maybe visit some old friends.
(both the pain and the ecstasy)
I've missed them.

BORG (V.O.)

Just watch your ass.

He CLICKS OFF and Nat glowingly hangs up the phone, caught up in the anticipation of a reunion.

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. OXFORD STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The university city has not changed much since we last saw it, except in predictable ways -- the shops are more garish, the cars more numerous. But the cream-colored stone of the college buildings still predominates.

Nat Dickstein stands, taking it all in, glimpsing through an arch at the startling green turf of a deserted quadrangle. But he is equally startled by the change in the appearance of students... several of whom are either barefoot or in open sandals without socks.

And the hair! He is boggled at the abundance of it, the length of it, the pigtails, the beards, Not to mention the braless young women, the ubiquitous sight of blue denim on this late afternoon.

But none of these changes are what brought Nat back to this place. And he veers off and away from the university grounds, exits PAST CAMERA as if drawn by strings.

EXT. ASHFORD HOUSE - DAY - FULL

Nat enters from BEHIND CAMERA, takes a few more steps, then slowly comes to a stop and just stares at the familiar Tudor house which he's been carrying in his mind's eye through these intervening years.

It has not changed at all: the paintwork is still green and white, the garden still a jungle in the front. He resumes walking, reaches the gate, opens it, walks up the path to the door and knocks.

The door opens and... before we get a good look at her... a woman's VOICE precedes her coming into full view:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes?

DICKSTEIN

goes slack at the sight of her, reaches for the wall with one hand to steady himself. Incredulously he whispers:

NAT

Eila...?

THE WOMAN

could, in truth, be Eila Ashford; for the two faces are

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

identical. However this woman is even a few years younger than Eila was, and nothing else about her apparel or her open, contemporary manner suggests the other woman. Only the face.

SUZA

Eila was my mother. I'm Suza.

She regards the visitor with some concern for he has not yet fully rallied.

FAVORING DICKSTEIN - PAST

her striking profile as Nat continues to stare at her.

NAT

Suza... of course.

SUZA

They say I look exactly like her -- when she was my age.

NAT

Yes... yes you do.

SUZA

You obviously knew her.

NAT

I did. Both of your parents.

SUZA

Then won't you come in.

NAT

I'm Nat Dickstein -- the American?

SUZA

(offers her hand)

How do you do. Won't you -- ?

(recalls)

Mister Dickstein!

She throws her arms about his neck, kisses him on the cheek. Dickstein is both pleased and embarrassed. When she lets go, he says:

NAT

You remembered.

SUZA

Of course.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA (cont'd)
 You used to pet Hezekiah. You
 were the only one who understood
 what he was saying.

NAT
 (faint smile)
 Hezekiah the cat... I'd forgotten.

SUZA
 Well, come in.

She motions for him to precede her inside. He complies
 and she closes the door behind them.

INT. ASHFORD HOME

Suza takes Nat's arm, leading him across the square en-
 trance area. She is absolutely stunning in black velvet
 slacks and a loose, saffron shirt that looks like silk.
 Her hair, while differently arranged than her mother's,
 has the same shining darkness.

SUZA
 Come into the kitchen. I've
 been messing about trying to
 make a cake.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them into the old country kitchen, complete
 with fireplace and windowed walls facing out onto the gar-
 den. Suza gives him a stool to sit on while she goes about
 her chores.

SUZA
 (continuing)
 Let's have some coffee. Or
 do you prefer tea?

NAT
 Coffee is fine.

SUZA
 I expect you want to see my
 father. He has a class this
 afternoon, but he'll be back
 soon for dinner.

She pours coffee beans into a hand-operated grinder. CAMERA
 HOLDS on Nat as he puts the following question to her as
 casually as he can:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT
And your mother?

SUZA
You have been out of touch. She
died fourteen years ago. Cancer.

Dickstein suppresses any reaction, forces a sympathetic smile. The girl obviously put the incident behind her long ago. For the allusion to her mother has no effect upon her businesslike approach to the coffee-making.

NAT
Professor Ashford is still
teaching... I was just trying
to work out his age.

SUZA
Seventy. He doesn't put in a
full day, but it keeps him active.
(remembering)
Didn't you emigrate to Palestine?

NAT
Israel. I live on a kibbutz.
We grow grapes. For our own wine.

SUZA
Are you on holiday?

NAT
Business. We now think the wine
is good enough to export.

SUZA
Then you're here selling it?

NAT
Checking out the possibilities.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dickstein gets down off the high stool; anxious to get the conversation off his biography, confronts the beautiful young woman.

NAT
Tell me about yourself. I'll
bet you're not at the university.

SUZA
(abruptly defensive)
Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

I don't know...

SUZA

You don't think I'm clever
enough to be a don?

NAT

(nicely)

No -- not old enough.

SUZA

(flashes a great
smile)That's a gallant recovery. Only
it implies I look too old to be
a student.

NAT

Stop trying to trap me. I'm
an old family friend, remember?

SUZA

(relaxing with him)

You're right. I'm being
hypersensitive. Perhaps
because most of the men I've
met lately were either
patronizing or just rude.

NAT

Are there that many? Men, I
mean.

SUZA

Quite a few. I'm an air hostess
with BOAC.

She pours boiling water into a filter, avoiding his gaze.

NAT

Did my question bother you?
You turned away.

SUZA

Reflex action. Otherwise known
as self-conscious behavior.

NAT

I don't blame you. I haven't
stopped staring since I came in
the door. I'm still trying to
get used to the fact you're not
Eila --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA

No, I'm the little girl with
the old gray cat.

NAT

Yes, there's a lot that's
changed.

SUZA

Were you great friends with my
parents?

NAT

I was one of your father's
students. Your mother -- I
admired without really knowing.

SUZA

How unfortunate for her.

NAT

For her?

SUZA

(utter candor)

I suspect she would've gotten
much the better of it... knowing
what a cold fish she was.

(pours his coffee)

Not that I didn't love her, mind
you... but I have the impression
you're so much more giving than
she was.

Dickstein backs off a step, unprepared for so personal a
comment.

NAT

As I say, we were never that
close. But I appreciate the
kind words.

SUZA

They were meant to be appreciated.

Dickstein glows as the words engulf him.

NAT

Good.

SUZA

What are you thinking? You're
smiling about something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

I was remembering something
that would embarrass you.

SUZA

Tell me anyway.

NAT

I was here one evening around
six. Your mother was out. I
had come to borrow a book from
your father. You were in your
bath. Your father got a phone
call and while he was talking,
you began to cry. I went
upstairs, took you out of the
bath, dried you and put you in
your nightgown. You must have
been four or five at the time.

SUZA

(that great smile)

Can I tell you something? That
story doesn't embarrass me in
the least.

This time, it is she who is staring. And for a protracted
moment, the two people regard one another with an intimacy
that surprises both of them. For in the few minutes since
this encounter began, many of the layers that separate
strangers have been stripped away.

Then the moment is pierced as the kitchen door is opened
by Professor Ashford.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING

the elderly professor who has aged well. Bald now except
for a monkish fringe of white hair, he has put on a little
weight and he has slowed up a bit.

SUZA

A surprise guest, daddy.

ASHFORD

(takes but a moment
to focus)

Young Dickstein. Well, I'm
blessed, my dear fellow!

As the two men shake hands warmly...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LUXEMBOURG STREET - NIGHT - MEDIUM

of Rostov addressing CAMERA. We are SHOOTING UP PAST him and TOWARD the unmistakable outline of the terraced house in which Pfaffer lives.

By the harsh glare of the overhead lamplight, Rostov's features are sharply etched.

ROSTOV

Nat Dickstein is going to steal
some uranium. I'm sure of it
now!

ANGLE WIDENS to LET IN Hassan, a few feet away. His gaze is fixed on the upstairs lights in Pfaffer's apartment.

HASSAN

(indicating the
house)

Based upon what Pfaffer just
told us, I'm inclined to agree.

ROSTOV

Dickstein's game plan becomes
more apparent now. Once he
found a vulnerable Euratom
employee, he had his informant.
And what was the data he focused
on with Mr. Pfaffer?

HASSAN

Shipments of fissionable
materials.

ROSTOV

Precisely. And because we know
the Israelis want nuclear fuel,
Dickstein must be after a
consignment of uranium.

HASSAN

To steal you mean?

ROSTOV

Does that shock you, Hassan?

HASSAN

(shrugs)

I suppose it is how those people
think.

ROSTOV

I assure you it is. They have
this backs-to-the-wall mentality
which enables them to ignore
the niceties of diplomacy.

FAVORING ROSTOV

A final glimpse toward Pfaffer's room as the light is extinguished. Then Rostov re-faces Hassan. If there have been any doubts as to the leadership role before this, the Russian dispels them with a take-charge attitude:

ROSTOV

(continuing)

Although we lost him again at Heathrow, we know Dickstein is somewhere in England.

HASSAN

I'm quite familiar with their London Embassy.

ROSTOV

He'll avoid it, for a while at least. Knowing he's uncovered.

HASSAN

I doubt he connects me with anything.

ROSTOV

No? He bumps into an Arab who knows his real name while on assignment, and suddenly he's being tailed.

HASSAN

He might speculate, but he doesn't know.

ROSTOV

How often have you had face-to-face contacts with other agents -- Americans, British, Israelis?

HASSAN

Never.

ROSTOV

Have you any acquaintances in common?

HASSAN

No. Except for the other night in Luxembourg, I haven't seen him since college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV

Is there anybody from Oxford you still see?

HASSAN

None of the students. I've kept in touch with an old man on the faculty. You remember Professor Ashford.

ROSTOV

Is he still alive?

HASSAN

Very much so. He recently put me in touch with some people willing to give money to our cause.

ROSTOV

Dickstein knew Ashford, as I recall.

HASSAN

Of course. Ashford has the chair of Semitic Languages. Which was what both Dickstein and I read.

ROSTOV

Then all Dickstein has to do is call on Ashford and mention your name. The old man will tell him enough to alert Dickstein to the fact that you're an agent.

HASSAN

I doubt it. Ashford is still extremely clever.

ROSTOV

I hope so. Because I'd like you to go to Oxford. It might help us pick up Dickstein's trail again.

HASSAN

(checks his watch)

There's a midnight flight.

Rostov turns and starts down the hill, Hassan at his heels. However their DIALOGUE CONTINUES OVER the following scene:

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. ASHFORD HOME - NIGHT

The professor sits at the head of the narrow dining room table, sips his after dinner brandy. Flanking him, Suza and Dickstein.

The old man is misty as he addresses Nat in the candle-lit room... but the VOICE we hear is still the Russian's:

ROSTOV (V.O.)

By the way, there's something
I've always wanted to ask you.
Did you ever sleep with Ashford's
wife?

HASSAN (V.O.)

(laughing)
Only four or five times a week.

Dickstein's gaze is riveted on the beautiful woman facing him... both he and Suza as oblivious of Ashford as they are of Rostov's plan to invade their lives.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART ONE

SHOW #2

Ken Follett's

TRIPLE

CONTINUED:

STEWARDESS (V.O.) (cont'd)

(slight pause)

On behalf of Captain LaRoche and
the entire crew, thank you for
flying Air France.

Hassan poises before stepping into the aisle. With a flick of the eyes, his gaze travels to rear of the plane.

WHIP PAN to another male passenger in the back row. Small and rather rotund, with a big nose and a drinker's veined face, he is PYOTR TYRIN. The otherwise nondescript man receives Hassan's sign with the faintest nod, then head-signals to a colleague whose apparel is equally drab, despite his pathetic efforts to "westernize".

This second man, NIK BUNIN, is bigger and generally more polished (therefore more formidable). But even he defers to the third man sharing their row of seats.

His back is to us as he slams shut the overhead compartment before turning INTO CAMERA with his piece of soft leather luggage. Then we recognize David Rostov.

Bunin and Tyrin deferentially back up against their seats to permit Rostov to enter the departure aisle before them -- a gesture which defines their relationship. For while they share Rostov's nationality, they have much more in common with Hassan -- all three of them are "staff".

DIRECT CUT TO:

CLOSE ON PROFESSOR ASHFORD

He wields an iron poker with one hand trying to reactivate logs in the fireplace, while balancing his brandy glass in the other. We're in the drawing room.

It is an hour later than final scene in Part One. While the old boy has not been separated from his brandy since then, he's alert as ever.

ASHFORD

(amused)

I knew she'd put you in an apron
before you got out of here.

ANGLE WIDENS to INCLUDE Dickstein, standing a few feet away with his Burberry coat draped over an arm, ready to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just beyond him, Suza looks up at him over her own brandy. She sits just staring, her long, trousered legs pointed toward the dying fire.

NAT

The least I could do was help clear the table.

ASHFORD

But that's fast, even for Suza. I've told her she'll never get a husband that way.

NAT

I doubt she'll have much trouble.

SUZA

(grinning)

Haven't you two heard? Marriage is out these days.

CAMERA has SHIFTED to bring Dickstein into f.g. as the scene continues. While comforted by the visit's distraction, we sense that he's about to launch on a fishing expedition.

NAT

By the way, I ran into a classmate of mine a couple of weeks ago. In Luxembourg, of all places.

ASHFORD

Yasif Hassan?

NAT

(forced smile)

How did you know?

ASHFORD

We've kept in touch. I know he lives in Luxembourg.

NAT

Have you seen much of him?

Suza shrugs uncertainly but Professor Ashford addresses the matter seriously.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ashford has returned the poker to its stand, rests his brandy glass on the mantel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHFORD

Several times, over the years.

(sobering)

It needs to be said, Dickstein,
that the wars which have given
you so much, took everything
away from him.

NAT

(tries to keep it
light)

Israel wasn't actually given
an inch. According to some.

ASHFORD

Still, Hassan's family lost all
their money and went into a
refugee camp. He's understandably
bitter.

Nat is about to rebut, decides to back off.

NAT

Actually I spent very little
with him. I was on my way to
the airport. How is he
otherwise?

ASHFORD

I found him a bit... distracted.
Undependable about keeping
appointments, his mind elsewhere.
Perhaps it's the behavior of a
dispossessed aristocrat.

NAT

Maybe so.

SUZA

(getting to her
feet)

This heavy chatter's making me
feel dispossessed, I must say.

(chiding Ashford)

Mr. Dickstein is no longer
obliged to attend lectures,
daddy.

NAT

No, I enjoyed it... the entire
evening.

(to Suza)

I mean it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA

I hope so.

NAT

Now I have to get back to London.
(shakes hands
with Ashford)
I can't thank you enough.

ASHFORD

Nonsense. It was a pleasure to
see you, dear boy.

Dickstein gets into his coat, turns to Suza:

NAT

Just for the record, "Mr.
Dickstein" was my father. I
usually answer to "Nat".

SUZA

(makes a face)
"Nat" just doesn't sound
substantial enough.

NAT

It's really Nathaniel. But no
one's used that in years.

SUZA

I rather like it.

NAT

(offers his hand)
Good night.

SUZA

(ignores it)
I'm walking into town with you.
I need the exercise.

She precedes Dickstein to the square entranceway, goes
straight for the closet, brings out the jacket that
matches her black velvet pants. Dickstein helps her in-
to it and they go out.

EXT. OXFORD STREET - NIGHT

The newly-met couple walk along the quiet street of the
university town. Dickstein has given Suza his arm with
an air of formality. There is little doubt that Suza

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ashford has the same physical magnetism as her mother.
But the personal warmth she exudes is entirely her own.

CAMERA LEADS them.

SUZA

Don't be hard on daddy. He's
always seeing both sides of a
question.

NAT

You mean that business with
Hassan?

SUZA

(nodding)

You're all his children. He
tries not to love one more than
another.

NAT

Considering the way you turned
out, I'd say he's a helluva
father.

SUZA

He's been both parents to me
since I was eleven.

NAT

I'm sure it wasn't easy.

SUZA

No, but he knew when to let me
weep and when to give it up.
It's the thing I'm most grateful
for. His openness with me.
Whether he was explaining about
menstruation or how to manage
the household finances.

NAT

(a compliment)

There aren't that many men who
want their women... or their
daughters... that independent.

They turn a corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST OXFORD STATION

as the couple approach the almost-abandoned railroad
station house.

(CONTINUED)