

CONTINUED:

SUZA

I'm not sure "independence" is quite what he had in mind.

NAT

Then he never meant for you to leave home?

SUZA

I'm afraid you've got it. He wanted me to stay here and take care of him.

(conspiratorial grin)

Which probably explains why I took a job high in the air and thousands of miles from Oxford...

NAT

Where you could serve martinis to middle-aged men. And wonder if you've really changed anything.

SUZA

(nicely)

You're too perceptive. I don't think I could handle that.

NAT

I don't imagine there's much you can't handle. Middle-aged or young.

Suza slows down her pace as the dialogue turns inward. And her tone more serious.

SUZA

Not true. Things start out brilliantly for me. But they always seem to finish in a familiar pattern -- with Suza wondering what attracted her in the first place. And sleeping alone.

NAT

(evasively, making conversation)

I'm sure there are worse things.

Now Suza stops in MEDIUM CLOSE-UP, forcing Dickstein to face her. SOUNDS OVER of an arriving train.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA  
 (levelly)  
 Are you? I'm not so sure.

NAT  
 There's my train.

SUZA  
 I know.

NAT  
 (held by her gaze)  
 It was marvellous -- dinner,  
 seeing the Ashfords again, your  
 walking me to the station.  
 (reluctant to  
 leave)  
 I don't know how to thank you.

SUZA  
 Try.

SOUNDS OVER of train preparing to depart -- horn signals,  
 hissing steam, etc.

NAT  
 Do you ever get to London?

SUZA  
 Of course. I'm going tomorrow.

NAT  
 Tomorrow?

SUZA  
 To have dinner with you...  
 (quickly plants  
 a kiss on his  
 mouth)  
 ... Nathaniel.

Dickstein is non-plussed, whirls, dashes up the station's  
 steps and toward the departing train.

Suza watches him board, amused by his inability to deal  
 with the kiss. And as her smile gives way to something  
 more serious, the train noisily pulls out of Oxford Station  
 -- and Suza digs her hands into jacket pockets and uncer-  
 tainly heads back toward her father's house.

## INT. PADDINGTON STATION - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

Less than a half-dozen passengers emerge from the Oxford train at this late hour. Dickstein is the last to appear, as is his custom. While still caught up in the glow of Suza Ashford, he is enough of a professional to sweep this platform and the facing one for any sign of a tail.

There is one possibility: a bearded youth who circles the turnstile leading out. But he ends up convincing us he's merely stoned. And he backs out of this level with a foolish grin on his face just before he unsteadily climbs the stairs to street level.

Satisfied, Nat crosses to one of the public wall phones.

## DICKSTEIN ON THE PHONE

Flanked by plexiglass shields which offer him whatever privacy is required in this isolated section of London's oldest depot.

He inserts a coin and dials.

SMASH CUT TO:

## EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT - PANNING

the array of stately homes (on the edge of Kensington Gardens) that came to be known as Embassy Row when this diplomatic ghetto was taken over by foreign legations years ago.

CAMERA SLOWS at the last and smallest of the buildings: the Israeli Embassy.

MAN (V.O.)  
Commercial Credit Office.

NAT (V.O.)  
This is Ed Rodgers. Checking  
in for messages.

## INT. EMBASSY COMMUNICATIONS AREA - NIGHT - MEDIUM

of a YOUNG MAN at one of three switchboards. It is he who's at the other end of Nat's phone call.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
Let me switch you to another line,  
Mr. Rodgers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls then re-plugs the connection, abruptly assumes a more informal attitude for this next stage of their exchange which is laced with radio static:

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
(continuing)  
You're late.

NAT (V.O.)  
Stop imitating Borg.

INTERCUT Dickstein at the other end in Paddington Station.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
Would you be interested to know  
you're blown?

NAT  
Yesterday's news.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
What's today's?

NAT  
I lost them.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
You're sure?

NAT  
Absolutely. At Heathrow. Not  
a sign of anyone since.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
Stay clean for another day or  
two and the man will meet with  
you.

NAT  
When and where?

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
I'll let you know after your  
next check-in.

NAT  
Jesus. I joined up to escape  
bureaucracy.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN  
Is there anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

I may need some help at Lloyd's Registry. We have anyone there?

COMMUNICATIONS MAN

Probably. How classified is the information?

NAT

Second level. I'm trying to find out whether a ship called the Coparelli has a twin sister.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN

We'll get right on it.

NAT

Shalom.

He CLICKS off.

INT. LONDON HILTON HOTEL SUITE - DAY - ANGLE

PAST David Rostov sitting at a small desk in this vast L-shaped suite in one of the hotel's uppermost floors. Nik Bunin, the more polished of his aides, stands over him nodding as Rostov draws a diagram of an electromagnetic grid.

Pyotr Tyrin, the other member of the KGB team, is on an ottoman facing the television screen, avidly watching a soccer match.

There is a KNOCKING on the door.

ROSTOV

That'll be Hassan.

BUNIN

Putz.

ROSTOV

Restrain your enthusiasm.  
(nods to Tyrin)  
Let him in.

Tyrin gets up and crosses to entrance door, backtracking all the way so as not to lose one second of the soccer.

He opens the door to reveal Hassan who stands on the threshold for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

(impressed)

I take it this is the KGB version  
of the Spartan life.

ROSTOV

Only when we're away from home.  
You never heard the Russian joke  
about Breshnev?

HASSAN

(entering)

Which one?

ROSTOV

He was trying to impress his  
mother... showed her his huge  
apartment in town, his dacha on  
the Black Sea, his hunting lodge.  
No reaction from the old girl.  
Finally he implored: "Mother,  
why don't you say something?  
Aren't you proud?" And do you  
know what she said?

HASSAN

(nodding)

She said, "It's wonderful,  
Leonid. But what will you do  
if the Communists come back?"

ROSTOV

You heard it.

HASSAN

Months ago. Except that the  
names were different, and it  
was a Polish joke. Although  
originally, I'm told, it was  
about Mussolini.

ROSTOV

(unamused)

So much for the amenities, Hassan.  
What's on your mind?

FAVORING HASSAN

He is reluctant to disclose anything in the company of  
outsiders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

I didn't realize we would be so large a group.

ROSTOV

(means Nik and Peter)

Disregard them. They hear what I tell them to hear.

Nevertheless Hassan crosses to one of the windows overlooking Green Park, waits for Rostov to join him away from the others.

HASSAN

I phoned Professor Ashford in Oxford.

ROSTOV

Rather than go down there?

HASSAN

I thought there might not be time, and I was correct.

(lowers his voice)

Dickstein visited them last night.

ROSTOV

Them?

HASSAN

He has a daughter who is with one of the airlines. But as it happened, she was home at the time.

ROSTOV

I'm more interested in locating Dickstein.

HASSAN

The girl might prove to be useful in that regard.

ROSTOV

He responded to her after one visit?

HASSAN

Ashford didn't say that -- although he suspects the girl was taken with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV

Then what makes you so sure -- ?

HASSAN

Not sure, Rostov. But hopeful.  
Remembering what the girl looked  
like at sixteen -- already she  
was the image of her mother --  
I have a good feeling.

ROSTOV

Let me know when it becomes a  
fact.

HASSAN

Of course.

ROSTOV

Did the Professor say how long  
the man plans to be in England?

HASSAN

He didn't know.

Now it is Rostov who moves about, circling the room's  
divan as he mulls it over.

ROSTOV

First thing Dickstein has to do  
now is report that he's blown.  
Which means he'll be contacting  
his London office.

HASSAN

Unless he already has.

ROSTOV

Yes, but he'll want a meeting.  
He's a man who takes precautions  
and precautions take time.

(resolves it, dis-  
misses Hassan)

All right, leave it with me.

HASSAN

Fine, Rostov.  
(faintly sarcastic)  
Or is it Colonel?

ROSTOV

"Your Royal Highness" is acceptable.

HASSAN

I'm sure of it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He smiles, turns, and leaves, his pride still intact. The instant the door closes behind him, Rostov addresses Bunin:

ROSTOV

I need help, Bunin. So get the following message to Petrov at our embassy here in London --

Bunin crosses to the desk phone, starts dialing.

ROSTOV

(continuing)

Not on the phone, for God's sake. Who knows who to trust in this city.

BUNIN

(hangs up, stands at attention awaiting orders)

You're right, Colonel.

ROSTOV

If Petrov isn't there, talk to the most senior security officer you can find. Tell him a Mossad agent named Dickstein is in England and will probably contact his embassy here.

BUNIN

Didn't we send them his dossier in the diplomatic pouch?

ROSTOV

Of course we did but now I want to put it to work, Niki. Tell Petrov I want our people to put all known Israeli legals in London under surveillance. Twenty-four hours a day. Starting now.

BUNIN

That's a lot of manpower.

ROSTOV

(significantly)

Yes... but that little bastard Dickstein is worth it.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION - NIGHT

DOLLYING ahead of Suza as she comes through the ticket barrier at a half-run, smiling broadly. As she did the night before, she throws her arms around Dickstein -- who has come to meet her; but this time the kiss is longer.

She is astonishingly beautiful in a matador's embroidered waistcoat with high boots that disappear under the hem of her below-the-knee skirt. She wears no makeup, carries nothing... neither handbag nor overnight case.

The two people stand still, smiling at each other as exiting passengers crisscross on either side of them. For a moment Dickstein isn't quite sure what to do, then he gives her his arm as he did when they walked the Oxford streets, and that seems to please Suza.

PAN them over to the taxi stand.

TWO-SHOT

It occurs to Nat he's made no specific plans, and turns to her like a naive schoolboy:

NAT

Where do you want to go?

SUZA

You haven't booked?

NAT

I don't know London restaurants.

SUZA

(to the driver)  
Kings Road.

Dickstein holds the door open for her. As she passes him on her way into the back seat, she again brushes his lips with hers.

SUZA

(continuing)  
Hello again, Nathaniel.

HOLD on him for a beat to convey his total enchantment with the girl and the moment.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. CHELSEA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Small, dim, and trendy. Progressively less awkward, Nat faces her across the candle separating them.

NAT  
Do you bring all your young men here?

SUZA  
(nicely)  
That's the first unbright thing you've said.

NAT  
Then I stand corrected.

SUZA  
Don't apologize. I prefer that my young men be fallible.

NAT  
I think I'm being kidded.

SUZA  
(covers his hand)  
With affection.  
(reacts to the waiter's trolley)  
What do you like to eat?

DISSOLVE TO:

## SAME SET-UP - AN HOUR OR MORE LATER

Faces of surrounding diners have all changed, as an even mellower Dickstein is captivated by Suza's slightly inebriated speech:

SUZA  
It was the only time I took LSD. Or any hallucinogen, for that matter.

NAT  
Seems to have had no negative effects.

SUZA  
More than that. I could feel my whole body, inside and out. I could hear my heart. My skin felt wonderful when I touched it. And the colors, of everything...!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Still the question is, did the drug show you amazing things or did it just amaze you? Was it a new way of seeing the world...?

SUZA

(completes the question)

Or did it merely synsethize...

(corrects herself)

synthesize -- I have trouble with that word when I'm cold sober -- did it synthesize the feelings I'd have if I really saw the world in a new way?

Dickstein has paid the bill and has been brought his change by the WAITER. He tips the man, gets up, helps Suza to her feet. She is not the least bit unsteady, but she does welcome his touch and she backs into him a half-step, encircling herself with his arms.

SUZA

(continuing)

In any case, I don't believe in drugs as the solution to the world's problems.

CAMERA IN on them, his face pressed against the side of her head.

NAT

(whispers)

What do you believe in, Suza?

SUZA

(self-mocking)

I believe -- all you need is love.

NAT

Works better on a swinging Londoner than an embattled Israeli.

SUZA

Really? Then tell me what -- no, who you love, Nathaniel.

NAT

An old woman, a child, and a ghost.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)

Her name is Esther and she's our kibbutz's den mother and she remembers pogroms. The child is called Mottie. He likes "Treasure Island" and his father was killed in the Six-Day War.

SUZA

And the ghost?

NAT

As soon as I know, you'll know.  
(kisses the back  
of her neck)

Now tell me who you love.

SUZA

Well...

(responding to  
his kiss)

Oh shit, Nathaniel, I think I love you.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - ANGLING

in PAST Dickstein who sits on the window seat moodily facing out onto the courtyard. His expression tells us that the expected euphoria was not achieved; and that Nat himself takes responsibility for that failure.

If we can define anything in the room behind him (as we shall in later shots), Suza is watching him from a recumbent position, her head propped up by pillows against a headboard.

There is not a scintilla of reproach in her attitude; quite the reverse. It is as if their shared frustration has only deepened her commitment to Dickstein.

SUZA

Have you got a wife somewhere?

NAT

No.

SUZA

Maybe you feel guilty about something. Like my being half-Arab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT  
I don't think so.

SUZA  
Or my being Eila Ashford's  
daughter. You loved her didn't  
you?

NAT  
How did you know?

SUZA  
From the way you talked about  
her.

NAT  
Well, I don't think I feel  
guilty about that.  
(half-smiles for  
the first time)  
But I could be wrong, doctor.

Suza rises, goes into an even darker corner of the room,  
emerges moments later getting into a robe. Its very  
whiteness only serves to accentuate her sculptured  
perfection.

SUZA  
Will you tell me something?  
When was the last time you made  
love to a woman?

NAT  
You mean tried to?

SUZA  
(persisting)  
How long ago?

NAT  
More than twenty years.

SUZA  
You're kidding me.

NAT  
(nicely)  
And that's the first unbright  
thing you've said.

SUZA  
I... you're right, I'm sorry.  
But why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

I'd rather not talk about it.

SUZA

But you must.

(she reaches the  
window seat, sits  
facing him)

Listen, if we can't be open with  
one another -- what is there for  
us?

NAT

Maybe nothing.

TWO-SHOT

of them, caught in a shaft of moonlight, as Suza reaches out to cover his hand with hers. This is no seductress at work, but a genuinely caring human being trying to get through to another.

SUZA

I don't believe that, and neither  
do you. Let's not cloud  
things with secrets, Nathaniel.

(tightens her hand-  
clasp)

You're much too important to me.

This last is spoken so simply and with such sincerity as to penetrate Dickstein to the marrow. For a long moment he considers the words -- is engulfed by them. When he responds, it is in an even voice, impassive... and his remembrance of that earlier time almost conjures up images:

NAT

It was the spring of forty-four,  
soon after I'd been captured.  
Along with some other prisoners  
who were Jewish and healthy, I  
was taken by cattle truck to a  
special camp -- a medical  
research center.

Suza winces as Dickstein runs his free hand over his forehead, as if to sharpen his memory.

NAT

(continuing)

Conditions were better than in  
most camps I'd heard about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)

We had food, blankets, cigarettes.  
At first, I thought I was in luck.

(eyes narrow as he  
homes in)

There were lots of tests -- blood,  
urine, blow into a tube, catch a  
ball, read the letters on this  
chart. It was like being in a  
hospital.

(sighs deeply)

Then the experiments began...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dickstein stops and swallows. It has become more difficult for him to speak calmly. Suza's hand reaches up to his face, gently. When he resumes, his voice is very low.

SUZA

You must tell me what happened.  
Everything.

NAT

They took me to this laboratory  
-- a big room with a low ceiling  
and very bright lights. There  
were six or seven of them there,  
with a movie camera.

(words tumble out  
now in his desire  
to get over it  
quickly)

In the middle of the room was a  
low bed with a mattress on it.  
There was a woman on the mattress.  
They told me to have sex with her.  
She was naked and shivering...  
she was a prisoner too. She  
whispered to me, "You save my  
life and I'll save yours." So  
we did it. But that was only  
the beginning.

Now Suza takes his hand, brings it toward her.

NAT

(continuing)

After that they did variations  
on the experiment. Each time  
there was something different.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)

Drugs. Or an old woman. Even a man once. Whatever they could think of. If you didn't perform, you were shot. That's why the story never came out... all the survivors were guilty.

SUZA

But the guilt wasn't yours.

The wall around Dickstein is impenetrable as he stares up at the ceiling, seeing another place and another time.

NAT

At the end... and worst of all... they told me the woman I was with was a nun. After I accused them of lying to me... she revealed that she was a nun and she started praying. In French.  
(hoarsely)  
She had no legs. They had amputated her, just to observe the effect on me...  
It was horrible, and I...

He breaks -- unable to continue -- and Suza comfortingly encircles him in the folds of her robe.

SUZA

It's all right, Nathaniel -- you can stop punishing yourself now. Don't you understand? If you had been able to go through with it painlessly, it would only have meant you were as bestial as they...

When her words finally get through to him, the weeping subsides. Dickstein straightens up so that he can face her.

NAT

(profoundly  
grateful)

Where did you get this wisdom, child?

SUZA

It isn't wisdom. It's love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dickstein reaches out to touch her cheek. Then he slowly leans toward her -- a man being unshackled after two decades -- and kisses her.

Suza responds with compassion and sensuality as we...

ZOOM BACK across the courtyard until we are beneath the entrance archway some twenty-five yards in distance.

Two familiar faces are surveilling the about-to-become lovers from this outdoor vantage point. They belong to Rostov's two KGB men -- Nik Bunin and Peter Tyrin!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ISRAELI EMBASSY (LONDON) - DAY - ELEVATION SHOT

FOCUS SHARPENS as someone adjusts the lens on our CAMERA until we have a clear view of the Embassy Row compound, the uniformed POLICEMAN past whose small guardhouse arrivals must be cleared, and -- now in dead center of our picture -- the small building which houses the Israeli legation.

ROSTOV (V.O.)

That's it, the little one at the end. This is the best view of their Embassy in all of London.

INT. HILTON SUITE - DAY - ANGLE

of Rostov, further adjusting the focus of a powerful Zeiss telescope which is mounted on a tripod and faces out the twentieth floor window of his hotel room, a half-mile away from the targeted Embassy.

Yasif Hassan, who is actually peering through the telescope, motions to Rostov that the lens has just been sharpened to optimum clarity.

Also evident here in Rostov's suite is a radio transmitter. And as the scene unfolds, we shall learn that Rostov is supervising the entire KGB surveillance operation from this point of vantage.

HASSAN

Remarkable. We must be almost a mile away.

ROSTOV

Twenty-nine hundred feet, allowing for the angle of elevation. Between the Zeiss and our sound hookup to the sidewalk squads --

HASSAN

Won't they be spotted?

ROSTOV

Not likely.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV (cont'd)

The Kensington shopping area allows our people to lose themselves... a team of telephone repairmen, and see that road crew? No, we're fortunate here.

HASSAN

Remarkable.

He turns from the telescope and joins Rostov at the transmitter.

ROSTOV

That's nothing. Our man Tyrin is actually in a pub near the Science Museum right now. With a radio in his pocket connected to the plug -- which most people will mistake for a hearing aid.

HASSAN

And he's the one specifically tuned into Dickstein?

ROSTOV

(nods)  
By way of a shirt button.

HASSAN

What?

ROSTOV

A bug like a shirt button.

HASSAN

I didn't know such things existed.

ROSTOV

(with some pride)  
They do in the KGB. Anyway, Tyrin will be talking to me here by pretending to fumble in the pocket of his raincoat, and whispering into a disc.

HASSAN

Why hasn't he begun?

ROSTOV

Because the man Dickstein is about to rendezvous with hasn't shown up yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN  
How did you manage to bug  
Dickstein's shirt?

ROSTOV  
Once we caught up with him at  
the Ashford girl's flat, it was  
simple.

Hassan is vaguely unsettled by this reminder, and he takes  
a short walk.

HASSAN  
How convenient that she rolled  
over for him.

ROSTOV  
(shrugs)  
Why not? Was her mother any  
different?

HASSAN  
(corrects him)  
I was the one who had the mother,  
Rostov. Not Dickstein.

ROSTOV  
(amused)  
I seem to have struck a nerve.

HASSAN  
Not at all. I hardly know the  
child.

ROSTOV  
From what Bunin tells me, she's  
some child.

HASSAN  
(envy beneath his  
"indifference")  
It couldn't interest me less.

Preferring not to discuss the matter further, he re-  
positions himself behind the telescope.

Rostov turns his full attention now to the radio trans-  
mitter, musing aloud to himself:

ROSTOV  
What will interest me is the  
identity of the party Dickstein's  
meeting.

SMASH CUT TO:

PIERRE BORG

in a dark, short raincoat and a trilby hat, climbing out of a cab with another MAN -- this one nondescript and a few years Borg's junior. The second man is, in fact, the Head of London Station for Mossad.

Borg pays the driver and we FOLLOW the two of them to an architectural recess between columns outside the Science Museum.

BORG

Give me ten minutes.

LONDON HEAD

I'll be in the pub across the street.

Borg nods, enters the building.

INSIDE MUSEUM - ANGLING

PAST Dickstein who stands making swift strokes on a small sketchpad; not a bad rendering of the reconstructed dinosaur he's "studying".

He is whistling under his breath and appears in good spirits. There are very few other visitors.

BORG

Lose your tail?

NAT

(nods as he keeps sketching)

I'm fairly sure of it. You alone?

BORG

Head of London Station is outside.

NAT

Can he be trusted?

BORG

(head shaking)

Typical Dickstein humor -- can our number one man here be trusted? Jesus.

NAT

What're you being so sensitive about, you old walrus?

BORG

And what've you got to be so cheerful about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

It's seeing you that does it,  
Borg. Your sunny disposition.

BORG

(unsmiling)  
To hell with that. Tell me if  
you're still serious about  
hijacking that ship.

INT. PUB - DAY - ANGLING

PAST Peter Tyrin at a corner table in this typical crowded English tavern. He has on a gray raincoat over a green sweater and he's working with a small bag of potato chips and a beer. We're very aware of his "hearing aid".

Just as Rostov predicted in laying out the modus operandi, Tyrin is talking into a disc which is obscured from us when he fumbles with his raincoat, turning his face away from the room at the same time as the Borg-Dickstein dialogue filters over to him.

TYRIN

(quietly)  
It's the Chief himself. Borg.  
Something about a ship sailing  
to Genoa.

ROSTOV - AT THE TRANSMITTER

in the hotel room; Hassan just behind him.

ROSTOV

Try to catch the name of it.  
And the date it sails.

BACK TO THE MUSEUM

Nat continues to sketch the dinosaur as Borg surveys the area for a possible tail, quietly says:

BORG

London tells me you have them  
checking out a ship at Lloyd's.

NAT

You got an answer for me? On  
any of the Coparelli's sister  
ships?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG  
(brings out a cigar)  
By tomorrow.

NAT  
No smoking in here. By tomorrow  
I'll have the information myself.

Nat stops sketching, sees something out of the corner of his eye he's unsure of.

BORG  
Problem?

NAT  
Businessman type drifting in  
from the side entrance.

BORG  
(looks)  
Relax. That's our Head of London.  
Probably wanted a look at you.

NAT  
Can't say that I blame him. I  
am a thing of beauty.

BORG  
(frowns)  
What in hell is it with you? You  
can't stop grinning.

NAT  
Your face is a tonic, Borg.  
(laughs as he  
closes his  
sketchpad)  
And when you smile, the world  
smiles with you.

He whirls and exits out the main entrance. Borg crosses to the side wall, where the London Head is just inside the doorway pretending to study one of the prehistoric exhibits.

LONDON HEAD  
So that's our legendary Mr.  
Rodgers.

BORG  
On a rather atypical day.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LONDON HEAD

Why? Is he behind schedule?

BORG

It isn't that. It's his bloody attitude.

LONDON HEAD

Probably had a bad night.

BORG

On the contrary. In all the years I've dealt with him, he's been withdrawn and surly.

LONDON HEAD

(agreeably)

And you object in principle to one of your agents acquiring a sunny disposition?

BORG

No, it's just important for me to know the cause of the change. Damn important.

He starts out.

TRAVELLING

with them as the Mossad Chief leads his London man off premises, still troubled by his encounter with Dickstein.

LONDON HEAD

(disbelieving)

You want him under surveillance?

BORG

(nodding)

Three teams of men in eight-hour shifts.

(sees the other man is about to object)

If you knew the significance of his mission, you'd be just as interested as I am.

They exit museum.

INT. ROSTOV'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Rostov is pacing excitedly, searching his memory:

ROSTOV  
"Coparelli"... where have I heard  
of a ship called the Coparelli?

ANGLE WIDENS to LET IN Hassan who is still fascinated by the KGB equipment. He tokenly responds:

HASSAN  
It's familiar to me too.

ROSTOV  
Let me see that computer  
printout.

He indicates the mailing tube which stands against the Zeiss tripod. Hassan isn't sure what he's referring to.

HASSAN  
Near the telescope?

ROSTOV  
(nods)  
With the Euratom seal.

Hassan hands it over.

ROSTOV  
(continuing)  
We got it from our contact in  
Luxembourg.  
(winks)  
A rather sweet boy who engaged  
in a bit of pillow talk for us.

He deftly goes into the tube's open end with two fingers, brings out a large sheet which is actually a compendium of several pages. He whips through it within seconds, knows precisely where to look.

ROSTOV  
(continuing; to  
himself)  
It should be here... under Non-  
Nuclear shipments.  
(traces finger down  
the list)  
Here it is! The Coparelli.  
Good, good, good!

He thumps his knee in enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

Show me.

ROSTOV

(hesitates momentarily)

If you report this to Cairo, Dickstein will probably switch to a different target.

HASSAN

I'm as aware of the leaks in our Intelligence as you are, Rostov.

(dryly)

And that only the KGB is impregnable.

ROSTOV

Despite your sarcasm, I'll share this one with you. But just for old time's sake.

HASSAN

(takes the printout)

Your sentimentality touches me deeply. Now where is it?

ROSTOV

(pointing)

There. "Two hundred tons of yellowcake. To go from Antwerp to Genoa aboard the motor vessel Coparelli."

HASSAN

That's it, then. That's Dickstein's cargo.

ROSTOV

Now we know what he's going to steal, and who he's going to steal it from.

HASSAN

I call that some progress. But we don't know when, where, or how.

ROSTOV

(agreeing)

Or what this business about sister ships has to do with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

Perhaps we can run a check-out  
at Lloyd's Registry.

ROSTOV

Better than that, Hassan. We'll  
let the bug in Dickstein's shirt  
take us to Lloyd's with him.

He crosses to the radio transmitter, flicks it on, tells  
the small hand-mike:

ROSTOV

(continuing)  
We'll join you in the van in  
fifteen minutes.

A DOUBLE-BEEP signals that Tyrin received the message.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY - PANNING

Dickstein as he weaves through pedestrians on a beeline  
for an old stone building sandwiched between more contem-  
porary office buildings. He takes the steps two at a  
time, goes inside. PUSH IN on the burnished bronze  
plaque featuring a bas relief of an antique three-masted  
schooner. Beneath it, the legend: LLOYD'S REGISTRY.

INSIDE LLOYD'S - MOMENTS LATER

Dickstein stands before a caged window facing an ELDERLY  
WOMAN who -- while still erect -- could have sailed with  
Lord Nelson. And she is not to be rushed.

The wall behind her is plastered with engravings of every  
variety of seagoing vessel.

ELDERLY WOMAN

We don't give out plans. Except  
to owners.

NAT

But the other information? The  
sister ships?

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'm afraid that will take some  
digging.

NAT

Would it help if I -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY WOMAN

No we relish the task, Mr. Rodgers. I've been on this watch myself for thirty-nine years and I can personally attest to our thoroughness.

NAT

Marvelous, but I am pressed for time.

ELDERLY WOMAN

In that case, give me the name of the ship once again. As well as the name of your company.

NAT

She's the Coparelli. And I'm with "Science International".  
(hands one over)  
Here's my card. Although I'll be paying by personal check.

ELDERLY WOMAN

So long as you have some identification.

NAT

(flashes I.D. in his wallet)  
Of course.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you, Mr. Rodgers. Be back in an hour.

NAT

That long?

ELDERLY WOMAN

There's a coffee shop down the street. Starboard side.

NAT

Aye, aye.

He turns and leaves.

CLOSE OF SUZA ASHFORD - LATE AFTERNOON

as she adjusts her BOAC uniform before the full-length

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

mirror in her Chelsea flat. She is just as stunning in flying regalia as in her own things. And we can only wonder at the stir she creates walking down the aisle of a Boeing 707.

Now she checks her wristwatch, shakes her head in frustration (muttering "Damn."), puts her airline cap on at the properly jaunty angle. About to leave, she hears the DOOR CHIMES and whirls through the flat in anticipation.

FRONT DOOR

Suza slams it open to reveal Dickstein popping open a bottle of champagne. Suza goes right into his arms, spilling some of the bubbly over his shirt front and possibly her own. But neither of them seems to care.

SUZA

I was afraid we'd miss each other.

NAT

Me too.

SUZA

I'm already overdue at Heathrow.

NAT

Then there's no time for me to come in.

SUZA

I didn't say that.

NAT

You said you're overdue.

She draws him inside with her.

SUZA

I'll swap with my friend Nadine. She's taking off at eight.

NAT

Yes. Call her.  
(begins unbuttoning her jacket)  
Call her.

SUZA

(helps him)  
I will, Nathaniel. As soon as I get out of these things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT  
You're beautiful.

SUZA  
So are you.

NAT  
Call her.

SUZA  
Only if you get out of your  
things.

In their anxiety to re-enter the bedroom...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Nearly the end of day as homegoers move from shops and buildings. This is an ordinary corner on which the once grand Jacobean Hotel sits. A dozen or so yards from the entrance, an unmarked van, dingy and nondescript, is parked.

INSIDE THE VAN

Powerful radio equipment occupies most of the space. But there is a small compartment behind the front seats into which Rostov and Hassan have squeezed.

Peter Tyrin is at the wheel now. Large speakers above their heads are giving out an undertone of DIALOGUE between Dickstein and Suza as he prepares to leave her flat.

Of the three, Hassan is the most avid listener.

NAT (V.O.)  
Take care of yourself.

SUZA (V.O.)  
You too.

FOOTSTEPS as they approach the door.

SUZA (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
I'm sorry about that stain.

NAT (V.O.)  
It was an accident. Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA (V.O.)  
 (moans, then)  
 A bientôt.

NAT  
 Shalom.

Another beat, then we hear the amplified SOUNDS of traffic and Suza shutting her door after Dickstein's departure.

Rostov rather enjoys noting Hassan's preoccupation with the lovers.

TYRIN  
 The bug is working very well so far.

ROSTOV  
 (to Tyrin; needling Hassan)  
 Too well for him, I suspect.

HASSAN  
 Ridiculous. She's nothing to me.

ROSTOV  
 I know it would unsettle me... a woman from my home bedding down with a Jew.

HASSAN  
 (shrugs)  
 She's half British.

ROSTOV  
 If you say so.

TRAFFIC SOUNDS augment over the speakers before an old COCKNEY'S VOICE rasps:

COCKNEY (V.O.)  
 Where to, guv?

NAT (V.O.)  
 Lime Street

Rostov picks up on it, tells Tyrin:

ROSTOV  
 He's returning to Lloyd's. Let's go there.

Tyrin nods, starts the van.

JUMP CUT TO:



EXT. STREET OUTSIDE LLOYD'S - DAY - PANNING

the KGB van as Tyrin manoeuvres INTO VIEW, confronts a relatively busy street, slows down in his search for a slot.

INSIDE VAN

Tyrin is driving with one hand, biting the fingernails of the other. Rostov leans forward.

ROSTOV

Find somewhere to park.

TYRIN

That isn't so easy around here.

ROSTOV

If you can't find a space, just stop. I want to hear this.

FOOTSTEPS precede the Elderly Woman's VOICE over the speakers.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Right on the dot, Mr. Rodgers.  
And here's your report.

NAT (V.O.)

All typed up. You're very efficient.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

This is your bill.

NAT (V.O.)

And your check. I'll just fill in the amount here.

ELDERLY WOMAN (V.O.)

Thank you very much.

NAT (V.O.)

You're welcome. Good-bye.

TYRIN

Not very chatty, is he?

ROSTOV

Good agents never are. You might bear that in mind.

TYRIN

Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

Damn. It's a written report --  
the reply to Dickstein's  
questions.

ROSTOV

Makes no difference. All we have  
to do is ask the same questions  
he did and we'll get the same  
answers.

(reacts to traffic  
sounds)

Listen, he's on the street again.  
Go around the block, Tyrin, and  
try to spot him.

Tyrin sends the van into motion again.

EXT. STREET - WIDE ANGLE

As the van begins its circuit of the block, we PAN OFF  
it to a shop entrance only three or four storefronts  
away. Its Old English lettering reads:

HABERDASHERS  
for  
GENTLEMEN

INT. SHOP - PAST DICKSTEIN IN PROFILE

fingering the irregular outer markings of the champagne  
stain on his white shirt front. The shop's CLERK looks  
on.

NAT

I need a new shirt.

CLERK

I can see that, sir. What is  
it?

NAT

Dom Perignon, I'm afraid --  
fifty-eight.

CLERK

Pity.

NAT

Actually, it worked out pretty  
well... aside from this.

## INSIDE THE VAN

Rostov continues to derive some amusement from any reference to the Suza/Nat lovemaking. Just as Hassan's spirits continue to decline.

CLERK (V.O.)  
White nylon -- collar size?

NAT (V.O.)  
Fifteen and a half.

HASSAN  
(means Dickstein)  
He'll probably put it on his expense account.

ROSTOV  
Thereby doubling his pleasure.

CLERK (V.O.)  
Here we are. Would you like to put it on now, sir?

NAT (V.O.)  
Yes, please.

CLERK (V.O.)  
The fitting room is just through here.

FOOTSTEPS.

CLERK (V.O.)  
(continuing)  
Would you like a bag for the old one?

NAT (V.O.)  
You can throw it out. It's frayed anyway.

TYRIN  
Damn! That button cost two thousand rubles!

SOUNDS END on the speakers' soundtrack.

HASSAN  
That's it. We won't get any more now.

ROSTOV  
We got our money's worth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

How long will it take us to find  
out where the Coparelli is now?

ROSTOV

A day or so. I'll put in the  
inquiry as soon as we  
(signals Tyrin to  
start the engine)  
get to the Embassy.

TYRIN

(over his shoulder)  
Can you put through a requisition  
at the same time?

ROSTOV

For what?

TYRIN

Six more shirt buttons.

ROSTOV

Six?

TYRIN

If they're like the last lot,  
five won't work.

HASSAN

(finally has some-  
thing to smile  
about)

Is this communist efficiency?

ROSTOV

There's nothing wrong with  
communist efficiency. It's  
Russian efficiency we suffer  
from.

CAMERA IN on Hassan and Rostov in the van's back seat.

HASSAN

What do we do when we've located  
the Coparelli?

Now SINGLE OUT the Russian.

ROSTOV

Obviously -- we put a man aboard.

His eyes glint at the prospect, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. TEL AVIV STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The main thoroughfare is teeming with pre-Sabbath shoppers and homegoing office workers late on a Friday afternoon. Sprinkled among the pedestrians, an occasional pair of uniformed SOLDERS -- male and female.

PAN OFF this activity to the window of an unidentified building basement. SUPERIMPOSE the LEGEND:

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - DAY - CLOSE

of Intelligence Chief Borg staring at his unlit pipe and shaking his head in wonderment.

BORG  
(incredulous)  
So it's a woman! Dickstein  
never had women!

ANGLE WIDENS to LET IN his solemn young associate, Sarah, who stands in front of the Chief's desk with an open manila folder in her hand.

SARAH  
It's a sexual relationship all  
right.  
(refers to the  
dossier)  
Our pavement artists actually  
heard her orgasm.

BORG  
(disturbed)  
And that accounts for this  
whole change in the man.

SARAH  
For the better, you implied.

BORG  
In terms of personality. But  
as far as we're concerned, it  
was the tension in Dickstein  
that made him so fierce.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG (cont'd)  
 (gets to his feet,  
 crosses to the giant  
 map of the Middle  
 East)

The last thing I ever wanted was  
 for him to learn how to relax.

SARAH  
 Our people interviewed the  
 caretaker of the building. He  
 was only the first of a dozen  
 sources  
 (taps the folder)  
 for this dossier.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Borg lights his pipe, regards the young Sabra facing him  
 with a degree of skepticism.

But unlike his exchanges with Dickstein, this one has  
 about it the quality of Socratic method... from which the  
 troubled Chief hopes to shape his own attitudes.

BORG  
 The obvious conclusion, of  
 course, is that Dickstein met  
 someone from the opposition.  
 And because they made love, it  
 follows that he told her secrets.

SARAH  
 I refuse to hypothesize.

BORG  
 Then you're pro-Dickstein for  
 the moment.

SARAH  
 I didn't say that. I just don't  
 like being accused of fashionable  
 logic... such as  
 (imitates him)  
 "The obvious conclusion."  
 (extracts top sheet  
 from folder)  
My conclusions are based on fact.

BORG  
 And mine are based on instinct.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG (cont'd)

Look, if Dickstein had suddenly turned traitor, he would never have allowed me to become suspicious.

SARAH

You think he's too clever for that?

BORG

(nodding)

He would've covered his tracks. His behavior has 'innocence' written all over it.

SARAH

It isn't his innocence I'm questioning. Listen to this:  
(reads from top-sheet)

"Suza Ashford's mother was a full-blooded Arab. The father teaches Semitic Languages at Oxford University where he is known for his moderately pro-Arab views."

BORG

Why does the report disregard the fact that the girl's a British national?

SARAH

Because its purpose is to alert us. May I read further?  
(she resumes)

"As an air hostess for BOAC -- travelling regularly to Teheran, Singapore, and Zurich -- she has numerous opportunities to make clandestine contacts with Arab diplomatic staff."

FAVORING BORG

Increasingly disturbed by the data as relayed by Sarah, he returns to his desk. But he continues to give Dickstein the benefit of the doubt.

BORG

The list of people with "numerous opportunities" is endless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Perhaps so, but they're all not screwing Suza Ashford.

(back to the report)

"A strikingly beautiful young woman, she is considered promiscuous..."

BORG

(interrupts impatiently)

By whose standards, Sarah? Your generation's? Or mine?

SARAH

I'm just reporting the news, sir.

(resumes reading)

"To be specific, for her to have sexual relations with a man for the purpose of obtaining information might be an unpleasant experience -- but not a traumatic one."

BORG

Whoever wrote that report should be up for a Nobel Prize in fiction.

SARAH

You think so? Consider this:

(reading)

"Yasif Hassan, the agent who spotted Dickstein in Luxembourg, still communicates with Professor Ashford twenty years after his graduation from Oxford. And he has definitely been in contact with the professor since Dickstein's affair with Suza Ashford began."

BORG

(blowing smoke rings)

Perhaps we should eliminate the woman, eh?

SARAH

You don't agree with that?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BORG

(shakes head "no")

For these four reasons. A, the evidence is too circumstantial. B, we may be able to feed her false information. And C, we are not barbarians -- we are Jews.

SARAH

What's the fourth reason?

BORG

If we ever killed a woman Dickstein loves, I think he'd kill me and the assassin, and everyone else in the Mossad.

SARAH

I thought you were concerned he was no longer "fierce"?

BORG

Was I? That was foolish of me.  
(points to the dossier)  
By the way, where is he these days?

SARAH

On a rather abrupt trip back to the States.  
(goes to last page of report)  
In fact, he left Kennedy this morning for a place called Buffalo, New York.

Borg's eyebrows provide a question-mark as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MAHOGANY-PANELLED DEN - NIGHT - CLOSE

of Al Cortone, bald and overweight, pulling on a cigar as he allows a uniformed BUTLER to refill his brandy snifter.

It is after dinner and the well-fed master of the house regards his guest, Dickstein, with genuine affection. But as the scene unfolds, we should sense a profound sadness beneath the facade of this affluent mafioso.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

So -- I lost all my hair and  
gained a hundred pounds and  
you're still the same.

NAT

I don't have my own pasta chef.  
Or

(indicates the  
regal surround-  
ings)

your talent for the good life.

CORTONE

The good life? You want to  
hear about it?

(waits for the but-  
ler to close door  
behind him)

A wife who can't get the words  
out. Two spoiled kids. And a  
shark for a counselor. You met  
them at dinner.

NAT

To an outsider, they look like  
the American dream.

CORTONE

(taps his heart)

From in here, it ain't so nice.

NAT

You got ticker problems?

CORTONE

If I don't, I will have. My  
older boy who's at Harvard don't  
talk to me. The Drug Enforcement  
Agency has half my drivers in the  
slammer.

(lowers his voice)

And I just found out this broad  
I've been keeping has a big  
mouth.

(forced laugh)

So any time you want to swap --

NAT

I don't think an Israeli kibbutz  
is the answer for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

Maybe not, but you'll live longer than I will, I guarantee you.

NAT

(turning serious)

That's what I came over to see you about.

CORTONE

Somebody's after you?

NAT

Not me, Al. The country.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Don gets up out of his chair to reveal his massive girth, crosses toward Dickstein.

CORTONE

You mean Israel? How the hell do you know? You're a goddamn farmer. You pick grapes.

NAT

(levelly)

I'm a farmer like you're a legitimate businessman.

CORTONE

Then what is all the crap you been handing me through dinner about "working the soil"? If you want help, level with me.

NAT

I'd like to, only --

CORTONE

Look, kiddo, I still owe you and I want to pay off.

(this is a plea)

But I'd like to think you can confide in me.

NAT

(nicely)

What's the matter, paisan? You short on friends?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE  
 (pushes his face in-  
 to Dickstein's)  
 You got it, Nat. Real short.

Dickstein is moved by the other man's admission; he grips Cortone's arm (in friendship) before rising, crosses toward a wall cabinet.

NAT  
 Mind if I put the radio on?

CORTONE  
 (smiles)  
 This place is swept for bugs  
 about once a week.

NAT  
 Good.

Nevertheless he turns the RADIO on, a pop tune of the day.

NAT  
 (continuing)  
 I work for Israeli Intelligence,  
 Al.

CORTONE  
 From the beginning?

NAT  
 (nods)  
 I'm running an operation in the  
 Mediterranean in November.

CORTONE  
 Whatever you need, you got it.

NAT  
 Decide that after you hear me  
 out. Because I need you to  
 put distance between the  
 operation and Israel.

CORTONE  
 It won't be traceable. What  
 else?

NAT  
 I need a big house on the Italian  
 coast. With a landing for small  
 boats. And an anchorage just  
 offshore for a big ship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE

Then you'll also need protection.  
How long you going to be there?

NAT

A couple of weeks.

CORTONE

Otherwise the local police get nosy. My people make sure they don't.

NAT

You can really put me onto such a place?

CORTONE

There's a house in Sicily. It's not exactly plush... no heat, no phone -- but it could fill the bill.

NAT

That's terrific. I also need you to help me buy a shipping company that'll serve as a front for us.

CORTONE

That's even easier.

NAT

Well, those are the things I came to ask for.

CORTONE

You're kidding. That's all?

NAT

Right.

CORTONE

I can't even get you some more brandy?

NAT

No, I'm fine.

CORTONE

You sure are. Compared to the way you were last time I saw you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

That was a strange period in  
my life.

CORTONE

I remember every minute of  
that day in Oxford.

(recalls)

Hey, did you ever make it with  
the Professor's wife? The  
Ay-rab?

NAT

(unsmiling)

No. She's dead now.

CORTONE

I'm sorry.

NAT

(wants to share  
it)

I went back there last month --  
to their house -- and met her  
daughter. A strong resemblance.

CORTONE

No kidding. And  
(leeringly)  
you made it with the daughter.  
That's too much!

NAT

(so that we be-  
lieve him)

In more ways than one. I intend  
to marry the girl.

CORTONE

Does she know that?

NAT

She will next time I see her.

CORTONE

Then you better put on a coupla  
more pounds. A woman likes  
something to get hold of.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CARDIFF DOCKS - DAY - PANNING

the length of a relatively small, old, and ugly vessel as observed through the Welsh rain. Rust blooms in orange blotches all over the COPARELLI's hull.

She is 2,500 tons, less than 200 feet long, and a little over 30 feet broad. Most of her deck is taken up by two large hatches opening into the main cargo holds. SUPER-IMPOSE the LEGEND:

CARDIFF, WALES

TYRIN (O.S.)

She's a grubby old ship.

ROSTOV (O.S.)

I've seen worse.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL a rented Ford parked on the docks' quay. An unhappy Tyrin sits behind the wheel, David Rostov alongside him. Bunin is alone in the back seat.

TYRIN

I still don't like the idea.

ROSTOV

Why not? It's really quite simple once we've gotten you aboard.

TYRIN

Not so simple.

Five or six SAILORS can be SEEN coming across the Coparelli's gangplank in a bunch, laughing and shouting en route for the town.

ROSTOV

(to Bunin)

See which pub they go to, Nik.

Bunin nods and exits car to follow the sailors.

REVERSE ANGLE

Rostov turns on what there is of his charm. For we sense it is vital not only that Tyrin follows orders but that he feel assured of his chances for success.

ROSTOV

Would I ask you to go on such a mission unless I had every confidence?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYRIN

I'm sure you do, Colonel Comrade, but, as you know, I left the navy to join the KGB. I hated it.

ROSTOV

I'll see to it you never have to go to sea again. After this one, Pyotr.

TYRIN

That, I take it, is a command.

ROSTOV

Where can I find anyone else with your qualifications?

(indicates the Coparelli)

We need a man operating their radio.

TYRIN

And how do I arrange that?

ROSTOV

(darkly)

You don't, comrade. We do. As soon as Bunin tells us where they do their drinking.

Tyrin remains unconvinced.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CARDIFF PUB - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

as a quartet of drunken sailors emerge into the damp night air. Tyrin (faking it) is one of the four and he has an arm around the shoulders of the oldest (LARS) of the Coparelli crew. Together they stagger out into the street.

ZOOM IN on Tyrin for the split second when his gaze fixes on something in the distance. Then he takes a flat white cap from his pocket and puts it on.

LONG SHOT OF THE SAILORS

PAST Nik Bunin at the wheel of the dark blue Ford, poised, lights off, about fifty yards away.

Rostov alongside him in front seat. They both react to the white hat signal just transmitted by Tyrin.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Bunin already has the motor on, watches Tyrin and Lars peel off from the others and start veering in our direction.

TYRIN AND LARS

The Swede, barely able to stay on his feet, is being propped up by Tyrin now. The KGB man is most convincing as he appears to match the sailor's wild state of drunkenness.

Because of the extremely late hour, the street is abandoned, except for the other two sailors who are singing lustily and are across the street from them by now.

SOUNDS OVER of car revving up.

BUNIN

His jaw is set while he pedals the gas just before throwing it into gear.

Rostov head-signals him to proceed and the car lurches forward.

FAVORING LARS

His eyes roll in their sockets. Even through the haze, he's aware of something and he turns to Tyrin questioningly.

But the KGB man pretends unawareness, keeps leading them to the end of the street where it opens into a wide, empty square.

BACK TO BUNIN

pacing himself, waiting for the two men to reach the clearing.

EXT. CARDIFF SQUARE - NIGHT - ELEVATION SHOT

as the two men -- one in a white sailor's hat (and walking on the inside, hugging the buildings) and the other bare-headed -- finally reach the square.

They start across it, Tyrin practically carrying the bombed Swede.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly the Ford comes tearing around a corner and into the square, headlights blazing.

TYRIN

tightens his grip on Lars' shoulder as they reach center of the square. Past them we SEE that the car is veering wildly.

WIDE ANGLE

The second pair of sailors re-materialize, just entering the square. The rocketing vehicle swings toward them first. They stop laughing and scatter out of its way, shouting curses.

Now the car turns away, then screeches around and accelerates straight for Tyrin and Lars.

TYRIN

Look out!

When the car is almost on top of them, the Russian instinctively pulls Lars to one side, jerking the man off-balance, throwing himself sideways.

Then there is a stomach-turning THUD, followed by a SCREAM and CRASH of breaking glass.

Tyrin scrambles to his feet looking for Lars.

The sailor lays on the road a few yards away. Blood glistens in the lamplight.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SWISS LAKE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

a resort atmosphere against the Alpine backdrop -- the water crowded with boats, their multicolored sails flapping prettily in the sunshine.

SUPERIMPOSE the legend: ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

Then WHIP PAN off this to:

A SMALL SAILBOAT

somewhat isolated from the others. Dickstein at the tiller, tolerantly nods as he listens to what he assumes will be another of his companion Borg's ritual complaints.

But the Mossad Chief -- an unsteady sailor -- conveys a depth of concern we have not observed before.

BORG

I want you to come back to Tel Aviv and run the operation from the office.

NAT

That's an improvement. You usually threaten to heave me out altogether.

BORG

This is no threat. I'm pulling you out of the field.

NAT

(busies himself with the boat)  
Screw you.

BORG

No arguments, Nat.

NAT

No arguments, Pierre. I won't be pulled out.

BORG

I'm ordering you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

And I'm telling you I can't hear you.

The burly old man grips a metal stanchion to brace himself, leans toward Dickstein urgently.

BORG

Look, maybe you do know how to hijack the Coparelli -- although I'm still waiting to learn how the sister ship fits into it -- but our information is that you've been compromised.

NAT

Sounds pretty vague to me.

BORG

It isn't vague. The opposition knows you're working and they're trying to find you right now. So that they can screw up whatever it is you're doing.

NAT

It's too complex for me to run from an office someplace. There are too many variables.

BORG

And you're the only Israeli capable of making instant decisions?

NAT

No, but I'm the only one wired into all the elements. You want to know where the sister ship comes into it? I'll tell you.

(disregarding the tiller)

I'm taking my team on the sister ship -- yes, I've found one and bought it already -- and we're meeting the Coparelli at sea.

BORG

Why did you need a replica of the Coparelli for that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Because after the hijack... instead of the dicey business of transferring uranium from one ship to another offshore... I'm sinking my own ship and transferring its papers to the Coparelli.

BORG

(understands now; completes "the plan")

Then you'll paint out the Coparelli's name and over it put the name of the sunken twin.

NAT

You got it. And when I sail into the harbor at Haifa --

BORG

The whole world thinks you returned to Israel on the sister ship.

NAT

See? Even you're impressed.

He returns to the tiller to correct their drift.

BORG

I am. But not enough to rescind my order.

Dickstein sees that the other man is serious and he stiffens.

NAT

Okay, Borg. You can pull me. But you won't get your uranium. Because if I'm not the field director on this, I'm not breaking in a replacement either.

BORG

You bastard, you mean that.

NAT

Believe it.

BORG

Then you'd better believe this --  
(right between the eyes)  
we think you're sleeping with one of the other side's agents.

## FAVORING DICKSTEIN

He sucks in his breath, embarrassed and hurt. But he is also disbelieving.

NAT  
(tonelessly)  
No.

BORG  
I'll give you the headlines.  
She's Arab, her father's pro-Arab, her FOAC job is a cover for her contacts. And the agent, Hassan, who spotted you is a friend of the family.

NAT  
(guilt giving way to resentment)  
And that's all?

BORG  
"All"? You'd shoot people on that much evidence.

NAT  
Not people I know.

BORG  
Has she gotten any information out of you?

NAT  
(shouts)  
Of course not!

BORG  
You're angry because you know you've made a mistake.

Dickstein looks away as he re-occupies himself at the tiller, struggling to make himself calm. After a beat:

NAT  
Maybe so. I should've told you about her. I know how it must seem to you.

BORG  
"Seem"? You mean you don't believe she's an agent?

NAT  
Have you checked her through Cairo? You've got a good double-agent there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG

How can he be good? Everybody seems to know about him.

NAT

Stop playing games. Since the Six Day War, even the press says you've got good doubles in Egypt.

(hopefully)

The point is, you haven't checked her.

Borg holds up both hands, palms outward, in a gesture of appeasement.

BORG

All right, I'll check her with Cairo. Meanwhile, you've got to give me a written, detailed blueprint of your hijacking scheme. And I'm putting other agents on the job.

NAT

(calmly now, but firm)

It won't work. The way I've planned this thing... each stage of it hinges on personal contacts... (not boastful, this is his belief)

I'm the one who gives us our best chance, Pierre.

BORG

And if Cairo confirms her to be an agent?

NAT

They won't.

BORG

But if they do?

NAT

You'll kill her, I suppose.

BORG

Oh, no I won't Dickstein. If she's an agent, you'll kill her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA IN on Dickstein as he is engulfed in the words.

NAT  
 (slight tremor  
 in his voice)  
 Yes, Borg -- I'll kill her.

His anguish FILLS THE SCREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW'S RING ROAD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

the Soviet capitol via the silhouette of its onion-domed peaks.

Repeat the LEGEND we originally used over the DAY - SHOT in Part One:

- KGB HEADQUARTERS -  
 IN MOSCOW

INT. VORONTSOV OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE

KGB's rather elegant European Chief, Feliks Vorontsov, stands at the window of his vast corner office, facing out upon the floodlit square. Despite the late hour, we're aware -- through the open door -- of bustling activity in the outer bullpen area.

David Rostov sits in the chair facing the Chief's large desk, has been reading from the Report Sheet on his clipboard.

ROSTOV  
 All in all, I think you can be pleased with your decision.

VORONTSOV  
 Stop patronizing me, Rostov. We both know it was your doing.  
 (grudgingly)  
 And I must concede, your instincts about Israel were correct.

ROSTOV  
 I'm not so clever as to make national projections. I was merely drawing inferences from the behavior of one particular agent.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VORONTSOV

Either way -- your hunch about Dickstein proved valid. And it did not escape the attention of one of our Party's leaders.

ROSTOV

That was not my intention.

VORONTSOV

(ironically)

Certainly not, but let's neither of us be shocked if this office is yours by January first.

Rostov gets to his feet, reassuringly crosses to his superior.

ROSTOV

(sincerely)

I won't hear of it, Feliks.

VORONTSOV

(shrugs)

No matter. Let's first see who manages to survive this Coparelli venture.

ROSTOV

Quite true. There will be losses. But they should be minimal.

VORONTSOV

Then you've worked out all the details?

ROSTOV

Yes. I'm be going to Odessa, to board a Polish merchant ship called the Karla.

VORONTSOV

We use her quite often. She's fast and well-equipped.

ROSTOV

Exactly. Hassan's job will be to get an Egyptian vessel and make contact with us at sea.

VORONTSOV

And then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV

We wait for Tyrin... aboard the Coparelli... to tell us when the Israeli hijack takes place.

VORONTSOV

After the hijack, I presume, the Karla will collide with Dickstein's ship.

ROSTOV

(nods)

Hassan's ship will witness the collision and report it. There'll be an inquiry. And the presence of Israelis with stolen uranium should put an end to the Zionist adventure.

VORONTSOV

It's a good plan. Where is the Egyptian now?

ROSTOV

I sent Hassan to London, Oxford specifically. To retrace Dickstein's steps.

VORONTSOV

You've lost him again?

ROSTOV

Only temporarily. We're onto a girl he's sleeping with.

VORONTSOV

Well I'm pleased someone's enjoying the occasion. I trust Pyotir Tyrin is not -- knowing how he despised the Navy.

DISSOLVE TO:

## THE "COPARELLI" - AT SEA - NIGHT

The vessel pitches and rolls like a toy yacht in a gale -- as DIALOGUE between the KGB men continues OVER uninterrupted:

ROSTOV (V.O.)

Quite true. These first few days on the Coparelli -- particularly while they're in the North Sea -- will be turbulent.

VORONTSOV (V.O.)

I was referring to the state of the man's mind.

## MEDIUM OF TYRIN

slipping out of his cabin with his sea bag. Looking very much the sailor now, he is well protected by polythene, canvas boots, and some sweaters. He crosses to the companionway, starts climbing.

ROSTOV (V.O.)

Oh, Tyrin's morale will improve the moment he establishes radio contact with us here in Moscow.

## ANGLING DOWN THE LADDER - FROM DECK LEVEL

as Tyrin deftly brings himself up toward us, one hand ahead of the other.

VORONTSOV (V.O.)

You said he'd already made contact.

ROSTOV (V.O.)

That was a routine signal from the ship's radio room. He'll have to find a more private corner to set up in. For any confidential messages.

Tyrin hits deck level, knowingly takes a flashlight from a locker just below the bridge. ANGLE WIDENS as he palms the flash, does not switch it on yet.

## HAND-HELD SHOT

of Tyrin stealthily making his way for'ard holding onto the gunwale, where he is less visible against the off-whiteness of the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is some light from the bridge and the wheelhouse, but the Duty Officers appear to be watching the sea.

Cold spray falls on him. And when the ship rolls, he has to grab the rail with both hands to avoid being swept overboard.

THE BOW

Tyrin is miserably wet and shivering when he reaches this section. He goes directly to the labyrinth of stores which seem to serve no purpose but to fill space between the hold and the prow.

We FOLLOW him as he enters the little disused store. He closes the door behind him, switches on his flashlight, and makes his way through the assorted junk to one of the small rooms off the main store.

He closes that door behind him too. He removes his oil-skin, rubs hands on his sweater to dry, then opens his bag.

CLOSER - ON HIS SURE HANDS

putting the radio transmitter in a corner, lashing it to the bulkhead with a wire tied through rings in the deck, and wedging it with a cardboard box.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Tyrin puts on rubber gloves as an added precaution before he turns to the pipe along the deckhead above him. He brings up a small hacksaw from his bag, starts cutting the pipe.

JUMP CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - MINUTES LATER

Tyrin has sawed out a six-inch section of the pipe -- exposing the ship's radio cables.

He quickly takes a tap from the power cable to the power input of the transmitter, then converts the aerial socket of his radio with the signal wire from the mast.

Then he hunkers over the radio, switches it on, flips the knob to dial in to a pre-arranged frequency and starts

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

sending. He puts on earphones and likes what he hears.

The smile that wreathes Tyrin's face conveys the accuracy of Rostov's prediction -- that the instant he established contact with Moscow, his morale would improve.

While Tyrin is still happily fiddling with the dial, he hears a SOUND; his gaze finds something across the room and he hits it with the flashlight beam.

PAST TYRIN - AND ONTO A GREASE DRUM

Sitting against it, legs stretched out before him, is a young sailor. He looks up -- just as startled as Tyrin. And just as guilty. Tyrin recognizes him.

TYRIN

Ravlo? What're you doing here?

He crosses toward the man whose left sleeve has been rolled up past the elbow. On the deck between his legs is a phial, a watch glass, and a small waterproof bag.

In RAVLO's right hand is a hypodermic syringe, with which he is about to inject himself. Tyrin frowns.

TYRIN

(continuing)

Are you diabetic?

Ravlo's face twists and he gives a dry, humorless laugh. Tyrin then realizes the truth, mutters the words "An addict" to himself, and begins to relax a little.

REVERSE - PAST RAVLO

The young sailor is looking not at Tyrin but at the radio which is clearly visible. The two men stare at each other for a long moment, each understanding that the other is hiding something.

TYRIN

I tell you what, Ravlo -- I'll  
keep your secret, and you'll  
keep mine.

ANGLE SHIFTS to REVEAL the young sailor's twisted smile of acquiescence. Then he looks away from Tyrin, down at his arm, and sticks the needle into his flesh.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASHFORD'S HOME - OXFORD - TWILIGHT

We are actually in the rear garden, where Yasif Hassan and Professor Ashford are sitting, drinking sherry.

This is the same corner of the garden that is cut off by the hedge, where Hassan once made love to the beautiful Eila twenty years ago.

ASHFORD  
What brings you back to England?

HASSAN  
I'm chasing Nat Dickstein.

ASHFORD  
(guardedly)  
I think you'd better tell me what's going on.

HASSAN  
All right. But I must have your word that it will go no further.

ASHFORD  
Agreed.

HASSAN  
Dickstein is an Israeli spy. He's with the Mossad.

ASHFORD  
(a beat)  
I assume this is verified?

HASSAN  
Entirely. Listen to me, Professor Ashford -- the Zionists need uranium to make nuclear bombs. Dickstein's job is to steal that uranium.

ASHFORD  
(his eyes narrowing)  
And yours?

HASSAN  
I'm with Egyptian Intelligence -- mine is to stop him. And I want you to help me.

FAVORING ASHFORD

who stares into his sherry, then drains the glass at a gulp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASHFORD

That poses two questions. One is whether I can help; the other, whether or not I should.

HASSAN

Of course you should. You believe in our cause.

ASHFORD

It's not so simple. Both parties involved are my friends.

HASSAN

But only one of them is in the right.

ASHFORD

So I should help you -- and betray him?

The choice obviously grieves him and he gets to his feet, crosses toward the hedge in an attempt to mull it over. But Hassan is alert to Ashford's ambivalence and he is a step behind him.

CAMERA keeps Hassan in MEDIUM CLOSE range as he brings out his trump card, the words knifing through the air with deadly aim:

HASSAN

And what if I should tell you that -- while I'm with Egyptian Intelligence -- my first loyalty lies with Palestine.

Ashford stops in his tracks, obviously reached.

ASHFORD

'Palestine'?

HASSAN

Just as yours does, if my information from the Fedayeen is correct.

ASHFORD

(turns to face Hassan)

You are part of the Fedayeen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN

I grew up in the same village as Mahmoud. He has been my commander for years. Mine and yours, Professor.

ASHFORD

You actually know Mahmoud?

HASSAN

I was with him in Nablus last night.

(urgently now)

Listen to me, please. It is imperative that I find out exactly when and where Dickstein plans to steal this uranium. The Fedayeen will get there before him and steal it for themselves.

ASHFORD

(wavering)

I'm just an aging academician --

HASSAN

(circles to confront Ashford; hard)

It's easy for you to have principles here in Oxford. But this is where you and I find out whether our cause is anything more to you than a romantic concept.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM ABOVE

The old boy allows himself to be stared down before he concedes.

ASHFORD

I suppose you're right.

Hassan grips him emotionally with both his hands.

HASSAN

I knew you'd be with us.

(turns back to chairs)

Now if I can have some more of that fine sherry, I'll fill you in further.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He precedes the Professor back to where they were sitting as CAMERA... we are on the CRANE... PANS OFF them and over to the Tudor house itself.

INSIDE ASHFORD'S ENTRANCEWAY

as the front door is flung open and Suza Ashford lets herself in.

SUZA  
(calling out)  
Daddy, I'm home!

The beautiful stewardess is getting out of her coat and puts down her airline bag, has on the same stylish uniform she wore last time we saw her.

Surprised by the lack of a response, she meanders through the house, passes through the kitchen (where she puts on the teakettle), exits out to garden.

PRECEDING SUZA

still smiling as she picks her way between flower beds en route to the riverbank. She is about to call out again, but is stopped just this side of the hedge by the sound of her father's VOICE, obviously in conversation with someone.

ASHFORD (O.S.)  
And what will you do with  
Dickstein?

Once again, Suza's instinct is to let him know she's home. But the words remain on her lips when the second VOICE replies:

HASSAN (O.S.)  
Just follow him for the time  
being.

She tries to identify the voice; at the same time her curiosity is piqued. And she keeps silent.

ASHFORD (O.S.)  
But when you have learned  
everything you need to know from  
him, then what?

HASSAN (O.S.)  
Then, I suppose, he'll be  
disposed of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suza stiffens.

ASHFORD (O.S.)  
You mean killed.

HASSAN (O.S.)  
Why not?

She noiselessly turns around and runs, sure-footed, back to the house, CAMERA PANNING.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. ASHFORD LIVING ROOM - A HALF HOUR LATER

Suza smiles at them brightly as the two men enter.

SUZA  
Who wants tea? I've just made some.

Ashford kisses her cheek.

ASHFORD  
I didn't realize you were back, my dear.

SUZA  
I just arrived. I was thinking of coming out to look for you.

ASHFORD  
You don't know Yasif Hassan. He was one of my students when you were very small.

Hassan drinks the girl in, kisses her hand.

HASSAN  
You're every bit as beautiful as your mother.

SUZA  
That's two in the same month. Wasn't Mr. Dickstein also a student of yours?

ASHFORD  
(nods)  
Suza met him when he visited here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA  
(innocently)  
Quite a coincidence.

Ashford has mixed feelings about responding but Hassan head-signals to him; the professor reacts by telling Suza:

ASHFORD  
In fact, Suza, it's not the least  
bit coincidental.  
(drapes an arm  
around her  
shoulder)  
And I want to ask something of  
you. Something very important,  
for the sake of your mother's  
memory.

Suza takes a deep breath, half-turns and seats herself to face the two men. Expectantly:

SUZA  
All right.

ASHFORD  
I want you to help Yasif here to  
find Nat Dickstein.

SUZA  
How could I possibly help?

ASHFORD  
There is someone in America who  
may know his whereabouts. A man  
whose life Dickstein once saved.  
In any case, Nat recently visited  
this person in the city of Buffalo.

SUZA  
What's so urgent about the need  
to locate Dickstein? What's he  
done?

HASSAN  
It's what he plans to do that  
troubles us. You see, he's an  
Israeli agent.

FAVORING SUZA

She lets the information glance off her as if it were insignificant, refusing to convey to them... or to us, for

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

that matter... what her emotional response is to the news.

SUZA

Since you know all this, why do you need me to question someone in the States?

HASSAN

Because this person -- his name is Cortone -- he may be helping Dickstein. And if he is, he will not help us.

SUZA

But you think he'll be more receptive to me?

ASHFORD

He'll remember your mother. We entertained him in this very house.

SUZA

And that makes me Dickstein's friend?

HASSAN

You could tell the man that you and Dickstein are lovers.

(shrugs)

He won't know any better.

ASHFORD

(to her; intensely)

So, my dear, will you do it? Will you help?

Suza gives them her brightest stewardess smile, gets to her feet.

SUZA

It's a lot to take in in one go, isn't it? I'll think about it while I'm in the bath.

She crosses to the bedroom hallway, exits SHOT. Hassan looks to Ashford for a clue and the old professor's expression conveys his confidence that Suza will play ball.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN CLIFF - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

this craggy section of seacoast as we FACE UP from a waiting motorboat in the shallows.

High above, we SEE the outline of a big house on the cliff top. A man has left it behind and is zigzagging down a flight of steps toward us.

SUPERIMPOSE the legend:           SICILY, on the  
  Italian Coast

SEEN CLOSER

The man is Dickstein and he makes the descent with amazing speed and agility. There is an air of pre-arrangement about his manner. For the moment he reaches the bottom of the steps (which are cut into the rock) and hits beach level, he splashes through the shallows to the motorboat, jumps in nodding to the man at the wheel.

The ENGINE ROARS and the boat surges through the waves out to sea.

ANGLE OF A VESSEL - MINUTES LATER

Anchored less than a mile offshore, she is truly a replica of the Coparelli. But this one's name is emblazoned in large letters across her hull: STROMBERG.

The motorboat carrying Dickstein zooms INTO SHOT from BEHIND CAMERA, entering into the high shadow of the Stromberg.

The boatman brings the little vessel around in a foamy arc to stop alongside, where a rope ladder dangles in the water. Dickstein scrambles up the ladder and onto the deck.

STROMBERG DECK

The ship's Master is waiting for Dickstein. He is LEVI ABBAS, a short solid man built like a tank and sporting denims and a homemade sweater; only his naval cap conveys his official status.

The two men know each other and embrace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT  
Captain.

LEVI  
Good to see you, Nat.

NAT  
Any problems with the ship?

LEVI  
She's slow, clumsy, and old.  
But we've got her in good shape.

NAT  
(agreeably)  
She ought to be. Considering  
the fact that most of your crew  
are Mossad.

LEVI  
I'll show you around and we can  
bring each other up to date.

JUMP CUT TO:

PAST LEVI ABBAS AND NAT - ON THE BRIDGE

This is a dramatic ANGLE, overlooking the Stromberg as her sparse crew of young, tough Israelis perform their various chores as the Coparelli's "twin" continues at anchor.

It is less than a half-hour later and the briefing continues:

LEVI  
But how can you be so sure the  
Coparelli will be almost deserted  
when we hijack it?

NAT  
Soon after she passes through the  
Strait of Gibraltar, her engines  
will break down.

LEVI  
They will?

NAT  
(nods)  
And the damage will be so extensive  
that it can't be repaired at sea.  
Then the captain will cable the  
owners to that effect --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEVI

I take it we know the owners.

NAT

Lev, my friend... we are the owners. We bought it through an old friend of mine. As soon as it left Antwerp.

LEVI

I see. And Antwerp is where the yellowcake was put aboard?

Dickstein goes into the waterproof folder he carries, brings out photographs.

NAT

I photographed it myself three days ago. Here are some blow-ups --

INSERT

Nat's hands flashing a half-dozen or so STILL PICTURES to accompany the following:

NAT (O.S.)

This is a shot of some of the fifty drums... about to be lowered into her belly.

LEVI (O.S.)

That's some crane.

NAT (O.S.)

It took half a day. See this one, the last drum being sealed in.

LEVI (O.S.)

You were close enough to touch the uranium!

BACK TO SCENE

Dickstein returns the photos to their folder.

NAT

Damn near.

LEVI

What happens to the Coparelli's crew after her breakdown?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

By a stroke of good fortune,  
another of our ships will be  
close by. She'll go to the  
Coparelli and take off everyone  
but the Engineer.

LEVI

You didn't tell me how you can  
pinpoint the timing of the  
Coparelli's breakdown.

NAT

You know Dieter Koch, in Naval  
Intelligence?

LEVI

We were in the same chamber  
music group.

NAT

He's the Coparelli's engineer.  
That's the other thing I arranged  
in Antwerp.

LEVI

You've been a busy boy.

NAT

I like my work.

LEVI

I like mine too. But I'd rather  
be home with the old lady.

FAVORING DICKSTEIN

who is reminded of his own situation, trace of a wistful  
smile.

NAT

I know what you mean.

LEVI

You finally got married?

NAT

Not yet. But when this is over --

LEVI

(laughing)  
Other men's love lives bore me.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LEVI (cont'd)

So just tell me one more thing  
about this drill of ours: if  
it's so damn well organized, what  
are

(indicates the crew)

so many of your best men doing on  
my ship?

NAT

That's simple, Lev. In my line  
of work, people from the other  
side know everything we're up to.

LEVI

Not always, I hope.

NAT

(soberly)

More often than we'd like. Much  
more often.

They are interrupted by a COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER who enters  
from area of the nearby radio room. He has a piece of pa-  
per in hand which he extends to Dickstein.

COMMUNICATIONS MAN

Signal from Tel Aviv, sir. The  
Coparelli just passed Gibraltar.

NAT

(to Levi)

That's it. We sail in the morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUFFALO STREET - DAY

A taxi turns into VIEW, starts down a tree-lined residen-  
tial street for a block or so. Then it slows up when it  
nears the largest of the homes, a palatial structure sur-  
rounded by a high wall.

INSIDE THE CAB - PAST

Hassan in the back seat with a rather pale Suza-Ashford.  
Conservatively dressed, she looks up at the looming house  
with apprehension. But Hassan is smiling confidently.

The taxi RADIO is playing an American pop tune of the day.  
Hassan leans toward Suza to whisper:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN  
 We'll drop you off at the house.  
 (puts a hand on  
 her knee)  
 And I'll be waiting a kilometer  
 down the road.

SUZA  
 (removing his hand)  
 Fine.

HASSAN  
 (into her ear)  
 You don't know what you're  
 missing.

SUZA  
 Neither do you.  
 (turns to cabbie,  
 to break off  
 Hassan's pass)  
 I believe it's over there. The  
 one with the gate.

HASSAN  
 You have claws. I like that.  
 Use them on Cortone.

JUMP CUT TO:

CLOSE ON AL CORTONE

stuffing eggs and home fries into his mouth. He glances  
 at someone PAST CAMERA, bolts upright with a look of  
 terror.

CORTONE  
 My God! You should be old!...

He almost chokes on the food and he begins to cough and  
 sputter.

SUZA (O.S.)  
 She was my mother.

A BUTLER runs INTO SHOT from behind CAMERA, pounds Cortone  
 on the back until the Don's throat is cleared.

At the same time, he angrily shouts at Suza... ANGLE has  
 WIDENED to REVEAL her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BUTLER

What did you do to him, for  
Christ's sake?

SUZA

Nothing. I merely said "good  
morning" and then I tried to  
explain --

Cortone comes around, waves off the manservant, gives a  
final cough.

CORTONE

It's all right, Mario...  
(then to Suza)  
You're so like Eila, hell, you  
scared me half to death.

SUZA

I'm sorry. People often mistake  
me for her. I'm Suza.

CORTONE

(squinting)  
I remember you. You had a ribbon  
in your hair.

SUZA

I probably did.

CORTONE

And now you and Nat are an item.

SUZA

(delighted)  
Then he has been here.

CORTONE

(caught her look of  
surprise, puts his  
guard up)  
Maybe. And maybe not.

SUZA

I have to know where he is.

CORTONE

And I want to know who sent you.

SUZA

Nobody sent me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA (cont'd)  
 (collecting her  
 thoughts)  
 I assumed he might have come to  
 you for help... with this project  
 he's working on.

CORTONE  
 Which project is that?

SUZA  
 Please, I know you're his friend  
 and that you're trying to protect  
 him...

CORTONE  
 Which project? Who sent you?

SUZA  
 (as if uninterrupted)  
 ... but there are men on the other  
 side who are out to kill him.  
 Please, if I don't warn him --

CORTONE  
 How do I know you won't lead them  
 to him?

SUZA  
 (bursting with im-  
 patience)  
 I love him -- that's how you know.  
 You already said you knew that.

CORTONE  
 I said I knew you had something  
 going. That doesn't mean --

Suza overlaps him, grabs his arm and repeats the words so  
 that there's no disputing them:

SUZA  
 I love him, Mr. Cortone. And if  
 you know where he is, please  
 help me.

She is close to tears now and Cortone is not unmoved. But  
 he hasn't fully resolved the matter as he gets to his feet,  
 unwraps a cigar, taking his time.

CORTONE  
 Helping you is easy.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORTONE (cont'd)  
 (lights cigar)  
 Trusting you is the hard part.  
 (absently runs the  
 palm of a hand  
 across his chest)  
 And when you're not going to live  
 forever, you don't want to make  
 mistakes.

SUZA  
 This will be no mistake, Mr.  
 Cortone. I swear it. I'm even  
 sure those people tried to follow  
 me here.

FAVORING CORTONE

as he weighs the matter, going into himself for the answer,  
 rather than to anything further this girl has to say.

CORTONE  
 (half to himself)  
 I owe Dickstein my life. Now I  
 have a chance to save his --  
 (to Suza now)  
 if you're telling the truth.

SUZA  
 You know I am.

CORTONE  
 (after a long  
 moment)  
 He's in a wreck of a house  
 somewhere on the Mediterranean.  
 There's no phone. I can't even  
 be sure a message would get  
 through to him.

SUZA  
 That's what I'm asking... let  
me be the messenger. We must  
help him!

CORTONE  
 I know that. So I'm going there  
 myself.  
 (again aware of  
 her surprise)  
 And -- just in case you're with  
 the other guys -- I'm taking you  
 with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA

Oh, thank you.

She slumps in relief, tension draining out of her.

CUT TO:

A COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - IN FLIGHT - DAY

Breaking through cloud cover and into brilliant sunlight.

INSIDE THE PLANE - PAST CORTONE

The Don from upstate New York is half asleep in his first-class seat against the window. Suza sits next to him, a willing prisoner.

She unstraps seatbelt, rises, crosses toward lavatory area. Instead of entering one of the compartments, however, she parts the curtains separating them from the Tourist section.

HER POV - QUICKLY PANNING

faces of the Economy passengers. CAMERA passes over someone who might have been Hassan... then WHIPS BACK to where he was sitting. But now his seat is empty.

BACK TO SUZA

for her uncertain reaction. Did she imagine her father's friend is on this plane? Or is he successfully tailing her?

For an instant, she considers going down the aisle to assure herself, decides against it. And returns to her seat alongside the dozing Cortone.

THE PLANE LANDING - DAY

This is Sicily's airport, a sparsely populated field.

EXT. ITALIAN COAST ROAD - DAY - TRAVELLING

with a big white Fiat. Suza is at the wheel, a tired Cortone sits alongside her giving directions. The road twists along the edge of the sea. And on Suza's right-hand side, a rocky beach is all that separates her from the sparkling Mediterranean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But the beautiful woman is oblivious to the scenery as she powers the car forward, tension building, toward the hoped-for reunion.

TWO SHOT

Suza's attention shifts from the road ahead to the rear-view mirror. Cortone lights a cigar.

CORTONE

I used to do this kind of thing a lot when I was young. Get on a plane, go someplace with a pretty girl.

(shakes head sadly)

Not any more. You get rich, there's always something to worry about.

SUZA

You chose it.

CORTONE

I chose it.

(half-smile)

And young people have no mercy.

Suza reacts to something in mirror, tries to keep her voice calm.

SUZA

I think we're being followed.

CORTONE

If we are, I'll handle it.

He goes into breast pocket for a pistol which he proceeds to load. Suza watches in fascination.

CORTONE

(continuing)

Jesus, watch the road!

SUZA

(straightens the wheel)

How far?

CORTONE

Another mile or so, but don't rush. I don't want to die on the way.

JUMP CUT TO:

## EXT. SEACOAST HOME - DAY - WIDE ANGLE

This is the same large, ruined villa of white stone from which Dickstein departed earlier. Suza drives the Fiat through an open gateway and along a short gravel drive overgrown with weeds.

When she pulls up in front of the pillared portico, there is -- despite all her anticipation -- no sign of life, on this side of the house at least.

She and Cortone get out of the car and climb the broken stone staircase to the front entrance. The great wooden door is closed but not locked. Suza throws a look behind her to see if they were followed. No trace of Hassan. So she opens the door and they go in.

Once again, the burly man's hand absently rubs his chest.

## INSIDE THE VILLA

Cortone and Suza enter the great house with its floor of smashed marble. The ceiling sags and the walls are blotched with damp. A great fallen chandelier sprawls on the floor like a dead eagle.

CORTONE  
(calls out)  
Hello! Anybody here?

When there is no response, they cross into a cavernous, bare drawing room. Then out through glassless French doors to the rear grounds.

## OVERLOOKING THE SEA - PANNING

the two of them from back door, through a garden path and to the edge of cliff where the long, zigzagging stairway starts down to the water.

Cortone points out to sea.

CORTONE  
Look.

Suza follows his gaze to two vessels on the near horizon: a ship and a motorboat. The motorboat is already returning to shore, slicing the water with its sharp prow.

The ship is sailing out of the bay, leaving a broad wake.

SUZA  
(heartbroken)  
We just missed them.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She runs down the steps, shouting and waving in a frantic effort to attract the ship's attention. Halfway down, she slips and takes a heavy fall.

Cortone runs down after her.

SUZA

The motorboat. Maybe we can take it and catch up with the ship.

CORTONE

No chance.

He helps her to her feet and leads her back up the steps. But the climb back taxes him heavily and they are still twenty feet below cliff level when Cortone has to stop.

CLOSER

Suza looks at him. The overweight man is breathing hard, his face ashen and covered with perspiration. Now she is the concerned party and she helps him to sit on one of the stone steps. Cortone closes his eyes, rests his head against the retaining wall.

CORTONE

(short of breath)  
Listen, you can call ships...  
or send them a wire. We can still reach him.

SUZA

Sit quietly for a minute. Don't talk.

CORTONE

Ask my cousins --  
(hears something  
and goes taut)  
Who's there!?

Suza spins around.

ANGLING UP - PAST THEM

to the top of stone stairway -- where Yasif Hassan stands silhouetted against the sky. With a massive effort, Cortone stands up, his breath coming in ragged gulps. He fumbles in his pocket... and pulls out the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA

No.

Hassan remains rooted to the spot. Cortone staggers, the gun weaving about in the air, before pulling the trigger.

The gun goes off twice, with a deafening double bang. The SHOTS go wild as Cortone collapses on the stone, his face dark as death. The gun falls from his fingers and hits the step.

Suza kneels beside him.

HASSAN

Leave him, let's go!

She turns her head to face up to him.

SUZA

Just piss off.

She turns back to Cortone. He is attempting to speak; but he's fading fast and she must bend closer to hear him.

CORTONE

My whole life I've been a thief  
... a bully...

(with monumental  
effort)

But I died for my friend, right?  
This counts for something...?

SUZA

Yes. This really counts.

CORTONE

Okay...

Then he dies. For a long beat, Suza just stares at him, her own face streaked with tears.

HASSAN

You did very well. Now let's  
get out of here.

It occurs to Suza that Hassan assumes she deliberately led him here. And she decides to play along.

With a resiliency she doesn't feel, she turns away from Cortone, wipes her tears away with the back of her hand, and climbs the steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA  
(spirited)  
I'm ready.

HASSAN  
We'll take my car.

EXT. VILLA - MINUTES LATER

Hassan and Suza walk through the weeds toward the gravel drive. Hassan's car is parked a few yards from the big white Fiat.

En route, he reaches into the Fiat, brings out keys, throws them into the bushes.

SUZA  
Why bother?

HASSAN  
So the man in the motorboat  
can't follow.

He opens his car's passenger door for Suza, then circles car.

CLOSE OF HER

The second Hassan starts to circle car, she desperately checks the ignition slot for key. But it isn't there.

ANGLE WIDENS as Hassan enters on his side of the car, twirling keys (which he's been carrying) when he slides in. Then he turns on ignition. Before driving off, he decides to impart some of his worldly wisdom.

HASSAN  
The man was helping our enemy.  
You should rejoice when our  
enemy dies.

SUZA  
(covers her eyes  
with a hand)  
He was helping a friend.

Hassan pats her knee -- testing -- and could not be more tolerant.

HASSAN  
No matter -- you've done well.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN (cont'd)  
You got the information we needed.

SUZA  
I did?

HASSAN  
Certainly. That big ship we just saw leaving the bay -- that's the Stromberg.

SUZA  
The sister ship.

HASSAN  
(pleased, he nods)  
Good. You remembered. In any case I know her time of departure and her maximum speed.  
(pats her knee again)  
I can now figure out the earliest possible moment she could meet up with the Coparelli.  
(this time lets his hand rest on her thigh)  
And I can have my men there a day earlier.

FAVORING SUZA

She is staring at his hand against her thigh.

SUZA  
Don't touch me, please.

HASSAN  
(in no hurry)  
As you wish.

He sensually removes his hand; a weary Suza settles back in her seat.

SUZA  
What I really wish is to be back in Oxford.

HASSAN  
Oxford?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN (cont'd)

(laughs)

Not yet. You'll have to stay with me until the operation is completed.

SUZA

But I'm tired.

HASSAN

We'll rest soon. Physically.

SUZA

Meaning what?

HASSAN

Simply that we'll feel relieved on all levels as soon as Dickstein is dead.

SUZA

Oh, of course.

She abruptly looks out the side window to mask her reaction.

ANGLE OF 'ALITALIA' DESK - DAY - IN PALERMO

We're inside the terminal of the same airport at which Suza and Cortone landed earlier in the day.

Only an Italian family -- a mother and two children here to see off the working-class father -- are ahead of Hassan on the ticket line.

But before the Egyptian's turn comes, two young thugs flank Hassan and Suza on the outside. Suza is handled gently, but Hassan is spun around 90 degrees and a few feet away from the line.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You damn fool...

REVERSE - THE INTRUDERS

The man addressing Hassan is David Rostov and he is only a half-step behind the thug who transported Hassan out of the line.

ROSTOV

... you deserve to be shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HASSAN  
(naked fear)  
Rostov!

The KGB official takes hold of Hassan's arm as the two thugs close in, encircling him and Suza. Then Rostov leads Hassan toward a quiet corner. One of the thugs follows with Suza.

FAVORING ROSTOV

Blazing with fury, he keeps his voice low.

ROSTOV  
You might have blown the whole thing if you hadn't been a few minutes late.

HASSAN  
I don't know what you're talking about.

ROSTOV  
The hell you don't. We've been following you around the clock.  
(jerks a thumb at Suza)  
And what makes you think she's to be trusted?

HASSAN  
She led me here.

ROSTOV  
Perhaps. But you didn't know that at the time.

HASSAN  
How did you get here?

ROSTOV  
That's my business.  
(hard)  
When I received the report you'd landed here, I got Cairo's permission to order you to return there at once.

HASSAN  
I still think I did the right thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV  
Get out of my sight.

ANGLE WIDENS as Hassan walks away. Suza begins to follow, but Rostov stops her.

ROSTOV  
Not you.  
(takes her arm,  
walks with her)  
I know you've proved your loyalty,  
Miss Ashford, but we can't allow  
a new recruit to leave us in mid-  
stream.

TRAVELLING - AHEAD OF THEM

While Rostov is still very much the KGB man, he cannot help but respond to the young beauty. And he is almost jaunty.

ROSTOV  
I'm afraid you're going to have  
to come aboard the Karla --  
that's a Polish ship we're  
using -- until this business is  
over.

SUZA  
Am I being given a choice in the  
matter?

ROSTOV  
I'm afraid not.  
(gap-toothed smile)  
Do you know, you look exactly  
like your mother.

She half-smiles -- unamused -- as if to say "Here we go again."

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE OF PIERRE BORG

Puffing on his ubiquitous pipe, he is addressing someone just PAST CAMERA. Deadly serious, he snaps off the words as if they were dry twigs.

We are in the Mossad basement office, and ANGLE will WIDEN to INCLUDE his aide, Sarah, taking dictation in shorthand:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORG

This is to Dickstein, aboard the Stromberg -- for his eyes only. And to be decoded by the addressee --

(he hates saying it)

Suza Ashford confirmed Arab agent. Stop. She persuaded Cortone to take her...

CLOSE OF DICKSTEIN - ALONE IN HIS LITTLE CABIN

on the Stromberg at a table screwed to the bulkhead. Pencil and pad in hand, code book and a signal in front of him, transcribing the message as BORG'S VOICE CONTINUES OVER UNINTERRUPTED:

BORG (V.O.)

... and Hassan to Sicily. Stop. Cortone now dead. Stop. This and other data indicates strong possibility you will be attacked at sea. Stop.

Dickstein finishes transcribing the message, then crumples it in his hand. Hurt and angry, he puts his face in his hands and presses his eyeballs with his fingertips.

SMASH CUT TO:

DRAMATIC ANGLE OF A MAN - ON THE BRIDGE

of a small ship at sea. He is MAHMOUD, Commander of the Fedayeen, a big man (even taller than Yasif Hassan) and much broader.

But this is not what sets Mahmoud apart from other men. It is his presence, his fervor, and... when he speaks... the passionate resonance of his voice.

As we meet him, his warm gaze is on an arrival who is clambering up on the deck -- it is Hassan -- after having just been delivered to Mahmoud's vessel by a small fishing boat which is already pulling away.

Hassan reaches the bridge and the two men embrace like brothers, kissing cheeks, then stand back to look at one another.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MAHMOUD

You still look like a whore.

HASSAN

And you still smell like a  
goatherd.

They both laugh. Then the Commander indicates the sleek  
coaster they are on.

MAHMOUD

Not bad, eh?

HASSAN

Just what we need.

MAHMOUD

I have renamed her the Nablus.  
She is the first ship of the  
Palestine Navy.

(winks)

I got her from a Libyan who  
wanted to save his soul.

HASSAN

We should weigh anchor immediately  
-- the Stromberg left Sicily today.

MAHMOUD

I'll give them the order now.  
Any other news?

HASSAN

Rostov put a man named Tyrin  
aboard the Coparelli.

(nods to the Libyan  
radio operator)

I'll give him the wavelength  
he'll be using to contact Rostov.

MAHMOUD

I assume the KGB has no suspicion  
you are with the Fedayeen?

HASSAN

(enjoys this)

Rostov can't imagine anyone being  
as devious as himself.

CUT TO:

## DICKSTEIN - AT THE RAIL

of the Stromberg, looking out at the sea. It is night and he is lost in his own thoughts. Levi Abbas, the ship's Master, joins him. Reacts to Dickstein's preoccupation:

LEVI

You all right, Nat?

DICKSTEIN

I'm fine, Lev. Just mad as hell.  
Personal matter.

LEVI

Then I won't intrude.

DICKSTEIN

Any word about the Coparelli?

LEVI

Not yet. But your man Koch  
should be doing his little  
number just about now.

DIRECT CUT TO:

## DIETER KOCH

He is a perspiring technician who seems to know exactly what he's doing -- as he attacks the cogs of an oil pump's gear wheels with a heavy power drill.

We are in the bowels of the Coparelli's engine room. And Koch's furtive looks over his shoulder tell us he doesn't have unlimited time. Expertly, he uses the drill's piercing bit to chip and break the pump's wheels, rendering them useless.

Now he puts down drill, picks up a crowbar and hammer, forces bar in between the two wheels, prising them apart until something gives with a loud, dull CRACK.

CUT TO:

## SUZA ASHFORD

putting on a sweater and pants from her suitcase. She is alone in her tiny cabin next morning on the Karla.

Her mind racing, she takes a few brush swipes at her hair, even daubs on a trace of makeup to boost morale. Then she tries cabin door, is surprised to find it unlocked.

She goes out.

## FOLLOW HER

along a gangway about fifteen feet, then into the Galley.  
Rostov sits alone, eating eggs with a fork.

ROSTOV  
How did you sleep?

SUZA  
Fine.

ROSTOV  
Sit down.

## TWO SHOT

His sharp, skeptical eyes seem to bore into her brain.

ROSTOV  
You seem upset.

SUZA  
Yesterday was unsettling for me.  
Until Cortone, I had never seen  
anyone die.

ROSTOV  
Oh, that.  
(pours her some  
coffee)  
You're very young. Not much  
older than my son.

SUZA  
Your son?

ROSTOV  
(with affection)  
Yuri. He's almost twenty.

SUZA  
What does he do?

ROSTOV  
Unfortunately he spends most of  
his time listening to decadent  
music.

SUZA  
(nicely)  
But you miss him, don't you?

ROSTOV  
Very much.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV (cont'd)  
(abruptly business-  
like)

Well, I must go up to the bridge.

He rises and Suza must seize upon the moment.

SUZA  
May I come along?

ROSTOV  
Whatever for?

SUZA  
I also miss... human contact.

ROSTOV  
(a beat)  
Why not?

He walks away. Suza rises and follows.

INT. KARLA'S RADIO ROOM - MINUTES LATER

While a pair of technicians sit at their desks in b.g., Rostov smiles as he leafs through a sheaf of messages, almost delighted by what he reads.

Suza has been taken into his confidence, and she reacts with warmth, gratitude, and a woman's knowing sense of flattery.

ROSTOV  
Nat Dickstein is smart as ever.  
I must give him that.

SUZA  
(reading off top  
sheet)  
What's Savile Shipping?

ROSTOV  
A front for Israeli Intelligence.  
That little bastard is eliminating  
everyone interested in the uranium.

SUZA  
The shipping company?

ROSTOV  
They no longer own the Coparelli.

CONTINUED:

ROSTOV (cont'd)  
 And as we speak, he's taking off  
 the captain and crew.  
 (in wonderment)  
 A beautiful scheme.

SUZA  
 Then the breakdown was rigged?

ROSTOV  
 Undoubtedly. And now Dickstein  
 gets to take over the ship  
 without firing a shot.

FAVORING SUZA

This is her trump card, and she plays it as casually as possible.

SUZA  
 And so can Yasif Hassan, of course.

ROSTOV  
 What?

SUZA  
 Hassan can also take the  
 Coparelli without a shot.

Rostov pushes his face toward hers, his poise shaken.

ROSTOV  
 Hassan intends a hijack?

SUZA  
 (shocked)  
 You didn't know?

ROSTOV  
 But who? Not the Egyptians,  
 surely!

SUZA  
 The Fedayeen. He said it was  
your plan.

ROSTOV  
 (livid)  
 He's a liar!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA  
(improvising)  
Perhaps we can stop him.

ROSTOV  
What's his plan?

SUZA  
To hijack the Coparelli before  
Dickstein gets there. And sail  
to... he didn't say precisely...  
somewhere in North Africa.

ROSTOV  
That traitor.

SUZA  
And your plan was...?

ROSTOV  
To ram Dickstein after he stole  
the uranium.

SUZA  
Can't we still?

ROSTOV  
We're much too far away. We'd  
never catch them.

A long beat as both of them weigh the alternatives. It  
is Suza who hits upon a solution.

SUZA  
Then there's only one thing we  
can do, isn't there? To prevent  
Hassan's stealing your thunder...

ROSTOV  
(vamping)  
I suppose.

SUZA  
We must warn that Israeli bastard  
of the Fedayeen ambush.

ROSTOV  
Warn Dickstein?

SUZA  
Of course. So that he can take  
back the Coparelli.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Rostov, considering her logic. Engulfed in the words.

PAN OVER to Suza.

SUZA

Then Dickstein executes his plan. And we do ours.

Her apprehension exceeds Rostov's: will he rise to the bait?

CUT TO:

EXT. COPARELLI DECK - WIDE ANGLE

as the last dozen of the ship's crew descend the ladder and into the well of a waiting launch, bobbing in the water alongside her.

PAN UPWARD to the Coparelli's Captain, a 50-year-old Swede named CARLSON. He is following protocol in this unusual circumstance, but it troubles him.

He is standing next to Dieter Koch, the Israeli agent who sabotaged the vessel not so many hours ago.

CARLSON

This is all wrong -- selling a ship while she's at sea. Then leaving the engineer in charge and taking the captain off.

KOCH

Yes, sir. I imagine they're not seafaring people, the new owners.

CARLSON

Probably accountants.

(to Dieter)

You could refuse to stay alone, of course. Then I would have to remain with you.

KOCH

I'm afraid I'd lose my ticket, sir.

CARLSON

Right. I shouldn't have suggested it. Well, good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KOCH

Thank you, sir.

Carlson does an about face and briskly crosses to where the last of his officers awaits him at the top of the ladder. The Captain is still muttering about accountants as he follows his First Officer over the side.

The instant Carlson disappears, Koch relaxes and jauntily crosses the abandoned deck, climbs to the bridge in the sure knowledge he's alone on the ship.

WHIP PAN OFF him to a pair of lifeboats, behind a bulkhead in f.g. of the deck. There is movement in the stern section of one of the lifeboats.

A hand appears from inside, loosens the tarp covering it. Then a corner flap is folded back -- and the face of Pyotir Tyrin appears.

The KGB still has a stowaway aboard!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE



## ACT SIX

FADE IN:

EXT. BRIDGE OF THE 'NABLUS' - TWILIGHT

Hassan, holding binoculars, is straining to pick something up in his sweep of the horizon. An impatient Mahmoud is standing alongside him.

MAHMOUD

You have made a mistake.

HASSAN

Not necessarily. This is just the earliest point at which we could meet her. She might not have travelled at top speed.

MAHMOUD

Why wouldn't she?

He turns and unhappily starts to leave the area when Hassan -- still sweeping -- reacts to something:

HASSAN

There! She's at anchor!

Mahmoud returns and Hassan gives him the binoculars.

MAHMOUD

(looking through  
glasses)

How can you tell?

HASSAN

The blinking white light. That's what it means.

MAHMOUD

If it's the Coparelli --

He hands the binoculars back to Hassan who sharpens his focus.

HASSAN

I'm almost certain that it is -- three cranes on deck, the upperworks aft of the hatches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAHMOUD  
(leaving)  
I'll get everyone ready.

CUT TO:

DICKSTEIN AND LEVI ABBAS

in the radio section of the bridge aboard the Stomberg. It is night. A lanky New Yorker named FEINBERG is feeding Dickstein radio messages as they come in.

Nat reads the most recent, shakes his head incredulously, hands it to Levi Abbas.

NAT  
Hard to believe -- it's from the Coparelli to us. Someone's already hijacked her.

LEVI  
(reading)  
"I am boarded. Arabs I think."

NAT  
At least we've been warned about the ambush. But how in hell did anyone know our plan so well -- ?

LEVI  
-- that they got there first? Why are you so surprised? You yourself told me everyone knows the other man's business in this game.

NAT  
But I never believed it.  
(remembering Suza)  
Christ, Lev -- who can you trust?

LEVI  
Just the two of us, Nat.  
(smiles)  
And never be too sure about me.

Dickstein's spirits rise. And while the tension is still there, he now seems to use it. Both Feinberg and Levi sense the change.

NAT  
Let's go and get that gang of ours ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEINBERG  
Including me.

NAT  
Only if you smile, Feinberg.

FEINBERG  
I haven't smiled since the  
Dodgers left Brooklyn.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL ABOARD THE STROMBERG - LATER

Twelve men, armed to the teeth, form a loose circle around Dickstein. Each has an Uzi 9mm submachine gun, a 9mm Luger in a belt holster... and a clip of four grenades on the opposite side of the belt.

Less uniformly, a variety of extra weapons such as knives, blackjacks, and knuckle-dusters.

Levi Abbas is next to Nat, Feinberg among the dozen others. The whole room caught up in the anticipation of battle.

NAT  
(to Lev)  
You'll control the foredeck,  
an open field of fire. Deploy  
your men behind cover and stay  
there.

PORUSH  
(a chubby 25-year-  
old)  
And when the enemy on deck reveal  
their positions?

LEVI  
You pick them off, Porush.

NAT  
Your main problem is going to  
be hailing fire from the bridge.

LEVI  
And we hold our fire at first.

NAT  
(nods)  
Yes. You've got a good chance  
of getting aboard unseen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (cont'd)

No point in shooting until the rest of us get there.

(to everyone)

Once again, we'll be split up into three teams. As soon as we board the Coparelli, I'll take the bridge and try to prevent our shooting each other.

LEVI

(to Nat)

I see Porush is on my team. He's my brother-in-law.

NAT

I know. I assumed you might want to take care of him.

LEVI

(kidding)

Why should I? Rachel says he's no good in bed.

Group laughter as Feinberg, who looks up from the knife he's cleaning, asks:

FEINBERG

How do you figure these Arabs?

NAT

(shrugs)

Regular army or Fedayeen. Either way, we'll be running into an old friend of mine.

ISH

(a giant who sits with eyes closed, his feet on table)

Going over the rail will be the worst part. We'll be naked as babies.

NAT

Just remember they think we expect to take over a deserted ship -- so they're looking for an easy time.

The door is flung open and a CREWMAN pushes his head inside:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CREWMAN

We've sighted the Coparelli.

NAT

Let's go!

SMASH CUT TO:

FAVORING DICKSTEIN

being tossed about in the well of a small motorboat. It is too dark for us to clearly define the faces of the four men with him. And the sea is so rough that Dickstein has to cling tightly to his bench seat.

Like the others, he is protected with an oilskin and also wears a life-jacket. A particularly rough wave provokes:

FEINBERG

I still say we should've postponed this fishing trip until tomorrow.

But no one else has an comment. Tension grips the five huddled forms. Then they crest another wave and Dickstein is the first to react:

NAT

There she is -- in the next trough.

DOVRAN

The Coparelli?

NAT

Lev's team is almost there already.

CUT TO:

BOW OF THE COPARELLI

Levi Abbas edges his boat close to it. The white light above them enables him to see clearly. Now the boat is alongside the ladder and Abbas takes a rope, ties it around his waist under the oilskin. He unwraps his gun, slings it over his neck, poises, jumps.

HAND-HELD

as Abbas hits the ladder with both feet and hands, unties

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

rope around his waist and secures it to a rung of the Coparelli's ladder. He climbs up high before looking behind and below him.

Two of his team -- SHARETT and SAPIR -- are already climbing the ladder. Porush makes his jump, lands awkwardly, misses his grip. Abbas sucks in his breath. But his brother-in-law slips down only one rung before he manages to hook an arm around the side of the ladder and stop his descent.

EXT. COPARELLI DECK - NIGHT

Abbas clears the rail, lands softly on all fours and crouches low beside the gunwale. The others follow swiftly: one, two, three. The white light continues to shine above them and they are very exposed. Abbas touches the shoulder of Sharett, the smallest member of the team.

ABBAS

Take cover on the port side.

Sharett crawls -- wriggling like a snake -- bellying across two or three yards of open deck, reaches concealment in the raised edge of the for'ard hatch. He inches ahead.

Abbas looks up and down the deck. Up in the stern, he sees the winding gear for the anchor, with a large pile of slack chain. He gets Sapir's attention, points him in the chain's direction. Sapir crawls away in speedy compliance.

PORUSH

I like the crane.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Abbas looks up at the derrick towering over them. The control cabin is ten feet above deck level -- obviously both dangerous and tactically useful. He weighs the matter, then:

ABBAS

Go.

Porush crawls forward while Abbas worries it. Behind Abbas is a companion head over a short flight of steps leading down to a door. He crawls to it, gently cracks the door. We FOLLOW him inside. It is dark and Abbas turns around, resting his gun on steps, satisfied -- for the moment -- he is alone.

## DICKSTEIN - AT SEA LEVEL

He uses a boathook to hold the launch steady, pulling toward the Coparelli when the sea tries to part them.

GIBLI, sporting a beret, is the first of Nat's team to jump. He lands well and waves upward. Feinberg, KATZEN, and DOVRAT follow. Dickstein drops the boathook and leaps.

CAMERA STAYS with Nat on the ladder as he leans back and looks up to see Gibli reach the gunwale and swing a leg over the rail.

Abruptly there is a shocking burst of MACHINE GUN FIRE and a SHOUT -- followed by the sight of Gibli falling slowly backward off the top of the ladder, down past Dickstein and into the sea.

Nat quickly rallies, shouts to those above him:

NAT

Go, go, go!

## DECK LEVEL - WIDE ANGLE

Feinberg flies over the rail, hits the deck rolling, immediately starts firing. Katzen is over and we HEAR the sounds of many GUNS crackling.

Dickstein takes the last rung of the ladder pulling the pin from a grenade with his teeth. He hurls it over the rail some thirty yards forward as a diversionary tactic. Dovan has also hit the deck and found cover.

When Nat comes over, he does a high-jumper's roll, lands on hands and knees, bends double under a sheet of covering FIRE, and scampers to the stern.

NAT

Where are they?

FEINBERG

(jerks thumb toward  
bulkhead)

In the galley, the lifeboats,  
and doorway amidships!

Dickstein gets to his feet, yells over the gun bursts:

NAT

Hold this position until Bader's  
group gets here. When they open  
fire, move!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he motions for Dovran and Katzen to hit the galley door and head below. Now he singles out Feinberg:

NAT  
Cover them. I'll make for the  
first lifeboat.

THE CHART ROOM - AFT OF THE BRIDGE

Yasif Hassan... his submachine gun resting on the window frame... is shooting down onto the deck. His face conveys his anger; behind him we SEE Mahmoud sheath his knife and descend to officers' quarters.

Hassan stops shooting long enough to tell the departing Mahmoud:

HASSAN  
What happened to your ambush?  
The Israelis were supposed to  
be mowed down coming over the  
rail!

He resumes firing as CAMERA MOVES IN PAST him. Just beyond, we now SEE... tied to a chair in the middle of this area... Dieter Koch, who was evidently being interrogated when the Mossad arrived.

There is a GRENADE EXPLOSION in the adjoining bridge area and Hassan turns to assess the damage.

BRIDGE

Hassan enters carrying his submachine gun. The two members of Fedayeen who were firing from their station have been stilled by the grenade; they lie in a heap surrounded by shattered glass. Now Hassan will take his stand here, facing down upon the ship. A wave of exultation consumes him as he resumes his inept firing.

UP PAST ABBAS - TOWARD PORUSH

The chubby young man is under FIRE from the bridge. We can actually SEE Hassan -- well protected by the bridge's wells -- firing wildly. Abbas tosses a GRENADE at him but it falls short.

Abbas fires again, looks up at the crane's control cabin just as Porush comes toppling backward, before turning over in the air and falling to the deck.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Hassan is clearly improving, bullets stitching a seam in the deck toward Sharett's capstan. Abbas decides to throw another grenade. It also lands short of the bridge and EXPLODES. Abbas dashes for the crane. He makes the foot of the ladder where BULLETS CLANG on the girders all around him -- until he is hit by a ricochet, just below the hip bone, paralyzing his lower body.

He grabs for the ladder with his hands, misses, and falls.

DICKSTEIN - HAND-HELD SHOT

Firing wildly from the hip, he breaks from behind the lifeboat and runs across afterdeck to the ladder. He scrambles up, reaches upper deck, flings himself across the walkway, lying against the door to officers' quarters.

He puts his back to the door and slowly slides upright to a porthole in the door at eye level. He looks in, carefully enters. He creeps along the passage to the first cabin door, opens it, throws in a grenade. One of the Fedayeen begins to turn around and close the door. The grenade is heard EXPLODING. Nat runs to the next door, same side, opens it, throws in another grenade.

There is one more door on this side, but he has no more grenades. He runs to the door, goes in firing. One man is here -- he had been firing through the porthole -- but Dickstein cuts him down.

He turns and faces the open door. The door of the opposite cabin flies open and Dickstein shoots down the man behind it. He next runs forward along the gangway, steps onto the ladder, looks up, throws himself down and away as the snout of a gun pokes down at him and starts to FIRE.

Nat runs back along the gangway and out of the aft door. He can make out Feinberg on one side, Dovrat on the other. He calls out, gets their attention, points to the galley. Then he jumps to the afterdeck, races across it, dives into:

THE GALLEY

Feinberg and Dovrat follow Nat in.

NAT

We have to take the mess.

FEINBERG

I don't see how.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

We rush it from all sides at once. But first I'm going to take the bridge.

DOVRAT

How will we know when you do?

NAT

I'll sound the foghorn.

FEINBERG

How will you reach the bridge?

NAT

Over the roof.

HASSAN - ON THE BRIDGE

He has been rejoined by Mahmoud and two more of his Fedayeen who take up firing positions while Hassan and the group's Commander confer in a half-crouch:

MAHMOUD

They can't win. From here we control too much deck. They can't attack from below, because we dominate the companionway. And they can't attack from above --  
 (he fully rises to point at something)  
 Oh, no!!!...

He has been struck by a BULLET (through the glassless window) which enters his brain and kills Mahmoud on the spot.

EXT ROOF

Dickstein inches his way across on his belly. As the Coparelli heaves, the roof tilts from side to side. Nat presses himself to the metal, tries to slow his slide. But he is moving faster and faster toward the navigation light... all the way to the edge. His right arm dangles over and his machine gun falls into a lifeboat.

She rolls back and pitches forward. Nat slides with increasing speed toward the light. This time he reaches it, grabs it with both hands. The navigation light is a foot from the forward edge of the roof. Just below are the front windows of the bridge, two gun barrels poking out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nat holds onto the light but can't stop his slide. As his body swings over the edge, he grabs the steel gutter with his fingertips, swings legs down and in.

BRIDGE

as Nat comes flying through the windows feet first, lands in middle of the bridge. Two Arabs flank him, both firing MACHINE GUNS onto the deck below. As Dickstein straightens up, they turn to him.

Nat lashes out with a kick that lands on one man's elbow, paralyzing his gun arm. Then he jumps for the other man. Dickstein just gets inside the Arab's machine gun's swing, smashes the guy's jaw with the heel of his hand. This snaps the head back for a second stroke as Dickstein's hand -- stiffened for a karate chop -- comes down hard on his throat.

Before the man can fall, Nat grabs him by the jacket and swings him around between himself and the other Arab who is bringing up his gun. Dickstein lifts the dead man and hurls him across the bridge as the MACHINE GUN opens up.

The dead body takes the bullets and crashes into the other Arab -- who loses his balance and goes backward out through the open doorway, falling to the deck below.

There is a third man in the chart room, guarding the companionway leading down. He stands up and turns around to face Dickstein.

It is Yasif Hassan!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN:

BRIDGE AND CHART ROOM - SPLIT SECOND LATER

For a beat, the two adversaries face each other -- having pointed toward this confrontation for so long. Yet there was a suddenness to the actual coming-together that catches both men offguard.

Dickstein moves first. He drops to a crouch, sticks out a leg, kicking at the broken door which lays on the floor between them. The door slides along the deck, striking Hassan's feet. Barely enough to weaken his balance, but as he spreads arms to recover his equilibrium, Dickstein strikes like a panther.

He grabs Hassan's gun arm by the wrist and shoulder. And with a downward pull, he cracks the arm over his knee. Hassan screams as the gun drops from his useless hand. Then Nat clobbers him just below the ear. Hassan turns, falling. Dickstein grabs his hair from behind; and as Hassan sags away, Nat lifts his foot high and kicks. His heel strikes the back of Hassan's neck at the moment jerked the head.

All tension abruptly goes out of Hassan and his head lolls, unsupported, on his shoulders. Dickstein lets go and the body crumples.

Then he sees Koch. The engineer is still tied to the chair, slumped over, pale as death but conscious. There is blood on his clothes. Dickstein draws his knife and cuts the ropes binding Koch.

NAT  
(reaction to Koch's  
condition)  
Christ.

KOCH  
I'll live.

Dickstein picks up Hassan's machine gun and checks the magazine. It is almost full. He moves out onto the bridge, locates the foghorn.

PAST THE FOGHORN

Koch still sits in the chair as Nat asks:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT

Can you get out of that chair?

Koch nods, gets up, sways unsteadily until Dickstein backtracks to support him, leading him through the bridge toward foghorn.

NAT

See this button? I want you to count slowly to ten. Then lean on it.

KOCH

I can handle that.

NAT

Start now.

KOCH

One... two...

ANGLING FROM SECOND DECK

Dickstein descends from companionway, sees this area is still clear. He stops just before the ladder emerges into the mess, knowing all the remaining Fedayeen are inside. He poises impatiently -- waiting.

Then the FOGHORN sounds. Dickstein jumps, FIRING before he lands, knocking off one man close to the foot of the ladder. The FIRING from the Mossad OUTSIDE builds to a rapid crescendo. Nat drops to one knee, sprays along the walls.

Another gun appears as Ish comes up from below. Then Feinberg is at one door SHOOTING; Dovrat, wounded, enters through another door. Then, as if by signal, they all stop shooting. The SILENCE is like thunder. Nat, exhausted, rises and looks at his men.

NAT

Where are the others?

FEINBERG

We're it, Nat. Everyone else is dead.

NAT

(slumps against  
a bulkhead)

What a price.

DISSOLVE TO:

## FIRST GLOW OF A DAWN - WIDE ANGLE

of the horizon. We are SHOOTING UP TOWARD the bridge, to ESTABLISH the Karla's radio room directly below it (in what should be the captain's cabin).

Despite the hour, Suza Ashford is already up. Concealing whatever anxieties propelled her out of bed this early, she walks into the single-manned station as if it was an everyday occurrence.

A big grey-haired man from Odessa named ALEKSANDR is the ship's radio man. Having met her in Rostov's company the day before, he returns the beautiful girl's smile.

SUZA

Quite a set-up you've got here.

ALEKSANDR

(indicates the mass  
of equipment)

One hundred thousand dollar.  
You know about radio?

SUZA

A little. I used to be an  
airline hostess. So I know  
the basics.

ALEKSANDR

(with some pride)

This is really four radios. One  
picks up the Stromberg beacon.  
One listens to Tyrin on Coparelli.  
Another listens to Coparelli's  
regular wavelength. And this one  
wanders. Look.

He shows her a dial whose pointer moves around slowly.

ALEKSANDR

It stops when it finds a  
transmitter.

SUZA

And you can broadcast on any  
of the sets, just by switching  
to Transmit?

ALEKSANDR

Yes, Morse Code or speech.

SUZA

(fishing)

I'm sure you went through a long  
training period.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEKSANDR

Not long. Learning to repair  
the set is the only complicated  
part.

He stops talking when a message starts coming in. Aleksandr  
is already writing as he tells her:

ALEKSANDR

It's Tyrin. Get Rostov, please.

Her eyes rivet on the message sheet, but the man's insist-  
ence sends her out before she can pry the contents from  
him.

JUMP CUT TO:

CABIN DOOR - SHE ENTERS SHOT

and knocks.

ROSTOV (O.S.)

Come in.

She opens the door. Rostov stands there in his shorts,  
washing in a bowl. She immediately turns to leave.

SUZA

Tyrin's coming through.

ROSTOV

Miss Ashford --

(stops her)

What would you say if I surprised  
you in your underwear?

SUZA

(a gentle rebuff)

I recommend you don't.

ROSTOV

(a beat)

Forgive me for being so  
unprofessional. Wait for  
me outside.

She leaves.

PAST RADIO EQUIPMENT - ONTO SUZA, ROSTOV

and Aleksandr, minutes later. The operator hands Rostov

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a sheet with the translated message as the KGB man and Suza enter SHOT.

ROSTOV  
 (reads aloud)  
 "Israelis have taken Coparelli.  
 Stromberg alongside. Dickstein  
 alive."

Suza turns away to conceal her relief. Rostov dictates his reply to the operator:

ROSTOV  
 Send this: We shall hit at  
 six a.m. tomorrow.

CAMERA IN on Suza reacting to the deadline.

DIRECT CUT TO:

ANGLE OF DICKSTEIN - END OF DAY

He stands grimly in a borrowed seaman's cap, as the ship's Captain reads words of the service for the dead. PAN OFF him as the last of the canvas-wrapped bodies is tipped over the rail into the black water.

Then it is over with, and Nat crosses to a team of FITTERS and JOINERS, tells them:

NAT  
 For now just repair damage  
 visible from the deck.

FITTER  
 Yes, sir.

NAT  
 Is the painter finished?

FITTER  
 (nods)  
 In five minutes we'll officially  
 become the Stromberg.

SHIP'S HULL

A painter on a ladder has removed the name 'Coparelli' and is printing the final block letter: S-T-R-O-M-B-E-R-G.



## CHART ROOM - EVENING

Nat is huddling with the Mossad's DEMOLITION EXPERT who is checking dials as Nat watches him closely.

NAT

Are we a mile away yet?

DEMOLITION MAN

A little more. We're clear.

NAT

Then you can sink her now.

The other man pulls a lever on his radio detonator and Nat shifts for a better view of the distant target.

## THE STROMBERG - NAT'S POV (STOCK)

A loud, dull THUD and the vessel seems to sag in the middle. Her fuel tanks catch fire and the dark sky is lit by a gout of flame.

CUT TO:

## CLOSE OF SUZA

leaving her cabin on the Karla while most of the ship sleeps. In boots, jeans, and sweater, she tops it all off with an oilskin. As we PAN the beginning of her journey to the bridge, she puts the full bottle of vodka she's carrying in the oilskin's inside pocket.

## THE BRIDGE

Suza enters, much to the pleasant surprise of the FIRST OFFICER.

FIRST OFFICER

Can't sleep?

SUZA

(her best BOAC  
smile)

The suspense is too much.

(indicates map)

Will we reach the Coparelli on  
time do you think?

FIRST OFFICER

Oh, yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST OFFICER (cont'd)  
(fingers the spot at  
which they'll inter-  
sect)

Then -- boom.

SUZA  
When is Colonel Rostov getting  
up?

FIRST OFFICER  
He's to be called at five.

SUZA  
I think I'll get another hour's  
sleep.

She leaves, descends to:

RADIO ROOM

where Aleksandr is working alone.

SUZA  
You couldn't sleep either.

ALEKSANDR  
No, I've sent my relief man to  
bed.

She sits, brings out the bottle of vodka, unscrews the cap.

SUZA  
Have a drink.

ALEKSANDR  
(takes a long  
swallow)  
Ah, thank you.  
(hands bottle  
back)  
Tell me about life in England.  
Is it true the poor starve while  
the rich get fat?

SUZA  
Not really, but there is  
inequality.

She gets up now with the bottle. Her oilskin is open down  
the front. Standing before him, she tilts her head back  
for a swig of the vodka, causing breasts to jut out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Aleksandr takes the predicted long look, while Suza shifts her grip on the bottle and brings it down as hard as she can on the top of his head.

His eyes close and he slumps in his chair. Suza gets hold of his feet and pulls. He hits the deck and she drags him to a cupboard. From her jeans pocket she takes a long piece of baling twine, is about to bind his arms when she decides to check her wristwatch.

WRISTWATCH

It is almost ten of five.

BACK TO SCENE

Breathing fast, she decides there isn't time to tie up the huge man, immediately tries to stuff him into the cupboard. He's so heavy she has to grasp him beneath armpits and lift. Once he's half up, she wraps arms around his chest and inches him in sideways.

He's in a sitting position, knees bent. She tries to close the cupboard door but his elbow is in the way. She has to reenter cupboard with him to turn him sideways so that he leans into the corner.

He's all the way inside but she can't be sure how much longer he'll be unconscious. So she reaches for the bottle again, lifts it over her head. But she loses her nerve at the last moment, puts down the bottle and slams the cupboard door.

She hurries across room, sits at the radio desk, switches the lever to "Transmit" -- selecting the set that was tuned to the Coparelli's wavelength. Then she leans over the microphone:

SUZA  
 (into mike)  
 Calling Coparelli, come in please.  
 (waits, gets  
 nothing)  
 Calling Coparelli. Come in  
 please, Nat Dickstein.

Still no reply. As her anxiety level rises, she blurts in frustration:

SUZA  
 Damn you, speak to me, Nathaniel!

CUT TO:

## INSIDE THE COPARELLI'S HOLD - ANGLING

toward Dickstein, amidships, as he stares at the drums of sandy metallic ore that have cost so much. Large black oil drums, their lids heavily sealed. A sound stirs him out of his despondency -- louder this time. It is a MAN'S VOICE calling out with urgency:

MAN (O.S.)  
Mr. Dickstein! Are you down there?

NAT  
(rallies)  
Yes.

MAN (O.S.)  
In the hold?

NAT  
(moves toward ladder)  
What do you want?

He climbs up.

## DECK - AS NAT EMERGES

The equivalent of a Non-Commissioned Officer peers at him. The 20-year-old is in a near-panic.

N.C.O.  
We've been searching the ship for you, sir. It's the radio...

Nat alongside him as the younger man, half-running, leads the way toward the Radio room. Nat senses the urgency.

N.C.O.  
... Someone is calling the Coparelli. We haven't answered, sir, because we're not supposed to be the Coparelli. But she says --

NAT  
She?

N.C.O.  
Yes, sir. She's coming over very clear -- speech, not Morse Code. She sounds close. And she's upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT  
 (stops in his  
 tracks)  
 How can you tell? What did she  
 say?

N.C.O.  
 "Speak to me, Nathaniel," sir.  
 Stuff like that.

NAT  
 (grabs him by his  
 pea jacket)  
 "Nathaniel"? Did she say  
 Nathaniel?

N.C.O.  
 Yes, sir. I'm sorry if --

But Dickstein is now sprinting toward the bridge area.

MEDIUM OF SUZA

Still at the Karla's radio mike, one eye on the cupboard --  
 she is jolted by the SOUND of:

NAT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Who is calling Coparelli?

She is too incredulous to reply.

NAT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Who's calling?

SUZA  
 Oh, Nat. Thank God.

NAT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Suza? Is that you?

SUZA  
 Yes, yes -- I'm with Rostov on  
 a ship called the Karla.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NAT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Whose is it?

SUZA  
It doesn't matter, Nat.  
(anguished)  
This ship is going to ram yours  
at six a.m.

NAT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Jesus -- that's all we need.

SUZA  
(overlaps)  
Nat, they'll catch me at the  
radio any minute. Tell me what  
to do. Quickly --

NAT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Can you create a diversion of  
some kind at five-thirty?

SUZA  
Diversion?

NAT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Start a fire, or yell "Man  
overboard!" -- anything to keep  
them all busy.

SUZA  
Well -- I'll try.

NAT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Okay, now --

Suza hears the door behind her open and she abruptly  
switches to "Transmit," silencing Dickstein.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO FAVOR

David Rostov who enters, looks around.

ROSTOV  
Where's Aleksandr?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA  
 (forces a smile)  
 He went for coffee. I offered  
 to mind the shop.

ROSTOV  
 The damn fool.

He angrily mutters an epithet to himself and storms out. Suza checks the cupboard door; it is still closed and she moves the radio lever to "Receive".

NAT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 I heard that. First thing, try  
 to wreck the radio. Then make  
 yourself scarce until five-  
 thirty.

SUZA  
 Wait -- What are you going to  
 do?

NAT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Do? I'm coming to get you --  
 I love you, for God's sake!

She beams as she switches off. Then she rises, crosses to Aleksandr's tool kit, pulls out a screwdriver, begins to undo a screw supporting the radio panel.

But she thinks she hears a stirring in the cupboard area and she pockets the screwdriver, forces the panel out with her hands.

TIGHTER

Inside is a tangle of wires. She grabs a fistful and pulls furiously -- until a dozen or so are hanging loose. Still, however, we can HEAR the Morse Code chattering. Suza pours the rest of the vodka into the radio's innards. This stops the Morse, and every light on the panel goes out.

A THUMPING SOUND from inside the cupboard and she runs out, closing the door behind her. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she descends ladder to a companionway, then finds another ladder en route to an even lower deck.

When her foot reaches top rung of this second ladder, she confronts Rostov, about to ascend. He holds his ground, looks up at her questioningly. Suza improvises:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA

Aleksandr's come back to the  
radio room. I'll be back.

ROSTOV

Why? You're not required there.

SUZA

(flustered)

I meant I'll be in my cabin.

She comes scrambling down the ladder, passes him. For a beat the KGB man follows her departure before ascending into CLOSE-UP. Frowning.

MEDIUM OF DICKSTEIN

For the second time in 24 hours, he's crossing rough seas in a small boat to board an enemy-held ship. He is dressed as before -- life jacket, oilskin, and sea boots. And armed with submachine gun, pistol, and grenades. But this time he is alone in the tiny launch.

He concentrates on steering his boat, is about to radio the Coparelli for a new fix, when the Karla suddenly appears alongside him. She is moving faster than his launch can go, and he must reach the ladder at her bows before she passes.

He guns the launch forward, swerves away as the Karla rolls toward him, then turns back, homing in. He has the rope tied around his waist, ready. The ladder comes within reach. He fixes his engine into IDLE, steps on the gunwale and jumps. The Karla pitches as he lands on the ladder -- as the sea rushes over his head.

He remains underwater for a terrifying length of time. At last he breaks surface, still clinging to the ladder and gulping lungfuls of air. He climbs a few steps, unties the rope around his waist, makes it fast to secure the boat to the Karla for his escape.

He has been carrying a magnetic mine on a rope across his shoulders. He takes it off and slaps it on to the Karla's hull. Then he sheds his oilskin and climbs up the ladder.

SUZA

enters the Karla's engine room, checks her watch, sees she's run out of time. The Second Engineer's on duty. He is surprised by his visitor, but not displeased when she cheerily asks:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SUZA

Mind if I keep you company?  
This is the only warm place  
on the ship.

(mimes a shiver,  
holds hand out  
toward throbbing  
engine)

Okay?

SECOND ENGINEER

Okay.

He pulls a pack of cigarettes from pocket, offers her one. She takes it, lets him light her up. She examines the engine as if in search of something -- when the VOICE-PIPE barks over a message in Russian. The Engineer walks toward it to answer. His back is to Suza.

She quickly stretches herself across the engine to reach the carburetor pipe. She grabs it and tugs -- muttering to herself, "Petrol... I need petrol!" Now Suza gets out her screwdriver, stabs the heavy plastic pipe with all her might. It creates a small cut and she sticks the screwdriver's point into the cut and works it.

Beyond her we SEE that the Engineer, who has reached the voice-pipe, is speaking into it in Russian. Suza's screwdriver breaks through the plastic and she withdraws it. A spray of liquid jets out of the little hole. She sniffs -- satisfied it's the petrol she sought -- and runs toward the ladder.

PAN OFF her to the Second Engineer who is answering "yes" in Russian to a question from the voice-pipe. An order angrily follows and the Engineer's smiling face is transformed into a mask of malice.

PAN BACK to the ladder just as Suza scrambles up the highest few rungs. The Engineer is now in hot pursuit.

DOWN PAST SUZA

At the top of the ladder, she turns, sees the pool of petrol spreading over the deck as Engineer steps on bottom rung. She still holds the lit cigarette. She throws it toward the engine.

She doesn't wait to see it land. And her head and shoulders are emerging on to the next deck when there is a loud WHOOSH, a bright red light from below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suza screams as her slacks catch fire. She jumps the last few inches and rolls. She beats at her slacks, struggles out of her oilskin and manages to wrap it around her legs. The fire is killed, but pain is excruciating.

Despite her near collapse, she must get away from the fire. She forces herself to stand, takes a tentative step, then staggers along the gangway -- just as the FIRE ALARM begins to sound all over the ship. She reaches end of gangway, leans on the ladder.

Up, she must still go up. She raises one foot, placing it on the bottom rung, as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

HAND-HELD SHOT OF DICKSTEIN

the moment he is about to get a leg over the Karla's rail. The Russian man standing on duty there is so taken aback at the sight of the intruder that he can only react reflexively when Nat reaches out his hand for a pull.

Automatically the Russian grabs Nat's arm. Nat hurdles the rail with his first leg, uses his other hand to grab the outstretched arm -- and throws the other man overboard and into the sea. His cry is lost in the wind. Nat brings his other leg over the rail and crouches down on the deck.

He checks his watch, then begins to walk along the unoccupied deck. As he draws level with the superstructure, a door opens, throwing a wedge of yellow light. Nat dodges around the corner, flattening against the bulkhead. He hears TWO VOICES speaking Russian. The door slams and the voices recede as the men walk aft.

Dickstein crosses to the port side and continue toward the stern. He stops at the corner, sees two men cross the afterdeck and speak to a third man in the stern. He raises submachine gun, tempted to take out all three of them with one burst -- but decides not to. Yet.

The two come back along the starboard deck and go inside. Nat walks up to the remaining man in the stern, who's on guard. The man says something in Russian. Dickstein grunts unintelligibly. The guard replies with a question.

Nat smiles before decking him with a chop to the neck. He throws the body overboard and retraces his steps. He opens a door, climbs a companionway ladder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUD VOICES come from the bridge. As Nat emerges from companionhead he sees three men. The First Officer is shouting into the voice-pipe. Dickstein brings his gun level just as the Captain pulls a lever sounding a second FIRE ALARM. Nat fires and the GUN CHATTER is partly smothered by the wailing klaxon. The three men are killed in their tracks.

Nat hurries back down the ladder. In response to the alarm, men are emerging all down both gangways, none of them armed -- for this is a fire alarm and not a call to battle stations. So he proceeds briskly along the central gangway, pushing his way through, shouting, "Get out of the way" in German. They stare at him, assuming he's someone in authority.

Suddenly there is a rasping order from somewhere, and the men begin to move purposefully. Nat reaches the end of the gangway and is about to descend the ladder when the officer who gave the order comes into sight and points at him, shouting a question.

LOWER DECK

Nat drops down to this level where things are better organized. Men are running in one direction toward the stern, and a group of four are breaking out firefighting gear.

CAMERA TRAVELS with Dickstein, glimpses his fury when he sees something in the area where the gangway widens for access to hoses.

DICKSTEIN'S POV

Suza Ashford is on the floor, her back to the bulkhead. Her legs are stretched out in front of her, her slacks torn. We can SEE her scorched skin through the tatters. Then a familiar VOICE is heard, shouting:

ROSTOV (V.O.)

What did you tell Dickstein?

BACK TO SCENE

Nat jumps from ladder to deck. One of the hands moves in front of him. Dickstein knocks him down with an elbow shot to the face, and jumps on Rostov. Even in his rage he knows he can't use the gun in so confined a space while Rostov is close to Suza.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

So he grabs Rostov's shoulder and spins him around. Rostov sees his face and explodes:

ROSTOV

You!

Nat hits him in the stomach, a pile-driving blow that buckles him at the waist and makes him gasp. As his head comes down, Nat brings a knee up, snapping Rostov's chin. Then continuing the motion, he kicks the Russian's neck so hard that it drives him into the bulkhead.

Before Rostov completes his fall, Nat turns, goes down on one knee to bring the machine gun off his shoulder. With Suza behind him and to one side, he OPENS FIRE on three hands who appear in the gangway.

He turns again, picking up Suza in a fireman's lift, trying not to touch her charred flesh. He runs the length of the gangway, then carries her up the ladder. When he comes off the top of it, he's on main deck level. He finds a door and steps out.

There is some confusion out on deck, allowing Nat to run forward to the same ladder he used to board the Karla. He eases gun onto shoulder, shifts Suza to the other shoulder, and steps over the rail. But when he surveys the deck, he knows they've seen him.

DRAMATIC ANGLE - FACING UP

the ladder. Nat (carrying Suza) is halfway down when they begin to shoot at him. A bullet PINGS off the hull beside his head. Holding onto the ladder with his left hand, he puts right hand to his gun, points up, and FIRES. He misses but his three pursuers pull back.

Then Nat loses his balance.

REVERSE - ONTO NAT & SUZA

As the prow of the ship pitches upward, Dickstein sways, drops his gun into the sea and grabs ladder with his right hand. His right foot slips off the rung -- and then Suza slips from his left shoulder.

NAT

(screams)

Hold on to me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She continues to slip away, goes plunging into the sea. Dickstein turns, sees the launch, jumps, landing with a jarring shock in the well of the boat.

WATER SURFACE LEVEL

A frantic Dickstein calls her name into the black sea all around him, swinging from one side of the boat to another. Then he turns at the sound of a SCREAM. And he sees her head just above the surface, between the boat and the Karla's hull. She is out of reach, screams again.

The launch is tied to the Karla by the rope. Dickstein cuts it with his knife, letting go of the end that's tied to the Karla's ladder, and throwing the other end toward Suza.

As she reaches for the rope, the sea rises again and engulfs her. The GUNFIRE RESUMES from above. Nat ignores it, scans the water anxiously -- until Suza surfaces again. He throws the rope. This time she's able to grab it. He pulls her closer and closer until he can lean over the gunwale and grab her by the wrists.

He pulls her into the launch's well, throws the boat into gear, then falls on top of her, protecting her body against the rain of gunfire with his own.

The launch moves away from the Karla, undirected, riding the waves like a lost surfboard. The SHOOTING STOPS. Dickstein looks back. The Karla is out of sight.

TIGHT

Gently Nat turns Suza over. Her eyes are closed.

NAT  
(from the gut)  
Don't die. Please don't die.

She slowly opens her eyes and looks up at him.

SUZA  
(weakly)  
Is it really you?

NAT  
It's me.

The corners of her mouth lift in a faint smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUZA  
Then I won't die.

CAMERA ZOOMS BACK across the water... until the two of them and their launch are lost in the darkness.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VINEYARD - DAY - PANNING

the now verdant expanse of cultivated acreage on the kibbutz overlooking the Sea of Galilee.

It is dusk and the score of backs straighten up at the end of another work day.

Narrator's VOICE is heard OVER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Nathaniel Dickstein resigned from the Mossad in 1969. He married Suza Ashford and took her back to the kibbutz -- where they tended grapes by day and made love half the night.

We are actually on a CRANE and CAMERA has DESCENDED to ground level to record the perspiring and contented faces of workers preparing to call it a day.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
They did not have children for a while. And for a brief period Dickstein replaced Pierre Borg as Chief of Mossad.

CAMERA SLOWS UP when it approaches Dickstein, still the last of the workers to stop working, as he wipes sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

Abruptly all smiles, he is pleasantly surprised by some visitors here in the vineyard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
But upon the birth of their first child -- a son -- he returned to their home overlooking the Sea of Galilee.

Suza and their infant child -- whom she easily cradles in one arm -- have come by to accompany Nat home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And they named the boy Towfik --  
an Arab name that had special  
meaning to the child's parents.

Dickstein embraces mother and child. Then they face the  
fast-sinking sun and -- returning home -- walk into it.

FADE OUT.

THE END