

CAFE UNIVERSAL

a script by

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White letters on a black field:

"We are nothing.
 We have fallen
 Into the dark and shall be destroyed.
 Think though, that in this darkness
 We hold the secret hub of an idea
 Whose living sunlit wheel revolves in future years
 outside."

-Stephen Spender

INT. RESTAURANT--NIGHT

Fade in: on an enormous closeup of the cloudy eye of a baked fish. Slowly draw away from it, revealing the ravaged carcass of the fish on a plate. Track across the surface of the table--dishes, the devastated remains of a vast, solitary meal--until we come to a hand, its puffy fingers weighted down with ornate rings. It grasps a linen napkin and raises it. We follow the napkin up to a pair of thick, greasy lips--the hand dabs at them as they smack with satisfaction.

As the napkin is lowered, a wider angle reveals the diner--a large, fat, gleamingly bald man, perhaps in his seventies, sitting like a bloated vulture over the wreckage of a meal in a booth in an opulent Parisian restaurant. He signals a waiter who hovers nearby; the waiter carefully opens a fresh bottle of wine, pours a splash into the fat man's glass. The fat man raises the glass with relish.

Closeup: he sniffs the wine delicately, swirls it in the glass, touches it to his lips and nods to the waiter. The glass is filled, raised again. The fat man drains it, then dabs his lips again with the napkin. Suddenly his look of satisfaction freezes--his face darkens--he raises his hands, claw-like, to his throat--

Angle up from table level: the fat man collapses forward into an enormous closeup among the plates and fragments of food, his bulging eye staring into the cloudy eye of the fish. As he strikes--

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

Low angle: a Paris street at night. On the cut, a motorcycle shoots into frame from behind the camera and recedes from us.

Closeup: (on the cut, music begins--John Cale's My Maria) a young man in a leather jacket, with an intense, angular face--the wind whips at his hair. We draw back from him and he swings the bike out of frame.

The titles begin to roll over a series of dark paintings, dissolving into one another.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

Another street, small cafes. The motorcycle shoots past.

More paintings as the titles continue.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The bike weaves in and out of traffic. The young man has a determined, humourless look about his features.

Yet more paintings dissolving in and out as the titles continue.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The final painting dissolves into a narrow lane. The bike turns into it and comes towards us. The titles come to an end. The bike stops in front of a seedy little jeweller's shop with a dark interior. The young man gets off, leans it on the kickstand and goes to the shop door. As he knocks, the song ends. Light reaches out from an inner doorway--an old woman with white hair peers out at the young man nervously--he shifts uneasily from one foot to the other, glances over his shoulder, brushes the hair back from his face. He has a small bag slung over one shoulder. The old woman slides the bolts and lets him in.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Closeup of a newspaper page: a smeary photograph--the fat, bald

man. A babble of voices. Pull back as the paper is passed from one hand to another across a table. It is day, a narrow Paris street--a sidewalk cafe. The building is old: Cafe Universal, a 1920's art nouveau monument. Chatter among the people at the tables (in French)--

FIRST MAN

Perhaps he was murdered--

SECOND MAN

He just died--like the dinosaurs....

THIRD MAN

His time had come--these White Russians, what's left of them, they're just a joke.

FOURTH MAN

See here (holding up paper)--one of the nobility, it says, family connected to the Czar--

THIRD MAN

They all are!

FOURTH MAN

(continuing)

--a general--

FIRST MAN

Without an army!

General laughter.

FOURTH MAN

(continuing)

--a leader of the community--

THIRD MAN

A leader at the pig trough!

More laughter.

SECOND MAN

(calling across the street)

I see there's another fascist gone!

EXT. CAFE--DAY

Across the street is another cafe, newer, less imposing than Cafe Universal. Here, too, the inhabitants are looking at the newspapers --darker expressions, less raucous tones--

FIFTH MAN

(calling angrily)

Murderers! We'll put a stop to your kind--

Jeers from Cafe Universal.

SIXTH MAN

Swine!

And he stands and hurls a wine bottle across the street--it crashes through one of Cafe Universal's windows.

EXT. GALLERY--DAY

As the glass shatters, a conservatively dressed man in his forties unlocks the door of a small but prestigious art gallery next door to Cafe Universal. He glances up at the noise, then steps inside.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

As he does so, a stout, elegant woman steps out of Cafe Universal, shaking her fist at the people across the street as more angry shouts are exchanged.

EXT. SEINE EMBANKMENT--DAY

A boat cuts through the gray waters of the Seine. The ripples from its bow spread out, growing larger and slower as they stretch to the bank. They lap lazily against the stone. Above, two men look down on the river--a large, heavyset Frenchman who looks as if he might be a failed businessman, or perhaps a bourgeois who tried to become an artist but failed dismally; and a lean American, somewhere in his thirties, wiry and tense in well-worn clothes and a scruffy beard. They look at the river, not at each other.

LEAN AMERICAN

(in heavily accented French)

The water is very gray today.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

It always is now--like the weather--I sometimes think it will never clear.

LEAN AMERICAN

It will clear--in the end. Everything resolves itself.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

Itself?

LEAN AMERICAN

Sometimes we must help it out--a little.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

A little.

LEAN AMERICAN

Whatever way we can.

He turns from the river, looks at the Frenchman for the first time. He pulls an envelope from his pocket and hands it over.

LEAN AMERICAN
(in English)

We've made a change.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN
(surprised)

A change!?

LEAN AMERICAN

A minor one.

He turns and walks away. The Frenchman looks after him for a moment, then glances at the envelope in his hand. He stuffs it in his pocket and starts walking away in the opposite direction.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

A curtain blows in an open window, soiled and slightly torn--the breeze is erratic; sometimes the cloth merely twitches, sometimes it reaches into the room. Sounds of traffic drift in--a lazy, late afternoon hum.

The shadow of the curtain flutters across a wall of faded, torn wallpaper. We can almost smell the old, damp, crumbling plaster.

A hand with a cigarette caught between two fingers moves. The ash is long. The hand takes it close to a tray on the floor--bits of food in congealed grease, an empty wine bottle. The ash falls to the plate. The cigarette is raised again, taken to the lips of a small, grayish man who lies back on the rumpled bed--the bed creaks with his movement. He draws in some smoke, holds it, then lets it out in a thin stream.

On a chair in the corner sits a woman, a prostitute. She is wearing only her underwear; it looks old and faded, as she does. She looks out the window, then glances at the man--sullen, uneasy. She crosses her arms across her body, holds herself as if cold. The needle tracks are old and plentiful.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

Dusk. A narrow street. Somebody is running away from the camera, keeping to the shadows by the wall--we barely glimpse the figure before it disappears into a side alley. On the corner, in the foreground, a mailbox. It suddenly explodes with a loud, sharp bang--smoke billows up, and out of the column float fragments of burning paper.

Even as the echo dies, a gloved hand smashes in a jeweller's window--the hand reaches in and rakes up all the rings, watches, chains, necklaces, and trinkets it can grab.

INT. JEWELLER'S SHOP--EVENING

Evening. A light filters into the seedy little jeweller's shop which the young man on a motorcycle visited earlier. It comes from the partly open inner door. A hum of voices from within.

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--EVENING

A tall, elegant man stands at the end of a table in a small room--rather a dingy place, the sole decoration on the wall behind him a painting in the style of a medieval Russian icon. The man is quite elderly, now running to seed, his flesh graying. He raises a glass, holds it before him, waiting for silence--

JEWELLER

(in Russian)

To our fallen brother.

Around the table, an array of men, none much less than sixty years old, raise their glasses in salute.

ALL

(in Russian)

Our brother!

They all drink. The elderly jeweller sits, taps a newspaper on the table in front of him--the face of the fat, bald man looks up

blankly from the page.

JEWELLER

This is a warning to us, all--the danger
is still very real.

FIRST MAN

They still fear us....

SECOND MAN

The increase in dissent has them running scared
--they know that if a popular rising occurs, we
are still ready to return and take charge....

JEWELLER

I think we can expect a campaign, perhaps the
worst since the early years of their revolution.

THIRD MAN

But they have much more subtle weapons now
--it won't be an axe in the head this time
--their scientists have developed new and
undetectable poisons--

FIRST MAN

They used it on the general--

JEWELLER

We will be on our own this time--we will
have no protection. (shoves the paper down
the table) A stroke, they call it! They
won't risk their necks for us--not this
time--they are more interested in courting
the Soviet....

From the door to the kitchen, the old white-haired woman peers out
nervously at the gathering, listening to the concerned and angry

voices. Her hands work against each other uneasily--

OLD WOMAN

(in French, whispering)

The Gestapo--I know--they have found us out
--the Resistance is in terrible danger--we
must not let it die--not this time--

INT. GALLERY OFFICE--EVENING

In a small, sparsely furnished office, the gallery owner sits behind a desk. He leans back in a plush swivel chair, holding the phone to his ear.

GALLERY OWNER

(in French)

... yes, he is arriving this evening ... we
will be going over the final arrangements in
the next few days ... but certainly I will
arrange a meeting since Monsieur le Deputy
has such an interest in the man's work....

INT. DEPUTY'S OFFICE--EVENING

Monsieur le Deputy is a stocky, mild-looking man somewhere in late middle age. He sits behind a large, ornate desk in a spacious office --bookshelves line one wall; behind him hangs a large, valuable painting.

DEPUTY

(in French)

I am most grateful, Monsieur--the American's
work is certain to be a good investment....

INT. GALLERY OFFICE--EVENING

The gallery owner is smiling at the prospect of a profit.

GALLERY OWNER

Undoubtedly, Monsieur--I am sure that you will

GALLERY OWNER

(cont'd)

not be disappointed--I should perhaps warn you, however, that he has a reputation for being--well, perhaps a little difficult--I hope that will not affect your opinion of his work....

INT. DEPUTY'S OFFICE--EVENING

Monsieur le Deputy, now seemingly bored, wanting to end the call, sits forward slightly.

DEPUTY

I can assure you, Monsieur, that I never allow personal feelings to come to bear when collecting is involved--

An aide knocks and enters.

DEPUTY

(continuing)

Now, if you will excuse me, I have duties to attend to. Good evening.

He hangs up as the aide places a folder on the desk.

AIDE

The report on the latest bombing....

The Deputy waves him away and takes a large cigar from a box on the desktop. He clips it, lights it--exhales a thick cloud of smoke.

DEPUTY

(a tone of satisfaction)

These people will soon learn not to take the law so lightly--we will give them a lesson in fear....

INT. TRAIN STATION--EVENING

A train begins to slide past the platform of a large railway station--sounds reverberate under the vaulted roof. People bustle about--someone runs to catch the moving train. As the train picks up speed, another rolls into the station at a different platform, slowing. An unintelligible voice makes an announcement of some kind over the PA.

In the shadow of a pillar a man stands waiting. Dressed in a cheap suit, with a post-punk haircut, he wears glasses with a clear left lens and a smoked right lens--giving the impression of an eye-patch. He watches as the arriving train comes to a stop and the crowd pours off the platform. He steps forward, a shabby briefcase in his hand, and cuts across the flow of people. He bumps into someone, barely glimpsed--as they stumble, they exchange briefcases and he continues walking.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

Early evening. The gallery owner steps out of his gallery and locks the door. A motorcycle comes around the corner at the end of the block. The gallery owner goes to his car, parked at the curb, and gets in as the motorcycle comes up and stops outside Cafe Universal. As the young man gets off, a bag over his shoulder, the gallery owner starts up and pulls away. The young man glances at the departing car.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

The interior of Cafe Universal is dimly lit, ornate and heavily mirrored--a scene from a more romantic past. There are a few customers scattered amongst the tables. To one side, two old men with deeply creased faces sit over a chess board. One of them moves his hand towards a bishop, withdraws it and picks up a glass of red wine instead, drains it.

The young man walks in with a kind of swagger, the arrogance of young self-confidence. He passes close to the two old men.

YOUNG MAN
(in French)

Hola! Haven't moved yet, eh?

Neither of the old men looks up, but they glare towards each other at this disturbance, begin an exchange in Spanish, anger rising steadily.

PEPE

Communists!

JUAN

Bolsheviks!

PEPE

Mensheviks!

JUAN

Trotskyists!

PEPE

Stalinists!

JUAN

Perverts!

PEPE

Sadists! ...

The young man laughs as he passes on to the next table during this litany. He slaps the man sitting there on the shoulder. He is a nervous, weasly type with scattered papers and notebooks on the table in front of him which he is compulsively rearranging.

WRITER
(in English, testy)

Must you upset them? It's so hard to get

WRITER

(cont'd)

them in a mood to talk....

YOUNG MAN

(in English)

How's the novel coming along?

WRITER

No easier, thanks to you--you know how
difficult they can be....

The young man laughs again and moves on to an empty table. He drops his bag to the floor beside a chair, sits, and calls for a glass of wine.

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--EVENING

The old jeweller closes the door behind the last of his guests. He hears a movement behind him, speaks without turning.

JEWELLER

(in French)

They still fear us, them and their damned
revolution--with all their prisons and their
KGB killers, they still fear us.

The old woman moves tentatively out of the kitchen.

OLD WOMAN

(in French, whispering)

We must take care--the Gestapo will not rest
until they have eliminated us all--the
Resistance is all that stands between them
and--

The jeweller glances around and glares at her.

JEWELLER

Resistance ... Gestapo ... yes, I suppose
it is all the same in the end--there are
only two sides.

She retreats back into the doorway, watching him. He goes to a small
safe, opens it, and removes a small packet. He takes it to the
table, pours a little white powder out onto the surface, scrapes
it together into a thin line, then carefully snorts it, half into
each nostril.

EXT. PARK--EVENING

Evening twilight. A park. A gentle breeze stirs the leaves. The
sound of traffic drifts on the warm air. On a bench near a lamp, the
lean American sits, leaning back, his legs stretched out. Someone
passes on a bicycle. A Frenchman dressed in a suit and tie wanders
along the path--his bearing announces him, however unwillingly, as
a policeman. He hesitates, then sits beside the American. In his
hand, a magazine. He opens it, tips it slightly to one side as if
to catch the light from the lamp. There is a grainy photograph
lying loose on the open page: the small, gray man. The American
glances at it. The Frenchman does not look at him, appears to be
reading.

FRENCHMAN

(in French)

Do you know him?

LEAN AMERICAN

(in French)

I might be able to find out. (pause) What
is it about?

FRENCHMAN

(shrugging)

He crossed over from Spain on a false
passport two days ago. We think he may be

FRENCHMAN

(cont'd)

an American--we would like to know what
he is doing here.

LEAN AMERICAN

(in English)

I'll check into it.

He stands up and walks away. The Frenchman looks after him for a moment, then looks down at the photograph, touches it, raises his eyebrows quizzically.

INT, AIRPORT--NIGHT

Only Airport. The terminal. Full of noise and movement, announcements of arrivals and departures over the PA. People meeting people; saying goodbye. The gallery owner waits in the reception area. A couple of men linger nearby, one with a camera. A group of arriving passengers appears--the gallery owner peers into them, searching. He steps forward to greet an American--in his mid-to-late thirties, dressed casually, he has a rather young look, as if he has managed to remain largely untouched by the world.

GALLERY OWNER

(in English, extending hand)

Mister Linton?

The American stops, shakes the offered hand.

GALLERY OWNER

(continuing)

Pierre Brunel. I would like to welcome you
to Paris--and to tell you what a pleasure
it is to meet you at last.

LINTON

Yeah, hi. It's great to be here.

The two men nearby step forward.

REPORTER

(in English)

Mister Linton--how does it feel to be getting a show in Paris at last?

LINTON

Well, it's something any artist would like to have.

REPORTER

Even to someone who has gained a reputation like yours back in the States?

LINTON

Of course, we all want to be as widely known as possible--and Paris with its traditions and history represents a kind of ultimate recognition....

As he speaks, the second man takes several pictures--the gallery owner moves in to be included in the shots. He nods at the two men.

GALLERY OWNER

I am sure you will appreciate that Mister Linton is tired after his journey. If you will excuse us--the opening is three days hence, at the Grand Palais....

He steers Linton away towards the exit.

GALLERY OWNER

(continuing)

You have a fairly busy schedule for the next few days--I have arranged meetings with the press--and a dinner tomorrow evening at my

GALLERY OWNER

(cont'd)

apartment--some very important people--
including an influential deputy of police
who possesses a famous collection....

EXT. AIRPORT--NIGHT

They arrive at the gallery owner's car. As it pulls away, a news
broadcast is heard on the radio:

ANNOUNCER

(in French)

... the latest in a series of bomb incidents.
The Minister of the Interior announced this
afternoon that police anti-terrorist
activities would be increased and that the
efficiency of the new organization set up
by Deputy Rolland would ensure an immediate
decrease in such activities....

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

Cafe Universal is now quite busy as the evening crowd becomes more
dense and animated. An attractive young American woman, somewhere
in her mid-twenties, enters. She smiles a greeting at several
people as she makes her way back to the table where the young man
sits with a few others. A couple of wine bottles stand on the
table. He looks edgy and excited as he tilts his face up; she
bends to kiss him, then sits beside him.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

Did you hear the news?

CAROLINE

(in French)

What?--about the bombing?

YOUNG MAN

No, no. Mario's just been telling me (nods to one of the others at the table) that the old fascist who runs the gallery next door is bringing in that American Linton for a show.

CAROLINE

Linton?

YOUNG MAN

(not noticing her slight surprise)

Yes, you must have heard of him--he is one of the biggest things to come out of the United States in decades--it is quite a coup for the other side--he ought to be protected from those bourgeois vultures....

He does not notice the quiet, thoughtful look on her face.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The man with the odd glasses stands in a phone booth on a street corner. He dials.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

The gray man in the seedy hotel room picks up the phone.

Closeup: a tape reel begins to turn.

The gray man takes the cigarette out of his mouth.

GRAY MAN

(in English)

Yeah.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The man with odd glasses speaks softly into the phone.

GLASSES
(in English)

Tomorrow--at one.

He hangs up.

Closeup: the tape stops rolling.

As glasses steps from the phone booth, the gallery owner's car drives past, carrying the artist.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--NIGHT

The gray man's hand rests on the cradled receiver. He glances across the room. The prostitute looks restless. She reaches for her dress. The gray man gestures for her to stop. He takes his wallet from the bedside table, pulls out some bills, and tosses them towards her.

GRAY MAN
(in French)

Sit down.

PROSTITUTE
(in French)

It's your money.

GRAY MAN
Right. It is.

She sits back on the chair, drawing her arms around herself--perhaps cold, perhaps self-conscious as he stares at her in her underwear.

PROSTITUTE

(sighing)

Are you sure you don't want to do anything?

GRAY MAN

(lighting another cigarette)

I just like the company.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The gallery owner's car pulls up in front of a small, pleasant hotel.
He gets out with the artist.

GALLERY OWNER

(in English)

I think you will find this quite comfortable.

LINTON

It looks fine....

GALLERY OWNER

I can come back and pick you up tomorrow at
noon--we will have to discuss the final plans
for the opening....

LINTON

That's okay. I can find my way--just give
me the address.

The gallery owner takes out a card and hands it to Linton.

GALLERY OWNER

And do not forget the little supper I have
arranged for tomorrow evening--it will be a
small affair, but they are important and
influential people....

LINTON

Okay. Good night.

He takes his bag from the gallery owner and walks up the steps to the door. The gallery owner watches him for a moment before getting back into his car.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

Cafe Universal is buzzing with late evening activity--people eating, drinking, talking, arguing. Music comes from an old juke box in one corner--a song from the thirties. A large eager group has gathered round the table at which the young man and the American woman sit--a typical student gathering fueled by wine.

FIRST STUDENT

(in French)

It's a typical move--when the decay sets in, the bourgeoisie hire more thugs to hold off the inevitable.

SECOND STUDENT

And inevitably that just speeds up the decay....

CAROLINE

You make it sound as if an increase in police powers is a good thing....

YOUNG MAN

In the long term, it is--because it makes more people aware of what is going on--

THIRD STUDENT

So you wind up with more people fighting back --it's a matter of action and reaction.

YOUNG MAN

You have to have oppression to make people

YOUNG MAN

(cont'd)

aware of what is going on outside themselves
--people are just naturally selfish--they have
to be pushed into making a commitment.

FIRST STUDENT

Fatty Rolland's new anti-terrorist squad will
smell so bad before long that people who never
even thought about politics before will rise
up--

CAROLINE

--and cheer. Most people want the police to
be tough.

The young man pats her hand and gives a condescending little laugh.

YOUNG MAN

You will see--there will be an increase in
direct action once these thugs show their true
faces--you are too much of a pessimist,
Caroline.

SECOND STUDENT

(laughing)

That is her American naivete--over there, they
are all brought up to believe that nothing can
change--just accept the status quo.

She frowns at the student but says nothing.

At the next table, a white-haired woman sits with the English would-be novelist. She shakes her head as he pours her another glass of wine.

WOMAN

(in English)

Do you hear all that nonsense? They think they understand it all, they've solved all the questions. You know, when I was in Rome in the Thirties, there was a little place on the Via -----, called the English Chemist's Shop when I first went there. When some alliance changed, it was attacked and wrecked. So the owner changed the name to the French Chemist's Shop or something like that. But each time he changed the name, the political situation changed and the shop was attacked again. Finally, he called it the International Chemist's Shop--and an anti-communist group wrecked it. Those are the real limits of politics for you.

INT. ROOM--NIGHT

In a small room lit by a single lamp, the man with the odd glasses sits at a table. Before him is the scuffed briefcase he got at the station. He opens it and removes three square paper packages, weighing each in his hand as he takes it out. He sets them down in a row. From his pocket he takes a knife--the blade flicks out. He sets it down. Then he unfolds the paper of the first package, exposing a block of tightly compressed off-white powder. He picks up a plastic bag from the table, takes the knife, and carefully scrapes a little of the powder into the bag. He refolds the paper, ensuring that it is tight, then puts all three packages back into the briefcase.

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

A hand rests on a sketch pad, lying on a bed. On the paper, odd chaotic images and patterns in black and white. The hand moves, picks up a pen, makes a mark.

Linton smiles, lying back against the pillows in his hotel room.

He makes another mark on the page, glances at the curtain blowing in the open window--the sounds of the city at night drift in on the breeze.

Dissolve to:

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--NIGHT

A large room in the exhibition hall. We track slowly in the dim light, past packing cases waiting to be opened....

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

Very late in the evening. People stepping out of Cafe Universal into the street--the group of students, loud and energetic.

STUDENTS

(variously, in French)

Good night!--See you tomorrow!--Come on back
for a drink!--Good night!

The young man and the American woman pause on the sidewalk as the group disperses. They kiss.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

Come on, I'll give you a lift.

CAROLINE

(in English, shaking her head)

It's okay, I'll walk.

YOUNG MAN

(in English)

Are you angry?

CAROLINE

No--I just feel like walking. (nods at bike)
Anyway--you know I don't like that thing.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

Okay. I'll see you at lunch tomorrow then.

CAROLINE

Okay.

He gives her another quick kiss, then gets on his motorcycle. He kicks it into life, waves to her, then rides off. She watches him a moment, then starts walking along the street. After going a little way, she doubles back--to the gallery. She stands there looking in at the window. A poster announces the imminent opening of a show of Mark Linton's work--two of his dark, chaotic paintings are reproduced on the poster. She lingers, looking in at the window....

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--NIGHT

The old woman leans over a pot steaming on the stove, sprinkles in some salt, stirs it--tastes a bit of the stew. A sharp knock--she looks up nervously, glances across the kitchen. The old jeweller sits at the table, his hands resting on the surface before him. He looks up slowly, eyes dull. The knock is repeated. She carefully lays down the spoon and moves to the window, pushes the curtain open a fraction.

EXT. ALLEY--NIGHT

In the alley beside the building, the man with the odd glasses stands outside the door--he glances behind him, towards the street; turning back, he sees the curtain twitch--knocks again, more sharply.

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--NIGHT

The old woman looks back at the old jeweller. At the most recent knock his senses seem to focus.

JEWELLER

(in French)

Let him in.

Obviously uneasy, the old woman unbolts the door and opens it a crack. The man slips in. The jeweller rises, steps to the inner door. The man follows him out into the other room. The woman moves to the door, watching. Glasses glances at her.

GLASSES

(in French)

Tell her to leave us alone.

The jeweller looks back at her--gestures with his head. She withdraws and the door eases almost shut behind her. Glasses sets the briefcase down on the table.

GLASSES

For safekeeping.

The jeweller goes to a small safe in the corner, squats and touches the tumbler. He pauses, frowns; his hand drops away momentarily, then returns to the tumbler. He feels his way through the combination with painful slowness. As he pulls the door open he looks back at glasses. Glasses carries the briefcase over, hands it to the jeweller who puts it in the safe and closes the door. Glasses watches all this with a cool expression. As the jeweller stands--

GLASSES

I'll call again to collect it within two days.

(pause) The usual terms.

JEWELLER

(slowly)

The usual ... of course.

Glasses looks at him a moment longer, evaluating. Then turns and makes his way back through the kitchen and out into the alley. The old woman quickly moves to bolt the door again, pulls the curtain back a fraction to peer out. The man with odd glasses disappears down the alley. She looks back towards the inner door where the

jeweller stands in his drugged-out vagueness.

OLD WOMAN

They are everywhere, you know--the traitors,
the collaborators--we must take care--no one
is to be trusted--the Gestapo will have us yet,
mark me--and then what are we to do...?

INT. DEPUTY'S GALLERY--NIGHT

A windowless, high-ceilinged room. The walls are lined with a highly varied array of paintings--sculptures are placed about the floor. In the centre of the room, a heavy, high-backed chair, facing away from us.

Closeup: the Deputy's face, a dazed, gluttonous look of longing in his eyes. He makes a faint sound somewhere deep in his throat.

Sprawled in his lap, incongruous against his impeccable suit and tie, is a plump, naked woman--patient, even placid, as his hands restlessly stroke across her body.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

Late at night, a dark street. The motorcycle comes around the corner, slowly, its engine scarcely more than idling. It bumps up onto the sidewalk and rolls towards a dark doorway. The young man cuts the engine and comes to a stop. He speaks to the darkness--

YOUNG MAN

(low, in French)

We are all ready--

VOICE FROM DOORWAY

I have spoken with the others--it is to go
ahead as planned--almost as planned--

YOUNG MAN

Almost?

VOICE

Everything is set as agreed--the operation is the same--but the target is different--a simple change--

YOUNG MAN

I don't like it--not this late--

VOICE

You are not asked to like it. Just carry out your part--

A shadow moves within the deeper shadows of the doorway. A hand holds something out.

VOICE

(continuing)

The new target--and the routes--

The young man takes the offered paper with an obvious reluctance. Without speaking, he kicks the motorcycle into noisy life--the sound is appallingly loud, smashing off the buildings on either side of the street. He peels out, roars off down the street. A moment later, the figure steps out of the doorway; the large, heavysset Frenchman who earlier met with the American by the Seine. He looks after the bike for a moment before walking away.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Sometime around midday and the street is quite quiet. A few customers sit at the sidewalk tables outside the cafes. Caroline comes walking along towards Cafe Universal. As she comes up to the gallery she pauses a moment and looks at the poster again. She moves on to the cafe and enters.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Inside the cafe, the two old men still sit over their chess game. It seems to have advanced no further since the previous day. The old

men sip their wine and occasionally mutter to each other. Caroline passes their table, smiles at them, gets no response. She sits at the next table where the English would-be writer continues to shuffle his notebooks and papers.

CAROLINE

(in English, smiling)

Found the plot yet?

The writer looks flustered, glances at the two old men.

WRITER

They're impossible. I can't pin them down on anything.

CAROLINE

Why don't you just find another subject?

WRITER

Impossible! They are the subject, the heart of the times....

INT./EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--DAY

Linton steps out of the elevator in his hotel, drops his key off at the desk and goes out into the street. He hails a passing taxi and rides away.

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

In the small back room, the old jeweller sits, his hands pulling at each other nervously as he stares across at the small safe. He suddenly pushes himself up, paces across the room with a rapid, stiff stride--glances back at the safe--stops at the window, pushes the lace curtain aside and looks out--moves to the door connecting with the kitchen and pushes it open. The old woman sits at the table, sipping tea. She looks up, worried. The jeweller turns, moves across to the safe, hesitates--then bends down to open it. He fumbles. He pauses, his hand still on the handle. He glances back over his

shoulder--the old woman is in the doorway, clinging to the edge, watching. He turns back to the safe, decisively pulls out the briefcase left by the man with the odd glasses.

OLD WOMAN

(in French, low)

It is dangerous to keep secret things here.

He looks at her, then stares down at the briefcase in his hands.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

The taxi stops in front of the gallery and Linton gets out. As he turns from paying the driver, his eyes fall on the facade of Cafe Universal. He glances at the gallery, the poster advertising his coming show--then walks over to the cafe and looks inside. A cool, dimly lit art nouveau interior--the murmur of a few voices.

INT CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Caroline nibbles a pastry as she pays attention to the writer.

WRITER

(in English)

... so they've lost their faith in the truth
--no, in the possibility of truth. Betrayal
on betrayal--why should they care any more?
So they've washed their hands of it all....

A movement at the door draws her attention--a silhouette against the light. Linton steps inside and his face becomes visible. She watches a moment as he stands there, adjusting to the light--she stands, causing the writer to fall silent, looking up at her. Linton looks towards the movement, frowns into the subdued light. He moves towards her as she approaches him--they laugh--he hugs her.

LINTON

God, it's been a long time--

CAROLINE

Years!

LINTON

How are you?

CAROLINE

Fine, I'm fine--I saw the posters, but I wasn't sure it was really you--

LINTON

Well, it is--and here I am--

CAROLINE

You've come such a long way....

LINTON

And you--here in Paris--

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

The old jeweller sits at the table with the briefcase before him. He takes a thin probe in one hand and, steadying it with the other, inserts it in the lock. He moves the probe quite delicately--a click. He opens the case and looks inside, reaches in and withdraws a paper packet. He sets it before him and pushes the briefcase to one side. He clenches his hands hard, as if to steady them, then carefully begins to unfold the paper wrapping. He stares down at the hard, off-white block--its crystalline composition catches the light in a myriad tiny facets, enticing. With a sharp knife, he very slowly, delicately scrapes off a little powder, trying not to scar the block. With the knife blade, he gathers the powder together and edges it into a line. Laying the knife down, he very carefully folds the paper back into place, making sure that it looks untouched. Looking down at the thin line of powder on the surface of the table, he wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

EXT. HOTEL--DAY

The man with the odd glasses enters a rundown, disreputable-looking old hotel.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The prostitute, dozing on the rumpled bed, stirs as if in the midst of a disturbing dream. The gray man sits in the stained chair in the corner smoking a ragged cigarette. He coughs hoarsely. The curtain drifts on the breeze from the open window and the noise of the city floats in, dreamlike. A knock at the door. The gray man looks up; the prostitute stirs again, turns slightly, eyes opening blearily. The knock is repeated. The gray man rises, moves to the door as the prostitute sits up. He opens it a crack and looks out, pulls the door wider, and glasses steps inside. He nods a perfunctory greeting to the gray man and glances at the prostitute.

GRAY MAN

(in English)

It's okay.

After a pause, glasses shrugs. He pulls a small leather case from the inside pocket of his jacket, unzips it and withdraws the small plastic bag containing the sample of powder. The prostitute watches, her eyes moving from one to the other and back again, coming to rest on the little bag. The gray man looks at her--

GRAY MAN

(in French)

Would you like to take a little trip?

She eyes them warily, glances at the bag again--a glimmer of interest. She bites her lips. Glasses begins to remove some paraphernalia from the little leather case--a needle, a phial of distilled water--as he explains in English, the prostitute following the movement of his hands, not understanding his words.

GLASSES

This is incredibly powerful stuff, unlike anything previously on the market--it's the LSD of the Eighties.

He taps a little of the powder into the phial of water, shakes it up, watches the crystals become transparent, vanish.

GLASSES

(continuing)

You have to cut it in a ratio of about a hundred to one--it's highly toxic in its pure form--and of course it builds up in the body, so eventually, anyone who takes enough of it goes on a permanent trip--

He sticks the needle in the phial and pulls back the plunger, drawing up the drug--he looks across at the prostitute whose eyes are locked on the needle.

EXT. STREET--DAY

The young man weaves his motorcycle in and out of the midday traffic, a bag slung over his shoulder.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The prostitute sits placidly back on the bed as glasses administers the shot. He smiles coldly as he searches for a spot among the needle tracks on her arm.

GLASSES

(in French)

This will give you the ride of your life.

He glances back at the gray man who sits there, silently watching.

GLASSES

(continuing, in English)

It'll take about half an hour to hit--then
last for twelve to eighteen hours....

The gray man nods, watching the prostitute.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Linton is sitting at the table with Caroline and the writer, a cup
of coffee before him--his hands encircle it. Caroline rests her hand
lightly on the writer's arm.

CAROLINE

(in English)

Geoffrey's working on a novel about the
Spanish Civil War--what's it called, Geoffrey?

WRITER

No Rebase--it's about the betrayal of the
revolution, the selling out of idealism....

CAROLINE

Those two old men there--Pepe and Juan--
are the heroes--

WRITER

Not exactly. They're the subject. They were
part of the Anarchist movement in Spain in the
Thirties--and as such, they were betrayed by
everyone, their revolution cut out from under
them....

CAROLINE

(laughing)

Unfortunately, they're not being very helpful.

WRITER

But why should they be? Cynicism is the natural response of an intelligent person to Twentieth Century politics....

EXT./INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

The young man swings his bike into the narrow street and stops outside the jeweller's shop. He tries the shop door--but it is locked. He knocks--no life within. He walks around to the side door in the alley and knocks again, tries the handle. It opens--he looks in. The old jeweller is sitting there at the table. The old woman is pressed against the edge of the kitchen door, fearful. The young man steps forward--

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

I have some things....

He tips his bag out on the table--a handful of jewelry. The old jeweller looks up slowly. His eyes are red and moist, tear tracks running down his cheeks; his nose is running--a little trickle of blood leaving a trace down to his top lip. He slowly raises his hand and wipes the back of it across the mucous, smearing it. The young man takes a step back as the old jeweller tries to speak--a hoarse, shapeless croak....

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

Glasses and the gray man look down at the prostitute. She cowers in a corner, arms hugging herself tightly, eyes wandering. Glasses packs his equipment away in the little leather case.

GLASSES

(in English)

It acts like a kind of amplifier, increasing the electrical flow across the synapses of the brain--and jumping across where there weren't any connections before--a kind of

GLASSES
(cont'd)

sensory overload. But it's not just what comes into the brain from outside--whatever's inside is amplified too....

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

The young man is backed up against the wall by the still-open door, watching the old jeweller warily--he shoots a glance at the old woman who cringes whimpering in the kitchen doorway--

JEWELLER'S POV

The jeweller stares up at the young man. Something strange is happening to the colours of the world--they begin to shift and flow. The room starts to melt and change--the young man dissolves away and a soldier of the Revolution stands there brandishing a rifle--he lunges forward, raising the butt, threatening, barking strange, unintelligible orders in a voice barely recognizeable as human--

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

The young man jerks back harder against the wall, eyes wide, as the old jeweller lurches to his feet, weird noises in his throat. The old woman lets out a little scream of fear--

JEWELLER'S POV

The jeweller's world is all shifting colours, threatening shapes and sounds--objects melt and fade and transform into other things....

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

Glasses glances once more at the prostitute, then turns to the gray man.

GLASSES
(in English)

I will call again tomorrow--to see if you are satisfied. If you are, I can make immediate delivery.

GRAY MAN

I'm sure everything will be fine.

Glasses leaves and the gray man locks the door. He turns, looks down at the prostitute, goes to her, squats down and looks more closely into her restlessly wandering eyes.

GRAY MAN

And just what do you see in there, hunh?

EXT. HOTEL--DAY

Glasses leaves the old hotel, glances around, then moves off down the street. A moment later, a car pulls slowly out from the curb and eases along the street in the same direction--

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

The old jeweller crashes about the room, clawing objects to the floor, dragging the painting from the wall, grabbing at his head with fingers like talons as if trying to dig into his brain and tear something terrible out. The young man, still back against the wall, now stares about with a strange calm--at the wild-eyed old woman--at the open door--at the crazed, flailing jeweller--at the few trinkets he had dropped on the table--at the paper package and the worn briefcase. The old jeweller, gurgling strange sounds, crashes out the door. As the old woman watches in utter horror, the young man sweeps everything up --jewels, drug--into the briefcase and runs for the door.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Linton and Caroline sit at the table in Cafe Universal, alone now.

LINTON

... I lost track of him a few years back. What's he doing now?

CAROLINE
(shrugging)

I don't know. We all lost track of him. It was strange--he went into the army--we never expected that--and he changed, just seemed to drift away from the family. Then I came over to Europe to study and I haven't heard anything from him since.

LINTON
It's strange--you and Bob always seemed very close--

CAROLINE
He was quite a bit older than me, remember-- I was just a kid sister--he felt kind of responsible for me after Mom died--but once I grew up ... well....

LINTON
It's really nice to meet an old friend here....

JEWELLER'S POV

The world is all heat and flowing light, flares of incandescent colour, the decay of energy--and through the roaring of its dissolution, a rasping voice gasps, pleading in a strange, animal way....

EXT. STREET--DAY

The young man speeds along the streets, whipping the motorcycle in and out of the traffic as if fleeing in panic....

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM--DAY

The Deputy steps up before a group of reporters in a large, brightly lit room. He gives off an easy, friendly impression. An open, smiling manner in his approach.

DEPUTY

(in French)

Gentlemen, as you know, I have spent the past few months organizing a special anti-terrorist force, an independent force whose mandate is specifically to burn out the cancer of violence which is eating at the heart of our society. This disease, so specific to our times, so different from any concept of crime which we might term "normal", requires special remedies, new tactics, a new concept of what society is and what means are valid to protect its essence from this blight. I have designed this new force with these thoughts in mind-- it is now fully operational and at the next incidence of such lawlessness, I know that the public will be impressed and reassured by the efficiency of the police....

EXT. ALLEY--DAY: JEWELLER'S POV

The old jeweller crawls with agonizing slowness into a narrow alley. Every movement is a new pain, every moment a new and terrifying world ... the bricks swim before his eyes, become a crawling plague of insects, the walls fragment into a dark, fairytale forest with armed horsemen charging beneath the trees, bearing down on the old man to trample him beneath battering hooves....

EXT. ALLEY--DAY

The old woman clings to the wall, slowly following the jeweller's tortured movements, helpless--

OLD WOMAN

(in French, a whimpering
whisper)

I cannot stay--they will come for me--take me
to the camp--the gas--I cannot stay--

She pulls away from the wall, gives one last horrified glance at the old jeweller, then turns away, leaving him.

INT. POLICE BRIEFING ROOM--DAY

The Deputy's tone is one of deep seriousness--his friendly manner now stern as he frowns down at the reporters.

DEPUTY

... at its heart the problem is one of inner rot bred of too much privilege. People unwilling to work, who despise those of us who try to build and maintain something of value. It is of vital necessity to crush this disease borne of boredom....

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING--DAY

Near the gray waters of the river which capture the sky's haze, a derelict building. Broken windows, boarded doors, walls with gaps in the brickwork. The motorcycle leans on its stand by the cracked sidewalk.

INT. DERELICT BUILDING--DAY

In the dim interior of the ruined building, the young man pulls up some rotten boards. He shoves the briefcase into the dark recess beneath and pushes the boards back into place, glancing back over his shoulder nervously before rising, wiping his hands on the legs of his jeans.

EXT. STREETS--DAY

The old woman stumbles through the afternoon streets, clinging to the walls of buildings, staring in fear at every passerby--cars loom up like savage animals, dark beasts from which she shies away in terror....

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

The young man swings his motorcycle into the street and stops in front of Cafe Universal. He jumps off, breathless, edgy--like a

child who has just got away with some forbidden adventure who still fears detection. He looks around the street and then enters the cafe.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Seeing Caroline, he heads for her, scarcely aware of the man she is sitting with. He gives her a quick kiss--her attention is still mostly directed at Linton--she hardly registers the young man's agitation.

CAROLINE

(in English)

Yves, this is Mark Linton--Mark, my friend Yves.

The young man finally registers the American's presence as he drops down into an empty chair; his nervous energy is suddenly rechannelled.

YOUNG MAN

(in English)

Mark Linton?--the painter?

LINTON

The same.

YOUNG MAN

(to Caroline)

How...?

CAROLINE

He's an old family friend--

YOUNG MAN

Why didn't you say anything?

CAROLINE

I wasn't sure it was the same one--

YOUNG MAN

This calls for a celebration--some wine--

INT. GALLERY OWNER'S APARTMENT--EVENING

In a private dining room, several men in dinner suits sit, speaking in subdued voices, drinking. The door opens.

SERVANT

Deputy Rolland.

The Deputy enters. Everyone rises. The gallery owner moves to greet the Deputy. His manner is one of ill-concealed embarrassment.

GALLERY OWNER

(in French)

Monsieur le Deputy--a great pleasure--

DEPUTY

(a slight nod)

Monsieur--(looking around) The artist?

GALLERY OWNER

Monsieur--my apologies--I am afraid we seem to have lost him for the moment--

Dissolve to:

EXT. ALLEY--EVENING

The dark alley; the old jeweller lies there face up, staring--skin white--dead--very cold....

Very slow dissolve:

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

In Cafe Universal the life of the evening blooms in the warm, subdued light. A small party has formed around the table--several students have joined Linton, Caroline, and the young man.

CAROLINE

(to Linton)

... oh, Yves and I met about a year ago--
he's an art student at the Sorbonne--

LINTON

(to the young man)

You paint?

YOUNG MAN

(in English)

Not myself. I study the work of others, the
relationship of art to the political milieu
from which it arises.

LINTON

That's a little beyond me, I'm afraid.

YOUNG MAN

But you must agree that all art is a
political statement, a commentary on society
--either a criticism or an affirmation of the
status quo....

LINTON

I've never thought of it in those terms--for
me, it's all just a matter of personal feelings.

YOUNG MAN

Yes, but where do those feelings come from?
They're a response to the political atmosphere
you breathe.

LINTON

I really don't know about that--I don't really
have any political opinions--I leave all that
for other people. I just do the work I feel

LINTON

(cont'd)

compelled to do--and leave it to speak for
itself....

As the conversation progresses, the young man becomes more and more aware of the way in which Caroline is paying attention to Linton. He drinks a lot as he talks, eyes going from her to the artist and back again.

YOUNG MAN

I can't comprehend how anyone can be sensitive enough to be an artist, yet at the same time ignore the realities of politics--surely that must take a kind of willful blindness--

CAROLINE

Yyes!

LINTON

That's all right--we obviously approach things from different angles--I have to work from the inside, from my own feelings and experiences--it's a full-time occupation--I don't have much time to deal with other people's perceptions.

YOUNG MAN

That's a very American attitude, very insular. Caroline was like that when we first met--I think I've helped to re-educate her out of that naivete.

CAROLINE

(piqued)

I wasn't so naive--

YOUNG MAN

(ignoring her)

I had to teach her how to throw off both
her physical and her emotional selfishness
--how to give, to share--it all stems from
the blind possessiveness of capitalist
society--it cripples people. We have to
relearn freedom--

LINTON

(tired of this)

I'm free when I paint--no one controls me,
no one governs my work--

YOUNG MAN

That's an illusion you use to hide the truth
--we're all controlled by the political
realities of our time--

CAROLINE

Let's not get into a argument now--we're all
a little tired--

YOUNG MAN

(sharply)

That's typical--avoid the issues--

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

In a dark, quiet place, the lean American again meets the suited
French policeman he earlier met in the park. He hands the Frenchman
a fat brown envelope.

LEAN AMERICAN

(in French)

You might find this helpful.

As he turns and walks away, the Frenchman pulls open the envelope--

from it he takes the black plastic shape of a videotape cassette and a piece of paper. He glances after the American and slips the cassette back into the envelope.

EXT. POLICE H.Q.--NIGHT

The Deputy's car pulls up at headquarters. His driver opens the door for him. He enters the building.

INT. DEPUTY'S OFFICE--NIGHT

In his office, the Deputy pours himself a brandy and sits behind his desk. He presses a button on the intercom. A moment later an aide looks in.

AIDE

(in French)

Sir?

DEPUTY

Is there any news?

AIDE

The operation is going ahead as planned tomorrow.

DEPUTY

Good, very good. We will give them a show....

And he sips his brandy as the aide quietly slips back out.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

As several customers leave Cafe Universal late in the evening, they are startled by a haggard apparition who clings to the outside wall, whimpering--the distraught old woman who fled from the dying jeweller. Her eyes dart across their faces like those of a terrified animal facing a fierce predator. One of them makes a move towards her, raising his hand in concern--she draws back, then pushes away from the wall and shoves past them. She stumbles in through the door,

the customers turning to follow her.

MAN

(in French)

Hey! What--?

One of them gets a hand on her arm and she jerks away with a shriek.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

The people inside all turn their attention towards the door at this sound. The young man, now looking sullen, pulls his eyes away from Caroline and Linton. He has had quite a bit to drink--it takes a moment for him to focus--

CAROLINE

(looking to door)

What is it?

The young man's eyes suddenly narrow as he sees the old woman. He turns his face away, hunching down slightly--

The stout, elegant owner of Cafe Universal enters from the rear.

OWNER

(in French)

What is it? What is all this commotion?

She heads towards the little group which has gathered around the now-cowering old woman.

OLD WOMAN

(whimpering)

No ... no ... please ... don't....

The owner pushes through and looks down at the old woman. Her eyes harden, her lips press together in a thin line.

OWNER

(coolly)

What is this? What are you doing here?

OLD WOMAN

(looking up helplessly,
pleading)

Please ... please....

OWNER

Come now--stop babbling.

OLD WOMAN

Please ... help me ... please....

And she starts to cry. The owner turns to a couple of the onlookers, speaking coolly, matter-of-factly.

OWNER

Help me take her to the back.

The old woman, crying freely, hardly seems to notice as they all but pick her up and half carry her towards the inner doorway.

The young man, as the group nears the door, abruptly stands up.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

I must go--

Caroline and Linton turn their attention back to him.

YOUNG MAN

(continuing, to Caroline,
in French)

I will see you tomorrow...?

CAROLINE

Okay.

He turns away and hurries out. Caroline, Linton and the other students watch him go. Caroline and Linton exchange a glance.

LINTON

(in English)

What was that all about?

CAROLINE

I don't know.

LINTON

He seems very moody.

CAROLINE

Sometimes....

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The heavyset Frenchman stands on a quiet street corner. He lights a cigarette, the flare of the match seeming unusually loud in the stillness of the night. The sound of a car approaching--he glances along the street as the headlights sweep over him. The car rolls to a stop at the curb in front of him--the window rolls down. The heavyset Frenchman leans in--

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

(in French)

Good evening.

DRIVER

(in French)

Good evening--do you have it?

The heavyset man draws a narrow envelope from his pocket and passes it in through the window.

DRIVER

Is it complete?

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

Of course not--but it is more than sufficient
for what we have in mind.

He straightens up and watches the car pull away. He draws on his cigarette, tosses it into the gutter, and starts walking down the street. He begins to whistle.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

A little later at Cafe Universal, Linton and Caroline, now alone, step out into the street. They pause, look at each other--

CAROLINE

You were supposed to go to a dinner tonight--

LINTON

I know. (pause) I'm glad I found a good excuse
to avoid it--

CAROLINE

But those people--aren't they important?

LINTON

In a way--

CAROLINE

The show--

LINTON

--I can't stand them--I've met the type before
--collectors, businessmen--they're stifling.
(pause) Can I give you a lift home?

Caroline hesitates, then shakes her head, smiling.

CAROLINE

Thanks--but I like to walk--it's not far.

LINTON

(slight pause)

It's good to see you again.

CAROLINE

And you.

LINTON

You've grown a lot.

CAROLINE

I'm not a kid anymore.

LINTON

No. (pause) Tomorrow?

CAROLINE

Let's go sightseeing--I'll show you around.

LINTON

Okay--I'd like that.

They pause again, looking at each other. The moment threatens to become awkward. Finally Caroline moves--a quick kiss on the cheek and she turns away.

CAROLINE

Good night, Mark.

He watches her walk away for a moment--

LINTON

Good night, Caroline.

Then he turns and moves the other way.

INT. DEPUTY'S GALLERY--NIGHT

The Deputy enters his private room and flips on the lights--the paintings and sculptures leap out of the darkness. His maid sits languidly in the large chair, naked. A slight, cool smile touches his lips. He moves towards her, looks down--she looks up at him passively. His fingers twine in her hair, trace the lines of her face, down her neck. His hand cups her breast, tightens--she tenses slightly with the pain but makes no move to resist. His smile becomes larger, colder. He speaks in a low, almost dreamy voice.

DEPUTY

(in French)

Tomorrow ... tomorrow will be a good day....

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT

In a small room somewhere in the back of Cafe Universal, the owner stands looking down at the distraught old woman who occasionally shudders with a violent sob. The old woman sits on a deep couch, a glass of brandy held in her shaking hands. The owner has her hands on her hips, her face set coolly.

OWNER

(with a forced patience,

in French)

Sister ... (more sharply) sister!

The old woman looks up with red, watery eyes, her face streaked with the tracks of her tears.

OWNER

(continuing)

Sister, I told you never to come back here. Never!

The old woman's mouth quavers as she tries to speak, begins to cry again.

OWNER

Oh, stop this nonsense.

She reaches out, steadies the hands holding the glass, forces it up to the old woman's lips.

OWNER

(continuing)

Pull yourself together and tell me what this nonsense is all about.

OLD WOMAN

(drawing in sobbing breaths,
stumbling)

He is dead ... dead....

OWNER

Dead? Who is dead?

OLD WOMAN

... killed ... so horrible....

OWNER

Who is dead? Your boyfriend? that old fascist?

OLD WOMAN

They killed him ... the Gestapo ... I know ...
horrible ... so horrible....

OWNER

(with disgust, contempt)

Gestapo! You are raving--

OLD WOMAN

(looking up, desperate)

Nowhere to hide! We are being destroyed--the
Resistance--they will come for me!

The owner turns away with a contemptuous snort.

OWNER

The Resistance! You have become senile--or
your act of betrayal has finally driven you
mad.

The old woman looks up helplessly at the turned back, sobbing again.

EXT./INT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

The artist arrives back at his hotel in a taxi. Inside, he collects
his key and finds a note waiting for him.

Insert: the note, in English.

"Mr. Linton--I have arranged another dinner
for tomorrow evening at eight o'clock in my
apartment. It is extremely important that
you attend--these are highly influential
people and the success of the exhibition
depends to some degree upon their opinion.
Please contact me tomorrow at the gallery.

Sincerely,
Pierre Brunel"

Linton stuffs the note in his pocket and gets into the elevator.

INT. SMALL ROOM--NIGHT

In a dimly lit room, the young man stands at the head of a bare table.
Half a dozen young people--male and female--sit around the table
facing him. It looks like a student seminar.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

The operation is to go ahead tomorrow as planned. (to one of the men) Jacques--you will have the transportation arranged?

JACQUES

It is all set--no problem.

YOUNG MAN

(to one of the women)

Ginette? The device is ready?

GINETTE

We are ready.

YOUNG MAN

Okay--the target has been changed--it is to be the Merchants' Bank of New York--

Some mutters of surprise.

YOUNG MAN

(continuing)

I have worked out the new routes we will take --we will go over them now, and the timing of the operation--

OTHER MAN

Why the change?

YOUNG MAN

I am not at liberty to say. We must simply trust it--the decision was made by people who have a much larger view of the movement than we do....

Dissolve to:

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--NIGHT

The dimly lit exhibition hall. We track with a guard who walks past the packing cases, some open, paintings stacked ready to be hung.

Fade out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAWN

Birdsong drifts in through the open window with the gray light of dawn. The gray man stands by the bed, looking down at the prostitute. She is pale, her unfocused eyes wandering. He reaches out, turns her face towards him--she does not see him. His hand moves down to her breast, pushes the worn bra down--the breast is small and empty. He strokes the pale skin, squeezes the nipple. Her body lies still, completely placid, though her eyes still wander restlessly. He runs his hand down her belly, inside her thigh. He bends down, places his mouth over her nipple, his hand stroking her thigh. He moves onto the bed, rolls himself on top of her body....

INT./EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--DAY

As the doors of the elevator open and Linton steps out into the lobby of his hotel, Caroline rises from where she sits by a large potted plant. They cross to each other--she puts her arms up around him and lightly kisses him on the lips.

CAROLINE

Did you sleep well?

LINTON

Fine ... and you?

CAROLINE

Fine....

She links her arm through his and leads the way out of the lobby. Standing on the steps looking down into the street, they pause--

LINTON

Shall I call a cab?

CAROLINE

(shaking her head)

No--let's walk awhile....

They start down the steps.

EXT. STREET--DAY

A small, battered car turns a corner towards us, driven by Jacques. He pulls in at the curb and the young man and one of the others from the late-night meeting hurry out of a doorway and jump into the car. It pulls quickly away.

INT. DEPUTY'S OFFICE--DAY

The Deputy breezes in through the outer office, exchanging greetings with secretaries--he looks refreshed and energetic, eager for the day. His aide pulls open the door of the inner sanctum and follows the Deputy through. The Deputy drops his briefcase on the large desk and glances at the aide--

AIDE

(in French)

The operation is already underway, sir.

DEPUTY

And the list?

AIDE

It was delivered last night. Everything has been prepared....

EXT. SEINE EMBANKMENT--DAY

As Kate Bush's The Man With a Child in His Eyes fades up on the soundtrack, we see leaves blowing in a breeze. A little girl runs along a path. A boy throws something out into the water of the Seine; the spreading ring of ripples is swallowed by the wake of a passing boat. Traffic flows across a bridge over the river. On the embankment, Linton walks with Caroline--they hold hands lightly, like two children.

CAROLINE

It's so exciting, isn't it? After all these years--a show in Paris--

LINTON

Yeah--but what if it's a failure?

CAROLINE

(squeezing his hand)

Of course it won't be--after all, you're already a success--

LINTON

Back home--

CAROLINE

Doesn't that count?

LINTON

(tapping his head)

Not in here--not really--that's why I came alone--I didn't want anyone to see if it all went wrong--

CAROLINE

So you're sorry you've met me again?

He glances at her for a moment in silence.

LINTON

No--I'm glad--I realized last night that I don't really want to face this alone after all --if you don't mind staying with me--

CAROLINE

(smiling, squeezing his
hand again)

Of course not....

EXT. STREET--DAY

The battered car pulls into a narrow street and stops. The young man jumps out and quickly picks the lock of a parked car. He gets in, sliding under the dash--hot wires it. The battered car pulls away even before he sits up, pulls the door closed. He jams it into gear and takes off after the battered car--they both turn a corner and are quickly absorbed by the morning traffic.

EXT. STREET--DAY

The man with the odd glasses stands in a phone booth on a busy corner --pedestrians bustle past, traffic hums. He dials--

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

As the phone rings, the gray man opens his eyes, lying on the bed, the prostitute beside him. He reaches out and lifts the receiver--

GRAY MAN

(in English)

Yeah ... okay ... yeah, it looks good, just
what I want ... the price we agreed on ...
sure....

He drops the phone back on the hook.

EXT. STREET--DAY

Glasses hangs up and steps out of the phone booth. Across the street, a man glances away, looking at a store window--the reflection in the glass--glasses flags down a cab. The man across the street hurries towards a parked car nearby.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The gray man sits up, pulls a cigarette out of a squashed pack, lights

it. He glances down at the silent, unmoving prostitute.

EXT. CAFE--DAY

A waiter carrying two cups of coffee passes out of a cafe, goes between the tables on the sidewalk, and sets them down before Linton and Caroline. The city moves around them, but they seem to pay no attention to it.

CAROLINE

... you remember that summer you came to stay with Bob?--you came back from college together.

LINTON

Of course--you were only about twelve then--

CAROLINE

Eleven--but, you know, I fell in love with you (laughs)--you seemed so romantic, always sketching and painting--I was in awe of you....

LINTON

I remember you were always following us around. Bob would get annoyed....

CAROLINE

I was jealous--I wanted you to notice me, not him. (pauses to sip her coffee, eyes down) It's funny--how passionate children can be--their feelings seem so much less cluttered....

She suddenly brightens, a little laugh, pulls open her purse and pokes around inside--

CAROLINE

(continuing)

Do you remember that trip to the lake?

LINTON

The lake?

CAROLINE

We all went for the weekend--

Linton shakes his head vaguely, watching her with mild amusement. She pulls a little wallet-sized folder from her purse, flips it open to reveal some photographs, finds the one she wants--

CAROLINE

(continuing, a little laugh)

I've still got the picture--it's always been one of my favourites....

She passes it to him--

Insert: an old colour snapshot--trees and gleaming water in the background, three figures facing the camera; two boys in their early twenties; a young girl clinging to the arm of one of them--he looks a little exasperated. The other seems vaguely familiar, tall and thin, turned slightly away from the other two. For a moment the picture seems to shimmer, light rippling on the water's surface, the girl's hair moving gently on a breeze--

Linton looks at it a moment, hands it back.

LINTON

That was a long time ago--I can hardly remember....

As she takes back the folder, their hands touch--she pauses, maintaining the contact a moment, looking into his eyes. Then she looks down, concentrates on putting the folder back into her purse--

CAROLINE

I remember it all--very clearly....

EXT. STREET--DAY

The battered car pulls to a stop. A moment later the stolen car pulls in beside it. Ginette comes out of a doorway carrying a suitcase--obviously heavy--to the stolen car. She opens the rear door and shoves the suitcase onto the back seat. She glances at the young man who is looking back over his shoulder. He nods to her--she pulls out and closes the door. As she goes to the battered car, the young man looks across at Jacques--they exchange a slight, decisive nod. The young man pulls away, the stolen car moving off down the street. A moment later, the battered car turns and moves off in a different direction.

EXT./INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

Glasses gets out of the cab and walks to the corner, turning into the narrow street with the jeweller's shop. He glances behind him a couple of times--all seems quiet--and moves with a cautious deliberation. He slips into the narrow alley beside the shop and goes to the door, raising his hand to knock--hesitates when he notices that the door is slightly ajar. He pushes it gently and it swings open--he slips inside and looks around the room. Stands motionless. The place is a mess, objects overturned, ornaments lying broken on the floor. He studies the scene carefully--the little safe is open and empty. He goes to the kitchen door, looks in. Crosses the room to the back door, pulls it open and looks out into a small yard. A woman is at a window in the opposite building, watering some plants in a window box.

GLASSES

(calling, in French)

Do you know where the old jeweller is?

She glances down at him, shrugs.

WOMAN

I haven't seen him--but then he's a funny
bird--keeps to himself--

GLASSES

The old woman--his housekeeper--

WOMAN

(shaking Her head)

Her? No, she's crazier than he is--

GLASSES

Do you know where they might have gone?

WOMAN

Well--she has a sister, I believe--she owns
a cafe somewhere near the Beaubourg--

Glasses turns away, back into the kitchen, back into the overturned
living room. Looks around again.

GLASSES

(fiercely, in French)

God damn!--damn! (disgusted) She owns a
fucking cafe....

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

In a back room at Cafe Universal, the old woman sits on the couch,
her eyes dazed. She rocks slightly back and forth, muttering to
herself--

OLD WOMAN

(in French)

... they must be warned--the danger--they will
be coming for us all--no mercy....

EXT. STREET--DAY

The stolen car stops at a red light. Across the intersection is a small sidewalk cafe. The young man waits impatiently for the light to change, his fingers tapping restlessly on the wheel. He glances first to one side, then the other, tense. Looking ahead, his eyes fall on the cafe--he freezes. At one of the tables, he sees Caroline with Linton--they are leaning towards each other, deep in conversation--an air of intimacy, their fingers touching on the table's surface. The blast of a horn makes the young man jump--the light has gone green. As he pulls away, the tires squeal--he almost stalls the engine--and he shoots away across the intersection, away from the cafe on the corner.

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

In the decaying hotel room, the gray man, dressed now, sits silently in the chair by the window. The prostitute, naked, sits on the bed, her back against the headboard, with dull eyes. She hums softly to herself....

INT. JEWELLER'S QUARTERS--DAY

Two policemen carefully examine the disturbed living room behind the jeweller's shop.

EXT. STREET AND ALLEY--DAY

In the street, a couple more policemen are knocking on doors, asking questions. One of them moves past the entrance of a narrow alley a few doors down, glances in--pauses. He steps into the alley to look more closely at a pile of rubbish, sees a leg sticking out from behind it. Looking more closely, he finds the jeweller's body, lying on its back, contorted, eyes wide and staring.

EXT. STREET--DAY

On a street in a business district, an old office building--faded facade, arched doorway. A sign pronounces it the Merchants' Bank of New York. The stolen car enters the street, moves along slowly, finds an empty space in front of the building. The young man parks the car, kills the engine and gets out, glancing around in an

attempt to appear casual. He locks the door and walks across the street. When he has walked a little way down the block, the battered car appears from the other direction, now containing only Jacques. It stops only long enough for the young man to jump in, then pulls away. Around the corner it rapidly picks up speed.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Linton and Caroline arrive at Cafe Universal as the midday lunch crowd gathers at the sidewalk tables. They enter the dim interior --Caroline gives a little wave to the two old Spanish Civil War veterans, and beyond them and their unfinished chess game, to the English writer. They move to an empty table in the rear, near the bar, behind which stands the owner. As they sit, the woman smiles at them.

CAROLINE

Red wine, I think--

She glances at Linton, who nods assent. The owner pours two glasses as they settle into their seats and comes around to the table. As she sets the glasses down, Caroline catches sight of a movement beyond, in the doorway to the rear--the distraught old woman, her hair in disorder, peers out, clinging to the edge, searching the cafe with fear in her eyes. Caroline recognizes her from the previous evening, turns to the owner--

CAROLINE

(in French)

Madame? (nods towards door)--who is that woman?

The owner glances back over her shoulder, tries to shrug the situation away.

OWNER

(in French)

Pah! my sister--

CAROLINE

(surprised)

Your sister? I didn't know you had one--
you never mentioned--

OWNER

(dismissive)

I have had no sister for forty years....

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--NIGHT: THE PAST

She turns away, back to the bar, as Caroline glances at Linton--and the image changes subtly--the light is different, the tables shifted, the colours more washed out--different tables are occupied, the clothes are of a different era. A pretty woman in her late twenties stands behind the bar. She is tense, her gaze fixed with a tight-reined fury. Music plays. A younger woman is in the middle of the floor, laughing, spinning in a dance, her arms clasped around a well-built man in a German officer's uniform--one of his arms is thrown out, grasping a wine bottle--the red liquid spills out as they spin, like blood from a wound--

OWNER'S VOICE

(continuing)

... since she chose a life--no, not a life--
an existence that I could not countenance....

The dancing woman looks towards the one behind the bar, a fire of defiance in her eyes--grabs the bottle, swills the wine and plasters a wine-red kiss on the German's lips.

OWNER'S VOICE

(continuing)

She chose an enemy over a friend....

INT. CELLAR--NIGHT: THE PAST

The Cafe dissolves rapidly into an old damp-walled cellar room--the dancing woman stands at the open door, arm raised, pointing; light

streams in around her, falling on the prostrate body of a young man, face bathed in sweat, blood staining his shirt--dark figures loom in the light, move forward--

The young man's eyes are full of a deep terror--his face jerks sideways under a blow--

The German officer looks off to the side as he stands over the wounded man--his lips bear a cold smile. The dancing woman stands back against the wall, a wine bottle held tightly before her like a protective talisman--her eyes wide with an odd mixture of fear and pleasure. The officer looks down again at the young man, delivers another blow--

OWNER'S VOICE

(continuing)

They were hard times, people became confused--
there were betrayals--many died who might have
lived--some lived who should have died....

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

The owner glances up from where she stands behind the bar. She gives Caroline a look full of pain.

OWNER

(continuing)

I lost my sister--and she lost herself--in a
dream world where she turned everything
upside down trying to save her sanity--she
made herself mad....

A bottle falls from her shaking hand--hits the floor and shatters with a hard, sharp sound--

INT. CELLAR--NIGHT: THE PAST

Like gunfire, as the wounded man collapses against a wall, bullets ripping through his shirt--

EXT. STREET--DAY

With a deafening roar as the stolen car rises in a column of fire and smoke--the blast ripping through the facade of the Bank, tossing adjacent cars like paper in a wind--smoke billows across the street, darkening the world as tortured metal twists flaming in the air. The stone facade collapses around the gaping hole and flames run through the debris--someone runs through the smoke--someone screams, a high, piercing sound--

INT. CELLAR--NIGHT: THE PAST

As the dancing woman turns away from the bloody body, hands thrown up over her face--
Slow, slow dissolve:

EXT. STREET--DAY

The man with the odd glasses wanders a street on the Right Bank, looking dazed and angry. He glances from side to side, peering at the cafes.

GLASSES

(spitting to himself,
in French)

A fucking cafe--she owns a fucking cafe--

He turns angrily and looks back the way he came--quickly enough to see a man turn aside and step into a doorway. He freezes a moment, then ducks into a nearby cafe--the police tail, spotted now, comes out of the doorway and starts to run after glasses--

INT./EXT. CAFE--DAY -

Glasses crashes through the kitchen, out into a back alley littered with garbage--he hops a low wall, scrambles in through an open window--

EXT. ALLEY--DAY

The police tail comes out into the alley, glances from side to side, takes a few steps, slows, curses himself--

INT./EXT. PHARMACY--DAY

Glasses steps out of a washroom into the rear of a small pharmacy, pushes past a couple of customers, moves out into an adjacent street and hurries away--

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The gray man grinds a half-smoked cigarette into the worn carpet, pulls the curtain back a fraction and looks down into the street impatiently. He glances back at the bed--the prostitute is pale and sickly, occasionally racked by a violent shiver. A thin trace of blood trickles from one nostril down over her lip.

EXT. STREET--DAY

Several police cars tear through the midday traffic, sirens shrieking like animals in frenzied anger.

EXT. STREET--DAY

We pan left with a firetruck as it swings into the curb, smoke billowing out to meet it. People are milling about in the street --a voice wails with a rising and falling note. Two other firetrucks are already there, fitful threads of water straining up to be swallowed by the smoking, gaping hole which used to be the Bank's facade--flames lick out to meet them. Several people, cut and bloody and burned are led or carried towards a couple of ambulances waiting with open doors--a few others, more ambulatory, are put into the back seats of cars which pull away and crawl through the confusion and the crowd....

EXT. STREETS--DAY: TV MONITOR

A poor quality video image: the picture is murky, the colours set all wrong. At first it is difficult to make anything out. The image is adjusted slightly, becomes a little more comprehensible--a city street, heavy traffic--a figure on a corner--the gray man, waiting. A bearded man approaches him, they speak briefly, exchange something we cannot see clearly. They part. Another image: from a high angle we look down into a street--a large hotel, tables on the sidewalk--the gray man with a young woman. A man joins them--a moment later, all

three rise and walk away together. Another image: from a car. The gray man gets into a cab--we follow through traffic. The cab pulls into a run-down street and the gray man enters an old building. Jump cut: he comes out with another man, carrying a case--they separate, walking in different directions--we follow the gray man slowly--

VOICE

(in French)

These pictures were taken earlier this year in Mexico City--this man was very active there for several weeks--meeting known drug traffickers, representatives of the Guatemalan government forces active against Nicaragua, known underworld figures dealing in everything from prostitution to arms to murder--we are not sure who he works for or what exactly he does--U.S. intelligence is being very cagey about him....

INT. APARTMENT--DAY

Three people, two men and one woman, sit around a table, loose papers spread in front of them. Music plays softly on a stereo. Another man lies on a couch reading a book--a second woman sits in an armchair with a newspaper. All are somewhere in their twenties. Abruptly, the door bursts in and several policemen charge in, weapons ready. One of the men jumps up, his chair falling backwards--a policeman strikes him and he goes down--one of the women screams.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

The young man enters Cafe Universal looking more high-strung and nervy than ever, fingers twitching, hair in disarray. His eyes seem bright, glazed--his face darkens as he sees that Caroline is sitting with Linton--

Caroline sees the young man approaching and moves back a little in her chair as if to put a little distance between herself and Linton. The artist looks up with a friendly smile--no hard feelings. The

young man drops down at the table, not looking at either of them--
calls to the bar--

YOUNG MAN
(in French)

Wine!

As the barman fills a glass, Caroline looks at the young man with
concern--

CAROLINE
(in French)

Are you all right?

At first he does not look at her--

YOUNG MAN
(in French)

As well as I can be--

He meets her eyes with an aggressive glare--

YOUNG MAN
(continuing, in English)
... of course, I can't sit and relax all day
pretending that the world doesn't exist--

Caroline shoots a glance at Linton; he shrugs and sits back, not
wanting to get into an argument.

YOUNG MAN
(continuing, in English)
You Americans (he shakes his head in disgust),
how can you do it? maintain this fantasy you
live in?

LINTON

I don't want to get involved in another argument--

YOUNG MAN

That's it! don't get involved! It's all falling apart and you don't even want to know why. You know, it's all inevitable--every society, every political system that's been tried, ends in decadence--they all breed a self-consuming destructiveness--terrorism, violence--it's all inherent in every system, a natural byproduct--the only way to change it is to remake man, and for that we must all be aware--we need a true anarchy, an end to this blind selfishness--we've got to remove the need for conflict--

His eyes move from one to the other and back again as he speaks with increasing vehemence--ending with a harsh glare at Linton, leaning forward over his untouched glass.

INT. CAFE--DAY

Police push through the tables at a cafe and pull several young men from their chairs, dragging them out as others try to protest....

EXT. STREET--DAY: TV MONITOR

The poor quality video image: the gray man sits in a parked car talking to another man. The image turns to snow--

INT. POLICE ROOM--DAY

Pull back from the monitor as the room lights come on. There are several chairs facing the screen, men in suits. The heavysset Frenchman is slightly to one side. He looks at the others, questioning.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

(in French)

Why did you want me to see this?

One of the other men rises--the man who received the video cassette from the lean American late at night--and holds out a picture towards the heavyset man.

FIRST MAN

(in French)

Do you know him?

Insert: a picture of the dead jeweller.

The heavyset man glances at it, looks up.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

Yes--he's one of my contacts--not very important
--a small-time fence, sometimes a useful
informant--a drug addict--

FIRST MAN

And now dead.

SECOND MAN

The second member of the White Russian community
to die in the city within a week.

FIRST MAN

Perhaps a coincidence, perhaps--

SECOND MAN

In this case, he was definitely poisoned--

A third man tosses another picture at the heavyset man.

THIRD MAN

Do you know this one?

Insert: a grainy shot of the man with the odd glasses.

The heavyset man shakes his head.

THIRD MAN

Neither do we--but he was the link between
the dead Russian and the man on the tape.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

Where did you get the tape?

FIRST MAN

A source in U.S. intelligence--

SECOND MAN

We suspect that the man on the tape is an
agent, not just an ordinary criminal.

FIRST MAN

We are just not sure whose....

THIRD MAN

Two things we are sure of, though: that the
Americans know who he is and have some interest
in him--and that for some reason they seem to
be giving him to us--

INT. HOTEL ROOM--DAY

The gray man tightens his tie. He is wearing a dark three-piece suit;
a wig gives him longer, darker hair; he puts on a pair of lightly
tinted glasses. He looks at himself briefly in the faded mirror.
Satisfied, he turns to pick up a leather suitcase. He glances at the
bed--the prostitute is sprawled there--blood on the pillow, a bullet
hole in her temple. He goes to the door and quietly lets himself out--

EXT. HOTEL--DAY

He steps out the front door and walks down the steps to the street as a car pulls up and three men get out and hurry up past him. He barely looks at them, a faint cool smile on his lips--he flags down a taxi and gets in.

INT. TAXI--DAY

From the back seat as the cab pulls away, he looks back--a moment later, one of the three men runs back out into the street. He is lost to view as the taxi turns a corner....

INT. CAFE--DAY

The man with the odd glasses looks pale and grim. He sits in a dingy little cafe, nursing a glass of whisky, staring at nothing. A radio is playing--a news broadcast--

ANNOUNCER

(in French)

... the bomb, estimated at twenty kilograms of TNT, completely shattered the front of the Merchants' Bank of New York, destroying several cars and killing at least four people. So far the number of those injured has not been announced. The Bank was recently caught in a scandal involving secret deals in Iran, for which it was severely censured by the U.S. government for using certain third parties to circumvent national policy....

Glasses raises his glass and gulps down half his drink.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

The young man is getting drunk as he continues his diatribe. Linton is nursing a cup of coffee; Caroline glances at him apologetically.

YOUNG MAN

(in English)

Somehow we've twisted ourselves into something

YOUNG MAN

(cont'd)

against our true nature--dominant types are dangerous freaks, mutants--like a germ, anyone who shows an inclination to lead should be exterminated. Chaos is the only valid state because it frees each individual from the ties of responsibility to others--it is only then that our true nature can expand to fill its possibilities--

Linton puts his cup down and glances at Caroline.

LINTON

I really must be going--

YOUNG MAN

(looking up at him
almost fiercely)

You should understand!--your paintings express chaos, the potential it holds--

LINTON

(impatient)

No, they attempt to find an order in chaos--pure chaos isn't viable, nothing could survive --even what you've been saying is an attempt to find some kind of order--you want to lead people into an order of your own--so if what you said really meant anything, you'd be part of the problem--

The young man pushes his chair back angrily--his glass tips over, spills across the table. He pushes out of the cafe. As he goes out the door, he bumps into someone who is coming in--the man with the odd glasses--

Linton looks at Caroline with a sigh.

LINTON

I'm sorry about that.

CAROLINE

No--it wasn't your fault--he was being
insufferable.

INT. POLICE HOLDING ROOM--DAY

A large, open room. Several dozen young men and women stand or sit about the floor; there is a dense hum of noise, a note of anger, protest. A uniformed policeman stands by the door--

POLICEMAN

(mechanically, in French)

Quiet! Settle down!

INT. POLICE CORRIDOR--DAY

Watching through a small window is the Deputy. He smiles with pleasure and turns to the man beside him.

MAN

(in French)

We have everyone who was on the list.

DEPUTY

Excellent! Excellent! Now the confessions must
be obtained within twenty-four hours.

He turns and leaves by a door at the side.

INT. POLICE H.Q. LOBBY--DAY

Outside, a group of reporters gravitate to him, eager. He raises a hand to silence them.

DEPUTY

Gentlemen--I am pleased to tell you that the anti-terrorist network which has been established under my direction has already proved itself by the swiftness with which arrests have been made. I can assure you that those responsible for this most recent outrage will be brought to justice quickly --and before long such acts of violence will be a thing of the past--

The reporters begin to clamour again; he raises his hand for silence--

DEPUTY

(continuing)

Please--you will be kept fully informed. Now, if you will excuse me, I have a dinner engagement--

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

In Cafe Universal, Caroline is still looking a little embarrassed, apologetic.

CAROLINE

I don't know--Yves usually isn't like this at all--

Linton reaches across the table to take her hand.

LINTON

He's jealous--understandably--

She looks up at him a little shyly--he smiles. They tighten their grip on each other's hand.

LINTON

(continuing)

I'm afraid I really do have to go--I've got this dinner--I can't miss it a second time--as much as I'd like to--

CAROLINE

If you can get away, you can find me here all evening.

He stands, steps to her side. She looks up. He leans to her. They kiss--hold it for a moment before he reluctantly pulls away.

LINTON

I'll see you later then--

He turns and makes his way between the tables towards the door. She follows him with her eyes.

In a corner, glasses sits back in shadow, surveying the inhabitants of the cafe....

EXT. SEINE EMBANKMENT--EVENING

The young man rides his motorcycle dangerously fast through the evening traffic, heading down towards the river. Reaching the embankment, he runs it up over the curb and starts down some steps towards the water. As he bounces down, he loses his balance, tilts, slides sideways and rolls to the bottom where the bike comes to rest overhanging the water. He picks himself up, limping, kicks at the bike, bitter and furious--loses his balance and sits hard on the concrete--

Two men standing by the wall on the embankment look down briefly, then turn away: the lean American and the heavyset Frenchman.

LEAN AMERICAN

(in French)

My people are very pleased--you handled the job very well.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

And the information about the Russians?

The lean American hands him a sealed package.

LEAN AMERICAN

(in English)

I'll be in touch.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

(in French)

I am sure that we can do business again.

They part.

INT. GALLERY OWNER'S APARTMENT--EVENING

The gallery owner stands in a comfortable living room--rather dark colours, heavy furniture, only a few well-chosen paintings on the walls for decoration. He faces the door which is just opening, a servant admitting several dinner-suited men, successful conservative businessmen--we saw them at the previous evening's gathering.

GALLERY OWNER

(in French)

Gentlemen--good evening.

FIRST MAN

(laughing)

So, Pierre! this famous lost artist--have you rediscovered him--?

SECOND MAN

--or will he again be merely a spiritual presence among us?

The gallery owner only partially manages to conceal his annoyance.

GALLERY OWNER

I can assure you, gentlemen, that he will be here tonight.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

The man with the odd glasses sits concealed in a shadowy corner, his one visible eye resting on a half-full glass of whisky before him. The smoked lens concealing his right eye holds a vague, distorted reflection of the lights and movement of Cafe Universal--something white flickers for a moment in one corner. His left eye turns slowly in that direction, focuses.

In the doorway leading towards the rear, a pale face framed by white hair hangs in the dim light. The eyes are restless and watery. The face slides back out of sight.

Glasses slowly rises from his seat and, tense, slides between the tables, through the evening crowd, past the table where Caroline sits in conversation with several young people. He reaches the doorway and, after a quick, seemingly casual glance back into the cafe, steps through into the dim passage.

INT. PASSAGE, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

He sees a figure moving slowly, unsteadily away from him a little way ahead. He follows. As the figure reaches a door and turns the handle, he reaches her, his hand grasping her upper arm--the door swings open as she turns her head--the light picks out the confusion in the old woman's features. He pushes her forward into the room, steps after her, and swings the door shut. She staggers a few steps into the room, turns unsteadily and squints at him, trying to focus....

INT. GALLERY OWNER'S APARTMENT--EVENING

As Linton is shown into the living room, the businessmen gather around him--he looks completely out of place, not having changed out of the informal clothes he has worn all day--slacks and an open-necked shirt. They express their pleasure at meeting him as the gallery owner stands to one side with a look of relief on his face. A moment later, the door opens again and the servant looks in--

SERVANT

Deputy Rolland.

The Deputy enters. The gallery owner steps forward.

GALLERY OWNER

(in French)

Monsieur le Deputy--may I introduce the
American painter, Mark Linton...?

The Deputy gives Linton an evaluating look, a mixture of what may be mild contempt with a slight amusement. He hesitates just long enough before holding out his hand to make the gesture condescending--

DEPUTY

(in English)

Mister Linton--a great pleasure. I admire your
work very much.

LINTON

Thank you.

DEPUTY

I hope to become much more familiar with it--

GALLERY OWNER

Gentlemen? Drinks before we eat?

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

The old woman has retreated to the far side of the room, cowering now in a half crouch against the wall, squeezed down by the couch. Glasses, in the centre of the room, takes a step towards her. Her face seems to crumple into a strange shapeless expression--

OLD WOMAN'S POV

The room shifts sideways, begins to change form--it becomes the cold damp-walled cellar room. The old woman's face has become young beneath the untidy white hair--the face of the woman who danced with the German officer. The dark figure who steps towards her is in a German uniform--

SOLDIER

(in German)

Fraulein, there is no point in resisting--it
will only prolong the pain--

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

Caroline smiles at something one of her companions has just said-- the man beside her laughs. She raises her glass and sips her wine.

INT. GALLERY OWNER'S APARTMENT--EVENING

One of the businessmen leans forward over the dinner table, gesturing at Linton with his fork.

MAN

(in English)

... but the true value of art, you must agree,
lies in its investment possibilities.

LINTON

I'm afraid I don't agree.

The man looks towards the Deputy.

MAN

Monsieur--as a collector, you understand the principles involved.

DEPUTY

All collectors have their own reasons for collecting.

SECOND MAN

But it is true--styles change, the social context changes and the influences which shaped the artist's work vanish--

MAN

Exactly. And the artist's meaning so often gets lost with them. But the art as object remains, a commodity if you will whose true value lies in the possibility of exchange--

Linton's eyes look down at the table while this is said--he takes a little food and chews it slowly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM--EVENING

In a police cell, two young men sit on wooden chairs facing each other. Their hands are handcuffed behind them. A man in plain clothes leans back against the wall. Two uniformed policemen slowly circle the two prisoners, beating a slow rhythm on their backs, shoulders, and arms with truncheons. The plainclothesman lights a cigarette--

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(in French)

Come now (blows out smoke) this will all stop as soon as you confess (he draws in smoke)-- all you have to do is name your accomplices....

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

The hand strikes the old woman's face, spinning it to one side.

There is a grim, set look on glasses' face as he looms over her.

GLASSES

(in French)

Where is the old bastard?

He slaps her again, backhanded, jerking her head to the other side.

GLASSES

(continuing)

What happened to the package?

The old woman looks up, eyes streaming, mouth quivering....

OLD WOMAN'S POV

The German officer she once danced with now towers over her with a cruel, hard expression on his face.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

Caroline lightly touches the arm of the man beside her.

CAROLINE

(in French)

Excuse me--I'll be back in a minute.

She stands up and makes for the doorway to the rear, heading for the washrooms.

INT. PASSAGE, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

As she walks down the passageway, passing a closed door, she hears something--a muffled blow, a whimper. Frowning, she pushes the door open--

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

Glasses turns suddenly at the sound of the door opening. The old woman raises an arm, pointing a shaking finger--

OLD WOMAN

(crying out, in French)

That's the one! There--the one you want!

OLD WOMAN'S POV

And in the doorway stands the wounded young man she betrayed so many years ago.

INT. PASSAGE, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

Caroline steps back as Glasses makes a move towards her. A glance back along the passage reveals a figure in silhouette moving towards her. She is suddenly afraid. She runs the other way, to the rear, to a back door which she desperately jerks open.

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--EVENING

Glasses moves quickly to follow her, leaving the old woman whimpering into her hands, the door still open. One of the old Spanish Civil War survivors peers into the room, squinting towards the old woman. She looks up, crying--

OLD WOMAN

(in French)

I didn't mean to tell--didn't want to betray
you--not this time....

INT. GALLERY OWNER'S APARTMENT--EVENING

The Deputy pushes his plate away, silencing some comment being made by one of the businessmen.

DEPUTY

(in English)

Mister Linton--perhaps you would care to see
my private collection. I am told that it is
not without merit--

He looks around the table, his eyes passing over the startled face of the gallery owner.

DEPUTY
(continuing)

I am sure that these gentlemen will excuse us.

There are vague mumbles of assent, the heavy air of a rudely interrupted social occasion. The Deputy stands. Linton, a little uncertain, follows suit. The others also rise.

GALLERY OWNER
(awkwardly, in English)
Well--er--well, I shall see you tomorrow then,
at the exhibition hall, Monsieur Linton.

LINTON
Of course....

DEPUTY
(in French)
Good night, gentlemen. (to Linton, in English)
Mister Linton--my car is downstairs.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

As the two men step out of the old building into the dark street, the Deputy signals to his driver, parked nearby. The car comes to life. The Deputy glances at Linton--

DEPUTY
(in English)
I am sure that you find those fools as
insufferable as I do--

EXT. STREET--EVENING

Caroline runs along a crowded sidewalk, people out for the evening. She bumps into them, but does not pause as they protest.

Not far behind her, glasses traces her steps. He more deliberately and forcefully pushes people out of the way.

Caroline runs across a street, dodging the traffic, cuts sideways into another street with a hasty look back over her shoulder. A cab has stopped, letting out a passenger. She pushes in and drags the door shut.

CAROLINE

(breathless, in French)

Quickly! quickly! drive away!

Glasses makes the corner, scans the crowd, the traffic--the cab is barely noticeable as it slides into the flow.

EXT. SEINE EMBANKMENT--EVENING

The young man sits on the stones with his feet hanging over the water. His face is set with anger, his hands clenched into tight fists which strike the stone in a slow rhythm. Abruptly, he pushes himself up and stands over the motorcycle. He pulls it up on its wheels, kicks the starter--it does not turn over. He tries again: nothing. In a flash of rage, he pushes it over the edge into the dark water.

INT. DEPUTY'S APARTMENT--NIGHT

The door opens before Linton and the Deputy--the maid (now dressed in a uniform) steps aside to let them in. She takes the Deputy's hat.

DEPUTY

(in French)

Brandy in the gallery, Louise.

She nods with a slight curtsy as the Deputy leads Linton into the apartment.

INT. DEPUTY'S GALLERY--NIGHT

The Deputy pushes the door open and stands aside to let Linton enter. The artist steps forward and surveys the crowded room. The Deputy steps up beside him and lets his eyes wander possessively over the collection.

DEPUTY

(in English)

Each piece has its own character, its own history. They are not objects, Mister Linton--they are living beings, marked as are we by their past experience. As a policeman, I come into contact with the darker side of life--these are the fruits that I have plucked there....

Linton glances at the man, made uneasy by the look almost of rapture which has settled on his features.

EXT. STREETS--NIGHT

The young man pushes through the evening crowds, his shoulders hunched, his face set in a look of hard anger and hostility....

INT. DEPUTY'S GALLERY--NIGHT

Brandy in hand, the Deputy stands before a particularly fine painting. Linton, also holding a brandy, stands beside him.

DEPUTY

(in English)

Now, this one (drinks)--an especially interesting acquisition. The former owner was a Minister of some influence (drinks)--poor man was caught in a compromising position with his secretary. Not an unusual occurrence, of course--but unfortunately the young man was also involved with an official at the Russian embassy (laughs, drinks again)--it took rather a lot of effort to keep it all quiet--

During this, Linton has moved closer to the picture, obviously trying not to listen to the Deputy's anecdote. The door opens, cutting off the words. The Deputy looks sideways at the maid standing in the doorway.

MAID

(in French)

Pardon, Monsieur--an urgent call for you
from headquarters.

The Deputy gives a slight nod--she withdraws, closing the door. He moves to the chair in the room's centre, picking up a phone built into the arm, presses a button.

DEPUTY

(in French)

Yes? Deputy Rolland here ... what? ... when
did it happen? ... has the news got out yet?
... I will be there as soon as possible....

During the call, Linton has moved on to the next painting; he glances occasionally at the Deputy as the latter's voice becomes at first terse and then decidedly sharp and impatient. The Deputy puts the phone down firmly, presses a button on the chair arm, then looks over at Linton.

DEPUTY

(in English)

Mister Linton--you must excuse me--an urgent
matter requires my attention. I am unfortunately
always on duty--

The door opens and the maid enters. The Deputy glances at her.

DEPUTY

(continuing, in English)

Please feel free to stay and examine the collection
--whatever you wish, Louise will serve your needs--

The maid steps forward with a placid willingness. Linton quickly shakes his head.

LINTON

No--no, thank you. I have to get back to my hotel--get some rest--I have a long day tomorrow--

The Deputy shrugs.

DEPUTY

As you wish.

He leads the way out. As Linton passes the maid, he glances at her. She returns the look--neutral, neither disappointed nor relieved.

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

The taxi pulls up outside Linton's hotel. Caroline gets out, still looking shaken. She looks back along the street.

In a shadow opposite, the young man draws himself up as he sees her. He thinks to take a step forward, but hesitates.

Caroline turns to the hotel, looks up at the facade. She starts to go up the steps.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

Back at the corner, a second taxi rolls up to the curb. Glasses gets out, quietly closing the door. He stands on the corner and watches Caroline enter the hotel.

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

The young man lights a cigarette, draws in smoke. After a moment, he tosses the cigarette away and steps out of the shadow--sees a movement. Glasses is approaching along the sidewalk. He glances at the young man--they both hesitate, eye each other for a moment. Glasses turns away and walks back along the street--the young man steps back into the shadow.

INT. POLICE H.Q. HALLWAY--NIGHT

The Deputy pushes into a crowded hallway at headquarters--the place is all noise and confusion. Reporters try to waylay him--uniformed policemen force a path through. His face is set and grim; he does not respond to any of the attempted questions. Further in, another group clusters around him--relatives of the people who have been arrested--

VARIOUS

(in French)

Monsieur le Deputy!--what is going on?--they
won't give us any news--my son!--

DEPUTY

(brusquely, in French)

You will all be informed in due course.

He pushes on, through a doorway--

INT. POLICE CORRIDOR--NIGHT

A short hall, windows on the right looking in on the detention room where the prisoners are being held--there are now about ten policemen in there, hands on weapons, warily watching the hostile group. The Deputy is met by a high-ranking officer whose manner is edgy. The Deputy gestures towards the detention room--

DEPUTY

(sharply, in French)

What are those men doing in there?

OFFICER

The prisoners--I feared they would riot--

DEPUTY

Get them out of there--put the prisoners in
cells--separate them--

The officer gestures quickly to a man behind him--he hurries away to carry out the order.

DEPUTY

(continuing)

How did the press find out?

OFFICER

(edgy)

I don't--they only suspect--we have let nothing out so far--

DEPUTY

(cutting him off)

Fools! Such a simple operation--now it has been ruined by fools. Where are they?

OFFICER

This way--

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM--NIGHT

A door swings open into a sterile, white tile room. On two metal tables lie two naked bodies--young men, torsos covered with bruises. A couple of men are wiping blood from the faces and bodies--the Deputy looks on from the doorway in disgust. The plainclothes officer who was in charge of the interrogation looks nervously at the Deputy from the side of the room--

PLAINCLOTHESMAN

(in French)

An unfortunate accident, sir ... they refused to cooperate--

The Deputy cuts him off with a look.

DEPUTY

This is the last thing we needed--two martyrs.

DEPUTY
(cont'd)

All hell will break loose--

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

A taxi pulls up in front of the artist's hotel--Linton gets out and heads up the steps.

From the shadows across the street, the young man watches him go in.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY--NIGHT

Linton enters the lobby, moves towards the desk to collect his key. As he turns from the desk, he stops as he sees Caroline hunched down in a deep armchair. She looks up, sees him. Quickly, she is out of the chair and across the floor--her hair disshevelled, her eyes wide, frightened. She throws her arms around Linton, clings to him--

CAROLINE

Oh! I need you--help me--

LINTON

(surprised, confused)

What? I looked for you at the cafe--

CAROLINE

Hold me--

LINTON

What is it? What's happened?

She shakes her head, looks up at him. She takes his hand and draws him towards the elevator.

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

From the shadows across the street, the young man watches. He lights a cigarette, blows out smoke--shifts from one foot to the other. He sees a light go on in one of the rooms.

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

Caroline turns in the centre of the room to face Linton as he closes the door. He looks at her with concern.

CAROLINE

(edgy, sporadic)

--some kind of trouble--Yves, I think--

LINTON

(moving towards her)

Slow down a little--what's going on? Where have you been?

CAROLINE

(shaking her head as if
to clear it)

Yves--he's mixed up in things--I don't know--
he doesn't just talk, he does things--I think
they're catching up with us now--I don't want
to be involved--

Linton puts his arms around her--she clings to him.

LINTON

It'll be okay--whatever it is--don't worry--
you'll be safe--

INT. MINISTER'S OFFICE--NIGHT

The Deputy stands in a vast office before an equally vast desk.
Another man paces along the high bookcases at the side of the room,
turns and moves behind the desk. His face is dark, closed.

MINISTER

(in French)

This is sheer stupidity, utter clumsiness--
there is no excuse--

DEPUTY

(eyes down)

I agree completely--those responsible--

MINISTER

(angry, spitting the words
out)

You are responsible! This was your operation--
there is no one else to blame--

DEPUTY

I assure you--

MINISTER

I want no assurances. (turns away in disgust)
The public need to see police efficiency, not
police stupidity and brutality--that was the
whole purpose of this operation, to raise
public confidence--but this--this farce--our
position has been seriously jeopardized. I
expect the situation to be remedied--
immediately.

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

The young man sees the light go out. He turns away in anger, throwing
away his cigarette. He hurries away as Kate Bush's All the Love
rises on the soundtrack.

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

In the dim light from the street, Linton reaches out and lightly
touches Caroline's cheek--his fingers trace the curve, down to her
lips which meet his fingers with a gentle kiss. They move together,
kiss--tentatively at first, then more deeply. Scarcely breaking the
contact, they begin to undress each other.... Slow dissolve:

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

The young man moves along a dark, deserted street. Dissolve:

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

Caroline sinks back onto the bed. Linton hovers over her, lowers himself, his hand moving to her breast. They kiss again.

Dissolve:

EXT. DERELICT BUILDING--NIGHT

The black surface of the river; lights flicker in the ripples. Tilt up to the derelict building.

Dissolve:

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

Linton and Caroline move with increasing passion, losing themselves in the moment.

Dissolve:

INT. DERELICT BUILDING--NIGHT

The young man tears loose some of the boards over the door of the derelict building, flinging them away angrily; he squeezes into the building. He feels around the floor for the rotten boards, pulls them up and reaches into the hole--jumps back as a rat scurries out --then shoves his hand back into the dark recess. He drags the briefcase out and rises to his feet.

Dissolve:

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

In the faint light, the two bodies move with each other in harmony. Linton kisses Caroline's closed eyes.

LINTON

(whispering)

You're safe now....

She clings to him more tightly.

INT. CELL BLOCK--NIGHT

Whitewashed plaster blisters under a burst of intense flame.

Metal bars begin to glow in the heat, gray steel becoming a dull red.

The nozzle of the flamethrower spews out a roaring stream of fire

which swallows the fading song on the soundtrack.

The glow lights the Deputy's face.

In the pool of fire in the cell, two dark shapes lie enveloped in flame.

The Deputy turns to his aide.

DEPUTY
(in French)

Prepare a press release--our regrets about
this terrible accident--two young men killed
in a flash fire caused by a gas leak--a full
investigation will be conducted and so on....

The aide turns to leave.

DEPUTY
(continuing)

Oh--do not forget to mention that they were
both arrested in connection with the bombing
of the American bank.

Dissolve:

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--NIGHT

In the dark hotel room, Linton and Caroline lie asleep in each other's arms.

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--NIGHT

In the street outside, a movement in the shadows. The man with the odd glasses shifts his weight from one foot to the other as he watches the hotel, waiting....

Fade to black.

EXT. STREETS--DAY

A series of newspaper placards shout news of the two deaths, announce

calls for inquiries into police tactics. News vendors' voices rise above the sounds of traffic as the city flows by--

VENDORS

(calling, in French)

... two dead in custody!--suspicious
circumstances!--inquiries demanded by the
opposition!--

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

The narrow street where the two cafes face each other. Once again newspapers are passed from hand to hand, accompanied by a buzz of voices--

VARIOUS

(in French)

... police murder ... fascists ... they had
no evidence ... trying too hard to impress
the U.S. ...

EXT. CAFE--DAY

From the cafe opposite come tones of satisfaction--

VARIOUS

(in French)

... radicals ... saboteurs ... terrorists ...
swift justice ... it should have happened
long ago ...

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

A customer at Cafe Universal calls across the street.

MAN

(in French)

Pigs! You support killers!

EXT. CAFE--DAY

A man across the way spits out a reply.

SECOND MAN

(in French)

Your friends are the real killers!

INT. BACK ROOM, CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

In a back room in Cafe Universal, the old woman lies on a couch, a rug pulled up tightly around her--she moans and mutters to herself unintelligibly. Her sister, the owner, stands looking down at her. Beside her stands a police officer.

OFFICER

(in French)

We have definitely linked last night's
attack on your sister with the death of
her employer--

OWNER

Her boyfriend--

OFFICER

Well, yes--the jeweller--we found fingerprints
here which match others present in the
jeweller's quarters. We have pictures of the
man we believe to be responsible--he will be
picked up--

He glances down at the old woman.

OFFICER

(continuing)

Your sister--she will--?

OWNER

She will be sent to a hospital. She has

OWNER
(cont'd)

completely lost her senses--as you can see.

A sudden sound of breaking glass, confused voices raised in angry shouts. The owner and the officer look at each other--the old woman lets out a thin shriek of fear, clutches at the rug which covers her. Startled, the owner and the officer hurry for the door.

INT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

As they enter the cafe, one of the windows explodes inwards and a flying chair crashes into the tables--the customers inside are up on their feet. Shouting from outside. The owner hurries to the door, anger rising. The officer is close behind.

EXT. CAFE UNIVERSAL--DAY

Outside, several men are tangled in a close fistfight. A man carrying a bottle runs across the street from Cafe Universal, and hurls the bottle through a window of the cafe opposite--

MAN
(shouting, in French)

Fascists!

A customer over there grabs him--they scuffle.

The officer blows his whistle, raising his arm as if to quell the riot.

OWNER
(furiously, in French)
Stop this! Stop it now!

She tries to pull one of the fighters off another. A man grabs a chair and swings it, hitting the officer from behind. He goes down heavily--

EXT. PARK--DAY

Several children run along a shady path in a park. They run shouting past the heavyset Frenchman who pauses to let them go by. He watches them run away, then crosses the path, taking another which leads off at an angle through the trees.

The lean American stands with his elbows resting on a railing, looking down at a small pond--a couple of toy sailboats drift languidly on the water. He scarcely gives a glance to the Frenchman as he joins him at the rail.

LEAN AMERICAN

(in English)

We've had too much contact in too short a time.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

(in English)

I know--but we need your help now.

LEAN AMERICAN

Don't get to rely on us too much.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

No more than you rely on us--

The American gives him a sharp glance.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

(continuing)

This is an emergency situation. (in French)
Orders have just come down--to take care of
Deputy Rolland--

The American betrays his surprise for a moment.

HEAVYSET FRENCHMAN

(continuing, in English)

He's become an embarrassment. It has been decided that he can serve us better in another capacity--(pause)--as a martyr to the anti-terrorist cause--

The American smiles slowly--thin and humourless.

LEAN AMERICAN

Yeah--it takes a martyr to fight a martyr.

Dissolve to:

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--DAY

The exhibition hall. Workmen are hanging the final canvasses as the gallery owner walks slowly through the high-ceilinged room looking from side to side, nodding with satisfaction. Dissolve:

INT. LINTON'S ROOM--DAY

Early afternoon sunshine fills the hotel room. Caroline's head rests on Linton's chest; his arm is around her. He brushes a strand of hair from her forehead. She looks up at his eyes--a dreamy smile.

CAROLINE

(softly)

I'd like to stay here--like this--forever--

He smiles back, kisses the top of her head.

LINTON

It would be nice--but I really have to go. I have to prepare for the opening tonight.

CAROLINE

(kissing his chest)

It's okay--I know--I feel safe now (an

CAROLINE

(cont'd)

embarrassed smile)--I really don't know
what got into me.

He kisses her again, then slides out of the bed. He walks into the
bathroom and turns on the shower.

Caroline switches on a small portable radio on the bedside table. A
news broadcast--

ANNOUNCER

(in French)

... several spontaneous demonstrations have
already been broken up by the police. But the
calls for an inquiry into the deaths of the
two suspects in custody are not only coming
from the streets. Members of the government
as well as the opposition have also called
for the immediate removal of Deputy Rolland
and the disbanding of the new so-called
anti-terrorist force. An official statement
about the fatal incident is expected within
the next few days....

Caroline has slipped out of the bed and gone to the window as the
news is read. She stands there looking out, her arms crossed over
her naked breasts as if to ward off the cold. She turns and looks
at Linton as he enters from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel,
drying his hair with another.

CAROLINE

Your friend the Deputy is a killer--

LINTON

He's no friend of mine.

CAROLINE

He's an evil man, Mark--the kind Yves has
been trying to fight--in' his own way--

She goes to him, puts her arms around him. He holds her close.

CAROLINE

(continuing)

Promise me you won't deal with him--

He kisses her.

EXT. LINTON'S HOTEL--DAY

On the steps outside the hotel they hold each other again and kiss--
long and deep. Linton holds her away a little, looks into her face
with concern.

LINTON

You can come with me, you know.

She smiles palely, shakes her head.

CAROLINE

No--I have to go home and tidy up. I'll meet
you this evening--

LINTON

At the opening?

CAROLINE

Of course--if you want me there--

LINTON

Of course I do.

They walk down the steps to the street and he signals a taxi. Another
brief kiss and he gets in. She watches the cab drive away, then starts

to walk. She does not see glasses fall into step some way behind her.

EXT. STREET--DAY

In a quiet street, the lean American picks the lock of a parked car and slides into the driver's seat. Quickly, deftly, he hot wires it and drives away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING--DAY

Caroline climbs the stairs of an old apartment building, looking tired but calm. She crosses a landing, taking out a key. She unlocks the peeling door and goes inside.

INT. APARTMENT--DAY

The young man looks up from where he sits at a bare wooden table. His hand rests around a half empty whisky bottle; the briefcase lies on the table in front of him. Caroline stops at the door, looking at him uncertainly--he looks grimy and tired.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

You slept with him.

His voice is flat, hostile. A flare of anger in her eyes.

CAROLINE

(defensive, in English)

That's my business.

The young man gulps from the bottle.

YOUNG MAN

(in French)

I thought it was ours.

CAROLINE

(in English)

I thought we were free.

YOUNG MAN
(in French)

You are not free--you are just cheap.

CAROLINE
(disgusted, in English)

You're drunk.

The young man pushes himself to his feet, a little unsteady.

YOUNG MAN
(in French)

I will deal with him--I will deal with your
precious phony bourgeois friend and with all
of his friends--I will fix his precious
opening--

A glimpse of fear in Caroline's eyes; she moves towards him, her
expression becoming placatory. Peter Hamill's My Experience begins
to rise on the soundtrack.

CAROLINE
(in French)

Yes--please....

He lashes out, striking a blow across her face. She falls sideways
and back--her head hits the edge of a chair. She lies still. Scarcely
looking at her, he grabs the briefcase and goes out the door.

EXT. STREET--DAY

As he hurries out into the street, glasses sees him from across the
way. For a moment, their eyes meet. Glasses sees the briefcase--his
eyes return to the young man's face--a flash of anger. The young
man suddenly runs. Glasses takes off after him--

He dashes through traffic, tires squeal, horns blow. Glasses slams
his hand down on the hood of a car which tries to drive in front of

him.

The pursuit continues along a crowded sidewalk. The young man gasps for breath, clutching the briefcase to his chest.

EXT. POLICE H.Q.--DAY

Late afternoon. The Deputy leaves headquarters, passing through a small hostile crowd. He gets into his car--his bodyguard closes the door and then gets in the front. The car pulls away.

INT. APARTMENT--DAY

Caroline moves slightly. Her head turns--she moves her arm up and touches her head. Groggily she rises to a sitting position. Her eyes are wide and dazed--she looks at her fingertips: a smear of blood. She shakes her head, frowning. Her eyes begin to clear. Using the chair, she pulls herself to her feet. She looks around, quickening. She runs to the door and out.

EXT. STREET--DAY

The young man shoves a man away from the car he is just getting out of, jumps in. The man staggers, turns, tries to grab the young man. The door slams and the car squeals away just before Glasses reaches it. Furious, he pushes the man out of his way, runs a little way down the street. A motor scooter comes along. Glasses steps out, making the rider swerve. He pushes the boy off, picks up the scooter and takes off after the car. A policeman runs forward, blowing his whistle....

EXT. STREET--EVENING

The Deputy's car eases its way through the traffic of early evening.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

The young man corners at too high a speed, bumping up on to the sidewalk. A woman staggers and falls back against a wall, barely escaping being hit.

Glasses skids, almost falls, recovers. Coming too close to the

sidewalk, he kicks over a cafe table--somebody runs after him, shouting.

The young man shoots through a red light. Cars skid. Horns blow.

Glasses is close behind, weaving through the confusion of cars.

A police car falls in behind, siren wailing.... The song fades out.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

A quiet street, long shadows stretching from the trees on either side. Rows of parked cars down both sides. The Deputy's car turns into the street and moves steadily along it. One of the parked cars abruptly pulls out in front of it and brakes.

INT. TAXI--EVENING

Caroline sits in the back of a taxi, leaning forward as if to urge it on. The taxi turns a corner. Up ahead there is an obstruction-- a car stopped in the middle of the road, blowing its horn impatiently. As the taxi slows, we hear the scream of accelerating tires. Caroline turns to look out the rear window--

EXT. STREET--EVENING

The stolen car driven by the lean American roars along the sidewalk. The American aims an automatic weapon out of the driver's window and sends a spray of bullets out across the street--

The windows of a parked car shatter and crumble--

Chips of paint spit up from the bodywork--

INT. DEPUTY'S CAR--EVENING

The Deputy throws himself flat across the back seat--

EXT. STREET--EVENING

A line of bullet holes tears along the side of the Deputy's car--

The stolen car shoots off down the sidewalk at a high speed--

The blocking car starts to pull away--

The Deputy's bodyguard flings open his door and jumps out, bleeding from several wounds. He levels his gun and fires--

The rear window of the blocking car disintegrates. The car swerves and rams a parked van--

A sudden silence. The Deputy pulls himself out of the car, checks himself over--he begins to smile with relief as he realizes that he has somehow escaped unscathed.

The bodyguard cautiously approaches the crashed car. He moves to the driver's side, jerks the door open. The heavyset Frenchman topples out, his face all bloody.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

The young man's car skids, hits the curb--a tire blows. The car runs up on the sidewalk and grinds into a wall. The young man staggers out, glancing behind him. He starts running for a narrow alley as the scooter appears around the corner. He makes it to the entrance of the alley. Trying to follow, glasses comes off the scooter as it hits the curb. He gets up, clutching his arm, and pursues on foot....

EXT. ALLEY--EVENING

At the far end of the alley, the young man glances back, sees the pursuing figure. In the distance, police sirens grow louder. The young man cuts across an open lot, staggering over the uneven rubble.

EXT. EXHIBITION HALL--EVENING

In front of the exhibition hall, cars pull up. People in evening dress get out and enter the hall. A small group has gathered around the entrance, held back by several policemen. As a car arrives, the group sway towards it--

VOICE
(in French)

That's him!

Shaken but smiling, the Deputy gets out.

VOICES
(in French)

Monsieur le Deputy!--monsieur!--the attempt
on your life!--care to comment!--

He holds up his hands to silence them as the policemen make a path
for him.

DEPUTY

Gentlemen--I do not want to colour this
occasion with problems better dealt with
elsewhere--just let me say that I am
profoundly grateful for my deliverance
today--

Suddenly someone lunges forward out of the group.

MAN
(shouting)

Murderer! assassin!

A policeman drags him to the ground as the Deputy hurriedly ducks in
through the entrance to the hall.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--EVENING

As he enters the hall there is an increase in the buzz of conversation
--people turn from the paintings, from their drinks, from their
companions, and look towards the Deputy. The gallery owner hurries
forward.

GALLERY OWNER

(effusively, in French)

Monsieur le Deputy! we hardly expected to see you here--news of the awful attack--we are indeed honoured--

The Deputy gives him a barely noticeable nod and moves towards Linton, a magnanimous smile on his face. He holds out his hand--

DEPUTY

(in English)

Mister Linton--it is a pleasure to congratulate you--

Linton glances at the outstretched hand, looks at the Deputy's face, then turns away. He moves across the room. The buzz of conversation dies away; the gallery owner goes pale, rushes forward--

GALLERY OWNER

Monsieur--

The Deputy cuts him off with a look, then as calmly as possible turns to concentrate on the nearest painting.

EXT. STREET--EVENING

Exhausted, the young man stumbles forward. The exhibition hall is visible further down the street. Clutching the briefcase, he looks behind him.

Glasses is not far behind, but equally exhausted. He draws closer to the young man.

The young man attempts a final burst of speed. It is useless--he has no energy to spare. Glasses finally catches up to him. He grabs the young man's shoulder. They both stagger, almost lose their balance. The young man swings the briefcase at glasses--the blow is warded off with a raised forearm. Suddenly a knife blade flashes--the young man

falls back--glasses lunges. The young man clutches his belly, dropping the briefcase--as it hits the ground, it falls open, the paper packages spilling out. The young man drops to his knees and falls on his face as glasses stoops to grab the packages.

VOICE

(calling, in French)

You! Stop!

Glasses looks up to see two policemen running towards him from their posts at the exhibition hall. He pushes himself to his feet, still holding the knife, starts to run--the young man tries weakly to grab at his leg. Glasses clutches a paper package in each hand. Two shots. He stumbles, sprawls forward, the packages flying from his grasp.

The two policemen run past the young man towards the fallen glasses. As they pass, the young man raises his head slightly, looking after them. In obvious pain, he tries to pull himself up--a stain of dark red blood is spreading across his belly--it glistens on the ground as he rises. His hand closes on the third paper package--

As the two policemen reach glasses, he tries to rise, his hand reaching towards the knife which went flying with the packages. One of the policemen clubs him down with the butt of his gun.

The young man, unsteady on his feet, staggers between two parked cars and moves off towards the exhibition hall.

The two policemen stand over glasses. His hands are stretched out, unmoving, towards the fans of white powder which spread towards the gutter. As we track across the powder, stirring in a light breeze--

Slow dissolve:

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--EVENING

Pan down from a large, dark canvas, across the fashionable crowd--now once again involved with their drinks and their chatter.

The lean American, looking very cool and self-possessed, enters the hall. He scans the crowd, appreciative of the air of success. He moves forward.

Linton, standing to one side, sees the man--looks puzzled, a little uncertain--then moves towards him.

LINTON
(questioning)

Bob?

The lean American turns, sees the artist. They both now smile, shake hands warmly.

LEAN AMERICAN

Mark--

LINTON
My god, I don't believe it! What are you
doing here?

LEAN AMERICAN
I just came to congratulate an old friend.

LINTON
But what are you doing in Paris?

LEAN AMERICAN
I work here.

LINTON
Caroline doesn't know--

LEAN AMERICAN
Caroline?

LINTON

Yes--she's here too--we ran into each other
a few days ago--I'm waiting for her now--

LEAN AMERICAN

Well, you know Caroline--she's really not
the most reliable person around--doesn't
always show up where she said she would.
(glances around) A nice little event you've
got yourself here--mind if I take a look
around?

LINTON

No, of course not--

The lean American gives him a smile, then wanders into the crowd.

The Deputy scarcely looks at the paintings. He is obviously furious,
but refuses to be driven away by Linton's slight--he responds to
greetings with a fixed, frosty smile. He does not see the lean
American moving closer to him through the crowd.

The young man, looking pale, sweat beading his face, enters the main
gallery. He walks unsteadily, holding his jacket tight across his
wound--bumps into someone who looks at him with disgust. He scans
the room, seeming to have difficulty in focussing. His eyes fall on
Linton, who is looking away in another direction. The young man
moves along the wall.

The lean American shadows the Deputy on the opposite side of the room.

The young man pauses at the table set up as a bar. The paper of the
package in his hand is torn--with his fingers he digs out a chunk of
the compressed powder, using his body to hide the action. He glances
around, then quickly crumbles the powder into a large bowl of punch
on the table. He turns, moves a short way, stumbles against someone--
the package slips from his hand--as he grabs for it, his jacket falls

open--a woman sees the blood, lets out a shriek.

The people, interrupted again, look around for the source of the new disturbance.

The Deputy, eyes widening, searches for a new threat.

The young man tries to run, staggers as the man he bumped against catches at his arm. A guard moves quickly from the door towards him --the crowd falls back. There are several shouts of surprise, anger at this unseemly spectacle. The guard grabs the young man, spinning him around--he falls--

INT. SIDE GALLERY--EVENING

The Deputy, open fear on his face now, slips into a small side gallery. A couple standing there, looking towards the door and the noise, see the expression on his face and quickly leave, back into the main hall--

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--EVENING

The guard turns the young man over--his eyes stare emptily up to the ceiling. People are flowing towards the doors--the gallery owner is darting back and forth, desperate--

GALLERY OWNER

(in French)

Please! please! there is nothing to worry about
--please! this will all be dealt with--

INT. SIDE GALLERY--EVENING

The Deputy is standing facing a painting, his hands on the wall to either side of it. He is breathing hard, trying to get a hold on himself.

The lean American steps into the small room, moves near the Deputy--

LEAN AMERICAN
(quietly, in English)

Excuse me--

The Deputy, startled, darts a glance towards him--the American's arm moves--the thin blade slides in through the Deputy's ribs. A look of surprise crosses his face as he slumps down. The American supports his weight, shoves him into a chair against the wall. He pulls the Deputy's jacket over the wound, leaves the man sitting there as if asleep.

INT. EXHIBITION HALL--EVENING

As Peter Hammill's Ophelia rises on the soundtrack, we track from the dead Deputy with the lean American as he walks back into the hall to join the crowd as it heads out the doors. The camera moves into the crowd, slowly rising up above the people. Dissolve:

Pan left to right across the paintings. Dissolve:

The gallery owner, giving up in despair, turns from the crowd, finds himself at the bar, dips out a cupful of the punch and drinks deeply. Dissolve:

Pan right to left across other paintings. Dissolve:

A high angle, looking down on Linton, as the crowd thins, leaving him isolated. Nearby, the guard still stands over the body of the young man. We pull slowly up and away-- Dissolve:

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

An ambulance shoots from right to left, close to the camera--it turns into a high gate, moving away from the camera.

EXT. MORGUE--NIGHT

The ambulance doors are pulled open towards us; a stretcher is slid out--the sheet catches, exposing Caroline's dead face, eyes staring nowhere. The camera pans left to right as the stretcher sweeps past--

it is carried away into the morgue.

Dissolve:

EXT. CITY--NIGHT

A view of the city at night; lights glinting on the river; traffic, moving streams of light. The credits begin to roll after a moment. The song comes to an end; city sounds rise up to replace it. The picture slowly fades to black as the credits continue. They finish in silence.