

# Barbed Wire in Aphrodite's Garden —A Screenplay

John Bandler

Driven to protect his family and the English schoolgirl he loves, a young Greek Cypriot guerrilla-assassin decides to compromise the liberation and post-colonial future of Cyprus. (Political drama, love story, 120 pages)



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BARBED WIRE IN APHRODITE'S GARDEN

an original screenplay

by

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EXT. THE SANDY CRESCENT, FAMAGUSTA BEACH - DAY

TITLE: CYPRUS, APRIL 1955

A hundred degrees plus. SWIMMERS, SUNBATHERS, volleyball players, VENDORS with iceboxes. Whitewashed hotels, and awning- and trellis-sheltered beach-front restaurants.

In a beach chair under an umbrella, JANE SIMMONS, 14, jet hair, blue eyes, reads Great Expectations. CLAIRE SIMMONS, thirties, blonde, reads Illustrated London News. Both wear swimsuits. STAVROS IKONIS, 18, in a swimsuit, approaches.

STAVROS

I am Stavros.

Suggestively, he extends a CONE of pumpkin seeds.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

This is *basadembo*. You like one?

The women shake their heads.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

Are you sisters?

A GIGGLE, a shrug, and Jane's shoulder strap flops towards her elbow. Stavros offers Claire the pumpkin seeds.

CLAIRE

Too salty.

STAVROS

(to Jane)

What's your name?

JANE

Jane...

STAVROS

(to Jane, pointing)

Christakis is over there. My cousin. You want to meet him?

(finger to temple)

He's very clever.

Jane stares into her book. Stavros turns to Claire.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

Okay. See you later.

He struts off.

JANE

God, I do hope he doesn't drag his beastly cousin here.

CLAIRE

Be firm. Never show interest like you did back then... And Jane...

JANE

Yes?

CLAIRE

Do up your strap, dear.

Jane wriggles the support back into position.

JANE

Do you think he's dangerous? I mean, are they all anti-British?

CLAIRE

They adore us. Where do they all emigrate to? England. Do they ever go to Greece? 'Course not.

Jane stares at a WOODEN RAFT moored in the lagoon. BOYS line up on the steps to its high diving board. When Stavros SOMERSAULTS, Jane presses the edge of her book into her legs.

JANE

Imagine. Their silly archbishop says he wants an end to slavery.

EXT. THE SANDY CRESCENT, FAMAGUSTA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

CHRISTAKIS IKONIS (CHRIS), 15, swims to shore, whips to his feet as Stavros walks up.

STAVROS

Where have you been hiding? I met two English beauties.

(pointing)

Over there, begging for real men...

One for you, one for me. Come.

Chris pulls back. God knows what Stavros has lined up.

EXT. FAMAGUSTA BEACH, OUTDOOR RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Chris's father ZACHARIAS slices watermelon. Chris snatches a shirt from a chair, puts it on, and lets it hang open.

ZACHARIAS  
 (gesturing with his fork)  
 Isn't that your English teacher?  
 It's impolite not to say hello.

HARRY LAWRELL, middle-aged, GOATEE, holds forth, wineglass in hand, to two dark-haired, well-dressed women: ZAIRA and REBECCA, late twenties, and RED-HAIRED ALISTAIR MCKAY.

As Chris pushes towards Harry's table, Alistair rises, picks up his NIKON as if to take pictures, and moves away.

HARRY  
 Master Christakis Ikonis. We were just debating the unrest. I hope you and your classmates haven't put anti-British sentiments to practice this summer... Stick to what your dapper Archbishop Makarios says, "It is with the weapons of our soul that we are struggling."

ZAIRA  
 Introduce us, Harry.

HARRY  
 Miss Zaira hails from Nicosia.  
 (gesturing at Rebecca)  
 This is her enchanting friend,  
*Fräulein* Rebecca. *Frisch zurück aus Österreich, Landes Mozart.*

Harry's look suggests, bugger off, kid, I'm busy.

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - REBECCA - Red toenails, buttons, pearls, eyes. Her EYES! She's staring at his tummy!

Chris's hand flashes across his chest, finds his shirt open.

REBECCA  
 Would you like to sit down?

HARRY  
 I'm sure he has some boyish agenda. The beach awaits, lad. Go. Sample the benign fallout from Bikini Island.

REBECCA  
 You've lost me.

HARRY

Louis Réard's invention. Better have our Cypriot boys drooling over those newfangled two-piece bathing suits than chucking bombs.

Chris draws his shirt together, sits down across from Zaira.

HARRY (CONT'D)

The casual observer would find it hard to believe that this mute young man has the verve and intellectual wherewithal to make something of himself. As long as he resists the incipient street gangs. Don't lose it, lad.

ZAIRA

(to Chris)

Are you a poet too?

HARRY

Far from it. The boy thinks poetry is useless, that it has no value... Isn't that, right, Ikonis?

CHRIS

Poetry has no utility... Utility and value are not the same.

HARRY

The incorrigible thorn in my side has recovered his tongue. When he does speak, as you might say, Rebecca, he speaks con brio. Sadly, with the cold logic of a scientist. I once made the mistake of challenging him to a game of chess. Now be a chevalier, Ikonis, and collar yon steward on your way back to the beach. We need wine.

Rebecca pulls a sheet from her purse, holds it out to Chris.

REBECCA

Tell me, is this your name?

Chris takes the sheet. She smiles. Harry bangs the table.

HARRY

By Jove! Miss Rebecca Ouzanian is your new piano teacher.

EXT. PANCYPRIAN GYMNASIUM, NICOSIA OLD CITY - DAY

Greek STUDENTS brandish signs like "WE ARE NOT SLAVES."  
Alistair takes pictures with his Nikon. STELLA IKONIS, 16,  
distributes fliers. TROOPS arrive.

BRITISH VOICE (O.S.)

Get her!

A SOLDIER makes for Stella. Chris jumps in. The soldier  
WHACKS him with his rifle. Stella drops her fliers, escapes  
through the maze of Levantine streets.

EXT. NICOSIA, SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

From a grocery, little more than a lean-to, Chris carries a  
paper bag. Barefoot, he hops onto the HOT ASPHALT.

Jane startles him. SMASH. Broken eggs lie at their feet.  
He scoots off the asphalt, claws his toes into the soil.  
When he clears his eyes of sweat, she's gone.

EXT. NICOSIA, SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

SCHOOL DAY. Chris, in uniform, cycles, spots Jane in an army  
TRUCK crammed on a bench with blue-uniformed SCREAMING  
SCHOOLGIRLS. He hitches onto the truck and freewheels along.

CHRIS

(yelling at Jane)

What's your name?

EXT. NICOSIA, SIMMONS HOUSE - DAY

Jane, in blouse, skirt, and plimsoles, stands at her gate.  
Chris, barefoot, SLAMS his bike into a skid, stops, digs  
small yellow FRUITS from his pocket, holds them out.

CHRIS

We call these *mosfila*.

JANE

(bites one, makes a face)

It's sour!

CHRIS

Watch out for worms.

Jane spits out what she's bitten off, wipes her mouth.

JANE

Would you like to come in?

He dumps his fruit and bike, follows her into the jasmine SHADE of the front verandah.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Who's your friend?

CHRIS

Christakis Ikonis. Chris.

As Claire appears, in shorts and bikini top, "Hernando's Hideaway" competes with RADIO STATIC and BUZZING CICADAS.

JANE

This is Claire... My stepmother.

CLAIRE

I'm wilting out here. So glad we have these floor tiles, freezing though they'll be in winter.

JANE

You're bleeding!

His foot is bloodied. Claire pulls him into the house.

CLAIRE

Jane, fetch the iodine! And a bowl of water. And offer Chris something from the fridge. We'll show him that we British are as hospitable as Cypriots.

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - DAY

Rebecca sits at an upright piano. Chris stands. She pats her bench. He slouches beside her. She pokes his back.

REBECCA

Posture!

She demonstrates: raises her chin, straightens her torso, spreads his hand between hers and curves each of his fingers. She runs a fingertip along the top of his fingers.

INT. THE ENGLISH SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

STUDENTS at their desks. On the blackboard, chalked, we see "Not good is the much, but good is the not much."



HARRY

(reaching chalk to Chris)  
Fix it, Ikonis. The ancient Greeks  
would have appreciated clarity as  
well as brevity.

Chris goes to the board, rewrites "Not in the much you find  
the good, but in the good you find the much." Returns, sits.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Right. I want an essay out of each  
and every one of you miserable  
hacks. By tomorrow, in two hundred  
and fifty words or less, you will  
discuss the notion of whether the  
gallows should be reserved not so  
much for the murder of a man, but  
for the murder of a man's spirit.

EXT. NICOSIA OLD CITY - NIGHT

Streets, dark, deserted. From her bicycle, Stella tosses  
EOKA leaflets signed "Dhigenis" onto the front steps of  
homes. She rounds a corner, cycles into an English PATROL  
The men surround her, check her body, every inch of it. She  
resists. They SMACK her, PUNCH her, lift her off her feet,  
take turns RAPING her. Then SOMEONE RAMS his gun up her  
skirt. They dump her and scatter.

EXT. NICOSIA OLD CITY - LATER

DOGS HOWL. WOMEN WAIL. Alistair kneels, puts a hand on  
Stella's shoulder.

ALISTAIR

Who did this to you, girl? Speak--

STELLA

(hysterical)

Get away! Get away from me!

ALISTAIR

Hang on, dear. An ambulance is on  
its way. What's your name?

She SPITS into his face, struggles to her feet. Blood  
streams down her legs as she hobbles to her bicycle. Picks  
it up, turns to Alistair. Her face is filled with hate.

INT. THE ENGLISH SCHOOL - ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Chris's essay lies on his desk in front of him. Scrawled at the top is a C-minus and the words "shallow, slapdash."

CHRIS (V.O.)

"On the Murder of a Man's Spirit,  
by Christakis Ikonis. The death of  
a man's spirit may be more  
contagious to other men than the  
mere death of a man. Thus, the  
murder of a man's spirit deserves  
the greater punishment."

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - DAY

Chris watches Rebecca's hands sweep across the keyboard and stop to make pencil notes on the score.

REBECCA

Sound and silence have equal value.  
Stitch them together. Layer the  
tones over the background.

(tapping the score)

Spaces are as important as the  
notes themselves. Where we touch  
defines where we don't. That  
creates tension.

EXT. LEDRA STREET, ARA GULBENKIAN'S WATCH SHOP - DAY

Stavros stands with his bicycle, watches the traffic. Nikon at hand, smoking, Alistair offers him a cigarette, lights it.

ALISTAIR

A sorry business, lad. Truly.

STAVROS

You know them?

ALISTAIR

Not as of now, laddie. If your  
sister would only report it...

STAVROS

Never!

DIALOGUE IN PARENTHESIS indicates GREEK SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

ALISTAIR

(Right or left. Which are you?)

STAVROS  
(I want freedom.)

ALISTAIR  
(Then we're on the same team.)

STAVROS  
You're English.

ALISTAIR  
Scottish.

Greek boys and girls in natty school uniforms cycle by.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)  
Smart dressers, huh?

STAVROS  
Greek fighters. All of them.

Alistair pulls PHOTOS from his wallet. Shows one to Stavros.

ALISTAIR  
Including your cousin Christakis?  
(off Stavros's look)  
Look, I have a wee bit of pull...  
Like who was on patrol, guys with  
the night off. Besides, men brag.  
I'll do my level best if you keep a  
quiet eye on the Simmons house.

STAVROS  
The Simmons?

Alistair shows Stavros another PHOTO.

ALISTAIR  
Claire and Jane. Remember?

STAVROS  
Are they in danger?

EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE, NICOSIA - DAY

Stavros leans against a lamppost. Rolled-up sleeves, tight pants. He struts over as Claire nurses her VW into her driveway. The engine BACKFIRES. She exits, SLAMS the door.

STAVROS  
Next time, use the clutch...

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A single bed, unmade. A night table: booze, cigarettes. A dressing table. On the wardrobe: a suitcase, a hatbox.

STAVROS  
Your daughter, Jane--

CLAIRE  
Stepdaughter.

STAVROS  
She's pretty...

CLAIRE  
She's too young for you.

Claire locks the doors. Unbuttons his shirt. Steers him to her bed, sits him down, works off his pants.

STAVROS  
This is your room?

CLAIRE  
I sleep alone...

She kneels, prizes his legs apart, wiggles against him.

A metallic SQUEAL. BRAKES. A TRUCK-DOOR SLAMS. Silence.

REGGIE (O.S.)  
Darling, we're home!

GEARS CRUNCH. A FIRST GEAR WHINE. Claire snaps to her feet. Stavros climaxes. She catches his come with her hands.

CLAIRE  
Pull yourself together. Get up!

She bundles him and his clothes out the verandah door.

INT. COURT OF LAW - DAY

FOUR BOYS, TWO GIRLS, ages 12 to 16, including Chris's brother, ODYSSEAS, 12, stand before a JUDGE. Present: Chris, his father Zacharias, his mother KLEIO, FAMILIES of the other defendants. While the JUDGE speaks, the mothers WAIL.

JUDGE  
Much as I abhor cases where  
juveniles are caught up with  
hardened criminals...

INT. PLAIN ROOM - DAY

A GIRL in school uniform, bends over a chair. A MAN wearing a hood WHACKS her butt six times with a CANE. She rises, defiant, leaves. Next it's Odysseas's turn.

JUDGE (V.O.)

...it is my duty to uphold the law and encourage proper conduct. I sentence each of you to six strokes with a light cane and to be bound over in the sum of twenty-five pounds for one year.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S VERANDAH - EVENING

Beneath a fruit-laden pomegranate tree, in school uniforms, Chris and Jane sit leaning against the wall. She's barefoot.

JANE

What about 'Enosis'?

CHRIS

It's what EOKA's fighting for. It's been our dream, even under the Turks... 'Union with Greece.'

She brushes her lips against his cheek, jumps to her feet.

JANE

Horrid poetry. See you tomorrow.

EXT. GATES OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A British military CONVOY. Stavros stands with YOUNG GREEKS shouting SLOGANS -- "E-O-K-A," "MA-KA-RI-OS," "E-NO-SIS." Chris cycles up, exchanges glances with Stavros. He picks up a rock, but Stavros wrests it away, HURLS it at a POLICE CAR and picks up another. TROOPS jump on Stavros, haul him off.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S VERANDAH - EVENING

A PIANO - plays the "Barcarolle" from Offenbach's Tales of Hoffman.

Jane and Chris sit side-by-side on the ground.

JANE

Funny. Last month, we drove Myrtou way to look at the wild flowers.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
Well, Stavros, sort of, appeared.  
You know, before he was arrested.

EXT. SPRING MEADOW - DAY

Clothes on, Claire lies on her back hidden by poppies and grass. As Stavros fucks her, he watches Jane pick ANEMONES.

CLAIRE  
(to Stavros)  
Stop looking at her, you sod.

Jane approaches. He freezes. Claire thrusts on.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Keep moving. Don't stop now.

But Stavros rolls away, buttons his pants. Claire smooths her dress, stays on her back. Jane holds out the anemones.

JANE  
Aren't they just super.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S VERANDAH - EVENING

The "Barcarolle" continues to play.

JANE  
That tune reminds me of water, a  
mountain stream. It's so romantic.  
(singing)  
Dah dah...day day...dah dah oh day  
day...dah dah oh--

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Small bungalow, shuttered windows, terra-cotta roof. Fruit trees and vines, fenced in by barbed wire strapped to posts.

I/E. CHRIS'S BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

The "Barcarolle" continues. It's Chris playing his piano. Jane, outside, watches through a window. When he stops -

JANE  
I wish I could play like that.

CHRIS  
I'm just average.

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - EVENING

FULYA ÖZAL, 15, at the piano, plays Beethoven. She's pretty, with black hair pulled into a ponytail. Rebecca looks on.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Miss Ouzanian says Fulya Özal is  
her only student with talent.

JANE (V.O.)  
Is she pretty?

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Well, yes.

JANE (V.O.)  
You like her, don't you?

I/E. CHRIS'S BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

CHRIS  
(rising from the stool)  
I think this piano needs tuning.

JANE  
Well?

CHRIS  
Really, Jane, I've never even said  
hello to Fulya except at piano.

INT. SIMMONS HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hot and smoke-filled in spite of open windows and doors. On the table: Johnnie Walker, glasses, ash tray, cigarettes. Sitting: Claire, husband REGGIE with pipe, and Alistair.

ALISTAIR  
I wouldn't mind being exiled to the  
beaches of the Seychelles.  
Sterling spot for Makarios. Sir  
John made the right decision.

REGGIE  
The Orthodox Church... Should be  
our bastion against the bloody  
communists. We should be  
encouraging it, not squelching it.

ALISTAIR  
Makarios turned against us.

Reggie knocks out the ashes from his pipe, and unwraps his tobacco pouch. Claire picks up her whiskey.

CLAIRE

What about all these beastly allegations of torture?

ALISTAIR

Torture? We're British, remember?

CLAIRE

They're no more than children...

ALISTAIR

Children that throw bombs. You know, I'd keep the windows facing the street closed if I lived here.

Aghast, Reggie jumps up, shuts a window.

CLAIRE

What about that Karaolis chap they just hanged?

ALISTAIR

We can't give up Cyprus, not with the Suez Canal minutes away and that Neanderthal Nasser pounding his chest in Cairo.

CLAIRE

That's why the locals call Governor Sir John 'Harding the butcher' and put bombs under his bed.

REGGIE

Karaolis killed a constable, Claire, and witnesses identified him, albeit Turks...

CLAIRE

He went to the English School. Karaolis. Like Jane's boyfriend.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

In the garden, Chris and Jane slouch against the wall.

REGGIE (O.S.)

We established the ruddy school to boost the ranks of an English-speaking civil service.

(MORE)



REGGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Can't have the buggers blowing it  
 up. Our problem is this  
 Christakis.

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
 He's just a bookworm.

REGGIE (O.S.)  
 His brother was a decoy, don't you  
 know. During a shooting.

INT. SIMMONS HOUSE, DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reggie jumps to his feet, points his pipe at Claire.

REGGIE  
 His fucking cousin's a jail-bird!--

CLAIRE  
 Reggie! Alistair's heard enough  
 for one night. Sit down!

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

As they overhear, Jane strokes Chris's hair. He stops her.

INT. SIMMONS HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

Reggie reaches for his tobacco. Alistair pours whiskey.

REGGIE  
 Penny for your thoughts, old boy.

ALISTAIR  
 There's worse things than torture,  
 Reggie. Lots worse.

REGGIE  
 Well, I have a surprise for Jane.  
 I'm taking her out of circulation.

ALISTAIR  
 A trip to old Blighty?

EXT. WHEAT FIELD NEAR NICOSIA CENTRAL PRISON - DAY

Concealed by the tall wheat, Lady Chatterley's Lover at hand,  
 Jane daydreams. Stavros pushes through, stands over her.

STAVROS  
What are you reading?

JANE  
(sitting up)  
Stavros. Gosh, you're out!

STAVROS  
Since yesterday.

JANE  
Were they really horrid? I mean,  
your mum said they beat you.

STAVROS  
(kneeling down)  
I liked your note.

JANE  
Wasn't sure if you'd get it.

STAVROS  
And your photograph.

JANE  
Nice. But your sister... She said,  
"Talk to Mister Alistair McKay."

STAVROS  
She's not friendly. I'm sorry.

JANE  
Your mum's nice. She kept giving  
me treats.

STAVROS  
She said you came by many times.

JANE  
Anyway, Alistair wasn't much help.

STAVROS  
It's good that you're leaving.

JANE  
(touching his face)  
All those long months just for  
bashing a stupid police car...  
(examining his hands)  
When they hanged that poor Karaolis  
chap, I felt God-awful. I was sort  
of glad you were in that prison,  
you know, safe. Do you mind?

STAVROS

When, Jane?

They're dying to embrace each other, but hold back.

JANE

When? Oh, when school's over. But I'll see you before I go, won't I?

STAVROS

It's better to forget me.

JANE

I do so hope you won't blow up more of those stupid transformer things.

STAVROS

One day, I want to see Stanley Matthews kick a goal.

JANE

Is that what you'd like most?

STAVROS

I like Ivanhoe...

JANE

What does your mum say? You know...

STAVROS

Forget. Just forget everything.

JANE

I'll be back, dear. Really.

STAVROS

It's very good for you to go home.

JANE

Home? Where?

STAVROS

To your mother.

JANE

Oh no. Haven't got one, you see. A mum... Don't be so upset. I'll be back. Honest. I will.

INT. STAVROS'S HOUSE, STELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT  
TITLE: MONTHS AFTER STELLA'S RAPE

STAVROS'S MOTHER rocks on a chair, quietly sobbing. In bed, curled up, Stella faces away. Stavros stands by her bed.

STAVROS  
I'll find them and kill them.

STAVROS'S MOTHER  
(wailing)  
*Mana mou, Panayia mou...*

Stavros's mother falls to the floor, clings to his pants.

STAVROS'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
*Stavrouthi mou, my baby, the English are executing everyone. If they just catch you holding a gun, you'll be hanged.*

STAVROS  
I'll kill them all.

EXT. NICOSIA, SUBURBAN STREET - AFTERNOON

Stavros, in rumpled clothes, lazily cycles home in the heat.

STAVROS'S MOTHER (V.O.)  
I implore you, don't go... But if you join the national struggle and you betray a comrade, even under the cruelest torture...

An EARDRUM-SLASHING RAF jet skims the rooftops. Cycling twenty yards behind Stavros, Chris keeps his distance.

HARRY (V.O.)  
You flout the law too, master Ikonis, and instead of doing time on your degree in England you'll do time in an English clink...

Under a tree, mopping his whiskers, PAPANIKOLAOU, 80's, in a black VRAKA: baggy pants, waistcoat, boots. Nearby, KOKOS, 14, WHIPS a SPINNING TOP into Stavros's path. Stavros halts.

STAVROS  
Fucking bastard. I told you not to bother me with your baby games.

Stavros walks on, clasping his bike.

KOKOS  
(pointing at Papanikolaou)  
*Tourkos. Dog-Turk.*

Chris stands astride his crossbar, gestures a 'so what'. Kokos darts into his house, returns with a SHOTGUN. He cocks it, levels it at Papanikolaou, then flicks it up. FIRES. As DUST and LEAVES trickle on Papanikolaou, Kokos aims again.

CHRIS  
(lunging forward)  
What the hell are you doing?

STAVROS  
(dropping his bike)  
Stop, you idiot!  
(to Chris)  
Grab him!

Chris scrabbles upright. Kokos FIRES. Papanikolaou spins, nose-dives into the ditch. Stavros sprints to the body.

PAPANIKOLAOU  
(trying to rise)  
Why, why?

KOKOS  
(wielding the gun)  
He's just a Turk.

STAVROS  
(shielding Papanikolaou)  
You moron! Stop at once or I'll  
break that gun over your head.

KOKOS  
Cut out his heart. He's just a dog-  
Turk.

CHRIS  
Bastard! You shot Papanikolaou.

Kokos stares at Papanikolaou, then inanely at the gun.

STAVROS  
You shot old Papanikolaou.

Kokos flings away the gun, bursts into sobs.

KOKOS  
He looks like a Turk. Doesn't he,  
*Christaki*? He speaks like a Turk.

STAVROS  
If the police don't get you, *Koko*,  
Papanikolaou's grandsons will.

EXT. LEDRA STREET, ARA GULBENKIAN'S WATCH SHOP - DAY

Alistair, smoking, offers Stavros a cigarette, lights it.

STAVROS  
I want their names.

ALISTAIR  
The prison guards have standing orders: no special treatment.

STAVROS  
You know who I mean.

ALISTAIR  
Hey, good news, one's as good as bagged.

STAVROS  
Who?

ALISTAIR  
Steady on. We need his mates too.

STAVROS  
I'll make him talk.

ALISTAIR  
It'll cost you a lot more than three months.

STAVROS  
I want the names.

Alistair turns to Gulbenkian's window. Stavros follows.

ALISTAIR  
See? That row. Those watches with a watch-face turned away... That's your loudmouth London rapist.

STAVROS  
I don't understand.

ALISTAIR  
He's worth at least one fascist.

STAVROS  
If you mean Grivas Dhigenis...

ALISTAIR

Imagine, if you can, a shoot-out between your Cypriot hardliners in the vacuum left by a retreating Britain... To be avoided at all costs, don't you agree?

STAVROS

I'll never betray my people.

ALISTAIR

Turn smart, man. Protect your people. From Turks. From Turkey.

STAVROS

Impossible.

DIALOGUE IN PARENTHESIS indicates GREEK SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

ALISTAIR

(Harry Lawrell looks after your Christakis. You look after Stella. I look after you.)

STAVROS

(Like you did in prison?)

ALISTAIR

I don't waste my aces. Besides, your fame is now up a notch. You just keep your eye on yon Swiss time-pieces. Our signal. Each face turned away from the street represents a name you badly want.

STAVROS

What about the Simmons?

ALISTAIR

Laddie, re-focus on a free Cyprus, clear of Turkish interference, and things will turn out dandy.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bare feet on sideboard, Chris sprawls in an armchair reading Chapter 2 of The Trial by Franz Kafka.

CHRIS (V.O.)

"Chapter two. First cross-examination. K.

(MORE)

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 was informed by telephone that  
 there would be a small hearing  
 concerning his case the following  
 Sunday."

Chris snaps the book shut, leaps to his feet.

EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying The Trial, Chris hurries to Jane's house. Sees  
 Stavros cycling into the driveway. Ducks under a fig tree.

STAVROS (V.O.)  
 The devil take that motherfucker.  
 Christakis tried to stop him.

Chris snaps off an elephant-ear leaf, shreds it.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 What happened to Stella?

STAVROS (V.O.)  
 Beware, *Christaki*. Beware of who  
 you talk to. A policeman could be  
 EOKA, a rock-thrower a traitor.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 I'm asking you!

STAVROS (V.O.)  
 Forget it. Stay at school and look  
 after your mother.

LATER

Stavros reappears in Claire's driveway. Chris pulls himself  
 into the tree. Hides. Stavros mounts his bike, cycles way.

EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE, CLAIRE'S VERANDAH - MOMENTS LATER

Chris peers over the verandah wall. Claire, topless, lies  
 face down on a mat, a straw hat over her head. He retreats.

CHRIS  
 Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Simmons.  
 I wondered, have you had any news  
 of Jane from England.

CLAIRE  
 Oh, Chris... Why don't you come  
 and talk to me.



He returns, peeks. The Times of Cyprus on the floor: "EOKA" in a headline, something on Kokkino Trimithia, detention camp "K." Craven A's, ashtray, whiskey, Elizabeth Arden...

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (pointing vaguely)  
 Be a dear, rub some of that on my  
 back. There's spots I can't reach.

He scales the wall. Tries to pour the lotion. Shakes the bottle, until DOLLOPS SPUTTER: over the floor, over her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Make the most of it.

He kneels, touches her. His sweat drips onto her back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Jane says you fill page after page  
 with squiggly hieroglyphics. That  
 you're on the straight and narrow  
 to becoming a boffin. I hope,  
 though, never to see you in Harris  
 Tweeds with elbow patches.

Chris massages her back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
 Lower. Do it like you enjoy it.  
 Met your piano teacher at Harry's.  
 Miss O, he calls her. Harry's a  
 keener for those sultry types.  
 (beat)  
 Hey! Not so hard.

CHRIS  
 What about Jane...?

CLAIRE  
 Hasn't she written you? Poor boy.  
 I'd have had a postcard on your  
 doorstep every bloomin' day.

INT. CAFE VIENNOIS, METAXAS SQUARE, NICOSIA - DAY

Ceiling fans. Open windows gape onto the busy square.

Across from Chris, under the boots of a sepia print of Emperor Franz Josef in military regalia, sits IRAKLES NAXIOTIS, 16, athletic in shorts, long hair.

A WOMAN sets down two huge coffee cups oozing cream.

IRAKLES

I swim for my school in England.  
But I prefer boxing.

(reading from a menu)

*"Kaffee Maria Theresia. Doppelter  
Mocca mit Orangenlikör, Schlagobers  
und Zuckerstreusel."*

CHRIS

(reading from his menu)

This shit's worth three tickets to  
the cinema!

IRAKLES

Like you, I thought this was a  
sissy place until I met a girl last  
summer who turned out to be the  
owner's niece. She drilled me in  
German while I sketched her  
portrait, right here under her  
aunt's Teutonic eye... She'd goose-  
step to the table and blare:

(banging the table)

you vill giff me your order. Now!

Chris grins, picks up his coffee cup, SLURPS at the cream.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

I'd try one of their giant  
meringues.

CHRIS

Mrs. Simmons.

Irakles jumps up. Chris rises.

CLAIRE

Chris, will you join us at the  
beach next Sunday? Jane should be  
back in Cyprus by then.

CHRIS

I would love to, Mrs. Simmons.

CLAIRE

Say, nine o'clock? Who's your  
handsome friend?

IRAKLES

(extending his hand)

How do you do, madam? My name is  
Irakles Naxiotis.

Thoughtful, Claire turns to Chris, then kisses his nose.

CLAIRE  
 Sorry. Couldn't resist. I traded  
 you my lipstick for your cream.

EXT. PANO VOUNAKI VILLAGE GROCERY - DAY

Irakles stops cycling, leans his bike against a house bearing  
 a COCA-COLA sign. A CHILD exits carrying a bundle. Irakles  
 wipes his face, licks his lips and enters the house.

INT. PANO VOUNAKI VILLAGE GROCERY - CONTINUOUS

The cramped room is a hodgepodge of cans, jars, sacks...  
 CHOPIN PLAYS on a radio. Fulya stands behind a table.

FULYA  
 (barely audible)  
 (*Oriste?*)

IRAKLES  
 Coca-Cola?

FULYA  
 The ice box. Twenty mils, please.

He takes off his sunglasses, helps himself to a bottle.  
 Slaps a coin on the table.

IRAKLES  
 Chopin?

Fulya creaks open the cash drawer. Irakles drinks.

FULYA  
 Are you a pianist?

IRAKLES  
 No, but I can recognize Chopin.  
 Can't everyone?

She slides the change towards him. We note her manicured  
 fingernails and the sheets of music paper lying on the table.

IRAKLES (CONT'D)  
 A pianist! And you compose.

Her hand springs back. Papers scatter. He picks them up.

IRAKLES (CONT'D)  
 I sketch and draw. So, we're  
 fellow artists. Right?  
 (MORE)

IRAKLES (CONT'D)

(beat)

Are you...Turkish?

FULYA

You can tell?

IRAKLES

Who teaches you piano?

FULYA

(fumbling with the drawer)

Why do you want to know?

IRAKLES

Just passing the time. It's hot outside. Do you have a bicycle?

FULYA

You do ask a lot of questions.

IRAKLES

Come for a ride with me. Tomorrow.

Alarmed, she opens and shuts the drawer, rattles the cash.

FULYA

I don't know you.

IRAKLES

My name is Irakles Naxiotis. I'm Greek. I study in England.

He downs the last drops of Coke and approaches her.

IRAKLES (CONT'D)

I'm on holiday at my godfather's house in Kyrenia, the Petrino estate... I'm sixteen.

She shrinks back.

IRAKLES (CONT'D)

Please. Don't say anything now. I'll be down at the junction with the Kyrenia road tomorrow morning at nine o'clock. Don't worry. If you're there, fine. If not, that's okay too... What's your name?

FULYA

(whispering)

Fulya.

IRAKLES

I'll be there, Fulya, waiting for you. Nine o'clock. Bring your bathing suit, or come prepared to explain the difference between a polonaise and a nocturne.

FULYA

We don't do these things in Cyprus.

EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE - DAY

Claire in shorts, bikini top. Jane in shorts, Chris in long pants, towel underarm. The reunion: Jane hugs Chris.

JANE

I've so much to tell you.

They climb into the VW, Jane up front. Claire drives.

I/E. VW, WOLSELEY BARRACKS - LATER

British Army Headquarters teems. In the VW, Jane plays the air through her window. Chris's hand rests on her shoulder.

CLAIRE

Poor Reggie. In there, doing some beastly work. Sweating like a dog.

FLASH IMAGES: The VW CHUGS by the Ledra Palace Hotel, Nicosia's moat, roadside eucalyptuses, the Turkish Quarter, Turkish villages, then north into the Kyrenia range.

EXT. SECLUDED COVE, SANDY BEACH - LATER

The VW stands alone. The beach is deserted. Beneath a carob tree, with towels and hamper, a BIG HAT on her head, Claire sits, smokes. Jane and Chris swim in the sea.

EXT. SECLUDED COVE, UNDER AN OUTCROP - LATER

Hidden in a patch of shade, Chris and Jane lie on towels.

JANE

It's so perfect. A Sunday in August and we're the only people here. England was positively arctic compared to this.

I/E. COASTAL ROAD, JUNCTION - DAY

A white AUSTIN A40 van slows for the turnoff. In uneven caps, its sides say: "ÖZAL BROS." Inside sit Fulya and her brother MEHMET. He drives. She spots Irakles and his bike under a tree. She ducks, hides her face.

Irakles is busy penciling in a small sketchbook.

CLOSE-UP ON SKETCHBOOK. It's Fulya, from memory, with love.

FULYA (V.O.)  
I longed so much to be with you.  
To hear your voice...

EXT. SECLUDED COVE, UNDER AN OUTCROP - DAY

Jane weeps. Chris has his arm around her.

JANE  
Daddy and Claire are splitting up.

CHRIS  
Are you sure?

A COMMOTION. SHOUTS, CATCALLS. They jump to their feet.

EXT. SECLUDED COVE, SANDY BEACH - CONTINUOUS

A FLATBED stands next to the VW. A GANG of cock-jiggling show-offs volley a ball around Claire. FIVOS, 18, races into the sea in his underwear. Wary, Chris and Jane approach.

JANE  
(to Chris)  
Tell them to go away.

DIALOGUE IN PARENTHESIS indicates GREEK SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

CHRIS  
(Hey guys. What do you want?)

KOKOS  
(Christakis! My friend.)

CHRIS  
(Kokos! Where have you been?)

FIVOS (O.S.)  
(With Dhigenis.)

Fivos returns, dripping seawater. Kokos grabs Chris's hand and shoves it against a concealed bulge at his waist.

KOKOS  
(My Beretta. Stavros trained me.)

Chris pulls away. All eyes are on him...

CHRIS  
(Hey, shame on you.)

FIVOS  
(to Chris)  
(Have you fucked these whores yet?)

GANG MEMBER (O.S.)  
(I'll take the blonde one!)

The gang GUFFAWS. Kokos grabs Fivos's arm.

KOKOS  
(Slow down, slow down. This is the  
cousin Stavros went to jail for.  
Kick him and you kick Stavros.)

Laughter dies. The gang clambers into the flatbed and leaves.

JANE  
Creepy men. Lucky one of them knew  
you.

Claire lights up a cigarette.

CLAIRE  
Blathering gutter-boys.

CHRIS  
They may be back, Mrs. Simmons. We  
mustn't stay here too long.

JANE  
Is Stavros around?

CLAIRE  
Stavros?

JANE  
They mentioned his name.

CLAIRE  
If they return, tell them I'm  
packing a gun too. Now then,  
children. Let's have lunch.

EXT. KYRENIA SEAFRONT, NEAR THE DOME HOTEL - DAY

Promenade busy with STROLLERS. Facing the silhouette of Turkey, Jane and Chris watch the SURF SLASH the rocks. Jane wears Claire's big hat, holds it against the GUSTS.

IRAKLES

*Yasoo, Christaki.*

(extending a hand to Jane)

You must be Jane. My name is Irakles. In English, Hercules. You can call me *Hercule*.

JANE

(to Chris)

Her-cool. You didn't mention you had a friend called Her-cool.

CHRIS

He's in England most of the year.

IRAKLES

I sail Tuesday on the Athena Queen.

JANE

That's the barge we just came back to Cyprus on. Daddy and me.

IRAKLES

(to Jane)

I'm deck class. First class or deck class. All in-betweens are snobs. Don't you think?

Irakles whips out his sketchbook, flips to a fresh page.

IRAKLES (CONT'D)

Take off your hat.

She obeys. He blinks at her, strokes the page with a pencil.

IRAKLES (CONT'D)

Chris, do you know a Turkish girl called Fulya who plays the piano?

CHRIS

We have the same teacher--

IRAKLES

Bumped into her. Smashing stroke of luck. Hold still, Jane. Hey, smile.

(to Chris)

(MORE)



IRAKLES (CONT'D)

I made a date with her but she didn't show up. Well, she never actually agreed to be there. What the heck. Must have a boyfriend.

Irakles sketches. Claire arrives, peers over his shoulder.

CLAIRE

Jane, that's really you.

Irakles rips out the page, hands it to Jane.

IRAKLES

Hello, Mrs. Simmons.

(taking Chris aside)

The moment you see Fulya again tell her I'll write to her from England.

CHRIS

Are you insane?

I/E. VW, COASTAL ROAD - LATER

Jane looks at her portrait.

JANE

*Hercule* is cute.

They pass by a clump of dense cypresses.

CHRIS

That's where he stays when in Kyrenia. The Petrino estate, seaside residence of Sokratis Mavropoulos, his godfather.

JANE

I would so love to be invited.

CLAIRE

Sokratis and Elena. Quite the couple. I guess that's where Irakles gets his panache.

The flatbed roars by, the Greek gang on the cargo-bed, at the side-rails. An oncoming CAR swerves, jumps the ditch, ploughs through a HERD of goats, SMASHES into a tree. A MUSHROOM of dust and steam. Claire clamps her brakes.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

A LAND ROVER screeches to a halt. POLICE in khaki uniforms, hats, shorts, long socks, leap out, rush to the crash. In the Land Rover, handcuffed, barefoot, Stavros perks up. He's unguarded. Rolls off into the ditch, into THORNS and BROKEN BOTTLES. Works himself upright, scrambles through thistles towards the mountains, until the olive grove swallows him.

JANE  
(pointing after Stavros)  
He was bleeding!

CLAIRE  
Well, there's nothing for us to do.  
The cops have it all well in hand.

JANE  
But they might...want to know--?

Claire restarts the VW.

CLAIRE  
Gosh, I need a breeze.

JANE  
He's hurt!

Claire executes a U turn.

CLAIRE  
It's so hot when we're not moving.

As they drive away, Jane chokes back sobs.

EXT. MISS BEECHAM'S OLDE ENGLISH TEAROOM - DAY

Among DATE PALMS heavy with clusters of honey-colored fruit. An Alice in Wonderland oasis, crowded with NON-CYPRIOTS.

The familiar flatbed pulls up, the gang jumps out.

FIVOS  
(pointing)  
(There's our friend. Sitting with  
these marmalade-eaters.)

GANG MEMBER  
(chanting)  
(Marmalade-eater, marmalade-eater.)

The gang GUFFAWS. Elderly MISS BEECHAM flails her arms.

MISS BEECHAM

(to Chris)

Do you actually know these vulgar men...? Please ask them to leave at once.

Rocks in hand, the gang spreads out among the tables. It's mayhem... As Fivos makes for Chris, a Land Rover arrives.

KOKOS

(Police, police!)

CHRIS

(to Claire and Jane)

Get under the table!

POLICE fan out. Claire lights a cigarette. Kokos reaches for his gun. A TRUNCHEON smashes his head.

Chris shoves Jane under the table, then heads straight for Fivos, who SLAMS a fist into his face.

EXT. PRIEST'S HOUSE, KALOPETRIA - NIGHT

Still handcuffed, barefoot, Stavros bangs on the door, slumps to his knees. PANARETOS, a young priest, opens the door.

FATHER PANARETOS

You are expected! Are you hungry? Hurt? Dr. Iosephides is here.

STAVROS

(getting up)

You are... "Angelos"?

FATHER PANARETOS

Younger than you imagined...?  
(ushering Stavros inside)  
First your handcuffs. Then Maroulla's potatoes and chicken. My cellar you'll share with an injured comrade. Poor boy... Ah, but he told me all about you.

STAVROS

The rest?

FATHER PANARETOS

The police got them.

EXT. REBECCA'S BUNGALOW, FRONT STEPS - AFTERNOON

Fulya, Chris, Rebecca. Rebecca, hand on Chris's shoulder, examines his shiner. She shakes her head.

REBECCA

I must run before the shops close.  
You'll look after her until she's  
picked up. Remain by her side.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, NICOSIA - LATER

Chris walks his bike. Fulya walks alongside, MUSIC underarm.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

So sorry, my dear. Today's been a  
right balls-up. You won't soon  
forget that runt. Trouble is, he  
won't be in much of a rush to  
forget you either.

CHRIS

Irakles Naxiotis says he met you.

Fulya halts, glances around.

FULYA

Really? You know him?

CHRIS

I slipped a note into your books.  
He wants to stay in touch with you.

She casts her eyes downwards, hugs her bundle more tightly.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Right. I told him he was crazy.

They stroll on. She marks every few steps with a skip.

FULYA

Miss Ouzanian wants me to start on  
"Fantasie-Impromptu"...

(looking at him)

Don't be despondent. I'm sure you  
have talent.

(beat)

And... I do want to write to your  
friend. In secret. Not a word to  
anyone... I like him.

(stops, looks at him)

Have you been in a fight?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, NICOSIA - LATER

They stand, waiting. She looks at him, then downward, shy.

FULYA

I love it when I can barely make  
out a song, maybe because the  
radio's not loud enough, or  
something, another sound, mingles  
with it. Door-hinges, goat bells,  
the wind howling in a winter storm.  
Can you imagine? When I get hints,  
I'm swept into fantastic worlds of  
sound, layer upon layer of melody,  
as if I'm sailing through  
Aphrodite's garden on a gondola.  
(looking at her watch)  
Mehmet is two hours late.

CHRIS

My father will drive you home.

A pack of DOGS scramble past. She stumbles.

FULYA

My music!

He drops his bike, lunges for the sheets. A SQUEAL: BRAKES.  
He bangs into Claire's VW. Jane sits inside.

CLAIRE

(leaning out the car)  
God, I'm so sorry. Are you hurt?

He scrambles upright, shakes his head.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Need a lift?

CHRIS

(gesturing at Fulya)  
Thank you, Mrs. Simmons, but I have  
to stay with her.

Jane glares, seemingly at Fulya.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - LATER

A haze of DDT. Fly-paper. Family PHOTOS above the  
sideboard, a cigar-chomping Winston Churchill.

ZACHARIAS

Two incidents. A bombing and a shooting. A woman in Ledra Street... Dead--

Fulya cries out, slumps back into her chair.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

Perhaps your brother... I'm sorry, *Despinis*. The British were herding suspects into barbed-wire pens.

FULYA

Suspects?

KLEIO

Be quiet, *Zacharia*.

ZACHARIAS

(to Odysseas)

Go. The radio. See if there's a curfew. We've got to get her home.

EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE - LATER

Jane opens the door. Her eyes are red, moist with tears.

CHRIS

I can explain everything. Truly.

Jane slaps him hard, very hard.

JANE

Alistair's already explained everything!

CHRIS

Fulya's not interested in me.

JANE

You pathetic coward. You let Stavros go to jail for you.

EXT. REBECCA'S BUNGALOW, FRONT STEPS - EVENING

Chris sits on the front steps. Gets up, knocks on the door. Puts his ear to it. Returns to the steps, curls into a ball.

HARRY (V.O.)

Remember, lad, the lowest hanging fruit is the easiest to pick.

(MORE)

HARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Once in your hand, it's bound to  
 look smaller than what you left in  
 the tree. The juiciest bitch is  
 way up there, at the top.

The garden gate JANGLES. Chris looks up.

CHRIS  
 Miss Ouzanian.

He slumps, hides his face. She CLANGS the gate shut.

REBECCA  
 Why are you here? Is Fulya all  
 right? Look at me.

CHRIS  
 My father drove her.

REBECCA  
 Good, then she should be all right.

She walks past him, unlocks her door, pushes it open.

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - LATER

Rebecca brings wineglasses, ASPIRINS, water. Sweeps aside  
 the magazines on the coffee table. Fills glasses, empties  
 pills into her hand. Chris takes the pills, gulps the water.

REBECCA  
 Are you ill?

CHRIS  
 I have to know if Fulya is okay.

Alarmed, she finds a diary, picks up the telephone, dials.

REBECCA  
 I asked you to remain by her side.

Chris strikes the coffee table, SMASHES his glass, bleeds.

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - LATER

Darkened. Chris and Rebecca, at the coffee table. She sips  
 wine. He looks at his freshly bandaged hand, drinks water.

REBECCA  
 Fulya's fine. So is her brother.  
 Imitation Rosenthal is replaceable.

The telephone RINGS. She rises, picks up the receiver.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello.  
 (smiles at Chris)  
 He's made himself at home. Oh,  
 yes... He can stay, sleep here.

She replaces the receiver, returns to her seat.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 That was your neighbor.

CHRIS  
 There was a shooting. Fulya...

REBECCA  
 Have you fallen in love with her?  
 Of course, how could any boy not?

INT. IRAKLES'S BEDROOM, ENGLAND - NIGHT

Irakles writes a letter. On the table beside the letter lies his drawing of Fulya. He writes:

IRAKLES (V.O.)  
 "Dear Fulya, This is my hundredth  
 letter to you, but it's the one  
 you'll see first. I wrote ninety  
 in my head. The next nine I tore  
 up. I hope you like my drawing.  
 It's from memory, and may be a bit  
 off."

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Rebecca takes Nivea cream, massages her fingers.

REBECCA  
 Did you get her pregnant?

CHRIS  
 Oh God. Nothing like that.

REBECCA  
 (refilling her wineglass)  
 What's her name?

CHRIS  
 Jane.



REBECCA

A summer romance? The first? "The very essence of romance is uncertainty." Oscar Wilde.

(massaging her wrists)

I knew a boy in Vienna, a violinist. One evening in a *heurigen* someone vis-à-vis us carried on about Armenians, Negroes, and Jews. My boyfriend kept his head down. Later, I wondered if he'd protect me against Nazis like that one... He ran out--

Chris jumps to his feet.

CHRIS

Sorry about your carpet. And your Rosenthal. I have to go.

REBECCA

Not during the curfew. Tonight you stay right here.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Two CYCLISTS round a corner. A British PATROL halts them. The cyclists dismount. Their papers are checked. One can leave. The other must lie face-down by the roadside.

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Chris and Rebecca, seated at the coffee table.

REBECCA

Utility and value, remember? You ruined Harry's weekend... What do you want, Chris?

CHRIS

I want to go to America, to study the formation of traffic jams, to develop a general solution of the vehicle pileup problem. Subject to simplifying assumptions, I already have a workable solution.

REBECCA

How dull... Yet, how strange. Your eyes. Your excitement...

She goes to the RECORD PLAYER, fumbles. A record HISSES, then MUSIC...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.  
 Wilhelm Fürtwangler, conductor. If I'm happy, it makes me happier. When I'm lonely, it makes me sadder. Schubert strove to capture the unattainable: the tragedy, the loneliness, the longing of every human being. Can you feel it?

She sits down, frowns into her empty wineglass.

INT. IRAKLES'S BEDROOM, ENGLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP ON LETTER. Irakles, writing...

IRAKLES (V.O.)

"Traveling deck class meant I couldn't get to the ship's bow to watch porpoises race ahead of the ship. Instead, I sat at the stern, faced east, and thought about you."

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Still seated, Chris stares at Rebecca. Schubert plays on.

REBECCA

For the denouement of your affair, whenever that arrives, promise me you'll do nothing tragic. Promise.

CHRIS

This Schubert makes me think of The New World Symphony. Of hope.

She unclasps an earring, sets it down.

REBECCA

You'll teach me to play chess.

CHRIS

I beg your pardon?

REBECCA

Teach me to play chess...

CHRIS

What if I did, and you became too good to play against anyone else?

REBECCA

Then you'll have a good reason to visit me again. Of course, just for tea.

INT./EXT. SIMMONS HOUSE/ROOF OF CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SIMMONS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Reggie pours whiskey, drinks, stares at a mess of PHOTOS on the table. Jane enters, hands him an ENVELOPE.

JANE

They'd fallen behind Claire's night table, just as you thought. Ugh. The filth. This horrid creepy brown thing with hundreds of legs practically jumped into my face.

He dusts off the envelope, pulls out and holds NEGATIVES to the light, compares them with the prints. Shows one to Jane.

REGGIE

Who's that?

JANE

(looking at the negatives)  
Negatives are so ghostly.

REGGIE

Out with it!

JANE

Chris's cousin.

REGGIE

What the devil is he doing in snapshots with you and Claire?

JANE

Must have been that Sunday in spring. Lovely anemones, marvelous... Funny, really.

Reggie shuffles the prints.

REGGIE

Where's the print?

JANE

Stavros just, sort of, turned up.

Suddenly, she rushes off into Claire's bedroom with the negative, slams the door, turns the key.

ROOF OF CHRIS'S HOUSE

Little Richard's "Long Tall Sally" plays. On the piano, Odysseas JACKHAMMERS a counter-rhythm. Chris eats grapes.

HARRY (V.O.)

When you're in love your location determines you. Corollary: when love dumps you, your location turns to shit.

Little Richard quietens. BRANCHES SHAKE. A TRELLIS CREAKS. Stavros slips alongside, eases a HAVERSACK off his shoulders.

STAVROS

Relax. I sneaked home... So, you still come here before you sleep?

Chris holds out some grapes.

CHRIS

Do you have a code-name?

STAVROS

(undoing his haversack)  
Want some of my mother's chicken?

Chris declines. Stavros eats chicken.

CHRIS

Do you train in the mountains?

STAVROS

You're the family genius. What about 'Welcome home, Stavro, it's good to see you'?

(pause)  
How's Jane?

CHRIS

We broke up.

STAVROS

She's complicated. I never know what to say to her.

He puts down the chicken, licks his fingers, reaches for his hip pocket. Takes a PHOTO from his wallet, lays it down.

CLOSE-UP ON PHOTO. Stavros and Jane stand in a spring meadow.

Chris's hand darts out. Stavros anticipates, snatches the photo, tucks it back into his wallet.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

Kill the bitch, right? But watch out. That blue fire in her eyes will blister you to death.

A silence.

CHRIS

I'll fight for Cyprus.

STAVROS

You're angry.

CHRIS

I'll bomb my school.

STAVROS

I always wished I could talk about clever things like you. Tell me. Ever figured out what lies at the end of a rainbow?

CHRIS

A time bomb under the stage.

STAVROS

Remember how we used to lie right here and stare at the stars? You were going to be an astronomer. What's it now? Engineer?

CHRIS

Stella works for EOKA.

Stavros wraps his remains, stuffs the package into his bag.

STAVROS

You sport a fancy uniform to a swank school so you can scrub grease from your fingernails?

CHRIS

Shut up! Have you met Dhigenis?

STAVROS

(raising his hand)  
Family comes first.

CHRIS  
What did they do to Stella...?

STAVROS  
If family honor is violated...

CHRIS  
Dear God! She was raped!

STAVROS  
Strike back clever. I don't try to  
be you. You don't try to be me.

SIMMONS HOUSE - KITCHEN

Reggie snatches a bottle from Claire, smashes it at her bare feet. He kneels, buries his face in her skirt, sobs.

CLAIRE  
Don't be so bloody feeble! Get up!

Ready to vomit, Reggie rushes to the bathroom. Claire steps through the shards to her bedroom door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Would you open the door, luv?

JANE (O.S.)  
Go away!

CLAIRE  
Reggie! Order your daughter to  
open up!

REGGIE (O.S.)  
What's the bloody harm?

CLAIRE  
(pounding the door)  
There's things I need, damn it!

JANE (O.S.)  
Go away!

ROOF OF CHRIS'S HOUSE

CHRIS  
I'll kill someone important.

STAVROS  
Fucking idiot! You'll be caught  
and wasted.

(MORE)

STAVROS (CONT'D)

You think Aristotle would have approved a life for a life? No! Let the Japanese do kamikaze. You're Greek.

Chris hammers Stavros's shoulder.

CHRIS

Stop tormenting me, you bastard. Just tell me what to do.

STAVROS

Does a lawyer toss rocks in the street? Does a priest set a bomb under the Governor's bed? Be slick, go into politics. Remember when Kokos shot old Papanikolaou? I knew you'd been following me. I rode slowly so you'd catch up. You didn't. I'd just pissed away three months in prison. For what?

CHRIS

I'll rig a bomb under Harry's car.

STAVROS

You know, you used to look up to me.

CHRIS

Jane says you went to jail for me.

STAVROS

Ever thought how you'd use a spade to slice an enemy to death?

CHRIS

Odysseas works for EOKA.

STAVROS

You want to take the oath?  
(Chris nods yes)  
Get up. I'll swear you in.

They stand up.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

"I swear in the name of the Holy Trinity..."

CHRIS

"I swear in the name of the Holy Trinity..."

SIMMONS HOUSE - BATHROOM

Reggie kneels at the toilet bowl, VOMITS, SPITS the dregs.

REGGIE  
Leave her alone!

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
It's my room! Petulant, self-  
centered little minx!

Off-screen, Claire POUNDS the door. Reggie throws up again.

JANE (O.S.)  
If you try to come in, I'm going to  
scream...and scream...and scream!

ROOF OF CHRIS'S HOUSE

CHRIS  
"If I disobey my oath, I shall be  
worthy of every punishment as a  
traitor and may eternal contempt  
cover me."

They shake hands. Chris looks visibly rattled.

STAVROS  
You are now a sworn-in member of  
EOKA. Your first assignment is to  
toss a grenade through the window  
of Jane's house.

CHRIS  
But--

Stavros clamps Chris's arm in a vice.

STAVROS  
No buts. You don't get to choose  
your target. I say her father's a  
spy. I have a grenade in my  
haversack. I'll show you how to  
arm it. You'll follow my orders.

CHRIS  
Her father does paperwork. He's  
just an accountant.



STAVROS

As you bring out the grenade,  
 imagine that the English have just  
 arrested your father and ripped out  
 his fingernails like they did to  
 that fag teacher from Limassol.

Gripping Chris, Stavros SLASHES his face, backhand.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

The English beat me with sticks and  
 bashed me with rifle-butts.

(SLASH)

Her father sleeps by an open  
 window. You'll fling the grenade  
 into his bedroom.

(SLASH)

Are you paying attention to me?

(SLASH)

Where did Fivos hit you? Here?

(SLASH)

Chris, bloodied, tries to duck, but Stavros keeps SLASHING.  
 At last, Stavros stops. Keeps Chris upright.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

Take the oath, and you'll liquidate  
 a policeman, a spy, or a traitor.  
 Kill, like Karaolis, in front of  
 witnesses, and the Governor will  
 string you up in the execution  
 shed, and dump you like a diseased  
 pig into a hole in the prison yard.  
 Your brain once impressed me. Your  
 stupidity now terrifies me.

(raising his hand in  
 threat)

If a comrade taps you on the  
 shoulder, you say no.  
 Absolutely...no.

CHRIS

What about my oath?

STAVROS

What oath? As an EOKA guerrilla  
 there's no escape. Want to be a  
 hero? Study.

Stavros hugs Chris, lights a cigarette. Chris pats his face.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

There's a nice breeze tonight.  
 Go wash yourself.

(MORE)

STAVROS (CONT'D)

And get me soap, a razor, and a toothbrush. I'll take a quick shower in your garden. While you're down, ask Odysseas if he can spare his copy of Ivanhoe. Be quick. And bring some money.

CHRIS

What if I'm pushed to join?

STAVROS

Tell whoever to check with me.

CHRIS

What will you do?

STAVROS

I'll find you, of course--

Stavros CHOPS his hand across Chris's shin.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

Now imagine what I can do with a car-jack.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dark. In Claire's bed: naked, entangled in a sheet, Jane. On the night-table: a whiskey bottle.

The verandah door RATTLES. Pebbles PITTER-PATTER. Jane listens. Drinks whiskey. Sobs. SAND TRICKLES down the slats. Silence. A TWIG SNAPS, LEAVES RUSTLE, a CLONK. A CAT'S WAIL. Jane muffles sniffles against the pillow.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Psst.

She sponges her lips with her tongue.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Psst.

JANE

Psst.

She tucks her hand between her legs, shivers, shuts her eyes. Hinges SQUEAK, a METAL BOLT SCRAPES floor. Moonlight enters the room. She reaches for the bottle, gulps. Yuck.

A fingernail RASPS the slats.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's me.

Moonlight spills over her. She opens an eye.

Stavros enters from the verandah, kneels at the bed, holds a fig to her nose. She thrashes her legs.

STAVROS

Are you awake?

She turns. He puts the fig to her lips. She bites the fig.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

What happened?

JANE

What are you doing here?

STAVROS

This house makes a lot of noise.

JANE

There's a curfew. The police. They'll lock you up... Did you bomb Sir Trevor's party last night?

STAVROS

Wake up, wake up. Who's Trevor?

JANE

Shh. Not so loud.

STAVROS

What happened?

JANE

Stay with me.

STAVROS

What about Claire?

JANE

Tell me I'm beautiful.

STAVROS

But you and Christakis--

She hooks her nails into his arm.

JANE

Sleep with me.

STAVROS

No.

JANE

Don't you like me, Stavros?

STAVROS

Shh...

JANE

I'll scream the house down and  
Daddy will break down the door.

STAVROS

Stop.

JANE

Love me, like you do Claire.

STAVROS

I don't love Claire.

Holding his arm, she yanks herself close, touches his face.  
Finds his lips. Trails a finger along the base of his nose.

JANE

Kiss me.

She wets her finger, pushes it into his mouth.

JANE (CONT'D)

I want you to kiss me...

He kisses her. She lets go of him.

JANE (CONT'D)

...all over.

STAVROS

Is the door locked?

JANE

Mmm.

He strokes her thigh.

JANE (CONT'D)

I'm caught in the sheet.

EXT. ROCKY COAST, OVERLOOKING PETRINO VILLA - DAY  
TITLE: 8 WEEKS LATER

The seaside rocks by the PETRINO estate, with its CLASSICAL-GREEK entrance, SANDSTONE-COLUMNED verandah, and PRIVATE BEACH. Stavros sits. Alistair takes photos, then sits.

ALISTAIR

God, what a palace. Sokratis Mavropoulos, filthy rich.

STAVROS

He sells things. A lot of things.

ALISTAIR

Right. Just about anything to anyone. First, he cheats Jewish refugees, then smuggles arms to liberate their homeland.

STAVROS

Maybe he smuggles for EOKA.

ALISTAIR

Or against EOKA. Find out. Outwit him and one day you'll enjoy a vista like this.

STAVROS

You set Turks against Greeks, now you push Greeks against Greeks.

ALISTAIR

In fact, we protect you Cypriots from the Turks, while in return you bankrupt Britain.

STAVROS

You want Grivas Dhigenis and Sokratis Mavropoulos?

ALISTAIR

You want to help Jane, agreed?

(Stavros nods yes)

Well, Jane's daddy's prone to falling foul of big-shots. Years ago, machete-swinging thugs crashed his house and butchered her mother.

(pause)

Jane witnessed the whole thing.

STAVROS

How old was she?

ALISTAIR

Four.

STAVROS  
I must see her.

ALISTAIR  
She's unwell.

STAVROS  
I must see her.

ALISTAIR  
One blink from you, mate, and she's  
packed off to boarding school in  
England. Right now, she's dug-in  
at Episkopi garrison, safe.

STAVROS  
Why do you care?

ALISTAIR  
Millie and I went back a long way.  
Millie... Jane's mother.

EXT. KYRENIA MOUNTAINS, VANTAGE POINT ABOVE KALOPETRIA - DAY

Among goats, STEN GUN at hand, Stavros relaxes under an olive  
tree, reads Classics Illustrated Ivanhoe, listens to a RADIO.

BRITISH ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The Suez crisis intensified today  
when British and French forces  
launched massive air strikes on  
Egypt. They joined the offensive  
mounted by Israeli troops two days  
ago. The action by Britain and  
France follows yesterday's  
ultimatum, which was rejected by  
Egypt's strongman Gamal Abdel  
Nasser. Meanwhile, in the  
Hungarian uprising...

The signal fades. Stavros twiddles a KNOB, punches the  
radio, gets Elvis's "Hound Dog."

BAMBOS, twenties, strolls up, spits at a goat.

BAMBOS  
Dispatch from Archegos Grivas. The  
Black November campaign is on.

Stavros hits the switch. Bambos waves a piece of paper.

BAMBOS (CONT'D)

A traitor is to be liquidated, and  
you are to carry it out.

Bambos holds out a PHOTO. Stavros takes it, looks at it.

CLOSE-UP ON PHOTO. Six people in party attire, standing.  
Claire, wineglass in one hand, the other draped over a MAN'S  
shoulders. Also Alistair, Reggie, Zaira, and a WOMAN.

STAVROS

We already dealt with Hadjipavlou.

BAMBOS

Who's that cunt with him?

STAVROS

Claire Simmons.

BAMBOS

The rest?

STAVROS

Claire's husband. Harmless. Used  
to live in Ayios Pavlos.

BAMBOS

Let me help you. The fat whore is  
Hadjipavlou's wife. The other  
bitch is Armenian. She's got  
shape, huh? Shape is all that  
matters in a whore, don't you  
think? Zaira Bebekian. Works for  
the Cyprus Broadcasting Service.

Bambos waits for Stavros to continue.

STAVROS

The tall guy is Alistair McKay.

BAMBOS

Right.

STAVROS

I bumped into him at Petrino.

BAMBOS

Right.

STAVROS

He's a photographer.

BAMBOS

He's Hadjipavlou's contact.

STAVROS

(gesturing at the radio)  
 Why not strike the English while  
 their minds are on Egypt?

BAMBOS

McKay's a leftist lover of Turks.  
 Must be after something big because  
 Grivas Dhigenis has ordered a tally  
 of his friends and contacts. Or  
 maybe McKay stepped on Grivas's  
 toes in Greece during the War.

A silence as the power struggle escalates.

STAVROS

Reason enough. I'll do it.

An uncertain, ambiguous silence.

BAMBOS

Not you. Not now. You finish off  
 the traitor. Nicosia General--

STAVROS

Hadjipavlou survived?

BAMBOS

Our insider says the hospital may  
 relocate him. We act tomorrow.  
 (whisks the photo away;  
 fondles his cock)  
 Every time I look at these cunts...

He stuffs away the photo.

STAVROS

Half the fucking British Army is  
 barracked across the park!

BAMBOS

Massed students will block them.

STAVROS

Our inside man--?

BAMBOS

Will direct us. At the ward, guns  
 will be handed us by EOKA girls...

STAVROS

Stella?



BAMBOS  
 (ambiguously)  
 Of course...

STAVROS  
 Watch your mouth!

The men stare each other down. Bambos lights a cigarette.

BAMBOS  
 A riot to divert the police at the  
 Paphos Gate station. EOKA fighters  
 to monitor the crossroads and  
 bridge. Andreas drives.

A MEOW, and a KITTEN leaps off the tree onto Bambos's head.

BAMBOS (CONT'D)  
 Fuck the...

Kitty slips. He rips it off his neck, SLAPS it against the  
 tree, reduces it to a pelt, and swings it at a goat.

BAMBOS (CONT'D)  
 Those foreigners... Maybe, they'll  
 be huddled around the traitor's  
 bed. Make it really easy for you.

INT. NICOSIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - WARD - DAY

HADJIPAVLOU is bandaged, immobile. At his bedside stand a  
 WOMAN, a DOCTOR, a NURSE.

The door flies open. In balaclava masks, toting STEN GUNS,  
 two GUERRILLAS storm in. The first BUTTS aside a medical  
 cart. The second floors the doctor. The first guerrilla  
 hesitates, then fires a BURST into Hadjipavlou's face. Blood  
 and brains SPLATTER the wall, the floor, the people. The  
 doctor scrambles upright, lunges to block the exit.

DOCTOR  
 Murderers! Murderers!

As the assassin dives after his comrade through the doorway,  
 the doctor SLAMS the door, catching the assassin's ankle.

INT. NICOSIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Stavros, the assassin, stumbles. His gun rips off his mask.

BAMBOS  
 Out of the way! Out of the way!  
 Move, move!...

They cut through PEOPLE. Zaira, Alistair. Alistair lifts his Nikon. Bambos SLAMS his gun across Alistair's arm.

EXT. NICOSIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

A FORD ZODIAC BELCHES smoke, ANDREAS at the wheel. Bambos jumps in front, Stavros in back. Doors SLAM. As they LURCH forwards, an Army LAND ROVER approaches. Two TURKS - auxiliary police - shuffle towards the Ford.

BAMBOS  
 Run them down!

Bambos FIRES through the windshield. The Ford swerves to avoid the Land Rover, runs over a Turk. The other Turk dives aside. The Land Rover CRASHES into STREET-VENDOR CARTS.

BAMBOS (CONT'D)  
 Fuck your Christ!

Bambos FIRES over Stavros's shoulder through the rear window.

EXT. KALOPETRIA, CHURCH SQUARE, MIKI'S KAFENEION - DAY

PEASANTS toss DICE and play BACKGAMMON. Stavros reads the Times of Cyprus, headline "Hospital Atrocity: Three Dead."

A THRONG files out of church, bids Father Panaretos goodbye at the door. ELENA, 40, buxom, stylish, exits. Stavros rises and bows at her as she heads for NIKOS'S BLACK TAXI.

INT. NIKOS'S BLACK TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

ELENA  
 Who is he?

NIKOS  
 I don't know him, madam.

ELENA  
 Was that the man they call Tiger?  
 (no response)  
 Then I'll ask Father Panaretos.

NIKOS  
 Madam, the punishment for betrayal  
 is death. Even for priests.

INT. NIKOS'S BLACK TAXI - MOMENTS LATER

Nikos heads for the coast. Elena opens her handbag, pulls out her compact. Peeks at herself, lifts chin, pouts.

ELENA

*Nikolaki mou.* Arrange it. I will meet him tomorrow at three.

EXT. LEDRA STREET, ARA GULBENKIAN'S WATCH SHOP - DAY

Zaira peers into the window at watches, cameos, jewelry... Cast on his right arm, smoking, Alistair, scans the CROWD, the TRAFFIC, CHILDREN on BICYCLES, tops of buildings.

ALISTAIR (V.O.)

One night he has a bullet removed.  
Next day his brains are spattered  
like a ruddy Jackson Pollock.

ZAIRA (V.O.)

Those children on bicycles, see?  
I'm sure they're following me.

Alistair kisses her.

ZAIRA (CONT'D)

Not out here. I'm still a Cypriot.

Alistair shades his eyes against reflections in the glass, sees ARA inside. Ara looks ill. A GLINT in the glass. Inches away, a PISTOL is leveled at Alistair. A MASKED MAN. Alistair tries to drag Zaira to the ground. He misses, RIPS her dress. She teeters, remains upright. He falls. Two pistol SHOTS. Zaira's face. A gash. She falls. Alistair scratches towards her. SCREAMS, YELLS. BOOTS on the asphalt. COCKNEY voices. SOLDIERS. The CRACKLE of a rifle. Pistol SHOTS. Alistair heaves himself across Zaira's body.

ALISTAIR

An ambulance! Get an ambulance!

The sky rains TILES, BOTTLES, STONES. BOUNCING off cars. SKITTERING across the asphalt. Alistair is hit. Rifle FIRE. A lull. Another STACCATO from the sky. Alistair SCREAMS.

INT. TAVERNA KYPROS - DAY

All tables empty except one. A BIRD frolics in a cage, a CAT watches. SOKRATIS MAVROPOULOS, forties, silk shirt, gold watch, bracelet, sits with Claire. They smoke.

SOKRATIS  
What was her name?

CLAIRE  
Zaira. You met her at the Ledra  
Palace.

LOIZOS sets down a bottle of Bordeaux. Sokratis tests it.

SOKRATIS  
Take heed, Claire. Mr. Alistair  
McKay will surely be struck again.

CLAIRE  
Poor Stelios.

SOKRATIS  
Yes, dreadful. Hadjipavlou was a  
good lawyer, with a dear wife.

Claire alternates between cigarette and wine. Suddenly -

CLAIRE  
I need money.

SOKRATIS  
May I ask what for?

CLAIRE  
Does it matter?

SOKRATIS  
Why can't you get the funds from  
your worthy husband?

CLAIRE  
I need money for an abortion.

EXT. DEEP FOREST, HIGH MOUNTAINS - DAY

Stavros, dressed for winter nights in the mountains, hurries  
along the edge of a precipice. Suddenly, he stops, raises  
his arms. A young SOLDIER points a Sten gun at his stomach.

STAVROS  
I'm a friend.

The gun wavers. Stavros advances. The soldier retreats.

SOLDIER  
Stop or I'll shoot.

STAVROS

You don't want to shoot me. I'm  
your friend. I love the English.  
I'm you're friend. Friend...

Footing lost, the soldier topples over the edge.

INT. TAVERNA KYPROS - DAY

Sokratis eats *sheftalia*, Claire a salad. Both drink wine.

SOKRATIS

An abortion can be arranged.

CLAIRE

Not in Cyprus. Israel.

SOKRATIS

My physician is a good friend.  
I've arranged many favors for him.

CLAIRE

No strings, mind you.

SOKRATIS

My dear, life swarms with strings  
which we spawn like tadpoles...  
This abortion... For you?

CLAIRE

For my stepdaughter.

SOKRATIS

And Reggie--?

CLAIRE

He's Catholic, for Christ's sake.  
Besides, Jane's unstable.

SOKRATIS

Jane was a virgin? The boy, Greek?  
Ah, to be young again. Does the  
boy know about her condition?

CLAIRE

She shuns all boys.

SOKRATIS

The candidates are of good family?

Claire nods. He puts down his glass, thoughtful.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

So, for you and Jane... Flight tickets. Destination Tel Aviv. A few days, is that all you'll need?

CLAIRE

Yes...

SOKRATIS

But what if I can persuade you to have her deliver the baby--?

The bargaining escalates.

CLAIRE

It would ruin her. Not to mention Reggie going off the deep end.

SOKRATIS

The family I have in mind has ample resources, and will adopt a baby of impeccable heritage...

CLAIRE

...God help me.

SOKRATIS

We'll spirit away, full discretion. Who's the likely father? Before you answer, you should know...for me to find out is a simple matter.

CLAIRE

Christakis Ikonis. Mind you, at just about the right time, she met your godson. Calls him *Hercule*. Quite swept her off her feet.

Sokratris is stung by surprise. Claire spears a tomato.

SOKRATIS

This Christakis. Is he related to Stavros Ikonis, the EOKA man who is said to have executed Hadjipavlou?

She dissolves to tears, takes a hankie from her handbag.

CLAIRE

I was flabbergasted...

EXT. DEEP FOREST, HIGH MOUNTAINS - DAY

The soldier lies at a STREAM, SOBBING. Stavros makes the sign of the cross, pulls out a SWITCHBLADE, cuts the soldier's throat, wipes the knife on the soldier's uniform.

SOKRATIS (V.O.)

Tell me, did you know Stavros, the man nicknamed Tiger, or perhaps, would your Jane have known him?

EXT. KYRENIA MOUNTAINS, NICOSIA SIDE - NIGHT

TINKLE of SHEEP BELLS. Lights BLINK. Followed by a laden DONKEY, GUERRILLAS with Sten guns and rifles thread along a goat-track. Bambos, Fivos, ANDREAS, TASOS, Stavros, Kokos.

BAMBOS

The Germans knew how to handle those scum-of-the-earth Christ killers. Communist motherfuckers and Jews. I'd round up what's left of them and finish the job.

ANDREAS

Archegos Grivas is for sure anticommunist, but he's also anti-German. Doesn't he call Governor Harding an English Hitler?

TASOS

Every watchmaker is Armenian. They say they're worse than Jews.

I/E. MEHMET'S VAN, ESSO STATION - NIGHT

Mehmet pulls into Esso station, steps out. Fulya fumbles in her satchel. Takes out a blue envelope with striped border. Turns it over. A printed "AIRMAIL" and, centered, "F" calligraphy-style in blue ink. She smells it, gropes for her nail file, slits the flap. Takes out sheets and a sketch.

CLOSE-UP ON SKETCH OF IRAKLES. "Self-Portrait, Iraklé '56." She turns the sheet over. It's her portrait. The letter...

IRAKLES (V.O.)

Dear Fulya, This is my hundredth letter to you...

She glances up. Mehmet is arguing with a station attendant.

EXT. KYRENIA MOUNTAINS, NICOSIA SIDE - NIGHT

ANDREAS

The reward for Grivas is ten thousand pounds. The poster says he has a Hitler-like moustache, and the picture shows it. Is it true?

Stavros teases a stone on the track, boots it into the void.

JANE (V.O.)

Talk me to sleep.

STAVROS (V.O.)

Have you read Ivanhoe?

JANE (V.O.)

I'm your Lady Rowena...

I/E. MEHMET'S VAN, ESSO STATION - NIGHT

IRAKLES (V.O.)

...By the way, I still want to know the difference between a polonaise and a nocturne. But only from you.

Fulya raises the sheet to her lips and shuts her eyes.

IRAKLES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I once dreamt that we drifted away together in a chocolate-filled barge -- God, this sounds pathetic, doesn't it? Do you have funny little wrinkles around your eyes when you smile? I bet--

Mehmet returns. She crams the letter into her satchel.

MEHMET

A riot. We must take a detour.

EXT. CULVERT, KYRENIA MOUNTAINS, NICOSIA SIDE - NIGHT

At a CULVERT on the track, the men place DYNAMITE, retreat to an overlook. They undo boots, smoke, pee. Stavros digs into his haversack, offers Kokos food wrapped in a handkerchief -- *koulouri*, cracked green olives. They eat.

I/E. MEHMET'S VAN - NIGHT

The van sways and hops through dirt.



FULYA

The mountains are so steep and  
lonely. Please turn back.

MEHMET

The curfew will keep the Greeks  
indoors. My sign's painted out.  
Nobody will know who we are.

FULYA

Then why don't we go the usual way?

The track turns to sheer ups and downs. They stop. Mehmet  
unloads a BOX. Could she peek at the letter? No. Mehmet  
returns. They drive off. She shuts her eyes, feigns sleep.

IRAKLES (V.O.)

I felt like I'd lost you...  
Polonaise, nocturne... To drift  
away in a chocolate-filled barge...

FULYA (V.O.)

Oh, that's not pathetic, Irakles,  
it's wonderful!

EXT. CULVERT, KYRENIA MOUNTAINS, NICOSIA SIDE - NIGHT

ANDREAS

Lights. Two vehicles, far apart,  
approaching from the east.

BAMBOS

It's too early for a convoy.

ANDREAS

The one in front has stopped.

TASOS

(leaping to his feet)  
The second motor has stopped,  
lights out, five hundred meters.

I/E. MEHMET'S VAN/TRACK/CULVERT/MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

MEHMET'S VAN

Mehmet slows the van.

MEHMET

We're not alone on this road...  
I'm switching off my lamps.

CULVERT

BAMBOS

Now!

The mountainside lights up, THUNDERS. Rocks and metal FLY. A REVERBERATING CLATTER. A LAND ROVER is upside down, destroyed. A wheel spins slowly. Petrol IGNITES.

MEHMET'S VAN

MEHMET

Get out, Fulya. Hide. Hide well. If I back away, don't worry. They won't look for you. They'll think I'm alone.

FULYA

No. Please. You must come too.

MEHMET

I'll be back. Go.

She grabs her satchel, opens her door, ravine side.

MEHMET (CONT'D)

Careful! It's steep!

She plunges out, RIPS through thorns, HAMMERS over rocks.

CULVERT

GUERRILLAS

(punching the sky)

*Zeto e EOKA!!!*

FIRE, CRACKLE of FLAMES. HOWLS from far-away DOGS.

BAMBOS

Time to split up.

STAVROS

Wait. Listen.

SCREAMS. Bambos hurls a GRENADE. Grenade explodes...

MUSIC. George Formby and ukulele. George sings, plays...

GEORGE FORMBY (V.O.)

"Out in the Middle East,..."

MOUNTAINSIDE

Bloodied, dazed, Fulya sits up, finds her bag, fumbles inside. Empty, contents scattered, loose sheets everywhere.

GEORGE FORMBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"... you can have a lot of fun.  
Out in the Middle East -- in the  
Mediterranean..."

CULVERT

Twisted METAL. RUBBER and OIL burning. One MAN, one CHILD dead. Dismembered, another MAN SCREECHES.

BAMBOS

Fuck his Christ, doesn't he know  
how to die?

EXT. PETRINO VILLA - NIGHT

The villa, the citrus orchard, are DARK. In his underwear, barefoot, Stavros crouches in icy mud.

ELENA (V.O.)

It means nothing to us, *agape mou*.  
Our beautiful romance offers you a  
private beach and wild sex.

Candle-light flickers in a window - an all-clear signal.

INT. ELENA'S BEDROOM, PETRINO VILLA - NIGHT

Stavros, naked, stands with a towel around his waist. Elena, in a negligee, waves a PHOTO.

STAVROS

How did you find it, if you weren't  
spying?

ELENA

You want me to put your pants into  
the wash with your wallet inside?

STAVROS

I come here to fuck you, not to  
visit a laundry!

ELENA

Who is she?

STAVROS

She used to be my neighbor.

ELENA

What is an English schoolgirl's  
photo doing in your wallet?

STAVROS

You know, since the Arabs threw the  
buggers out of Suez--

ELENA

Miserable liar. Next thing you'll  
say is that she's to be shot.

INT. SOKRATIS'S OFFICE - DAY

A cavernous, darkened office. A huge DESK. On a silver  
tray, a bottle of Courvoisier, a glass, an ENVELOPE.  
Sokratis gropes beneath IRINI'S dress, talks on the PHONE.

SOKRATIS

(into the phone)

Indeed, it's a paradox, Britain  
fueling the blaze it seeks to  
extinguish... Yes. Shalom.

Sokratis strokes the base of his nose with his freed index  
finger, savors Irini's scent. Replaces the receiver, claps.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

As always, the Jew's come through.  
He supplies Israel. I supply the  
Arabs... What? Only one glass?

She decants. He pulls up her dress, looks at her knickers.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

Plain pink? Not even hot pink?

He takes the envelope, reads.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

"Mr. Mavropoulos. Private."

IRINI

Delivered this morning.

He slits the envelope, reads a sheet.

SOKRATIS

Ask Dimitris to come to my office.

EXT. KALOPETRIA, CHURCH SQUARE, MIKI'S *KAFENEION* - DAY

DIMITRIS sits at a table. Tasos checks the smashed headlight of an old BEDFORD TRUCK. Andreas, grease-blackened, quits with the engine, takes a cigarette from Dimitris, lights up.

KIDS reach into a parked JAGUAR XK140, PUMP the horn.

ANDREAS  
I like the color.

DIMITRIS  
British racing green. Six  
cylinders. It goes to one hundred  
and forty miles per hour.

The CHATTER from the kids grows. Stavros arrives. Everyone rises. Mikis rushes a tray, coffee and water, to a table.

MIKIS  
Your coffee, Tiger.

ANDREAS  
(pointing at Dimitris)  
Dimitris. Arse and tits all day.  
What a life.

STAVROS  
(annoyed)  
See you tomorrow. We leave midday.

Andreas and Tasos leap to attention and salute.

ANDREAS AND TASOS  
(*Malista, kapetanio.*)

ENGLISH SUBTITLE: "Certainly, captain."

INT. SOKRATIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Dimitris stands before Sokratis.

SOKRATIS  
I already know everything.

DIMITRIS  
You do?

SOKRATIS  
I do, *Dimitri*. You should not have  
got involved. Regardless, you will  
follow Ikonis and his men on their  
route to Kykko Monastery.

EXT. MORPHOU BAY, WESTERN CYPRUS - DAY

Rugged terrain, sparse pine trees. A broad valley ahead with miles of citrus orchards. The soaring Troödos mountains.

On pot-holed asphalt, the smoke-belching Bedford, loaded with MANURE, labors towards the valley. Some distance behind, an AJS MOTORCYCLE follows the Bedford.

I/E. BEDFORD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Stavros rides up front with Andreas and Tasos. The men are unshaven, clothes tattered. Andreas drives.

EXT. BRITISH ARMY ROADBLOCK, MORPHOU COAST - LATER

The Bedford runs into a military roadblock: barbed wire, painted oil drums. SOLDIERS circle with fixed BAYONETS, joke about the smell, reluctantly poke bayonets into the manure.

I/E. BEDFORD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A SERGEANT pokes into the Bedford, driver's side. On the far side, Stavros clings to the door-frame, pretends to be sick.

ANDREAS

Good morning, Mister English.

TASOS

How are you?

SERGEANT

(pointing at Stavros)

Wot's wrong with him?

Andreas leans in a chummy manner towards the sergeant.

ANDREAS

Crazy man. Drink *mucho zivania*.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Tell them to piss off.

SERGEANT

Stinkin' gypsies.

The sergeant waves them away. The Bedford lumbers on. Tasos gives the British the finger disguised as a friendly wave.

TASOS

Fuck the pretty boys, sent to  
Cyprus to die for nothing.

ANDREAS

(to Tasos)

Did you fart again, you bastard, or  
is that shit ripening in the sun?

(singing the Mexican song)

*Besame, besame mucho...*

EXT. TAVERNA APOLLONIA, TROÖDOS FOOTHILLS - AFTERNOON

Whiskered GEEZERS in VRAKAS and boots JIGGLE worry-beads,  
SMACK pieces against backgammon boards. They look like  
they're stretching out their coffees as long as possible.

The Bedford parks. Stavros, Andreas, and Tasos get out.  
Taxi-driver Nikos, smoking, walks over from his taxi.

NIKOS

Tiger, what's with the manure?

STAVROS

*Yasoo, Niko.* Tell Number Three we  
see him tomorrow. Usual place.  
And bring us fresh clothes from the  
fearless woman. My regards to her.

NIKOS

(coughing phlegm)

Watch out for the English.

Dimitris fusses with his AJS motorcycle. Stavros walks over.

STAVROS

Are you on my tail?

DIMITRIS

*Ochi, Kyrie Stavro.* No. Just my  
day off, visiting relatives.

STAVROS

You know what we do with informers?

DIMITRIS

I simply beg you, watch out.  
There's action in the mountains.

STAVROS

Explain!

DIMITRIS

The English are searching... You know, one of those operations they give fancy names to... I was told to tell you to hide your cargo.

STAVROS

(grabbing Dimitris)  
What cargo?

ANDREAS (O.S.)

If it's not our racing-driver friend, showing off his AJS. Yesterday, he bragged about seeing the ripe tits of Sokratis's wife.

Stavros lashes his hand across Andreas's mouth.

I/E. BEDFORD TRUCK, TROÖDOS MOUNTAINS - LATER

Engine HOWLING, the Bedford creeps up the narrow road. Stavros, now driving, halts to downshift.

ANDREAS

(patting his puffy lips)  
Why did you have to hit me so hard?

STAVROS

We have a change of plan.

EXT. FOREST, TROÖDOS MOUNTAINS - SUNSET

The Bedford stands on a track among tall pines. The men dig BOXES and PISTOLS from the manure, and stow them in a hunter's shelter. They cover the hole with debris, then sit and eat bread and lamb. Andreas is sullen, Tasos is wary.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (A FANTASY)

Hands clasped in prayer, Stavros kneels at his mother's feet.

STAVROS'S MOTHER

I implore you, don't go... But if you join the national struggle and you betray a comrade, even under the cruelest torture, you must never return to my house... You will not be my son.



I/E. NEAR KYKKO MONASTERY - NIGHT (RETURN TO REALITY)

Stavros drives. At a fork, the Bedford slows. The place is deserted. The Bedford labors around a bend. SUDDENLY the windshield SPARKLES, its cracks FLASH white lightning. Outlines - haloed silhouettes sprout from the road - BRITISH TROOPS - soldiers at Bren-gun mounts. Stavros SLAMS on the brakes, POUNDS the steering wheel.

STAVROS  
Someone betrayed us.

Tasos slumps under the dashboard.

TASOS  
Talk to them. They let us through roadblocks before.

STAVROS  
The bastards were waiting! For us!

ANDREAS  
No one's moving. It's okay.

VOICE (O.S.)  
(over a loud-hailer)  
We know who you are. Surrender immediately or we will shoot. Switch off your engine. Now!

Tasos grabs Stavros's legs.

TASOS  
I don't want to die!

VOICE (O.S.)  
(over a loud-hailer)  
Surrender! Now!

Stavros SLAMS the Bedford into reverse.

STAVROS  
Stay down! Down, down, down!

Muzzles FLASH. Guns ROAR. Stavros reverses into the mountainside - granite on one side, an abyss on the other. Andreas battles Stavros for the steering wheel.

ANDREAS  
There's no room to turn!

Enemy TRUCKS spill into the escape route. Machine-gun fire RIPS through steel and rubber. The windshield SHATTERS.

Tasos under the dashboard, Andreas clinging to the steering wheel. Blood spews as Stavros rips Andreas off the wheel. The Bedford wallows, a front wheel gyrates over the abyss.

STAVROS

Fuck your Christ, Andrea, get off the wheel!

The STRAFING continues. The Bedford's second front wheel slips on the edge. The truck yaws, topples. Stavros's door opens. He nose-dives into the void. The truck EXPLODES.

STAVROS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Mother, I'm coming home.

FADE TO:

EXT. FIVE-MILE BEACH/KYKKO MONASTERY - DAY  
TITLE: MONTHS LATER, SUMMER 1957

FIVE-MILE BEACH

A roadside beach, a lagoon sheltered by a tiny island. SUNBATHERS, bucket-and-spade TODDLERS, TROOPS on patrol.

Shy, Irakles and Fulya sit on the sand. He's in TRUNKS and SUNGLASSES. She wears a DRESS, HEAD-SCARF, shoes and socks. She plays with the sand and fidgets with her scarf.

KYKKO MONASTERY

MONKS bustle with rakes and hoes. British TROOPS loll in a Land Rover. Zacharias walks towards a BEARDED MAN wearing crumpled pants and floppy brown jacket. The man smokes.

BEARDED MAN

How was your year, uncle? How are Christakis and Odysseas?

ZACHARIAS

Stavros? Your death...

STAVROS

Faked by the brothers at Kykko.

Zacharias rushes forward and embraces his nephew.

FIVE-MILE BEACH

Fulya seems in no hurry to undress or take off her shoes. Nervous, Irakles jumps to his feet and juggles his legs.

IRAKLES  
I'm hot. Want to go in?

FULYA  
You go.

IRAKLES  
If I'd known you'd stay with our things, I'd have brought my Bolex.

FULYA  
What's that?

IRAKLES  
A cine camera.

He takes off his sunglasses, darts off, dodges WADERS, dives.

UNDERWATER

Irakles skims the sandy shallows until clear of the THRONG.

RETURN TO SCENE

He shoots to the surface. Fulya stands, anxious, looks for him. He waves. She waves back and settles down on the sand.

KYKKO MONASTERY

ZACHARIAS  
But your funeral?

STAVROS  
EOKA comrades found me and carried me to the monastery. By the time the British looked for us, coffins were on the way to Nicosia.

ZACHARIAS  
Whose body?

STAVROS  
An English deserter. Or a Turk who looked twice at someone's sister.  
(offering a packet)  
Cigarette?

FIVE-MILE BEACH

Wet, Irakles flops down beside Fulya. She stares at him.

FULYA  
You were out of sight for ten whole minutes.

(MORE)

FULYA (CONT'D)

You did that on purpose, swimming where I couldn't see you. Don't ever do that again.

IRAKLES

Sorry, I should've warned you. I do it to overcome fear.

FULYA

Fear? I had a mind to disappear too. Then you'd be frightened.

KYKKO MONASTERY

Zacharias and Stavros sit on a wall, smoking.

ZACHARIAS

Have your wounds healed?

Stavros glances towards the Land Rover, puts a finger to his lips, lifts his pants. Ugly KNOTS and SCARS glisten red.

ZACHARIAS (CONT'D)

We must let your mother know you're alive.

STAVROS

Soon. Now listen, I must tell you something. Something that may have landed me in this situation.

ZACHARIAS

If this is about bombs, I don't want to know about it.

FIVE-MILE BEACH

IRAKLES

I am scared, Fulya.

FULYA

(reaching for his hand)  
I know.

KYKKO MONASTERY

STAVROS

The English never found my body.  
Or my arm.

FLASH IMAGES: Stavros's LEFT HAND flips on a zippo, holds a cigarette, grabs Zacharias.

FIVE-MILE BEACH

Fulya takes off her shoes and socks, and moves in the sand until she's face-to-face with Irakles. She ploughs her heels forward until their toes touch and she strokes his feet.

FULYA

It's exactly three hundred and twenty days since we first met and this is only our second meeting?

(beat)

Don't look at me like that.

IRAKLES

Like what?

FULYA

(whispering)

Like you think I'm beautiful.

IRAKLES

Fulya, would you swim if people weren't watching?

FULYA

I can't swim.

KYKKO MONASTERY

STAVROS

I can still whittle wood, as long as I clamp the piece between my feet. So, I can still make things. And I can still shoot.

Zacharias looks sick, takes a drag from his cigarette.

ZACHARIAS

My God, my God.

EXT. VILLAGE FARMHOUSE, PRODHROMOS - DAY

Smoke curls from the chimney. A clothesline, MEN'S WASHING. Jane, in a drab clothes, holds her PREGNANT BELLY, finds shade in an orchard, writes into a pad of paper.

STAVROS (V.O.)

Who will adopt?

OLD MAN (V.O.)

Doctor Michaelides arranges for everything.

STAVROS (V.O.)

Tell me something I don't know.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

She cries at night, like a child  
for her mother. She speaks Greek.  
And she helps my wife and even  
tries to milk my cow. She insists,  
however, on what she calls proper  
toilet paper. Never use it myself.  
It disintegrates in your hands just  
when you need it most.

EXT. PLATRES ROAD, OVERLOOKING PRODHROMOS - DAY

Water channels and tracks. Farms, orchards, houses. The  
BERENGARIA HOTEL'S red roof pokes through giant pine trees.

On Platres road, donkeys, taxis, gaudy buses, army traffic.  
At road's edge -- no hands needed -- Stavros clears stones  
and glass, sinks to his knees, maneuvers onto his backside.

STAVROS'S P.O.V. - FARMHOUSE (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

Jane kneels at a rosebush and smells a rose.

NIKOS (V.O.)

You are to blend into the landscape  
like a lizard to stone.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)

Tenacious bugger, aren't you? Don't  
turn around. Look straight ahead.

RETURN TO SCENE

STAVROS

You promised me names.

ALISTAIR

Peeked into Gulbenkian's shop-  
window lately?

STAVROS

I was busy.

ALISTAIR

In this moral swamp of dilettantes  
and part-time freedom-fighters? I  
say, keep an eye on the Simmons,  
Jane gets pregnant. Watch Petrino,  
and you have it off with Elena.

STAVROS

Mavropoulos betrayed me?

ALISTAIR  
You were warned, boy. Amply.

STAVROS  
He plays both sides.

ALISTAIR  
You can't flog that stuff on the street. You need bona fides, contacts. Where did you hide it?

STAVROS  
You need me, then, to find manure?

ALISTAIR  
I could put a friggin' hole in your heart right here and now.

The stand-off escalates...

STAVROS  
Then Jane will die. Like her mother. Like her father.

ALISTAIR  
Bad timing for bullshit, laddie.

STAVROS  
Standing order: kill everyone close to Alistair McKay, then kill McKay.

ALISTAIR  
You want to stay in the game, huh? Okay. Hand me my specific list.

STAVROS  
You'll have to torture me.

ALISTAIR  
No need. I've already catalogued the EOKA organization. It now includes Stella and your cousins.

EXT. PLATRES ROAD, OVERLOOKING PRODHROMOS - DAY

Stavros kicks his heels into the existing footholds. Sits.

STAVROS'S P.O.V. - FARMHOUSE (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

No sign of Jane. Just DOGS and an OLD MAN with a DONKEY

NIKOS (V.O.)  
I'm sworn to report breaches of  
conduct.

STAVROS (V.O.)  
Agent McKay visits her.

NIKOS (V.O.)  
In an EOKA laundry?

Suddenly, the old man hurries and ties a white cloth to a  
fence post. Waves urgently in Stavros's direction.

INT. JANE'S FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Jane lies in bed, in labor.

NIKOS (V.O.)  
God forbid she's having your baby.

STAVROS (V.O.)  
We have a catastrophe, *Niko*. A  
catastrophe. I need your help.

EXT. PLATRES ROAD, PRODHROMOS - DAY

Stavros punches his leg, above the knee, hard, very hard.

CLOSE-UP ON STAVROS - SOBBING, forlorn.

FADE TO:

EXT. KALOPETRIA, CHURCH SQUARE, MIKI'S *KAFENEION* - DAY

CHICKENS. DOGS. A GEEZER in pajamas pilfers a bucket-full  
from a sand-cement heap. A YOUTH with dust-cart cleans the  
square. Irakles and Chris in shorts, their BIKES parked, a  
SACHEL and BOLEX camera on their table. Irakles sketches  
the church. Mikis peeks at the sketch. When he leaves -

CHRIS  
You actually asked Fulya to go to  
the beach with you. Wow.

IRAKLES  
Impulse, Chris. If you stop to  
think, you get cold feet.

Irakles unfolds a sheet of paper. Points with his pencil.



IRAKLES (CONT'D)

Here's where we are. There's the mountainside and the network of caves. The solid lines are paths, the dotted ones are underground.

CHRIS

What's so special here? Every village claims old coins and Byzantine icons.

EXT. DILAPIDATED GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Stavros, bearded, in RAGS, stands in weeds among pomegranate and lemon trees. Watches the boys amble in, Irakles filming.

STAVROS

*Christaki!* Tell your friend to go back to the church and you, you continue walking.

Chris waves Irakles away. Stavros LIMPS from behind a tree.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

You don't know me?

CHRIS

Stavros! You're supposed to be dead.

Stavros hugs Chris with his one arm. Chris pulls back in alarm, stares at Stavros's shoulder.

STAVROS

Cheer up. I still have one left--

Stavros lashes out at Chris's leg, stops short.

STAVROS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The car-jack. Remember?

(beat)

Why aren't you on the beach this time of day?

CHRIS

It's so fantastic to see you!

Stavros pulls Chris into the trees. Shows him his BROWNING.

For a while, animated, they catch up. Then -

STAVROS

Don't sniff about. EOKA watches  
the entire mountainside. It's  
lucky I was here today.

EXT. UNDER AN OLD FIG TREE - LATER

Agitated in his robe and hat, Father Panaretos sits on a  
bench. Irakles sketches his portrait. Chris approaches.

IRAKLES

(not looking up)

How is Stavros? Yes, I am ashamed  
to say, I tricked Father Panaretos  
into admitting your cousin's  
resurrection. It's elementary, Dr.  
Watson. Who else in Kalopetria  
would have secret business with you  
but not with me? Given the rumors.

EXT. AKROTIRI BAY, LADIES MILE BEACH - DAWN

Four unpaved miles from Limassol, just short of the barbed-  
wire perimeter of the RAF Station, by the SALT-LAKE  
WILDERNESS, is Cyprus's most beautiful beach, where -

- Jane jogs, tailed by Alistair in a LAND ROVER.
- Stavros sits with haversack and BINOCULARS, and watches.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

A baby girl, blue-eyed...as  
beautiful as her mother.

NIKOS (V.O.)

Stavros. Please. Your Alistair's  
got nothing. It's all bluff.

BACK ALLEY - NIGHT (FANTASY)

A PROSTITUTE lures Alistair. Stavros KNIFES Alistair, steals  
his wallet and an ENVELOPE, and leaves him for dead.

NIKOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Standing order. Cease-fire or no  
cease-fire. Immediate liquidation.

BACK TO REALITY

CLOSE-UP ON ALISTAIR - driving the Land Rover.

EXT. PETRINO VILLA - DAY

The plaza outside the classical-Greek entrance. Irakles in TRUNKS, shirt, barefoot. Elena in summer dress and DIAMONDS.

ELENA

I haven't seen you so nervous since you were a little boy. When you were nine you showed me you could swim underwater with your eyes open. You asked me to throw coins into the sea as far as I could. Sunken treasure, you called it.

IRAKLES

I lost some. Remember?

Gravel CRUNCHES. Mehmet's van circles, halts. In black paint on its side: "ÖZAL BROS" over "ÖZAL BROS" painted over.

Irakles waves. Mehmet scowls. Clutching a shopping bag, Fulya steps out.

ELENA

*Ma cherie!* A cardigan in this heat. You'll melt. It's already ninety degrees. Fortunately, I have cold lemonade waiting for you.

EXT. AKROTIRI BAY, LADIES MILE BEACH - DAY

Jane swims along the shore. Smoking, Alistair watches her from the Land Rover, stationary.

LAND ROVER - DAY (FANTASY)

Stavros walks calmly up behind Alistair, cuts his throat.

BACK TO REALITY

Stavros sits on the beach, watches Jane through binoculars.

NIKOS (V.O.)

What shall I report?

STAVROS (V.O.)

Mission absolutely on track. No help needed.

NIKOS (V.O.)

For God's sake then, get his damned list and kill the bastard!

INT. PETRINO VILLA, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ceramics, Lefkara LACE, African MAHOGANY, IVORY... French doors, ceiling FAN, arcaded VERANDAH. The CRASH of SURF.

Fulya, in an oversize ULTRAMARINE beach-coat, stands with Elena and Irakles. LUCRETIA, a Maltese, snoozes on the floor. Dimitris looks in from a verandah door.

DIMITRIS

You called for me, *kyria*?

ELENA

I want you to get a piano.

DIMITRIS

A what, madam?

ELENA

A piano. Are you deaf?

DIMITRIS

How, madam?

ELENA

Buy one, hire one, or steal one. A great pianist will entertain us after lunch.

EXT. PRIVATE COVE, PETRINO VILLA - DAY

Under an UMBRELLA, on sand bordered by rocks, Irakles lies half in the water. Beside him lies, Fulya, in CAP and coat.

FULYA

Do you think she's watching us?

She tugs the coat over her uncovered leg. Irakles stands up.

IRAKLES

Here's the plan. You'll wade in towards me. First, you'll put your face into the water and blow bubbles. Then, you're going to hold your breath and let yourself sink, eyes closed of course, so you can feel how easily you float. Then I'm going to pull you towards me so you can feel the water rushing against your face. Ready?

FULYA

I'll get sucked under.

IRAKLES

You'll have to take that coat off.

He enters the sea, waits. Shy, Fulya turns away, unbuttons her coat, peeks over her shoulder at him. Her coat drops to reveal a one-piece ULTRAMARINE costume. She turns seaward.

FULYA

Kyria Elena was horrified by what I'd brought, but I just couldn't wear that bikini she made me try on. Is this okay?

She fusses with her cap, changes her mind, throws it off -

IRAKLES (V.O.)

Come to the cinema with me. The Seven Year Itch is on at the Magic Gardens.

FULYA (V.O.)

It's terribly provocative.

She picks her way across the sand, PLOUGHS into the water.

IRAKLES (V.O.)

You easily pass for Greek. We'll be all right.

FULYA (V.O.)

What do I tell my father?

A GRAND PIANO plays Chopin's "Fantasie-Improptu." The swell lifts her up. He grabs her. She curls her legs around him.

IRAKLES (V.O.)

A recital. You're doing a private recital.

INT. PETRINO VILLA, LIVING ROOM - DAY

To "BRAVO" and "ENCORE," Fulya closes "Fantasie-Improptu."

ELENA

(wiping a teardrop)  
Precious girl. Her teacher at least taught her the grace of an artist if not how to use makeup. I'm adopting her immediately.

As Fulya prepares for her next piece, Irakles kisses Elena.

IRAKLES

Thank you for making her welcome.

ELENA

Sokratis will be furious. His men borrowed this instrument right out of the Ledra Palace ballroom.

Fulya stomps her heel, the back-beat, and her fingers burst into a slow rendition of Fats Domino's "Blueberry Hill."

EXT. METAXAS SQUARE - NIGHT

Improvised, "Blueberry Hill" continues. The neon-lit hub is thick with souvlaki SMOKE. Young, sweltering CROWDS, segregated by GENDER, stream over the dry moat of the old city. Irakles and Chris lean against a rail and watch.

EXT. CABARET - LATER

Irakles and Chris look at the advertisements. "Direct from Beirut," reads a caption for a buxom singer. LAUGHTER from some GIRLS. Stella breaks ranks, whispers in Irakles's ear.

IRAKLES

Thanks. Perhaps another time.

Stella, angry, darts back to her group.

CHRIS

What did she say?

IRAKLES

She and a friend want to join us.

CHRIS

Stella doesn't take rejection well.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SOCCER STADIUM - LATER

Mehmet's van stops by the CROWDED sidewalk. Fulya steps out. She's dolled up, wears PEARLS. When Mehmet's van pulls away -

IRAKLES

You're gorgeous.

CHRIS

You look so different.

Irakles tosses Chris an eat-your-heart-out look.

EXT. EVAGOROU STREET - LATER

They stroll arm-in-arm in the HUBBUB, Fulya between them.

FULYA

(to Chris)

We discuss all sorts of things.  
And how much we appreciate you  
helping us with our letters.

MOMENTS LATER

IRAKLES

Have you heard that number in Baby Doll? "Ain't Got No Home" by Clarence "Frogman" Henry? It's addictive, like watching Carroll Baker in a cot, sucking her thumb. Fantastic piano lead-in. It's not Chopin but it gives me energy.

MOMENTS LATER

FULYA

I love the sparkling lights.  
Doesn't this remind you of  
Piccadilly Circus? I can hardly  
wait to go to London.

IRAKLES

I hate to disillusion you, Fulya.  
This is nothing like Piccadilly,  
but it sure reminds me of Nicosia.

Suddenly, Fulya breaks away, works herself into the crowd.

CHRIS

Why can't you be nice?

IRAKLES

I was trying to be funny.

At Metaxas Square, she heads down a dark stairwell. They dash after her, followed by Stella's crowd and OTHERS.

EXT. A PLAYGROUND IN THE MOAT - MOMENTS LATER

DIMLY LIT. Fulya quivers on a bench near children's swings by the old city wall. Fivos barges past Chris and Irakles, kneels at Fulya's feet, sinks his hands into her legs.

FIVOS

If you're still a virgin, you won't  
be when this night is over.

(springing to his feet)

Remember this? Here, touch it.

As Little Richard's "Tutti Frutti" starts on a RADIO, Fivos  
coaxes her face to his cock. Irakles elbows him aside.

SOMEONE

Get up, *Fivo!* Are you going to let  
that anglophile do this to you?

Stoked by the crowd, Irakles and Fivos fight. An all-out  
street-fight. Chris slips down beside Fulya, puts an arm  
around her, raises the other in protection. When Fivos claws  
Irakles to the ground, Chris yanks Fulya to her feet, steers  
her away. She hides her face, weeps. Irakles wrenches free,  
ploughs a foot into Fivos, clambers upright. Eyes streaming  
blood, Fivos lifts his head to the crowd, raises a hand as if  
in submission. Irakles desists. Fivos lunges. But  
Irakles's knuckles crash into Fivos's face, flooring him  
martial-arts style. Spitting blood, Fivos drags himself  
upright, flicks open a SWITCHBLADE, dares Irakles approach.

FIVOS

I'll get you! And your friend.

(points knife at Fulya)

And you, stay in your village, you  
whore. If I find you in the street  
again, I'll cut out your heart.

Irakles readies to dive at Fivos. Chris rushes to stop him.

CHRIS

For God's sake. He's not worth it.

To the final "A lop bam boom" from the radio, Chris backs  
Irakles away. Irakles is caked in blood and dirt. He's lost  
a shoe. His shirt and pants are ripped.

FULYA

It's my fault. It's all my fault.

CHRIS

I had a run-in with that slime last  
year.

FULYA

Oh God, oh God. I shouldn't be  
here. I shouldn't have come.



IRAKLES

Chris, take Fulya to the cinema.  
It's the best place to hide. I'll  
be at the exit when the film ends.

They walk to the steps out of the moat. On the steps, Fulya  
wipes Irakles's face with her HANDKERCHIEF. Kisses him.

EXT. MAGIC GARDENS CINEMA - LATER

The Seven Year Itch under a CLEAR NIGHT SKY. The cinema and  
adjacent apartment BALCONIES are PACKED. At Rachmaninoff's  
"Second Piano Concerto," Chris and Fulya exchange smiles.

FLASH IMAGES: The Seven Year Itch. The AUDIENCE.

Monroe and Ewell topple off the piano bench. INTERMISSION.  
VENDORS ply the aisles. Chris points at the balconies.

CHRIS

They can watch every night.

Stella arrives, pushes close.

STELLA

(whispering to Chris)  
Warn Irakles that Fivos is EOKA.  
(to Fulya)  
I'm really sorry. You're lucky to  
have someone fight for you like  
that. Irakles. Hold onto him.

Stella leaves. Chris and Fulya stare after her.

CHRIS

Why did you run away from us?

FULYA

I spotted him. I got frightened.  
(pause; nodding)  
That girl there. Do you know her?

Jane sits with Alistair and Claire. Her head turned, does  
she return Chris's glance or look beyond him? Unclear.

FULYA (CONT'D)

Don't leave me.

She digs her fingers into Chris's hand. The movie resumes.

CLOSE-UP ON CHRIS as we HEAR Jane say:

JANE (V.O.)  
 You pathetic coward. You let  
 Stavros go to jail for you.

FLASH IMAGES: The Seven Year Itch, the Audience. When the  
 wife shoots Tom Ewell, Fulya jumps, leans into Chris.

INT. SOKRATIS'S OFFICE - DAY

SOKRATIS  
 (banging his desk)  
 Turkish women lust after Greeks!  
 It's in their blood! Thank God you  
 have no sisters!

IRAKLES  
 Right, I'd wreck their prospects of  
 marrying medieval psychos.

SOKRATIS  
 Did Napoleon win wars brandishing a  
 sword on the front line? I doubt  
 it. So, if it's money you need...

IRAKLES  
 I'm not dropping Fulya. Not for  
 all the loot in Switzerland.

SOKRATIS  
 (pouring himself whiskey)  
 This meeting is over.

INT. PETRINO VILLA, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elena is with Sokratis. A horrified WET-NURSE holds a BABY.

ELENA  
 Me, look after the bastard of one  
 of your whores?

SOKRATIS  
 Dr. Michaelides came across it at a  
 convent. Look, you'd have fallen  
 in love with those blue eyes too.

ELENA  
 Don't blue-eyes me! You've been  
 duped once again, you stupid man.  
 Away. Send it to an orphanage.

SOKRATIS  
 (to the wet-nurse)  
 Offer it to someone who wants it.

He exits. Elena pinches the baby's cheek, and throws a conspiratorial look at the wet-nurse.

ELENA  
 We'll call her Xanthia.

EXT. PETRINO VILLA - LATER

GUARDS are on patrol, one stands at the GATE. Concealed, Stavros watches Sokratis drive the XK140 out of the grounds.

INT. PLAIN ROOM - LATER

Stavros is using a TELEPHONE that stands on a SIDE TABLE.

STAVROS  
 What the hell is going on?

ELENA (O.S.)  
 A wonderful surprise! A baby!

Silence. Stavros nods, thoughtful.

ELENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hello...? Hello...? Hello--?

STAVROS  
 Listen, I want you to cut the  
 electricity and make a commotion.  
 Listen! I'll tell you how...

EXT. PRIVATE COVE, PETRINO VILLA - LATER

At the beach, below the blacked-out villa, to furtive CLICKS of Stavros's FLASHLIGHT, Elena shows off Jane's BABY XANTHIA.

STAVROS  
 Her mother wants her back.

ELENA  
 Who? What? What mother?

STAVROS  
 (holding out his hands)  
 Give me the baby, Elena.

ELENA  
 Some brainless schoolgirl?  
 (backing away)  
 No. No. Absolutely. Get away.  
 (a flash of insight)  
 My God... My God...

STAVROS  
 Give me the baby.

ELENA  
 (moving forward)  
 Really? So take it. Go on! Rip  
 it out of my arms. Now! Go on!

STAVROS  
 (backing away)  
 You heard about Irakles? And Fivos  
 Lousides... That Turkish girl...

ELENA  
 Dreadful. It's so dreadful.

STAVROS  
 There's a solution...

ELENA  
 Yes. Yes. Yes. I know.

INT. PETRINO VILLA - DAY

Punching Sokratis, Elena drives him to the front door.

ELENA  
 Out of my sight, you monster! And  
 don't show your face in my house  
 again until Fulya takes our money.

INT. CYPRUS MUSEUM OFFICE/JANE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

CYPRUS MUSEUM OFFICE

A grand office darkened by shutters. An OSCILLATING FAN. An imposing DESK. A huge MAP of Cyprus on a wall. Sokratis, wearing SUNGLASSES, paces the office. Fulya sits, fearful.

SOKRATIS  
 A Turkish girl of presumed good  
 family, consorting with a Greek boy  
 of certain good family is to spit  
 at tradition.  
 (MORE)

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

Both communities will assume you are a *petalouda tis nichtas* and treat you accordingly.

(off her look)

A butterfly of the night, my dear -- a prostitute.

She leaps to her feet, FLINGS her chair across the floor. He calmly takes a PHOTO from his wallet, shows it to her.

CLOSE-UP ON A PHOTO of a PAINTING of a NUDE ENGLISH GIRL.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

(reading the other side)

"Rosemary Smith." You didn't say whether he's asked you to pose.

Fulya stares at the photo in disbelief.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

Locate yourself in Paris, and no more meetings with Irakles.

FULYA

I will go to England.

SOKRATIS

The 35th parallel...

(slashing his hand across the map)

Turks want to split Cyprus along the 35th parallel. I say, never.

FULYA

I can't tell whether you're safe or dangerous.

SOKRATIS

I prefer to be dangerous, like the first kiss...

(approaching her)

I've good friends in the office of the Chief Superintendent of Police. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Fulya rubs her eyes. Sokratis offers her his HANDKERCHIEF.

FULYA

Someone is killing our sheep--

SOKRATIS

(looks at his watch)

It's settled then.

(MORE)

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

My confidante will outline the arrangements, answer your questions, and give you a number where I may be reached. Now let's pick up this chair.

JANE'S BEDROOM

CLOSE-UP ON JANE'S LETTER. She writes...

JANE (V.O.)

"After his stroke, Daddy never recovered... He died."

CYPRUS MUSEUM OFFICE

The fallen chair is upright. Fulya looks dazed, YANNAKIS, agitated. Sokratis removes his sunglasses, rubs his eyes.

SOKRATIS

Dry Sahara air and grit. *Hamsin*, as the Arabs call it.

(looking at Fulya)

We need rain.

YANNAKIS

(reaching for cigarettes)

Her brother. Can't hold him back much longer.

SOKRATIS

Put those away, *Yannaki*.

(looking at Fulya)

Kidney stones. I've told him to take care of himself.

CLOSE-UP ON FULYA. In shock.

FLASH IMAGES: Faces of Sokratis and Irakles, each removing his sunglasses. Their eyes burn with a familiar intensity.

JANE'S BEDROOM

CLOSE-UP ON JANE'S LETTER. She writes...

JANE (V.O.)

"Tears spring from Aphrodite's eyes... You can have him, she says, but only when they take the barbed wire out of my garden..."

INT. REBECCA'S BUNGALOW/EXT. NICOSIA CLUB - DAY

REBECCA'S STUDIO

Rebecca bolts the door and reaches out to Chris.

REBECCA  
I've been expecting you.

CHRIS  
(holding out a package)  
I brought you something.

She takes a framed print of Cyprus from the package.

REBECCA  
Lovely. You're so thoughtful.

NICOSIA CLUB

A Mediterranean garden: PALMS, HIBISCUSES... A POOL, where Irakles wins freestyle. EXPATRIATE COMPETITORS cry "jolly good show" as he kicks to pool-side. Jane, dressed, squats.

JANE  
Hi ya, *Hercule*.

IRAKLES  
Jane!

JANE  
I watched you win last week too.  
(waving her hand)  
Hello, ship to shore. You still there? Over.

IRAKLES  
It's good to see you.

REBECCA'S STUDIO

Rebecca pours from a TEAPOT. Chris reaches for his cup.

CHRIS  
Love hurts.

REBECCA  
Love is the only game where the weaker party wins.

CHRIS  
That makes no sense.

REBECCA  
As we speak, Fulya's letter weeps  
in my *portemonnaie*.

CHRIS  
What?

REBECCA  
My handbag. What happened?

CHRIS  
A Greek attacked Fulya. Irakles  
beat him up.

NICOSIA CLUB

Sunburnt teenagers FELICITY and CHARLIE barge in.

FELICITY  
(to Irakles)  
I'm having a party tonight. Do  
come. Oh, do say yes.

CHARLIE  
Steady on, Felicity. You've  
already invited everyone in sight.  
(to Irakles)  
Cheers, and jolly good, old chap.  
You've a perfectly splendid stroke.  
You're pretty good for a--

IRAKLES  
--Cyp?

FELICITY  
Charlie Trounce, what a horrid  
thing to say.

Jane rises to her feet. Overheated, Charlie wipes his brow.

CHARLIE  
(to Jane)  
I say, are you a Cypriot too?  
Actually, you look more...

JANE  
Jewish?  
(in GREEK)  
(*Piso mou s'echo Satana.*)

ENGLISH SUBTITLE: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

CHARLIE  
Is that Hebrew?



Jane's fluent Greek impresses Irakles.

JANE

Twerp.

IRAKLES

(splashing Charlie)

Be a sport and clear off.

FELICITY

Yes, Charles, do stop your palaver  
and clear off.

(to Jane)

I'm Felicity Goring. What's your  
name?

JANE

Jane.

FELICITY

That was Greek back there, wasn't  
it?

(to Irakles)

And you're Heracles, mighty god of  
thunder, or something. Right?

Charlie hops onto his toes, flails at Irakles.

CHARLIE

I say, get up out of there, you  
sod, and fight like a man!

FELICITY

Don't be so gauche, Charles.

CHARLIE

I insist! Get out of the water.

Irakles springs out of the pool.

IRAKLES

How about a pushup competition, old  
boy? Best man wins Felicity.

Charlie takes a swing. Irakles catches him, twists him to  
his knees, then tweaks him to the cement. A CROWD gathers.

REBECCA'S STUDIO

Rebecca, at the piano, looks at her watch, jumps up.

REBECCA

I need time to primp. I must be in  
Prodhromos in time for dinner.

She takes Chris's hand, pulls him to -

REBECCA'S KITCHEN

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
Pour some red. Two glasses.

She makes for her bedroom. A BOTTLE of BURGUNDY stands on the table. Chris finds glasses, pours, sips. He sees Harry Lawrell's Heliopolis. He flips it open, reads.

HARRY (V.O.)  
"To Rebecca O in memory of  
unsurpassed companionship and  
banter, with highest esteem and  
affection, H.L. N.B. Best relished  
with decanted 1953 Domaine de la  
Romanée-Conti Burgundy (room  
temperature) beside a glowing  
hearth."

He charges to Rebecca's bedroom, BANGS the book on the door.

CHRIS  
I'm coming in!

REBECCA'S BEDROOM

At her dresser, in bra and panties, Rebecca faces her mirror.

REBECCA  
What's wrong?

CHRIS  
You're meeting that disgusting  
Lawrell at the Berengaria Hotel!

REBECCA  
If you're going to keep me company,  
bring the wine in with you.

He SLAMS the book to the floor.

CHRIS  
Fucking know-it-all philosopher-  
poet Harry Lawrell!

He pulls some COINS from his pocket, flicks one at her.

CHRIS  
The pig's married. What can  
I buy for a shilling?

REBECCA  
Chris! Sit down!

He tosses her another coin.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Two shillings. A kiss?  
(empties his pocket)  
Sorry, there's not quite enough  
here for an hour in your bed.

REBECCA  
Get out!

CHRIS  
I'll kill him!

REBECCA  
Get out of my bedroom!

NICOSIA CLUB

Irakles and Charlie are side-by-side, ready for pushups.

IRAKLES  
One of you chaps, say "go" and  
count.

Charlie sets the pace, collapses at "twenty-five." Irakles  
raises his left hand, continues one-handed to "thirty-six."

I/E. REBECCA'S BUNGALOW, FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Anguished, Chris clings to the door-frame.

REBECCA  
Wait!  
(catching up with him)  
You missed me, and you're angry. I  
know. I missed you too. Come  
inside. Please.

He jerks away, hops down the stairs, and runs out the gate.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Come back. Chris! Come back!

EXT. BERENGARIA HOTEL TERRACE/NICOSIA CLUB - AFTERNOON

BERENGARIA HOTEL TERRACE

CROWDED tables, mosaic POOL, pinewood forest. Claire drinks  
tea, Sokratis whiskey. A BAND plays "As Time Goes By."

SOKRATIS

Do you still carry a gun?

CLAIRE

You've had my handbag snatched twice this year. If anyone should know, it's you.

She signals their WAITER for some of what Sokratis drinks.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now can we discuss the baby?

SOKRATIS

In Cyprus, my dear, any natural blonde is considered exotic--

CLAIRE

You gave me the distinct impression you'd adopt it.

SOKRATIS

A woman like you is forgiven her start in one of London's infamous slums -- her background of purse-snatchers, prostitutes, and pimps.

CLAIRE

Fuck you, Sokratis--

SINGER (O.S.)

"It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory,..."

NICOSIA CLUB

"As Time Goes By" continues. On deck-chairs, secluded by hibiscus, Irakles in his swimsuit, Jane in her dress.

SOKRATIS (V.O.)

We had an agreement. No contacts. But you left Jane at the Nicosia Club last week... And there's today to account for.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Alistair took her. They're doing the rounds, saying their good-byes.

Irakles plucks a hibiscus BLOOM, places it over Jane's ear.

JANE

Fulya must be so incredibly nice. I saw her the other night.

IRAKLES

At the cinema? I should've been there too. It's a long story.

BERENGARIA HOTEL TERRACE

Sokratis and Claire drink whiskey, smoke.

SOKRATIS

Too bad Reggie had to die. You'd have become wealthy.

CLAIRE

The baby, fuck you. The baby.

SOKRATIS

It ended up at a convent.

NICOSIA CLUB

IRAKLES

My favorite Klimt is a pregnant girl, a nude, kind of saggy with a sickly skin-tone and emphatic nipples. She was probably unmarried--

She grabs his TOWEL, hides her face in it, SOBS.

SOKRATIS (V.O.)

Unwanted babies are regularly abandoned on the doorsteps of monasteries and nunneries.

BERENGARIA HOTEL TERRACE

CLAIRE

I assumed you'd adopt it.

SOKRATIS

Nothing, no paperwork connects the baby we adopted with the one Jane delivered. The baby's track leads to a death certificate.

NICOSIA CLUB

Irakles comforts Jane, embraces her.

ELENA (V.O.)

Irakles. Joyful news. We have just adopted. A baby. Yes. Come see it. Before you go to England.

IRAKLES

How long did you stay in that village?

JANE

Tighter. Tight as you can...  
Tighter. I want to die.

BERENGARIA HOTEL TERRACE

CLAIRE

Tell me it's alive. Tell me!

SOKRATIS

Yannakis will be by shortly with a letter of credit in your favor. Set yourself up in a decent place.

Their waiter returns with ENVELOPE and PAPER KNIFE on a tray.

WAITER

Excuse me, sir. The courier awaits your response.

Sokratris slits the envelope, takes out papers and carbon copies. He rises to his feet, crinkles through them.

SOKRATIS

(pointing to a table)

A bottle of champagne, Ippolytos. On Mr. Harry Lawrell's table tonight, with my compliments.

NICOSIA CLUB

IRAKLES

Were you in love with him?

JANE

He's dead. That's all that matters.

IRAKLES

What if I told you he was alive?

In panic, Jane leaps to her feet, snatches off her dress.

JANE

Let's go for a swim. I'm boiling.

EXT. BERENGARIA HOTEL, FOREST'S EDGE - NIGHT

CHILDREN scamper among the trees. The band plays "Begin the Beguine." Sokratris and Yannakis stand by the CROWDED terrace.

YANNAKIS  
Fivos Lousides? An easy  
liquidation...and imminent.

SOKRATIS  
And McKay, and Ikonis?

YANNAKIS  
But EOKA, sir... The cease-fire--

SOKRATIS  
Bungled, *Yannaki*. Bungled.

On the terrace, dressed for the evening, Rebecca appears.

YANNAKIS  
(to Sokratis)  
Miss Ouzanian.

Suddenly, Harry Lawrell appears, ushers her from the edge.

SOKRATIS  
Go to reception. Get Miss Ouzanian  
a better room. Next to mine.

YANNAKIS  
I believe the hotel is full.

SOKRATIS  
Inform the manager that I will buy  
the hotel and toss him into the  
street. This property is valuable.  
He isn't.

EXT. BERENGARIA HOTEL, FOREST DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

In the MOONLESS gloom, Sokratis CRUNCHES uphill. A CAR  
slows. "Taxi?" He signals "no." Ahead, he sees a WOMAN.

REBECCA  
Give me a cigarette.

Sokratis advances, offers her a cigarette, lights up too.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
They say that the only thing you  
don't have in common with a reptile  
is that your skin isn't scaly.

SOKRATIS  
I made Fulya Özal a good offer--

REBECCA

You can't afford harm to her, or her family, not after she's been welcomed into your house.

SOKRATIS

I'll write you a cheque tonight.

REBECCA

Does Irakles know of your meeting?

SOKRATIS

Consider it an anonymous donation. Send her to New York.

She opens her handbag and rummages for something. A KEY.

SOKRATIS (CONT'D)

Tell me, if you ran this hotel for me, how would you improve it?

REBECCA

(passing him the key)  
The receptionist, it seems, has switched our rooms.

He takes the key. She turns as if to head to the hotel.

SOKRATIS

Tomorrow--?

REBECCA

Won't be necessary. We have nothing left to discuss.

EXT. PANO VOUNAKI VILLAGE GROCERY - SUNDAY MORNING

Hot and sweaty after a long uphill hike, Irakles, in SHORTS, SUNGLASSES, and Chris, in LONG PANTS, stand in the shade.

CHRIS

I have to pee.

IRAKLES

Squeeze your dick.

A MAN and a DONKEY go by. Two GIRLS peek at Irakles's legs and GIGGLE. Chris bashes his fist against a wall.

CHRIS

Let's get this over with. Go tell Ulu you're looking for Mehmet.



IRAKLES

Hey, Jesus looked more serene on the cross.

CHRIS

Have you read Lawrell's Heliopolis?

IRAKLES

That Egyptian shit about twelve-year-old prostitutes? Lawrell. Is he still your English teacher?

EXT. PANO VOUNAKI VILLAGE CHURCH - LATER

By the church, trimmed in provocative Greek-flag blue.

IRAKLES

I saw Jane.

CHRIS

What?

IRAKLES

At the Nicosia Club... Yesterday.

CHRIS

You had all morning to tell me.

IRAKLES

A celluloid lie.

CHRIS

Why the fuck don't you say things people understand?

EXT. DONKEY-TRAIL TO PANO VOUNAKI - SUNDAY NOON

Across ruts and stones, Stavros, with HAVERSACK, BINOCULARS, and BROWNING, trudges to Pano Vounaki with Father Panaretos.

STAVROS

Did you discuss my mission with Mavropoulos, my mission to move the Kalopetria artifacts to Kykko? The British were waiting for us.

FATHER PANARETOS

Please God, *Kyrios Sokratis* is first and foremost a Greek Cypriot of the highest reputation.

STAVROS

There's not an outhouse on earth  
that doesn't boast a Greek  
motherfucker selling something --  
his product, his skill, or his  
honor. Mavropoulos betrayed us.

FATHER PANARETOS

It's personal, because of his wife.  
Because of you and his wife.

Stavros stops, offer Panaretos a cigarette. They light up.

STAVROS

We split up here, Father. You  
proceed to the village.

FATHER PANARETOS

But we must act together.

STAVROS

I'll follow you with my binoculars.  
Go.

FATHER PANARETOS

If we encounter Fivos, I beseech  
you, let me speak to him first.

STAVROS

Good idea. Find out if he's  
baptized before I rip out his  
throat.

EXT. FULYA'S HOUSE, PANO VOUNAKI - SUNDAY NOON

At the end of the village, where patches of asphalt and  
concrete peter into a storm-gouged track, Chris PISSES  
against an oil DRUM. A piano PLAYS. It's Chopin.

CHRIS

"Fantasie-Impromptu."

IRAKLES

Hurry. Tuck it away.

Irakles BANGS the house's DOORKNOCKER. The playing stops,  
restarts. Irakles knocks again. The piano stops. Birds  
SCREECH, a nearby stream ROARS. Then Fulya's voice in GREEK:

FULYA (O.S.)

(Who is it?)

IRAKLES

It's me. With Christakis.  
 (continuing to knock)  
 I must see you.  
 (cupping his hands to the  
 door)  
 Let's sit down until she opens up.

A bolt CRASHES. The door CREAKS open. Fulya, barefoot, in blouse and skirt, stands in the doorway.

INT. FULYA'S HOUSE, PANO VOUNAKI - CONTINUOUS

Fulya backs away from Irakles and Chris, and says to Irakles:

FULYA

That horrid Sokratis Mavropoulos...  
 You could've warned me. He's your  
 father, isn't he? Isn't he?

Fulya and Chris wait for Irakles's denial. Instead -

IRAKLES

Elena can raise money to send you  
 to England. She wants to meet with  
 Miss Ouzanian at once.

FULYA

(to Chris)  
 Did you know? About his father?

Chris shakes his head. A distant pistol SHOT. Fulya freezes.

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAINSIDE - SUNDAY NOON

Stavros, traversing a precipitous slope, curses, steadies himself against the mountain with his left hand, his only hand. Another SHOT. He fumbles for his BINOCULARS.

STAVROS'S P.O.V. - GLADE (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

In a glade, far below, a SHEEP-PEN, olive trees, a dried-up stream. SHEEP, GOATS, and DOGS stampede.

EXT. TRACK/LEDGE/GLADE/CLIFF - SUNDAY NOON

As this scene unfolds, we become aware of the SOUND of an RAF HELICOPTER, dispatched to intervene. It arrives at climax.

TRACK

Irakles, Chris and Fulya plunge through a herd of GOATS.

FULYA  
Greeks have been killing our flock!

LEDGE

Stavros finds Bambos on the rocky ledge, smoking, watching the commotion below. A STEN GUN lies beside Bambos.

BAMBOS  
You're in big trouble. Real big.

STAVROS  
Fuck you.

BAMBOS  
By order of Dhigenis, I am to bring you in. You will not resist.

TRACK

Fulya approaches a bend, a ridge in the mountainside. Pistol SHOTS, LOUDER, closer. Irakles yanks Fulya to a halt.

FULYA  
Let me go!

She kicks Irakles with her bloodied bare feet. Chris crushes Irakles's fallen sunglasses.

IRAKLES  
See what's around the corner.

Chris creeps ahead, looks around the bend.

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - GLADE - ANIMALS run free. SHEEP BLEAT. GOAT-BELLS JANGLE. DOGS BARK. A PERSON in the dirt.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
Bodies!

RETURN TO TRACK

IRAKLES  
Hold her!

CLOSE-UP ON CHRIS. He braces for action. But what action?

REBECCA (V.O.)  
You'll look after her until she's picked up. Remain by her side.

Fulya SCREAMS, escapes from Irakles, bumps alongside Chris. Irakles dives for her.

LEDGE

Stavros tamps footholds, lifts his binoculars to his eyes.

STAVROS'S P.O.V. - GLADE (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

To the right, eastward, Fivos sits on the edge of a CLIFF. Father Panaretos stands, flailing. Fivos FIRES five PISTOL SHOTS into the glade. The binoculars swing westward to Pano Vounaki, then back to the glade. Some CARCASSES, a pair of CRUTCHES. Two VICTIMS: one lifeless, one CRAWLING. Back to Fivos, reloading, now brandishing his pistol at Panaretos.

BAMBOS (O.S.)  
Our wanker priest has stopped  
Fivos.

TRACK

IRAKLES  
Hold her!

A pistol SHOT. Fulya hooks her fingers into Chris.

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - GLADE - One slumped FIGURE, one CRAWLING.

JANE (V.O.)  
You pathetic coward. You let  
Stavros go to jail for you.

IRAKLES (O.S.)  
Hold her for me, damn you!

RETURN TO TRACK

Chris rips himself free of Fulya, lunges across the track, and tumbles down the mountainside.

LEDGE

STAVROS'S P.O.V. - GLADE (THROUGH BINOCULARS) - Panning eastward. SOMEONE CRASHES through the bushes, BUMPS downward -

GLADE

CHRIS'S P.O.V. - RIPPING through shrubs, SCRAPING over boulders, until - WHACK. Dark.

TRACK

Fulya tries to wriggle from Irakles's grasp. He lets her pull them towards the track's edge. She turns: they're nose to nose. As he trips her, lowers her to her backside:

FULYA  
My fault, all my fault. Dear God,  
it's all my fault.

LEDGE

STAVROS'S P.O.V. - GLADE (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

Plastered with dirt, Chris scrambles onto hands and knees, coughs soil, snorts his nose, forces open his eyelids.

STAVROS (O.S.)  
That's my cousin!

BAMBOS (O.S.)  
It's a Turk. Or communist.

Chris leaps to his feet. Stavros's binoculars flip westward. As Fivos FIRES into the glade:

STAVROS (O.S.)  
God, oh God almighty!

The binoculars swing back to Chris, now zigzagging through the stampeding herd towards the crawling MAN.

RETURN TO LEDGE

Stavros snatches his Browning and points it at Bambos.

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
Shoot Fivos! Shoot him! Shoot or  
I'll kill you!

Bambos grabs his Sten gun, leaps up, spits out his cigarette.

BAMBOS  
Fuck your Christ. Your days of  
giving orders are over.

CLIFF

Panaretos scuffles with Fivos. Fivos shoves him aside.

BAMBOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I say we let Fivos celebrate a few  
more dead Turks. They'll liquidate  
him for us. Then you come with me.

LEDGE

STAVROS  
Shoot Fivos or I'll kill you!

CLIFF

Fivos SHOTS the persistent Panaretos then continues to FIRE into the glade, where -

GLADE

- Chris collides with a goat, scrambles up, only to be hit in the right THIGH by one of Fivos's BULLETS... Falters onward.

BAMBOS (V.O.)  
The Turk's been hit.

LEDGE

Stavros SHOTS. His bullet PINGS the rock inches from Bambos.

BAMBOS (CONT'D)  
Fuck your mother!

Stavros points his Browning into Bambos's face.

STAVROS  
Kill Fivos, you bastard!

BAMBOS  
Out of range!

STAVROS  
Shoot! Shoot now or you're dead!

And Bambos fires his Sten gun: MACHINE-GUN FIRE -

CLIFF

- RAINS deliberately WIDE of Fivos and Panaretos.

TRACK

Fulya SCREAMS and THRASHES in Irakles's arms.

FULYA  
I must see!

GLADE

Chris heaves a BODY towards the sheep-pen...

FULYA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Let me go!

TRACK

DIALOGUE IN PARENTHESIS: TURKISH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

ULU  
 ((*Pusht-pezevenk!* Get off my  
 sister!))

ULU kicks Irakles aside, pins him facedown in the gravel  
 beneath BOOT and SHOTGUN barrel. As Fulya scuttles upright:

FULYA  
 ((Stop it, Ulu, stop! He's not the  
 problem! Stop!))

And Ulu abandons Irakles, and FIRES both barrels at Fivos -

CLIFF

- who scrambles out of sight along with the priest.

TRACK

Fulya dashes down the track to the glade. Ulu reloads.

IRAKLES	ULU (O.S.)
It's dangerous, Fulya. Come back!	((Our fighters are on their way!))

LEDGE

Stavros keeps his Browning trained on Bambos's right ear.

STAVROS  
 Hold your aim! Twitch and you're  
 dead!

GLADE

Irakles in pursuit, Fulya sprints towards the pen where Chris  
 squats with what turns out to be her dead father.

TRACK

VILLAGE TURKS join Ulu with SHOTGUNS, FIRE at Fivos.

CLIFF

Hit, Fivos falls and smashes into the rocky, dry stream-bed.

LEDGE

STAVROS (CONT'D)  
 Fire! Fire again, you bastard!





REBECCA (V.O.)  
 "On that horrible afternoon..."

HARRY  
 I'm still planning to use you as a  
 model for my next novel.

REBECCA  
 Why not use your wife?

Harry stops, tosses back his drink, nods at the guests, and -

HARRY  
 I've had it with necrophilia.

BANGS OUT Jane and Chris's signature piece, the "Barcarolle."

HARRY (CONT'D)  
 Just got off the phone with  
 Alistair. Ruddy massacre. Pano  
 Vounaki. Our master Ikonis, don't  
 you know, having had the misfortune  
 to find himself at the wrong end of  
 EOKA artillery, has earned himself  
 a helicopter flight to hospital.  
 Condition undisclosed...

REBECCA (V.O.)  
 "Condition undisclosed..."

HARRY  
 Another bright future flushed down  
 the toilet. If he has the indecency  
 to die on us, I'll have to rehash  
 the blasted ending to my book--

He BANGS ON as a horrified Rebecca runs out of the ballroom.

INT. PETRINO VILLA, GUEST BEDROOM - LATE SUNDAY NIGHT

REBECCA (V.O.)  
 "I understand the wayfarer's  
 predicament, Schubert's life as a  
 Wanderschaft, his final days. I  
 taste disappointment, isolation,  
 despair. Please God, don't die."

INT. BERENGARIA HOTEL LOBBY - SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Rebecca lies collapsed on a couch. Handkerchief in hand,  
 Sokratis comforts her. Concerned GUESTS hover around.

SOKRATIS

It wasn't supposed to happen like this.

REBECCA

I've been so rude...

SOKRATIS

"Trust a snake before a Jew and a Jew before a Greek, but don't trust an Armenian."

INT. NICOSIA GENERAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - SUNDAY NIGHT

Irakles, his face cut, bruised, stands with Rebecca, still distraught. Nearby, Elena commiserates with Chris's family.

REBECCA (V.O.)

"Fulya's father and brother are dead. Fulya must leave before Cyprus becomes her graveyard too."

EXT. PETRINO VILLA, VERANDAH - PREDAWN MONDAY

Sprawled in a verandah deck-chair, Chris awakens and takes in the PLUSH surroundings in the LAMP-LIGHT: the sandstone columns, the CRASH of the SURF, the CROAKING of the FROGS. Beside him lie CRUTCHES and, on a Persian rug, Lucretia.

REBECCA (V.O.)

"They say you lost a lot of blood but only soft tissue is injured."

EXT. PETRINO VILLA, VERANDAH - PREDAWN MONDAY

CLOSE-UP ON CHRIS'S WATCH. It shows four a.m.

He must have nodded off. He awakes in PAIN, reaches for CODEINE, takes some. Finds an ENVELOPE in his lap, opens it, takes out Rebecca's letter. Delighted, he reads rapidly...

INT. PETRINO VILLA, GUEST BEDROOM - LATE SUNDAY NIGHT

Wistful, the "Barcarolle" plays on a piano while she writes.

REBECCA (V.O.)

"Have you seen Jane's picture in Saturday's paper? She's gorgeous."

EXT. PETRINO VILLA, VERANDAH - PREDAWN MONDAY

Chris scoops Saturday's Cyprus Mail off the floor, looks at -  
CLOSE-UP ON SOCIETY PAGE. Jane, reclining, a pin-up pose.

BRITISH VOICE (V.O.)

"Charming Mrs. Claire Simmons and  
equally delightful stepdaughter,  
Jane, are UK bound Monday. Mrs.  
Simmons, wife of the late Reginald  
Simmons, shone a bright light on  
the social landscape of Cyprus  
since 1955..."

REBECCA (V.O.)

"By the way, I bought you a fancy  
slide rule in Vienna. Complicated-  
looking. Love and hugs, Rebecca."

EXT. CYPRUS MAIL OFFICE, NICOSIA OLD CITY - PREDAWN MONDAY

Nikos's taxi stops, motor running. Passenger Stavros, face  
concealed by a paper, waits as Nikos darts into a building,  
returns with a NEWSPAPER, jumps in and SLAMS the taxi's door -

STAVROS

Ledra Street. Gulbenkian's shop.

EXT. PETRINO VILLA, VERANDAH - PREDAWN MONDAY

ELENA

*Marrons glacés?*

Startled, Chris drops the Cyprus Mail as Elena clangs a TRAY  
onto the table beside him, spilling lemonade.

CHRIS

You spoil me, *Kyria* Elena.

ELENA

Love. True love. Sweetens life's  
bitterness, don't you think? It  
conquers sadness, survives death,  
and confers dignity on everyone.

She pats a serviette into the puddle and whispers:

ELENA (CONT'D)

A visitor. For you. What a to-do.  
The devil tugged at my elbow.  
(the sign of the cross)  
(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)

I have it on the highest authority,  
by the way, that the mystery-man  
they call The Third Man is to be  
whisked out of Cyprus, to Greece.

EXT. LEDRA STREET, ARA GULBENKIAN'S SHOP - PREDAWN MONDAY

Nikos's taxi stops. The shop is shuttered. Nothing to see.

INT. NIKOS'S BLACK TAXI - MOVING - PREDAWN MONDAY

CLOSE-UP ON CYPRUS MAIL FRONT PAGE. "EOKA HORROR: 4 DEAD,  
MYSTERY GUNMAN ESCAPES, By Myles Fenton, staff reporter,  
KYRENIA, Sunday, August 25..."

While Stavros reads VOICE OVER -

- Fivos PICKS OFF Fulya's father and brother in the glade  
among STAMPEDING ANIMALS.

- Bambos, SHOT IN THE HEAD, CRASHES down the mountainside,  
ROLLS to a halt, DEAD.

- ANGRY TURKS DISEMBOWEL Fivos in the dried-up stream-bed.

STAVROS (V.O.)

"The serenity of the tiny mountain  
village of Pano Vounaki lies  
shattered after a bloodbath in a  
dusty olive-glade. Four men are  
dead, two hospitalized. Thanks to  
the timely arrival of an RAF  
helicopter," blah, blah, blah.  
"Colonel Barry Villiers" blah-blah.  
"...in the middle of the glen we  
found three youngsters stacked on  
top of each other. Christakis,  
like a human pincushion, sprawled  
on his friends, bleeding over them  
like a ruddy geyser."

(pause)

"Miss Özal was lucky to escape with  
only lacerations to her feet, Mr.  
Naxiotis with mere scratches..."

Stavros looks up from the newspaper.

STAVROS (CONT'D)

Our final mission.

NIKOS

And everyone will have our blood.  
EOKA, the police, our families. In  
the name of God, make it quick.

EXT. PETRINO VILLA, VERANDAH - DAWN MONDAY

From somewhere inside the villa, a baby CRIES.

ELENA

Abandoned on a monastery doorstep.  
Imagine any mother doing that.

Elena pads into the villa. Chris takes a small two-pronged  
fork and prods a CHESTNUT. He stares at the sticky green  
trail on the plate then peers at the now orange horizon.

REBECCA (V.O.)

"P.S. It's 3:00 am, August 26, and  
I'm coming to return your coins."

CLOSE-UP ON COINS lying on the floor by his crutches.

A door BANGS. Girlish SQUEALS. Lucretia abandons her rug.

ELENA (O.S.)

Would you like breakfast?

Heels CLICKETY-CLACK. A hand stretches through the curtains.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Truce?

EXT. AKROTIRI BAY, LADIES MILE BEACH - DAWN

Fresh sunlight dims Limassol's lights and those of the ATHENA  
QUEEN, a passenger SHIP anchored in the glassy-calm bay.

At the water's edge, his socks, boots, and haversack at hand,  
Stavros sits on the sand scanning Monday's Cyprus Mail.

BRITISH VOICE (V.O.)

"The Governor has ordered an island-  
wide dragnet for the apprehension  
of the terrorist that Greek  
Cypriots have dubbed Tiger."

A distant motor DRONES. He stuffs away the paper, brushes  
sand from his beard, dons his hat, and lights a cigarette.

JANE: sweaty in her long-sleeved football shirt, shorts and running-shoes, sprints ahead of the Land Rover, kicks off her shoes close to Stavros, and flops onto the sand.

ALISTAIR: kills the ignition and watches closely from the Land Rover. On the seat beside him, his hand rests on a GUN.

JANE: doesn't look at Stavros, pulls out a FLASK and drinks. And SOBS. Suddenly, she wipes her eyes, SPRINGS to her feet. She goes to the Land Rover, STRIPS to her swimsuit, then returns, walks up to and stops just behind Stavros.

DIALOGUE IN PARENTHESIS indicates GREEK SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

JANE  
(Have you eaten?)

He flicks his butt into the sea, bows his head so his hat conceals his face and turns and peeks at the Land Rover, then at her PARTED LEGS, just an arm's length away, and -

FLASH IMAGES: Stavros, as he used to be, cocky, eyes Jane on Famagusta beach; makes love to her in Claire's bed...

- nods towards his haversack, gestures "yes." Speaks in GREEK.

STAVROS  
(Why are you so sad?)

An RAF jet skims the bay, DROWNS out her answer.

JANE  
(Do you live around here?)

STAVROS  
(waves vaguely southward)  
Meow.

JANE  
The cat monastery? Among snakes?

He gestures to mimic a snake.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Yuck!

STAVROS  
(Why do you run?)

JANE  
It makes me happy. But you won't see me here any more. I'm leaving.  
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)  
 (pointing at the ship)  
 That's my ship.

His head low, he gestures over his shoulder at Alistair.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Yes, we're all going.

He opens his haversack, touches his Browning, an ENVELOPE, a SWITCHBLADE (unseen by her)... But pulls out a wooden DOVE, rubs it against his forehead, offers it to her. She takes it.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 For me? It's lovely.

STAVROS  
 (To say *adio sas kai kalo taxidi.*)

JANE  
 Did you make it?

He pulls up his pant legs, clamps the cigarette packet between his feet and, with his finger, mimics paring the box.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 (seeing his burn scars)  
 Oh, your poor legs! (What happened to your arm?)

STAVROS  
 (A mountain.)

JANE  
 How awful. (What's your name?)

STAVROS  
 (*Stavrakis.*)

JANE  
 Hang on.

She takes the dove to the Land Rover. "All okay?" Alistair gestures. She frowns at his gun, signals, "Leave me alone," rummages... Finds a PHOTO, writes on the back with a PENCIL.

ALISTAIR  
 Don't be long.

A LONG BLAST from the Athena Queen's horn.

She HURRIES to Stavros, kneels behind him, hands him the photo. She still hasn't seen his face.

CLOSE-UP ON PHOTO. Jane, a pin-up pose, in the Cyprus Mail.



JANE

Do you like it? Look at me.  
Everyone else does.

STAVROS

(You're too beautiful.)

He turns the photo over, looks at the other side. Reads:

STAVROS (CONT'D)

"To Little Stavros with love, Jane  
Simmons, August 1957."

JANE

(touching him)

Now give me your gun. Please,  
dear. I know it's you, I know you  
watched me up in the mountains, and  
I've missed you terribly. You love  
me too, so you mustn't argue. Give  
me your gun. Now. Give it to me.

He hesitates, then reaches for his switchblade.

JANE (CONT'D)

Oh God... Dear God. No gun? Is  
that all you have...? Open it up.

He flicks it open. She takes it. He reaches for his gun.

JANE: moves away, stands tall, holds the knife to her THROAT.

ALISTAIR and STAVROS: guns in hand, slowly stand up.

JANE (CONT'D)

(to Alistair and Stavros,  
knife at her throat)

I'm going for a swim. If either of  
you is hurt when I come back...

She SPLASHES into the sea, into the RISING SUN. She turns,  
knife in hand, faces land, perhaps frightened by what might  
still happen, perhaps deciding whether to return. She wades  
A FEW STEPS towards shore. Stops. Brandishes the knife.

JANE: grief-stricken, turns, STRIKES out, heads seaward.

ALISTAIR and STAVROS: stare at each other, then -

ALISTAIR: holds up an ENVELOPE and sets it on fire.

STAVROS: puts away his gun, brings Jane's picture to his lips  
and packs it into his haversack. One-handed, he pulls on his  
socks, fumbles into his boots, leaves them undone, stands up.

THE CAMERA RISES, ZOOMS OUT revealing Akrotiri Bay, and -

- Jane swimming seaward in a steady crawl
- Alistair sitting in the Land Rover
- the Athena Queen awaiting passengers
- Stavros, haversack on shoulder, looking neither to the right nor to the left, trudging along the beach towards Limassol -
- to the spot where Nikos and his black taxi are waiting for him.

FADE OUT

VOICES PLAY OVER THE CLOSING CREDITS:

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 (a TELEGRAM)  
 HEARD NEWS STOP PROUD BEYOND WORDS  
 STOP LOVE JANE.

IRAKLES (V.O.)  
 I stood at water's edge on the  
 beach. On the horizon, the ship--

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 --What did it look like--?

IRAKLES (V.O.)  
 --Washed orange by the setting sun.  
 Belching cogwheels of smoke, the  
 ship glittered like a diamond  
 adrift in a black sea. Toy-like.  
 Anyway, I jumped up and down like a  
 lunatic and waved but I was just a  
 speck in the crowd.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
 How does Cyprus look from far off?

IRAKLES (V.O.)  
 Arid, dilapidated, washed out. I  
 sent Jane a telegram. I wrote,  
 "CHRIS SENDS LOVE STOP WRITE US  
 STOP BON VOYAGE STOP IRAKLES."

THE END