

"THE AMERICAN DELUGE"

Act 2

"If the mountain won't come to Mohamed, then Mohamed
will go to the mountain."

Written by

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Based on the novel by

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:

TITLE OVER BLACK SCREEN:

This television series is inspired by true events. However, some of the characters, their names, incidents and events, and certain locations and businesses have been fictionalized for dramatization purposes. Any similarities to any person is entirely coincidental and unintentional.

FADE TO:

OVER BLACK SCREEN HEARD WITH GROWING INTENSITY "THE INTERNATIONALE" (THE SOVIET REVOLUTIONARY HYMN)

TITLE OVER:

**"If the mountain won't come to Mohamed, then Mohamed will go to the mountain."
(Old Russian Saying)**

FADE TO:

EXT. BUDAPEST DANUBE RIVER BANK PROMENADE-DAY

Establish panoramic view of Budapest: Danube River, Bridges, Parliament building, Hotels, Office and Residential buildings along the bank.

SUPERIMPOSE: Early Summer, 1948. Three and a half years after Russian Army liberated Budapest from the Nazi occupation.

Emil(now 18) and his friend Mark(18) walking along promenade overlooking the river. At some point, they stop and stand watching the river.

EMIL

I wish I had never seen it. I should've returned home with you that night, Mark.

MARK

What are you talking about, Emil?

EMIL

Every night I go to bed, I still could see the face of that boy. I will never forget his face.

(beat)

Never mind. I will tell you about it one day. We have to look to the future now, not back. How is your studying going on, Mark?

MARK

I decided to try getting into a public university. I think I want to be a science teacher. Besides, you know that as much as I like my late mother's sister and her family, I can't live with them forever. Public schools have dorms. Look, after what we had gone through during the German occupation, anything is good. Half of our school friends had never returned from concentration camps, and we are now talking about college. So are you all set to go to London, Emil?

EMIL

Yep. It seems so. You know how many arguments I had with my father over where to go to study. I still would prefer Moscow, but under the circumstances...

(beat)

Well, I agreed to try getting into a law school in London to study International Law. After all, how I could argue with my father. He is a lawyer. He had secured our survival through the war. He is providing a decent living. Lastly, father promised to support me, at least at the beginning until I find my way around. He has a distant cousin who recently moved to London. The cousin agreed to house me for a while. I am leaving tomorrow, Mark.

MARK

How would you manage to get to London, Emil? The entire Europe is torn apart. Germany is split into four zones. Half of it is Russian.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

The Russians control every border crossing all the way to France.

EMIL

Father secured all necessary papers for me.

MARK

You mean all necessary fake papers? Just like during the occupation?

EMIL

We had survived the war! Hadn't we, Mark?

MARK

I'm sorry, Emil. I was out of place saying that. Please, forgive me.

EMIL

Never mind, Mark. I know how difficult your life is. I really don't care what papers I get. As long as I could safely get to London.

(beat)

I'll write you as soon as I settle down. Well, I have to go, Mark.

They hug. Mark walks away leaving Emil standing alone, staring at the dark water. Images come in front of his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DANUBE RIVER BANK, BELOW PARLIAMENT BUILDING-NIGHT

(Same as in 'Pilot')

Screams heard down by the water. The Hungarian Nazi collaborators 'Arrow Crossers' beat people with their rifle butts, screaming obscenities at them. The moon comes out lighting the yellow Jewish stars on people's clothes. They are lined up along the water's edge. Emil sees them taking their shoes off. They are tied in pairs with ropes: men, women, children; young and old. Then they are shot at a close range. Some are still standing up, supported by another person still alive. They are pushed with rifle butts into the lapping water, and carried away by a strong current. Emil sees a boy tied up to a man. The man is facing the river and the boy, about Emil's age, looking straight up at his killers.

The man manages to drag himself to the very edge and jumps down in the darkness, carrying the boy on his back with him. Shots fired and bullets hit the water. One of the men starts singing loud a Jewish prayer.

JEWISH MAN

Sh'ma Yis'ra'eil Adonai Eloheinu
Adonai Echad. Hear, Israel, the
Lord is our God, the Lord is One.

Men, women pushed down in the water, but every time, a new voice picking up the prayer, until everyone is gone. He sees one more time the boy's horrified, wide-open eyes. Boys face blurring out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAPEST DANUBE-RIVER BANK PROMENADE-DAY

Emil staring down at the dark river waters carrying away his visions.

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON'S BLUE-COLLAR NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY

Establish a London's working-class neighborhood with rows of grimy, attached brick houses. No trees or parks.

SUPERIMPOSE: Fall, 1948. London, Hampstead Neighborhood

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Emil sitting at the kitchen table of a tiny house. A woman (mid-30s) busy tending to kitchen chores moving around Emil submerged in his studies.

EMIL COUSIN'S WIFE

Emil, how much longer do you intend to stay here with us? Your dad asked for a few weeks. We are going on some months now. Your cousin would never say it to you, but I will. Look Emil, he is never home, working two jobs, taking English classes and preparatory courses to confirm his medical degree from Hungary. I am busy up to my eyeballs with our two small kids.

(MORE)

EMIL COUSIN'S WIFE (CONT'D)

There isn't any room in the house,
no privacy for us. And for you,
too.

EMIL

I understand, but it has been just
one month since I got here. All
this time, I have been busy looking
for a school to enroll. You know
it. I am hardly here. Look, I got
accepted already into "The South
London Polytechnic Institute." I
was going to continue looking for a
better school. But under the
circumstances...

EMIL COUSIN'S WIFE

I thought your father wanted you to
study law. He...

EMIL

Yes. I thought that too. Except, I
don't have time to look any longer.
The fall semester is about to
start. I can't afford to miss the
whole semester. I befriended two
lads who were applying for studies
there. They promised to help with a
job. Please, let me stay for a few
more weeks. It won't be too long.
You won't see me even here. I will
come just to sleep when you are all
in bed already. I will be gone
before you get up. I promise. I
need a few more weeks.

EMIL COUSIN'S WIFE

I thought that "South London" was a
school for low income people to
learn a trade.

EMIL

Yes. It is, but they offer law for
paralegals. Once I will get the
studies on the way, I'll try to
work my way up to a better
university. Father agreed to cover
school expenses, but I wouldn't
expect him to cover my living
arrangements. I just need another
month and I will get out of your
hair.

FADE TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS-EVENING

Establish a small college campus near London's Waterloo train station, red-brick academic buildings. A building with sign "Library"

SUPERIMPOSE: Spring, 1950. "The South London Polytechnic Institute."

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

A few students scattered around, studying at tables with table lamps covered with shades. Emil is one of them. Two men approaching his table: Sergey (52) and Igor(45). For awhile, the men stand next to Emil's table. Emil doesn't pay any attention. Finally, Sergey speaks with a heavy Russian accent.

SERGEY

Emil? Aren't you Emil?

Emil is startled, lifts his head and studies two men. He does not recognize them.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Are you going to invite us to sit down?

EMIL

Yes, yes please.

Both men pull chairs from other desk and sit down across from Emil

SERGEY

Your father sends his regards. He is very proud of you.

Emil looked surprised.

EMIL

My father? You know my father?

SERGEY

Yes, of course... How improper of us. Allow me to introduce ourselves first. My name is Sergey, and this is Igor. Well, your father mentioned that he told you once about me. It was a long time ago.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)

It was thirty years ago when I first met your father, should I say, under rather strenuous circumstances. I may even say that I saved his life back then. We had been friends ever since..

Sweat starts running down Emil's face. He is gasping for air almost fainting. His face is pale. Igor runs to the front desk and returns with a glass of water. Librarian is behind. Sergey refers to her.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Everything is OK. Don't worry.

Turning back to Emil.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Look, Emil. I apologize to be so sudden. Perhaps, we can go out and have supper somewhere nearby?

EMIL

No! NO! I am not going anywhere with you until I speak to my father first!

SERGEY

Fair enough. Would you like to telephone him now? We can call from a public phone or from a hotel near the Waterloo Station. We will pay, of course.

All three get up and walk out of the library. Emil carries a stack of books in his hands.

EMIL

Gentlemen, please wait for me outside. I must turn these books in. It will be only a moment.

Emil slows down letting Segey and Igor walk out of the room. He leans over the counter and whispers to librarian.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Please, don't panic. If I don't show up tomorrow morning at the opening, please go to the police.

Librarian is terrified.

EMIL (CONT'D)

I am going with those two gentlemen across the street to the hotel.
(MORE)

EMIL (CONT'D)

They invited me to have supper together. They are friends of my father's. But just in case, I will make sure that the hotel people will see me there with them, too.

Igor sticks his head inside the door. Librarian pretends checking in the books.

LIBRARIAN

It will be just another moment, sir. Your young friend reads a lot.

Igor disappears. She whispers back to Emil.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you want to go with them? I can call the Bobbies now. They will be here in no time. I can pretend and make it look that I am working on your books.

Emil shakes his head.

EMIL

Yes. I will go now. But please, remember what I said to call the cops tomorrow.

Emil exits library.

CUT TO:

EXT. SQUARE IN FRONT OF RAILWAY STATION-NIGHT

Establish view of Waterloo rail station. Building with sign "Wellington Hotel"

All three cross square to the hotel and enter.

FADE TO:

INT. LOBBY OF THE HOTEL-NIGHT

Sergey walks to the front desk and hands a clerk a piece of paper. The men settle down in the lobby lounge. A waiter comes to take drink order. Emil shakes his head. Waiter brings two glasses of Scotch. A phone rings in a booth by the far wall.

SERGEY

This is for you, Emil. Go on. Go on. Talk to your dad.

Emil enters telephone booth. Lifts up receiver, but didn't say anything.

FATHER (O.S.)
I expected your call, son. I suspect that you had some visitors today. Didn't you, Emil?

Emil takes his time to answer.

FATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you there, Emil?

EMIL
Yes. They came.

FATHER (O.S.)
Look, Emil, I tried. I honestly tried to protect you from them.

EMIL
Yes, Father, I see it now.

FATHER (O.S.)
Last week, Sergey had paid me a visit. By now, I have been working for them for thirty years, with just one major interruption for the war. I secretly hoped that by sending you off to England, I could spare you from the Soviets. I hoped I could distance you from myself and had you start a new life, free from my past. Now you can understand why I was against you going to Moscow to study.
(beat)
It didn't work out quite the way I envisioned your future, son. Emil, just take what those men have to offer. Would you, son?

EMIL
OK, Father.

Emil exits the booth and walks to two men happily drinking in the lobby lounge. Emil's head is down, he almost crying. Sergey, seeing Emil approach, gets up and puts his hand around Emil's shoulder.

SERGEY
Now that you spoke to your father, let's have supper. They have a great restaurant in here.

Emil removes Sergey's arm from his shoulder.

EMIL
I am not hungry.

SERGEY
Emil, we have some things to talk over. Let us eat. You won't regret. I bet you are tired of your student dining hall by now.

All walking through the lobby to the restaurant's glass door with name "The Last Supper". They walk in and shown to their table. Cognac bottle appears. Emil declines the drink. Sergey orders for everybody. Food is brought out. Emil doesn't touch it. He stares out with empty look, as if he isn't there. The Russians are in good mood, drinking.

SERGEY (CONT'D)
There is a Russian saying 'If the mountain won't come to Mohamed, then Mohamed will go to the mountain.'

Emil, irritated, interrupts him.

EMIL
This is not the Russian saying! Everything have to be Russian with you. I suppose you never heard of Francis Bacon. They probably don't teach that at your schools.

Sergey looks amused, and winks at Igor.

SERGEY
The only bacon I know is the one served for breakfast. These English bastards are good at it. Love their bacon: smoked, crisp and crunchy!

He leaks his fingers and sends a kiss into the air.

EMIL
That's what I thought about your schools.

Sergey seems ignoring Emil's contempt.

SERGEY
Well, comrade, bacon or no bacon, in your case, it worked the other way around. You couldn't go to the mountain, the mountain had to come to you.

(MORE)

SERGEY (CONT'D)

I heard that you once wanted to go study in Moscow. (beat)

That proverbial mountain has arrived to your doorstep. It is here now. You don't have to travel too far. Besides, I heard that you started hating studying law.

(beat)

What would you say if I offered you to study at 'The London School of Economics'? Would you like it? I bet you would! Who wouldn't?

Sergey pours now all three glasses full of Cognac. He puts one in front of Emil and lifts up his. Emil keeps quiet but Sergey piqued his attention.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Then, LSE it is! To the new student of 'The London School of Economics'!

Sergey and Igor gulped their Cognac.

EMIL

Hold on! Hold on! You couldn't be serious... LSE? You are not kidding... Are you? The London School of Economics? How in the world could I get in that most prestigious institution reserved for the top society? I am just a poor schlepper from Budapest?

SERGEY

Yes, Emil. That one - just across the Waterloo Bridge from here. We thought it would be much closer for you than going all the way to Moscow.

EMIL

But! But the money? Where would I get the money? ... And everything else...

Sergey refills his and Igor's glasses with Cognac.

SERGEY

An American comrade of mine once said to me paraphrasing their saying "Once you go 'red,' you never come back!" It doesn't rhyme quite as well as the original saying, but it captures the essence. My dear comrade Emil, if I can call you that. Let me worry about the money. Your job now is to finish your finals at this dump and apply to LSE to start the fall semester. Everything is so timely. If you get in...
 (beat)
 What am I saying?! Of course, you'll get in! You are a genius, or so your father said.

Sergey lifts his glass up, Igor too. Emil reluctantly follows.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

To The London School of Economics, and its newest student, then!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON COMMERCIAL AREA-DAY

Establish busy main commercial street with large banks and companies occupying buildings.

SUPERIMPOSE: Winter, 1951. London. The Strand.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT-DAY

Emil and Igor (*younger of two Russians*) having lunch. Igor pours from a bottle of Scotch in his glass, offers Emil. He shakes his head. Igor alone lifts up his glass.

IGOR

As comrade Sergey said, it wasn't a question of IF, it was WHEN! When you start studying at 'The London School of Economics.' Cheers!

Igor empties his glass and puts it down.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Time flies, comrade. Time flies. You are half-way through with the studies already, Emil. But you don't look happy. I see you are struggling. Let me guess. I know that many of your English student-pals get some help from the government. I understand that you applied, too. Tough luck, you are not a citizen. You are not going to get any grants. Do I understand it right?

EMIL

Pretty much.

IGOR

Then why wouldn't you ask?

EMIL

Ask for what?

IGOR

For help, Emil? For help! I know you still rooming with your old buddies from the Polytech and working odd jobs in the neighborhood.

Emil nods in agreement

EMIL

Igor, we have been having these meetings for almost two years now. You seemed never been interested in my life outside the school. You always asked about people I met, and any friends I made. You asked about my teachers and visiting lecturers. Why do you care now? What difference does it make where I live? I still manage.

IGOR

Look, I'm here to help you. We decided to pay you a small stipend. You wouldn't be able to move to the Kensington Gardens on it, but it would be enough to cover your living needs, if I may suggest, in Hammersmith.

EMIL
Why Hammersmith, Igor?

IGOR
Our embassy is just around the corner from there. I wouldn't mind a half-hour walk to our meetings instead of taking that dreadful Tube. Besides, you would be just a short commute from your school, too.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON CITY AIRPORT-DAY

A private jet touches down and rolls towards airport terminal.

SUPERIMPOSE: January 23, 2009. London City Airport.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE JET-DAY

Joe lying down, in his chair. Eyes closed. Secretary wakes him up.

SECRETARY
Sir, we just landed in London City Airport. Would you like to go straight back home to Belgravia?

JOE
That would be perfect. I am a bit tired. All that excitement. First, the Inauguration in Washington, then a transatlantic flight to Moscow. Now back to London. And all in one day. It seems never ends.
(beat)
On the second thought, tell the driver I'd like to make one stop on the way - Portugal Street in the City.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER IN LONDON-DAY

Establish busy London City business district. Among power of money and wealth is tucked a quiet street lined up with old brick buildings. New glass-and-concrete constructions rising scattered around.

SUPERIMPOSE: January 23, 2009. Portugal Street, The London School of Economics

Drizzling. Joe's Rolls Royce stops at the curb in front of an old brick building. Bodyguards and Joe's secretary rush out of the car. Secretary holds umbrella over Joe exiting the car. Joe stands by his limo wearing just his suit with two bodyguards at his sides.

SECRETARY

Sir, may I suggest you grab your coat. It is much warmer in London than it was this morning in Moscow, but it is still January.

JOE

You know I went to this school a lifetime ago, fifty-eight years ago. I still remember it like yesterday - a cheerless place, tucked away in the back streets, and reminding of the head office of a shipping company.

School bell rings. Students start piling out of classes and filling the narrow street. Joe turns to his secretary.

JOE (CONT'D)

I was fortunate to learn from the best. My first professor was Friedrich Hayek. He opened my eyes on many things. Before him, I had never heard anyone challenging Marxism. He had challenged Socialism, too. What stuck with me forever was that he had guts to challenge governments standing in the way of an individual. He predicted the collapse of the Soviet Union, based on a simple notion that such a huge bureaucracy wouldn't be able to manage its own crises. It would collapse on itself, and under its own weight. Too bad, the professor didn't last for too long. He had to move to America, to Chicago. America was the only place where the professor could be understood at that time.

Joe makes a short walk along the building. Both bodyguards follow with the Secretary holding umbrella over him. Joe points to a corner window.

JOE (CONT'D)

Well, see that window up there. It was my next professor's office, Lionel Robbins. He was second only to Hayek. The most I loved about Robbins was that he didn't mince words criticizing another famous economist of that time - John Maynard Keynes. I hope they taught it in your school. Where did you go, again?

SECRETARY

Yale, Sir.

JOE

Yale. Oh yes, of course. I remember it now from your resume. You came with very good credentials. Then, you would certainly know that Keynes was very big on governments. His most known saying was, 'Governments should solve problems in the short run rather than waiting for market forces to do it in the long run, because, in the long run, we are all dead.' Hard to argue with his logic, but I thought that he was wrong. So did my teacher, professor Robbins. I did my final paper on free-market economy. In today's universities, they wouldn't let me graduate with what I wrote at the end of my paper? I concluded that Capitalism had won! Money! Money! And more Money move the world.

SECRETARY

Sir, your jacket is getting wet.

JOE

I wonder if they even teach that nowadays... I bet Keynes must be on top of their list. He is the 'King of Recessions.' America just had fallen in the deepest shithole they dug themselves in. Europe is going down even faster. Well, there is a lot of money to be made.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

(beat)

What is that fellow's name? The president's closest guy? The Israeli? I have to give him a credit. He put it really well: 'Don't let any crisis go wasted...' or something like that. There is lots of money to be made.

SECRETARY

Perhaps, sir, we should go. You can catch cold with this weather.

JOE

I tell you what. Let's make one more stop. Take me to Nickolas Lane in the City.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-DAY

Establish busy London City business district. A quiet street, almost an alley squeezed by modern buildings. Joe's car stops at the curb. He is getting out. The rain stopped.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-MORNING

Same alley as above, half-century before. Old brick buildings line up the sides. No modern constructions.

SUPERIMPOSE: Fifty-six years before. January 2, 1953.
Nickolas Lane. London City

Emil dressed in a cheap tweed jacket over cheap pants stands in front of the massive wooden door. A bronze plaque reads "Maxwell & Maxwell" He hesitates and finally enters.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-MORNING

Emil opens an office door. Room is filled with rows of desks disappearing into dusty end. Behind each desk is a person working an adding machine, surrounded by stacks of folders. They all look the same wearing sleeve protectors. A middle-aged man gets up to greet him.

MR. COLLINS

They say that those adding machines are going to be things of the past soon. They are on the way out. We are getting some American miracle, an electronic wonder! They call them computers. I couldn't imagine they would ever replace my men! Nonsense! Those self-confident Yankees! They think they figured out everything. Nonsense! I am Mr. Collins, by the way.

Emil shakes his hand. They walk to an old, empty desk with piles of folders.

MR. COLLINS (CONT'D)

Here is your desk, laddie. I expect you to make some sense out of that stack by the end of the day. Do not hesitate with your questions. Let's get to work. Let us see what you can do.

Walking away, turns to Emil.

MR. COLLINS (CONT'D)

Oh! You come highly recommended. To get hired by our firm fresh out of school is like to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth. Well, in your case, laddie, I heard that one of the Maxwells happened to be your Professor Robbins' former students.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-DAY

Establish a residential neighborhood with two-story houses lining green streets, mixed with small restaurants and shops.

SUPERIMPOSE: March, 1953. London. Hammersmith Neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-DAY

Emil walks in. Igor is a drunk mess. Emil had never seen Igor in that condition before. Igor is loud.

IGOR

Sit down, my friend. Sit down.

Igor gets up, guides Emil to his chair. Then he moves his chair close to Emil's and puts his heavy arm around Emil's shoulders. Almost whispering.

IGOR (CONT'D)

I have a bad news, comrade. I have a bad news. My father has died last night. Our father has passed away last night.

EMIL

I am so sorry to hear about your father, Igor. My deepest condolences to you. I am really sorry.

IGOR

You don't understand, Emil. Our father, our comrade Stalin passed away. He was like father to me. He was like father to the entire world. You can't understand that, but you must!

Igor fills up both glasses with vodka, spilling over the top.

EMIL

Igor, you know I don't drink vodka, but today I will. If not for your "father", I wouldn't be sitting here. I wouldn't be alive, at all. The entire Jewish community of Budapest wouldn't exist if not for the Russian Army. Sorry for your loss, Igor. To our liberty!

The food is brought. They eat in silence. Igor keeps drinking without Emil. They don't finish their food, get up and walk out on the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-EVENING

Emil's Hammersmith neighborhood street (*same as before*). Emil follows Igor along the street. Then stops.

EMIL

I have never been drunk before,
until this night. We should've
finished the dinner. How foolish of
us. I have to sit down, Igor.
Please.

Emil sits on front steps of a nearby house. After a brief
break.

IGOR

There is an Irish pub around the
corner. C'mon, lets go, comrade.

Igor puts his arm around Emil's shoulders and pulls him
forward down the street. They walk, supporting each other, to
a pub and enter.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON PUB-NIGHT

Igor and Emil sit themselves at the counter. The business is
slow. Bartender is happy to have someone to chat with.

EMIL

His father passed away last night.

BARTENDER

Drinks on the house, everyone!

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-MORNING

Emil's Hammersmith neighborhood street(*same as before*) with
rows of two-story houses.

CUT TO:

INT. EMIL'S GROUND-FLOOR APARTMENT-MORNING

The alarm clock goes off. Emil turns a few times, and finally
wakes up.

EMIL

Igor! Igor! Get up. I can't be late
for work.

Emil realizes that the couch is empty. Igor is gone.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-DAY

Emil's neighborhood street(*same as before*).

SUPERIMPOSE: One month later. April 1953. London. Hammersmith Neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-DAY

Emil walks in. Stops searching for Igor. Igor is not there. Emil settles at the usual table in the corner. He orders a beer. An hour gone by - still no Igor. Emil orders a soup, then a main course. He constantly checks his watch. Another hour is gone. Emil pays and leaves the place wondering if something happened to Igor.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-DAY

Emil's neighborhood street(*same as before*).

SUPERIMPOSE: Another month later. May 1953. London. Hammersmith Neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-DAY

Emil walks in. He repeats the previous month routine and leaves wondering why Igor didn't show up again.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON COMMERCIAL AREA-DAY

Establish busy main commercial street with large banks and companies occupying buildings.

SUPERIMPOSE: One more month later. June, 1953. London. The Strand.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL DOWNTOWN RESTAURANT-DAY

Emil walks in. He repeats the previous month routine and leaves, now worrying why Igor didn't show up here too.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-DAY

Emil's neighborhood street(*same as before*).

SUPERIMPOSE: Another month later. July 1953. London. Hammersmith Neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-DAY

Emil walks in. Stops searching for Igor. Unfamiliar, well-dressed man(mid-30s)gets up from their usual table. He walks to Emil and greets him with not-accented English.

VICTOR

Emil? Isn't it?

Emil nods. He is at loss.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Hello, my name is Victor. I am afraid Igor will not be joining us today. And for any time soon, for that matter. He got called back to the motherland. I will be your 'Igor' from now on. Let us sit down. I got the table you like.

Both walk to the table and sit down. Victor pours two full glasses of Scotch from a started and look-expensive bottle. He hands one glass to Emil.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To our friendship! To many years to come, Emil! Cheers!

Victor gulps his Scotch while Emil barely touches his.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Yeah! A good one, hah! Macallan's! The best whiskey money can buy. Barley, what makes it smooth.

Victor refills his glass.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Don't be shy, Emil. Drink up!
Single malt. They don't full around
mixing it with some crap. This one
sat for twelve years in oak sherry
cask. They bring them from Jerez in
Spain. Together with barley, those
barrels make it so smooth. One day,
I should take you to their
distillery in Moray, in Scotland.

Victor drinks his Scotch. He searches through his pockets and
hands an envelope to Emil.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Before I forget. Those are for the
three months we owe you, comrade.
Don't think we would leave you high
and dry. Friends don't forget
friends.

They order and eat dinner. Emil didn't say a word through the
entire time.

EMIL

What happened to Igor? He was so
upset after the death of his
'father'.

VICTOR

Well, after so many years of heroic
service to his motherland, he got
promoted. Let us wish him well,
Emil.

EMIL

I liked him. Perhaps, he reminded
me of an older brother I have never
had. I am sorry to see him go. I am
going to miss him.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-NIGHT

London City business district now deserted late at night. A
quiet street, almost an alley, squeezed by old brick office
buildings (*same as before*). A bronze plaque on one entrance
reads "Maxwell & Maxwell"

SUPERIMPOSE: Spring, 1954. Nickolas Lane, London City

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE-NIGHT

Emil working late. Everyone gone home. Mr. Collins and Mr. Maxwell(60s) approach Emil from the back. Emil busy with work doesn't hear them.

MR.MAXWELL

I hope we are not interrupting anything?

Emil startled and surprised. Mr. Collins rushing to Emil's help.

MR. COLLINS

Mr. Maxwell, please forgive this young colleague of ours. We are simple beancounters. No one from this floor could expect to come in contact with you or your brother.

MR.MAXWELL

Mr. Collins tells me what a great job you're doing, young man. They brought you up well in your country. It would be a shame to take you away from Mr. Collins. Wouldn't it?

Emil's face becomes pale. He manages to squeeze a few words, though.

EMIL

Are you firing me, sir?

Turns to Mr. Collins.

EMIL (CONT'D)

Mr. Collins, what did I do wrong?

MR.MAXWELL

Not at all, young man! Not at all! Well, I remember that when you first joined us over a year ago now, you wanted to get into brokerage. I hope you did not change your mind. It's been a while. Isn't it?

(MORE)

MR. MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Well, we have a junior position opened in the 'Currencies.' Of course, if you prefer to stay here, Mr. Collins would be only happy to keep you.

MR. COLLINS

Young laddie, I suggest you should give it a try, at least. I will take you back any time you want to return.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-DAY

London City business district. A quiet street, almost an alley squeezed by modern buildings (*same as before*).

SUPERIMPOSE: January 23, 2009. Nickolas Lane. London City

Rain stopped. Joe standing with his secretary by his limo with two bodyguards at his side. Joe refers to his secretary.

JOE

It's where it all had started. Hard to imagine... "Maxwell & Maxwell" once was in this building. Somewhere, three floors up, over there was the "Currencies Unit," hidden behind heavy doors with an armed guard standing in front of it. Hard to imagine... Why the hell that guard stood by that door? Nothing was going on in there anyway when I first walked in.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY-MORNING

Emil can't wait for the elevator, impatiently pushes the button, then runs two-steps-at-a-time up to the third floor.

SUPERIMPOSE: Spring, 1954. "Maxwell & Maxwell." Nickolas Lane, London City.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE DOOR-MORNING

The door with a plaque "Currencies Unit." The guard greets Emil, opens heavy door, and closes it quietly behind him. Emil enters office. A balding man(40) comes up to greet him.

LUCAS

I am Lucas. You must be that lad from Accounting Mr. Maxwell sent to assist me. I am drowning in work. Hope you are as good as they promised me.

They walk to a desk next to Lucas's. The desk faces narrow and always-dark Nickolas Lane.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Well, all the magic will happen here. Your job to collect prices of different currencies around Europe and compare their values in relation to the US dollar. I'll do the rest. In no time, you will be a master of the world currencies.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Emil walks out of his office. Guard closes door behind him with plaque "Currencies Unit."

SUPERIMPOSE: Fall, 1954. "Maxwell & Maxwell." Nickolas Lane, London City.

Emil waits for the elevator down, then decides to walk the stairs. Passing the first floor, he runs into Mr. Collins walking out of his office.

MR. COLLINS

Hey, Laddie! Long time no see! How are you? Setting the world on fire, yet?

EMIL

Mr. Collins! Good evening, sir. How timely. I was thinking to ask you to take me back.

MR. COLLINS

What a surprise, Emil! I have never seen people moving from upstairs back down to my dungeon to count other people's money. Not very exciting. Is it? I tell you what. Mrs. Collins is on the town tonight with her gal-friends. Why don't we walk to a pub around the corner. They have great fish-n-chips. We can talk it over there in quiet.

FADE TO:

INT. LOCAL PUB-NIGHT

Mr. Collins and Emil drinking beer with fish-n-chips.

MR. COLLINS

Well, Laddie, tell me what's going on. I heard you work for the best lad in the business, Lucas. Why are you looking so unhappy?

EMIL

I think the best way to put it would be, it is not what I expected. It is very quiet. I mean the world of trading currencies is very quiet. There is nothing going on, nothing happening. I am sure you've heard of "The Bretton Woods Accord."

MR. COLLINS

I certainly heard of it. I am not diverse in details. It is not my cup of tea, so to speak.

EMIL

One thing I learned for sure, Mr. Collins, it doesn't make any sense. Every day, I collect prices of different currencies around Europe and compare their values. The problem is that there is no problem! There is nothing to compare. Every major European currency is tightly tied to the American dollar thanks to "The Bretton Woods Accord." There is almost no fluctuations between currencies.

(MORE)

EMIL (CONT'D)

And, there is no way to make any money on that difference! No wonder I never liked John Maynard Keynes since my days at The London School of Economics. His ghost came back from the grave to get in between me and my making any money. What I mean here, governments made that stupid accord, that agreement, to peg or tie their sovereign money to the US dollar.

MR. COLLINS

Perhaps, Emil, you should give it some more time and look into it deeper. There must be a reason why the Maxwell brothers keep your department still running.

EMIL

You know, Mr. Collins, I tried to understand why every country's currency had to be tied to the dollar. Are those countries not free? Are they not a part of the free world? Why had they given up their own money? The answer came unexpectedly. It was simple and sobering. I know an American fellow from the fourth floor - from "The Equity Trading." He put it this way, pardon my French, "We had freed you bastards from the Nazis. Had we not? We have been pouring our dollars in your f****g rebuilding! Have we not? Then shut the f**k up and love it!"

MR. COLLINS

Those Yankees! They are so direct, and... arrogant. Well, sometimes it gets through faster. Don't you think?

EMIL

Perhaps, I should ask to transfer me to "Equities," Mr. Collins, if you can't take me back. I know it could be a risky request on my part. To get in "Equities" is almost impossible, I heard. They can fire me all together. Can they?

MR. COLLINS

Emil, I like you and want to see you succeed. My department should be your last resort, if nothing else wouldn't work out. My advise, stick with "the Currencies" for awhile. Work close with Lucas. He won't let you down.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-DAY

London City business district. A quiet street, almost an alley squeezed by modern buildings (*same as before*).

SUPERIMPOSE: January 23, 2009. Nickolas Lane. London City

Joe still standing with his secretary by his limo with two bodyguards at his side.

SECRETARY

Sir, you just said that it's where it all had started. What had started?

JOE

"Maxwell & Maxwell" brokerage was in this building once. You see those windows up on the third floor? The "Currencies Unit" was there. I think I am ready to go home now.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Half a dozen men sitting behind their desks talking on the phones and taking notes. Emil is one of them.

SUPERIMPOSE: Spring, 1955. London City. "Maxwell & Maxwell" Currencies Unit.

Emil gets up and comes to Luca's desk separated in a small cubicle by the window. Lucas is busy with paperwork. Emil knocks and asks to come in to talk. Lucas waves him in. He pushes on the floor a pile of papers from a chair next to his desk.

LUCAS

Make it quick. The markets are still open. It is not even 4:30 yet. Anyway, please sit down. What's on your mind, Emil?

Emil sits down, but hesitates.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

C'mon, Emil! What's going on?

EMIL

Lucas, I want to ask you to do me a favor. Can you help me to get on the fourth floor.

LUCAS

You want to see how Equity boys work? Is that it? It is a mad house up there. They are all a little nuts. I can arrange it for you. Lunch time is the best to go in there. The trading slows down, but only till about 2:30 in the afternoon. Once the New York market opens, forget about it. It is a mad house all over again.

EMIL

Lucas, I am afraid I didn't ask it the right way. I would like to be one of them mad-boys trading equities.

LUCAS

Oh... I see. Look Emil, that has been the story of my life. This quiet swamp hasn't bothered me till recently. It has become almost unbearable lately for me too. There is no action in the money markets. But something big is brewing. Something big is about to happen. Trust me! I have been doing currencies for many years, and I have not seen anything like it this time around. We got so many dollars piled up in Europe that something is going to give. Hang on for awhile. Do me a favor.

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

If it doesn't work out, I promise to help you. I know someone up there. I promise, Emil.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-EVENING

Emil's residential neighborhood(*same as before*).

SUPERIMPOSE: Summer 1955. London. Hammersmith Neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-EVENING

Emil, agitated, walks in. Victor, through half-bottle of Scotch already, greets Emil and pours into his glass.

VICTOR

What's the matter, comrade? You seem ready to kill someone. Sit down, have a drink, relax.

Emil calms down, but gets quickly agitated again once started talking.

EMIL

Victor, all my dreams went down the toilet. I wanted to become a trader. Instead, they put me into the Currencies. There is nothing to trade there, there is nothing going on. You would understand it-you went to Cambridge. After the war, they had tied every European currency to the American dollar. There is almost no fluctuations between currencies. And, there is no way to make any money!

Emil pours himself some Scotch and gulps it, to Victor's great astonishment. Victor have never seen Emil pouring Scotch before.

VICTOR

Slow down, comrade. I know very little about it. You need to tell me more.

EMIL

Look Victor. The mechanics are quite simple. They call it arbitrage. In a layman's terms, it means buying in one market and selling in another and hope for a profit along the way. All day long, I search for a downtrend, even a tiniest movement, say in French Franc. Then I buy them at "Paris Bourse" paying US Dollars. Then I sell them, say at Berlin's exchange for Deutsche Marks. Then I sell it back in London for Dollars or British Pounds. Here is the sad kicker! All those currencies are tied to the US Dollar, the profit is very small, but the labor is tedious and boring. I am still struggling to understand why every country's currency had to be tied to the US dollar ten years after the war. Are European countries not free? Why they don't stand up for their own money?

VICTOR

Oh, boy! That one is real simple. One didn't have to go to The London School of Economics. Don't tell me we had spend all that money on your tuition for nothing.
(beat)
You should guess it yourself by now.

EMIL

I suppose I can "guess" the answer. Big government in the way of everything.

VICTOR

Bingo! We control half of Europe, and the Yankees control the other half. To the victor belongs the spoils, comrade. Do you know who said that?

EMIL

I suppose some Roman dude after conquering another land.

VICTOR

Nope! It was a US Senator, Senator Marcy from New York, who said that after Andrew Jackson won the election in 1828.

EMIL

Good for you, Victor. The Russian government spent their money well sending you to Cambridge, I suppose. Regardless, I can't take it anymore. Tomorrow, I will ask to transfer me to "Equity Trading" floor! Lucas promised to help.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-MORNING

London City business district(*same as before*), busy now. A quiet street, almost an alley, squeezed by old brick office buildings. A bronze plaque on one entrance reads "Maxwell & Maxwell"

SUPERIMPOSE: Summer, 1955. Nickolas Lane. London City

Emil dressed in light-brown wool vest, matching pants and the tweed jacket enters the massive wooden door.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-MORNING

Emil enters elevator. Pushes button with Number 4 to go up to the coveted fourth floor for the first time.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-MORNING

Emil walks to a door with sign "Equity Trading." He stops for a second to savor the moment. Takes a deep breath and enters. It is a mad house. Ticker-tape machines are deafening. Dealers stand on chairs, shouting stock letter symbols and numbers. Others scream, repeating them in their phones. Then, they quickly jump on their chairs and scream their own numbers. There are two-three traders screaming at once, and the others shouting into their phones. Clerks run around with papers, writing orders and handing them over to other clerks to put into big black books. Emil's face breaks into a bright smile.

He is standing frozen, mesmerized, bewildered and happy. Finally, a clerk bumps into him, almost sweeping Emil off his feet. He shows Emil to a trading desk he is assigned to. A trader with two phone receivers in his ears points Emil to a chair.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUITY TRADING OFFICE-DAY

Ticker-tape machines are deafening. Dealers stand on chairs, shouting stock letter symbols and numbers. Others scream, repeating them in their phones. Emil is one of them, screaming numbers in the phone, hurriedly writing them on pieces of papers and handing them to running clerks. He jumps on a chair and screams his stock symbols and numbers.

SUPERIMPOSE: Two months later. Fall, 1955. Equity Trading Department at "Maxwell and Maxwell. London City.

The stock market bell rings. Day is over. Traders are dead-tired. Everyone is sitting down at their desks. Emil finishes entering trades in a ledger. A trader (40s) walks over to him.

MR.BENNETT

Hey, Emil, you've been here for two months already, doing a great job. Another week is over. Want to join boys for a drink?

Emil lifts his head from the ledger. He can't believe the invitation.

EMIL

Mr. Bennett, I'd love to. But...
(beat)
But you gentlemen, all are senior traders, I am afraid to be out of place there.

MR.BENNETT

Don't worry, pal. We don't bite junior traders. One day, you will be the trader yourself. No worries.

FADE TO:

INT. LOCAL PUB-NIGHT

Emil and a few traders drinking beer with fish-n-chips in a booth. Most of them sufficiently drunk and loud talking. Mr. Bennett bangs with his fork against his beer glass.

MR.BENNETT

Gentlemen, I want to drink to our new pal, Emil. I give him a year till he get his own trading desk. I can see the potential. To Emil!

Everyone lifts glasses and cheers. Some traders gradually leave. Mr. Bennett turns to Emil.

MR.BENNETT (CONT'D)

You are good at what you do. Not everyone is cut for it. Beside keeping me and my partner busy trading, you manage to get good prices, so we all can make money. Not everyone can take that madness going on all day around you. I admire you sitting on the phone, shutting out everything around you and concentrating on your task at hand.

EMIL

I love it. I love every minute of it. Coming from a sleepy swamp of currency trading, I can't even call it trading, I enjoy being in the thick of the action.

MR.BENNETT

What do you do at nights or on weekends, if I may pry, Emil?

EMIL

Well, you wouldn't believe it. Although I may seem calm on the outside, my adrenaline level builds up through the day. It wouldn't let me rest. To cool down, I often go to my former school's library, LSE, and sit there until they close at midnight.

MR.BENNETT

You went to the London School of Economics? You didn't? Emil, tell me the truth.

EMIL

Yep. I did.

MR.BENNETT

Then what in the hell you are doing on the trading floor, helping poor schmucks like myself? You should be in research or Investment banking, smoking cigars in the corporate boardrooms. You are putting me on, laddie.

EMIL

Not at all. Mr. Bennett. Late at night and on weekends, it is the best time to do my research at the library. I pore over business pages of the newspapers and companies reports.

MR.BENNETT

You know, we have a saying in the business. You must have an 'edge' on your competition. You couldn't win, otherwise. If you didn't have that edge, it would become a game of a chance, a game of roulette. For some, it would become a game of the Russian roulette.

Emil is startled.

EMIL

Did you just say 'a game of the Russian roulette?' What have the Russians to do with our trading?

MR.BENNETT

Russians? Russians have nothing to do, at all. I suppose they trade, too. It is just a saying. What I meant, if you couldn't figure out that edge to put you a bit ahead, then you are trading with the crowd, and that is suicidal.

EMIL

I see. So the Russians have nothing to do with our trading?

MR.BENNETT

Not at all, laddie. By the way, I have a niece about your age. Perhaps, I could introduce you two.
(MORE)

MR.BENNETT (CONT'D)

That way, you can get out and about a bit. Once in a while, one needs a change too. Otherwise, you may burn out. Tell you what. Come to the Hyde Park next Saturday. We have a family picnic. You know the pond in front of the Kensington Palace. Look for me there at noon, just past it, on the green. No obligations, pal.

FADE TO:

EXT. HYDE PARK-DAY

Emil arrives in the park and locates Mr. Bennett's family. Blankets, folding chairs and picnic tables spread on grass. There is about twenty people, some with kids running around. Mr. Bennett sees Emil approaching, goes to meet him.

MR.BENNETT

Hi Laddie, you made it! Great! Let me introduce you. Don't be shy.

EMIL

It is so many people. May be I shouldn't intrude?

MR.BENNETT

Nonsense!

Mr. Bennett introduces Emil. Then he walks him to a young girl (20).

MR.BENNETT (CONT'D)

This is Emma. My young niece Emma. And this is Emil.

EMMA

Uncle John was telling me about you, Emil. Sounds like you are working hard.

MR.BENNETT

Well, folks, I am going to leave you. Don't be shy, get some food and drink. I am sure Emma can figure it out.

Emma and Emil get food and drinks and settle on a blanket spread on grass. They eat.

EMMA

Emil, would you like to take a walk around the park. It is beautiful now with the colors changing.

EMIL

It would be lovely.

They start on their walk. Emil keeps silent. Emma breaks the silence first.

EMMA

Emil-it's quite unusual name. Uncle John mentioned that you came to study in London from Romania. It is a long way from home I suppose.

EMIL

Mr. Bennett was close enough. I came from Hungary. Romania is one country over east.

EMMA

They are all communists now. Aren't they?

EMIL

I hope not all yet. At least not Hungary.

EMMA

Do you still have family there? Oh! Forgive me! I shouldn't ask. We just met.

EMIL

No Emma! No! It's all right. I don't talk to anyone about it. Not that I have anyone to talk to.

EMMA

You are all alone in London? I can't believe you have no family here.

EMIL

Well, technically, I have a distant cousin in Hampstead. I even lived in their house for a month when I first came to London six years ago.

EMMA

You have very good English. I'd even say a very proper type.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

I suppose you didn't learn it in Hampstead.

EMIL

I didn't have time for that. I was lucky to study at LSE.

EMMA

What is that? I never heard of it. I am from Hampstead, too. What a coincidence.

EMIL

London School of Economics.

EMMA

Sounds very important.

(beat)

And expensive.

(beat)

I go to school, too. Nothing fancy, but still. You may heard about The South London Polytech?

EMIL

How did you say?

EMMA

South London Polytech, by the Waterloo station.

EMIL

That's weird, Emma. Believe it or not, I went there for two years after I came to London. It was the only school I could get into fast. I came over in the summer and I had to get into any school by that fall. I didn't want to miss the entire semester. They offered a law program for paralegals. It was not exactly what my father envisioned for me, but it was a start and had 'law' in the name. Besides, I didn't have any money but for tuition. So I worked after school odd jobs and roomed with some college lads. What do you study, Emma?

EMMA

They have this new program they call a fancy name 'Executive Secretary Course.' Girls nowadays don't work. They look to get married fast and stay home with kids. Uncle John suggested to get the education first. Just in case, if a marriage wouldn't work. It would be something to fall back on.

EMIL

I am glad you listened to him. Mr. Bennett is a smart man.

EMMA

He says that all important companies in the City always in need of smart women to organize the executives. They pay very well, too.

They continue walking in the park until it starts to get dark.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I think we have to return. Ah! Never mind. The family all gone by now. Can you walk me to the Tube, Emil, please.

Emma is about go down the steps leading to Tube, then turns to Emil.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I really had a good time today, Emil. Would you like to go to the movies with me next weekend? They play two new American movies, I have not seen yet. "Summertime" with Katharine Hepburn and "The Seven Year Itch" with Marilyn Monroe.

Emil nods. Emma, happy, runs down the steps. Briefly stops and turns to Emil.

EMMA (CONT'D)

If you wouldn't mind, I'd like to see "Summertime" though. It is about an executive secretary in New York.

FADE TO:

INT. EQUITY TRADING OFFICE-DAY

It is a usual mad house. Emil is on the phone. Mr. Bennett pulls chair next to Emil's desk. Shouting over noise.

MR.BENNETT

Emil, want to join the boys for a nightcap?

EMIL

I'd love to. Maybe next Friday. I want to finish the work to free tomorrow.

MR.BENNETT

What's tomorrow? It is Saturday. Isn't it your library day, laddie?

EMIL

Yeah, it is. But I want to do something else for a change.

MR.BENNETT

Is it a secret?

EMIL

I am going to the movies.
(beat)
With Emma.

MR.BENNETT

Oh? With Emma. My Emma? So you guys hit it off.

EMIL

Emma asked me to watch a new American film together. Just that.

Mr. Bennett pulls his chair very close to Emil.

MR.BENNETT

I am glad. After all, I got you together. Look Emil, Emma is like a daughter to me, although she calls me uncle. Please, don't hurt her. Emma was just five. I was a tad older than you are now. I remember that day like it was yesterday. Europe was ravaged by the Germans. On that November day of 1940, they bombed Coventry in our Midlands. It is about a hundred miles north from here. I was at work at an ammunition factory.

(MORE)

MR.BENNETT (CONT'D)

As soon as the bastards started dropping bombs, we were all chased out into the shelters. Instead, I ran back to my folks house. They were alright. I rushed to check on my best friend's house on the next street. It was a mess. A bomb exploded in their backyard. Their house collapsed and it was one huge pile of debris. I started to move the rubble with my bare hands. Soon neighbors and other people joined in. The firemen arrived. We got Emma and her mother out in the nick of time. Thank God that year November was unusually warm and debris didn't kill them. Emma is like my daughter. Please, don't hurt her.

EMIL

Mr. Bennett, we just going to the movies.

FADE TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF A MOVIE THEATER-NIGHT

Emil and Emma walking along busy street in Emil's Hammersmith neighborhood.

EMMA

Women in America are so liberated. Now I see what my professor at college meant saying that the time has come for women to be called in the boardrooms not as working girls but as work women.

EMIL

Emma, I think it's great that you want to be independent. I almost don't see women where I work. Just a low-level secretaries, here and there. Would you like to have something to drink? I know a quiet place around the block.

They approach a pub.

EMMA

If we are going in there..., English girls don't go to pubs.

EMIL

Sorry, Emma, you are right. I've never seen a girl in a pub before. I know a small restaurant just a short walk from here. Would you like to go there?

Emma nods. They walk to the place Emil usually meets with Victor, and go in.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-EVENING

Emil's Hammersmith residential neighborhood (*same as before*). Emil and Emma walking out of restaurant on the street.

EMMA

It is a lovely place, Emil. It must be expensive, too.

EMIL

It's alright.

EMMA

How do you know this area so well.

EMIL

I live here.

EMMA

You do? Oh, I thought that you are still somewhere in Hampstead. This is very fancy area.

EMIL

Would you like to see where I live? No! I am sorry, Emma. It is very inappropriate of me. Let me walk you to the Tube.

EMMA

I wouldn't mind.

EMIL

Good. Let me take you through a shortcut to the Hammersmith Tube station.

EMMA

I wouldn't mind to see where you live, Emil.

They walk to Emil's house with his apartment on the ground floor.

EMIL

Here it is. See these two dark windows on the ground floor. There is an old lady lives upstairs. I think from here it wouldn't take us long to walk to the Tube.

EMMA

Aren't you inviting me in?

EMIL

In? Yes, yes. But of course. I just don't have anything to offer you.

EMMA

I can make us some tea. Do you have tea in the house?

EMIL

Yes, I think I have some. Maybe... I know I have coffee.

EMMA

That should do.

They enter the house.

CUT TO:

INT. EMIL'S GROUND-FLOOR APARTMENT IN TWO-STORY HOUSE-NIGHT

Emil reaches for a switch to turn on the light. Emma catches his hand and comes close to Emil. She starts kissing him. Emil doesn't resist. They move into Emil's bedroom and make love.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-MORNING

Emil's Hammersmith residential neighborhood (*same as before*).

CUT TO:

INT. EMIL'S GROUND-FLOOR APARTMENT IN TWO-STORY HOUSE-MORNING

Emil wakes up. Bright sun in his face through open curtains. Emma lies next to him, still sleeping.

EMIL (V.O.)

What have I done? What have I done?
 What would I tell Mr. Bennett?
 (beat)
 Hold on, hold on, slow down. I
 don't have to tell him anything. Do
 I?

Emma turns to Emil, wakes up and smiles.

EMMA

What about that coffee, Emil, you
 were talking about last night?

FADE TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-EVENING

Emil, happy, walks in. Victor, through half-bottle of Scotch
 already, greets Emil and pours into his glass.

VICTOR

You look so happy, comrade? Just
 four months ago, you were ready to
 kill someone. Sit down, let's
 celebrate your happiness.

Victor hands Emil a glass with Scotch.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Did you finally get laid, comrade?
 To that!

Emil quickly drinks it. Victor refills.

EMIL

It's not that, Victor. I finally
 enjoy my job, for a change.

Waiter brings their food.

VICTOR

I ordered the usual, while waiting
 for you. What exactly do you do,
 comrade?

EMIL

I am a junior trader, assisting two
 seasoned guys on the floor. They do
 the actual trading off my feed. I
 am assigned some stocks to watch on
 those ticker-tape machines spewing
 out miles of tape all day long.

(MORE)

EMIL (CONT'D)

I take those stock prices down, then call around other brokerage houses to compare to their prices. My job to get the best price possible. Once I get the best deal, I bring it over to my traders to be shouted out on the floor. The idea is to get the best price from other dealers, who in turn shop it around, too. If I screw up, we can all lose money. You can imagine that by the end of the trading day, my head is a size of the Big Ben.

Emil drinks a second glass.

EMIL (CONT'D)

But I love it. I love every minute of it. I will work my way up to become the trader myself.

VICTOR

And how exactly do you see doing that?

EMIL

One of my senior traders told me to look for an 'edge' on the competition. I couldn't win, otherwise. If I don't have that edge, it would become a game of a chance, a game of roulette. He called it a game of the Russian roulette.

Emil smiles and winks at Victor, pouring Scotch in both glasses. Victor is surprised watching it.

EMIL (CONT'D)

I tell you more. I have some ideas already. I believe I have found that 'edge.'

VICTOR

And who is that lucky lady you are courting around. I hope she liked this place.

EMIL

What? How do you know, Victor?

Victor takes a large sip from his glass.

VICTOR
Well, Emil. That's my job. You
should know it by now.

FADE TO:

INT. EQUITY TRADING OFFICE-EVENING

Trading day is over. Every trader is going home. Emil is at his desk wrapping things up. Mr. Bennett walks by.

MR.BENNETT
Aren't you heading home yet,
laddie? By the way, how is it going
with Emma?

Emil startled.

EMIL
With Emma? With Emma, everything is
alright. Mr. Bennett, I have
something to talk to you about. Do
you have a minute?

Mr. Bennett pulls a chair next to Emil's desk.

MR.BENNETT
Make it fast. I promised Mrs.
Bennett to take her out for a
drink.

EMIL
I thought in England ladies don't
go to pubs. Or so I was told.

MR.BENNETT
Ladies don't. We are going to ritzy
"Savoy Hotel" by the Themes River.
Anyway, what is it? Shoot.

EMIL
Remember, a few months back, you
told me to look for an 'edge' on
the competition. I think I found
it.

Mr. Bennett moved his chair closer to Emil's.

MR.BENNETT
My lady can wait. Spill it out,
laddie.

EMIL

Remember, I came here from "Currencies Trading." I realized that my arbitrage experience might pay off. In the past weeks, I tested it on paper with a few stocks. It looks like it works. The other day, an American skin care company by the name "Revlon" went public at \$12 a share. If we to buy Revlon stock here in London and sell it quickly on New York stock exchange, we can make some money.

MR.BENNETT

What makes you think that? The stock price should be the same here in London, or in New York, or on the moon, for that matter, unless...

(beat)

Unless, you are suggesting to play a dollar to pound conversion rate fluctuation.

(beat)

Then why involve a stock in that, when you can trade those currencies directly and hope for a tiny profit.

EMIL

That was exactly why I ran away from the currencies trading. There is a better way, and I think almost a sure way to turn in profit. Look, I have determined that there is a much larger demand for "Revlon" shares in New York than it is here. The price of that stock must be higher over there then.

MR.BENNETT

Hold on! We can pocket the difference in price of the same stock between London and New York. I got it. Say no more. You are a genius! How come no one could think of it yet? You are a genius, Emil.

EMIL (MURMURS)

I heard it not that long ago, but under entirely different circumstances. I wish they were happier.

MR.BENNETT

What was that, Emil?

EMIL

Nothing. Never mind, Mr. Bennett. In the past three years, I have managed to put away some money you know. I'd like to put some of it in this trade, to have a skin in the game.

MR.BENNETT

Not a problem. Just tell me how much "Revlon" to by for your account.

EMIL

There is a little problem though. I hate to lose even a penny of it.

MR.BENNETT

Don't we all, laddie.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL STREET IN LONDON FINANCIAL DISTRICT-EVENING

London City business district(*same as before*), quiet now. A bronze plaque on one entrance reads "Maxwell & Maxwell"

SUPERIMPOSE: Friday before Christmas Eve Day. 1955.

CUT TO:

INT. EQUITY TRADING OFFICE-EVENING

Office is decorated for Christmas. Trading day is over. Every trader is going home. Emil is at his desk wrapping things up. Mr. Bennett walks to Emil's desk and puts an envelope on it.

MR.BENNETT

Here you go, laddie. You deserve every pence of it. That "Revlon" trade even caught attention of the Maxwell brothers. Didn't I give you a year before you become a trader?

Emil opens envelope and carefully counts money. Mr. Bennett watching, grinning.

MR.BENNETT (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I wouldn't shortchange you. Take Emma to "Savoy Hotel." They have a wonderful joint called "The Grill." Marry Christmas, pal.

EMIL

20% return in one month.
(beat)
That was what I was calculating.

MR.BENNETT

Is it not enough?

EMIL

Just the opposite, Mr. Bennett. Are you still in that stock?

MR.BENNETT

Well, we have made a few 'round-trip' trades. You convinced me that "Revlon" stock was to keep going up. Just like you said, once the stock hit \$30 per share, I took our money off the table.

EMIL

So you still left some money in the stock?

MR.BENNETT

I did, but we left only some of the profit. We are playing with the 'house money,' so to speak. After all, we have so much fun, and we earn a small pile of pounds along the way. What's wrong with it, laddie?

EMIL

Mr. Bennett, there is nothing wrong with making money. I am afraid that you are outstayed your welcome. My research tells me that we have reached the top at the moment. I would take all the money out of that stock and put it into something else.

MR.BENNETT

Something else? The "Revlon" trade keeps earning profits.

EMIL

Until it wouldn't. It may be too late. I came up with something else.

MR.BENNETT

Talk to me, laddie. I am all ears.

EMIL

We can do it after the holiday, no rush. You probably need to get to your family. It is Christmas after all.

MR.BENNETT

It's alright. I better stay out of Mrs. Bennett's hair. She is busy cooking for tomorrow, anyway. Want to come over for dinner. I'll call Emma, too.

EMIL

That would work. Thank you for the invitation. Anyway, "The Ford Motor Company" is going public in January. I think it would be a much bigger trade than "Revlon" was.

MR.BENNETT

Get me your research next week. Let's sleep on it. I'll go upstairs with it. After what you've done with "Revlon," they may listen and agree to put money in it.

EMIL

Mr. Bennett, regardless of the decision upstairs, I still would like to put my money into this trade.

MR.BENNETT

I am with you, laddie. Me, too. Don't forget dinner tomorrow night. 6 p.m., sharp.

FADE TO:

EXT. LONDON RESIDENTIAL AREA-EVENING

Emil's Hammersmith residential neighborhood(*same as before*).

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL RESTAURANT-EVENING

Emil, happy, walks in. Victor, through half-bottle of Scotch already, greets Emil and pours into his glass. Restaurant is empty on that Christmas Eve.

VICTOR

Well comrade, another year winds down. We really don't celebrate Christmas in the old country, but I'd drink to the New Year. I think you are not much for the Christmas celebrations either.

EMIL

Not so much.

Victor lifts his glass up, Emil follows. He bangs his against Emil's

EMIL (CONT'D)

I am invited to the Christmas dinner tonight. Do you think I shouldn't eat dinner now?

VICTOR

You shouldn't. But it wouldn't hurt you to have some more of the good Scotch. It will help you to get through the boring night. Is that lady invited too?

Emil nods. Victor refills both glasses. They drink.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

To the new year, comrade. Some big things are coming our way.

FADE TO:

INT. MR. BENNETT'S HOUSE-EVENING

The entire family gathered for Christmas Eve celebration. The door bell rings. Mr. Bennett's rushing to open. On the way, he turns to his wife.

MR. BENNETT

I got it. This must be Emil, my colleague I was telling you about.

He looks at Emma and winks. Emma is blushing. Mr. Bennett opens front door. Emil enters holding awkwardly a poinsettia pot and a cake. He looks slightly drunk.

MR.BENNETT (CONT'D)

I see someone started the celebration already. I hope you saved some room for the big dinner.

Emil pushes the flower and cake into Mr. Bennett's hands.

EMIL

I honestly didn't know what to bring. I think your wife would appreciate the plant.

MR.BENNETT

And as for the guests, they will enjoy this cake!

Mr. Bennett introduces Emil to family and guests. Emma briefly looks at Emil, blushes and quickly pulls her hand out of Emil's handshake. Just the opposite, Julia, a young lady(26) holds Emil's hand inappropriately long, looking in his eyes. Emil, embarrassed, tries awkwardly to free his hand. All are seated around a large table. Emil is placed next to Emma. Julia trades places with someone next to Emil on the other side. Mr. Bennett calls for a Christmas prayer before dinner. All hold hands together and close eyes in prayer. Emil follows. Julia put her leg next to Emil's and starts rubbing against his. Emil, startled, opens his eyes. Everyone is prying with eyes closed. He looks at Julia. She is smiling and continues rubbing. Emil briefly turns to look at Emma. She is praying.

FADE TO:

INT. MR. BENNETT'S HOUSE-EVENING

Dinner is progressing towards desert.

MR.BENNETT

We are going to serve the dessert soon. Meanwhile, everyone could make themselves comfortable around the room. Feel free to refill. There is plenty of choice on that table in the corner. Don't be shy.

EMMA

I will help you, uncle, with desert.

Emma walks out of the room following Mr. Bennett. Julia immediately sits herself next to Emil who is sitting in the far corner, bored.

JULIA

I hear that you and my uncle John are working together. He says you have a bright future.

EMIL

Mr. Bennett is very generous. I do what I can.

JULIA

You know, uncle John has a wonderful collection of newspaper clips about big events in the history of stock markets. Would you like to see it?

EMIL

What do you mean?

JULIA

I mean like the big crash of 1929 in America. That sort of things. He cuts and frames paper clips. They are all on the wall in his study. I tell you what. I will walk out of the room. You wait a minute and go upstairs. I'll meet you there.

Julia gets up and walks out. Emil walks to the table in the corner and fills up a large glass with Scotch. Then he walks out of the room. He looks around and walks upstairs. Julia is waiting on the landing. She grabs Emil's hand and pulls him inside one of the doors, and quickly locks it.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BENNETT'S STUDY-NIGHT

JULIA

Here it is, on that wall. Help yourself.

Emil puts the glass down on desk, walks to the wall and studies framed newspaper clips. His attention switches to another wall where a glass cabinet displays several rifles.

EMIL

What are those?

JULIA

Uncle John is an avid hunter. He didn't tell you!

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

Almost every weekend, he drives to the country to hunt, or at least, that what he tells my aunt. I suspect there is much more going on over there than just hunting.

Julia comes from behind and embraces Emil, then, she slides her hand down into his pants. Emil is shocked but don't resist. They hurriedly undress and make love on the leather couch. After, they lie and share Scotch from Emil's glass.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Would you like me to ask uncle John to take you hunting sometime? I am sure you would have fun with the boys.

Someone knocks on the door.

MRS. BENNETT (O.S.)

Julia, is it you are in there?

JULIA

I'll be right out. Sorry, aunty, just fell asleep on the couch. It was a long day today.

MRS. BENNETT (O.S.)

Julia, darling, please. Not again. I hope you didn't drink. What am I going to tell your mother. She's going to kill me. You know my sister. Come down at once. And put yourself in order, darling.

Julia and Emil dress. Julia carefully opens the door and peeks outside, then waives to Emil to follow. They walk downstairs. Emma coming out from the kitchen carrying Emil's cake on the tray. Julia 'accidentally' runs into her and knocks the cake out of Emma's hands. They scream. Julia pretends that she's sorry and tries to start cleaning. Emma stopped, shocked. She looks at Emil who is frozen on the steps behind Julia. Julia discreetly watches them.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

