

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yes, providing Maria Alekseevna learns how to use the electric stove.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE ON MONTE ROSA/DINING ROOM (SWITZERLAND) - NIGHT

Maria Alekseevna straightens the crisp white tablecloth and throws a triumphant look at her 'composition' consisting of crystal-, porcelain- and silverware on the dining table.

She takes a box of matches from the pocket of her apron and lights up seven candles in a gilded candelabra.

The DOORBELL chimes.

INT. HOUSE ON MONTE ROSA/DINING ROOM (SWITZERLAND) - NIGHT

The light of candles throwing a soft glow onto their faces, Angela and the Gentleman stand by the dining table.

The Gentleman takes out a Tiffany box, a white ribbon artfully wrapped around it, and hands it to Angela.

THE GENTLEMAN

A small cadeau.

Angela unties the ribbon and opens the box.

INSERT -

a two-row platinum band ring with a sparkling diamond set in the middle.

Angela gives the Gentleman a kiss.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

(embracing Angela)

Welcome home.

They sit down at the table.

Maria Alekseevna takes the lid off a porcelain tureen and scoops the reddish-purple 'borscht' soup into their plates.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

What a magnificent soup!

ANGELA

My favourite.

The Gentleman dips his spoon into the soup.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

How is your Moscow assignment going?

ANGELA

It's been cancelled.

THE GENTLEMAN

By who?

ANGELA

By me.

The Gentleman throws a thoughtful look at Angela.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

May I ask you why?

ANGELA

I prefer it remain a mystery.

THE GENTLEMAN

There always seems to be a mystery in your life.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Talking about mysteries, what on earth were you doing in Moscow?

THE GENTLEMAN

I presume your friend MacBride has told you all about it.

ANGELA

He is not my friend, and yes, he has, but not 'all about it'.

THE GENTLEMAN

I have greatly overestimated his intelligence..

ANGELA

You are a hopeless idealist.

THE GENTLEMAN

I try to see a better side in people.

ANGELA

Better-side or not, using your pre-text, he'd followed me to Kazimir's lodge and was caught there red-handed!

THE GENTLEMAN

Oh, I know.

ANGELA

How come?

THE GENTLEMAN

I had my people keeping an eye on you.

ANGELA

What people?!

THE GENTLEMAN

I hired professionals. They were watching

your flat in Moscow and Kazimir's lodge in Finland too.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

It's extraordinary, really.

THE GENTLEMAN

Not quite, to my utter dismay somebody managed to fire a shot at you. A turn of events my people did not anticipate.

ANGELA

Quite a 'faux pas' on their part.

THE GENTLEMAN

They figure the shooter was in a half-built building across the street.

ANGELA

Great minds think alike. Pavel is of the same opinion.

THE GENTLEMAN

Who's Pavel?

ANGELA

A Special Police Unit officer, a friend of MacBride.

THE GENTLEMAN

Another professional, it seems.

ANGELA

He is of an opinion that from the half-built building the shooter had a clear view and could have killed me easily.

THE GENTLEMAN

That's quite right, quite right. But evidently, he did not.