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The Looking Glass War

By John le Carré

Northern Air Services.
Gents.
Brandy, Steinhaeger.
You bastards.
You're down safely, captain.
That's what counts.
Plane was full of kids.
Get your bloody hand off.
Doesn't seem much point in blowing
the whole job now...
...just as your skill and steely nerve
brought you down safely.
-Now, get a grip on yourself.
-That was the last time.
What's down there anyway,
I want to know.
What altitude?
Six thousand feet.
Two hundred and forty-six knots.
-No excuse for that.
-I'm through.
Look, I don't make the weather.
That's your end.
If you thought it wasn't safe
to go off course in this muck...
...you shouldn't have done it.
No, you pay.
I don't even get taxi fares.
I'm walking to the hotel.
It's all right, we won't ask you again.
-No overflights.
-We authorized one.
You brought us back the scandal
of a dead man in Finland.
What would you have done
in the war?
If this were the war, we'd have
put a man over the border.
It required nerve and money.
In those days we had both.
We'd still do that today?
I think so. It has the advantage
of being out of fashion.
Where would you find such a man?

Isn't that the sort of thing
you'd pay us for?

All right.

I don't want to know details.

-You certain?

-I don't deal in certainties.

I deal in doubt.

If you feel able to say,
in the face of the indicators...

...the rockets are not there,
advise the minister accordingly...

...and I shall have done my duty.

-You will have done yours.

-Damn.

I suppose having put up the hare,
you better have a shot at it.

If I should find a man to go over...

...there remains the problem
of resources.

Training, equipment, extra staff,
transport.

Why do you have to raise
so many difficulties?

In practical terms, we'd need
the best part of 30,000 pounds.

Accountable?

I understand you wanted to
be spared details.

I suggest you send us a memo
on costs.

Sorry to disturb you.

Would you give us your attention
a moment?

Do you speak English?

The police informs
you jumped off your ship.

-Why did you do that?

-It was very boring on ship.

You speak very good English.

I have the ear, it's easy for me.

I work in ski resorts and on ships.

Girls like to teach me.

English girls, French girls,
Russian girls.

Have you ever been arrested?

-Are you running from arrest now?

-No.

Forgive me,

but we must ask these questions.

Do you smoke?

Ask him if he always carries a knife.

-You have no police record?

-Everybody has a police record.

Do you understand?

We want to know why you are running.

Are you in trouble?

Is someone after you?

No, I want to live in England.

What on earth do you suppose

you'd do here if we let you stay?

Vote in free elections,

practice free enterprise.

Be a millionaire

and sleep with movie stars.

Your name?

Friedrich Wilhelm Leiser,

but I'm Polish.

-How old are you?

-Twenty-three.

-Family?

-Father.

-What's he?

-A hero.

Perhaps you would be kind enough

to explain.

Well, my father was in the last

Polish cavalry charge in history.

Polish cavalry against German tanks.

The Germans made a lot of heroes

that day. They killed everybody.

That was 30 years ago.

He was the only survivor.

Too bad.

I think heroes are only happy in parks

with pigeons sitting on their heads.

Religion?

Do you have religion, boy?

My father believed in God and cavalry.

Now they feed horses to cats,
so I don't know.
What do you want from me?
Perhaps if you would oblige us
with the truth.
Why did you jump ship?
I came to see a girl.
-What girl? An English girl?
-Yes.
But I do not love her, I love the baby
she is going to have for me.
Ask him, Adrian.
If we were to ask you to do something,
a little job for us...
...in return for letting you
stay with your girl...
...what would you say?
Yes.
-Don't you care what it is we ask?
-No.
The morals of a bitch on heat.
I don't care if you don't like it.
I am calm.
Six weeks, go back to East Germany.
Look at something we'll tell you
to look for, and return.
War rules.
You could be executed as a traitor
if caught.
We, of course, would deny knowledge
of your existence.
You are spies.
That's wonderful.
I've never been a spy before.
It will be a new experience for me.
Good night, sir.
Lovely moon tonight, sir.
-Do you think he could be a plant?
-They can do better than his sort.
-Why would he do it?
-Biology.
Men change their politics, but sex--
Sex is something
you can depend upon.

He's a Pole. No matter what he says,
he hates Germans.

-What about the girl?

-Don't see her personally.

-It would be most insecure.

-Insecure for what?

There's no operation.

Adrian, my devil's advocate.

Torture me with logic,

keep me honest.

-We never should've sent Taylor.

-The ministry presses daily for results.

Now, we have two indicators.

Indicator one:

The photograph we purchased
in Hamburg.

From an East German...

...named Fritsche.

Taken through a window
of the rail shed in Kalkstadt...

...in East Germany.

Seven hundred miles from London.

Flared skirts, small fins.

Turned to the side,
it could look like this.

I give you something remarkably like
a Russian Sandal missile.

Remarkably unclear.

If it were clear

I wouldn't need to know more.

-You said there were two indicators.

-Taylor's death.

The Pole couldn't stand his country's
discipline. He won't stand mine.

Good. Be a hammer.

Forge him into the instrument
we need.

Gentlemen,

we open Operation Mayfly.

Red security drill in force.

Your woollies, John.

I'm sending you to Helsinki.

Do you know anything

about Taylor's wife?
How's the chest?
I have exactly the same cough
I've had since 1941 .
-That is mine, get out!
-Watch it!
Why would Taylor live in a place
like this?
Don't know, John.
-Perhaps we should have telephoned.
-Something one does face to face.
They died every day then.
In the war.
I'm ashamed.
Can't even remember their names.
-Hello.
-Hello.
-Where's your mother?
-Gone to work.
-Who looks after you, then?
-I do. I'm not to open the door.
Where is she?
Where does she go?
Work.
-Who tucks you up?
-What?
-Who puts you to bed?
-I do, like a good girl.
-Where's your father?
-He's gone on an airplane...
...to get money.
It's a secret.
Tell your mother men were here
from your father's office.
We'll call again tomorrow, teatime.
-He's gone on an airplane.
-Yes, but it's a secret between us.
Don't tell anyone.
We'll come and see you later.
-You go to bed now. Good night.
-Good night.
-Good night.
-Good night.
The Swedish solution,

that's what we want.

Swedish?

What do you mean, Swedish?

Well, you know, free abortions,
socialism, free everything.

-Swedish.

-Well, what do you mean?

Well, disengagement.

-We can't fight, we can't negotiate.

-You're up late.

So disengage.

-No. That's a good point.

-Get out of NATO.

Hire a firm of business accountants.

What does John say?

-John? John.

-No one ever knows what John does.

He doesn't tell me. I blab.

Trouble is, too many old people.

We should reach 50 in decency.

A pill. Silent, painless, free.

-They'll do it in Sweden first.

-Sweden's a dream.

Well, the Eskimos always look after
their old people.

Mother's too old to boil the walrus...

...they float her out to sea
on an icecap.

Swedish girls at home aren't
like they are in Paris or London.

-Neither are Englishmen in Sweden.

-Oh, they aren't!

You could at least say good night
to your guests.

I can't take David's
pearls of political wisdom tonight.

What gives you a right to be superior?

-Don't start!

-Get mad, you cold son of a bitch!

Lose control just for once.

Bloody bastard!

Shut up!

Good evening.

You can't understand the department.

You don't want to.
You resent my being secret.
You despise me
when I break the rules.
What are you hiding?
You a martyr, John?
Should I admire you
for your sacrifices?
I'm a technician.
You mean you're nothing.
A whore's a technician.
Well, I happen to love my country!
We're fighting a lonely battle,
in the dark.
Nobody thanks us for it.
But my God, they sleep at nights,
don't they?
That's pretty bloody unswinging,
isn't it?
Now somebody's dead.
Been killed.
He's one of ours.
There's a child involved, a little girl.
That's all I can say.
I thought we were in love.
You have a kind of peace
I don't give you anymore.
All I really wanted to know
is if you'd found another woman.
No.
Don't try and run me
like one of your wretched agents.
-Breathe deeply.
-What's this for, anyway?
Insurance.
You signed a contract for service,
you're entitled.
It doesn't cost you anything.
Insurance? I am not an old man.
You have to die to collect it.
-I don't want it.
-Can't you keep him quiet?
You have to take it.
It's regulation.

But it's like betting against yourself.

I don't want it.

We all have to die,

you might as well be paid for it.

Suppose something

did happen to you.

You've got a child coming.

It would take care of him.

Cough.

There'll be no time for that,

I'm afraid.

-You can identify him as your brother?

-Half brother.

Sign here.

And here.

-How old are you?

-Twenty-eight.

-How old are you?

-Twenty-eight.

And here.

And Taylor?

How older was he than you?

-Older.

-And here.

-It's twelve years.

-And here.

You see, there is a problem.

All his letters, his driving license,

and a passport belong to Taylor.

But the visaed passport

says "Malherby."

And his half brother was Avery...

...if that is you.

I'm only a policeman.

I like the English.

I don't want to make difficulties.

He was drunk in the road.

They drive like hell out there.

Maybe an airline pilot,

you know, no idea of the speed.

I'm listing this as an accident.

Don't try to make it anything more.

Paragraph two of the documents

quoted in Appendix A...

...are listed:

in 1 932, under license from Krupp.

Thirty-eight thousand,
four hundred and sixty-three.

The photographer in Kalkstadt
is Fritsche.

Heinrich sent you.

The password is

"hands across the sea. "

The photographer in Kalkstadt
is Fritsche.

Heinrich sent you.

The password is

"hands across the sea. "

What about your toys?

Did you put your toys away?

Oh, you've used up all the air in here.

Don't you people read

what smoking does to your lungs?

Two dolls and one with a hairy face--

Click of a door or cocking of a gun?

Just a click of a door.

Walther, 7.65 millimeter, model PPK.

That was the magazine
being slipped in place.

It's heavier than it looks.

It's a beautiful gun there.

Built the first one in 1 931 .

So efficient they did not need
to improve it.

You love it, don't you?

All part of the job,
part of self-defense, that is.

Yes, the manly art.

That is why there is war.

Peace is a dream.

I spit on it.

That's a hell of a way to talk.

I'd cut my throat if I felt like that.

War's hell, that's what war is.

We're praying for peace
in this country.

What is that on the table?

What am I supposed to do with it,
shoot rabbits?
It's for blowing a poor bugger's
brains out.
That's a fine thing to say.
At the table, while we're eating!
In view of circumstances, sir...
...I think we owe the lady an apology.
Carol.
What?
Oh, sorry. More potatoes?
No, I'm sorry.
I think I've been rude.
Mrs. King's husband was killed
in our service.
I see.
So they take care of you?
You keep this house for them?
What are you asking questions for?
Why do you need to know?
It must be strange to lose a man...
...to have a life
you never expected to have...
...to give away his clothes...
...to make love to another man,
it must be strange.
Well, that just about takes
the bloody cake!
Oh, shut up!
What do you know about it?
-What did the child put away?
-The green truck, two dolls...
-...one with a hairy face.
-How many gun barrels?
Thirty-eight thousand,
four hundred and sixty-three.
Is this mine?
-Johnson.
-Sir.
-Sit down.
-Sir.
Load this.
Most dangerous thing there is,
an unloaded gun.

We'll all be safer this way.
Ball.
Oh, no.
Hed been drinking.
His fake passport, his own passport,
were in the same pocket.
It was stupid!
Oh, for Gods sake!
You can talk.
The driver is a secure sort of person.
If we're going to do this job,
let's do it with some precision.
The risk's too great.
I'm a surgeon, John.
The risk of war is like the idea
of my patient dying under my knife.
I don't let myself think of it.
-What about the film?
-No film.
That clinches it.
They've killed our man.
Well, the police have listed it
as an accident.
They'd have to do that then,
wouldn't they?
Read it.
You're officially my new assistant.
Signed by the minister himself.
Red ink.
Its traditional.
Hello?
Oh, I'll see.
-Your wife.
-Here he is!
No, no.
No, I'm sorry.
He's not here.
Goodbye.
Come on, come on.
You have to get on and get off.
-A child could home in on that lot.
-What's wrong with it?
Wrong? Oh, there's nothing wrong.
We just don't have time, do we?

I mean, you don't learn your wireless overnight, do you?

I mean, there's more to it than that.

When I'm sending,

you can damn well listen.

You forgot your safety.

A back shift in the ninth group.

You drop that, we know

they've got you.

You wouldn't mind that, would you?

Away and chase yourself, sonny.

I have to get some sleep.

We'll sort you out in the morning.

Well, Avery, why don't you

get on with it.

Never trust anybody.

Go ahead, take it away from him.

Jerries do not like a knife,

not one bit.

Never could take cold steel.

Go on, it's just a little one.

What we say is:

"Six inches will not hurt a woman,
but it will kill a man."

Lovely! That's it!

Never be generous with the body.

That's what we tell our daughters.

All right!

Mrs. King.

-Are you all right in there, ma'am?

-Yes, thank you, we're all right.

A lot of racket. We wondered

if anything was wrong.

I'm sorry. The boys were having a bit
of a wrestle. Something fell over.

-I'll put a stop to it.

-Yes, that would be good if you could.

-We could hear it clear to the corner.

-I'm so sorry.

-Thanks again. Good night.

-Good night, ma'am.

Thank you.

Did I do it right?

Did I do it right?
Never lean on your opponent.
Never lose your temper.
And why fight over a knife when you
had a loaded gun under your arm?
You're a wonderful man.
Nothing ever pleases you.
He's half mad, you know?
Do you think he's all right for the job?
We didn't look very far...
...did we?
They have satellites
for this sort of thing.
Well, I don't believe in it anymore.
I'm sorry, I can't.
I don't believe that Taylor
was murdered.
And I don't see any rockets.
Am I right to risk his life?
We're not risking his life, he is.
That's easy to say here
in this dream factory.
Remember the V-2s, Adrian?
The sky was red with fire.
They were blowing London apart.
We killed dozens of fine young men,
the best of their generation.
Dropped them from aircraft,
sent them swimming in the night...
...on hunches, rumors...
...a smudge on a photograph.
None of them came back.
But finally one...
...radioed a few words of Morse
before they caught him.
Fifty million people slept
safer that night.
We had scruples like you...
-...but we learned to overcome them.
-It's harder now, Adrian.
Our generation was tried
as no generation before us...
...and we were not found wanting.
It's harder in peacetime.

Do you know what the director
is saying?
If you want to do the job,
then get on with it.
But if you want to cultivate
your emotions, go elsewhere.
All right.
But the gun.
Sending a man across a border
with a gun is an act of war.
Yes, yes. I'm agin it.
If anything happened at the border...
-...how would we explain it?
-A knife, I can see a knife.
You could call it an all-purpose
kind of thing.
Tell him, John. Make him understand.
If he can't accept our discipline,
we can't let him go.
You switched off your phones!
-What's the matter?
-They called from the safe house.
Mayfly's gone.
He's flown the bleeding coop!
What are you looking at?
No, no, no.
No, wait, wait, wait. Wait.
I want to see if I can hear it.
-Hear what?
-Him.
Him.
Listen to you. What ego.
It could be a girl.
If it is I am already jealous.
If any young men come
around here after her...
...they'll have to fight me.
I'm like an old wolf.
I'm king until I'm killed.
I want to see if I can hear him.
Him, them, she, they.
If you hear anything, you let me know.
I've got a bloody packet coming
back from the doctor.

You don't understand, do you?
I got rid of it.
Listen, Fritsche...
...you don't want to be a father 9 to 5.
You wouldn't last a day of it.
Besides...
...who wants to marry some damned
Pole? They're like stray dogs.
You never know where
they're sleeping.
Darling.
Now, look, I had to live with it.
Are you all right?
Come in.
Pay attention.
He's involved in something
we can't tell you about.
You're to be silent.
You haven't seen him.
You don't know where he is.
What happened to you?
There.
What is it?
He isn't going to prison, is he?
You can see him again in a few weeks,
if you keep silent.
-What did he do to you?
-Nothing.
-Do you want a doctor?
-No.
I didn't think he was serious...
...until he hit me.
Doesn't look very good
for the future, does it?
I'll send someone.
Don't worry.
Hey, you, why did you hit her?
-What's your name?
-You can't have it.
-It's a breach of security.
-Look...
...I am risking my life for you,
so I want a name.
Give me a name, I don't care,

any name!

-John.

-John.

John.

-You got a kid?

-Yes.

A boy.

What's he good for?

Good for walking in the park,
following dogs, collecting junk.

So you got the wife, you got the kid,
you got the job you believe in.

Well, you tell me what the hell
there is for me.

-She loves you.

-I did not love her, I loved the baby!

And she murdered it!

She's lucky I didn't kill her!

Go upstairs, will you?

Look, she loves you, she really does.

She wants another child, she told me.

You tell me how I'm to get rid of this.

Come on. Come on, let's go.

Come on.

Come on, let's get out of here.

Come on.

Come on.

Come on.

John? Where are you?

No, don't tell me, I don't care.

Just come back when you can.

Yes.

Asleep.

Good night.

Was she at home?

Did you know that they danced
on the eve of Waterloo?

-So?

-Well....

-We should have some girls.

-There I can't help you.

A married man is a foreigner
in his own town.

Come on.

-When's your birthday?
-February 1 4th.
Aquarius.
I see black wings beating
all around you.
You poor, stupid Pole.
You came here for the baby,
and now she's got rid of it.
It's all right.
I will go anyway.
I want the asylum, so I'll go.
It's all right.
It's not bloody well all right.
To send an armed man across another
country's border, that's an act of war.
It's not my decision.
It works its way down to us.
It's all decided at the top.
-Well, where's the top? Who is he?
-You can't see him.
He's one of the faceless ones.
He's busy. He's away
on a much-needed vacation.
He's attending a conference
in Geneva.
He's in bed with his secretary.
He's on the long-distance telephone.
He's having tea.
He's got the mumps...
...and says it would be most insecure
for you to know who he is.
He sends you his fondest regards.
Do you remember the V-2s, Adrian,
when the sky was red with fire?
By thunder, the rubble! By God!
There was a test of character
to separate men from boys.
There will be bluebirds
over the white cliffs of Dover.
My God, we'll never surrender.
The beaches red with blood and tears.
-Do you know I am a Russian spy?
-Hey, not here.
Hey, hey.

Turn that up.
-Come along, gentlemen.
-Keep your hands off my drink.
-I paid for it and I'll drink it.
-Hey, come along, now.
That's better.
I'll tell them you wouldn't go
without a gun.
I'll go.
Hey.
What are you doing?
Why don't you go home
where it's dry? It's no good.
Sleep at the office, my foot.
Do you get operational subsistence?
Of course.
Well, it isn't a conference then.
A conference isn't operational
unless it's in the Kremlin.
All right then, Babs.
You said it, I didn't.
-It's an operation.
-Don't give me that.
You're making it up.
There's nothing going on.
You're not going to smoke
that pipe in here!
Have it your own way.
There's nothing going on.
Christ, I hate you.
Why don't you go back to drinking,
Babs? It relaxes you.
Well, what is happening?
I've a right to know. Secretaries know.
Why shouldn't the wives?
If you've got one of your
little tarts set up...
...why haven't you got
the courage to say so?
Don't give me the "big operation."
We're putting a man over the border.
It's the same as the old days.
War rules, a crisis.
There might even be war.

We're going back
to Germany tomorrow.
-He's gone.
-We never really knew him, did we?
Like a waiter in one's club.
Good morning, good night
and a guinea at Christmas.
Coming in. That's something new.
My God, just look at that.
Coffee.
Hey. You ought to
get something for that cut.
That's terrible.
Wait. I'll get you something.
-How did you get a cut like that?
-What a stupid question.
"How did you get a cut like that?"
Now, don't move.
I'll get some hot water.
Am I on the right road to Kalkstadt?
I said, am I on the right road
to Kalkstadt?
You won't miss it.
You go straight on until you smell it,
then you turn left till you step in it.
Oh, look at that!
Come, I'll give you a ride.
You forgot your rucksack.
What's in it, bricks?
Come on, come on.
Kalkstadt's quite a distance yet.
Good.
Russians.
Now they got into it.
That's it. That's typical.
Germans eating Russian dust.
Military police.
There have been police all morning.
What's the matter?
-Come on, it's not going to hurt you.
-Stop the truck. I'll get out here.
I don't mind, you can hit me
if you like. Lots of men like that.
Let me tell you something.

They killed a boy, a guard,
in Wilmsdorf this morning.
The road is covered with police.
Well.
Come on, relax.
I don't give a damn about the police.
I hate the police.
You don't know what--
I'll have hush, gentlemen, please.
There he is. He made it.
That's it.
Just his identification, then off the air
until tomorrow. Copybook.
That's what he is, sir, copybook.
Am I on the right road to Kalkstadt?
Wait a minute.
Hey!
-What are you doing?
-Come on, move over.
-I'm going to Kalkstadt.
-So?
So I'm going to drive.
You can't drive like that.
Come on. Come on, move.
Who is he?
He's my friend.
Frulein, get out, please.
Your papers, please.
Please. Please.
What the hell did you hit him for?
He was just asleep. You woke him up.
Your papers.
Where are you going?
He's going to Kalkstadt.
Travel authority?
In the truck.
Go get them.
It says here that the driver of the truck
should be Wilhelm Koestler.
-What is your name?
-Leiser.
Koestler got sick. There was
no time to change the papers.
You, lock it up.

He's here.
Where's he going?
Kalkstadt.
All right, thanks.
No. Don't arrest anybody. Let him go.
Why did you hit that Vopo?
He might have hit you back.
I hated when they were
pushing you around like that.
It's just their job.
If they want to hurt me, they can do it
because they hate me...
...not because it's their job.
Someone killed a guard at the border.
That's what they were looking for.
They said a spy was coming over.
Get rid of the truck. They'll know it
by now. They'll be watching.
They would have arrested me back
there at the roadblock, wouldn't they?
What do birds dream about?
Worms, crickets, grasshoppers...
...flies, spiders,
slimy good things to eat.
-Have you ever eaten a spider?
-No.
I think you're lying.
Who's that?
Who is she?
Your wife? Your girlfriend?
She's nobody. She doesn't exist.
Then I can tear it up.
You don't have to go to Kalkstadt.
Let's go someplace else.
Where there's sun.
Spain.
Any place.
No father, no mother.
We can print our own newspapers.
We can make our own people.
You better go.
Did you hear what I said?
Hey!
-Herr Fritsche.

-Yes?

Your son Heinrich
asked me to see you.

-Heinrich?

-Can I come in?

Heinrich? How is that possible?

Hands across the sea.

-Did Heinrich tell you to say that?

-Yes.

He said to say "hands across the sea"
and that you had photographs for me.
You didn't give him any money?

Yes, for the photographs.

Heinrich is in good health!

Other children you have to
teach to be crooked...

...but Heinrich was a child prodigy.

A Mozart!

Hands across the sea!

No, no, you must not mind.

He does it to all the people.

Sit down.

I will make you a cup of coffee.

Yes, Heinrich. Cheating at school,
that's how it started.

Then lying,
stealing from his mother's purse....

Did he tell you what was
supposed to be in those photographs?

I'm afraid you will
have to have it black.

I take in very little milk, only half a liter
a day and that's for the cats.

You see, I have so few visitors here.

Hands across the sea.

Yes, Heinrich was a monster.

Life with him was just
one long series of surprises.

Explaining to the police,
paying his bills.

And the parties he had here.

The boys he brought home...

...they were of the worst possible type.

And the girls, if anything,

they were worse.
Hands across the sea!
Where are you going?
-Lbeck.
-The roads are closed.
You'll have to stay in Kalkstadt.
The inn will give you a room.
It's clean, comfortable.
It's the only one.
-What's wrong with your hand?
-It's infected.
Yes. You feel warm.
What do you want?
What's wrong with you?
Look, can't you get it through your
head that I don't want you around?
Does your hand still hurt you?
Yes.
Now, why don't you go?
-I could tell them that you're here.
-They already know.
-Will they hurt you?
-What do you think?
You don't think.
What goes on in that
mind of yours, anyway?
Besides a lot of noises and words
and feelings you don't understand.
-Will they hurt you?
-Yes, they'll kill me!
I'm a trained man.
They'll have to kill me.
You're afraid.
Don't be afraid.
Did you ever see one of those?
Never. What is it?
-What's your name?
-Anna.
Anna, listen.
I asked you to come up here with me.
But when we got here,
I pulled this knife...
...and I stuck it to your throat.
Do you understand?

Did I tell you about England?
You know, the English are crazy.
I went for a walk there once
in the rain...
...and I saw this little old man...
...drawing on the pavement with chalk.
And as fast as he drew...
...the rain kept washing it all away.
They told me I could stay in England
if I send this message.
I cannot stay here. I am a murderer
here. So I have no choice, do I?
Don't send from here.
Old bird.
Who do you send to?
Just people. They eat through their
mouths like everybody else.
What will you say?
Missiles in Kalkstadt.
Range, 700 miles.
Here he is.
Three. Eight. Seven.
Zero.
He's slow?
All right. South-southwest.
One. Nine.
Three.
That's it.
What do you want?
It's a serious breach of--
It's my operation!
You mean you don't know?
There's been a hell of a crisis.
The ministry laid on a plane.
Know? What?
We're in the middle of
the most serious--
-I thought he didn't want the details.
-Well, the world knows it now.
You must be the only ones who don't.
Your bloody man killed
a sentry in crossing over.
Footprints going in.
It's in the newspapers.

It's not your fault. I....
I had a look at your files.
Real fine job.
You looked at my files?
That's a breach of security!
You've committed an offense!
They killed Taylor.
You haven't forgotten that.
Anything in this pot?
There's the problem of what to do.
If they catch him,
they'll make a circus out of his trial.
There's nothing to connect him
with us in London.
The Germans will produce
the equipment, the knife, his radio.
We'll point out that it is 25 years old
and say they planted it.
It's preposterous.
They're not as inept as that.
If he exists, the Germans
clearly invented him...
...to embarrass our minister
in Geneva.
You mean you gave him
an obsolete radio deliberately?
You know my aide, Avery?
He was most astute in giving him
a knife instead of a gun.
How...? How do the Americans
figure in this?
This sort of overlaps into our
West German operations.
Oh, I see.
Johnson, pack that up.
Now, wait! You listen to him, just listen
to him! You've gotta listen to him!
-He's dead.
-How can you say that?
Don't be an ass.
It's a technical phrase, "live" or "dead"
agents. He's dead to us.
Now they know he's there,
we can't trust what he transmits.

They'll show him what
they want him to tell us is there.
They're good. They're professionals.
This was the discipline you admired.
We trained him
because we needed him.
We abandon him
because we must.
We play the war rules.
Rules.
It's a game to you.
And you love it.
I'd hear you better, John,
if you sat down.
-I thought you believed in it yourself.
-I do.
I should have listened.
"The London sky red with fire...
...tracers like diamonds in the sky."
You were alive then.
No wonder you love it.
This must've been better than
monkey glands for you...
...making you feel young again.
I always thought fathers
were supposed to love their sons.
Now I know that they don't.
The truth is, they hate.
The old hate the young
for being young.
That's war.
The old sending the young out...
...slaughtering them by the millions.
Go on, die, get out of my world.