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Dangerous Moves

By Richard Dembo

- How do you feel?
- Fine, fine.
I'll feel better when the match starts.
Spoken like a true hero,
Akiva Israelovitch.
The test results are excellent.
Don't worry.
You have the heart of a cosmonaut.
You'll live to 120.
I prepared your case history.
Don't forget it.
And this, too.
Always keep some on you.
I don't think you'll need it.
- Anton, you promised you'd come.
- They refused my exit visa request.
Where are they?
I don't understand.
Moscow said they'd be on this flight.
What's going on?
They're going to reconstruct the name
you won against him in 1969.
You're lazy, you know.
Talented but lazy.
Go ahead and beat me, then.
Queen to G7.
If the rook takes B3,
the black bishop takes the pawn on C4.
Knight then takes
the bishop, naturally.
And black pushes the rook to G10.
It's over.
The whites have had it.
If you want to beat your opponent,
study the names he lost.
- Tac-Tac.
- Excuse me.
Anastase Inanovitch,
what are you doing here?
You've been in Geneva
for half an hour.
Then let's net off this plane.
What are we waiting for?
They're here.

- Heller, his cardiologist?

- No.

I was right.

Liebskind isn't sick. This heart attack story is all propaganda.

Your information is crap.

My information is good.

You think Tac-Tac is here

because of his skill as a chess player?

- How many threatening letters?

- Twelve.

Two are death threats.

All anonymous, as usual.

Pavius, I have the contract.

I already said no twice.

Three days' work, you pay off your debts and you're set for life.

I won't do it.

You know how much you owe me?

If you want money,

give me something to sell.

Listen to me, Foldes.

Fromm is Fromm.

He's a professional chess player.

Have him play against

blindfolded on a pillar

at the bottom of the ocean...

but they have to play me...

not a machine with my name on it.

Is that clear?

I'm going to town.

Where's the bathroom?

End of the hall, on the right.

You weren't followed?

Not a chance.

- Who's your man in our group?

- Nobody.

I don't believe you.

Good for you.

Opportunist scum.

We can't all be dissident superstars.

How's our hero?

Can he travel

without his cardiologist now?

He doesn't need a cardiologist.
He'll put you to shame, my boy.
Stop.
You know I'm going to beat him.
Me, the turncoat, the traitor.
The bourgeois idealist.
You'll see.
When I'm world champion,
in Pravda they'll call it...
yet another victory
for Soviet chess.
Did you bring me here
to tell me this crap?
- Did you see Marina?
- Yes.
How is she?
Fine, I think.
She didn't tell you anything?
Why doesn't she answer my letters?
What have you done to her?
Pavius, Marina wants a divorce.
Tell her to wait
until after the match.
Get rid of your cigarette,
Genady Ivanovitch.
It's not even lit, Akiva Israelovitch.
But you threaten to smoke it.
In chess, threats
are more serious than actions.
You still enjoy beating me?
I savor the sweetness
just as you savor the bitterness.
Why did you come?
just obeying orders.
Check.
- I want foam laid down everywhere.
- I'll see to it.
The pieces aren't heavy enough...
and I want more light.
We can change that.
- And the light?
- We can turn it up.
Go ahead.
Grandmaster Fromm

will tell you when.

That's fine.

- Keep that for the name. What's it at?

- Eighty.

Thank you.

- Well, honestly!

- What's going on, Anastase Inanovitch?

- We're due at the theater at 11:00.

- Go on ahead. I trust you.

Make sure everything complies

with the protocol you negotiated.

But he demanded...

He can raise the lighting to 80.

I'll have it lowered if it bothers me.

- He also wants heavier pieces.

- That won't help him play any better.

But the cameras, the installations...

It makes no difference,

Anastase Inanovitch.

I'm deaf.

Honestly, Akiva Israelovitch,

I just don't understand you!

- What do you live on?

- The generosity of my friends.

- They say you're an American anent.

- What does an American anent earn?

- Do you see yourself as a dissident?

- Absolutely not. I'm an exile.

- You weren't involved in politics?

- Of course I was, since the cradle.

When I was a Young Pioneer,

I not a demerit for glorifying Stalin.

That was the Khrushchev era.

I was already a joker by then.

What is a joker?

A free man.

Back home, there are jokes

called "two by fours."

Two years in prison for listening to them,

four years for telling them.

But seriously, you were a member of the

Communist Party. Liebskind never was.

The party decides

who joins and who doesn't.

In Lithuania, you have to join the party.

You have no choice.

What about Liebskind?

Ask him yourself.

But speak up, 'cause he's deaf.

Why do you refuse to shake his hand?

Are you sure he hasn't been ordered
to refuse to shake mine?

Do you have any news of your wife?

I'd rather not talk about her.

I don't know anything.

I've had no news.

I fear the worst.

- Hello, Andre.

- Hello.

What floor?

- You tired? Want to play a name?

- No, thanks.

- Are you broke?

- Yes, very.

I can find you simultaneous matches
at an exhibition.

- I was thinking you might need me.

- Think again.

Fear has made you mean, Pavius.

You know all about fear.

You're an expert.

World champion coward.

You afraid of me?

Forget about getting
your revenge through me.

See you.

Good luck.

Shut up! That's bad luck.

You don't need help

in that department.

- We should've taken him. He's a genius.

- He's an alcoholic.

He would have beaten Liebskind
if he hadn't cracked in the second match.

- But he did. He's an asshole.

- I don't understand you.

I don't need anyone's help
to beat Liebskind.

I don't need anyone's help
to beat Liebskind.

Akiva.

You refuse to postpone the first name?

Absolutely.

Fromm will either be back today...
or we'll simply never see him again.

In that case, at 3:00 p.m. sharp
I'll start the clock...

and Grandmaster Liebskind
will make his first move.

Grandmaster Fromm
must arrive within one hour.

Otherwise, Liebskind will
remain world champion.

The rules allow
for no other possibility.

That's perfectly clear.

Good.

We should have warned the cops.

I always said he was unstable.

The cops would find him in a snap.

Hi.

Give him something to eat.

He's hungry.

A black cat!

- Is the guarantee all settled?

- Yes. He won't shake your hand.

Hurry.

A black cat!

He's off his rocker.

Careful, Miller.

He eats Bolshevik mice.

Why tell me that?

Gentlemen.

That's all. Thank you.

Please address the judge, comrade.

Come now, please.

No incidents.

Is this name a draw?

Yes.

By mutual consent,

Game 1 is declared a draw at move 35.

He was in a good position.

Why did he accept the draw?
I'd say you forced him to.
Besides, he's telling you...
"You old lion, I'll beat you
when I'm good and ready."
That's idiotic.
Aren't you afraid of me?
No. Why?
We all destroy ourselves
in one way or another.
What's important is
to enjoy oneself in the process.
How will he open?
I'm not asking for advice.
I'm proposing a wager.
\$500.
\$500.
Your opponent plays
a somewhat primitive name.
He withstood
your favorite opening move.
Now he'll want to beat you
at your favorite defense.
So he'll use an English opening,
confident you'll transpose.
But you won't transpose.
You'll surprise him
with a rarely used variation...
and a damned effective one!
I'm going to use the English opening
tomorrow. He's never beat me on that one.
Liebskind doesn't play
the classic English opening.
He'll transpose...
and you'll end up facing
the Tartakower variation...
with the Queen's Gambit,
his favorite defense.
Exactly.
Then I'll castle queenside.
After that...
G4, H4...
and boom!
Look at that... an English opening.

Liebskind hasn't faced
an English since...
just wait. He'll play B7, B6 and transpose
to the Tartakower variation.
To transpose or not to transpose.
To Tartakower or not.
Knight to E4.
He doesn't transpose.
Check.
Grandmaster Liebskind wins Game 2.
Liebskind 1, Fromm 0.
You taught him a lesson,
Akiva Israelovitch.
Sunday I'll use an English opening.
That's arrogance.
Fromm knows all the variations.
Akiva Israelovitch is right.
If he wins with that opening...
Fromm will be
completely demoralized.
Sure. But if he loses?
It will be a serious error.
I have a rather diabolical
variation in mind.
Knight takes F6, of course.
And here's my invention.
This engine is too noisy!
I want a boat.
A boat?
A boat that noes on the water.
To cross the lake. A sailboat.
Play.
Grandmaster Fromm wins Game 3.
Liebskind 1, Fromm 1.
I'm going to bed.
Don't wake me.
I'm not hungry, Henia.
Go to bed now.
That's enough.
My heart's strong, Henia.
Strong! You hear me?
Are you keeping an eye on Miller?
Day and night.
Even in my sleep.

- Don't worry. The boy's fine.
- Then who is it?
No one, and you know it.
This is ridiculous.
You're your own worst enemy.
Pavius, please.
If it's not Miller,
then maybe it's you.
Mr. Felton, born Piebzhinski,
in Grodno, Poland!
We can destroy his French defense.
After bishop to B5,
he'll capture the pawn D4.
Queen to F6,
you sacrifice your advantage...
but now, queen to C3, check.
You take the rook.
And here's the deathblow: knight to E4.
Simple, isn't it?
Simple? Not really.
Everything depends
on the pawn on D4.
But it's very elegant.
It's dangerous.
But it's very elegant.
I like it. I like taking chances.
By mutual consent, Game 4
is declared a draw at the 39th move.
I tell you
there are microphones here.
Where? Tell me. Where?
Right off, without even thinking,
he played rook G6.
There are microphones...
or someone talked.
You're crazy, Pavius.
Get a grip on yourself.
You're acting like a fool.
And you don't know him!
Nobody's betraying you.
The microphones...
- I'll find them...
- Stop this.
Everyone here is on your side.

That's not true.
I will be the world champion.
Me, not you.
You will never be.
We're leaving.
- We're moving.
- Where to?
That's your problem, not mine.
This is Commissioner Dalcroze,
head of security in Geneva.
He'll personally see
to your safety and your protection.
He's already doing it unofficially.
Thank you, Minister.
We've searched everywhere.
There are no microphones here.
You'll be safe here.
I've put my best men at your disposal.
That will do.
I know what's on your mind.
Marina?
I don't think about that anymore.
It's hopeless.
They'll never let her out.
She wants a divorce.
She's right.
It hurts a little, that's all.
Did Tac-Tac tell you that?
And you believed him?
Sir, I must protest.
My opponent's attitude is intolerable.
There is no rule
dictating punctuality.
He does it on purpose to upset me.
I officially protest.
The grand jury can only accept
your complaint in written form.
I'll draw it up right now.
Grandmaster Fromm wins Game 5.
Liebskind 1, Fromm 2.
Not enough salt in your diet,
Akiva Israelovitch.
Enough of your insolence
and needling.

Good evening.
I officially requested
that the name be nullified.
How dare you request to nullify
a match without consulting me!
But you yourself protested.
So he would apologize
and be humiliated.
Withdraw this ridiculous request.
The jury will reject it.
The name was in accord with the rules.
Read that.
"We recommend an official protest...
on grounds of opponent's
intolerable attitude.
Withdraw if he refuses to apologize.
Have sent Grandmaster Fadenko
and Professor Polotin...
with verbal instructions.
Antonin Karapov."
The minister himself.
What Grandmaster Fromm is doing
is not against the rules.
Listen, I'm here unofficially.
The jury hasn't convened yet.
The Soviets think
that Fromm's repeated tardiness...
is deliberately calculated to destroy
his opponent's concentration.
They want the name nullified.
That's absurd! To disturb your opponent,
you must be present...
and Fromm was not there.
This is ridiculous.
What does Liebskind's letter say?
To my knowledge,
he demands that the two players...
arrive at the same time
at the beginning of each name.
That's not stipulated
anywhere in the protocol.
Liebskind's demand has no legal basis,
and you know it.
The jury would still appreciate it

if Fromm granted this request...
and, as a gesture of appeasement,
he apologized to his opponent.
- But it's unintentional.
- Unintentional but systematic.
- Whose side are you on?
- The Soviets threaten to withdraw.

I'll write your letter of apology.
The bastards!

I won't give them
an excuse to run out on me.

Akiva, eat something.

No, Henia. I'm not hungry.

You took your medication.

You have to eat something.

Well?

I want you to know
that I didn't ask to come.
I know. But I'm glad to see you.

Well?

Fromm plays well.

Good strategy,

but he moves too quickly.

Your name's a little heavy-handed.

Like Georgian champagne.

Too much sugar and not enough body.

They're worried.

Who's that?

A secret weapon.

You are to cooperate.

So they think I need a secret weapon.

Akiva, are you thirsty?

Do you want some tea?

Are you in pain?

I'm afraid, Henia.

What if Akiva Liebskind
is no longer Akiva Liebskind?

Don't cry.

Don't cry. I'm here.

Gentlemen, if you please.

Do you see what I see?

Mate in seven moves.

He didn't notice. Incredible.

Have that man removed.

Remove that man immediately!
What is it?
That man there, in the first row.
He's trying to control me.
I can't concentrate.
He's hypnotizing me.
That's it. He's hypnotizing me.
Remove him or I will leave.
The rules are very clear on this point,
and I must uphold them.
I cannot ask a spectator to leave...
unless both players request it.
Is that man bothering you?
Frankly, no.
I'm the one he's hypnotizing.
They want to kill me.
This is ridiculous.
Fanciful accusations
of a disturbed mind.
Remain calm, please.
Is that man part of your delegation?
Professor Polotin is a respected scientist,
and an honorary member of our federation.
He's here in the interest of science...
for observation necessary to his work.
The organizing committee
granted him an official pass.
I will not play
as long as he's in the audience.
- Please!
- He's a parapsychologist!
To avoid interrupting the name,
we will continue in the small theater.
The audience can follow the match
on the wallboard.
We object.
It's against the rules.
Only the jury can make such a decision.
It's not within your power.
As judge, I'm to ensure that the match
is played in accordance with the rules.
It is my duty.
I take note of your objection.
But nothing can stop me

from having this name played...
behind the curtain, if I see fit.
That's it.
Draw the Iron Curtain. Perfect!
It's all clear.
I might persuade Professor Polotin
to move to the fourth row.
Stop.
The Iron Curtain!
I propose we continue the name...
by turning the table...
so that only Grandmaster Liebskind...
faces the honorary member
of the Soviet federation...
since his presence doesn't bother him.
Do you accept
Grandmaster Felton's proposal?
I'm here to play chess.
You agree?
This is inadmissible.
I officially protest.
Please, gentlemen.
The name will now continue.
Grandmaster Liebskind wins Game 6.
Liebskind 2, Fromm 2.
Look here. What do you see?
- Mate in seven.
- Right. And this was your move.
Those bastards!
That damn parapsychologist!
Calm down.
I asked to nullify the name.
That's ridiculous!
They're preparing something else.
You'll see.
Not for the moment.
Puhl stood fast.
They can't net to him.
If he leaves, we'll leave too.
They know it.
Now stop fiddling with that.
- This?
- Yes.
This is a scepter.

It's Liebskind's pen.
He left it on the table.
- You have to give it back.
- You don't understand.
He didn't forget it.
He meant to give it to me.
I'm sure of it.
I was 10 when he came to Kovno
for the championship.
He won.
Afterwards, he agreed to play
a simultaneous match...
against the club's best players.
I was the only one to beat him.
He was fantastic.
He asked for a rematch...
as if I were a real player
and not just some kid.
He won, of course,
and afterwards he asked me...
"Do you want one last game?"
I said, "No. I want your secrets."
He laughed.
Play to win or I'll slap you.
For two hours
he gave me a lesson in chess.
Me.
just me.
And I've forgotten none of it.
It was impossible to forget.
Tomorrow net him one just like this...
but in gold.
You see?
A very beautiful pen.
That way we'll be even.
Damn pen.
Where could I have lost it?
In the car.
The car or the boat.
We have to no see.
Have you seen my pen?
We'd like to speak with you,
Akiva Israelovitch.
Your attitude when they expelled

Professor Polotin.
Your passivity and silence
could be misinterpreted.
My silence is just that.
Interpret it as you will.
- But Moscow...
- What about Moscow?
Do they have another world champion?
A better player to send in?
Moscow can no to hell!
Find my pen!
You're a beauty.
But will you bring me luck?
Liebskind 2, Fromm 3.
Give me one.
If you start smoking again,
you'll never quit.
Please propose a draw
to my opponent.
Grandmaster Fromm?
He must play.
Check.
Check.
Check.
Grandmaster Liebskind wins Game 8.
Liebskind 3, Fromm 3.
That's twice.
First he sacrifices the rook.
Then he sacrifices the queen.
His favorite move.
Poetic... eternal.
The snare of desire
snared by his desire.
You feel humiliated.
Are you afraid?
You're beginning to understand.
You and I are alike.
You're drunk. Go to bed.
You've no excuse.
Pride made you play too quickly.
You have no excuse.
He's going to slaughter you.
He likes blood.
He's ruthless!

I quit.
I don't think so.
Feel better?
Yes.
Grandmaster Fromm wins Game 9.
Liebskind 3, Fromm 4.
I hope you're happy.
You came to see me lose.
Get out of my sight. Go.
Throw that away, please.
It's poison, Henia... and very good.
Why have you never wanted
to play chess with me?
I'm not the jealous type.
You know you'd never let me win.
We'll no to Italy after this.
You've always wanted to see Italy.
I haven't been
a good husband, Henia.
I've never wanted any other.
At the university you fell in love
with a young mathematician.
A future professor.
A scientist.
Look at me today.
You're a great champion.
I'm a player.
just a player.
The other one.
I'm all right.
It's not the first time.
I'm going to sleep a little.
Don't worry.
Check.
Game 10 is adjourned at move 41.
We will resume tomorrow at 4:00 p.m.
He's sick.
Shit!
I'm sure they'll make him croak
rather than let me beat him.
The championship
is what you're after.
I play to spite the damn bastards.
- How is he?

- He's sleeping.
I can't come back before tomorrow.
Very well. Let's no in.
Excuse us, Akiva Israelovitch.
This is Dr. Randelier.
We'd like him to examine you.
I feel fine.
I must insist.
Moscow wants an official denial.
Dr. Randelier
is an eminent cardiologist.
I have a physician: Dr. Anton Heller.
The authorities in my country
would not allow him to accompany me.
Don't be offended, but no doctor
will examine me in his absence.
After the blow he dealt, we can't win.
A draw is still possible.
Look.
Fine. Let's propose a draw.
And you think Fromm
is stupid enough to accept.
He refuses treatment.
He wants Heller.
We're done for.
They'll never let Heller out.
His children are in Israel.
Let's pray that Fromm cracks.
Why pray?
But of course.
We'll crack him ourselves...
and we have the perfect nutcracker.
His wife.
It's a dangerous move.
It could hurt our prestige.
We're in the West.
Imagine the scandal.
They'll never allow it.
Dear comrade, I'm leaving for Moscow.
I'll no to the minister...
- and higher, if I have to.
- You won't have time.
The match resumes at 4:00 p.m.
The next match is in two days,

at 3:

I'll make it by then.
It's the only solution.
They'll agree.
It's the perfect move.
Grandmaster Fromm wins Game 10.
Liebskind 3, Fromm 5.
We'd like to speak with you,
Akiva Israelovitch.
Leave me alone.
Anton.
You've worked a miracle.
It took them long enough
to understand.
Here you are.
Try to net some rest.
I'll come see you tomorrow.
I'll leave you Pavius' phone number.
Call him when you want.
Get out.
Anton, will you listen to me?
Stay calm, Akiva.
He won't be able to play tomorrow.
He couldn't withstand it.
I'll need some drugs.
Get a Swiss doctor
for the prescription.
Listen to me, Anton.
Akiva, this is serious.
I know.
I can feel it.
I'm not asking you to extend my life.
I don't want to live 10 more years
like a vegetable.
I want 10 days.
Ten days, but with all my faculties.
All my faculties, you understand?
- I don't even know if I can save you.
- I don't give a damn!
I don't care if I die.
I want to beat that little bastard.
I've figured it out.
I've not him.

I'm the one giving the orders now.
What do you think?
Zionist bastard!
You think I refused the doctor's care
here to please you?
That I had you brought here
so you could preach to me?
You'll do as I say.
You're the only one who can do it.
That's why you're here.
What you ask is unworthy of a friend.
Ten days. I want to beat that kid.
It's my life and it's my hide!
It might be too late.
No, it's not too late.
I can beat him. I know it.
Quiet now.
Akiva, I'm not a miracle worker.
I'll need some other drugs.
Will he be able to play?
If he tolerates the treatment,
in three days he'll look like he can.
But not for long.
Ten days at most.
We have to postpone the match.
Out of the question.
Liebskind's illness must be kept secret.
Fromm has to ask
for the postponement.
The beauty of the plan
lies in that detail.
The nutcracker.
Pavius is waiting for you.
You're lying.
I know you brought me here
to make him lose the match...
and that you're counting
on the element of surprise.
The element of surprise isn't necessary.
just preferable.
Get out.
You'll no to him.
You need him.
You have no choice.

Neither escape...
nor suicide...
is a solution.
I hate you.
And so you should.
Thank you for coming, Colonel.
She's locked herself in her room.
You're making a simple operation
very difficult.
She'll crack for sure.
But I don't know when.
Never leave anything to chance.
Never.
We'll make our move at noon.
Mrs. Fromm?
Federal police.
There's nothing to be afraid of.
We're here to help you.
Our department has learned
from very reliable sources...
that your life is in danger.
We're taking you under our protection.
Where are you taking me?
judge Dombert has drawn up
a request for political asylum.
An unavoidable legal formality.
- But where will you take me?
- To your husband.
You'll be safe there.
He's already under our protection.
Protect me here, in this room.
No, madam. That's impossible.
Come look.
Come, Mrs. Fromm.
We'd have to put two armed men...
on each roof round the clock.
I don't have the manpower.
They don't need to kill me, you know.
You're all the same.
Promise me I won't see him
until the match is over.
Mrs. Fromm, think about it.
If they were the ones who warned us,
they can also inform the press...

and your husband.
They may already have done it.
Trust us.
They've won.
Everything will be fine.
Pavius will never forgive me.
Let's no, comrade.
Tonight I'll be world champion.
One hour before the match. This is
unacceptable. We were about to leave.
Very well.
Good-bye, Mr. President,
and thank you.
They've asked to have
the match postponed.
Have faith, Pavius.
Do you love me?
Say it.
You're here.
Now I feel strong.
I will be world champion.
We'll have a child after this.
Don't be sad anymore.
Sad?
"Depressive and antisocial"
they called it at the hospital.
How long did you stay there?
One year...
twenty-seven days...
and eight hours.
They wanted me to divorce you.
But I didn't want to.
I'm not crazy.
Of course you're not.
Don't be sad anymore.
Everything will be fine.
A Rui Lopez? What do you think?
I don't know.
I'm not thinking about that.
No, that wouldn't work.
We need a more sophisticated opening,
one that's rarely used.
Pushkin.
Goethe.

Do as you like, Akiva.
I need your intuition, Henia.
I don't know anymore.
You're right. We need a variation
from before the modernist revolution.
- Some forgotten pearl.
- Stop it, Akiva!
It's too late.
Pretend, Henia.
You must always pretend.
What is that strange opening?
An old museum piece...
the Ponziani.
The bastards did their homework.
Grandmaster Liebskind wins Game 11.
Liebskind 4, Fromm 5.
You think I'm going
to make you lose.
Say it.
Shout it!
But do something!
Don't no.
There's so much to tell you, Pavius.
But I've forgotten it all.
Something's wrong.
I'm all confused.
Make one last effort.
Talk to me.
Soon we'll have
all the time in the world to talk.
Right now I must work.
I must win this match.
You no longer hate enough
to win on your own.
Try to relax.
Try and sleep.
It's almost over.
Here.
Take this.
Sleep.
Everything will be all right.
It will soon be over.
Bastard.
Bastard.

Leave him alone.
Let him withdraw.
He's going to die.
At least let him die in peace.
Akiva, postpone this match.
Don't give me orders.
Look.
Give me that shot.
I'll be fine.
Check.
Check.
Mate!
Mate!
Grandmaster Liebskind wins Game 12.
Liebskind 5, Fromm 5.
Anton, I don't feel well at all.
Let us through.
Very good, Pavius.
You're getting mean again.
You'll beat him.
Come with me.
What's the matter?
Grandmaster Liebskind
is in the hospital.
Mr. Kerossian has just informed us
he has withdrawn.
Congratulations.
You are now world champion.
Is it serious?
There won't be a rematch?
I don't think so.
Unless you insist, we've decided
to suspend the usual ceremony...
given the circumstances.
Here is your check.
\$100,000.
With our congratulations.
I told you they'd kill him
to keep me from beating him.
That's absurd, Pavius.
Absurd.
Go now. You won't be able to
if you wait.
Get out of here.

I don't want you to watch me die.
Go to Jerusalem.
You've always been a zealot
deep down.
You see?
I haven't forgotten everything.
He needs you.
I'm a Soviet citizen.
I request political asylum.
I'm a Soviet citizen.
I request political asylum.
I'd like you to come with me.
I'm going back to the hospital.
I need the drugs.
Everything inside me is chaos.
I'm sick. It's true.
I'll only do you harm.
Nothing but harm.
Listen, Marina.
It's over.
I'm world champion.
We have all the time in the world.
They won. They destroyed me
so I could destroy you.
They won.
I've been expecting you.
You start.
- E4.
- E6.
- D4.
- D5.
E5.
C5.
C3.
Knight to C6.
Knight to F3.
Queen to B6.
Bishop to E2.
C takes D.
C takes D.
Knight to H6.
Knight to C3.
Knight to F5.
Knight to A4.

Bishop to B4 and check.

Bishop to D2.

Queen to A5.

Bishop to C3.

B5.

A3.

Bishop takes C3.

Knight takes C3.

B4.

A takes 4.

Queen takes B4.