

1. He's running late, Sophianos.

He said afterwards.  
He'll show up.

Lucas!

What do you want?

Lies.  
I fired in the air.

DAYS OF '36

a film by Theo Angelopoulos

The car, Mr. Kriezis.

Guard.

Mr. Kriezis, the M.P., is here.

-So is your brother.  
-Tell him to go.

George, I have news.

Mr. Kriezis.

Sophianos!  
I have a gun.

I'm holding Kriezis.

Call the Warden.

That one was in the air.

The next one's for Kriezis.

Call the Warden.

Sophianos, what do you want?

Is that you, Warden?

Inform the Ministry,

I'm holding Kriezis.

What do you want?

I know I'm gambling  
with my life.

But my mind is made up.

I'll wait till midnight  
for an order from the D.A...

to get me out of here.

Otherwise I have four bullets.

Two for him, two for me.

Have you gone crazy?

They won't do me in like this.  
Three months in here.

I've got the picture.

Give me the gun and I'll forget  
what you said.

Minister!

In laying the foundation  
stone...

for the new Olympic Stadium...  
I assure you that

the government...

will always be at the side  
of your young athletes.

Oh, Mother of the games,  
gold-wreathed Olympia...

Mistress of truth  
where by sacrificing, diviners  
seek to know...

the will of Zeus  
of the flashing thunderbolt...

what message he may have...

for men who, in their very  
heart, strain to win...

magnificence of strength and  
a breathing-space from toil.

George Sophianos...

Greek-Orthodox...  
single...

Here we are.

Four years reform school.

Later, 18 months imprisonment  
for drug pushing.

Since then turned police  
informer.

Information provided by him...  
led to the breaking up

of many drug rings.

In the underworld he goes by  
the name of Valentino.

Charged with the murder of  
the politician Doxiades...

and is being held in custody  
awaiting trial.

Hey, Lucas.

I'm sick of hiding.

The lawyer and I have been  
looking all over for you.

Anestes, I'll talk.

-Lucas also came to see me.  
-Will he talk?

He asked to meet you at the  
sea-front behind the factories.

Then he'll go into hiding  
again until the trial.

Do you think he'll show up?

Don't worry, he'll be there.

His mind's made up.

Excuse me.

CONSERVATIVE PARTY CLUB

Mrs. Kriezis is here, Sir.  
I telephoned the general.

He has already been informed.

He assured me that his  
government...

would do everything in its  
power to protect his life.

The general's maneuverings  
frighten me.

He's up to something.

Come on, calm down. Would you  
like a glass of water?

How long has it been since  
you last came to see me.

Remember 1989?

The palace ball?

Our flight to Kifissia?

What madness!

How did it go?

How did it go?

Sophianos was visited basically  
by two people.

His brother and Mr. Kriezis.

We can rule out Mr. Kriezis,  
of course...

As for his brother, he is  
always searched by the guards.

I can't see how Sophianos  
got the gun.

Why wasn't he held in a cell  
like all the rest?

I received orders.

What was I to do?

Confidentially, I was under  
pressure from Mr. Kriezis.

Sophianos' brother was holding  
a briefcase when he went in.

Did you look through it?

It contained some papers.

Nothing else.

When he was brought in he kept  
shouting he was being framed...

with the murder

to get him out of the way.

Lately he didn't want to see  
anyone. He was afraid.

If they don't get me first,  
he would say...

I have things to say  
at the trial.

What's going on?

-He was accused for the gun.  
-When?

Only for a few minutes.

Can you hear me, George?

I'm Mavroides, the lawyer.

George, listen to me.

The gun is a trap.

Hand it over for God's sake.

I can't tell you anything else.

Please, understand.

George!

Fool!

I don't see any bruises.

Does anyone know him?

This way.

Hello.

Hello, sit down.

-Any trouble getting here?  
-I know my way around.

-They shot at a cop last night.  
-So I heard.

Right on time.

Thanks.

He was with a tall guy  
at the rally.

They disappeared  
in the crowd.

-Did you know Sophianos well?  
-I know him from way back.

Then I learned he'd become  
an informer.

There was trouble. Now they want

him out of the way. Who knows?

Will you come and testify  
at the trial?

Speak up! Will you come?

That's what's important.

If it takes place.

He's an informer.

-What does he want?  
-To find out about Sophianos.

I'm his lawyer. There's  
something I want to ask her.

You've been to see him  
in prison.

Yanni!

Please be seated, gentlemen.

A short while ago...

the Prime Minister...

received an ultimatum  
from the Democratic party.

They threaten to vote  
against the government...

in the event it gives in...

to Sophianos' demands.

For them the dignity of the  
state takes precedence.

However, as it is known,  
this ultimatum...

was preceded by one from  
the Conservative party...

with precisely the opposite  
demands...

namely, the immediate release  
of Sophianos...

in order to save the M.P.

Gentlemen, the government  
is determined...

not to endanger its position.

I'm open to your suggestions.

All attempts to dissuade  
him have failed, Minister.

A solution must be found.

Tear gas is out  
of the question.

He'll have time to open fire.

He could be hit with  
machine gun fire, Sir.

You can't see anything.

The window panes have been  
whitewashed.

I would suggest something  
which may seem unorthodox...

but I find it most  
effective: poison.

Do you have any here?

I don't know. Let me ask.

We did have some.

I think that after we first  
consult with an expert...

let's say the professor of  
toxicology, Mr. Sakelariou...

who must, of course, also  
assume legal responsibility.

Naturally!

We can give it a try.

The heavy peal of bells  
inside Thessaloniki...

The King rides in front  
with victory at his side.

Leading his brave troops  
to glory.

Like a white dove...

with weary wings...

hailing victory...

the church of St.Demetrius...

held by the Turks...

Resounding with joy  
and dazzing with light.

Troubles create insecurity.

The large financial concerns  
are affected.

The professor of toxicology,  
Mr. Sakelariou.

Minister, gentlemen...

Professor, you have been  
informed, I hope.

-Yes.

-Do you agree?

Do you agree? Please, wait  
outside for a moment.

You too, Professor.

You're wanted on the telephone,  
Professor.

Come along, Professor.

Your coffee, Sophianos.

Push it through.

If you're up to any tricks,  
you should know...

Kriezis will drink first.

No!

Liaracos...

You're wanted by the adjutant.

Carry on.

Come with me.

There's the window.

Here's the bed.

Excuse me, gentlemen.

What's going on?

He wants music.

He said he wants music.

Warden!

Now what is it?

-They're laughing.

-Who?

Sophianos and Mr. Kriezis.

I swear.

The others heard it too.

It's here.

I'm tired of your false  
caresses...

Your vows, your kisses,  
your airs and graces...

I'm tired of a love  
I used to dream of...

in your blue eyes.

Don't wait...

We can't relive the past.

Don't wait...

In the vain hope  
of a forgotten love.

Stop it!

The window panes  
have been whitewashed...

But through the skylight...  
one can see inside.

Leave us alone.

Did you hear me?

At your own risk.

Cigarette?

Mr. Prosecutor, please let me speak  
privately with Sophianos.

At my own risk, for ten minutes  
only, I assure you.

It can't be done.

I'm almost certain that  
I can persuade him...

to hand over the gun.

I have new information.

It's late. Can't you see?

There's nothing wrong with him.

He has fainted.

Fire!

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