

THE GAME: EPISODE 1

Written by

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She walks ahead of us. Cutting a path through the tall grass. The shadows of the trees fall across her as she passes in and out of the early morning sunlight.

Watching her, our eyes, is Joe, early 30s. Handsome. But fractured, like glass. She draws him after her as if attached by invisible threads. He is mesmerised by her. Helpless.

She smiles at Joe over her shoulder, nervous, looking for reassurance. This is Yulia, late 20s. Russian. Pale. Beautiful.

Joe returns her smile. A nod. Go on. I'm here.

Caption: *Poland 1971*

They are approaching the edge of the tree line. Here, Yulia pauses. She turns and holds out her hand, nervous, biting her lip. Joe takes her hand, draws level with her and they look down the slope to the edge of the lake.

A car. A van. 3 men, standing or leaning against the car. Waiting.

Now Joe takes the lead. A deep breath, he squeezes her hand and walks down the slope towards the men.

They straighten up and watch Joe and Yulia approach.

Joe spots another man, sat in the passenger seat of one of the cars, invisible in the shadows.

None of the men move forward. None of them speak. Just watch. Curious. Silent. They're not going to make this easy. Joe chooses one, addresses him.

JOE

I won't work for you. I'll tell you about my missions, my tradecraft, but nothing about the people I work with, I won't endanger anyone.

HOOD 1

Then why are you doing this?

He casts a disdainful eye over Yulia.

HOOD 1 (CONT'D)

For that?

JOE

It's a game. All this. It's just a game. I can't do this anymore.

HOOD 1
So retire. To one of your English
villages. With your beer and tweed.

YULIA
(finding her voice)
I have a son, comrade. He lives
with my parents on their farm in
Krasnodar. Joe will live with us--

HOOD 1
(calm, cold)
Be quiet.
(to Joe)
What did she tell you, this
traitor?

The hand. The knife. Apple peel drops to the ground.

JOE
Details, that's all. She was just a
chef in the embassy. Who was
visiting, who was away. And I
recruited her, I approached her.

The Hood thinks about this. Then signals to his men.

HOOD 1
Say goodbye. You and the traitor
will be debriefed separately.

There is a subtle shift in the atmosphere. Little details we
see in close up, through Joe's eyes:

Hood 1 shifts his stance.

Hood 2 unbuttons his coat and flexes his fingers.

Hood 3 stamps out his cigarette.

The hand and the knife had appeared from the car. It freezes
mid-movement, then slips quickly back inside before it has
time to drop the peel.

Joe turns, hugs Yulia, his lips next to her ear.

JOE
It's a trap.

What happens next happens fast. Hood 2 has pulled a gun. Joe
pushes Yulia away from him, spins around, grabs his wrist and
elbows him hard in the face, exploding his nose.

The gun has dropped to the ground, but before Joe can reach
for it, Hood 1 is lunging towards him. Joe stays crouched and
flips the Hood over his back.

Yulia is running along the shoreline.

The gang of Hoods, meanwhile, are attacking Joe. But this isn't his first scrap. It isn't elegant, it's messy, brutal. He slams one of their heads against the side of the van. He kicks out, snapping another one's knee backwards.

But while this is happening, the car door has opened, and the apple-peel man calmly gets out. For reasons that will become clear later, we're going to call him Odin. He strolls calmly past the brawl and raises a gun. Yulia is about 50 yards away, she is veering to the right, about to disappear back into the woods.

He fires.

The bullet catches Yulia in the side. It sends her crashing down to the ground. The pain is spectacular. She screams.

Joe sees this, he freezes, mid-fight.

JOE (CONT'D)
YULIA!

And that moment of distraction is all it takes. The three Hoods overwhelm him. Punching, kicking, raining down blows with their fists and the butts of their guns.

Odin has pocketed his gun and is calmly walking towards Yulia.

Through the legs of his attackers, between the blows and kicks, Joe watches as Odin reaches Yulia. She was crawling towards the tree line. Odin grabs her by the hair and drags her to the edge of the lake.

Joe's attackers pick him up and start dragging him towards the van. Joe's face is battered and bloody. He thrashes and struggles, screaming Yulia's name...

... Odin has started wading into the water, still half-dragging-half-carrying Yulia. A few metres in, Odin grabs the back of Yulia's head and plunges it into the water. Yulia thrashes wildly, but Odin doesn't relent, his arm locked, his eyes on the horizon. Cold, dead, resolute.

Joe's struggles become more frenzied and desperate. But the Hoods aren't letting him go. One has opened the van doors and they hurl him inside, slamming the doors shut behind him.

Another has clambered into the driving seat. The engine starts up and the van rumbles away.

Joe hammers on the small window in the back of the door, roaring and screaming.

In the lake, Odin is still holding Yulia under the water.

Joe watches with horror as Yulia's thrashing slowly dies, and her body goes limp in Odin's grip.

The last thing we see is Joe's anguished and desperate face receding further and further into the distance as the van takes him away...

FADE TO BLACK.

Then a voice. Female, European.

GIRL (V.O.)
Where've you gone? You're not even
listening to me.

FADE TO:

2 INT. NIGHT 1. FLAT. 2

It takes Joe a moment to claw his way out of the memory. And when he does, he flicks his smile on like a light. This is a far cry from the man we met in Poland. Now he's all charm and flirtation.

Caption - 1 year later.

He's in bed. Standing in the doorway of the bathroom is a girl, wrapped in a towel.

GIRL
As I am *saying*, Thursday it is
impossible. My boss have meeting. I
go and take the notes.

Joe holds his hand out to her, she climbs onto the bed.

JOE
So meet me afterwards.

GIRL
Is in Sheffield, I won't be back
until is late.

He starts to kiss his way up her bare arm to her neck.

JOE
Call in sick. We'll spend the day
in bed again.

She giggles and twists away. She faces him, trails a finger down his cheek with a heavy sigh. God she could eat him.

GIRL
Oh baby I love to. But the meeting
is at steel refinery, is taken
weeks to arrange.

Joe looks away, hurt. He nods. He gets it.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Is true! They make the... I can't
remember name. The shaft for the
turbine! See? I remember. The steel
company make shaft for turbine.
They make for your aeroplane. Now
they make for us.

Joe pulls a playful, sceptical face.

JOE
So when can I see you?

CUT TO:

Music - 'Blue in Green' by Miles Davis.

3 EXT. NIGHT 1. STREET.

3

Joe leaving the girl's flat. In the absence of an audience, all expression falls from his face, leaving a grey mask like ash. He lights a cigarette, pulls his collar up against the cold wind and sets off.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. NIGHT 1. STREET.

4

We follow him as he makes his way through the London streets. It's night. Neon lights invite us to see Girls! Girls! Girls! Joe moves through this world like a ghost. Weary, misplaced.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. NIGHT 1. THE FRAY. BACK ENTRANCE.

5

He approaches the bay doors of an anonymous looking building, clammers up the steps and presses the buzzer.

CUT TO:

6 INT. NIGHT 1. THE FRAY. BACK RECEPTION.

6

The reception area is just as anonymous and bland as its exterior. A uniformed porter behind a desk. Joe flashes a pass and climbs the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT 1. THE FRAY / BOOTH.

Joe settles himself at a desk. An old reel-to-reel tape recorder before him. He picks up the bakelite mic and begins dictating his report.

JOE

Product from Katia M, 28th Jan, 1972. Meeting with managers at Sheffield based steel refinery (list of possible companies attached) Thursday PM to discuss manufacture of parts for aircraft engines, specifically shafts for turbines. Steel refinery already manufactures some parts, and most likely others, for current UK domestic aeronautics.

He stops. Stares into nothing. Dead eyed. The mask gone. We pull away, moving up and over the rest of the office.

Joe is in a glass booth, one of maybe half a dozen, like the ones people listened to records in. Some have telephones, some have the huge reel-to-reels with an intelligence officer listening to someone else's life. Most of the equipment is about 30 years old. Heavy black bakelite telephones and clunky recording equipment. The booths line one wall of a much larger office, called The Fray, of maybe 30 desks in tight neat rows. Each desk is a tiny roofless room of its own, surrounded by a wooden wall, about 5 feet high. A door in one of the walls, with a small knocker or doorbell. There are wide slots in the walls, through which documents can be passed. A tea-lady pushes a trolley down the aisles. Tea and cakes are passed through the hatches. A fog of cigarette smoke hangs permanently in the air.

Above the Fray, on a balcony, is Daddy's Room.

Along one of the other walls are about half a dozen doors, leading to meeting rooms.

And there's Joe, looking out at the office. A tiny cog in an immense machine. Locked in place, in his tiny glass cell.

And the titles end.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY 2. ALLEYWAY.

Arkady, 50s, heavy set. He's leant against a wall, trying to steady his breathing. In his hand a photo, though we don't see the image. He swigs from a bottle of vodka. A last look at the photo, to give him courage for what he's about to do.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. DAY 2. STREET.

9

He turns the corner and marches down a street, a look of grim determination in his eyes. He's marching towards two policemen, strolling along. They break off their conversation and look up at Arkady, bearing down on them.

POLICEMAN
Everything alright, sir?

Without breaking stride, Arkady punches the Policeman in the face.

JUMP CUT TO:

10

INT. DAY 2. BOBBY'S CLUB.

10

We follow a waiter through a gentleman's club. Brandy, The Times, panelled walls, the great and the good of the British establishment dozing in plush leather chairs.

BOBBY (O.C.)
--and let me tell you I *worshipped* that man. But confidence is on the floor. And in our game, insecurity can cost lives.

We find Bobby, the political animal in his natural habitat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
My chief concern, my only concern, is what's best for, the department, the country and the memory of that once great man...

He notices the waiter standing over him.

WAITER
Call for you, Mr Waterhouse.

BOBBY
(sharp)
Wait.

He turns to his companion. The smile snaps back in place.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Now some have suggested that I take the reins. All I can say is, the thought's never occurred--

Then suddenly he looks up at the waiter, a little pale.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
It's not my mother, is it?

CUT TO:

11

INT. DAY 2. THE FRAY / BOOTH.

11

In the Fray, in one of the glass booths, a TV bubbles.

Sarah Montag - petite, ferociously intelligent - is watching. Joe's there too. On the TV, the news.

Bobby's head pops around the door. Cocks a thumb at Joe.

BOBBY
Sarah, do you need this one?

SARAH
He's all yours.

BOBBY
(to Joe)
With me.

Bobby disappears. Joe lingers, still watching the television "*--with the miner's strike now in its fourth week, and with coal stocks dwindling, the government has had to resort to compulsory power cuts across the country, with some parts losing power for up to four hours a day--*".

SARAH
They'll never forgive them for
this.

A rap on the glass. Bobby. *What on earth are you waiting for?*

CUT TO:

12

INT. DAY 2. THE FRAY.

12

Joe follows Bobby through the Fray. He prompts curious reactions from the others. Conversations stop when he passes. Eyes stare at him through the little cubicle hatches, with a mixture of curiosity and distaste. Secretaries look up from their work, trawling through copies of *The Morning Star* and making notes. Every cubicle seems to have a drinks tray with whisky, vodka, soda; officers drink copiously and openly.

Joe glances up. From the balcony, a figure watches him cross the Fray. The light behind him, he's just a silhouette. But his gaze is locked on Joe, scrutinising and unblinking. This is Daddy, the Director General of MI5. But we'll meet him properly later.

CUT TO:

13

INT. DAY 2. THE FRAY. BOBBY'S OFFICE.

13

Bobby ushers Joe into his office. Joe goes to sit down, but Bobby deliberately blocks his path. Voice low, eyes narrow:

BOBBY
What was she talking to you about?

JOE
What?

BOBBY
Her. Sarah. Daddy's girl. What was she saying?

JOE
Nothing. She was watching the news.
I went in to watch it with her.

Bobby scrutinises Joe, eyes narrow. A snort.

BOBBY
Thick as thieves, you two.

Joe rolls his eyes, used to Bobby's bitchiness. Bobby sits.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Arkady Malinov. Since '62 he's been a lecturer at Reading University for his sins. Pure as the driven, we thought, until today, when he drinks a bath full of vodka and punches a policeman.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. DAY 2. STREET.

14

Arkady is now under a pile of policemen, thrashing and struggling.

BOBBY (V.O.)
But once in custody he lets it be known he is in fact Colonel Arkady blah-blah of the Committee for State Security and wishes to parlez.

As one officer presses his arms down, his ear next to Arkady's mouth, Arkady whispers something. The officer stands up, looks at him, shocked.

CUT TO:

15

INT. DAY 2. THE FRAY. BOBBY'S OFFICE.

15

BOBBY
We've released him and told him to roll up to the Olympic Hotel in Earls Court later today.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 There, he shall have the dubious
 pleasure of being debriefed by you.

JOE
 Why me?

BOBBY
 Don't look at me, it was Daddy's
 idea. After that fiasco in Poland,
 I was lobbying for you to get your
 P45 (that is what they call it,
 isn't it?). We had to give up three
 of our most prized catches to get
 you back. Anyway. We are a merciful
 bunch (apparently), hence this
 chance to redeem yourself. Now,
 chances are he just wants to
 defect, so convince him to stay on
 the Kremlin's payroll and work for
 us. Once they defect their product
 depreciates by the hour.

Bobby stands and literally shows Joe the door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Chin up! It'll make a nice change
 from bedding secretaries and
 forgotten wives, no?

CUT TO:

16

EXT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL.

16

The Olympic Hotel is a drab, dusty and dark place. Mildew. Creaks and groans and distant shouts. Prostitutes. Drunks. Flotsam and Jetsam.

At one of the grimy, lace curtained windows - Joe.

A few people mill about the street. Joe scrutinises them all: The young couple on the bench. The man in the car. The woman tending to her baby in the pram. Joe drinks them in, assessing the risks. Everything is suspicious, every movement and glance a threat.

CUT TO:

17

INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.

17

Alan prepares the room. Alan is one of the 'Nosey-Parkers' who install bugging devices. The polar opposite to Joe. Enthusiastic, eccentric, utterly guileless. He crawls around the floor, with wires and plugs.

Alan stands up, dusts off his hands, clears his throat.

ALAN
So, Joe. How do you like to spend your free time? Are you a member of a team or club, or do you enjoy more solitary pursuits, such as model-making or canoeing?

Joe turns to look at him--what? Alan sags, confides:

ALAN (CONT'D)
As you know, small talk isn't my strong suit, so Sarah thought a list of prepared topics might help.

He produces a crumpled piece of paper, consults it.

ALAN (CONT'D)
'Mutual friends': bit sticky...
'Politics': bit of a minefield...
'Sport': good God no... 'Leisure activities' is all I have.

JOE
(a smile)
We can talk about work, it's fine.

ALAN
(relieved)
Thank you.
(claps his hands)
Right! One in the lamp, one in the shower head in the bathroom. I need to check the levels. When I tap on the wall, say something.

JOE
Like what?

ALAN
Anything. A nursery rhyme.

JOE
I don't know any.

ALAN
Everyone knows a nursery rhyme.
Frère Jacques? Pease Pudding Hot?

Joe stares at him. Same planet, different worlds.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Yesterday Upon the Stair--

JOE
I know that one.

ALAN
Capital.

He runs out.

CUT TO:

18

INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2.

18

Alan scurries into the bedroom next door, which has been converted into the technical base of operations. Wires snake across the floor. Alan puts on a colossal pair of headphones and kneels on the floor, with two immense and clunky reel-to-reel recorders on the bed before him. It looks like he's worshipping them. He leans across, taps on the wall.

CUT TO:

19

INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.

19

JOE
'Yesterday upon the stair.'

He walks through...

CUT TO:

20

INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BATHROOM.

20

... into the bathroom. An avocado sink and bath. Mildew. Grime. And a mirror, that hooks Joe's attention.

JOE
'I met a man who wasn't there.'

His reflection stares back. He moves back into the bedroom.

CUT TO:

21

INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.

21

JOE
'He wasn't there again today.'

Joe has found a drawing pin. And as he talks, he presses his finger onto the point, drawing blood. He closes his eyes, savouring the sensation. Devouring it.

JOE (CONT'D)
'I wish that man would go away.'

A knock on the wall again. Joe talks to the lamp.

JOE (CONT'D)
More? Or is that enough?

Another knock.

JOE (CONT'D)
We should have worked out a code.
Does one knock mean yes?

Beat. Two knocks.

FADE TO:

22 **INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2.** 22

Much later. Dark outside. Alan is dozing on the floor, headphones still on, snoring. His bedtime reading, a heavy technical textbook, open face down on his lap.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.** 23

Joe is in a chair facing the door. Eyes shut.

CUT TO:

23A **JOE'S MEMORY.** 23A

Yulia, walking ahead of Joe through the woods. Turning back to him, smiling.

CUT TO:

23B **INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.** 23B

The floorboards outside creak. Joe's eyes snap open.

A shadow has broken the slice of light under the door.

JOE
He's here.

CUT TO:

24 **INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2.** 24

Alan wakes with a start. The headphones fall off, he puts them back on, scrambles into position and starts recording.

CUT TO:

25 **INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.** 25

From his chair Joe watches the shadow under the door. What is it waiting for? The knock comes.

Joe crosses to the door and opens it, to find a black blob on the landing, hidden in shadows. Joe stands back, giving space to the figure. But it doesn't move. Finally it steps forward, into the light of the bedroom. From one world to another.

The two spies size each other up, a little machismo and innate distrust vs professional respect.

ARKADY
Just you?

Joe nods. Arkady snorts, gestures around.

ARKADY (CONT'D)
Yes but who listens?

Joe doesn't answer that. He's moved back to the chairs. On a coffee table is a bottle of vodka and two glasses, a notepad and pen, an unopened pack of cigarettes and an ashtray. Joe picks up the bottle--drink? Arkady nods. Joe sits and pours.

JOE
How long have we got?

ARKADY
An hour.

JOE
You understand that we cannot discuss payment until your debrief has been completed--this takes about six months--and your product assessed.

Arkady still hasn't sat. He looks around nervously, fingers twitching. Joe gestures for Arkady to sit.

JOE (CONT'D)
Colonel.

Reluctantly Arkady sits.

JOE (CONT'D)
Though of course our rates of payment increase if you stay in situ and help us gather intel on a more regular basis.

ARKADY
Yes, this is what I want. I am going to work for MI5.

JOE
Well. That's very nice of you.
(picks up the notepad)
So, you know the drill. We'll start with name and rank, then move onto your war record.

ARKADY
There is not time. I have
information about a major KGB
operation about to take place on
United Kingdom soil. It has been
named Operation Glass.

CUT TO:

26 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2.

26

In the bedroom next door, Alan perks up, listening intently.

CUT TO:

27 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.

27

JOE
What are the objectives of this
operation?

ARKADY
I do not know.

JOE
How many people does it involve?

ARKADY
I do not know.

JOE
Why is it called Operation Glass?

ARKADY
I do not know.

JOE
So exactly which *bit* of this plan
you know nothing about has offended
you so much you want to betray your
country?

That makes Arkady jumpy again. He stands, walks over to the window, pulls the tattered lace curtain aside an inch and peeps down into the street, then back at Joe.

ARKADY
What did you do?

JOE
I'm sorry?

ARKADY
When we debrief hostile operatives,
we send a face we can afford to be
seen. Someone new.
(MORE)

ARKADY (CONT'D)
 But you are not frightened enough
 to be new. So why send you? What
 are they punishing you for?

JOE
 I'm a Domestic. It's my job.

ARKADY
 A Domestic?

JOE
 Like Domestic Service. We do the
 honey traps. The low level
 approaches, low level debriefings.
 The jobs no one else wants.

ARKADY
 I am low level?

JOE
 Well you've been here ten years and
 yesterday was the first time we'd
 even heard your name, 'Colonel'. I
 think you've had enough of sitting
 on the substitute's bench. I think
 that drunken punch was really meant
 for your bosses, who have ignored
 you your entire career. I think
 this is a mid-life crisis.

Joe leans forward as he stands, talking to the lamp.

JOE (CONT'D)
 We've finished.

ARKADY
 Years from now the story of British
 and Soviet espionage will be
 divided into before and after this
 moment. Before and after Operation
 Glass. They are going to tear
 everything down.

Joe blinks. Suddenly the world is spinning in a different
 direction. A heavy 'clunk' sound. And the picture freezes.

JOE (V.O.)
 At this point I paused the
 interview. I had to speak to Bobby.

CUT TO:

Joe has stopped the immense reel-to-reel, which has been
 replaying the interview. Sarah sits at the table.

Bobby lounges. Another figure is in the shadows. They direct all their dialogue to this hidden figure.

JOE
I asked Alan to babysit Arkady and went downstairs to ring the Fray.

CUT TO:

29 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1. 29

Alan is now sitting opposite Arkady. Alan clearly doesn't know whether to be excited or frightened that he's been left in charge of a Soviet spy. Arkady eyes Alan dubiously. The silence is immense and awkward. Alan has an idea! He pulls out his piece of paper and clears his throat...

CUT TO:

30 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. LOBBY. 30

Joe, talking on the public payphone in the hotel lobby. A woman leans against the wall next to him. One of the hotel's many prostitutes. She and Joe exchange glances.

JOE (V.O.)
For product of this quality, Arkady wanted ten thousand pounds and a new identity.

She doesn't click into professional mode and shift her features to form a flirtacious smile. There is an odd connection instead. Same job, different pay grades.

CUT TO:

31 INT. NIGHT 2. THE FRAY. MEETING ROOM. 31

BOBBY
I said not a penny more than five thousand and a new identity would only be provided if the veracity of this operation were proven.

CUT TO:

32 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1. 32

Joe is back in his chair, facing Arkady. He's speaking. Arkady scowls. Smokes.

JOE (V.O.)
He grumbled a bit but seemed
generally satisfied and told me
what he knew about Operation Glass.

And we're back into the scene:

ARKADY
I have a name, as time goes on I
will have more. Each a retired or
inactive agent, a British citizen.
Each name come with an instruction,
just for them. I will approach
them, and give them their task.

JOE
Who's the first agent?

ARKADY
David Hexton. He used to work in
Ministry of Agriculture and pass us
information. Nothing very valuable.
And when David lose his job, we let
him go too. He is my first name.

JOE
How are you given the names?

ARKADY
A dead-letter drop. The man's
toilet outside Manor House
Underground station. The name and
instructions are put behind the
cistern of the middle cubicle. I
know to pick it up because they put
advert in Classified Ads in The
Times. It say "Cousin Andrew.
Please visit us".

JOE
You still haven't told me why
you're turning.

Arkady moves the ashtray in front of him, taps his cigarette.

ARKADY
Why am I turning. I want to be a
capitalist. I want to read The
Times and see the Oxford and
Cambridge boat race. I want my
children to go to Eton and despise
the workers.

JOE
You should know more. About this
plan. What aren't you telling me?

ARKADY

They have been planning this for years. In the shadows. It is too important, too delicate, they cannot risk exposure. Understand this: Operation Glass is a jigsaw. No one sees all the pieces. But all the world will see the finished picture.

Arkady sits back and smokes, enjoying being the centre of attention at last. That heavy 'clunk' snaps us back to:

33

INT. NIGHT 2. THE FRAY. MEETING ROOM.

33

BOBBY

'A jigsaw'. 'Planned in shadows'. What is he talking about? I do hate it when they try to be enigmatic.

JOE

In terms of 'why', this sudden need for a western life... something about it doesn't sit right. As for 'Why now', as I said, years of being ignored, denied significant operational responsibility, means he's lost any loyalty to the cause.

BOBBY

But this 'Operation Glass', if it succeeds, if it's real, won't that reflect well on him?

SARAH

I see what Joe's getting at. Arkady is only a postman and he knows it. He's finally been invited to the top table, and he's just dishing out the soup. But if he wrecks the whole thing, he's in control, he's important, perhaps for the first time in his career.

BOBBY

Sounds damn fishy to me. He's broken enough legs to make Colonel in the KGB, but he's going to turn his back on the lot because he fancies a trip to Harrods?

(to the hidden figure)
Daddy. Some sense, I implore you.

The figure leans forward into the light. This is Daddy. He's in his 60s. Powerfully built, physically and intellectually. But vain. And frightened as only an old man in an increasingly young man's world could be.

DADDY
 I know it seems vulgar to the young, but don't underestimate the importance of luxury. As you get old, lack becomes increasingly less romantic. What is David Hexton doing now?

JOE
 We've had shadows on him since I spoke to Arkady. We're logging his movements, everyone he speaks to, but we won't engage until we get your go-ahead.

DADDY
 I shall need to speak to the Home Secretary first, convince him to loosen the purse strings.

BOBBY
 Daddy, am I to take it you believe in this quote unquote plan?

DADDY
 I understand the rationale. We are ancient nations, we both want this war to end. Eventually one of us would find a way to break the stalemate. But the warrior who lifts his arm for the killer blow leaves his heart exposed. They believe this could be their defining moment. But instead it could be ours.

And then the lights go out.

BOBBY
 (in the darkness)
Bloody miners!

CUT TO:

34

INT. DAY 3. COUNTRY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM.

34

Daddy is visiting the Home Secretary at his country retreat. Sunday tweeds. Labradors bound about.

HOME SECRETARY
 --yes, ignoring it may well be a risk but so is ploughing money and manpower into what might turn out to be a wild goose chase. 5 have had some notable fumbles of late.
 (MORE)

HOME SECRETARY (CONT'D)

One more and you'll be out on your ear and I'll be shuffled off to, Christ, I don't know, *Agriculture*. No, to release those kinds of funds I'll need more than the ramblings of some KGB also-ran.

DADDY

You're right, Home Secretary, of course. We have allowed our imaginations to get the better of us. No, I'm sure the chances of this plan being as catastrophic as Comrade Arkady implies, such as giving Kalashnikovs to the Trade Unions, say, are slim to say the least. Minister, I shall say adieu.

HOME SECRETARY

(pales)

Giving Kalashnikovs to the Trade Unions...?

DADDY

Or warheads to the IRA. After all, it can only be a matter of *time* before the KGB allies itself with someone of a similar mind-set. But as you say, we can't be *sure*. I go out through here, yes?

The Home Secretary almost rugby tackles Daddy to the floor.

HOME SECRETARY

Let's--let's not be *hasty*. We shouldn't let prudence compromise *security*. Perhaps there's a middle ground we could explore...

And the trap snaps shut:

DADDY

What if I were to assemble a small committee of trusted officers to work through the list ourselves, 'off the books' so to speak. Then should the list prove to be a *Moscow trick*...

HOME SECRETARY

We've kept wastage to a minimum.

DADDY

I thought we could put it through the books as 'training'.

HOME SECRETARY

Little dishonest, isn't it?

DADDY
Said the politician to the spy.

The Home Secretary scowls - point taken.

HOME SECRETARY
Well, you'd better be right. You're
on your last life.

(beat)
Sending agents *in*, no problem with
that, it's all part of the game.
But our *own* people, homegrown on
England's mountains green, secretly
beavering away for Mother Russia...
it's the sheer bloody ingratitude
that gets me.

CUT TO:

35

EXT. DAY 3. BELGRAVE SQUARE.

35

Bobby hurries across the square. He trots up the steps of one of the palatial houses.

CUT TO:

36

INT. DAY 3. THE WATERHOUSE APARTMENT. HALL.

36

Bobby closes the door behind him. He notices with horror that there are grass-stains on the knees of his trousers. He pulls his overcoat tighter around him, then peeps into the lounge.

CUT TO:

37

INT. DAY 3. THE WATERHOUSE APARTMENT. LOUNGE.

37

There's Hester Waterhouse curled on a divan like a cat, flicking through a magazine. In her 60s but still beautiful, she's used to power and influence. But now she's a deposed queen, and she isn't taking it well. Bobby tiptoes past...

HESTER
(without looking up)
Working on a Sunday?

Bobby freezes, like an escaping prisoner suddenly fixed with a searchlight. There's no escape. He plods in.

BOBBY
No, yes. Had a bit of a
breakthrough at work. Netted a big
fish. All very hush-hush, but it's
all hands to the pump.

Hester closes the magazine and the beam of her attention locks on Bobby. But her eyes are wide and adoring.

HESTER
Do they appreciate you, my darling?
Shall I talk to them again?

BOBBY
NO! God, no. They're cock-a-hoop with me. Really. Full of praise. No, this--Daddy's formed a special committee. Asked for me personally.

Bobby offers this information like a cat delivering a dead bird to its owner. He awaits her verdict. She lets him hang for a moment, then smiles and holds out her hand.

HESTER
This could be the beginning.

Bobby exhales. Takes her hand, kisses it as he kneels on the floor next to her. They gaze at each other like lovers. She trails a finger down his cheek.

BOBBY
I think so too.

HESTER
My Hercules. You'll bring glory to our name once more.

But then the finger loops around his ear and twists it.

HESTER (CONT'D)
Won't you.

Bobby squeals and struggles. She lets him go.

BOBBY
Mother, really, you are too much! I will not stand for this!

HESTER
(back to her magazine)
You'll do as you're bloody well told, darling.

Bobby's face, staring at her, pouting and miserable. And then, over this, the sound of an audience laughing.

THE COMIC (V.O.)
Tell you what, I think my doctor's queer. I do! When I cough he tells me to hold his balls.

CUT TO:

38

INT. NIGHT 3. THE NIGHTCLUB.

38

Close up on the comedian. He's in his twenties. Bow tie, shirt and ruffle, a mane of blow-dried hair. A cheesy grin and a cheeky twinkle.

THE COMIC

The wife was looking at herself in the mirror last night. "I'm getting old!", she says. "My hips are big, I've got bags under my eyes, and wrinkles and grey hairs." I said "Yes, but look on the bright side, your eyesight's still good."

A peal of laughter from the audience. The comedian grins.

CUT TO:

39

INT. DUSK 3. JOE'S FLAT. LANDING.

39

On the landing of his block of flats, coat on, Joe pulls the door shut behind him.

THE COMIC (V.O.)

Here you are, just a quick one, what do you call kids who are born in a whorehouse? Brothel Sprouts. Silly that one, isn't it. Silly.

Joe takes two matchsticks from his pocket, wedges them between the door and the frame. He pulls a cigarette from his pocket, lights it and walks off.

CUT TO:

40

EXT. DUSK 3. PARK.

40

Fog rolls through the park. Joe, a hunched black figure moving through the mist, along a path, lined with benches.

THE COMIC (V.O.)

A Scouser goes to a prostitute. She says, "Do you want a blow job?" He says, "Will it affect me dole money?"

Laughter.

Joe sits, looks out across the park. His hand slips down behind the bench.

Still facing forward, his fingers feel along the slats of the bench... There. A brass drawing pin. His fingers inch along. Two more. All in a neat little row.

The barest flicker across Joe's face. He stands, moves off.

CUT TO:

41

INT. NIGHT 3. THE NIGHTCLUB.

41

Close on the Comic. Grinning and twinkling.

THE COMIC
So Paddy gets arrested for rape.

Joe steps through the door at the back of the nightclub. It's full. A smog of cigarette smoke hangs in the air. Joe scans the audience, sat at tables, watching the comic.

THE COMIC (CONT'D)
He's put in a lineup with ten other blokes and the woman is escorted in and Paddy yells "That's her! Oi'd recognize her anywhere!"

Joe sits at a table. Scans the room.

THE COMIC (CONT'D)
Old man of ninety-six goes to the doctor, he says "I want you to give me a medical examination. I want to marry a young girl of sixteen." The doctor says "At your age that could prove fatal." The old fella says "Well if she dies she dies."

Laughter. The waitress passes Joe's table with a tray of drinks. She stumbles, tipping the drinks onto Joe. All heads turn. Joe is up on his feet. The waitress fusses around, dabbing at him with a cloth.

WAITRESS
Sorry, oh God, sorry, mister.

THE COMIC
Bloody hell. Sack the juggler.

WAITRESS
Come out come out, we clean you up.
So sorry, mister.

Joe huffs, and stomps out, the waitress trotting after him, still apologising.

THE COMIC
Can I carry on now? Silly bitch.

CUT TO:

42

INT. NIGHT 3. THE NIGHTCLUB. SNOOKER ROOM.

42

We find Joe and the waitress alone in the snooker room. They are hugging. She barely reaches his chest. It's not sexual, but affectionate. He rests his chin on her head, strokes her hair.

KITTY
So you got my message, beautiful?

She looks up at him. Touches his face.

KITTY (CONT'D)
I was 20 years younger, would you
love me?

JOE
I love you now, Kitty.

KITTY
I appreciate the lie. Come on. Give
an old lady a cigarette.

She sits on the edge of the snooker table. We get a better look at her. She's in her 50s. A Polish immigrant. Mischievous. Joe puts two cigarettes in his mouth, lights them, hands one to her.

JOE
What have you got?

KITTY
So I ask around the immigrant clubs. I hate those places, full of foreigners. I speak to Sergei. He the caretaker. "Sergei, what do you know about a Moscow hood, ruthless bastard, peels apples?" And he goes pale and says "You mean Odin?"

JOE
Odin?

KITTY
Y'know, king of the Greek Gods.

JOE
Odin was king of the Norse Gods.

KITTY
It's sweet you think I care.
Anyway, then he get all scared and
says "Shut up. What do I know about
Moscow hoods? Leave me alone." This
is all I get.

Joe processes that. Turns it over in his mind.

KITTY (CONT'D)
 But listen to Kitty: I got a bad
 feeling about this. When Sergei
 talk about this Odin, he *scared*,
 you know? Like just saying the name
 is gonna summon him or something.
 I'm saying be careful. You too
 beautiful to die.

Joe smiles, takes out his wallet. Kitty looks at him--*please, don't insult me*. Joe puts the wallet away.

KITTY (CONT'D)
 Why you do this? This job.

JOE
 I'm looking for someone.

KITTY
 Who? Not this Odin, please.

JOE
 Goodbye, Kitty.

He kisses her on the lips. Soft, genuine. We stay on Joe as he walks away, processing the information about Odin.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DAY 4. THE FRAY.

43

Establishing shot. The anonymous and mundane offices of MI5.

CUT TO:

44 INT. DAY 4. THE FRAY. MEETING ROOM.

44

Joe, Bobby, Alan and Sarah are sat around the table. Daddy at the head.

DADDY
 Moscow will give the names of the
 agents to Arkady one by one via a
 dead-letter drop. The first is
 'David Hexton'.

And there are some new faces: A woman in her early 20s; and a man in his 30s. He looks around uneasily, like someone who's just realised they've walked into the wrong meeting.

DADDY (CONT'D)
 By now Arkady will have reactivated
 him and passed on the instructions.
 Now, does any of this tally with
 whispers we've heard?

SARAH
Well, funny you should ask--

BOBBY
Right, okay, before Sarah--

SARAH
Three months ago I was approached by an old agent of mine, Colin Blakefield. He had reason to believe Moscow was preparing a major operation. I passed this onto Bobby, but he didn't think it was important enough to follow up.

BOBBY
Firstly our conversation is logged in the Registry for all to see. Secondly, I dismissed it because Colin's product is notoriously unreliable. If he told me the sky was blue, I'd go outside and check.

SARAH
Well. Turns out the sky *is* blue.

DADDY
Joe. You debriefed Arkady, you're inclined to believe him.

All eyes turn to Joe. He fidgets under the scrutiny.

JOE
Working out if someone's lying isn't an exact science. But there are things liars do, like unconsciously touch their face, their mouth. The only time I felt Arkady said something *untrue* was when I asked *why* he was turning.

CUT TO:

45

INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL, ARKADY'S INTERVIEW.

45

Joe's POV: Arkady moves the ashtray in front of him.

JOE (V.O.)
He moved the ashtray to a place between us. Often liars place objects between themselves and the person they're talking to.

ARKADY
I want to read The Times and see
the Oxford and Cambridge boat race.

CUT TO:

46

INT. DAY 4. THE FRAY. MEETING ROOM.

46

A palpable shift in the atmosphere as everyone becomes suddenly self-conscious. It makes Daddy smile.

BOBBY
But you believe the *operation* is real? And regardless of his motivations, you believe Arkady is genuinely switching sides?

Joe nods.

JIM
Sorry, I don't--I'm right in saying, you don't actually *know* what Operation Glass is?

That came from Jim. The first time he's spoken. Everyone looks at him. Alan turns to Daddy, his hand up.

ALAN
Can I just ask who this chap is?
(to Jim)
Sorry, it's just we haven't been introduced. Unless I missed it. Did you all introduce yourselves while I was padlocking my bike?

DADDY
This is Detective Constable Jim Fenchurch from Special Branch. Jim will be joining us as our Police Liaison. Jim, this is Bobby Waterhouse, head of Counter-Espionage here at the Fray. Bobby is our very own walking talking Who's Who. Sarah Montag is his deputy but also what we call a reflector. She has a genius for deducing motives and intentions.

JIM
You said the Fray. What's the Fray?

DADDY
Where we find ourselves now. The central offices of MI5. Alan, her husband, is one of our Nosey Parkers, in charge of bugs and wire-taps and so forth. And Joe Lambe.
(MORE)

DADDY (CONT'D)
A man of--how do I put this?--
obscure and formidable talents. Oh
and this is Wendy, on loan from the
Nannies.

Wendy shyly starts to stand, assuming she'll have to introduce herself formally. But daddy has moved on...

DADDY (CONT'D)
Isn't she a dear? Now then. Jim.
You were saying.

... so Wendy is left standing. She sits, as inconspicuously as she can.

But now Alan is leaning across the two people between them to shake hands with Jim.

ALAN
You must come for dinner. Is there a Mrs Jim? Sarah's moussaka is...

He becomes aware of everyone staring at him. He sits back in his chair, mouths 'sorry' to Daddy.

DADDY
Jim. You were saying.

JIM
You don't actually know what it *is* that you're investigating.

SARAH
This isn't a conventional war, Jim. The objectives, even our own, are unclear and ever changing. Do the Soviets want to oppress us? Without question. But how? Will they invade us? Will they raze us to the ground with a nuclear strike? Or will they infiltrate and destabilise us from the inside? We don't know. It is a war of variables and unknowns, and all we can do is watch, surmise and react.

DADDY
Sarah, find Colin Blakefield, see if he's heard anything else. Bobby, talk to everyone in your legendary address book. Alan, go back through every inch of recorded conversation flagging the word 'Glass'. Joe and Jim will contact David, find out what his instructions are and attempt to get him into bed with us.

He nods to Wendy. She starts collecting up the files-- a signal the meeting has ended-- literally pulling it out of Jim's hand. Everyone else stands, gathers their things, puts on coats etc. Wendy reaches Joe, stares up at him in wonder.

WENDY
That must be wonderful. Being able to read people's body language, like having x-ray vision.

Joe looks at her. The tiger and the mouse.

JOE
It's terrible.

Everyone starts to shuffle out. But Bobby slips between Joe and the door.

BOBBY
Joe. A quick word.

Bobby closes the door. They are alone.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I'm worried about Daddy. We all know his tenure has been, shall we say lacklustre? One more cock-up and he'll be getting his clock, which will be heartbreaking blah-blah, but may be a blessing. Put the old dog out of his misery. I mean the business with the Chinese dancer. People gossip, it's ghastly, but that's people for you. What to do. Hmmmm...

Bobby goes through a pantomime of thinking and then coming up with an idea.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Perhaps you could keep an eye on him. Talk to him, see what's going on in that once great noggin.

JOE
And report back to you.

BOBBY
Someone needs to mind the shop. The old man is losing his grip.

JOE
I'm not the right person for this.

BOBBY
But Daddy trusts you.

JOE
Which is *why* I'm... forget it.

BOBBY
This is no time for sentiment, Joe.
We must look to the future.

Joe walks on. Over his shoulder:

JOE
It's just a game, Bobby. All of it.
And this is why.

CUT TO:

47

EXT. DAY 4. STREET.

47

Joe and Jim stride towards a tall block of flats. Joe marches in front, not out of enthusiasm, just a desire to get the job done. Jim has to scurry slightly to keep up.

CUT TO:

48

INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. LIFT.

48

Joe and Jim in a lift, creaking and grinding. Joe leans against the wall, head back, eyes shut. Jim has his arms folded. Brooding.

JIM
I didn't ask for this assignment. I
want to make that clear. I don't
agree with you.

JOE
You don't agree with us?

JIM
And why is he called 'Daddy'? It's
childish. What's his real name?

JOE
No one knows. What do you mean you
don't agree with us?

JIM
I'm not impressed by this world.
You're arrogant. Not you...
(a general gesture)
... 'you'. You think you're above
the law.

JOE
I think this is a conversation for
another time.

JIM
I'm not impressed.

JOE
Yes, you might have mentioned that.

CUT TO:

49

INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. CORRIDOR.

49

Joe and Jim walk down the corridor, stop outside a door.

JOE
Right, I need you to get us in there. I don't have any jurisdiction. After that, just stand there. Be stoic. What you're doing now. Be unimpressed.
(rings the bell)
And my name is Henderson.

JIM
I thought it was Lambe.

JOE
It is. It just isn't here.

JIM
Who am I?

JOE
You're you.

A shadow breaks the slice of light under the door. Someone is looking at them through the spy-hole. Jim holds his warrant card up to it.

JIM
David Hexton? I'm Detective Constable James Fenchurch. This is... Mr Henderson. We'd like to talk to you.

Nothing happens for a moment. The locks clunk. The door opens. David Hexton is small, thin and pale with fear. Behind him, a woman in her 30s, a baby in her arms. She looks defiantly at Joe and Jim, are these men about to bring *more* trouble into their lives? But David puts his hands to his head and slumps against the door frame.

DAVID
Oh thank God. Oh thank God.

CUT TO:

50

INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN.

50

Joe and Jim wait in the tiny kitchen. Jim sits at the table facing the door, while Joe surveys the room. He looks out of the window, judges the drop to the ground, checks for exits.

David is in the hall, helping his wife wrestle a pram towards the door. They talk for a moment. He's trying to reassure her. But she shoots nervous glances back into the kitchen. She touches her husband's cheek. He kisses her and opens the door for her. She steers the pram onto the landing and goes. David closes the door, sighs and plods into the kitchen.

DAVID

My wife is East German. The Soviets allowed her to emigrate to the West in exchange for information. I only worked for the Ministry of Agriculture, so all I could give them was estimated crop yields, the efficiency of certain fertilisers, that sort of thing. And a few years later I was made redundant anyway, and Moscow lost interest in me.

JOE

Until yesterday when one of their agents approached you.

DAVID

Yes, yes, that's--how did you know?

JOE

What did he give you?

David pulls a drawer out, reaches into the empty space and retrieves an envelope, hands it to Joe. Joe pulls out a single sheet of A4 paper, with a few lines of text on it.

DAVID

It's encrypted in the code I used when I... when I worked for them. It's an address, a flat in Marylebone. Underneath it is the name of a letting agent. The instruction is to go to them and lease that flat.

JOE

So you've already done it.

DAVID

Yesterday. Straight away.

He reaches into the empty drawer space again and retrieves a small bunch of keys.

DAVID (CONT'D)
They're coming for them sometime
today. I thought you were them.

Joe takes the keys out of David's hand and pockets them.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Wait, what are you--

JOE
Right, when they come, you say
this: the letting agent hasn't
given you the keys yet, you're
picking them up this evening. We
need to get into that flat *first*.
Say you'll meet them there tonight
at 9PM, no earlier, to hand the
keys over, have you got that?

DAVID
But you'll be there instead.

JOE
No, we'll be there *as well*. You'll
give them the keys, you'll act as
if nothing's wrong.

DAVID
What? I thought you'd come to *help*
me!

JOE
By the way: Operation Glass. Does
that mean anything to you?

DAVID
What? No. I don't--

JOE
Perhaps someone said it when you
were working with the Soviets?

DAVID
Never. Look, tonight--

JOE
(stands)
You'll be fine. 9PM. Don't forget.

CUT TO:

Joe and Jim step out into the stairwell and start plodding
down the stairs.

JIM
That's it?

JOE
That's it.

JIM
He's a criminal.

JOE
Once this is over, feel free to
arrest him.

JIM
So you're exploiting him, then
abandoning him. That's even worse.

JOE
Have you got a cigarette?

JIM
(stops)
Do me a favour. Next time you order
someone to risk their life, can you
not look so bloody disinterested?

Joe is about to respond when a noise draws his attention down the stairwell: Two figures are slowly making their way up, just their gloved hands visible on the bannisters. Joe watches them for a moment, then darts back, his arm stretched out, bringing Jim back with him.

JIM (CONT'D)
Who is it?

Joe says nothing. Thinks. He jerks his head back in the direction they came in.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. HALL.** 52

David is opening the door again. Joe and Jim tumble in. David goes to speak, but Joe puts his finger to his lips.

JOE
They're here.

CUT TO:

53 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN.** 53

Joe and Jim hurry into the kitchen. Joe looks around. There's another door on the other side of the kitchen. He opens it. It's a tiny cramped cupboard with an ironing board and junk.

Joe takes out the ironing board and grabs Jim, pushing him into the cupboard.

JIM
You're joking.

JOE
Welcome to MI5.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. HALL.** 54

David is still stood in the hall, bewildered. There is a knock on the door. He jumps.

CUT TO:

55 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN CUPBOARD.** 55

Inside the cupboard, Joe and Jim, cramped together like they're playing sardines. Doors opening. Footsteps. Voices. A crack of light is across Joe's face - broken now and then as figures move past - as he squints to see into the room. Just two backs, two overcoats, David visible between them, looking pale and queasy. Voices murmur.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN.** 56

We don't see the faces of the men, just glimpses of their movements, a reflection in a saucepan, a hand trailing a lazy finger along the edge of a worktop... and a voice.

ODIN (O.C.)
It is done?

CUT TO:

57 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN CUPBOARD.** 57

From inside the cupboard, Joe can see David. Is he going to do what he's been told?

CUT TO:

58 **INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN.** 58

DAVID
Yes. Yes. But the letting agent hasn't given me the keys yet, I'm picking them up this evening.

That makes the finger trailing along the worktop stop...

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'll meet you there, shall I? Hand
them over? About 9 o'clock?

The finger finds a drawer in a dresser, opens it, roots idly
through it, pulls out a sharp knife.

ODIN (O.C.)
Very well, David.

We follow the knife as the figure turns, adjusts its grip on
the handle.

CUT TO:

59 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN CUPBOARD. 59

Inside the cupboard, the sliver of light suddenly disappears.
All Joe can see is a black shape. One of the Moscow hoods is
standing directly in front of the cupboard. The whole world
seems to stop spinning for a moment.

CUT TO:

60 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN. 60

David can see what's about to happen.

DAVID
Is there anything else? It's just,
my wife is due back from work any
minute...

CUT TO:

61 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN CUPBOARD. 61

That slice of light falls back over Joe's face as the figure
turns away. The voices fade to mumbles. After a moment a door
slams off. Joe and Jim wait. Suddenly the cupboard door
opens. It's David.

CUT TO:

62 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN. 62

Joe and Jim emerge from the cupboard. David drops down into a
chair, sick with shock and fear.

DAVID
That's it, I'm sorry, I can't do
this. I can't go through with it.

Joe sighs. David is a wreck. He turns away. Something catches Joe's eye: on the table, the knife the KGB hood took from the drawer... and a long loop of apple peel.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'd fall apart, I know it, I'd say
the wrong thing.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. F/B 1. DAY. JOE'S MEMORY.

63

The hand. The knife. Apple peel drops to the ground.

CUT TO:

Yulia thrashing wildly in the water. Odin's arm clamped on the back of her head, his eyes on the horizon. Cold, dead, resolute.

CUT TO:

64 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN.

64

DAVID
Couldn't someone pose as the
letting agent, say, or even--

JOE
Shut up.

David blinks with surprise. Joe turns to face him.

JOE (CONT'D)
You passed information to a hostile
government, you--

DAVID
Harmless infor--, *crop yields,*
fertiliser--

JOE
How do you know what's harmless? A
regime that could be about to put
our entire country under siege, you
told them how much *food* we have?
You told them how to make chemical
weaponry?

Joe leans forward, his voice low and deadly.

JOE (CONT'D)
You're going to do this. You are going to serve the country you betrayed or I'll make sure your wife is deported and you spend the rest of your life in prison. Is that clear?

David looks utterly traumatised now, white with fear. Jim is staring at Joe, shocked at this sudden change in character.

JOE (CONT'D)
What?!

Joe sighs. Okay, time for a different tack. Calm, reasonable.

JOE (CONT'D)
David. This is an opportunity. Not just to repay your debt, but to be a hero. To be a soldier. To...

Joe stops. As if the next thing he was about to say has crept up on him unawares. Joe pushes the hesitation away.

JOE (CONT'D)
To fight for something greater than us.

FADE TO:

65

EXT. F/B 2. DAY. ALLEYWAY.

65

Joe and Yulia. Yulia is wearing a coat over chef whites. Maybe they agreed to meet here, maybe Joe's been waiting for hours. She should run away. But she hasn't.

YULIA
But I'm just a chef, what can I tell you?

JOE
Anything. Everything. It all helps.

YULIA
Would I get paid?

JOE
Barely. None of us do this for the money.

YULIA
So why do you do this?

JOE
Your husband, how did he die?

Yulia blinks with shock, how does he know about that?!

JOE (CONT'D)
I heard there was an accident in
the factory where he worked.

YULIA
Soviet factories do not have
accidents. So they said he was
drunk.

JOE
That's why we do this.

YULIA
And me telling you what the
Ambassador has for breakfast will
stop that happening again?

JOE
I don't know. But in a way that we
can't possibly imagine right now,
it might.

YULIA
I should go.

JOE
Yulia, this is an opportunity to be
a soldier. To be a hero. To fight
for something greater than us.

YULIA
This is not my war.

JOE
They made it your war when they
lied about your husband's death.

YULIA
Would I be safe?

JOE
Are you now?

YULIA
No, I need to know--I have a son--I
need to know if you can *protect* me.

JOE
That's my job. We can do this. It
will all make sense.
(he smiles)
Trust me.

CUT TO:

66

INT. NIGHT 4. THE FLAT. LIVING ROOM.

66

A pretty standard looking 1970s kitsch apartment. Mismatched furniture. Garish wallpaper. A large window at the far end of the room, looking down onto an ordinary London street.

Alan is fixing a microphone behind a fold of wallpaper. Jim is there too, in civilian clothes and his unimpressed face. David sits and smokes while Joe looks around the flat.

JIM

Why are you putting the microphone there?

ALAN

Because it's where we'd stand.
(the eye-lines:)
Door. Window.

JOE

(half to himself)
Why this flat? I don't understand.
What's so special about this flat?

Joe walks over to the window. Looks out over the street below.

Alan has brought out a tiny dustpan and brush and is sweeping up any dust from his work.

ALAN

Have we got a coffin? To put David in. When he's shot. By the KGB. To put his dead body in.

David looks at him, aghast. As does Jim. Even Joe looks over. Did you really just say that? Alan looks around at them.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Humour. To lighten the mood.

They stare at him. Alan takes a pen and his crumpled list of instructions from his pocket, scores something out.

The doorbell rings. This is it. Jim and Alan grab all their things and scurry out. David is already panicking.

JOE

You'll be fine. Stay calm. Remember we're just down the corridor.

Joe moves to the door. He stops. There's something else he wants to say but doesn't know if he should. He glances through the door to check Alan and Jim have gone.

JOE (CONT'D)
The men who came to your flat this morning, one of them peeled an apple with a knife, do you remember?

David nods.

JOE (CONT'D)
If he is one of the men you let in, I want you to say "I almost bought some vodka, but I thought it was a bit of a cliché". Say it over there, by the microphone.

DAVID
What?

JOE
"I almost bought some vodka, but I thought it was a bit of a cliché".

DAVID
"I almost bought some vodka, but I thought it was a bit of a cliché".

The doorbell rings again. Longer.

JOE
If it's the man who peeled the apple. Have you got that?

CUT TO:

67

INT. NIGHT 4. LANDING.

67

Joe and David step out onto the dark landing. David shakily descends the stairs to the hall and disappears out of sight.

Joe listens as David opens the front door. A waft of cold air and traffic noise. Footsteps climb the stairs. Joe lingers as long as he can, daring himself to peep over the bannisters at the approaching figures to see if it's Odin. They're nearly at the top of the stairs now. Joe darts back along the corridor and through another door.

CUT TO:

68

INT. NIGHT 4. FLAT 2. LIVING ROOM.

68

Joe hurries into another flat. In the living room, a mum and dad and little boy sat on their sofa, rigid, blinking at Joe like he's a soldier from an occupying army, clomping through their living room, making the crockery rattle.

JOE
Uh. Hello.

At the far end of the room, Alan has his immense reel-to-reel and equipment spread out over the dining room table. Jim hands Joe a pair of headphones. Alan already has his eyes closed, letting the sounds wash over him, he speaks in a monotone stream of consciousness.

ALAN
David has moved to the centre of the room, two men have entered behind him, one heavy set, one lithe, there's no sound of impact from their shoes on the floor, just the creak of the boards so they're wearing rubber soles, the heavy one is still in front of the door.

ODIN (O.C.)
This is excellent, David, you've done very well.

ALAN
The other is crossing quickly to the window, he's closing the blinds.

JOE
Why are they closing the blinds? I need to hear what they're saying.

Alan turns the dials. The burble of voices gets louder.

DAVID (O.C.)
*Do--do you want something to drink?
I almost--I almost bought some
vodka, but I thought it was a bit
of a cliché.*

Joe tenses. His breath catches in his throat.

The new voices mumble. Only David can be heard distinctly.

DAVID (O.C.) (CONT'D)
What? ... Who would I speak to?

And then music starts. The voices continue, but they're impossible to distinguish under the music... and then the shouts start. Alan twiddles the dials on the reel-to-reel.

JOE
What's going on? What are they saying?

More shouting. And now there are crashes, chairs being knocked over. Joe whips off the headphones and dives out.

CUT TO:

69

INT. NIGHT 4. LANDING.

69

On the landing, Joe looks up the corridor. The flat where David is, is about 15 yards away. Shouts, muffled through the door. The music. Then the shouting stops.

Joe waits. Heart pounding.

Jim tumbles out of the door next to him. Joe's hand shoots up, *wait*. They watch as the handle on the door to the other flat starts to turn. The music gets louder as the door opens. A figure steps into the corridor, just a silhouette. A shaft of moonlight falls across his face. It's Odin.

JOE

STOP.

Odin freezes, looks down the corridor.

JIM

Did you just shout 'stop' at the KGB?

Odin pulls a gun. Joe shoves Jim against the wall.

The gunshot is impossibly loud in the cramped landing. It rings in their ears, blotting out everything else.

Odin has dived down the stairs now, and his companion has fled from the flat and is hurtling after him.

CUT TO:

70

EXT. NIGHT 4. STREET.

70

The two figures burst into the deserted street and away.

CUT TO:

71

INT. NIGHT 4. STAIRWELL.

71

Joe and Jim bomb down the stairs...

CUT TO:

72 **EXT. NIGHT 4. STREET.**

72

... and out into the street.

CUT TO:

73 **EXT. NIGHT 4. STREET. WASTE GROUND.**

73

Odin and his companion (Hood 4) reach a patch of waste ground, a chain link fence ahead.

Odin scales the fence and swings over the top as nimble as a cat. Hood 4 attempts the same, struggles, eventually hauls himself over. They drop down the other side and sprint off.

Joe and Jim aren't far behind. They crash into the fence, clamber up and over. We follow them as they land on the other side and dive into...

CUT TO:

74 **EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR. GENERAL.**

74

... a deserted funfair. Joe and Jim edge forwards, eyes searching the shadows; the plastic carnival faces on the carousels, nightmarish and macabre in the darkness.

JIM
What do we do if we find one?

JOE
Knock him unconscious. Sit on him.
Tell him how unimpressive he is.

On they go, unarmed and vulnerable, passing silently between the rides and huts.

CUT TO:

75 **EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR.**

75

Noise ahead. They are in front of the roller coaster. The tangle of wood and iron looking like the skeleton of a colossal monster. Joe signals to Jim to wait here.

Joe picks his way through the ribs of the structure.

Between the struts of the roller coaster, Joe can see Hood 4. He's reached the fence on the other side of the funfair and is attempting to climb over it. Joe bolts forward.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR. FENCE.

76

Hood 4 is a few feet off the ground. He hears Joe pounding across the cracked tarmac towards him. He drops back down onto the ground, pulls out the gun, fires blindly, unfocused.

The bullet whizzes past Joe's shoulder. Joe runs on.

Hood 4 steadies his breathing. Eyes narrow.

WHACK.

With a yell of pain the Hood crashes to the ground, his hands to the back of his head. Jim is standing over him, eyes wide with shock at what he just did, a lump of wood in his hands. Hood 4 is writhing and moaning, still holding his head. Joe pockets the gun and starts searching the Hood's clothing.

JIM
Is he okay?

JOE
I doubt it, you hit him with a
plank.
(stands)
It's not him, the build's wrong.
Come on.

Joe runs back into the funfair. Jim stumbles after him.

JIM
Not who?!

CUT TO:

77

EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR. FERRIS WHEEL.

77

Joe and Jim reach the base of the Ferris wheel, groaning in the wind. Joe signals to Jim to go around the other side. They split up.

CUT TO:

78

EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR. FERRIS WHEEL. BAY.

78

We stay with Joe. He moves silently through the gates past the empty ticket booth, onto the little jetty from which you climb into one of the cars. They swing and creak, like they're packed with ghosts, impatient for the ride to start.

He searches the darkness, every sense straining for the slightest sign of life.

JIM (O.C.)
Joe.

Joe spins around. There's Jim, barely three yards away. Then he steps forward. Or rather is propelled forward by a jab to the back of his head. Now a hand holding a gun is visible. And then a familiar face. The Apple-peel man, the man Joe saw drowning his lover in the lake. It's Odin. Joe's hand snaps up, his gun aimed at the figure.

ODIN
Hello, Joe.

JOE
Drop the gun. Or I'll shoot.

ODIN
If you do, the muscles in my arm will spasm, I'll pull the trigger, and your friend will die very messily. Let us try to avoid that.

JIM
What?! Don't shoot him, Joe!

JOE
If you wanted to shoot him, you would have. You didn't have any problem killing an unarmed woman.

ODIN
She was a traitor. Which reminds me. What do they know about you?

JOE
Everything.

ODIN
Liar. When you imagine this moment, as I'm sure you have, what happens?

JOE
I kill you.

ODIN
Then what are you waiting for? If he dies you can say he was caught in the crossfire. No one will know.

Joe tightens his grip on the gun. Preparing to fire.

ODIN (CONT'D)
Come on, Joe. In fact, now I come to think about it, I'm not even sure this gun is loaded.

Joe doesn't move... And with a groan of frustration, his hand drops to his side. Odin reaches out with his other hand, the fingers waggle--give it to me. Joe passes him the gun, handle first. Odin retreats further into the shadows...

ODIN (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Joe. This must be hard.
But don't worry. Soon everything
will become clear.

... and he disappears into the darkness. And we move away
too, leaving Joe and Jim, diminishing figures in the shadows.

CUT TO:

79

EXT. NIGHT 4. STREET.

79

Joe and Jim walk back through the deserted streets towards
the flats. The silence between them is thick and heavy. Jim
walks into the building. Joe lingers a moment, processing
what just happened, eyes closed. Yulia's killer so
tantalisingly close, yet further away than ever. He takes a
breath, walks into the flats.

CUT TO:

80

INT. NIGHT 4. THE FLAT. LANDING.

80

Joe and Jim climb the stairs of the apartment block, onto the
landing. Some of the other residents have emerged from their
flats. Joe looks to Jim, who starts gently ushering the
people back into their flats as Joe moves into David's flat.

CUT TO:

81

INT. NIGHT 4. THE FLAT. LIVING ROOM.

81

Shafts of moonlight, the rest of the room is pitch black.

JOE
David?

In the darkness--click click click--a lighter flashes and
catches, illuminating Alan's face.

ALAN
Bad show.

He moves the flame down to the figure slumped in the chair
next to him. The light of the flame dances over David's face.
Eyes wide, mouth agape. In the darkness, the blood from his
slashed throat looks like ink on his chest. Joe stares,
blinking with shock in the flickering light.

FADE TO:

82

INT. NIGHT 4. THE WATERHOUSE APARTMENT. HALL.

82

Bobby is getting ready to leave. Tweaking and priming in the mirror. Hester is behind him, picking lint from his suit. They are both wearing troubled, empathetic expressions.

BOBBY

Terrible business. But it's *Daddy* I
feel sorry for.

HESTER

How *is* Daddy? Still obsessed with
that Jap?

BOBBY

She's Chinese. And yes, by all
accounts. He's there so often,
Sadlers Wells have offered him a
place on the board. Dear me, I
dread to think of the capital his
enemies will make from *this* mess.

They sigh and shake their heads sombrely. Poor Daddy.

HESTER

Glass of champagne before you go?

BOBBY

Oh I think so.

CUT TO:

83

INT. NIGHT 4. THE FRAY. ALAN'S WORKSHOP.

83

Alan is tinkering in his workshop. A voice from the shadows, a thick Russian drawl:

VOICE

The geese fly south in winter.

Alan turns. It's Sarah, cigarette in hand, looking enigmatic and femme fatale. Alan clicks into the game immediately.

ALAN

Ah yes. But the gander is... the
gander tends to...

SARAH

(laughing)
The what? "The gander"?

ALAN

(laughing now)
And their eggs are most...

SARAH

Stop. Please. This is painful.

She wraps her arms around his waist, her chin on his chest.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I heard what happened. Oh my love.

ALAN
I'm fine. Joe and that Jim chap
engaged. I'm ashamed to say I hid.

SARAH
I'd have been furious if you
hadn't. I want to have the
conversation.

ALAN
Sarah.

SARAH
Not that one. The Marconi one.
Someone died tonight. Yards away
from you. All I'm saying is, with
your skills you could--

ALAN
--walk straight into
somewhere like Marconi--

SARAH (CONT'D)
--walk straight into
somewhere like Marconi--

ALAN
Is this really about my safety?
You're destined for great things
and a husband who tinkers with
wires and microphones is hardly--

SARAH
(stung)
Is that why you think I want you to
get a different job? To make you
more suitable for me?

ALAN
People talk, Sarah.

SARAH
Because they don't understand us.
Not in this world.

She stands on tiptoes, kisses him on the lips. Alan looks
down at his wife and shakes his head ever so slightly. Even
after all these years her love for him still mystifies him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Come on.

CUT TO:

84

INT. NIGHT 4. THE FRAY. MEETING ROOM.

84

The committee are gathered. Daddy looks old. Weary. Any excitement about the opportunity Operation Glass presented has evaporated. Sarah is running through her list of theories.

SARAH

Best case scenario, Moscow thinks David approached us. And that's why they killed him. From Joe's report he clearly didn't want to be part of any operation, ours or theirs, so it's not hard to imagine.

DADDY

I want Arkady taken into protective custody. He can be debriefed later, just get him out of harm's way.

SARAH

Wait. Let's think about this. Moscow will know Arkady won't have used his real name with David, any more than we would.

JOE

You think Moscow might *keep* Arkady as the go-between?

SARAH

If this operation is as top secret as we've been told, they won't want to risk bringing more people in. We just won't know for sure until they contact Arkady with the next name.

DADDY

Or his body washes up on a beach.

A knock on the door. Daddy nods to Wendy. Clearly they were expecting this. Wendy scurries out.

SARAH

There is another possible explanation.

(beat)

We have a mole. Not just in MI5, but in this group. In this room. Joe, Daddy, Bobby, Alan, Wendy, Jim or myself. One of us told Moscow about this.

Silence crowds the room. Wendy returns, holding a folded up newspaper. She hands it to Daddy. He flicks to the back. Scans the page. Then sighs.

DADDY
The signal has been given. Another name has been left for Arkady in the dead-letter drop.

BOBBY
If Moscow know he's working for us, it'll be a trap. They'll be waiting for him. I say: get Arkady into a safe house and wait for Moscow's next move.

SARAH
Except, Moscow's next move could be the Red Army marching down the Mall. Daddy, we need a decision.

Daddy looks so tired. Heavy is the head that wears the crown.

DADDY
We continue. We assume Moscow knows the minimum. We assume there is no mole and let Arkady pick up the next name. We endanger the few to protect the many.

Sarah gets to her feet, snapping into action.

SARAH
Joe and Jim can accompany Arkady to the dead-letter drop. If there's trouble, get him out of there. The rest of us, go home, do whatever you have to then we'll reconvene here and wait. Come on, everyone. It's been a terrible day. Come on. Good night, Daddy.
(looks at her watch)
Oh. Good morning.

They quickly gather their things and move to the door.

CUT TO:

84A **INT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY. BALCONY.**

84A

Joe is on the balcony outside Daddy's office. The Fray is all but deserted now. A few lone nannies and officers, a couple of cleaners. Joe takes a breath. Knocks.

CUT TO:

84B **INT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY. DADDY'S OFFICE.**

84B

Joe enters. He and Daddy stare at each other for a moment.

JOE
The agent who died in Poland... I had allowed our relationship to become... unprofessional. She was killed by the same man David Hexton met at the flat. David was scared, unreliable and vulnerable. But out of eagerness to expose this man, I convinced him to participate in the operation that got him killed.

DADDY
If I reassign you, will you abandon your search for this man?

JOE
No.

DADDY
Then our objectives are the same. Find him and you find the truth of Operation Glass.

Daddy holds Joe's gaze.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Say it, Joe. It must be burning a hole in your mouth. Say it.

JOE
You know what I was doing in Poland.

DADDY
You were attempting to infiltrate the Soviet Security Service. Your cover was that of a disaffected MI5 officer. Once you had gained their trust the plan was to relay intel back to us and feed them prepared misinformation.

JOE
But that's not true.

DADDY
Really? That's what it says on your file. I should know, I wrote it.

JOE
Daddy--

DADDY
Not only are you not stupid, you are one of the few people here that doesn't think I am.

JOE
Why? Why save me?

DADDY
It's not quite as altruistic as it might seem. This 'second chance' I've given you will pass unremarked--we are English men after all--but I know it won't be forgotten. Could I rely on you never to betray a country? Perhaps not. Could I rely on you never to betray me? Yes. I believe I could. I'm sorry, Joe, but I have to trust someone, and I've decided it's you.

Joe is too shocked to speak.

DADDY (CONT'D)
So, now that we are both suitably embarrassed, I shall say goodnight.

Joe shakes his head. Daddy and his games.

JOE
You believe Arkady, don't you. Why?

DADDY
Because I understand the weakness of old men.

Joe nods. A last glance before he goes: Daddy pawing wearily through the files and notes. He's never looked so lost.

CUT TO:

84C **INT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY. BALCONY.**

84C

Joe steps back onto the balcony. A little scuffle in the darkness below. Joe looks over the balcony.

CUT TO:

85 **INT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY. OUTSIDE MEETING ROOM.**

85

The noise came from Wendy. She's faffing with a recording device, wired up to the meeting room. She blushes a crimson red as she sees Joe approach.

WENDY
Oh God. Please don't tell Daddy that you heard me. I'm supposed to be doing this secretly.

JOE
Doing what?

WENDY
Daddy wants all meetings and conversations recorded.

JOE
By you?

WENDY
Goodness no, I'm an absolute luddite with these things. I just collect the tapes at the end of the day and give them to Alan--*Mr Montag*. He does all the technical gubbins. Please don't say anything.

JOE
It's fine. Go home. Get some sleep.

WENDY
Daddy might need me.

JOE
I've seen him like this, he could be here for hours.

WENDY
I have a book and a bag of boiled sweets.

She pulls a paperback from her bag, '*The Secret Woman*' by Victoria Holt. Joe nods. Good. He goes. She sits and opens her book.

CUT TO:

85A EXT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY.

85A

Joe walks out through the gates. Jim is there, leaning against the wall.

JIM
I understand now. After I saw what they did to David. I still don't think there's anything impressive or romantic about this. But now I see you're... necessary.

Joe nods - apology accepted. He turns to go.

JIM (CONT'D)
If the mission is all this is about.

Joe stops. Looks at Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
Who was the girl?

JOE
(beat)
I forgot.

He turns, walks into the night.

CUT TO:

86

INT. DAWN 5. JOE'S FLAT. HALL.

86

Joe closes the door behind him. No noise, no signs of life, no one to greet him. He doesn't even turn on the light, as if he is the intruder here and doesn't want to disturb the silence. For a moment he doesn't move. Like a wind-up toy that has run out of power.

CUT TO:

87

INT. DAWN 5. JOE'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM.

87

He pours himself a drink, and moves through the darkness to a chair. There he sits, wrapped in shadows. Close on his face. A look of grim determination. The past has folded back onto the present. The game is on.

Music: The Beatles, 'Back in the USSR' over End Titles.