

AGENT ZIGZAG

based on the books:

"AGENT ZIGZAG: A True Story of Nazi Espionage,
Love, And Betrayal" by Ben Macintyre

and

"ZIGZAG: The Incredible Wartime Exploits
of Double Agent Eddie Chapman" by Nicholas Booth

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OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS

SUPERIMPOSE: JERSEY, UNITED KINGDOM, 1939

INT. HOTEL DE LA PLAGES - DINING HALL - CLOSE ON A SILVER SPOON - DAY

emblazoned with the coat of arms of the HOTEL DE LA PLAGES, as it dips into a white porcelain cup -- filled with steaming tea. Three sugar cubes are added. Plink, plonk, plink. An unseen hand stirs the tea vigorously, clinking the sides. The cup is picked up and brought towards a wolfish grin belonging to:

EDDIE CHAPMAN, mid-30s, pencil-moustached, a touch of the "Errol Flynn's" about him. He sits admiring the pretty, nervous-looking, let's face it -- girl, in her early 20s, sitting opposite him -- BETTY FARMER.

The room is full of the murmur of genteel conversation. A piano plays quietly in the corner, amongst the pink lilies and umbrella palms. Eddie and Betty sit next to a large window, with a beautiful view of the bay beneath them. They are easily the youngest people in the room. Sniffy looks from neighboring tables suggest they are not that welcome.

She looks down at her plate of triangularly-cut cucumber sandwiches, then back at Eddie. She speaks hesitantly.

BETTY

Eddie, um, I was... I was thinking --

She stops as she sees his face switch from grinning to quizzical. His gaze is firmly fixed on the dining hall entrance. She turns to look at what he is looking at so intently.

Standing, conversing with the maitre d', are THREE STERN-LOOKING MEN IN HOMBURGS, their heavy grey overcoats totally out of place in the summer brightness of this room. The maitre d' points vaguely in their direction, all three men snap their looks towards Eddie and Betty. A beat, and they all three start to move quickly towards them across the carpeted floor.

Eddie finishes his tea and puts the cup neatly back on the saucer. He wipes his moustache, folds the napkin, and places it back on the table. He slowly begins to push back his chair and stand. He makes a small bow to Betty:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

If you could excuse me, just a moment, my dear...

The three men are very nearly at the table, they are now running at speed. Eddie takes one last look towards Betty, winks, turns and....

... JUMPS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW!

The three men arrive at the table, and furiously stare out through the shattered glass and wood, onto the bay beneath them -- where we can see the small figure of Eddie -- fully suited -- sprinting away into the distance, amongst startled holiday-makers.

EXT. JERSEY BEACH - DAY

Eddie's face. Close, he is running full pelt, with a slight limp, but he is grinning. He loves this. The FRAME FREEZES.

MUSIC: THE INK SPOTS "I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE."

SUPERIMPOSE: AGENT ZIGZAG

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(old man voice)

You never know. That's what I always used to say. You never know. But usually -- whatever's next can't be worse than whatever mess you're in right now. Throw the dice. And that's how I lived. And that's who I was...

The FRAME UNFREEZES. Eddie runs through, fully suited amongst various holiday-makers in 1930s bathing suits. We see in the distance the three men in homburgs giving chase.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And I s'pose that's what got me in trouble in the first place. Me, 'Fast Eddie'...

We see EDDIE weave through a throng of sunbathers. His limp is getting worse, the three men are GAINING ON HIM.

EDDIE

Help!

Sunbathers sit up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Gangsters! After me! Help me!

The THREE DETECTIVES are about to catch up with EDDIE.
In their grey overcoats they could actually be gangsters.

EDDIE

I'll pay me debts! I'm a Somme
veteran! Ow! My shrapnel wound!
Please don't hurt me!

A HEROIC SUNBATHER intervenes.

HEROIC SUNBATHER

He's a bloody war hero. Leave him
alone!

He grabs hold of a DETECTIVE'S arm. The DETECTIVE
instinctively lashes out, PUNCHING the SUNBATHER. In
that instant OTHER SUNBATHERS decide to fight back. More
PUNCHES are thrown, and EDDIE SLIPS AWAY...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Edward Arnold Chapman. Safe-
blower, 'career criminal'...*

Eddie vaults a fence off the beach onto a narrow road
full of parked cars. He spots an OLD WOMAN across the
street, struggling with her shopping basket and car keys.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Gentleman, scholar, bestower of
carnal gifts upon willing ladies,
national hero...*

EDDIE

Here, old girl. Let me help you.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, thank you, young man. Thank
yo--

He takes her car keys, opens her door for her, and hops
in --

EDDIE

Sorry. Needs must.

He drives off in a plume of dust and sand. The Old Woman
stares after him in shock.

OLD WOMAN

(baffled)
He took my car?

EXT. JERSEY STREETS/INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Eddie racing away in the Old Woman's car, weaving through beach traffic, in the distance we can hear the sound of sirens approaching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*That's right. National hero.
National bloody hero.*

EXT. ALLEYWAY/INT. STOLEN CAR - DAY

Eddie's stolen car barrels down a narrow path. Up ahead he can see sunlight. He grins --

SMASH! The car comes to a complete screeching halt as it's squeezed to a stop in the narrow confines of the alleyway. Eddie, bleeding from a scrape on his forehead, shakes himself awake, he pulls frantically on the door. Wedged firm. He's trapped.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Except no one's ever heard of me --
have they?*

Three familiar overcoats ENTER FRAME. Eddie looks at up at them.

EDDIE

Good afternoon. Can I help you gentlemen with something?

A fist from OFF FRAME punches him in the face. We FREEZE FRAME again ON Eddie's contorted boxer's face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Yep, no-one has ever said as much
as a 'thank you' to Eddie Chapman.
I tell you, where's the justice in
that, eh?*

INT. ROYAL COURT OF JERSEY - DAY

Eddie stands in the dock. No longer grinning. A stern-faced elderly JUDGE, wig, red gown looks down at him.

JUDGE

Although your accomplices have been returned to the mainland to face multiple charges at the Old Bailey in London of Armed Robbery, Larceny, perverting the course of justice...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie perks up at this list of "accomplishments."

JUDGE

... and resisting arrest, you, Edward Arnold Chapman, are charged here in the Bailiwick of Jersey with *additional* counts of automobile theft and damage to public property.

EDDIE

What? It was only an alleyway, I was doing you bumpkins a favor. Some light entertainment for this boring dump...

JUDGE

In other words, before you answer for your many crimes in London, you must first answer for those committed here. I therefore sentence you to the maximum term at my disposal. Two years, hard labor. To begin at once.

He bangs his gavel down hard.

EDDIE

What?! You mean to tell me, I'm stuck on this poxy island for TWO BLOODY YEARS!

Eddie is led away protesting by two tough-looking local policemen. They don't look like they like their new guest much.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To explain the vociferous nature of my response to that particular piece of news, perhaps I should explain a bit about the life I lead before this minor inconvenience cropped up...

EXT. SOHO - NIGHT

Soho, London. Seedy and glamorous. Home to London's underworld royalty. And their assorted courtiers: con men, gamblers and hookers. All of whom gather in dens such as this -- "SMOKEY JOE'S" nightclub.

SUPERIMPOSE: SOHO, LONDON. TWO WEEKS EARLIER.

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

"Smokey Joe's" is aptly named as a fog of cigarette smoke fills the room. Loud jazz propels dancers across a tiny dance floor. Sitting at dimly-lit tables we can see a collection of major gangsters and minor celebrities.

ANGLE ON THE BAR COUNTER

We PASS OVER an evening edition of the *LONDON STANDARD*.
 "HITLER DECLARES: 'CZECHOSLOVAKIA HAS CEASED TO EXIST'."
 Beneath it another: "'JELLY GANG' gets away with £5000 worth of Jewelry." A hand grabs it and uses it to clean up a spill of overflowing champagne.

EDDIE (O.S.)
 Careful, Gibbsy. That's your tip
 you're spilling right there.

We PAN UP to see GIBBS the barman smile at Eddie.

REVERSE ANGLE ON EDDIE CHAPMAN

In his element. Dressed up to the nines. Spiffy.

EDDIE
 Who's the new girl?

He nods towards a cigarette girl (BETTY). She's obviously new to the job, staring wide-eyed around her, fascinated and nervous. Her attention is fixed on a small stage onto which a dinner-suited EMCEE bounds.

EMCEE
 And now, you lucky people, please
 put your hands together for a
 magical marvel, the mysterious,
 mercurial, magisterial -- the one,
 the only, 'Maskelyne the
Magnificent!'

The club erupts in hoots and hollers as JASPER MASKELYNE, mid-50s, classic magician's top hat and cape, takes the club stage stiffly. Eddie watches Betty, enjoying her child-like entrancement.

GIBBS
 Betty. Betty Farmer. Don't even
 think about it. I'm fed up with
 you ruining my staff.

CLOSEUP ANGLE ON BETTY

Cigarette tray slung round her neck, she watches transfixed as Maskeleyne performs his trademark "METAMORPHOSIS" trick: his ASSISTANT climbs into a trunk, Maskeleyne locks it, then stands on top and raises a drape over them both... the drape suddenly falls, revealing the assistant now standing on the trunk. She unlocks the trunk to reveal Maskeleyne is now trapped inside. Wild cheers. Betty claps, then remembers she's at work and stops, looking around to see if anyone's noticed. Eddie has. He smiles and approaches her. Close.

EDDIE (O.S.)

He's good isn't he?

BETTY

Oh, yes --

She turns, startled to find Eddie's face just a few inches from her own. Grinning his winning grin.

EDDIE

Players, please.

She clumsily hunts for a pack. He pays her, opens the pack and intentionally takes his time lighting up. She blushes, guessing she should probably venture small talk.

BETTY

That's a lovely suit you're wearing.

EDDIE

It is. Savile Row. Bespoke.
Cost nearly as much as my Bentley.

She smiles politely. Unsure of how to respond. He smiles.

EDDIE

What I meant to say was 'thank you.'

BETTY

It reminds me of this photo of
Errol Flynn I saw in the *Picture Post*.

EDDIE

Errol Flynn fan, eh?

Eddie strokes his moustache. Betty blushes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY
Oh, well, not really. More of a
film fan I s'pose.

EDDIE
Well, you know what they say about
Errol? He's got the biggest...

Betty's eyes widen.

EDDIE
... studio contract in the
business.

Betty laughs. Eddie likes making her laugh.

EDDIE
It's legendary. Bigger than
everyone else's. Tyrone Power's
got nothing on him apparently...

BETTY
You seem to know a lot about
films.

EDDIE
Well, I work in them, don't I?
It's my job to know such things.

BETTY
Really? You work in the film
business?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY SHOP - SERIES OF QUICK CUTS - DAY

At the back of a jewellers, Eddie is filling a CONDOM
with GELIGNITE from a box "CAUTION! HIGH EXPLOSIVE.
PROPERTY OF FAIRFIELD MINING COMPANY." A single bead of
sweat runs down his forehead... Eddie massages the condom
into the LOCK of a large SAFE. He sets a detonator,
lights the FUSE, dons a pair of thick goggles and stands
back, carefully blocking his ears. There's a DEAFENING
EXPLOSION!

SMASH CUT BACK:

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

EDDIE
Sure I do, right now I'm producing
a picture with Marlene Dietrich...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods towards a transvestite who looks a bit like Marlene Dietrich, he obviously knows Eddie and this routine, he puts on a sour face and waves graciously in his direction.

BETTY

Is that -- ?

EDDIE

Yes, but don't let on. What with her country and all that she doesn't want people to know she's here. Keeps on at me all the time 'Eddie, please use your connections and get me an audience with Mr. Chamberlain.' She's worried sick about what's happening at home... but all I care about is finding the right girl to play her younger sister --

Eddie checks himself dramatically.

BETTY

What?

EDDIE

Oh nothing. It's nothing... it's... just, well, as a film producer it's my job to spot talent...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - QUICK CUTS - DAY

AGAIN: Eddie clambers over a garden wall and into an alley. A police officer climbs immediately behind him -- blowing his whistle.

Eddie sprints down the alley full pelt. At the end of the alley -- a getaway driver is revving the engine of a bakers van. Eddie dives into the back. Spilling jewelry out of his bag.

The van pulls away... Eddie looks out of the back window as the police officer pulls up, exhausted and helpless...

SMASH CUT BACK:

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

EDDIE

... I don't suppose you have any acting experience do you? Miss -- ?

BETTY

Farmer. Betty Farmer. And no, no I don't.

EDDIE

That surprises me. Nice-looking girl like you could make a lot of money in the film business. And I should know. I've made a lot of them. Films, that is.

BETTY

But I've never acted before!

EDDIE

Oh, acting's easy. All you need is a bit of confidence, the right voice coach -- and a smile a man would cross a blazing desert just to cover in kisses...

She looks at him. And smiles. It's on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Well, you get the idea. So you can understand my discomfort with the idea of spending the next two years locked up in this place...

EXT. JERSEY PRISON - DAY

A small, ancient-looking jail. Grey stone, overlooking the harbor. Gulls cry out.

SUPERIMPOSE: H.M. JERSEY PRISON, 1940

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie stands before the GOVERNOR -- an angry little man in tweed. On the wall behind him is a PORTRAIT OF KING GEORGE.

ANGLE ON EDDIE'S EYES

A deadness of emotion, not the man we last saw in Smokey Joe's. An extreme insolence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Books.

GOVERNOR

I beg your pardon?

EDDIE

'Man shall not live by bread alone,' Matthew 4:4. I want books. Poetry, philosophy, history. The stuff you've got here is rubbish. And I've read it. All of it.

GOVERNOR

By God, you're an arrogant swine, Chapman. You do know the country is at war? Far better men than you are out there laying down their lives for this country... but here --

He swivels around and picks out a KING JAMES BIBLE from a shelf. He throws it on his desk in front of Eddie.

GOVERNOR

... I think you'll find this is what St. Matthew was referring to. Enjoy... I hear it's got a terrific ending.

He grins at Eddie. Eddie does not return the smile.

EXT. PRISON QUARRY - DAY

SMASH! A sledgehammer hits rocks. His ankles in irons, EDDIE is working alone, under armed guard, in the driving rain.

INT. EDDIE'S CELL - NIGHT

Eddie is on his bunk, wrapped shivering in a threadbare blanket. In the gloomy light, he is writing a LETTER.

EDDIE (V.O.)

My dear Betty --

His pen hovers. He adds three letters.

EDDIE (V.O.)

My dearest Betty, a few words of explanation...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses. He listens hard. From the ventilation shaft he can just make out a RADIO.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)

*We interrupt to bring you a
special announcement from the
Jersey Bailiff...*

Eddie strains to hear...

INT. GUARD ROOM - SAME TIME

Two worried-looking guards stand over a wireless set.

JERSEY BAILIFF (V.O.)

*June 24. This from his majesty
George VI: 'For strategic reasons
it has been found necessary to
withdraw our armed forces from the
Channel Islands. England regrets
these circumstances, and remains
mindful of its commitments to her
islanders....'*

The guards look at each other. Shit.

INT. EDDIE'S CELL - NIGHT

Eddie's eyes widen.

EDDIE

Bloody Nora!

He runs to his cell window. And looks out on the port below. All is quiet. A dog barks in the distance. He sits down on his bunk.

EXT. PRISON QUARRY - DAY

EDDIE is back doing hard labor, along with a small group of prisoners. He's getting muscular. Exhausted, he pauses for a rest. The GOVERNOR passes.

GOVERNOR

C'mon, Chapman. This isn't
Butlin's you know. Put your back
into it, man!

EDDIE

You know what I'd like to do with
this shovel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The GOVERNOR grins.

GOVERNOR
I'm sure I do. But sadly for you
you're not going to be in a
position to put it there any time
soon, Chapman...

An AIR RAID SIREN interrupts him. Everyone looks up.

EXT. AIR TO AIR - DAY

A SWASTIKA is emblazoned on the tail fin of a HEINKEL HE-111 BOMBER.

We PULL WIDE to reveal... a WHOLE SQUADRON of Heinkels racing towards:

EXT. PORT OF JERSEY - DAY

Hundreds of civilians are scrambling aboard a makeshift flotilla of yachts, motor boats, pleasure cruisers, fishing trawlers and naval ships.

ANGLE ON THE HEINKELS' BOMB BAY DOORS

OPENING.

BACK TO SCENE

Back in the port, Civilians run for cover as EXPLOSIONS shatter the docks.

EXT. PRISON QUARRY - DAY

A BOMB BLAST shatters one side of the QUARRY. The GOVERNOR and his GUARDS dive for cover.

Completely unfazed -- EDDIE stands stock still -- awestruck by the size of the bomb that's just gone off. Chips of rock and dust float down all around him.

EDDIE
Christ-all-fucking-Mighty!

Two HEINKELS swoop overhead.

ANOTHER BOMB BLAST ROCKS THE PRISON. A WALL COLLAPSES.

Delighted, EDDIE CHEERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
BULL'S-EYE! GO ON, FRITZ!!!

The GOVERNOR looks up, panic-stricken, his face covered in dust. Eddie laughs.

EDDIE
Well there's something you don't see every day. Eh, sir?

He whoops. Cheers again. He runs over to the ruined wall, climbs up and looks down on an island in chaos. Random fires. Boats burning... He grins.

EXT. JERSEY PORT STREETS - DAWN (NEXT DAY)

The sun rising over the port of St. Helier, Jersey. The mist of gunsmoke lingers in the air as we find WHITE FLAGS strung everywhere, some simple sheets hanging from windows. The streets are utterly still, deserted, littered with LEAFLETS printed in German. The silence is shattered by the noise of two Kriesgmarine trucks driving quickly through the streets.

EXT. JERSEY PRISON - DAY

Eddie watches from his cell as the two Kriegsmarine trucks drive up to the gate. GERMAN SOLDIERS hop out, open the rear doors for their bureaucratic SUPERIORS. The group are met by the wan, defeated faces of the GOVERNOR and his remaining guards.

INT. JERSEY PRISON - MESS HALL - DAY

The entire prison population -- 16 in all -- sit in attendance.

GOVERNOR
Your attention, men, this is Ober--
Oberloo--

OBERLEUTNANT
(impatient, accented
English)
Oberleutnant Polke. As you know, the Channel Islands are now under German rule. As such, the police force and prisons will be run by *Feldkommandatur*, our civil affairs unit. We will be reviewing your files to determine eligibility for release. That is all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Oberleutnant nods to his underlings and exits. The Governor steps up.

GOVERNOR

Good luck, lads.

He is led away, as he turns we see he is IN HANDCUFFS. Eddie smiles. The PRISONER next to him looks at him.

PRISONER

What have you got to be smiling about, Chapman -- it's the fucking Jerries. They could shoot us in cold blood and no one would bloody know!

EDDIE

Twenty years, minimum. That's what I figure I had coming to me for what I was charged with on the mainland. Only now this lot are in charge, and I don't think they plan on sending me back to London.
(grins wider)
I just got twenty years of my life back.

Eddie gets up and saunters back to his cell.

EXT. JERSEY PRISON - DAY

Summer has turned to winter. The jail now flies a NAZI FLAG.

SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER, 1941

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Eddie stands before the Oberleutnant. The portrait of KING GEORGE has been replaced by one of ADOLF HITLER. Eddie's much thinner and gaunt looking.

OBERLEUTNANT

You are free to go, Mr. Chapman.

EDDIE

Thank you
(in perfect German)
Oberleutnant.

OBERLEUTNANT

Ah, you speak German, Mr. Chapman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Ein bischen.

OBERLEUTNANT

And you have plans for when you get out?

EDDIE

Yes sir, friend of mine has a barber's shop. Thought I'd help him out with that. And a few other bits and bobs. I'll let you know.

OBERLEUTNANT

I'm sure you will, Mr. Chapman. I'm sure you will. You seem a useful fellow.

(holding up Eddie's file)

'Industrious,' yes. Germany could use more men like you.

EDDIE

Thank you, sir.

ANGLE ON EDDIE

His brow furrows, a fleeting thought occurring to him.

EDDIE

If that will be all?

OBERLEUTNANT

Yes, goodbye, Mr. Chapman. Stay out of trouble won't you? 'There's a good chap'...

Eddie turns and leaves.

MONTAGE: "FREE EDDIE"

MUSIC: PAUL WHITEMAN -- "HAPPY FEET."

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

Eddie cuts the hair of a German officer. He shows him the back with the mirror, he smiles and gives Eddie a tip. They shake hands.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Eddie takes delivery of several BROWN WOODEN BOXES off a small rowing boat. He hurries off into the night.

INT. JERSEY FLAT - NIGHT

We see EDDIE at a desk. Writing. Smiling. He lights a cigarette and re-reads that which he just wrote.

INT. BARBERSHOP - DAY

We see Eddie take the same German officer we saw before through to the back of the barbers where he opens the wooden boxes to reveal A WHOLE BOX OF SCOTCH WHISKEY. The Officer smiles and gives him more money.

EXT. JERSEY STREETS - DUSK (DAYS LATER)

Eddie closes up the BARBERSHOP. He turns to leave when -- a German GESTAPO CAR comes tearing up the street, screeches to a halt. FOUR GESTAPO OFFICERS jump out, rifles in hand. A CAPTAIN BARKS ORDERS IN GERMAN, they push EDDIE UP AGAINST THE WALL.

CAPTAIN

You are 'Edward Chapman'?

EDDIE

(crushed against a wall)

Yes! You don't have to be so --

The Germans spin him around.

CAPTAIN

Then, Mr. Edward Chapman, I would like to inform you that you are under arrest.

EDDIE

Arrest? What are you talking -- hey!

Eddie is pushed into the back of the idling car.

EDDIE

This isn't what I --

The door is slammed in his face. We see Eddie's face pinned against the glass. FOR THE FIRST TIME WE SEE HIM GENUINELY SCARED.

EXT. PORT OF JERSEY - NIGHT

The GESTAPO OFFICERS manhandle EDDIE aboard a WESTERWALD CLASS TRANSPORT. He struggles, they crack him on the bridge of the nose with a rifle butt. Eddie gushes blood and collapses. They tie him to the mast and retreat below deck. The shore of Jersey recedes behind Eddie, who is out cold.

MUSIC ENDS.

EXT. FORT DE ROMAINVILLE PRISON CAMP - DAY

A brutal 19th century stone fortress converted into a prison camp. Nazi flags hang from the ramparts.

SUPERIMPOSE: FORT DE ROMAINVILLE, 20KM EAST OF PARIS, OCCUPIED FRANCE

INT. FORT DE ROMAINVILLE - BARRACKS - DAY

Eddie is marched into the barracks by a brusque Kommandant. He is stripped naked and searched.

KOMMANDANT

Romainville is dedicated solely to the incarceration of political prisoners such as yourselves.

EDDIE

For fuck's sake! I don't even know why I'm --

KOMMANDANT

Silence!

(points at a sign
above their heads)
'ALLES VERBOTEN.' All is
forbidden. Now, follow me.

Eddie warily follows the German Officer.

INT. ROMAINVILLE DUNGEON - DAY

Eddie's head has been shaved, and his nose broken. He's lying prone on a filthy-looking floor. Catching another emaciated-looking prisoner eyeing his slop, Eddie pushes it to him.

GUARDS randomly select three people from the cell: two men, and a woman. One man struggles and begs for mercy. The other two go meekly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a slamming of gates.

Everyone in the cell falls silent. A shouted order, and a VOLLEY OF SHOTS ring out. Eddie stares WILD-EYED at his neighbor.

EMACIATED PRISONER
Reprisals. For every one of them
we kill on the outside -- they
kill three of us.

Eddie looks genuinely terrified.

EXT. FORT DE ROMAINVILLE PRISON CAMP - DAY

From the stubble atop Eddie's head, we can surmise he's been here a week or so. He wanders the yard, not noticing the two GERMAN OFFICERS who are watching him.

INT. ROMAINVILLE CELL - NIGHT

Eddie's now in a solitary cell. A key turns in the lock. The doors open, revealing Eddie passed out on the floor amidst the filth. A FAT GUARD slaps him and attempts to lift him out of the cell.

EDDIE
No! No, please --

FAT GUARD
Wake up! You have a visitor.

INT. ROMAINVILLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Eddie is dragged along by the guards. They stop outside a back office like door. They knock three times and a voice commands them to enter.

INT. ROMAINVILLE OFFICE - NIGHT

An office of sorts, wood panelling, a fire, a large walnut, leather inlaid desk -- behind which sits a tall, slender man in his early 30s in a suit and tie -- his name, or rather the name we will know him by, is WALTER THOMAS. His pale blue eyes watch Eddie with curiosity as he dismisses the guards. Eddie warily regards the boyish, effete-looking man. Silence. The man at the desk suddenly smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER THOMAS

Bitte, come closer, Mr. Chapman.
I can't make you out skulking in
the shadows back there.

Eddie shuffles forward. Walter opens the desk, removes a cigarette case, embossed with a swastika, from the drawer.

WALTER THOMAS

Cigarette?

Eddie looks at him, and then shakes his head.

WALTER THOMAS

I agree, filthy habit.

He picks up another small, elaborate-looking gilt box. Opens it, places a small amount of tobacco on the bridge of his thumb and sniffs it.

WALTER THOMAS

Napoleon Bonaparte, Queen
Charlotte -- George III's wife,
Pope Benedict XIII, King Louis
XIII -- all snuff takers. Did you
know that snuff became so popular
in Russia in the 17th century the
Tsar made its use punishable by
the removal of one's nose? It's
true.

(turning the box
over)

This box here is by George Michael
Moser, the greatest snuff box
maker of all time. Swiss born,
but it was London that made him
great...

Eddie doesn't respond.

WALTER THOMAS

Do you know why you're here, Mr.
Chapman?

EDDIE

No. Do you?

WALTER puts the box down and produces a file. Which he carefully opens, and removes a LETTER. Eddie's eyes widen. He closes the file and smoothes it down. He clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER THOMAS

(translating)

'To General Otto Von Stulpnagel,
Commander-in-Chief of Occupation
forces in France and the Channel
Islands...'

(holding it up)

Does this letter appear familiar
to you, Mr. Chapman?

EDDIE

Yes. I wrote it.

WALTER THOMAS

In it the author suggests he might
be 'useful' to us. Do you wish to
work for the Reich, Mr. Chapman?
Do you consider yourself a man of
some 'use'?

EDDIE

I do. On both counts.

WALTER THOMAS

Minor conditional tense mistakes
aside, it would suggest the author
has a very sound knowledge of the
German language. Unless he was
aided?

EDDIE

I had a German girlfriend once...

WALTER THOMAS

Ah, indeed the rare flower of
German womanhood. How wonderful
for you Mr. Chapman, how
cosmopolitan... and yet it would
appear that your day job is
nothing more than that of a petty
criminal. A 'safe-blower.' You
appear somewhat of a contradiction
if you don't mind me saying.

EDDIE

If you say so.

WALTER THOMAS

(more serious)

I do, Mr. Chapman, and that is why
you are here and that is why you
have been tasting the medicine we
dole out to those who are unwise
enough to play games with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie is silent.

WALTER THOMAS
I'll speak frankly. The Abwehr
has had considerable trouble
finding native English speakers
willing to work for us. And those
who have thus far proved, well,
less than useful. It's a
conundrum you see: the sort of
person drawn to sabotage is by
definition someone who should not
be trusted.

Eddie smiles at this.

WALTER THOMAS
So, Mr. Chapman, the question I
have for you -- is *why on Earth*
should we trust you?

Eddie looks at him carefully. And chooses his words
equally so.

EDDIE
Because I'm the proverbial gift-
horse. And you know it. What has
England ever done for me? My
father was a bloody drunk who had
me down the mines before I was
fourteen. When my mum died in the
TB ward, did King George offer to
take us in? Everything I've ever
had I've had to beg or steal in my
life. I owe England nothing.

WALTER THOMAS
Many people are not in love with
their country, Mr. Chapman.

EDDIE
Maybe, but not many of those
people also happen to have an
extensive criminal history
involving high explosive... I know
I'm no spy, Mr. --

WALTER THOMAS
You can call me Walter.

EDDIE
But what I am -- is a good thief.
Probably the best that will ever
stand before you... And I meant
what I said in that bloody letter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER observes Eddie. A half-smile flickers across his face.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - FIRST CLASS DINING CAR - DUSK

EDDIE is wearing a clean suit. He has shaved, regained his pencil moustache, but still looks drawn. He's sitting in a plush restaurant car, gorging himself on his first meal in weeks. Opposite him sits WALTER THOMAS -- observing his new companion.

EDDIE

You not going to finish that?

Eddie gestures to the Oberleutnant's plate of half-finished food. Walter shakes his head.

EDDIE

Don't mind if I do.

Eddie grabs the plate and stuffs himself.

EXT. VILLA DE LA BRETONNIERE - NIGHT

A BLACK MERCEDES pulls up outside a pair of rusting green iron gates with high walls on either side.

SUPERIMPOSE: ABWEHR GERMAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, NANTES SECTION - 1942

At the end of the drive is a large MAISON DE MAITRE full of fairy tale menace. EDDIE is led from the car -- BLINDFOLDED.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - FRONT HALL - NIGHT

EDDIE'S BLINDFOLD is removed.

He is surrounded by OIL PAINTINGS -- Romantic German landscapes including Hitler on horseback in the shining armor of the Knight's Templar.

WALTER THOMAS

A beautiful villa, *n'est ce pas?*
It was the property of a local
Jew. He kept the place quite tidy
but had no taste in art. These,
we brought with us... Follow me,
please.

Eddie is genuinely impressed at the OPULENCE all around him.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - DR. GRAUMANN'S STUDY - NIGHT

A crackling LOG FIRE. In a large green leather high-backed chair sits a PORTLY and distinguished GENTLEMAN with swept back silver hair, wearing a dapper but well-worn three piece suit. He stands and extends a hand:

PORTLY GENTLEMAN
Welcome to La Bretonniere. It is
a pleasure to finally meet you,
Mr. Chapman. My name is Dr.
Graumann. Cognac?

He pours two generous brandies. And hands one to Eddie while signalling for him to sit opposite him.

DR. GRAUMANN
Please, sit.

Eddie sits. WALTER THOMAS stands by the door, observing.

DR. GRAUMANN
Walter passed me your letter. He
felt it warranted further
investigation. And now you're
here, so I can assume from that
you passed his initial inspection.

He looks towards the door. Walter doesn't react. Eddie blinks, taking in his new surroundings.

EDDIE
I'm very much obliged to him, sir.
To you both...

DR. GRAUMANN studies Eddie carefully. Making a measure of the man.

DR. GRAUMANN
I've read your file, Mr. Chapman.
You're a crook, a confidence
trickster and a fraud. Your
loyalty would appear to be
exclusively to yourself. I would
therefore imagine that you
volunteered your services to us to
save your skin, pure and simple.

Eddie looks at him.

DR. GRAUMANN
By your silence it seems you would
concur...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

When the circumstances change, I
change with them.

Dr. Graumann considers this.

DR. GRAUMANN

And where's the shame in that? A
spy's first loyalty is to
himself...

EDDIE

Loyalty's not what it used to be.
The Great War saw to that. What
did those poor buggers get for
getting themselves killed?
Nothing. A rat infested muddy
grave. That's not happening to
me. I don't give a toss about
loyalty.

Dr. Graumann smiles, then knocks back his brandy.

DR. GRAUMANN

Show him to his room, Walter.

A beat. Walter clicks his heels, and salutes.

WALTER THOMAS

Yes, sir. Heil Hitler!

Eddie looks at him. Almost as if he'd forgotten for whom
he is now "working." He slowly gets up out of his chair.

DR. GRAUMANN

(wearily)

Yes, Heil Hitler, Walter. Get
some rest, Mr. Chapman, we have
great plans for you...

EXT. LA BRETONNIERE - DAY

The sun rises over the mist-shrouded Erdre River Valley.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - EDDIE'S ROOM - DAY

Eddie wakes to the sound of a COCK CROWING.

His room is clean and comfortable, he luxuriates in his
fresh sheets.

In his wardrobe he finds a perfectly tailored SUIT and
three expensive SHIRTS. He whistles to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He dresses -- delighted by a pair of exquisite SWASTIKA CUFF LINKS wrought in Onyx -- and studies his reflection in the mirror with the professional scrutiny of an actor trying on a new costume. He adjusts his silk pocket handkerchief.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*This was more like it. Things
were looking up...*

There's a short sharp knock on the door. Walter enters, smiling his impossible-to-read smile. He looks Eddie up and down, and seems satisfied.

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Walter escorts Eddie into the dining room.

Dr. Graumann is hunched over a copy of *The Times* and a soft boiled egg, with soldiers neatly cut on a plate to his side. He turns and notices with pleasure what a good-looking man his new recruit is.

Around the table FOUR MORE MEN are tucking into a feast of toast, eggs, butter, honey and fresh coffee. A peacetime feast, a wartime miracle.

One by one they stop eating and stare at Eddie like lab technicians examining a Petri dish.

EDDIE

What's this? The Woman's
Institute?

Eddie chuckles at his own joke. No one else does.

DR. GRAUMANN

Ah. Yes, please allow me to make
some introductions...

He dabs at the corners of his mouth with a cotton napkin and stands, indicating a short, round, balding man to his immediate right:

DR. GRAUMANN

This is our resident chemist, Herr
Professor Hermann Woych.
Professor Woych will assess and
develop your skill in the use of
high explosives.

Eddie goes to shake hands, but WOYCH bows curtly. Eddie pulls his unshaken hand back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

The pleasure's all mine...

Dr. Graumann takes Eddie by the elbow and steers him around the table, indicating next a roguish young man with a golden-toothed grin:

DR. GRAUMANN

Field Agent Franz Schmidt. He worked as a 'waiter' in England before the war. And is a past master in the art of disguise. He will be working with you on your cover story.

SCHMIDT

(winking)

Alright, me old cock?

Eddie looks at him. Before he can answer, Dr. Graumann nods at a bespectacled, very tall man with pronounced acne scars.

DR. GRAUMANN

Radio technician and cryptologist Robert Keller will be teaching you to transmit and receive coded messages.

KELLER bows shyly.

DR. GRAUMANN

And last, but by no means least, chauffeur and general, err, 'handyman': Leo.

Eddie smiles at the broken-nosed chauffeur, who smiles back through broken teeth. Both have seen the type before. Leo looks like a friendly giant. A friendly giant murderer.

DR. GRAUMANN

Remind me what it is you English so enjoy calling us Germans?

(a beat)

Ah, yes. 'Fritz.'

Dr. Graumann gestures proudly at Eddie.

DR. GRAUMANN

Meine herren. I give you... AGENT FRITZ!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls back the seat beside him for Eddie, who sits, and without waiting to be asked starts piling up food on his plate. He eats ravenously as the others watch, bemused. Could this be the man Graumann has been raving about all this time?

INSERT - THE CLICK OF A STOPWATCH

EXT. LA BRETONNIERE - GARDEN - DAY

Eddie slips on a pair of DARK GOGGLES and works fast, wiring three sticks of GELIGNITE to a large TREE STUMP in the middle of the GARDEN. He has a LIT CIGARETTE in his mouth.

Walter (who is holding the stopwatch) confers with Woych. Behind them, the whole unit is watching at a distance, all in dark goggles.

WALTER THOMAS

Highly unorthodox.

He makes a note on his clipboard.

DR. GRAUMANN

This is a test of natural aptitude, Walter. Working in the field requires the ability to improvise...

Without taking the cigarette from his mouth, Eddie uses it to light the FUSE.

DR. GRAUMANN

Ah. You see. Would you rather he waste valuable seconds fumbling with his matches? No, this man is a professional. Nothing can beat experience, nothing...

Walter points to his ear plugs. He cannot hear a word. Behind him, Eddie suddenly GETS UP, RUNS and DIVES FOR COVER.

A SHOCK WAVE OF BLINDING LIGHT: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

When the smoke clears the tree stump has vanished, in its place is a CRATER about ten feet in diameter. Dr. Graumann, banging his ears, appears to have lost his hearing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GRAUMANN
(coughing)
SHEISSE! FRITZ!

SCHMIDT
Bloody hell!

EDDIE
(looking up)
Now, wait for it... Oh.

A WHISTLING SOUND grows rapidly closer...

EDDIE
(turning to Graumann)
Sorry about the barn.

DR. GRAUMANN
What? What was that?

WALTER THOMAS
What barn?

The FLAMING TREE STUMP returns to earth, crashing through the barn roof, twenty feet away. The BARN PROMPTLY BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

EDDIE
That barn.

A PIGLET squeezes under the barn door and bolts across the garden, running right through Eddie's legs. He watches it go, delighted by the little creature.

DR. GRAUMANN
Someone put that fire out! Get on with it, Leo! Schnell! You too, Schmidt! We're not supposed to be attracting attention to ourselves! Good God, Fritz!

The others all leave. Dr. Graumann turns to Eddie. Who is smiling at him. He cannot help but return the smile.

EDDIE
Good enough?

DR. GRAUMANN
For the next five months you will undergo training under my direction. As for your compensation you'll receive a monthly stipend of 12,000 francs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(stunned)
Did you say twelve thousand?

DR. GRAUMANN
You are a valuable asset, Agent
Fritz. And one in which I
personally have a great deal
invested...

EDDIE
Well, I better not let you down
then had I?

Eddie grabs the piglet, holds it up to his face, and
kisses it.

MONTAGE - "EDDIE'S TRAINING" - DAY/NIGHT

Dr. Graumann uses an 8mm CAMERA to record Eddie's
PROGRESS.

MUSIC: BENNY GOODMAN -- "SING SING SING (WITH A SWING)."

INT. KELLER'S BEDROOM/RADIO ROOM - DAY

8mm. Keller shows Eddie a cupboard full with WIRELESS
SETS. He demonstrates the "dash" and "dots" of MORSE
CODE. Eddie looks confused, he reaches for a PAD and
PENCIL to write his instructions down. KELLER stops him
-- he reminds Eddie to write nothing down. PADS and
PENCILS are forbidden here.

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SCREEN we see -- Eddie sneaks several local YOUNG
WOMEN into the house via the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - SITTING ROOM - LATER

The men lie passed out around the room, all with the
various local YOUNG WOMEN now attached, drinking straight
from a variety of dusty-looking vintage wine and schnapps
bottles.

EXT. TERRACE - MORNING

8mm. Leo is showing a hungover Eddie various PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALLIED AND GERMAN AIRCRAFT, teaching him how to identify each. Eddie tries to pay attention.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

8mm. Schmidt instructs Eddie in the art of "secret writing." Eddie concentrates.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

FULL SCREEN -- Another party in full swing. Eddie, however, is sitting opposite Graumann, playing chess. Graumann approves of Eddie's commitment.

EXT. GARDENER'S SHED - DUSK

8mm. Woych shows Eddie how to make a "coal bomb" by drilling a lump of coal and filling it with dynamite. Eddie does it with ease. Graumann ENTERS FRAME and congratulates him.

EXT. LA BRETONNIERE - GARDEN - DAY

8mm. Leo has secured a 50' ladder to a tree. Eddie stands nearby with a parachute pack as Leo demonstrates the proper way to jump and roll. Eddie tries it. And is not bad.

JUMP CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

He's better.

JUMP CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

He's now good. MUSIC ENDS.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - DR. GRAUMANN'S STUDY - NIGHT

On a screen: 8MM footage of Fritz's training is being projected through a veil of smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The film comes to an end. Seated, watching are Dr. Graumann, Walter, a new ABWEHR OFFICER, and an SS OFFICER.

ABWEHR OFFICER
Congratulations, Graumann. He
seems quite capable.

Graumann bows towards him. The man is obviously his superior.

SS OFFICER
He'd better be. He's costing
enough.

DR. GRAUMANN
Walter, could you ask Fritz to
step in?

Walter gets up.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - HALLWAY - CLOSE ON EDDIE - NIGHT

Eddie is staring at himself in a floor to ceiling hallway mirror. A strange look on his face. CUT WIDE TO REVEAL: He is wearing full NAZI UNIFORM. For the first time, Eddie seems aware of who he's actually serving.

WALTER THOMAS
Fritz? In here, please?

Eddie turns, and walks into the study.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - DR. GRAUMANN'S STUDY - NIGHT

Eddie enters. He sees the committee waiting to meet him.

SS OFFICER
Good evening, Agent Fritz. I was
wondering if you could be so good
to tell me what you know of the De
Havilland Mosquito?

EDDIE
Well, it's a British bomber.
Although it pretty much has the
capability of a fighter it's so
bloody quick -- down to the two
Rolls Royce Merlins they stuck on
its wooden body. 'The Wooden
Wonder' they call it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

It can also pretty much out-manuever any aircraft the Third Reich are currently producing --

DR. GRAUMANN

Yes, thank you, Fritz --

EDDIE

The Brits use it largely for night-fighting, mine-laying and precision target bombing. All of which it excels at. In short, it must be a right pain in the arse for old Goering...

Graumann sighs. But cannot help a half-smile -- Eddie clearly knows his stuff.

SS OFFICER

Yes, well *Reichsmarschall* Goering is convinced a halt in the production of these aircraft could alter the air war in Germany's favor.

EDDIE

I bet he does.

ABWHER OFFICER

The De Havilland factory is located in Hertfordshire, just outside London. In six weeks you will be parachuted into Britain with a wireless and enough money to survive for a long period. You will find a secure place to hide, procure a quantity of explosives using your extensive contacts, and then, when ready, sabotage the De Havilland works.

EDDIE

And by 'sabotage' you mean...

SS OFFICER

A significant explosion -- ideally devastating.

ABWHER OFFICER

In addition, you will report troop movements and target secondary factories. You'll be working alone, however we have agents in place who will be monitoring your... progress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAUMANN
(as if Eddie weren't
there)
I don't think he's ready.

SS OFFICER
Nonsense. He's been training for
months. You've just shown us how
capable he is. These final few
weeks will ensure he is ready.

GRAUMANN
He's my agent. I say he needs
more time.

SS OFFICER
He is the property of the Reich,
Herr Graumann.

He slides Eddie a thick packet of papers. Eddie reads.

ABWEHR OFFICER
I believe you'll find this
contract to be generous. A salary
of 5,000 Reichsmarks to be paid
into your account each month.

He smiles, noting Eddie's reaction to the impressive
amount.

EDDIE
And if I'm jailed?

Walter interrupts.

WALTER THOMAS
It is not for you to make
conditions, Agent Fritz --

ABWEHR OFFICER
No, no, he's quite right. You
see, unlike your native England,
Germany rewards men of action,
regardless of social standing.
Should you be imprisoned, your
salary will increase by 500 a
month.

Eddie smiles.

EDDIE
Getting paid to do time? Sounds
perfect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

On the other hand they owe me
about twenty years, so if it's all
the same to you -- I'll just try
and keep out of the nick.

ABWEHR OFFICER

That would indeed be wise, Fritz.

EDDIE

Anyone have a pen?

EXT. LA BRETONNIERE - GARDEN - DAY

Eddie is walking the escaped PIGLET on a lead. Walter
strolls beside him through summer blooms.

WALTER THOMAS

I didn't mean to offend you last
night, Agent Fritz. You must
remember we have great respect for
hierarchy and order in Germany...

Eddie isn't really listening. He's making sure the
Piglet is keeping pace.

WALTER THOMAS

... and in that we are much like
your country, Eddie. It grieved
me deeply when our two nations
came into conflict again. You
should know I have a great love of
the English. I myself have
travelled the length and breadth
of your beautiful country, as a
tourist, yes, but also as a
student of folk dancing.

Eddie turns to him.

EDDIE

Folk dancing?

WALTER THOMAS

Yes, before the war I was a
student of folk dance. There is a
great deal of evidence pointing to
the English Morris dance being the
root of ALL folk dancing...

EDDIE

(pulling his leg)
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER THOMAS

Yes, I have researched it thoroughly. I have even been known to demonstrate practically if the mood takes me...

EDDIE

You Morris Dance?

WALTER THOMAS

I do.

EDDIE

(smiling)

I don't suppose you'd Morris dance for me, would you? It would mean a lot to me, you know -- as a man of 'Albion.'

WALTER THOMAS

You are familiar with the works of William Blake? You are a man of many surprises, Mr. Chapman. And in which case, it would be my pleasure.

EXT. LA BRETONNIERE - GARDEN - DAY

WALTER THOMAS is MORRIS DANCING. In breeches and ribbons. On his own. With Eddie in front of him, in a deck chair. The rest of the unit have gathered to watch.

Eddie is really trying to keep it together. He is sweating with repressed laughter.

Walter is having to hum to himself to keep in time.

Eddie's amusement spreads to Leo, Woych, Schmidt and Keller. As Walter FINISHES WITH A FLOURISH, there is a moment of silence...

THEN LAUGHTER BURSTS FORTH. ALL OF THEM DOUBLE UP. EDDIE IS ROARING. Walter looks up at Eddie. His eyes have gone very cold.

WALTER THOMAS

You mock me, Agent Fritz?

His tone has changed completely. It is icy.

EDDIE

No, no, Walter. It was a thing of great beauty and grace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the others laugh out loud again. Leo and Woych even start doing an impression of the sticks hitting each other.

WALTER THOMAS

We are not at school now.

Walter stares at them all. Then towards Eddie. He gathers up his ribbons and sticks and departs without saying a further word. Eddie, sobering up, watches him leave -- aware he may have made a mistake. He sees Graumann observing from an upstairs window.

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - EDDIE'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Eddie is doing press-ups when he realizes...

He can hear the sound of DR. GRAUMANN TALKING IN THE ROOM BELOW HIS. He adjusts his position, trying to get a clearer sound, but it is too muffled to decipher. Then, with his head to the floor -- HE SEES IT -- a THIN GAP between the wall and the wainscoting, that with a little careful working loose provides a NARROW VIEW of...

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - DR. GRAUMANN'S STUDY - NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS ACTION

The top of DR. GRAUMANN'S HEAD -- he sits at his desk and is turning to follow someone around the room who is apparently pacing. The voice identifies it as:

WALTER THOMAS (O.S.)

(in German)

What if he goes to the British?

DR. GRAUMANN

(also in German)

You think I haven't thought of that? It's a calculated risk, Walter.

WALTER THOMAS (O.S.)

I don't like risk, calculated or not. Perhaps you confuse liking a man with trusting him?

DR. GRAUMANN

Might it just be possible that you have the opposite problem. Come, Praetorius, be practical.

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

EDDIE is listening intently.

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - DR. GRAUMANN'S STUDY - NIGHT

We can now see inside the room. Walter paces as Graumann watches him.

DR. GRAUMANN

Look, in England, Fritz simply cannot betray us without exposing his treachery -- not to mention his whereabouts -- to the very same authorities who want to lock him up and throw away the key on seventeen counts of armed robbery. That -- if nothing else -- ensures his loyalty. And our success.

WALTER THOMAS

I'm beginning to question my decision in Romainville. He has no loyalty. He has no honor. He is not to be trusted.

DR. GRAUMANN

He clearly has no love for his country. The SS and Abwehr have made an investment. Based on our recommendation, Thomas. You and me. It's up to us to deliver on it. Now if there's nothing else I'd like to retire. We have much to do.

Walter is about to say something else but doesn't. His time will come. He simply clicks his heels, and salutes.

WALTER THOMAS

Heil Hitler.

Dr. Graumann says nothing as Walter closes the door behind him.

INT. LA BRETTONIERE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Eddie is eating breakfast alone. Dr. Graumann enters, his usual suit, copy of *THE TIMES* under his arm.

DR. GRAUMANN

Good morning, Fritz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Morning, guv'nor.

DR. GRAUMANN

I have some good news. A few days ago, I requested the Luftwaffe arrange a practice parachute drop for you.

(unfolding a telegram)

And this morning I received confirmation. We travel today --

EDDIE

I hope it's roughly the same as jumping off a ladder.

DR. GRAUMANN

Well, it is if you imagine the ladder is several thousand feet high...

He smiles at Eddie. Eddie goes back to eating. Graumann's face becomes more serious.

DR. GRAUMANN

Fritz, you should be careful with Walter. He's Gestapo. They are not like you and me. Their power grows in proportion to their hatred: of Jews, of foreigners, the enemy, *the aristocracy*...

Eddie looks at him. Then to the door.

DR. GRAUMANN

We can speak candidly. They are all out driving stupidly fast in the official car rustling provisions from our French friends. It's Sunday after all... tell me, Fritz, have you ever been to Germany?

EDDIE

Can't say I have...

DR. GRAUMANN

It's a beautiful country. Well, parts of it. My family is from Bremen. We own a --

Graumann hesitates, as if wanting to speak freely, but knowing it is a violation of a spymasters code.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GRAUMANN

Well, let's say we've been there
some time. It's the true Germany,
Fritz. The Germany of Leibniz, of
Goethe, of Kant, of Rilke -- a
place of intellect and reason.
They say if Germany is the body,
Bremen is its heart.

EDDIE

That's funny. I'm from Burnham
coalfields and they say if
England's the body, Burnham's its
arsehole.

Graumann laughs. As does Eddie.

DR. GRAUMANN

Walter is not to be trifled with.
Don't be their excuse to put a
bullet in your brain. Or mine.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

Walter straps Eddie into a PARACHUTE and helps him into a
JUNKERS JU-52 TRANSPORT PLANE. DR. GRAUMANN pats him on
the back reassuringly.

DR. GRAUMANN

Merely a test jump, Fritz. Do
exactly as Leo says and you'll be
fine.

(to Leo)

Take good care of him. He's very
valuable to us all.

Leo grins his toothless grin and puts his arm around
EDDIE, like a boxer hugging a child. The ENGINES START
UP. DR. GRAUMANN shouts to THE PILOT above the noise...

DR. GRAUMANN

1500 feet. And no higher!

They both take their leave and watch as the plane taxis
along the runway.

INT. JUNKERS JU-52 - DAY

Fifteen hundred feet above the French countryside....

Leo opens the jump door. Eddie looks out. It's a long
way down.

CLOSE ON THE ALTIMETER

It ticks up to 1,497 ft.

BACK TO SCENE

EDDIE looks at LEO. Who gives him the thumbs-up. Eddie gulps...

AND JUMPS.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The deafening roar of air moving past Eddie's terrified face at 9.8m/s squared. EDDIE tugs at his rip cord.

NOTHING.

He pulls harder.

STILL NOTHING.

The GROUND is racing closer, this was a low altitude jump. EDDIE PULLS WITH ALL HIS MIGHT....

The CHUTE opens. But isn't packed correctly -- it TANGLES UP around itself, slowing his descent, but he falls FASTER and FASTER towards the ground, when, suddenly, the mounting wind resistance frees the CHUTE and it billows open quickly, EDDIE gasps with relief... and then LOOKS DOWN to see...

THE TARMAC OF THE LANDING FIELD ABOUT 30 FEET BENEATH HIM!

EDDIE starts to scream as -- WHAP!

-- he smacks face first into the soil.

We see...

HIS POV

of the perfect blue French sky, which slowly...

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

GERMAN DOCTOR (V.O.)
Herr Fritz? Herr Fritz? Can you
hear me?

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - EDDIE'S POV - DAY

The world is a blur. A bespectacled, middle-aged GERMAN DOCTOR comes into focus, staring down with a quizzical smile.

REVERSE ANGLE ON EDDIE

In a hospital bed, bandaged in places, bruised in others. Eddie tries to answer, only to find his mouth is stuffed with cotton wool.

GERMAN DOCTOR
Oh, no. Wait, wait...

The German doctor hands Eddie a pad and a pencil.

GERMAN DOCTOR
You're a lucky chap, Herr Fritz.
That fall removed several of your
teeth -- you'll be pleased to know
Abwehr approved the use of real
gold in replacing your molars and
missing canines.

Eddie scribbles on the pad: "Smashing."

The Doctor smiles, nodding proudly and leaves the room. As he leaves, Eddie glimpses himself in a mirror, dismayed by how badly he's banged up... He hears the sound of approaching footsteps and quickly hides the pencil and pad in his underpants just as Dr. Graumann enters, the Doctor and Walter close behind.

DR. GRAUMANN
Ahh, Fritz. You're back. How are
you feeling?

Eddie gives a weak thumbs-up. Graumann looks truly relieved.

DR. GRAUMANN
I was told you're not going to
lose those film star looks...
you'll be out in a few days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie smiles back at him. And sees Walter watching him closely.

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETTONIERE - KELLER'S RADIO ROOM - DAY

A greater intensity to Eddie's wireless instruction.

KELLER

You will now be transmitting to
Paris and Bordeaux twice a day,
until you depart.

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETTONIERE - GARDEN SHED - DAY

A surveillance photo of the De Havilland factory in hand,
Woych lectures on ways Eddie could blow it up. Eddie's
pet pig "BOBBY" sits dutifully on the stool next to him.

KELLER (V.O.)

We will work on perfecting your
'fist,' those individual
characteristics particular to your
transmissions.

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETTONIERE - KELLER'S RADIO ROOM - DAY

Keller times Eddie's transmission on a rolled printout on
a drum. We see his message begins: "FFFFF. 23 Oct
1942. Dear Bordeaux. Getting cold now, but better here
than Petrograd..."

KELLER (V.O.)

For example, all of your
transmissions will be preceded by
a series of five F's. This is
your control sign: proof you are
not being controlled by the enemy
and are operating of your own free
will.

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETTONIERE - EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sounds of partying downstairs, we FIND Eddie in the dark
on the floor, looking for something.

KELLER (V.O.)

A series of five P's will indicate
that you are being monitored by
the police.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie hides the pad and the pencil under a loose floorboard.

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETONNIERE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

On the table, maps of the UK and London are spread out, as Leo reviews potential drop sites for Eddie.

KELLER (V.O.)
You'll communicate only by use of
a hand cipher, based on a single
code word. You will use this to
encode and decipher Morse Code
messages...

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETONNIERE - KELLER'S RADIO ROOM - DAY

Keller stands before an expectant Eddie.

KELLER
BUTTERMILK.

EDDIE
Buttermilk?

KELLER
Buttermilk. Trust me, Fritz, if
you don't have this word -- then
our codes are completely
unbreakable...

HARD CUT TO:

A BLACKBOARD

Across the top of which, in three-inch-high letters, has been written in chalk: B U T T E R M I L K.

Beneath it we see a whole slew of further information has been written, we glimpse: "NANTES," "WALTER THOMAS = WALTER PRAETORIUS," a black and white photo of WALTER pinned next to it, "GRAUMANN = VON GRÖNING (BARON)," another photo next to him. "AGENT X AKA. AGENT 'FRITZ' = ???." "ENGLISH, AGED 25-35, CRIMINAL BACKGROUND?"

PULL WIDE FROM the CHALKBOARD to reveal a flurry of activity. Female secretaries scurry around British CODEBREAKER types (bespectacled mathematicians), the air dense with smoke and the clacking of typewriter keys.

SUPERIMPOSE: BLETCHLEY PARK CRYPTOANALYSIS
HEADQUARTERS, BUCKS, ENGLAND

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A young CODEBREAKER hurries over to a man, WEST, who presides on a gangway above the cacophony.

CODEBREAKER

Sir, the gentlemen from MI5 are here.

West peers past the young man to find MAJOR TAR ROBERTSON (early 50s, donnish, smoking -- hence the name, tartan trousers suggesting eccentricity) and CLIFFORD HYDE (late 30s, bureaucrat, shifty) approaching.

WEST

The latest message just arrived by motorcycle from our listening station at Chicksands. My men are decrypting it now...

TAR

(nods appreciatively,
aloud)
Excuse me, everyone, your attention please...

The noise below settles down, all eyes on Robertson.

TAR

Good morning, men. I'm Major Tar Robertson of MI5, this is my associate Mr. Hyde. As most of you know, for the past 6 months we've been keeping a close eye on the Abwehr agent known as 'Fritz.' We know he's considered one of their best men -- which, given the quality of their recruits, admittedly isn't saying much --

Laughter at this remark.

TAR

Nevertheless, they've spent quite a bit of time and money on this operative.

HYDE

9200 francs just last month to repair his teeth.

More laughter at this remark. Hyde doesn't seem too pleased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

You may laugh, but you do not spend that sort of money on fillings unless you're confident of him paying you back. And if he's their priority, he's our priority. We now believe his arrival is imminent, so I'm asking every one of you to keep an even sharper ear out for any detail regarding Fritz's identity or his mission. No information is too trivial.

WEST

Major?

West hands Robertson a slip of paper.

TAR

Well done.

West allows a slight smile of pride. Robertson's brow furrows as he reads aloud the latest decrypted message:

TAR

'FFFFF. 12 November. Dear Paris, Bobby grows fatter every day. He gorges like a lion and shits like an Elephant. Fritz.'

Baffled, he looks to the chalkboard.

TAR

Who the bloody hell is Bobby?

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETONNIERE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Bobby the piglet is wearing a black bow tie. The whole unit is in dinner jackets. It is Eddie's farewell dinner. The remnants of a large feast lie strewn across the table. They're playing cards whilst drinking Cognac.

Eddie SPOTS GRAUMANN PALMING AN ACE. Eddie says nothing. WALTER has a good hand. He puts all his chips down.

WALTER THOMAS

I raise you twenty francs.

DR. GRAUMANN

You have to put down a hundred, Walter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER THOMAS

It's all I have.

DR. GRAUMANN

Very well.

He lays out his hand -- a ROYAL FLUSH. Walter looks aghast, and smacks the table. Dr. Graumann sweeps up all the chips -- eyes TWINKLING.

INT. LA BRETONNIERE - FRONT HALL - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Eddie is helping a drunk Dr. Graumann up the stairs.

EDDIE

Nice swipe for that last hand...

DR. GRAUMANN

(embarrassed)

One has to live.

He looks at Eddie.

DR. GRAUMANN

You are disappointed in me?

EDDIE

Me? I'll tell you about disappointment. My dad was a publican and he was also a drinker. And those two don't go together very well if you know what I mean. Anyway, when I was four years old he stood me on the public bar in front of all his mates. 'Jump, Eddie' he said, 'Jump as high as you can -- and I'll catch you.' So I jumped. And he didn't move.

Eddie pauses for breath.

EDDIE

I broke my collarbone. My dad carried me to the hospital and all he could say was that there was a lesson in all this. It doesn't matter how much you like someone, Eddie, never trust them. Never trust anyone. Not even me.

DR. GRAUMANN

A sad story, Eddie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
(surprised, touched)
You mean Fritz.

DR. GRAUMANN
Fritz, Eddie, Graumann -- it's a
game all of it.
(yawns)
But you're playing it well, I
admire that. They're complicated
times.

Suddenly they see Walter approach on the landing above.

WALTER THOMAS
Ah. Good. There is one last
matter to attend to.

Dr. Graumann looks at Walter, then to Eddie.

DR. GRAUMANN
He's right, Fritz. It's no
reflection on you -- just a matter
of form.

INT. VILLA DE LA BRETONNIERE - EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie's room is being searched by Walter. His packed
rucksack empty on the bed, every pocket searched, every
drawer opened. Eddie and Graumann (now sobered up) watch
from the doorway.

Walter works his way over to the gap in the wainscotting.
He gets down on his hands and knees and looks down.

WALTER THOMAS
Ah ha. Look at this, Graumann...

Graumann studies the view through the crack.

DR. GRAUMANN
This house is old, Walter.

Walter presses his finger to the edge of the damaged
wainscot and holds it up to the light: SAWDUST.

WALTER THOMAS
Fresh. The hole has recently been
enlarged -- clearly for the
purposes of eavesdropping.

Walter unsheathes his service revolver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GRAUMANN
Put your gun away, Walter.

WALTER THOMAS
Are you really so blind?

DR. GRAUMANN
(quietly)
I said, put the gun away, Walter.

Walter stares at them both.

DR. GRAUMANN
If you wish to make a formal
accusation, I would anticipate a
need for real evidence.

WALTER THOMAS
The evidence is right in front of
you. The man has no loyalty to
anyone other than himself -- he's
a traitor and taking you for an
old fool.

DR. GRAUMANN
(angrily)
Oberlieutenant Thomas!

Walter is surprised by Graumann's anger.

DR. GRAUMANN
Are you finished?

WALTER THOMAS
I just hope, my dear Doctor, that
you have your answers prepared for
my superiors should Fritz here not
pay back the faith you obviously
have in him.

He salutes, clicks his heels. Eddie and Graumann share a
quick glance.

WALTER THOMAS
Heil Hitler.

As he exits, he feels the CREAK OF THE LOOSE BOARD... he
FREEZES. He looks slowly down at the floor. AND PRESSES
THE BOARD AGAIN. CREAK. AND AGAIN. CREAK. He bends
down with deliberation.

ANGLE ON EDDIE

masks his tension by fishing around for a box of matches to light the cigarette he has just rolled.

ANGLE ON GRAUMANN

now looks anxious. What is this?

WALTER SLOWLY LIFTS UP THE LOOSE BOARD -- TO FIND --
NOTHING.

His face drops. But he tries to cover it.

WALTER THOMAS
Good night, gentlemen.

He leaves. Eddie's lip curls into the slightest grin as he brings the match to his hand-rolled cigarette. As he lights the cigarette, we PUSH CLOSER ON the cigarette PAPER, to see TRACES OF PENCIL WRITING ON ITS UNDERSIDE. He takes one long drag, exhales smoke -- and then extinguishes the cigarette.

EDDIE
I really should give these up.
Terrible habit.

EXT. VILLA DE LA BRETONNIERE - NIGHT

Eddie descends the stairs from the villa. His companions line up -- in full field uniform. One by one, he shakes hands and salutes with each as they wish him luck. He pauses at the end next to Walter. Eddie offers his hand. Walter takes it. And they shake. Eddie climbs into the back of the Mercedes with Graumann. The car pulls away. Eddie leans out the window.

EDDIE
Oh -- and you lot better look
after that pig -- I know where you
all live!

The car drives off. Walter watches.

EXT. REMOTE AIRFIELD (FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE) - NIGHT

A black Focke-Wulf 189 reconnaissance plane idles in an open field as the Mercedes' headlights come INTO VIEW.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GRAUMANN (V.O.)
Matches impregnated with quinine
for secret writing...

INSIDE THE CAR

Graumann alone with Eddie -- now dressed in British-issue
airman's uniform and helmet -- reviewing the contents of
his pack.

DR. GRAUMANN
Your wireless receiver, of course.
One Colt revolver. £990 in
various denominations. Glass
spectacles should you need a
disguise. And one pill of
cyanide. May you never have to
use it.

EDDIE
(possibly nervous)
Thank you. For everything.

He fishes in his pocket.

DR. GRAUMANN
Oh, and this is non-standard
issue. Somewhere to put your
cigarettes.

EDDIE'S POV

A silver engraved CIGARETTE CASE.

BACK TO SCENE

EDDIE
Blimey.

DR. GRAUMANN
It's engraved.

EDDIE
(touched)
'From S to E.'

DR. GRAUMANN
(opening the car
door)
Stay safe, Fritzchen. Good luck.

INT. FOCKE-WULF 189 - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

The roar of the plane engines is almost deafening. We FIND Eddie crammed into an improvised alcove, lying flat on his belly in crash helmet and knee pads, weighed down by his parachute pack. It looks incredibly uncomfortable, and he is a clear shade of green.

IN THE COCKPIT

A Luftwaffe PILOT and NAVIGATOR chat happily in German over headsets. A few feet behind sits a GUNNER manning a machine gun.

PILOT

(in German,
subtitled)

Are we over Harwich yet?

NAVIGATOR

(subtitled)

*I think maybe, yes. Those
searchlights, that must be London
docks, don't you think?*

The Pilot shrugs. And peers out his windscreen.

PILOT

*There's a cloud bank up ahead.
Make sure he's ready.*

EXT. NIGHT SKY

SUPERIMPOSE: OVER CAMBRIDGESHIRE, ENGLAND, DECEMBER 12TH
1942

The Focke-Wulf flies through the ink-black night. And into a cloud bank.

INT. FOCKE-WULF 189 - CLOSE ON EDDIE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Worriedly gnashing his teeth as he watches the hatch door rattling. He starts when his shoulder is tapped, he turns his head in alarm to the smiling Navigator -- shouting over the roar of the plane in German, gesturing towards the DISPATCH LEVER.

EDDIE

What, already?

Eddie inches into position. Looks at the lever, but CANNOT BRING HIMSELF TO PULL IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PILOT turns around and SHOUTS IN GERMAN THAT HE NEEDS TO GO -- NOW! The navigator looks at Eddie, frozen -- then PULLS THE DISPATCH LEVER HIMSELF!

With a sudden WHOOSH, the hatch BANGS open and the night sky gapes beneath them. Eddie knows it's pointless to delay it -- he shuts his eyes -- and JUMPS!

TIGHT ON EDDIE'S EYES

AS THEY OPEN -- something's wrong. He quickly looks up, through his legs, to find HIS PACK IS STUCK IN THE HATCH! Eddie is suspended upside down beneath the belly of the plane. The PILOT SCREAMS AT THE NAVIGATOR, who starts to STAMP ON EDDIE to free the pack.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

A British MOSQUITO XVI night fighter rolls in and opens fire.

The Focke-Wulf's fuselage is punctured. FUEL... starts to spray on EDDIE.

EDDIE

Ahhrrggghhhh!!!

The Mosquito rolls and starts to loop back on the German aircraft. The PILOT, taking evasive action, pulls the Focke-Wulf steeply upwards. The resulting G-FORCE frees EDDIE, almost sucking the NAVIGATOR with him.

Eddie tumbles through the darkness.

EDDIE

Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! FUCK!
FUUUUUCK!

Frozen, blinded by the fuel, he grabs at his ripcord and...

... his chute opens.

EDDIE

FUUUU--?

Suddenly it's dead quiet. Eddie stops swearing mid-curse. Now, his heavy breathing is the only sound as he discovers blood streaming down his nose to his chin. He vomits. He wipes his face with his sleeve, and squints into the blackness into which he drifts down, down, down...

EXT. AN ENGLISH FIELD (MIDDLE OF NOWHERE) - MIDDLE OF NIGHT.

Utterly dark, and utterly still -- until Eddie's body THUMPS INTO VIEW as he hits the sodden soil smack in the middle of a HERD OF SLEEPING COWS. He painfully lifts his head.

EDDIE

Evening, ladies.

He rests on the side of a sleeping cow. He winces as he picks himself up -- and takes a look around. He starts to methodically cut up and bury his parachute, occasionally looking around to ensure he's not being observed.

EXT. COVINE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie stealthily approaches an ancient-looking farmhouse. No sign of life. He opens the gate. It creaks loudly.

EDDIE'S POV

A LAMP LIGHTS in the upstairs window.

BACK TO SCENE

Eddie puts his hand to his pocket and pats the service revolver...

INT. COVINE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

In their nightclothes -- MARTHA and GEORGE COVINE (60s, poor, people of the soil) warily creep towards their back door. George carefully unbolts the door as Martha watches on, worried.

EXT. COVINE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

George pokes his head out into the pitch dark. We see he now has a shotgun.

GEORGE

Who's there?

Eddie steps into the light cast by the door, his uniform caked in mud, blood and puke, stinking of plane fuel and manure. Beat. He smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

You should see the other chap...
(off their lack of
response)

Can I come in? I'm in a spot of
bother. Don't suppose you could
call the police for me?

INT. COVINE FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - PRE-DAWN

Still in uniform, goggles atop his head, Eddie sits at
the Covines' table, munching on toast and sipping tea.
Not a care in the world.

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE COVINES

standing beside a local, yokel CONSTABLE in his 70s and
his extremely young-looking ASSISTANT CONSTABLE. All
four are staring at Eddie like he's from Mars.

CONSTABLE

(quietly, carefully)
And where's it you say you come
from?

EDDIE

(mouth full of toast)
Sorry, can't tell you that, old
chap. It's a matter of national
importance. For British
Intelligence only.
(winks)
Top secret and all that. Very
hush, hush.

The Constable looks at the assistant constable.

EDDIE

I don't suppose you could ring
them up for me, could you? I'm
sure they'd be delighted to hear
from me.

INT. 58 JAMES ST. (LONDON) - PRE-DAWN

Climbing a flight of polished marble steps, Clifford Hyde
looks extremely irritated to have been woken in the
middle of the night.

SUPERIMPOSE: SEC. 1BA HEADQUARTERS (MI5), 58 JAMES ST.
LONDON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hyde arrives at a series of desks. On the walls we see cork boards pinned with details and notes regarding "Agent Fritz." He finds an astonished AGENT cupping a phone receiver.

AGENT
Sir, you are not going to believe
this.

EXT. COVINE FARMHOUSE - DAWN

Eddie stands on the front porch flanked by the old couple and the local Constable, all staring at the Black Maria pulling up. A pair of suited British SERVICEMEN step out.

SERVICEMAN #1
(serious)
Mr. Chapman?

Eddie picks up his pack, turns to the still baffled Covines.

EDDIE
Thanks for the toast. I'll be
sure to let them all know at the
highest level of your magnificent
hospitality...

INT. BLACK MARIA - DRIVING - EARLY MORNING

Eddie sits in the back, unable to see out of the blacked windows and the divider shut between himself and the men in front.

EDDIE
(bravado, he's
nervous)
I hope you fellas are taking me to
see the top brass. I've got quite
a story to tell...

No response from beyond the divider. Eddie shrugs and closes his eyes for a quick forty winks.

EXT. LATCHMERE HOUSE (WEST LONDON) - MORNING

The Black Maria pulls through guarded gates topped by barbed wire, draws up in front of a large, ugly Victorian mansion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERIMPOSE: LATCHMERE HOUSE (CAMP 020), MI5
INTERROGATION CENTER, WEST LONDON

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - MORNING

THROUGH a window we see Eddie in an INTERROGATION ROOM,
animatedly relating his wild story to a low-level CLERK.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - LATE MORNING

Tar Robertson is gathered with Hyde and various serious-
looking young men who work for him. He is,
understandably, incredulous.

TAR

You mean to say that 'Fritz' --
this full-fledged saboteur we have
been dedicating all of our
resources into locating -- has
just voluntarily turned himself
in?

HYDE

It would appear that that is
exactly what has happened. I
should warn you, he's quite
disappointing. Strikes me as your
average riffraff, really. The
sort who'd say anything to save
his hide.

TAR

I want to see him.

HYDE

Lieutenant Stephens requested he
be first to interrogate, per
protocol.

TAR

Of course he bloody did.
(checks his watch)
Where the hell is 'Tin Eye'
anyway?

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Lieutenant ROBIN "TIN EYE" STEPHENS marches stiff-backed,
Colonel Blimp-like in appearance, and manner: red-faced,
powerfully built, Gurkha uniform buttoned to the throat,
hair short and slicked back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MONOCLE clamped firmly over his right eye, he moves with a restless, angry energy.

He arrives at the door behind which Eddie is now alone, anxiously pacing the small, empty room. Tin Eye studies him a beat, then addresses the OFFICER guarding the door:

TIN EYE

He's to remain completely isolated. No chivalry, no chit-chat, no cigarettes.

The guard salutes.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie has his feet up on the desk -- relaxed and pleased with himself. He looks up as the door opens and Tin Eye enters. Noting how regal his visitor appears, Eddie is encouraged.

TIN EYE

So. You are Chapman.

Eddie grins proudly, extending his hand.

EDDIE

I knew they'd send in the best first. I am indeed he. And you are?

Stephens crosses to a chair, ignoring Eddie's dangling hand. Eddie quickly retracts it.

TIN EYE

I am Lieutenant Stephens. I'm told you've arrived with quite a tale. I'd like to hear it, if you don't mind?

EDDIE

Not at all -- perhaps over breakfast? I'm starving. Got any bacon? I've really missed smoked rashers of good old British --

TIN EYE

(ignoring him)
Now, why don't we start at the beginning? I understand you did a stretch in Jersey?

Eddie's smile falters nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Look, I don't mean to make a fuss
but --

TIN EYE

(interrupting)

Mr. Chapman. Let me make this
very plain. You are now in a
British Secret Service prison. It
is my duty to ascertain the facts
of your existence -- any and all
details that have contributed to
your present circumstances. Until
I have done so, to my
satisfaction, your needs are of
neither interest nor concern. Am
I clear?

Eddie looks stunned by this icy reception.

TIN EYE

Now. Let's begin, shall we?

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

The contents of Eddie's pack are spread across the table:
matches for secret writing, cyanide pill, his wireless
set. Robertson examines Eddie's cigarette case. Notes
the engraving and opens it. He takes one of his
cigarettes and carefully cuts it open, rolling it flat,
he reads Eddie's scrawl: "WALTER THOMAS: PRAETORIUS?
age 32, 33? 6'ish, blond..."

TAR

(impressed)

Interesting. Clever wasn't he?

AGENT

We expect Thomas to be this man:
Walter Praetorius. Mid-level
Abwehr official.

The Agent shows Robertson a photo of "Walter Thomas."

AGENT

We don't know much about him,
other than that he spent a year in
Southampton improving his English
a few years ago. Apparently on
holidays he'd tour England by
bicycle, photographing folk
dances?

Robertson picks up the roll of money. And looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

What's this?

Clearly printed on the band holding the currency together is a SWASTIKA.

AGENT

A mistake?

TAR

Or a trap... why would they want to compromise their top agent?

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

TIN EYE'S MONOCLE gleams in the harsh light.

TIN EYE

Blowing up an aircraft factory?

EDDIE

Operation Bobby.

TIN EYE

Pretty hazardous undertaking, isn't it? They must think rather highly of you.

EDDIE

They do. Now listen, this is all very well and good but I need to transmit, the jerries will start to get jumpy unless I tell them I've arrived safely --

There's a knock at the door. TIN EYE answers and converses with the AGENT. He comes back -- a strange look on his face.

TIN EYE

I suppose you and your German friends think you're pretty clever, don't you?

He slaps the wad of sterling down. The SWASTIKA paper band is clearly visible.

TIN EYE

(eyeing the band)
Doesn't seem very clever, does it?

EDDIE holds up the notes in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIN EYE

You left those in your pack.

EDDIE

It was dark -- I couldn't see...

A thought suddenly hits him.

EDDIE

Walter. There's no way they'd make a mistake as obvious as that. It's bloody Walter!

TIN EYE

Walter?

EDDIE

My so-called 'handler.' Walter Thomas. But I doubt that's his real name. Graumann called him 'Praetorius.'

TIN EYE

Why would he jeopardize the survival of his own agent?

EDDIE

I don't think Walter's much interested in my survival. And he certainly doesn't think I'm one of their agents.

TIN EYE

And...

EDDIE

He suspected I was spying on them. Getting ready to turn myself in the moment I was back on British soil.

(smiling)

Clever bastard, that one... *Looks like he was right doesn't it?!*

Tin Eye looks at him quizzically. Eddie makes his move.

EDDIE

But I know if you've found this...

(holds up the wad)

... then you chaps will have also found my cigarette notes -- names of Abwehr intelligence officers, their code names and sabotage techniques, broadcasting frequencies and ciphers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Information gathered at great personal risk, I may add -- in the hope that the British authorities would see fit to recompense me for my bravery -- by dropping all charges against me for robbery.

TIN EYE gapes.

TIN EYE

Recompense you! RECOMPENSE YOU! You're a German spy for God's sake! You know what the going penalty for treason is around here these days, Mr. Chapman?... Death.

Eddie blanches a little at that word.

TIN EYE

Now, let's go over this one more time...

EDDIE

But I need to transmit!

EXT. LATCHMERE HOUSE (WEST LONDON) - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Blackout blinds and curtains mean the whole house is lit in pale moonlight.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Tin Eye is methodically concluding the presentation of his findings to the assembled company.

TIN EYE

He described things of vital importance and utter triviality, but the bulk of existing intelligence regarding Agent Fritz...

(a thin smile)

It is also quite clear from his remarks that neither he nor his handlers have the slightest idea we've been breaking their wireless messages. ULTRA remains reliable.

Hyde walks in carrying a thick folder.

HYDE

This just came in from Scotland Yard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HYDE (CONT'D)

No wonder Chapman requested a pardon in exchange for his cooperation. The cheeky bastard's wanted for a dozen bank jobs.

TAR

Well, we hardly suspected a saint.
(turning back to Tin Eye)

In your opinion, Lieutenant, how should we proceed?

TIN EYE

Ordinarily, I would recommend trying to turn an operative such as Chapman. He's impressionable, cunning, eager to please. The trouble is, he beat us to the punch -- by *volunteering* to work for us.

TAR

And this gives you pause?

TIN EYE

I think it would be remiss if we did not consider the possibility that his real mission is being carried out *right now*: namely to convince us to employ him as a double-agent, whilst maintaining a secret allegiance to our German counterparts.

TAR

You mean a triple-agent?

TIN EYE

He readily admits to a fondness for his spymaster in Nantes, he even expressed concern that, should the Reich discover his deception, it would mean this 'Graumann's' death.

Tar looks at him.

TIN EYE

I'm merely suggesting we do not underestimate Edward Chapman's capacity for treachery. Or daring.

TAR

I want to talk to him myself.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie looks utterly exhausted, starving, and worried. He knocks on the glass, calling to the Guard:

EDDIE
I need to eat! I'm a British
Citizen for God's sake! C'mon,
mate...

The Guard ignores him.

EDDIE
We don't have time for this!

The GUARD moves aside, as Robertson, Tin Eye and Hyde all enter the room.

TAR
Please, sit down, Mr. Chapman.

EDDIE
I need to transmit, sir! Dr.
Graumann -- or Baron Graumann --
will be expecting to hear from
me...

TAR
It's not Graumann. It's von
Gröning. His family's fortune
dates back centuries, their estate
in Bremen houses one of the finest
private art collections in Europe.

HYDE
(off Eddie's
surprise)
You two seemed to have forged
quite a bond. The father you
never had? It's the stuff of
Dickens isn't it? The oik from
the coalfields sipping brandy with
one of the wealthiest men in
Europe?

Eddie rises, furious at the dig.

EDDIE
I didn't have to turn myself in!
I know how my police file reads.
I chose to come here!

TAR
You can understand our concern,
Eddie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR (CONT'D)
(reads from a file)
'He's a decent man, Dr. Graumann,
he's the only reason I've had second
thoughts about doing this --'

EDDIE
If I was playing a triple-cross
why would I admit to that!

HYDE
Because you anticipated our
suspicion.

EDDIE
Oh for fucks sake! You're joking?

Eddie looks at them all. They are clearly not joking.

EDDIE
Right. You know what? Fuck it.
You want to keep me locked up
here. Go ahead.

HYDE
We intend to, Mr. Chapman.

Tar looks over at Hyde, annoyed.

TAR
We'll be back, Mr. Chapman. In
the meantime, I'll have someone
fetch your supper.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Tar looks weary, Hyde irritated and Tin Eye contemplative
as WEST, from BLETCHLEY, reads his latest wireless
intercept.

WEST
Radio Security Service started
picking this up around 9 PM. It's
been sent out every five minutes
since: 'Paris to Fritz. Respond
at once. If in trouble, we can
help. Respond, Fritz.'

Tar rubs his temples. A call has to be made. Now.

TIN EYE
Why not have one of our men reply
on Chapman's wireless?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

Impossible. They'd know it wasn't him.

WEST

The Major's right. By now his fist will be as recognizable as his handwriting to them. It's not simply what he communicates, it's how: the rhythms, the pauses, the signature if you will...

TAR

(standing)

Right. It's got to be Chapman, and it's got to be now.

HYDE

Are you sure, sir?

Tar looks at Hyde. Ignores him and looks over to Tin Eye.

TAR

Lieutenant -- what do you think?

TIN EYE

I think a fellow as slippery as Zigzag is ultimately going to remain inscrutable no matter how deep we dig.

TAR

'Zigzag'?

TIN EYE

(a half-smile)

That's the name I propose we assign our newest recruit.

EXT. ENGLISH FIELD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT (PISSING RAIN)

RONNIE REED, an awkward young man with intelligent eyes and a bad complexion greets Eddie, who approaches with Tar, Tin Eye and Hyde.

RONNIE

Name's Ronnie Reed.

Eddie flashes a miserable half smile as he shakes Ronnie's hand -- revealing Eddie is handcuffed for security.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HYDE

Captain Reed is one of our top
radio engineers. He'll be
supervising every step of your
transmission.

Ronnie smiles hesitantly at Eddie, and shows him a note.

RONNIE

I thought this might do, for a
start. 'HAVE ARRIVED. AM WITH
FRIENDS. MORE SOON. FRITZ.'

EDDIE

Oh yes. Brilliant. Sounds
exactly like me. You a poet?

RONNIE

If there's another way you wish to
phrase it, I'm sure I could --

EDDIE

Only pulling your leg, mate.
That'll do.

Ronnie shows Eddie over to his wireless, he's using a
flagpole as an aerial.

RONNIE

We're all set.

CLOSE ON EDDIE

as he crouches before his wireless set. He places his
headphones over his ears.

WIDER

He glances up at Ronnie beside him, observing patiently,
then over at Hyde, glaring at Eddie, suspicious and
impatient... Eddie then turns his attention to the note
Ronnie had written out.

EDDIE

(cautiously)
May I borrow your pencil?

Eddie, pencil hovering, peers down at the note. He's
weighing up this one carefully. He looks at Hyde again,
but then over to Tar and Tin Eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*I could give the whole game away.
Or I could keep playing. I chose
the latter. Roll the dice, Eddie.*

Eddie speaks up. He shouts through the rain.

EDDIE

There's no fist here. If I send
this -- they'll know I've been
caught.

HYDE

Well, add your fist then.

EDDIE

Well, it's not quite as easy as
that, me old mate. Since I
haven't told you what my fist is,
I have to ask if you agree to my
terms first?

TIN EYE

Terms? What bloody terms?

EDDIE

I told you, I want all my criminal
charges dropped.

TIN EYE

(now dripping wet)
Put the damned fist on, Chapman,
or I'll have you shot!

EDDIE

Nah, nah, nah. Not so fast there.
You need me -- or I wouldn't be
here. You've had your chance to
shoot me -- and you didn't. Now
I'll do everything you ask but I
want a little favor in return...
My freedom.

Ronnie looks to Eddie, looks to Tin Eye, and Hyde --
fuming.

TIN EYE

That's a home office matter. Down
to the Home Secretary even, I
couldn't possibly agree to that.

EDDIE

'I agree.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIN EYE
Write the damned handle.

Eddie does nothing.

EDDIE
Tick, tick, tick...

TIN EYE
(quietly)
I'll do what I can.

EDDIE
'I agree.'

TIN EYE
(angry)
I AGREE!

Eddie puts pencil to paper -- and scribbles five "F"s on front of the message.

RONNIE
Five 'F's?

TIN EYE
A lot of fuss over five bloody
F's.

Eddie smiles. Ronnie smiles back. Eddie's hands then move to his wireless, and he begins to transmit, his TAP TAP TAPS echoing into the night. And across the mix --

CUT TO:

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAWN (NEXT DAY)

Tar sips at his tea, a cigarette burning in an ashtray full of stubs. Hyde and Tin Eye sit opposite him. All staring at a black enamel telephone. Tin eye almost mumbles to himself.

TIN EYE
Bugger had me over a barrel didn't he? Couldn't exactly tell him ULTRA has meant we've known all about the 5 F's for months..

TAR
It's fine, Tin Eye... let him have his small victories...

He shifts awkwardly in his chair. Silence as the men stare at the phone. Willing it to ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tar lights another cigarette before noticing he has one already lit in the ashtray.

TAR
Damn it, we should've heard by
now. Chapman was right. We
waited too long..

Suddenly the phone rings... Tar picks up lightning fast.

TAR
Robertson? Yes. I see. Thank
you.

Tar hangs up slowly, turns to Tin Eye and Hyde.

TAR
(a hint of a smile)
ULTRA reports that Abwehr stations
in France just confirmed a message
received from London as 'most
definitely sent by Fritz.'

TIN EYE
(removing his
monocle)
Bloody hell... We're in.

INT. BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HQ - BOARDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Twenty hand-picked INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS are seated around a highly polished mahogany table, beneath a portrait of WINSTON CHURCHILL.

SUPERIMPOSE: DOUBLE CROSS COMMITTEE, DECEMBER 17, 1942.

TAR stands.

TAR
Gentlemen. This is an historic
occasion.
(pausing for effect)
ULTRA gives up the power to decode
enemy communiques. We have
information.

TAR circles the table. All eyes follow him.

TAR
But what if we could increase our
power to spread mis-information?
What if...

He stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

What if we could actively RUN
German intelligence in this
country?

He lets this thought sink in. The room is abuzz.

TAR

With the Prime Minister's blessing
I've hand-picked each one of you
because you are experts in your
particular field. From munition
to troop movements: it will be
your job to provide BlA section
with a carefully composed mixture
of mis-information for Agent
Zigzag to pass on to Germany.
Enough truth to keep them
interested. Enough falsehood to
mislead and manipulate.

A BEAT.

TAR

Gentlemen. Welcome to the Double
Cross program.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - PROCESSING ROOM - MORNING

Tar Robertson supervises as Eddie is photographed by a
Leica camera, Eddie wears a rather blank, vaguely uneasy
expression.

TAR

I've asked Ronnie Reed to come on
as your minder, since you seem to
get along so well. As of today,
your primary task will be to send
misinformation to Germany.

ANGLE ON EDDIE

being given a thorough (too thorough) physical by a stern-
looking DOCTOR.

TAR (V.O.)

We will provide the content of
each message, and Ronnie will
supervise the transmissions.

EXT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - DAY

Ronnie escorts Eddie into a waiting Maria. Eddie scopes the street -- a creeping paranoia on his part -- that German eyes could be watching.

TAR (V.O.)
Our safe house is on Crespigny
Road, a quiet street in north
London. I hear it's rather
charming...

EXT. CRESPIGNY ROAD - DAY

A dreary, lifeless, lower-class suburban street. Eddie's car enters.

TAR (V.O.)
We want to keep your movements to
a minimum. I've assigned two
police officers to accompany you
on all forays into town -- FSP's
Blackwell and Tooth. They know
you as Mr. Simpson, and that is
all they know.

ANGLE INSIDE CAR

We see BLACKWELL and TOOTH, two humorless goons, sitting in the front seat of Eddie's Black Maria. They turn around to look at Eddie, mistrustful.

TAR (V.O.)
Both men, as well as Reed will
reside in the safe house with you
-- and will see to any purchases
you wish to make...

ANGLE ON EDDIE

looks up at the grim-looking, grey, non-descript semi-detached house. No. 35. He does not look pleased.

TAR (V.O.)
Welcome to MI5, Agent Zigzag.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - LATER

The front room has peeling wallpaper, and a smell of damp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

You've got to be bloody joking.

He looks at Tooth and Blackwell. They're not smiling.
Ronnie tries to lighten the mood.

RONNIE

It's not so bad. And there's a
pub down the road.

INT. PUB - DAY

Tooth, Blackwell, Ronnie and Eddie sit in silence in an
empty, dingy pub. Three old women play darts. Four half-
finished pints of bitter sit in front of them.

EDDIE

Yes. Well, this isn't exactly
what I had in mind when I agreed
to join you boys... And this beer
tastes like piss.

RONNIE

Well, that's lucky as I've only
been given enough money for one
round.

Eddie looks at Ronnie, stunned that this has actually got
worse.

EDDIE

Right, I'm off. Good night,
ladies.

Eddie leaves. The others all look at each other, and
immediately tail him out of the pub.

EXT. AN ABANDONED FIELD - NIGHT

Rain hammers down on Eddie and Ronnie as they hover
beneath umbrellas in a dingy field on the outskirts of
London. Eddie taps away, soaked, freezing, and looking
WHOLLY MISERABLE:

"FFFFF. OPERATION BOBBY UNDERWAY. HI HU HA."

RONNIE

(alarmed)
Wait? What's that at the end?
'HI HU HA'? What are you playing
at? You're not allowed to deviate
from the script. For any reason.
Ever!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

It's an optional handle.
Laughter. They'd expect that from
time to time. I have an
inimitable radio persona, it's
part of my charm...

Reed does not look pleased.

RONNIE

But --

EDDIE

Listen, Ronnie. Agent Fritz would
never stick to the script. He's
trouble, a renegade. The Baron
knows that. If you want
authenticity, we do this my way.
If not -- feel free to tap away
yourself.

Ronnie looks at him, they are both soaked to the skin.
And lets it pass.

RONNIE

We should get going...

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - NIGHT

Eddie enters, soaking wet. He finds two grocery bags on
the table, he rifles through them.

EDDIE

What's this rubbish? You goons
are supposed to get me whatever I
ask for. Where're my smokes?
Where's my Camembert?

Backwell enters.

BACKWELL

There's cigarettes in there.

EDDIE

Black Cat! I asked for Players!
Are you trying to wind me up?

Backwell shrugs and walks out. Eddie looks after him.

EXT. ABANDONED FIELD - DAY

Again raining. Eddie crouches in the mud. Mindlessly
transmitting as Ronnie reads aloud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE
'... need an additional £10,000
for explosives procurement.
Deliver at our last pre-arranged
drop, 4th pew from last...'

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH (EAST LONDON) - LATE DAY

Ronnie and Tooth wait anxiously in a car.

INT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Eddie walks down the aisle, turns in the 4th pew from last. Eddie looks around, he feels like he is being watched. He sits down, picks up a Bible with one hand while blindly searching under the pew with his other.

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH (EAST LONDON) - LATE DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie exits, shakes his head.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - LATER

The housemates eat dinner in silence. Boiled beef and cabbage. Ronnie nervously watches Eddie, who isn't eating -- just pushing the food from one side of the plate to the other.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - EDDIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie is in bed. A tap in the corner sink drips rhythmically. Somewhere a loo flushes. The light under his door goes out. The house is quiet.

Suddenly -- Eddie whips the blankets back. He is fully dressed. In a few seconds he has picked the padlocked bolt on his window and climbed outside...

EXT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD - NIGHT

Shinning down the drainpipe, Eddie hears the CLICK of a pistol hammer. TOOTH AND BACKWELL are in the back garden in a pair of matching striped pyjamas. Tooth is pointing a gun at him.

BACKWELL
(cheerful)
Good night, Mr. Simpson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON EDDIE

EDDIE

(covering)
Just keeping you on your toes
boys. You passed, well done.
I'll be sure to let the right
people know about this..

And he shins back up the drainpipe nonchalantly. With
the occasional...

EDDIE

Ow... ow, ow... ow. Ow..... Ow.

Eddie climbs back into his bedroom window, beaten.

HYDE (V.O.)

We cannot discount the possibility
that he was trying to rendezvous
with a German agent...

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Hyde, Tar and Tin Eye sit opposite Ronnie Reed, who is
giving his update on Zigzag.

RONNIE

It seems unlikely, sir. In the
four weeks we've been working
together he has been cooperative,
albeit a little reluctantly. But
recently he's become more
withdrawn, somewhat paranoid, and
possibly unpredictable... he seems
to have lost his *joie de vivre*,
sir...

HYDE

So what are you suggesting? We
should provide him with champagne,
caviar and whores?

Ronnie shrugs. Maybe.

HYDE

Any sign of the money Zigzag asked
for?

RONNIE

We've been checking St. Anne's
every day. Nothing so far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

Look, the important thing is that his transmissions have been deemed successful in regards to his supposed progress in arranging the sabotage of the Mosquito factory. Abwehr believe 'Fritz' has made contact with two former underworld associates -- James Hunt and Hugh Anson and enlisted their aid. Both men are in actuality presently incarcerated, so pose no threat to Zigzag's cover story...

He takes out a pipe. And lights it.

TAR

... but I would agree with Mr. Reed, Zigzag's spirits should be of concern...

He looks around the room. Tin Eye catches his eye.

TIN EYE

Actually, sir, I believe I may have a solution....

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - UPSTAIRS

Ronnie Reed arrives at a closed bedroom door. Knocks.

RONNIE

Eddie...?

No answer. Ronnie opens the door to reveal Eddie stretched out on his bed, in his pyjamas, a cigarette burning half-way down in his mouth, staring, glassy-eyed at the ceiling.

RONNIE

You have a visitor.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie follows Ronnie to the front door. Irritated yet mildly curious. Ronnie opens the door to.

THE STREET. A Black Maria sits before the house. The rear door opens... and out steps BETTY FARMER. She's as pretty as ever, but there's something palpably different -- a wary maturity suggesting she's been through a lot since we last saw her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE ON EDDIE. A look of astonishment quickly giving way to a huge smile. He quickly glances at Ronnie, beaming. Ronnie smiles, relieved. Eddie starts for the car.

EDDIE

Betty! Bloody hell -- it's you!
But how did you --

He stops mid-sentence as he notices Betty is NOT ALONE. REVERSE ON BETTY as we now see the petite 4-YEAR-OLD GIRL peeking out from behind Betty's legs.

BETTY

Eddie... this is Suzanne.
(softly, to the girl)
Suzanne... this is your Uncle
Eddie.

The girl shyly shakes her head. Eddie stands stock still, shell-shocked.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - LATER

Betty and Eddie are sitting in silence. Ronnie places a tray of tea on the coffee table.

RONNIE

I'll leave you two to it, then
shall I?

He leaves. Betty and Eddie face each other.

EDDIE

Look, I'm sorry --

BETTY

You know I've had to bring her up
myself barely scraping by while
machine stitching women's
unmentionables in Slough?

EDDIE

I got in a spot of bother. I
wrote you --

BETTY

Let's get one thing straight. I
don't know what you and these
blokes are up to and I don't want
to know. As far as I'm concerned
this is a business arrangement,
pure and simple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY (CONT'D)

I give you limited access to Suzanne and keep my nose out of your business. In return, my daughter and I get somewhere to stay until I've made enough money to find a place of my own.

She lights a cigarette. Eddie notices her hands are shaking.

EDDIE

How do I know she's even mine?

BETTY

You know bloody well she's yours. Just look at her... besides, I've never been with anyone else.

Eddie looks at her, vaguely abashed. Ronnie comes back in.

RONNIE

All sorted? Good. I'll get your bags from the car.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - LATER

Eddie, Ronnie, Blackwell, Tooth, Betty and Suzanne are crowded around the table over dinner: the usual war rations fare. No one talks. Only Suzanne acts naturally, playing with the salt shaker.

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Eddie is lying in his bed, staring at the cracks in the ceiling. Coming to terms with the day's events. He gets up to the bathroom.

CORRIDOR: From a crack in the door he sees BETTY and SUZANNE have both fallen asleep reading a children's story book. Eddie quietly pulls a bedcover over them both.

INT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH (EAST LONDON) - LATE DAY

Eddie wanders to the fourth pew for what feels like the hundredth time. A little old lady sitting in the front pew turns at his entrance. But then resumes her prayers. He reaches routinely under the pew -- when his hand hits something. Surprised, Eddie finds the handle of a valise.

EXT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH - DAY

Eddie exits the church with the case, a grin on his lips.
In the car, Ronnie smiles.

INT. CAR (PARKED) - SIDE STREET - DAY

Eddie watches as an impressed Tooth counts out £10,000.
Outside we see Ronnie in a phone box.

TOOTH

It's all there. Ten grand. Jesus
Christ.

EDDIE

Being a man of taste and
distinction I know exactly where
we can spend a chunk of this on
some very fine booze --

Ronnie opens the door and climbs in.

RONNIE

We've got to go. Hyde wants us to
drop it off straight away.

EDDIE

Shut up. We've only just got it --
we have to celebrate!

RONNIE

It's what he said. Sounded like
an order to me.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Tar, Tin Eye and Hyde are in conference.

TAR

The fact is we simply cannot
afford to stall the Germans any
longer. They made that money
drop, we know German eyes are in
London. We need Zigzag visible,
particularly at De Havilland --
snooping about as if he really
were about to blow it up.
Hopefully they'll see him and
report it back...

TIN EYE

But will that be enough?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

Well what else can we do, other
than blow the bloody place up?

Ronnie and Eddie enter.

TAR

Ah, Zigzag, congratulations, that
£8000 drop will go down very well
with those upstairs.

Eddie looks at Ronnie.

EDDIE

Eight grand? We counted out ten --

Eddie looks at Hyde. Who stares him down.

TAR

And now for the little matter of
the de Havilland mosquito factory.
You can use some of that money to
purchase those bomb making
materials you were instructed to
obtain.

EDDIE

(reaching for his
cigarettes)
You sure?

TIN EYE

We want you to perform a carefully-
managed explosion. Just enough to
convince the Germans you've
successfully carried out your
mission.

Eddie lights a cigarette.

EDDIE

'A carefully managed explosion..'
Come off it. That won't cut it
with a German reconnaissance plane
flying at two thousand feet. It
will look like a campsite bonfire.

TAR

Well, Zigzag, do you have a better
idea?

Eddie pauses for a moment. Looks at his packet of
Players. Holds them up to the light. Then smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
As a matter of fact. I think I
might...

EXT. SOHO - LATE NIGHT

Eddie and Ronnie in their overcoats against the cold.
The clubs are winding down, just random drunks and
whores.

EDDIE
It's been a few years. He might
not even live here anymore...

INT. SEEDY BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

Eddie and Ronnie knocking hard on the door.

EDDIE
Look at this place. No sign
anyone's been here for years --

A CREAK as the door is unbolted, opened -- and the
unshaven, sleepy face of "MASKELYNE THE MAGNIFICENT"
peers back at us in utter confusion.

EDDIE
Jasper! It's me, Eddie. Eddie
Chapman! I've got a few friends
that would like to have a word.

MASKELYNE
(slightly cockney,
dim)
Eddie Chapman? As I live and
breathe -- I thought you was dead.
Or in Jersey. It was one of them
two. Sounds the same if you ask
me...

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Tar, Hyde and Tin Eye stare at Ronnie, Eddie and
Maskelyne (now cleaned up and dressed in his stage
outfit).

TAR
Your friend appears to be dressed
as a 'magician.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Spot on, sir. That he is. The greatest, the best...

MASKELYNE

(stage voice)

Jasper Maskelyne at your service, sirs. Professional conjurer, star of the West End -- four Royal Variety performances -- although, I confess current events have somewhat hampered the publics' enthusiasm for my craft...

TIN EYE

In other words. You're out of work.

MASKELYNE

Between hats we say in the trade, sir, between hats.

RONNIE

Zigzag attests he's quite brilliant.

TIN EYE

You can make an entire factory disappear?

MASKELYNE

I can do better than that. I've already reviewed the surveillance photographs provided me by Captain Reed.

Maskelyne "produces" the photos by sleight-of-hand. Tar and Tin Eye sit up.

MASKELYNE

I would oversee construction of four replicas of the factory's sub-transformers, built of wood and papier-mache. Two of these could be rolled over, as if blown by a blast. Meanwhile, the real transformers shall be covered with netting and iron painted to look, from above, like a vast hole in the ground.

Tin Eye and Robertson look to each other -- intrigued. Maskelyne continues:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASKELYNE

The gates will be replaced by mangled facsimiles. Walls of the small buildings will be draped in painted tarpaulins, with rubble spread in a 100 foot radius. We may want to stage this on a night when the moon rises late, and we might consult a meteorologist to ensure scant cloud cover. It would be a tragedy for such a magnificent performance to be obscured.

The whole room stares at Jasper.

EDDIE

Told you he was good.

ROBERTSON

And exactly how much will this 'performance' cost? Mr... err?

Eddie smiles at Ronnie. Maskelyne bows.

EDDIE

'Magnificent.' He's Mr. 'The Magnificent.'

EXT. AIRCRAFT FACTORY - DAY

Eddie strolls casually along a suburban street. On the other side is a high perimeter fence topped with barbed wire.

SUPERIMPOSE: DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO FACTORY, HATFIELD - JANUARY 1943.

Eddie passes the main entrance. An ARMED GUARD mans the gates. Two further ARMED GUARDS man a WATCHTOWER. Eddie casually waits at a BUS STOP. A MAN IN A PIN-STRIPED SUIT glances at him -- a beat too long. Eddie hops on a BUS. As the BUS drives past where the man was standing Eddie notices he has gone.

RONNIE (V.O.)

Meteorological reports predict scant cloud cover and a full moon in two days time.

INT. 38 CRESPIGNY ROAD - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

EDDIE

I say we do it.

TIN EYE

You'll be completely exposed to
German reconnaissance!

EDDIE

Not if we're quick. Eh, Jasper?

MASKELYNE

(waking up from a nap
with a start)
Oh, aye. We'll be quick alright.

TAR

Tin Eye. Instruct Fighter Command
to watch out for reconnaissance
planes over the Hatfield area --
but on no account to attack them.

A WIRELESS TRANSMISSION

Smashed into the roll of paper spewing from a GERMAN
DECODERS typewriter:

"FFFFF. ARRANGEMENTS FOR BOBBY COMPLETE. OBJECTIVES ARE
SUBSTATIONS. HI HU HA."

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - DAY

Betty, searching the downstairs for Suzanne, sees Ronnie
looking over the surveillance photographs of de
Havilland.

BETTY

Ron, I'm sorry, have you seen
Suzanne?

Ronnie nods towards the far window. Betty turns to see
Eddie OUTSIDE in the back garden with Suzanne, tugging
her in a small cart. She's laughing.

ANGLE ON BETTY

We see her tense up a little, then reluctantly softens at
the sight. Then she remembers herself:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY
(opening the window)
Suzanne, come in for lunch,
please.

Eddie tries to smile at Betty. She holds his eyes unsmiling, but her former coldness is gone. HOLD ON EDDIE as he watches Suzanne run inside. He's becoming a father.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Now I really was in trouble...

EXT. DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO FACTORY - MAIN ENTRANCE -
2:53 AM

A TRUCK pulls up to the gate. Eddie is at the wheel, Maskelyne is in the passenger seat. They are both wearing brown overalls.

An armed GUARD comes out of his small door built into the gates. Eddie rolls down his window and hands him a clipboard. The Guard looks at it.

GUARD
Where are Frank and Bill? You lot
new?

EDDIE
Yeah. We're the new Frank and
Bill.

GUARD
(not laughing,
suspicious)
Alright, clever dick. Open her
up.

Eddie glances at Maskelyne. Shit. He gets out and leads the Guard to the back of the truck, where he slides the bolts and swings open the doors. The Guard shines his torch into the darkness: Wooden crates -- and three men: RONNIE, BLACKWELL and TOOTH. Quickly, Eddie SHOVS the GUARD into the back of the truck. BACKWELL grabs him, TOOTH knocks him out cold.

The GUARDS in the WATCHTOWER become curious... but cannot see into the truck. They angle a SEARCHLIGHT. EDDIE emerges from behind the truck... Dressed in the Guard's uniform. He gives a thumbs-up, and the GATES begin to open.

MUSIC: NOEL COWARD -- "MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN."

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANE swoops low over Cambridgeshire, slaloming through searchlight beams. Four British Spitfires roll INTO FRAME behind him, machine guns primed.

GROUND TO AIR RADIO (V.O.)
Wingleader, this is Sundial. Hold
fire on LW vector 090, I repeat:
hold fire!

EXT. DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO FACTORY - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

At the foot of the tower, all three guards now lie bound, gagged and blindfolded as...

MASKELYNE choreographs RONNIE, BACKWELL and TOOTH: unloading the truck, emptying crates, assembling the FALSE TRANSFORMERS, covering building in camouflage netting to make them disappear, and distributing PAPIER-MACHE rubble.

Meanwhile: Eddie primes a DETONATOR and a FUSE.

TRUCK RADIO (V.O.)
Sundial to Bobby, come in.
Sundial to Bobby, come in. Over.

Eddie grabs the radio.

EDDIE
Sundial, this is Bobby, over.

Elsewhere:

MASKELYNE
No, no, no, no!

MASKELYNE grabs the paint brush from BACKWELL.

MASKELYNE
Have you no soul, man? Give the
brush to me. Let it dance in your
hands, let it sing. Each brush
stroke should ring with the power
of DE-STRUC-TION!

Eddie shout-whispers:

EDDIE
Keep your bloody voice down!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASKELYNE
(back to himself)
Sorry, Eddie. Nearly there.

EDDIE
(approaching)
Curtain up in T minus three,
Michelangelo.

He looks around. From ground level, it looks a mess. A random mess.

EDDIE
Is this it? You sure about this?

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANE skims a bank of trees and climbs sharply to 2000 ft. The DE HAVILLAND FACTORY is dead ahead.

EXT. DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO FACTORY - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Eddie pulls up in the truck. Surveying the area he looks worried. Maskelyne is standing on a PACKING CRATE, frantically painting a "hole" in the wall.

EDDIE
Jasper!

MASKELYNE
An artist can never be hurried.
I'm simply not finished, and
that's all there is to it.

EDDIE
You will be when that bomb goes
off.

MASKELYNE
What bomb?

EDDIE
The one you're standing on.

The PACKING CRATE that MASKELYNE is standing on reads:
"DANGER: HIGH EXPLOSIVE!" He jumps off and runs to join
Eddie in the truck.

MASKELYNE
(out of breath)
Abra-bloody-cadabra...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A shock wave of intense heat and light frames him against the window.

Then: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The GERMAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANE swoops overhead as the smoke clears -- its wing-mounted cameras clicking and whirring. We PAN UP FROM THE GROUND, and AS WE GAIN HEIGHT what begins as looking like a random mess slowly takes the form, almost MAGIC EYE-like, of A PANORAMA OF DEVASTATION. The FRAME BECOMES the BLACK and WHITE photos the PLANE is taking.

A SIREN wails as we --

CUT TO:

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

Amongst various wartime stories, we see a page one subheading: "MYSTERY FACTORY EXPLOSION."

TAR (V.O.)

Perfect. Quite, quite brilliant.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - TAR'S OFFICE - DAY

EDDIE is standing before Tar and Tin Eye. He's reading a copy of the *DAILY EXPRESS*.

TAR

The very terseness of the report is precisely designed to imply there's more to the story. The less said, the worse it is. And this sounds bad.

TIN EYE

The *Times* wouldn't touch a bogus news story of course. But I strongly suspect aerial photography from any height above 2000 feet would have shown considerable damage, without arousing suspicion. Well done, Zigzag.

TAR

Yes. Fine job, Chapman. Decent operative that friend of yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

And now?

TAR

And now we wait.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - SMALL ANTEROOM - DAY

Eddie and Ronnie chain-smoking as they anxiously wait for news, bleary-eyed through lack of sleep. On Eddie's face we see genuine worry.

EDDIE

They'll kill him if they work it out.

RONNIE

Who?

EDDIE

The Baron. Walter will have him shot...

Eddie stares at the door.

EXT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - NIGHT

A car pulls up at speed, WEST of BLETCHLEY PARK runs out.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - SMALL ANTEROOM - NIGHT

Eddie and Ronnie are asleep in their uncomfortable chairs. The door opens. Tar Robertson enters looking grave, Tin Eye and Hyde behind him.

TAR

This just came over the wire for Fritz.

(takes out a note,
reads)

'Fritz. Congratulations on excellent results. Recon photos most impressive. Please forward any newspaper reports.'

RONNIE

It worked! It bloody worked!

Tin Eye produces a bottle of Scotch and five glasses. Eddie takes Tar aside a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

I was just wondering how it was
going with the Home Office?
Y'know, regarding that thing he...
(nodding towards Tin
Eye)
... promised me.

TAR

Ah, yes, well, there's been a
slight hiccup with the paperwork.

EDDIE

I'm still wanted?

TAR

(awkward)
Technically, yes. But look,
Eddie, it's a lot better than
prison. Here you have access to
your family.

EDDIE

Don't spin me a web. I've spun
too many myself. I used to be a
con man.

Hyde, listening in, interrupts.

HYDE

You still might be as far as we're
concerned, Zigzag. You still
might be...

TAR

Enough!
(back to Eddie)
I'll look into it again for you.
I promise.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JAZZ plays fast and furious on the gramophone. Eddie is
making champagne cocktails. He hands glasses to RONNIE,
TOOTH, BLACKWELL, and, with a smile, to BETTY.

EDDIE

(raising his glass)
To Zigzag!

ALL

To Zigzag!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY
(smiling)
Whatever the bloody hell that is!

Jazz gives way to a slow dance as we --

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eddie and Betty are alone and inebriated. He approaches her sheepishly.

EDDIE
Do you, um... Would you like to...
well, you know... dance?

BETTY
With you? No chance. Not if you
were the last man in England.

She smiles.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie and Betty are dancing slowly together in the living room. Under the harsh sitting room light.

BETTY
You're not going to jump out the
window again are you?

EDDIE
(smiling)
Not this time.

He draws her closer. Their eyes meet. They're about to kiss... when there's a knock on the living room door.

EDDIE
Go away.

RONNIE
(poking his head
around the door)
It's time to transmit, Eddie.

EDDIE
I'm busy, Ronnie. Go away.

BETTY
He'll be up in a minute, Ron. Now
run along. There's a good boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETTY kisses EDDIE. Passionately. Ronnie blushes. And leaves.

CLOSE ON A MESSAGE

IS SMASHED OUT ON A ROLL OF PAPER:

"OPERATION SUCCESSFUL. *DAILY EXPRESS* REPORT TO FOLLOW.
SUBSTATIONS INCAPACITATED. HI HU HA."

INT. SAFE HOUSE - EDDIE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Betty opens her eyes to find herself naked, with Eddie's arms around her. He's asleep. She holds his arm and kisses it. And goes back to sleep.

TIN EYE (V.O.)
Where the bloody hell are they?

INT. B1A SECTION - TIN EYE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ronnie is pale and sweating as Tin Eye paces, furious, puce colored. Tar watches them both, worried. Hyde looks strangely pleased.

TIN EYE
The FIVE fucking F's! How, in the
name of God, could you possibly
forget Fritz's handle???

Ronnie looks like he's going to be sick.

RONNIE
Because, both Zigzag and I had
consumed a month's worth of booze
in three hours.

TAR
Drunk or not, he's as good as told
the Abwehr he's been caught.

HYDE
Deliberately?

TIN EYE
We may have to shut him down, sir.

The words weigh heavy on the room. Silence. Tar draws on his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

Shut him down?

(smiling)

I've only just created him. Reed
-- you say you immediately radioed
informing them of your mistake?

RONNIE

Yes, sir.

TAR

Well, I would suggest we wait to
see what they have to say about
that, shouldn't we?

INT. 38 CRESPIGNY ROAD - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Betty and Eddie are playing *Scrabble*. Suzanne is drawing
on a slate in the corner of the room. It all feels very
comfortable.

EDDIE

H-U-M-B-L-E. Humble. 15. Double
word score. 30.

BETTY

That's a good one. You don't even
know what that means...

Ronnie Reed enters. Eddie looks up.

EDDIE

Well, how did it go --

He sees the tense expression on Ronnie's face as
Robertson, Tin Eye and Hyde follow him inside. Tar
smiles. It can't be good.

TAR

Zigzag, might we have a word?

EDDIE

Of course -- Betty, could you take
Suze out -- there's a good girl.
Won't be long...

Betty leaves with Suzanne.

EDDIE

Look -- if this is about the 5
F's...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

It's not about that, Zigzag. The Abwehr seem to have accepted, for now, that it was a mistake... it would seem word of your success has reached the highest authority.

EDDIE

The King?

TIN EYE

(smiling)

Not quite, Zigzag. Not yet.

TAR

The Prime Minister seems to believe you could make a significant contribution to the war effort.

He passes Eddie a BROWN ENVELOPE. Eddie opens it: BLUEPRINTS.

EDDIE

And these are?

TAR

Hedgehogs. Specialist Radar Equipment. The Navy uses them to detect U-boats. They're saving thousands of tons of Atlantic shipping every day.

EDDIE

Really?

TIN EYE

No. But we want the Germans to think they do. That's where you come in.

EDDIE

Wait -- you're not asking me to go *back*?

HYDE

We're not asking you. We're telling you.

EDDIE

You've got to be joking! They'll shoot me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAR

They won't shoot you, Zigzag.
You're too valuable to them.
You're the most successful
operative they've ever had.

(sitting down
opposite Eddie)

In fact, we have reason to believe
they may be about to award you
with their highest honor.

EDDIE

You what?

TAR

Something no foreigner has ever
been awarded before -- an Iron
Cross, Eddie. For the Mosquito
factory job... They're going to
give you the Iron Cross.

He looks at the three of them. A half-smile.

EDDIE

I want Betty and Suzanne taken
somewhere safe. And, set up.
Well set up. Somewhere nice. Not
this shithole. And if I don't
come back, one of you bastards
better look out for them...

We see the three men watching him. Tar smiles.

RONNIE (V.O.)

*'Fritzchen. Received your request
to return. Wish it were
otherwise, but understand.'*

EXT. ABANDONED FIELD - DUSK

Eddie, alone, digging a 3-foot hole in the dirt. He
wraps his wireless set in a Hessian sack and lowers it
down. Then starts filling the hole back in.

RONNIE (V.O.)

*'Must first bury your wireless
set. May be of future use to
another.'*

INT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD - EVENING

Betty and Eddie sit side-by-side on his bed, staring at
something:

THEIR POV

Eddie's backpack.

BACK TO SCENE

He says something to her we don't hear, and she smiles and rests her head on his shoulder.

RONNIE (V.O.)
*'Next find passage to neutral
Portugal.'*

INT. ST. ANNES CHURCH (EAST LONDON) - EVENING

Eddie sits alone in the near empty church. He notices a yellowed page sticking out from a bible resting on the seat. He opens the bible, and reads "FRANCISCO LOPEZ DA FONSECA. RUA SAO MAMEDE, 50, LISBON. PASSWORD: JOLI ALBERT."

RONNIE (V.O.)
*'Address for the safe house awaits
at the usual drop spot, 4th pew.'*

INT. BLACK MARIA - DRIVING THROUGH LONDON - EVENING

Eddie is grilled in the back seat by Robertson and Tin Eye, made to repeat the "facts" of his time in London -- dates, names of criminal associates, places of lodging, etc. -- all the details the Abwehr will ask him about.

RONNIE (V.O.)
*'Safe house will have papers for
travel to France. We eagerly
await your return.'*

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Ronnie finished reading the Abwehr replies. Puts down his glasses, and wipes his eyes. Eddie stands up and HUGS RONNIE. They both stand back, slightly awkward.

RONNIE
Good luck, Eddie.

EDDIE
(for once, lost for
words)
I've been meaning to thank you,
Ron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE

What for?

EDDIE

No one but you gives two shifts
about me. Thanks for that...
Toodlepip!

He pats him on the shoulder, heaves his backpack onto his back, turns -- and is gone.

EXT. BAY OF BISCAY - DAY

Under a menacing grey sky the 3,000 ton merchant navy ship, *THE CITY OF LANCASTER*, ploughs through a heavy swell.

INT. *THE LANCASTER* - BOILER ROOM - DAY

Eddie is one of a dozen sweat-soaked crew shovelling coal into the ship's furnace.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*One of the downsides of my job as
a spy was sometimes pretending to
do a job seemed almost exactly
like actually doing that job...*

INT. *THE LANCASTER* - BELOW DECKS

Eddie is playing cards with a bunch of tough-looking crew members.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*But there I was, now boilerman
Hugh Anson, en route to Lisbon,
equipped with false papers and the
Hedgehog blueprints copied in
secret ink...*

Eddie gamefully loses all his money. The others love him.

EXT. *THE LANCASTER* - DECK - DAY

Eddie surveys Lisbon harbor as the ship docks: a port crowded with merchant and military ships of every class and country.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Lisbon was, of course, officially
 neutral. Which made it a cauldron
 of intrigue awash with refugees,
 smugglers, spies, hustlers,
 middlemen, deserters, profiteers
 and prostitutes...*

Eddie smiles to himself.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 (deadpan)
Sounded alright.

EXT. DOCKSIDE (LISBON) - DAY

Eddie bids farewell to his boilermen chums. As he turns and disappears into the throng, we notice two men in dark suits fold their newspapers and follow him into the crowd.

EXT. 50, RUA SAO MEMEDE, LISBON - DAY

Eddie approaches an anonymous-looking door on a street of similar doors. He knocks confidently. A wary-looking middle-aged Portuguese woman eventually opens it.

EDDIE
 Joli Albert.

She looks at him blankly.

EDDIE
Joli Albert. I was told to come
 here. Joli Albert.

She closes the door on him. SLAM! Eddie looks confused.

EDDIE
 (to the door)
 Albert Joli?

A black MERCEDES pulls up behind him. The two men from the docks jump out and bundle him into the back. The car drives off in a cloud of dust.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

LEO is driving.

EDDIE
 Leo?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leo doesn't turn around.

EDDIE

Where's Graumann? What's going on?

One of the MEN IN SUITS barks at EDDIE in German...

GESTAPO THUG

KEINE FRAGEN!

Eddie catches Leo's eye in the rearview mirror. Leo is anxious. Things have changed. Eddie now looks scared.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The MERCEDES winds swiftly through a labyrinth of narrow Lisbon streets. It comes to a sudden stop, and Eddie is pulled out and dragged into a crumbling apartment building.

SUPERIMPOSE: GESTAPO SAFE HOUSE, RUE DA MOEDA, MARCH 21, 1943

INT. GESTAPO SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Eddie is marched into a room, he is seated on a chair, an empty chair behind a desk facing him. He is told to wait. The door is closed behind him. A door on the opposite wall opens and in walks... WALTER PRAETORIUS. He is wearing a smart new suit.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

(super cold)

Welcome home, Fritz.

Eddie stiffens. Walter comes over and makes a great show of kissing him on both cheeks, and embracing him.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

It's good to see you. You're quite the hero, don't you know? I've heard many men whose opinion I esteem quote you as our 'finest operative' in the British Empire...

Eddie looks at him warily.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

I understand you've brought something with you. Blueprints?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

That's right. Brought them off a mate. Thought they may be of interest to Graumann... speaking of whom...

WALTER PRAETORIUS

(ignoring him)

Naturally, the Gestapo wishes me to question you, in detail, about your time in England. Where you went. Who you spoke to. What you did.

His words feel very weighted. Walter signals to one of the men at the door.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

Ask him to come in please.

The chemist, WOJCH, enters. He is holding a tray. On the tray is something hidden under a cloth.

EDDIE

Hello, Hermann.

WOJCH

(nervous)

Fritz.

He places the tray on the table, and hurriedly exits. Walter whips back the cloth revealing... a large lump of coal.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

Remember this?

EDDIE

Of course. It's a coal bomb: a block of high explosive with a cylindrical fuse encased in moulded plastic and disguised as a lump of coal.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

Very good, Fritz. Very good. I really can see why you are so highly prized... now, I know you and I haven't always seen eye-to-eye, but I want you to know I'm so very proud of all you achieved in your time in London.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALTER PRAETORIUS (CONT'D)

And that's why I couldn't let this opportunity pass for you to cement your reputation as our 'finest'....

EDDIE

What opportunity? What are you talking about?

WALTER PRAETORIUS

You arrived here in Lisbon this morning at 6:48 AM on the *SS Lancaster* out of Liverpool, did you not?

EDDIE

I did.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

(smiling -- cold)

Well, what finer way to pave your journey to Berlin with glory -- than by sending a 3000 ton British supply ship to the bottom of the Atlantic?... I'm sure you'll agree.

EDDIE

Wait? On whose orders? Where's Graumann?

WALTER PRAETORIUS

Things have changed, Fritz. But I assure you for the better. Now, if you could get going, I believe you have your mission assignment? Good luck. We'll be watching.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - NIGHT

The clacking sound of the code breakers at work as we see a CODE BREAKER rip a page from a typewriter, hurry to WEST. As he reads the message, his eyes widen. He quickly looks up.

WEST

Get Robertson on the line. Tell him it's Most Secret Sources...

CLOSE ON THE MESSAGE

"THIS FROM LISBON: FRITZ HAS AGREED TO COMMIT SABOTAGE AGAINST SHIP IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED."

EXT. CITY OF LANCASTER - LISBON QUAY

Eddie stands watching the ship being loaded. He waves at a few of his boilermen friends. He seems to make up his mind and boards the ship.

PORTER
(whispered)
Good luck, mate.

Eddie looks over and realizes it's SCHMIDT, the "master of disguise" from La Bretonniere.

INT. CITY OF LANCASTER - BOILER ROOM - DAY

Eddie is holding the two coal bombs in his hand.

ANGLE ON HIS FACE

He is sweating, and it's not the heat.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - EVENING

Robertson, Tin Eye, Hyde and Ronnie conferring tensely.

TAR
We can't just storm that ship and start hunting for a bomb. If the Germans find out, they can easily conclude we've broken their codes...

TIN EYE
Well, what do we think? Could Zigzag have turned again?

HYDE
I'm not entirely sure which way he was facing to begin with, sir...

Ronnie interrupts.

RONNIE
He wouldn't do it.

All eyes turn to the normally soft spoken Ronnie.

RONNIE
Well, probably not.

EXT. CITY OF LANCASTER (LISBON QUAY) - DAY

Eddie leaves the ship in a hurry. He rushes through the crowd on the quayside. When again, he is intercepted by the two goons and put back into the same black Mercedes.

INT. MERCEDES

Walter sits opposite Eddie as the car speeds through the Lisbon streets.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
The Paris train leaves in thirty-
five minutes. Time even maybe for
a little celebration?

He opens his gilt snuff box, pulls out a huge wedge, sniffs it. And offers it around. There are no takers. Eddie's face is unreadable...

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - FILES ROOM - EVENING

Ronnie Reed bursts in, paces to the nearest CLERK.

RONNIE
Zigzag's file, I need it. Now.

SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

Ronnie is hunched over Zigzag's file, poring through Eddie's cigarette notes, searching for something -- he sees it -- and holds it up. The drawing of the coal bomb.

EXT. GARE DU MONT-PARNASSE - DAY

Eddie is lead off the train with Walter and his two Gestapo friends. They are met by UNIFORMED GESTAPO OFFICERS -- who salute Walter, and take him to one side. They confer for a while. When Walter turns, he is finding it impossible to hide his smile. It is terrifying. Eddie looks sick.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

POV: We see a pale-green ceramic pendant light, it is swaying. The image is blurred. From the RHS O.S., an object swings INTO VIEW -- at the last minute it RE-FOCUSES into a large FIST -- which SMASHES US INTO BLACKNESS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUPERIMPOSE: GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS: 11, RUE DE
SAUSSAUES, PARIS

Eddie has been lashed to a chair with twine. It is
cutting into his wrists and ankles. He has been severely
beaten and he spits out blood onto the floor.

Two sweat-soaked GESTAPO OFFICERS, WEISNER and KRAUSE,
force his mouth open and pour BRANDY down his throat.

WEISNER

'Bottoms up!...'... Komm, ich dachte,
sie hatten Ein Trinker. Wie ihr
Alten freund Graumann.

SUBTITLED: "I heard you were a drinker, with your old
friend Graumann." Krause laughs and holds Eddie by the
face.

KRAUSE

The coal bombs Walter Thomas gave
you. Why did you not place them
on the ship?

EDDIE

They're on the bloody ship!

KRAUSE

Then why have they not detonated?

EDDIE

How the hell should I know -- you
lot bloody made them -- AHRGH!

Eddie's hair is yanked back as Wiesner uncorks a new
bottle of brandy. He hands it to Krause. He forces
Eddie's jaws open and pours the brandy down his throat.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Becomes light again. Eddie vomits bile and brandy on
himself, still tied to the chair. Daylight from an
unseen window suggests it's morning. Another GESTAPO
OFFICER, grey-haired, immaculate black uniform, stone-
cold.

WEISNER

Fritz, this is Herr Muller. He
wishes to hear your story too.
From the beginning.

EXT./INT. RAF SWORDFISH - OVER IBERIAN PENINSULA - DAY

A YOUNG PILOT turns to his passenger, whom we see is
RONNIE REED.

PILOT

That's Gibraltar down there,
Captain.

Ronnie peers out below, scanning the Mediterranean
waters.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - EVENING

Eddie looks like he's taken many more beatings. He's now
on the verge.

MULLER

The five 'F's. Why didn't you
include them in your message of
January 18?

EDDIE

I told you... I'd been drinking
with Jimmy. No, Hugh --

MULLER

What if I told you we've had other
agents in London testify that you
were indeed under the control of
Special Branch?

EDDIE

-- you're bluffing. If you knew
that I'd be dead.

MULLER

No one's bluffing, Fritz. We know
where you were really staying.
Who you were staying with. You
were watched leaving the church
with our money.

EDDIE

You're lying -- This is
bollocks...

MULLER

-- you handed it off to a British
Intelligence officer...

EDDIE

No!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEISNER

Come now, Fritzchen. Confess and I'm sure we can come to some sort of arrangement. Your relationship with MI5 could be of great value to us...

CUT BEHIND A TWO WAY MIRROR.

We see WALTER PRAETORIUS watching intently. He is MOUTHING WEISNER'S WORDS -- clearly he wrote them.

WALTER PRAETORIUS/WEISNER

The Gestapo has more than enough money to buy back your loyalty. A triple agent is a pearl of great price...

INT. INTERROGATION CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

WEISNER

I have a car on standby to take you to the best hotel in Paris. In a few minutes you could be soaking in a hot bath, or eating whatever you should care for... You must be hungry....

CLOSE ON EDDIE

Head lowered. Tears in his eyes. Cracked lips quiver as he's about to speak.

MULLER

Confess, Fritz. Confess and this will all be over...

CLOSE ON MULLER

as he and Weisner exchange a look. They both look towards the two way mirror. Muller silently RAISES HIS LUGER and AIMS THE BACK OF EDDIE'S SKULL...

EDDIE

I-I...

MULLER

Yes, Fritz? Yes...

BEHIND THE TWO WAY MIRROR

BANG! The door flies open. It's Leo. And behind him,
DOCTOR STEPHEN GRAUMANN. In full uniform.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
What do you think you are doing?

DR. GRAUMANN
Stop this immediately! Stop this
barbaric treatment of a national
hero!

Graumann holds up a paper. And shoves it at Walter.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
What the --

Graumann brushes him aside and opens the door to the
adjoining room.

DR. GRAUMANN
Read it, Walter! Come in here and
read it.

Walter enters. He passes the paper to Weisner. Who
reads aloud.

WEISNER
'The British supply ship *CITY OF*
LANCASTER was detained in
Gibraltar today when a routine
inspection by local customs
officers led to the discovery of
two bombs disguised to resemble
lumps of coal.'

Weisner looks to Krause. Who looks sheepish. Walter is
enraged. Weisner continues.

WEISNER
'According to officers, the
devices were found atop a pile of
coal due to be fed into the
furnace as soon as the ship
departed Gibraltar.'

WALTER PRAETORIUS
You have no authority here
anymore!

DR. GRAUMANN
Maybe I don't but several men with
considerably more important
sounding job titles than me do.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. GRAUMANN (CONT'D)

Admiral Karl Doenitz of the
Kriegsmarine, and Reichsmarschall
Goering of the Luftwaffe have both
expressed an interest in making
use of Germany's finest
operative...

MULLER

(smiling at Eddie)
These are dangerous days, my
friend. We couldn't afford to
take any chances.

EDDIE

Just doing your job, I understand.
(smiling)
You bloody bastards.

Muller, Weisner and Krause all laugh. As does Eddie,
heartily, as we FOLLOW his eyeline down to the paper on
the table: IN THE PHOTOGRAPH accompanying the article a
local "GIBRALTESE CUSTOMS OFFICER" is proudly holding up
the TWO BOMBS he discovered.... It's RONNIE REED.

DR. GRAUMANN

As soon as you're able, Fritz, we
can depart.

EDDIE

Depart -- for where?

DR. GRAUMANN

Berlin of course! There's a lot
of people looking forward to
meeting you, Fritzchen...

INT. STRAM TRAIN - FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE - NIGHT

Eddie sits opposite Graumann. Both have cognac glasses
by their side.

DR. GRAUMANN

I knew you had returned the moment
these two goons showed up at that
backwater in Poland. They put me
on a train to Paris. Watching me.
I was well aware that should you
be determined to be untrustworthy
they'd gladly put a bullet in my
head.

(smiles)
But they didn't. And here I am.
And here you are...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie smiles.

DR. GRAUMANN

(leaning forward)

The war is lost, Eddie. Germany has lost. And time is running out. For all of us. I've converted all my money into articles of value and hidden them in Bremen. As I said when we parted: Loyalty to oneself above all...

He stares at Eddie hard with a bemused intensity.

DR. GRAUMANN

I had the chance to peruse the interrogation transcript while we were waiting to board this morning...

He pulls a folded page from his pocket.

DR. GRAUMANN

I see they employed their usual tactics. Tripping you up over details -- dates, places, names. For instance: 'Muller: "What did you do with the cyanide capsule von Gröning gave you?' Fritz: "I honestly can't recall. I must have lost it."

Eddie visibly tenses. Graumann reaches for his cigar.

DR. GRAUMANN

I don't remember meeting anyone in Nantes by the name of von Gröning, do you?

EDDIE

No. No, I must have misheard him.

DR. GRAUMANN

Of course. Under such circumstances, one can't be expected to maintain focus. You probably just heard the name somewhere... perhaps in London?

A meaningful silence. Each knows that the other knows.

EDDIE

Perhaps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Graumann lights his cigar, then ignites the transcript page and drops it in an ashtray to burn.

DR. GRAUMANN
Another drink, Fritzchen?

A BRASS BAND strikes up and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN - DAY

The desperately cheerful MUSIC counterpoints the misery of a city IN RUINS. Torn to shreds by British and American air raids, misery gouged on the faces of its shattered citizens.

SUPERIMPOSE: BERLIN, 1944

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

A BRASS BAND greets the arrival of a war torn STEAM TRAIN. Dr. GRAUMANN steps proudly onto the platform. Followed by Eddie. Followed by WALTER. A crowd of MILITARY OFFICIALS and PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS gather around the three men. Graumann loops his arm through Eddie's.

DR. GRAUMANN
Smile, Fritz. You're Germany's
only good news.

They smile at the cameras. Walter salutes grimly.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - NIGHT

A long black MERCEDES LIMOUSINE WIPES FRAME, Nazi pennants snapping smartly in the wind. A second car follows shortly afterwards, WALTER and three cronies looking bleakly out of windows.

INT. INSIDE THE LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

LEO is at the wheel, EDDIE and GRAUMANN are in the back.

DR. GRAUMANN
I still have a few friends in high
places...

EXT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

One of the few intact buildings left in Berlin. It's the headquarters of the Nazi Party. The limousine pulls up by a RED CARPET, lined with soldiers.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Graumann looks at Eddie. Through the rear window he sees the GESTAPO car.

DR. GRAUMANN
In a few minutes, that worm
Praetorius won't be able to touch
you...

LEO opens the rear door.

DR. GRAUMANN
Go. You deserve this...

EXT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

EDDIE emerges from the limousine... He is wearing the M36 REICHSWEHR FIELD TUNIC UNIFORM, POLISHED JACKBOOTS and a PEAKED CAP. He looks magnificent. A true German hero. SOLDIERS salute.

Eddie looks taken aback. Then grins. And takes it all in, making the most of the movie star moment.

GERMAN VOICE (V.O.)
*FUR HERAUSREGENDE ERFOLGE IM
BEREICH!*

SUBTITLES: FOR OUTSTANDING SUCCESS IN THE FIELD!

CLOSE ON AN IRON CROSS MEDAL

It's pinned to Eddie's chest as we PULL BACK to reveal:

INT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Filled with GERMAN MILITARY HIGH COMMAND. ON STAGE:

HEINRICH HIMMLER has just pinned an IRON CROSS to EDDIE's chest. Eddie is the last of several men being awarded the most prestigious medal in the German Army. HIMMLER steps back to applaud. The whole room stands. EDDIE bows.

ANGLE ON THE BACK OF THE ROOM

We see PRAETORIUS with his three cronies -- he is in deep conversation with a man we recognise from ENGLAND -- THE MAN IN THE PIN-STRIPED SUIT! He hands PRAETORIUS a file.

INT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eddie is taking a pee when a MAN stands at the urinal next to him.

MAN

Tin Eye sends greetings.

EDDIE

(In German)

Was?

MAN

Get the hell out of here.

EDDIE

Entschuldigen sie bitte?

MAN

Your accent is terrible. You have three minutes.

TWO DRUNKEN GERMAN OFFICERS enter. The MAN salutes, and leaves. Spotting Eddie the DRUNKEN OFFICERS slap him on the back.

INT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

DR. GRAUMANN is beset by SENIOR COMMANDERS offering their congratulations. Eddie appears and steers Graumann away.

EDDIE

It's getting late, we really ought to think about leaving, don't want to outstay our welcome --

DR. GRAUMANN

What are you talking about? That was Generalleutnant Platz. The Luftwaffe want your assistance with their new V1 long range flying bombs. They are most anxious to have a spotter in London to verify coordinates and ensure maximum accuracy. They could drop you over Cambridgeshire tonight...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eddie and Graumann are heading towards the exit, when WALTER steps in their way.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
May I offer my congratulations,
Agent Fritz.

EDDIE
Thanks. Nice hat, Walter.

He is wearing a Bogart-style Trilby.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
Thank you. You realize that my
doctorate in English from
Heidelberg included an entire
semester on 'sarcasm, irony and
understatement in the modern
vernacular'?

EDDIE
I meant it. It's a nice hat.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
It is of no import. I'm so
awfully sorry to bother you with
what must seem like a very trivial
matter on this great occasion but
I can assure you I would not be
troubling you with this matter
were it not troubling me...

ON EDDIE

WALTER PRAETORIUS
I have recently verified that your
'associates' -- Hugh Anson and
James Hunt -- who so daringly
aided you in the destruction of
the De Havilland factory are in
fact...

(looking at the file)
... currently serving life
sentences in an English gaol.

EDDIE
Oh, give it a rest, Walter. You
need to get your facts straight...

WALTER PRAETORIUS
Indeed. I do... So I did. These
are copies of the relevant police
records.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walter holds up the HOME OFFICE RECORDS complete with mugshots of Anson and Hunt. Eddie and Graumann exchange anxious glances.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
ERGREIFFEN SIE SIE!

Walter's Gestapo cronies make their way across the banquet hall.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Through a blinding white network of crisscrossing SEARCHLIGHTS, a squadron of Marx XVI Mosquitoes weave in deadly clusters, their BRITISH ROUNDELS like comic book declarations of heroic intent...

INT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

GESTAPO #1 grabs EDDIE. EDDIE struggles free. WALTER raises his SERVICE REVOLVER and aims it at EDDIE. DR. GRAUMANN tries to grab it. A SHOT rings out.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Above Berlin, the Mosquitoes open their BOMB BAY DOORS...

INT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

WALTER lowers his gun. He has SHOT DR. GRAUMANN. Eddie runs to his spy master. WALTER pushes through the closing crowd towards them.

Just then -- AN AIR RAID SIREN HOWLS.

EDDIE
Thanks. Can you walk?

DR. GRAUMANN
Yes. It's just my shoulder.

Eddie heaves Graumann to his feet and they start walking. WALTER sees them, lifts his weapon and takes aim.

Suddenly --

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the opera house, knocking WALTER to the floor. EDDIE grabs GRAUMANN, supporting him.

Another explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The GREAT CHANDELIER at the center of the banqueting hall drops several feet and hangs suspended at an ominous angle. The CROWD PANICS! Gestapo #1 takes aim at EDDIE.

A third explosion.

The CHANDELIER plunges to the ground in a shower of glass.

GESTAPO #1 is stuck. GESTAPO #2 helps WALTER to his feet.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
Schneiden Sie sie aus!
(subtitle: Cut them
off!)

Weaving through the panicking crowd, EDDIE and GRAUMANN spot GESTAPO #2 and #3 blocking both exits.

EDDIE
Brilliant. Okay. Follow me!

EDDIE leaps onto a LONG BANQUETING TABLE... runs the length of it and dives through a closed WINDOW. GRAUMANN hesitates... then follows, jumping.

EXT. KROLL OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie picks himself up and looks around... it's a hellish panorama: Raining bombs, crumbling buildings, raging fires.

EDDIE spots a SOLDIER on a MOTORBIKE with a SIDECAR.

Taps him on the shoulder.

EDDIE
(in German)
This man is injured. He is the
opera conductor.

The SOLDIER helps EDDIE load GRAUMANN into the SIDECAR. WALTER and GESTAPO #2 and #3 sprint out of the Opera House and down the steps.

EDDIE mounts the MOTORBIKE and guns the engine.

EDDIE
Sorry, old boy. Musical
emergency.

EDDIE and GRAUMANN race away. The SOLDIER screams after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A fourth BOMB hits the opera house.

GESTAPO #2 is killed outright. GESTAPO #3 injured. He screams for help. WALTER steps over him... and spots Leo's MERCEDES LIMOUSINE.

WALTER PRAETORIUS

After them!

LEO hesitates. He clearly is not on WALTER's side. He begins to subtly reach for his weapon...

WALTER fires once, twice through the drivers window. He drags LEO's body into the gutter -- and jumps into the car.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

Eddie's motorbike weaves fast through the rubble covering the road. WALTER'S Mercedes gains speed. Eddie slips past on ONCOMING AMBULANCE. WALTER clips it, sending it into a spin. Eddie SWINGS HARD LEFT. Ahead of him the street feeds into a PLATZ. Eddie tears across the PLATZ and careers towards a sweep of STEPS.

EDDIE

(shouts)

Hang on!

The MOTORBIKE thunders down the steps at speed. GRAUMANN holds on tight.

ANGLE ON: the BOLTS connecting the bike to the sidecar start to come loose.

WALTER skids to a stop and continues the pursuit on foot. At the bottom of the steps, EDDIE narrowly avoids an overturned TRAM by twisting hard right.

THE SIDECAR COMES OFF! Skids across the road in a shower of sparks and smacks hard into a FOUNTAIN. The statue in the middle of the fountain rocks. Then topples -- narrowly missing Graumann.

Eddie skids to a halt. Drops the bike. Runs towards Graumann. Grabs him and hauls him out of the sidecar.

We hear a WHISTLING SOUND.... getting louder.

Bullets bounce off the cobblestones as WALTER fires furiously at them both, advancing slowly towards them.

The WHISTLING reaches fever pitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Walter LOOKS UP: A 500 lb BOMB is falling through the night sky towards them.

WALTER PRAETORIUS
(awestruck)
Scheiße.

Eddie instinctively grabs Graumann.

EDDIE
The water...

GRAUMANN
What?

EDDIE
GET IN THE BLOODY WATER!

A few feet from the ground the BOMB detonates.

A blinding FLASH OF LIGHT. A SHOCKWAVE. Everything within a 100 yard radius is SCORCHED by the heat.

A dust cloud clears to reveal a SMOKING CRATER where WALTER once stood. A THUMP -- and his REVOLVER lands in the charred and empty hole.

GRAUMANN is the first up in the steaming water, gasping for air. EDDIE follows. Relief.

EDDIE
He forgot his hat.

WALTER'S scorched and smoking TRILBY floats down beside the gun.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

A Focke-Wulf 189 powers into position for take-off. Eddie and Graumann pull up in another smart limousine. They face one another.

EDDIE
Well, this feels strangely familiar...

DR. GRAUMANN
Good luck, Eddie. My country is dying. I do not intend to do the same. I'm not exactly sure when we may see each other again.

He looks at the Swastika on the tailplane of the Focke-Wulf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE
Like you said, these are
complicated times.

GRAUMANN's voice twinkles with defiance.

DR. GRAUMANN
Unless I hear otherwise, your
expenses for this mission will be
waiting at the usual drop point.

EDDIE lights a cigarette using a book of matches.

EDDIE
Of course. Minus your percentage,
of course.

DR. GRAUMANN
(smiling)
Of course.

EDDIE hands the BOOK OF MATCHES to GRAUMANN.

EDDIE
Consider that our little secret.

There is something written in the book of matches.

ANGLE ON: GRAUMANN memorizes it and hands the matches
back to EDDIE.

DR. GRAUMANN
Stay safe, Eddie.

EXT. NORTHERN COAST OF FRANCE - DAY

Vergelstungswaffen FLYING BOMBS are fired from "ski"
launch sites along the Pas-de-Calais coast.

INT. LATCHMERE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - EARLY MORNING

TAR, TIN-EYE and HYDE walk swiftly down a corridor full
of staff who are desperately preparing for the coming
BLITZ.

HYDE
We picked him up on
Cambridge/Essex border wearing
full German Field Uniform and an
Iron Cross.

TAR
Where the devil did he get that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HYDE

He claims Himmler gave it to him personally... quite preposterous of course, but he's refusing to cooperate until Betty and Suzanne have been safely evacuated.

TIN EYE

Evacuated? He's got a bloody cheek.

TAR

We did give him our word before...

EXT. LONDON - EARLY MORNING

The first V1 FLYING BOMBS reach London. As their engines cut out, one by one... they start their lethal nose dives.

EXT. 35 CRESPIGNY ROAD (LONDON) - EARLY MORNING

The SAFE HOUSE... disappears in a cloud of dust. As the dust clears we realize... that the house next door has been obliterated.

BETTY and SUZANNE emerge through the swirling debris in their nightgowns -- shepherded to the safety of a waiting CAR by TOOTH and BACKWELL.

BETTY

Where are we going?

BACKWELL

Eddie said to tell you that the countryside is lovely this time of year.

Betty turns to Backwell. Suzanne says what Betty's thinking.

SUZANNE

(hopeful)
Uncle Eddie?

The scream of an AIR RAID SIREN cuts them off. And they bundle into the car.

INT. B1A SECTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Eddie sits before Tar, Tin Eye and Hyde. He is still in his German field uniform: exhausted, soaking wet and covered in cuts and bruises, yet somehow totally together.

EDDIE

I send the Germans a time and location for a given number of V1s landing in the most critical locations. The time will be correct, but the coordinates false. The hope is that they'll change their launch trajectories and miss any key strategic targets or densely populated areas entirely.

HYDE

Sounds like a long shot.

TAR

Even if it works, one man could only ever account for a handful of bombs.

EDDIE

Not if I convince the Luftwaffe I've got a whole gang spotting for me.

TIN EYE

Will the Baron swallow that?

EDDIE

He won't have to. He's on our side.

TAR and TIN EYE look at one another -- astonished.

A MESSAGE IS SMASHED OUT ON A ROLL OF PAPER:

"FFFFF. FOUND FRIENDS FOR OPERATION PINPOINT. SEND FUNDS IMMEDIATELY. USUAL DROP POINT ST. ANNE'S CHURCH. HA HU HI."

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

V1 Rockets decimate the city as...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

We TRACK SLOWLY TOWARDS EDDIE: sitting in a pool of lamp light transmitting times and coordinates...

EXT. NORTHERN COAST OF FRANCE - NIGHT

GROUND CREW are given fresh orders as V1 ROCKET LAUNCHERS along the Pas-de-Calais coast... adjust their trajectories.

EXT. LONDON - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

V1s sail safely over central London... and land on waste ground, in woods, in rivers and agricultural land.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eddie sits before TAR, TIN EYE, HYDE and RONNIE REED.
The carriage clock on the mantelpiece ticks loudly.

TAR

The Home Secretary has agreed to
your pardon.

HYDE

(begrudging)

The false information transmitted
by Zigzag to German Military
Intelligence has misdirected
scores of V1 flying bombs and
saved hundreds of lives.

TAR

Congratulations, Chapman, you're a
free man.

A beat.

EDDIE

I don't believe you.

TAR

Try us. You can walk out of that
door right now.

EDDIE

Any time I like? With no one
following me?

TAR nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIN EYE

Needless to say, we now run the risk of your return to organized crime.

EDDIE

That's all behind me now. I'm a national hero in two countries. And I've got a job -- at MI5.

TAR

Ah.

EDDIE

What?

TIN EYE

Look, Chapman, it would go very badly for us all if the police arrested a common crook who turned out to be in the employ of His Majesty's Secret Service.

Hyde cannot help but smirk.

EDDIE

Common crook! I've got an official pardon -- and a bloody Iron Cross!

TAR

(gently)

Eddie. We're letting you go. We have no choice.

EDDIE looks forlorn.

EDDIE

You mean you're sacking me because I'm not like you lot.

TAR

With victory in prospect there can be no place in British intelligence for a convicted criminal. I'm sorry, Chapman. It's a rum do but there it is...
Reed?

TAR and TIN EYE start slipping on their jackets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE

(ashamed)

Colonels Stevens and Robertson have instructed me to remind you that you're to stand on your own two feet from now on. If you make any further approach to any one of us -- or reveal your involvement with the Secret Service to anyone at any time -- MI5 will have to consider whether you should be interned -- or otherwise disposed of.

EDDIE looks flabbergasted.

EDDIE

What about remuneration?

HYDE

Out of the question.

EDDIE

We had an agreement, I signed a document.

HYDE

You broke that when you confided in the Baron.

EDDIE

What about Betty and Suzanne?

HYDE

Under the terms of the Official Secrets Act, and all financial obligations that MI5 may have had to you or your dependents cease when you blab your mouth off.

TAR

I'm sorry, Eddie.

TAR shakes his hand, he and TIN EYE leave. TIN EYE with a nod. HYDE waits until they've gone.

HYDE

Cheer up, Chapman.

He pats Eddie on the shoulder as he leaves.

HYDE

At least we're not sending you to prison... Where you belong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's smiling as he leaves. Ronnie Reed waits awkwardly behind.

RONNIE
C'mon. I'll give you a lift.

INT. BLACK MARIA - DAY

RONNIE is driving. He looks thoroughly miserable. EDDIE lights a cigarette.

RONNIE
I'm supposed to drop you anywhere
you want. Where to?

He turns to EDDIE. Who is grinning from ear to ear. He blows smoke out of the window.

RONNIE
What are you smiling at?

EDDIE
Throw the dice, Ronnie. Throw the
dice.

RONNIE
What are you talking about?

EDDIE
Never mind.

EDDIE shoves a MATCHBOOK into RONNIE's top pocket.

EDDIE
Drop us off just here on the
corner, eh?

RONNIE pulls over, Eddie hops out.

EDDIE
You've got a bright future ahead
of you, Ronnie. If I've done
anything to muck that up, I'm
truly sorry. I'll make it up to
you somehow, I swear. Meantime,
look after yourself.

RONNIE
Hang on a minute. What are you...

But Eddie's gone. He's disappeared into the crowded London street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE

... up to?

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S NIGHTCLUB - DAY

In the empty nightclub, HYDE is searching under seats and tables.

TIN EYE

Are you sure you got this right?

HYDE

I don't understand it. Zigzag's last transmission two nights ago, as instructed, was: 'FFFFF. URGENT. SEND FUNDS IMMEDIATELY. NOT TO USUAL CHURCH. TO SMOKEY JOE'S NIGHTCLUB. HA HU HI.'

INT. BLACK MARIA - DAY

Ronnie Reed lights a cigarette. As he does he notices something written in the MATCHBOOK that Eddie gave him.

RONNIE

(reading aloud)

HI HU HA = proceed as instructed.
HA HU HI = decoy transmission.
IGNORE.

ANGLE ON RONNIE'S FACE

Puzzled.

RONNIE

Decoy transmission?

INT. SMOKEY JOE'S NIGHTCLUB - DAY

TIN EYE and HYDE are scrabbling desperately around the toilets, GIBBS the barkeep opens the door and finds them basically on top of each other, he calls for the CLUB'S BOUNCERS...

INT. ST. ANNE'S CHURCH (EAST LONDON) - LATE DAY

Beautiful late afternoon light floods through the ancient stained-glass windows. Eddie casually enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The church is empty. Someone has filled two vases by the altar with flowers. Eddie walks down the aisle. And carefully chooses his pew. He kneels to pray. And looks left.

EDDIE'S POV

A BRIEFCASE, hidden under a pew, bathed in colored light.

BACK TO SCENE

We GO WIDE as we see Eddie casually pick up the briefcase and saunter out of the church. MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER ON EDDIE'S WIDE GRIN AS HE LEAVES THE CHURCH. FREEZE FRAME.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The true story of Agent Zigzag came to a close with the end of the Second World War. MI5 blocked the publication of his memoirs in 1953. In later life Eddie was hired by the Sunday Telegraph as an honorary crime correspondent, warning people against scoundrels like himself...

CUT TO:

INT. MOSCOW APARTMENT - DAY

Ronnie Reed, now in his 50s, is opening a PARCEL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ronnie Reed remained a valuable member of MI5 and went on to have a distinguished career in counter-espionage against the Soviet Union.

Inside the parcel Ronnie finds a small leather box. Inside the box, he finds an IRON CROSS with a brief note that reads: "Best, Zigzag." RONNIE smiles.

INT. ART MUSEUM (BREMEN) - DAY

An old man sits behind a desk, watching a soap on a black and white TV. Dressed in a security guard's uniform. It takes us a moment to recognize him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Baron Stephan von Groning, aka
Stephan Graumann, lost his entire
fortune in the bombing of Bremen.
In 1977 he was working as a guard
in small art museum.*

We see another old man enter the museum, rap on the desk.
Von Groning glances up. It is EDDIE, now in his 60s.
Von Groning laughs for joy, tears welling in his eyes as
he embraces his old friend.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*In 1979, he was the guest of honor
at the wedding of Suzanne
Chapman...*

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCH

They're taking the wedding photos. The photographer
calls everyone together. SUZANNE -- the bride, her
groom, BETTY (now in her 60s), and finally EDDIE, and VON
GRONING.

OLD EDDIE/NARRATOR

(grinning)

Smile!

With a flash we CAPTURE the moment. A BLACK AND WHITE
PHOTO FILLS THE SCREEN AND WE PUSH IN ON EDDIE AND VON
GRONING, ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER, SMILING TO CAMERA.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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