

FREDERICK FORSYTH'S

"THE FOURTH PROTOCOL"

Novel and Screenplay by

FREDERICK FORSYTH

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23/3/86

1

FADE IN:

1 INT. WASHINGTON DAY

In a White House ceremony a treaty is being signed - the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty of 1968. Press and TV cameras are everywhere. (This is actual contemporary archive footage).

VOICE OVER

July First, Nineteen Sixty Eight, America Britain and Russia, amid worldwide publicity, signed a solemn treaty to halt the spread of nuclear weapons.

Fade to black.

2 INT. BASEMENT ROOM NIGHT

2

VOICE OVER

No publicity at all attended the signing of four secret protocols to that treaty...

Fade up on a small basement room, wall to wall filing cabinets. In the centre of the small floor is a plain deal table. The only light comes from a plain bulb on a flex, no lampshade, above the centre of the table. It swings slowly as if someone had just switched it on by the on/off cord. On the table are four folders: three are buff, spread out fan-shaped and together. The fourth, set apart, is carmine red and held closely by ribbon. Holding the four strands together is a wax seal whose motif is too far away to see.

VOICE OVER

Three have since passed into history. But the most secret and the most dangerous of them was, and remains...

The camera zooms close to the red folder. We see the heavy wax seal closing the ribbons is embossed with the logo of the deathhead.

VOICE OVER

This one.

3 EXT. SOVIET FOREST DAY

3

Over the shot SUPERIMPOSE:

'USSR NEW YEAR'S EVE'

3 CONTINUED

3

This is the title sequence. We see a vast plain of snow bordered by pine forest, bisected by an arrow-straight road. On the road is a small convoy, the main item is a long black ZIL limousine, from whose fender flutters a bright red pennant bearing the hammer and sickle of the USSR. Ahead are TWO MOTOR CYCLE OUTRIDERS, muffled against the bitter cold. After a mile or so the convoy slows and turns into a gateway set in the wall of the forest.

4 EXT. DRIVEWAY OF GOVORSHIN DACHA DAY

4

Between the stone pillars a red & white striped pole bars the way. The limo stops and an OFFICER, wearing a long grey greatcoat and gold star embedded in his fur shapka, stoops and glances through the front passenger window. He nods and gestures to raise the barrier. The limo passes through.

It drives at a measured pace down the long driveway of a private estate. Patrolling great coated GUARDS, some with submachine carbines, others with dogs, stand aside, but do not salute. Evidently the VIP is not the occupant of the car but the owner of the estate.

5/5A EXT. DRIVEWAY OF GOVORSHIN DACHA DAY

5/5A

At length the RIDERS and limo emerge onto a broad sweep of gravel in front of an imposing mansion. Wide stone steps lead to the front double-door. By the front door stands an impassive MAJOR, hands behind his back. Other GUARDS, immobile, are positioned down the steps and around the forecourt. But the mansion appears shuttered. The RIDERS and limo stop at the base of the steps. An OFFICER alights from the front passenger seat and opens the rear door. A small, elderly CIVILIAN emerges, wearing a black greatcoat, astrakhan collar and hat, and with a Cambridge scarf incongruously draped round his neck and hanging down his back. He clutches a carmine-red folder under one arm and climbs the steps towards the waiting KGB officer, MAJOR PAVLOV. THE CIVILIAN reaches the OFFICER, but the OFFICER just stares at him coldly, barring his pat. The CIVILIAN's name is KIM PHILBY.

PHILBY

I am Kim Philby, Major.

The officer says nothing: just continues to stare.

PHILBY

That is, Colonel Philby, KGB,
retired...

5/5A CONTINUED

5/5A

Still no response or acknowledgement.

PHILBY

I think you'll find I have an appointment with General Govorshin... The Chairmain of the KGB...

MAJOR PAVLOV

(after a pause)

General Govorshin left three hours ago.

PHILBY

That is impossible. I was summoned for an important conference with him.

MAJOR PAVLOV

I regret, the Comrade General charged me to make an alternative arrangement.

PHILBY

Indeed ? And what, pray, might that be ?

MAJOR PAVLOV

This.

PAVLOV sweeps his hands from behind his back. The right hand carries a loaded Makarov 9mm. The left hand steadies the aim. BOOM ! A fine spray of blood splatters the snow as the back of PHILBY's head explodes, and his old, black-coated body tumbles back down the steps. The scattered GUARDS consider his dying spasms curiously, but do not move a muscle.

PAVLOV stoops, gathers the fallen folder, and walks in through the half-opened door, closing it behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON NIGHT (2ND UNIT)

6

Big Ben - its hands show the hour of 11.30. Over this SUPERIMPOSE:

'LONDON - NEW YEAR'S EVE'.

We become aware of the sound of celebrating crowds, chanting, laughing, talking.

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7 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE NIGHT (STOCK)

7

A large, good-humoured New Years Eve CROWD is gathered by the fountains in Trafalgar Square, laughing and cheering as they register the chimes of 11.30, preparing to celebrate the coming of the New Year in traditional style.

8 EXT. ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET NEAR TRAFALGAR SQUARE NIGHT

8

Amongst the REVELLERS we now pick out a 50 year old figure wearing a overcoat and carrying a bottle of Champagne. He walks at a tangent to the celebrations paying little attention to the drunken CAROUSERS, and in contrast to the aimless meanderings of the crowd his movement is direct and purposeful. As he checks his watch his overcoat flaps open revealing a dinner jacket underneath. His name is JOHN PRESTON.

9 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK CHESHAM HOUSE NIGHT

9

Sounds of parties come from several lighted upper windows of an exclusive apartment block. PRESTON approaches the front door of the building, looks around. Then something odd happens. Abruptly he is drunk. Completely, uproariously, helplessly ass-holed. He collapses against rather than leans on the doorbell.

10 INT/EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK DOORWAY CHESHAM HOUSE NIGHT

10

After a pause the door opens to reveal a jaded NIGHT PORTER who considers this bleary-eyed and apparently blotto figure leaning against the doorbell. PRESTON speaks with a grindingly clipped upper-class accent.

PRESTON

Christ, Miles, open the bloody door !

Apparently the blotto PRESTON has not realised that the door is already open.

NIGHT PORTER

Yes sir ?

The voice alerts him to the presence of the PORTER. He looks up, tries to focus. Spots the Porter.

PRESTON

(triumphantly)

Ah ha !

PRESTON waves the bottle of Champagne at him.

PRESTON

Reinforcements... Unfortunately I seem to have mislaid the rest enroute.

10 CONTINUED

10

NIGHT PORTER
(lugubriously)
What number flat were you
requiring, sir ?

PRESTON
Not fussy, old boy, not fussy...!

So saying, he starts to laugh and staggers in. The PORTER sighs and lets him get on with it. We suspect this kind of behaviour is not that unusual around here. The PORTER mutters a uncomplimentary remark and returns to his office and resumes his scrutiny of the New Year celebrations on TV.

11 INT. CORRIDOR , CHESHAM HOUSE NIGHT

11

PRESTON emerges from the lift, looks round. He is now sober again. There is an alarming crash from the floor above followed by hysterical laughter. The party is obviously warming up. PRESTON walks down the corridor and stops opposite a door. He glances up and down, removes his gloves revealing a pair of sheer nylon gloves underneath, takes a lockpick from his pocket starts to work on the door.

12 INT. UPSTAIRS PARTY CORRIDOR CHESHAM HOUSE NIGHT

12

The noise of the party is deafening, people talking and dancing and falling over as we track past the legs and over-flowing ashtrays onto the TV where a PRESENTER is inaudibly preparing the nation for the New Year.

13 INT. CORRIDOR OF APARTMENT BLOCK STUDIO NIGHT

13

In C.U. we see the lock of the door. Click. It opens.

PRESTON pauses, looks round. Takes a breath. Go - he opens the door and starts to count, 30, 29, 28...

14 INT. BERENSON FLAT COMP - STUDIO NIGHT

14

He flicks on a pencil light and flashes it round the darkened flat as we hear the insistent beep-beep of the burglar alarm. Still counting, he flashes his light down onto a rug on the floor, flips it over, revealing a pressure pad underneath, steps over the pads, heads for a wall cupboard.

He opens the cupboard, inside we see the burglar alarm control box, red light blinking on. Still counting, 24, 23... PRESTON takes out another skeleton key and inserts it into the lock. 19, 18... He's obviously having difficulties with the lock. Still counting, 16, 15... This isn't

14 CONTINUED

14

working... 13, 12... He curses softly, takes the key out, reaches inside his pocket for a file. 9,8... He very gently files a few slivers off the skeleton key... and inserts it again, as inside the cabinet the digital countdown clock blinks 6,5... But the key still won't turn, and 4,3... He takes the key out, shaves one more sliver off it, and 2... Fumbles it into the lock, and... it turns - he holds his breath. The digital clock hits '1' and... freezes... Then pings merrily and the redlight changes to a cheerful green glow. PRESTON exhales slowly. Glances up to see whether there has been any reaction from upstairs to the noise. The party sounds continued unabated. PRESTON breathes easier and turns and flicks on a light.

We see an elegant sitting room. PRESTON moves round the edge of the room and closes the curtains. Now flips over another rug, revealing a couple more pressure pads. Frowns as if wondering whether these might be on a different circuit. Decides not to risk it. Manoeuvres a coffee table over them and steps over it to turn on the TV, which features the New Eve celebrations. Now he moves towards a wall mirror, hinged on one edge. He pulls it away from the wall to reveal a safe set into a concrete stanchion at chest height. He takes the Champagne bottle out of his pocket and starts to unscrew the bottom.

From the bottom of the bottle he takes out an electric detonator, some small magnets, a reel of 5-amp flex, and a grey worm of RDX plastic explosive. He lays them out on the coffee table.

Now, stepping over the pressure pads, he moves to the kitchen where he takes a large polythene bag out of his pocket and fills it with water.

The celebrations continue on the TV in the background, filling the flat with noise...

15 EXT. BIG BEN NIGHT (2ND UNIT)

15

The minute hand moves inexorably towards midnight.. and clicks behind the hour hand. The first quarter of the four chimes sound out - to an enthusiastic (though distant) cheer from Trafalgar Square...

16 INT. UPSTAIRS PARTY NIGHT STUDIO

16

On the TV the second series of four chimes sound out as we pull back into the upstairs flat as the PARTYGOERS stampede out onto the balcony, spilling drinks all over each other, and peer over at BIG BEN.

17

INT. BERENSON FLAT NIGHT

17

The third set of chimes ring out from the TV. In CU we see the explosive stuck in a great D around the safe, the detonator and 5-amp flex fixed to the wires sticking out of it. The noise from upstairs is getting louder.

The fourth, and final set of chimes commences - the camera follows the 5-amp flex across the room, past the TV and onto a plug as PRESTON inserts it into a wall socket in the hall. PRESTON crouches down beside it. The last chime rings out - followed by a moment of silence as the crowds everywhere await the first stroke of midnight. PRESTON's thumb hovers over the switch...

BONG, the first chime of midnight rings out, and three things happen in quick succession: there is a huge cheer from the TV and upstairs: PRESTON's thumb throws the switch on the wall plug: there is a dull booming thud from the door of the safe, and the safe door explodes in a shower of water and fumes over the flat.

The cheers seem to reverberate everywhere. The smoke drifts across the room and slowly begins to clear. PRESTON holds his breath to see whether anyone has heard. But the cheers are now superceded by a drunken rendition of 'Auld lang Syne' from above.

PRESTON

(softly)

Happy New Year.

As the smoke clears, we now see the door of the safe is haging open. Reaching the safe, PRESTON peers into it. Inside, undamaged, are three things: a cash box, an attache case, and a velvet bag.

PRESTON quickly opens the cash box, examines the contents. Several documents: a will, some deeds, insurance policies, bank documents. After a cursory examination he dumps them on the floor. Now he takes out the velvet bag, empties the contents onto a table. Diamonds. Earrings and a tiara filled with huge matching stones.

PRESTON scoops them back into the velvet bag, as though not really interested, casually drops them in his pocket.

Now he takes out the attache case, opens it. It's empty. He frowns. Feels around inside. Still nothing. He moves the attache case into the light to examine it more carefully. His fingers run down the seams, then pause as he feels a stud on the side of the case. He manoeuvres it, until a false bottom in the case is released. He prizes the bottom all the way open - and ten sheets of typed paper fall out onto the carpet.

17 CONTINUED

17

PRESTON picks up the papers and moves them into the light. In big C.U. we see him reading. His expression hardens. We see the documents. They are marked 'Ministry of Defence, Top Secret'.

PRESTON
(softly)
Bingo...

CUT TO:

18 INT. LONDON PUB (RUSSIA) NIGHT LOCATION

18

A SWARTHY FIGURE opens the door into a typical London pub, and looking round, enters. He seems a little nervous, as if trying to recognise someone amongst the typical pub customers - WORKMEN, BUSINESSMEN, SECRETARIES, STUDENTS, BUMS. He sidles up to the bar.

SWARTHY FIGURE
Er, pint of lager, please.

The BARMAN nods, pours the lager, the SWARTHY FIGURE pays, makes to drift off.

POOL-PLAYER
Game of pool, mate?

The SWARTHY FIGURE freezes, his eyes widen in alarm. But there doesn't seem any way out of this one.

SWARTHY FIGURE
Thank you.

He puts down his pint as the POOL-PLAYER waits for him to take the first shot. The spots and stripes are already set up, but there is no sign of the white ball. The SWARTHY FIGURE eyes the table meaningfully. Then bends over the table, and to the POOL-PLAYER's surprise, hits a coloured ball straight into the pack, and looks up, beaming.

VOICE OFF
Define the word idiot for me, will you?

The SWARTHY FIGURE freezes in terror as the speaker moves into the frame. Impossibly, he is a RUSSIAN OFFICER in working uniform, trousers, high buttoned jacket with green shoulder boards - the mark of the KGB. His name is MAJOR VALERI PETROFSKY.

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CONTINUED

18

PETROFSKY
Pool is pathetically simple. A
child of five could play it.
But not you, apparently.

The SWARTHY FIGURE clutches the pool cue, miserably. His
PARTNER takes out the white ball and whispers in his ear.
The SWARTHY FIGURE blushes. PETROFSKY continues to stare
at him in weary contempt, as the pub door opens and a
RUSSIAN SOLDIER in a great coat and fur shapka enters.

SOLDIER
Major, the Commandant wants to
see you.

PETROFSKY
(ignoring this, to the SWARTHY FIGURE)
Do it again.

SOLDIER
It's urgent, Major.

PETROFSKY
I'm waiting.

The SWARTHY FIGURE takes another shot, this time with the
white. Looks up nervously.

PETROFSKY
Thank you.

Taking his great coat and cap from a peg by the door of
the 'pub', he gives the soldier a dirty look and gestures
him outside. The Russian TRAINEES watch him go with dislike.

19 EXT. KGB TRAINING CAMP, RUSSIA DAY FINLAND 19

As the SOLDIER and PETROFSKY emerge we see the bleak
outlines of a secret KGB training camp in winter snow.
The clusters of low army buildings are dominated by a
larger headquarters building, the Kommandantura. It is
surmounted by the red Soviet flag. Next to it FOUR ARMED
SOLDIERS are guarding a helicopter. Marching beside the
SOLDIER towards the Kommandantura, PETROFSKY begins to
look puzzled, but the SOLDIER's face is impassive. They
pass through swing doors into the lobby of the Kommandantura.

20 INT. HEADQUARTERS LOBBY, RUSSIA FINLAND DAY 20

PETROFSKY looks even more puzzled as the SOLDIER marches
up the Kommandant's office, salutes and waits for him to
enter. Standing by the door are four armed plain-clothed
KGB MEN. PETROFSKY looks at them, then enters the office.

21 INT. ANTECHAMBER TO KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE, RUSSIA DAY 21

The outer office is empty except for MAJOR PAVLOV (Philby's executioner). PAVLOV considers PETROFSKY as he pauses in the antechamber of the office. Then gestures him into the office. PETROFSKY steps in, and PAVLOV enters behind him.

22 INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE RUSSIA DAY FINLAND 22

The large office is shuttered and dark, as PETROFSKY enters into the only pool of light. PAVLOV closes the door behind him. Silence. In the long pause that follows we can hear the uneven breathing of another, unseen, person in the room.

VOICE OFF

Major Valeri Alexeivitch Petrofsky ?

PETROVSKY nods, peers into the gloom. A long pause.

Now a figure walks into the light. A terrifying brute of a man. Power is written all over him.

PETROFSKY stares at him, scarcely believing his eyes, then throws a salute and stands rigidly at attention. The HEAD OF THE KGB, GENERAL GOVORSHIN slaps a file absently against his thigh as he walks round PETROFSKY, examining him, completing a full circle. PETROFSKY remains at attention. Now GOVORSHIN pauses, his uneven breathing the only sound in the room.

GOVORSHIN

At ease.

PETROFSKY stands at ease.

GOVORSHIN

You are a fortunate man, Major Petrofsky. You have been chosen for a mission of the utmost importance. If you are successful you will return to honours and promotions beyond your dreams.

His eyes narrow with terrifying power.

GOVORSHIN

But as Chairman of the KGB, I am giving you a direct order. You will accept my authority, and my authority alone. You will consult neither your Camp Kommandant, nor the head of the illegals directorate. Nor will you reveal details of this mission to anyone.

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22 CONTINUED

22

GOVORSHIN

Major Pavlov here is in charge of your briefing, so if you have any questions, direct them to him.

He moves so close he is actually breathing all over him...

GOVORSHIN

They tell me you are the star of the Illegals directorate.

He jams the file into his rib cage. PETROFSKY clutches it.

GOVORSHIN

You will need to be.

23 EXT. LONDON STREET DAY

23

A disarmament rally winds its way cheerfully towards Trafalgar Square.

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24 INT. ANTECHAMBER TO GOVERNMENT OFFICE DAY 24

Pull back into an office. PRESTON stands at a fourth floor window, watching, expressionless. He turns and checks his watch, yawns, looks bored, sits down. Above large double doors opposite a RED LIGHT is shining.

25 INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE DAY 25

We see a paper marked 'Ministry of Defence - Top Secret'.

BURNHAM

Paper seven. An update on Nato plans in the event of a Soviet move on Saudi Arabia and the gulf. No copies of this paper officially exist.

We pull back into the room. Round a table, identified by plaques in front of them are: BRIAN HARCOURT-SMITH representing the Security Service and SIR NIGEL IRVINE, the Chief of Secret Intelligence. The meeting is chaired SIR ANTHONY PLUMB. A plaque in front of the speaker identifies him as the secretary for Foreign Affairs, SIR JEREMY BURNHAM. A SECRETARY takes notes.

BURNHAM

Paper eight. A follow-up to earlier Nato agreements confirming that we are preparing to triple the amount of cruise missiles on British soil. Again, no copies officially exist.

(beat)

And of course we have no idea how many previous papers have been taken.

A pause.

PLUMB

Altogether not what you'd call a good start to new year. Thank you, Jeremy.

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25 CONTINUED

25

A pause as the members of the committee soberly consider the appalling implications of this news.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Of course the fact that Berenson had these documents doesn't automatically prove he was passing them on. He may just have taken them home to study.

IRVINE

(drily)

In a false bottomed suitcase... ?

HARCOURT-SMITH gives IRVINE a dirty look. It's pretty clear these guys don't like each other.

HARCOURT-SMITH

And unfortunately the manner in which these papers were recovered has needlessly alerted Berenson. Without my permission they were just burgled from Berenson's flat, a typical example, I might add, of the way things have been let slide by my predecessor.

PLUMB

(studying a report)

Who burgled them, exactly ?

HARCOURT-SMITH

Preston. He's outside.

PLUMB

We better have him in, then.

(he presses an intercom)

Could you ask Mr. Preston to step in ?

A pause then PRESTON enters, sits down. PRESTON's attitude suggests he is not exactly overwhelmed by HARCOURT-SMITH as HARCOURT-SMITH immediately assumes control and twists in his chair to interrogate PRESTON.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Preston, I have told the committee that I did not authorise your action last night. I have also told them you have needlessly alerted Berenson to our investigations by recklessly blowing up his safe !

PRESTON nods calmly, as if considering this new idea.

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25 CONTINUED

25

HARCOURT-SMITH
Furthermore...

PRESTON
Hamber Model D. Door's made of
half inch hardened steel. Three
wheel combination lock.

HARCOURT SMITH
I beg your pardon ?

PRESTON
Just wondered how you would have
opened it. For future reference.

IRVINE smiles, very slightly.

HARCOURT-SMITH
(like ice)
When we want your comments, Preston,
we'll ask for them.

PLUMB
Presumably you have some explanation
for this decision, Preston ?

PRESTON nods. In the ensuing silence, PLUMB looks oddly
at HARCOURT-SMITH, then looks back at PRESTON.

PLUMB
Well, let's have it then...

PRESTON
We've already got Berenson. What
we need is the name of his controller.
And the only way to recover the papers
without letting Berenson know we were
on to him was to make it look like a
burglary - so that when he finds the
papers missing he won't be afraid to
contact his controller.

To HARCOURT-SMITH's embarrassment this sounds rather
plausible. He snorts in derision.

HARCOURT-SMITH
But that still doesn't explain why you
didn't ask for my authorisation.

PRESTON shrugs - isn't it obvious ?

PRESTON
You wouldn't have given it.

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25 CONTINUED

25

HARCOURT-SMITH flushes, but PRESTON seems totally unmoved.
PLUMB looks a little embarrassed at this hiatus.

PLUMB

Yes, well...

HARCOURT-SMITH

Yes, that'll be all, Preston.

IRVINE

(calmly ignoring this)
Berenson's away, I take it ?

PRESTON

At a house party in Yorkshire.
With his wife.

HARCOURT-SMITH

(staging a recovery)
Yes, but, uh, as tomorrow's Saturday,
Sir Anthony, we don't expect him back
till Monday. We'll pick him up then.

IRVINE

You go along with that, Preston ?

PRESTON

He's got a girlfriend.

PLUMB

(after a pause)
I'm sorry, what's that got to do
with it ?

HARCOURT-SMITH

Quite.

PRESTON

I wouldn't be surprised if he
found an excuse to leave the wife
in Yorkshire and come back early
to start the New year with a bang.

IRVINE smiles slightly. The SECRETARY hesitates - unusual
terminology for a JIC committee. PLUMB clears his throat.

PLUMB

I see. So what do you want, Preston ?

PRESTON

Round the clock surveillance. Three
teams of Watchers. Phone tap.
Mail intercept. Immediately.

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25 CONTINUED

25

HARCOURT-SMITH

Twenty four men round the clock for an indefinite period !? That would mean wrecking at least three current operations...

PLUMB

Brian, I'm sure you'll agree that this Berenson business is of overriding importance.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Yes, Sir Anthony, well of course.

PLUMB

Very well, Preston, you've got it. Gentlemen, I suggests we reconvene after lunch.

They stand to leave, and gathering their papers file out. PLUMB, IRVINE, BURNHAM... PRESTON makes to follow them.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Oh, Preston.

PRESTON turns to see HARCOURT-SMITH looking at him.

HARCOURT-SMITH

See you a moment ?

PRESTON pauses as HARCOURT-SMITH walks up to him, slams the door, leaving just the two of them in the room. He is now trembling with rage.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Just what. the. hell do you think you're playing at ! First you have the unmitigated gall to proceed without my permission. Then you deliberately try to embarass the service in front of that shit Irvine !

PRESTON just looks at him, expressionless.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Of course I'm aware that you somehow regard yourself as outside the normal chain of command, so let me remind you - this is a service, not a free-for-all ! And when you've finished showing off, you come back to work for me, and I, as Director General of the Security Service...

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25 CONTINUED

25

PRESTON
Acting Director General...

HARCOURT-SMITH pauses, looking at him with sheer loathing.

HARCOURT-SMITH
Look, Preston, let's get this straight. You are walking on thin ice. Spectacularly thin. And if, or rather when, I am confirmed as head of this department, you are just going to disappear. Without trace.

PRESTON
I'll bear that in mind.

HARCOURT-SMITH
In the meantime, I want another report, complete in every detail, on my desk before you go home.

PRESTON
Would that include this meeting, sir ?
HARCOURT-SMITH stares at him, eyes bulging in fury...

HARCOURT-SMITH
(yelling)
DO IT !!!!!

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING DAY

26

HARCOURT-SMITH's yell echoes vaguely in the distance as IRVINE approaches a man waiting in the foyer. This is IRVINE's assistant and driver, Barry Banks.

BANKS
Want the car, Chief ?

IRVINE shakes his head.

IRVINE
Barry, do you know a man in our sister service called John Preston ?

BANKS
(nodding)
Ex-para. Ex-SAS. Late entrant.

IRVINE
See if you can pull his file and get it back before they open in the morning.

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26 CONTINUED

26

BANKS
Okay, chief.

IRVINE
Thanks.

27 EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE EVENING

27

The disarmament rally is breaking up. PRESTON moves through the crowd towards Charing Cross station.

28/28A INT. MOVING UNDERGROUND TRAIN EVENING

28/28A

PRESTON sits in a corner reading yesterday's newspaper. A BLACK GIRL sits nearby carrying a NO TO CRUISE placard. A few other PASSENGERS are dotted around the carriage. Abruptly the connecting door between the carriages opens and TWO SKINHEADS in National Front regalia and football scarves enter the carriage. Seeing the BLACK GIRL, the 1ST SKINHEAD breaks into a slow smile...

1ST SKINHEAD
Fuckinell, Barry, look what we've got ere.

2nd SKINHEAD
(imitating a monkey)
Hoo, hoo, hoo.

1ST SKINHEAD
Fink it'll bite me if I feed it ?

They laugh helplessly.

1ST SKINHEAD
(directly to the GIRL)
So what you stinking out this carriage for then, you bloody wog.

A stunned silence has settled over the other PASSENGERS. The BLACK GIRL starts to cry. The OTHER PASSENGERS avert their eyes as the SKINHEADS glance around, looking for an objection. An ELDERLY BUSINESSMAN harumphs. The 2ND SKINHEAD leans towards him.

2ND SKINHEAD
Whas your problem, toe rag ? You two related ?

The BUSINESSMAN can't meet his gaze, looks down. The SKINHEAD snorts in derision, then resumes on the GIRL.

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28/28A CONTINUED

28/28A

2ND SKINHEAD

So why don't all you black bastards
fuck off back to the jungle, then ?

1ST SKINHEAD

Yeah, an take your fuckin Commie
mates wiv yer !

The train is approaching a station. PRESTON carefully
folds his paper and puts it in his raincoat pocket.
Folds his glasses and puts them in the other. Rises
slowly. Begins to move down the alley towards the door.

The SKINHEADS glance at him, but he is looking out
towards the signs in the station. They move back to let
him pass. His manner is mild; he poses no threat to
their fun. He pauses abreast of them, the train lurches
slightly as it comes to a halt, and PRESTON's right fist
moves twice, with blurring speed and devastating force.
The two SKINHEADS slam against the glass partition, but
before they go down, PRESTON jerks them out of the
carriage and sends them spinning against the station wall,
where they go down as if pole-axed. The doors close, the
train sets off again, PRESTON walks calmly away down the
platform without a backward glance.

We hold on the SKINHEADS slumped against a poster
advertising the Chamber of Horrors.

29 EXT. GLOUCESTER ROAD TUBE STATION EVENING 29

PRESTON, unruffled, emerges from the gate at the top of
and walks away down the street.

30 INT. PRESTON'S HOUSE EVENING 30

PRESTON enters, hangs up his coat, loosens his tie. An
elderly WOMAN emerges from the living room, smiles.

PRESTON

Hello, Joan. How's the exterminator ?

HOUSEKEEPER

Well he's had his tea, Mister Preston,
but I couldn't get him to take a
rest I'm afraid.

PRESTON (smiling)

Take the evening off if you like,
I'll be in.

She nods and heads off back to her room. PRESTON crosses
the hall and enters the living room.

31 INT. PRESTON'S LIVING ROOM NIGHT

31

A SMALL BOY of about seven, TIMMY, is enacting World War 3 on the carpet. An army of robots etc is mincing itself to pieces. PRESTON stoops and considers him.

PRESTON

Hey, tiger.

TIMMY

(casually, without looking up)

Hi, Dad.

PRESTON looks at him. Grins. Some reception.

PRESTON

Who's winning ?

TIMMY mouths a huge explosion with his mouth. POUHKKK !
The robot collapses.

TIMMY

I am.

32 INT. PRESTON'S SITTING ROOM NIGHT

32

The TV is on, playing the news. PRESTON sits on the sofa, looking at it. TIMMY lies asleep in his arms, clutching one of his robots. PRESTON strokes his son's head gently, stares at the TV. His gaze shifts to a framed photograph on a writing table. It shows him six years earlier with a young wife who is holding a child in christening robes. PRESTON considers it. TIMMY stirs on the sofa, PRESTON murmurs softly.

PRESTON

Come on tiger, bedtime...

He strokes his son's head gently, but doesn't move. His gaze returns to the picture. After a while he leans his head back, closes his eyes in pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 EXT. ISOLATED CABIN - RUSSIA DAY

33

A set of recent tyre tracks in the snow. We follow them to reveal a Russian car parked outside an isolated cabin by a frozen lake.

PETROFSKY emerges from the cabin carrying a bag containing the files he has been studying and places it beside the car. And we now see MAJOR PAVLOV, leaning against the door, observing PETROFSKY, as PETROFSKY pauses, making sure he has not forgotten anything.

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33 CONTINUED

33

PAVLOV

You are ready, Comrade Major ?

PETROFSKY nods. PAVLOV hands him an envelope.

PAVLOV

The Comrade General Chairman
instructed me to give you this,
then. Your final instructions.

PETROFSKY takes the envelope, opens it. Inside are air tickets, money, etc, but the main item is three sheets of typewritten instructions stapled together. Petrofsky's breath clouds as he reads the first two sheets quickly, then pauses. INSERT. On the last sheet in giant CLOSE UP we pan over the letters K I L L P A V...

PAVLOV (O.S)

You understand ?

PETROFSKY looks up nods. Folds the sheet.

PAVLOV

I shall drive you to the airport
then you will be on your own.

PETROFSKY

Very well. Perhaps you could put
that bag into the car.

PAVLOV nods, bends over to put the last suitcase into the car, PETROFSKY considers him, leans forward, locks his arm round PAVLOV's neck, we briefly see PAVLOV's surprised face as PETROFSKY snaps his neck like a shingle.

PETROFSKY casually hauls PAVLOV's body onto the ice, slides it like a puck into a fishing hole, and watches briefly as it settles into the water leaving a dull red stain on the ice as it closes over it.

PETROFSKY grunts, walks away, we hear the sound of him getting into the car and driving off - as we see

PAVLOV's body, sinking slowly beneath the ice...

DELETE SCENES 34, 35.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE DAY

36

A bright blue wintry sky. Tilt down onto a country house. GEORGE BERENSON, in a good mood, is in the process of loading his car with a guncase. His host, wearing tweed britches and loafers stands in the doorway, seeing him off. BERENSON's wife ANGELA stands beside him, shivering.

HOST

Do let us know if World War three
breaks out while you're away, George.

BERENSON

You'll be the first to know, Clive.
(to this WIFE)
Bye, bye, darling.

ANGELA

You absolutely sure you don't want
me to come back with you ?

BERENSON

You'd be bored stiff hanging around
in London. I'll see you on Monday.

BERENSON kisses his wife, waves to his HOST, gets into
his car and drives off.

37 INT/EXT. BERENSON'S CAR DAY

37

As the CAR heads away down the road, BERENSON glances back
in his mirror, smiles.

38 INT/EXT. BERENSON'S CAR MOTORWAY DAY

38

As BERENSON's BMW sweeps down the motorway towards London,
BERENSON reaches for his car-phone, dials.

BERENSON

(into car-phone)

Julia ? Good New Year ? Mmmm.
Now then, how about tonight ?
Seven ? Lovely. See you then.

He hangs up, obviously relishing the thought of things to
come, turns up the volume on a Don Giovanni tape, the car
roars away down the motorway.

39 EXT. FORECOURT CARPARK CHESHAM HOUSE LATE AFTERNOON 39

The radio cuts out as BERENSON pulls into the garage.
Switches off the car. Stretches. Releases his seat belt.
Climbs out, and whistling, heads for the elevator.

40 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BERENSON'S FLAT LATE AFTERNOON 40

Still whistling, BERENSON exits the elevator, and heads
down the corridor carrying his gun-case and hold-all. He
checks his appearance in a hall mirror, fumbles for his
keys, inserts them into the lock, opens the door.

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41 INT. BERENSON'S DRAWING ROOM LATE AFTERNOON

41

Difficult to believe, but at first BERENSON notices nothing as he mechanically heads for the burglar alarm. Then he sees it, the green light beaming merrily at him. He spins round, CLOSE-UP on his face as he views the devastation of his flat, then the sickening jolt as he sees the safe... He moves towards it, searches desperately for the attache case, looks round wildly. No luck.

BERENSON

Oh my God....

A pause then he reaches for the telephone and with trembling fingers starts to dial. Then freezes, hangs up.

CUT TO:

42 INT/EXT. PARKED VAN LATE AFTERNOON

42

HARRY BURKINSHAW, mid-30s, balding, curses softly as he holds onto a phone connected to the exchange. He is sitting in a van. BURKINSHAW lowers the receiver and turns to PRESTON beside him and shakes his head.

HARRY

Three figures then he hung up.

PRESTON

Three figures.

HARRY

But they weren't nine nine nine.

43 INT. BERENSON'S APARTMENT LATE AFTERNOON

43

BERENSON replaces the phone, tries to get with it, shakes his head as if trying to stop himself doing something stupid. He makes himself a stiff drink and paces up and down as if trying to calm himself. Then walks to the window and checks outside. The street seems quiet, nothing unusual.

He sits down, runs his hands through his hair. Then moves over to the phone. Dials a different number. Waits for it to connect.

BERENSON

(into phone)

Julia. Look, darling, I'm sorry, something's come up, I'm going to have to skip tonight. No it's just the bloody office. You too. Bye.

BERENSON hangs up, looks terrible.

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44 INT. PARKED VAN LATE AFTERNOON

44

BURKINSHAW looks at PRESTON. PRESTON shrugs, leans back in his seat and closes his eyes.

45 EXT. BERENSONS APARTMENT ST JAMES EVENING

45

BERENSON exits his apartment, turns up his collar against the cold, glances round, sets off down the street. He has a newspaper under his arm.

46 INT/EXT. PARKED VAN EVENING

46

PRESTON watches him from a van parked up the street, doesn't move.

As BERENSON continues on down the street, a vacant CAB drives past. BERENSON ignores it.

47 EXT. CHARING CROSS TUBE STATION EVENING

47

BERENSON glances round and enters. Again, no one seems to be watching him. An innocent looking MAN in an overcoat trots down the stairs after him.

48 INT. CHARING CROSS TUBE PLATFORM EVENING

48

BERENSON is alone on the platform. Except for the MAN in the overcoat, now sitting on a bench. A train arrives, BERENSON gets on. So does the MAN with the overcoat.

49 INT. TUBE TRAIN EVENING

49

Only two people in the carriage as it pulls into the station. BERENSON gets up to leave. The FIGURE in the overcoat doesn't move. BERENSON sits down again.

The train enters another station, BERENSON stands. The FIGURE in the overcoat still doesn't move. BERENSON gets out. The FIGURE in the overcoat doesn't appear to be taking any interest at all. He stays in his seat as the doors close and BERENSON walks away.

But as the train starts up and picks up speed, the FIGURE in the overcoat takes an electronic gadget out of his pocket and presses a switch.

~~DELETE SCENES 50, 51~~

52 INT. GREEN PARK TUBE STATION EVENING

52

BERENSON walks away down the empty platform, follows the Piccadilly and Jubilee line signs. Pauses. Makes a choice. Heads up the escalator. Only other person on the ESCALATOR is a WOMAN with a shopping bag and she's coming down. The WOMAN pays no attention to BERENSON.

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52 CONTINUED

52

BERENSON stops at the top. A STUDENT is bemusedly examining a tube map on the wall. Looks around as if lost, turns back to the map.

BERENSON waits for a few moments, idly watching the student. After a few moments the STUDENT thinks he's got the hang of it, sets off towards the PICCADILLY sign.

Now BERENSON turns and heads down the JUBILEE escalator.

As he walks down a corridor we see a BUSKER (playing 'I only have eyes for you?'). BERENSON continues past him, and glances back. A NURSE is following him down the corridor. BERENSON stops, heads back, drops a 50p in the BUSKER's cap. The NURSE continues on past BERENSON without breaking her stride.

BERENSON watches her go. Then retraces his steps and heads back down the corridor...

BERENSON trots down the steps towards his original platform. The steps down to the platform divide. Ahead of him the a BLACK KID turns left onto the platform for the South line. BERENSON turns right for the North line. Again, the platform is almost deserted. Though we note a RETIRED MILITARY FIGURE with an umbrella reading a book.

CUT TO:

53 INT. TUBE TRAIN EVENING

53

BERENSON travels in the train. It pulls into St. John's Wood. He waits, then gets to his feet. We see the RETIRED MILITARY FIGURE engrossed in his book. He glances up, see the station sign, reacts, sees BERENSON going through the door.

MILITARY FIGURE

I say !

(BERENSON turns)

Hold the doors, will you...

BERENSON instinctively does so, as the RETIRED MILITARY MAN struggles stiffly to his feet. He smiles gratefully at him as he reaches the door.

RETIRED MILITARY MAN

Always doing that...

He waves the book vaguely at BERENSON (a Freddie Forsyth book, naturally...), BERENSON nods at the MAN, sets off down the platform towards the exit as the RETIRED MILITARY MAN hobbles lamely behind him.

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54 EXT. ST. JOHNS WOOD TUBE STATION EVENING 54

BERENSON strides out of the station, disappears down the street.

55 EXT. PIZZERIA EVENING SHEPHERD'S BUSH 55

At the end of the street is a PIZZA RESTAURANT. BERENSON enters the Pizza restaurant, sits down. Through the window we see him being steered to a table by a WAITER. After a pause we pull back to reveal the RETIRED MILITARY MAN talking into a hand set.

RETIRED MILITARY MAN
Chummy's gone to ground. Pizzeria
on the corner of street.

PRESTON
(filtered, offscreen)
Long way to go for Pizza.
Think we'll join him.

56 INT. PIZZERIA NIGHT SHEPHERD'S BUSH 56

Pan round the inside of the restaurant, CUSTOMERS laughing and having a good time. A PAIR OF LOVERS stare into each others eyes. BERENSON has a bottle of wine and a Pizza in front of him. He has drunk most of the wine but has hardly touched the pizza. He is studying the newspaper.

57 EXT. PIZZERIA NIGHT SHEPHERD'S BUSH 57

PRESTON is parked in a van outside, watching. The WOMAN, STUDENT, GUY in the overcoat, NURSE, BUSKER, BLACK KID, RETIRED MILITARY MAN are sitting in the back van playing cards, though they have all changed some element of their costume. PRESTON is watching the LOVERS in the restaurant. The MAN has his hands on the GIRL's thigh.

PRESTON
Think Jimmy's overdoing it a little ?

BURKINSHAW looks at the LOVERS, smiles.

BURKINSHAW
Gloria doesn't seem to be
objecting.

PRESTON
(smiling)
Dedicated woman, Gloria.
She'll go far.

A phone buzzes, PRESTON picks it up. Listens. Nods.

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57 CONTINUED

57

PRESTON
(into phone)
Okay, must be a cut-out, thanks...

BURKINSHAW
Hello, here we go.

In the Pizzeria, BERENSON has stood up, and leaving his money, a newspaper and the uneaten pizza on the table exits. PRESTON watches.

PRESTON
Something wrong with your pizza,
Mister Berenson... ?

BURKINSHAW waits for orders. Its a difficult decision.

PRESTON
Better give him the first team.

BURKINSHAW
Leaves us a bit thin, boss.

PRESTON
We started thin.

BURKINSHAW nods, makes the arrangements. As BERENSON exits, a COUPLE appear from nowhere and follow him down the street.

58 INT. PIZZERIA NIGHT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

58

The LOVERS watch as the MANAGER appears, scoops the remains of the Berenson's meal, glasses etc, and the newspaper onto a tray, and disappears into the kitchen.

59 EXT. PIZZERIA NIGHT

59

PRESTON watches.

PRESTON
Who've we got watching the back ?

BURKINSHAW
Dave Scott.

PRESTON nods, apparently satisfied.

PRESTON
Now let's just see how they're
going to do this...
(then frowns)
Oh shit.

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59 CONTINUED

59

BURKINSHAW

What ?

Inside the pizzeria, we see A MAN paying for two takeaway pizzas in boxes.

PRESTON

Takeaway pizzas. In boxes. George ?
(the BLACK KID looks up)
The pizzaman.

The BLACK KID nods, puts on his coat, exits the van. BURKINSHAW mumbles into his handset. As the PIZZAMAN walks away down the street, a CAB appears from round the corner, the BLACK KID hails it, haggles as he watches the PIZZAMAN get into a car. Jumps in the cab and follows it.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 EXT. PIZZERIA NIGHT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

60

Two more PEOPLE emerge with boxes of Pizzas. The 'NURSE' appears from nowhere and idly follows them. The PIZZA PEOPLE stop at the corner - and set off in different directions. Another WATCHER appears and hurriedly walks after one, while the NURSE follows the other.

CUT TO:

61 INT. VAN NIGHT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

61

Things are getting desperate. Only BURKINSHAW and PRESTON are left in the van. And inside the restaurant another THREE MEN wait for takeaway Pizzas. BURKINSHAW looks at PRESTON anxiously. PRESTON drums his fingers on the dash...

The latest TAKEAWAY PIZZA MAN exits the restaurant with his box of Pizza. Decision time. PRESTON pauses, staring in at the restaurant. TWO MEN still waiting for Pizzas. The WAITER hands a pizza to one. PRESTON stares in. His eyes narrow as he thinks he sees something... BURKINSHAW waits for a decision. Inside the restaurant the MANAGER is serving the final MAN. The MANAGER, not the WAITER...

PRESTON

I think we'll take this one...
(to BURKINSHAW)
You better wait here, Harry.

62 EXT. PIZZERIA NIGHT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

62

PRESTON steps out of the van, walks briskly round the corner, staring at the man as if trying to recognise him.

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63 EXT. STREET NIGHT

63

The MAN carrying the Pizza continues down the street, then after two blocks, stops by a car, and start to unlock it. PRESTON swears under his breath. Talks into his mike.

PRESTON

Harry, get over here fast.
He's got a car (Gives the address)

CUT TO:

The MAN's car is disappearing down the street, PRESTON watches it, then looks round as BURKINSHAW pulls up. PRESTON jumps into the van and they set off in pursuit.

64 EXT. LONDON NIGHT

64

The VAN follows the car across London. CAR pulls up. The MAN gets out with the Pizza box, walks away down the block. PRESTON shoots off a series of photos of him.

But PRESTON slowly lowers the camera as he realises where the MAN is heading, and stares in surprise. His POV...

65 EXT. SOUTH AFRICAN EMBASSY NIGHT

65

The MAN with the pizza box is entering an embassy, and we zoom in on the plaque revealing its identity. We read on the plaque - The Republic of South Africa.

66 INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE DAY

66

PLUMB

South Africa !? But that's absurd, surely ? They're supposed to be on our side.

Another JIC committee has been convened. The previous quartet of HARCOURT-SMITH, IRVINE, PLUMB, BURNHAM are studying the Watcher files.

BURNHAM

Well, in some respects. But not always in foreign affairs.

PLUMB

Still...

HARCOURT SMITH

The evidence is overwhelming, Sir Anthony. Berenson left a message in a pizzeria in St. John's Wood. A man picked it up and my men followed him back to a South African Embassy residence.

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66 CONTINUED

66

HARCOURT-SMITH

At least it confirms my original suspicion that he couldn't be working for Moscow...

He shoots IRVINE a smug look. IRVINE appears unimpressed by this, continues to peruse the file. HARCOURT-SMITH now distributes some photographs round the table.

PLUMB

Have you identified him ?

HARCOURT-SMITH

Yes indeed. His name is ...

He opens his mouth; but IRVINE beats him to it.

IRVINE

Jan Marais.

HARCOURT-SMITH closes his mouth, looks at him in amazement. How the hell did he know that ?

IRVINE

About six months ago we warned the South Africans we'd confirmed an unnamed communist sleeper in their foreign service. They've been investigating him ever since. Last week they gave him a name. Jan Marais.

The implications of this sink in.

PLUMB

So Berenson is working for Moscow.

HARCOURT-SMITH looks stunned.

IRVINE

But there's something very odd about it, if Berenson were a communist I can think of at least five good KGB men in Moscow's embassy here who could have run him.

PLUMB

So why pick a South African ?

A horrible thought is slowly occurring to HARCOURT-SMITH. He looks sick. He looks over at IRVINE.

IRVINE

False flag recruitment.

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66 CONTINUED

66

This seems to confirm HARCOURT-SMITH's fears.

BURNHAM

"False flag" ?

IRVINE

Berenson's a hard line right winger.
He probably thought he was working
for South Africa.

PLUMB

Good grief.

IRVINE

At any rate, that might at least solve
our damage assessment problem.

(pause)

Tony, would you leave Berenson to me ?

PLUMB

You know him, do you ?

IRVINE

Well... We were at school together.

67 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR DAY

67

The committee is breaking up, wandering into the corridor.

IRVINE

Brian...

(HARCOURT-SMITH turns)

Would you mind if I borrowed
Preston for a couple of days ?

HARCOURT-SMITH (suspiciously)

Why ?

IRVINE

Well...

(casually)

Save breaking some one else in.

68 EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING EMBANKMENT GARDENS DAY 68

IRVINE and PRESTON are walking towards IRVINE's car.

IRVINE

Nice work that tail, by the way,
very nice.

(PRESTON nods cautiously)

Did you know the South African
was a Soviet sleeper ?

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68 CONTINUED

68

A pause. PRESTON gives BERENSON a wry look, shrugs.

PRESTON
Doesn't surprise me.

IRVINE
You know Berenson well ?

PRESTON
You spend a couple of months reading
a man's file, tracking him around...
you get to know him.

IRVINE
Well I'd like to suggest we go and see
him together, tomorrow. Shake him up
a little. I'll pick you up around ten.

PRESTON nods, IRVINE smiles and gets into his car. PRESTON
watches him drive off, turns and heads back to his office.

69 EXT. HEMMINGS HOUSE - SUSSEX DOWNS DAY

69

IRVINE's car pulls up at a country cottage, IRVINE towards
the front door, BANKS settles down with the newspaper.

70 INT. HEMMINGS HOUSE DAY

70

SIR BERNARD HEMMINGS looks sick and unsteady as he greets
IRVINE. IRVINE greets him warmly, they are old friends.

IRVINE
Bernard, how are you ?

HEMMINGS
Terrible. Though I'd rather you didn't
tell Harcourt-Smith. Or has that little
shit already got me dead and buried ?

IRVINE
Not quite, though he does seem rather
confident he'll be your successor.
You can't move in that office these
days for tripping over his stooges.

HEMMINGS
(smiling grimly)
Well what have you got for me, then ?

IRVINE
I need your advice. I need the
benefit of your experience to sort
out a tricky little problem we have...

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71 INT. LIVERPOOL FERRY TERMINAL - CUSTOMS ZONE DAY 71

A sign reads NOTHING TO DECLARE. A pair of legs stride purposefully towards us, and we crane up to reveal PETROFSKY, in a tweed suit and carrying a suitcase, every inch the Englishman as he walks confidently through the customs shed, smiling slightly at the ease of it all. Then freezes.

A VIOLENT ARGUMENT is taking place a head of him between a drunken IRISHMAN and a CUSTOMS OFFICER. PETROFSKY looks warily at the argument, obviously disturbed by the passions of both sides and the fact that this sort of thing can take place without instant arrest of both parties.

PETROFSKY glances round and continues on, carefully skirting the argument. Then after a while when he realises that nothing is going to happen and the row is merely going to continue, his step lightens, and as the shed rings with oaths, he smiles at the Customs Officer and makes a crack about the Irish as he continues out of the customs zone.

He looks pleased to have arrived, and even encouraged by the scene he has just witnessed...

72 INT. BERENSON'S APARTMENT DAY

72

The door opens to reveal ANGELA BERENSON. She looks at IRVINE as if she knows him from somewhere.

IRVINE

Hello, Angela.

(she struggles to place him)
Nigel Irvine.

ANGELA

Of course, sorry, how silly of me.
Were we expecting you ?

IRVINE

Not exactly. Mind if we come in ?

She now sees PRESTON behind him.

ANGELA

No, please do.

IRVINE

Is George in ?

ANGELA

Of course. Darling ?

BERENSON emerges from round the corner. Blanches visibly as he sees IRVINE and PRESTON.

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72 CONTINUED

72

IRVINE
Hello, George.

BERENSON
Nigel. How nice.

IRVINE
I wonder if we might have a quiet word ?

BERENSON
Yes of course...
(he swallows)
In here.

He gestures them into the sitting room. ANGELA frowns slightly, looks puzzled.

72A INT. SITTING ROOM, BERENSON'S FLAT DAY

72A

As they enter, the room has been returned to normal. Mirror back in place, no signs of the burglary.

IRVINE
(blandly)
Quiet new year's holiday ?

BERENSON stands watching him, guardedly. BERENSON seems particularly perturbed by PRESTON, who just stands impassively observing him.

IRVINE
Not missing anything, are you ?

BERENSON
(quietly)
What do you want, Nigel ?

IRVINE
Thought you might be missing something. Like this ?

IRVINE takes out the diamonds and lays them on the table. BERENSON stares at them. He sits down, heavily.

IRVINE
And these, I believe, are yours as well...

He places the attache case, followed by the ten sheets of paper, in front of BERENSON.

IRVINE
But these, beyond a doubt, never were.

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72A CONTINUED

72A

BERENSON has gone ashen. A long pause.

BERENSON

I don't suppose there's much I can say.

IRVINE

(patient, urbane)

I don't know. Try me.

BERENSON looks at IRVINE, looks down at the floor. A long pause, then he speaks very quietly.

BERENSON

All right. Well for many years now I have taken the view that there was only one struggle on this planet worth a damn - the fight against world Communism.

He looks up at IRVINE and PRESTON.

BERENSON

And it has long appeared to me stupid that South Africa, the bastion of anti-communism in the southern hemisphere, should be excluded from NATO planning because of some ... unfashionable...domestic attitudes.

IRVINE

I see.

BERENSON

I don't expect you to understand. You, no doubt, can only see the short term, the apparent betrayal of my position of trust. I, however, am in a position to regard the long term. And I feel sure that history will exonerate me.

IRVINE nods. The light, almost casual way he's receiving this news is disconcerting BERENSON. A pause.

IRVINE

So was this your idea ? Or did someone approach you ?

BERENSON

I met someone at a party.

IRVINE

Or did he meet you ?

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72A CONTINUED

72A

IRVINE spins Marais' photograph across the table.
BERENSON considers it, dully.

BERENSON

Well at least it seems our Secret Service is up to scratch.

IRVINE

Your confidence in us is touching, George, but there are a few gaps in our knowledge. How long for example, have you been pursuing this... special relationship?

BERENSON doesn't answer.

IRVINE

You see it would be awfully helpful if we knew just what exactly you'd told them.

BERENSON

I gave them any documents relevant to NATO that crossed my desk.

IRVINE

Nato. Mmm-huh.

(a pause)

Well I hope they didn't pay you in cash, George, the rand's taken a bit of dive lately.

BERENSON

I didn't do it for money, I did it because I thought it was right! I did it in the fight against Communism.

IRVINE

A man of principle to the last.

BERENSON

(after a pause)

Well you can bloody well sneer, Irvine, but perhaps I'm rather more of a patriot than you are.

IRVINE nods, takes out two sheets of paper, places them on the table in front of BERENSON.

IRVINE

You might be interested in this. It's an extract from the debriefing of a recent Soviet defector.

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72A CONTINUED

72A

IRVINE

It pinpoints a Soviet Agent in the South African Foreign Service. And this... is a summation of the South African internal investigation which identifies the man as one ...

(icily cool now)

Jan Marais.

BERENSON stares at the paper. The colour drains from his cheeks. He is visibly disintegrating.

BERENSON

Oh my God.

He seems scarcely able to breath...

BERENSON

What have I done ?

IRVINE

In the first place, you've betrayed your country. In the second place you've passed untold numbers of secrets to Moscow and endangered the lives of many British men and women. In the third place you have weakened Nato, perhaps irretrievably...

BERENSON

(shattered)

Oh my God...

IRVINE

And you did that all on your own, just you and your schoolboy politics and your idiotically conceited faith in your own importance.

BERENSON is a wreck, totally shattered, way out of it. IRVINE obviously now has to bring him back to life.

IRVINE

Now then, some of our more muscular colleagues favour taking you to a cell and going to work on you with a carving knife and a pair of pliers.

That does the trick. BERENSON reacts in horror.

BERENSON

But... Nigel, this is England, we don't do that sort of thing !

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72A CONTINUED

72A

IRVINE

Charming thought. Not true, but charming.

(beat)

The remainder would like to feed you to the newspapers and put whatever's left in prison for twenty years.

(pause)

So I thought I'd leave it up to you...

As BERENSON stares at him, IRVINE twists his mouth into a cruel smile.

Tricky, isn't it ?

PRESTON watches IRVINE, who seems to be enjoying himself... Then abruptly seems to get bored.

IRVINE.

Or you could do this. You could continue to go to the Ministry each day, as before. While there you will spend your time identifying every single paper you ever passed to Marais... Meanwhile you resume your 'special relationship' with Moscow, only this time, I shall be supplying the papers. Understand ?

BERENSON nods. IRVINE rises, scooping up the papers.

IRVINE

Then later, we shall decide what to do with you when we're finished.

BERENSON

Nigel, I'm really very grateful.

IRVINE

(with withering disgust)

I can imagine.

73 INT. IRVINE'S CAR DAY

17

PRESTON and IRVINE are in the back seat. A glass screen separates them from the driver, BANKS. IRVINE shakes his head in admiration.

IRVINE

Good operation. Damned good...

PRESTON

The turning of Berenson ?

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73 CONTINUED

73

IRVINE

No, that was easy - like all traitors he's weak and arrogant. I mean the false flag recruitment and the way he was run. Very good. Know who it reminds me of ?

PRESTON

Who ?

For an answer, IRVINE opens his attache case, rummages for a moment and comes up with a photograph that he shows to PRESTON. It is of GENERAL KARPOV.

IRVINE

General Yevgeni Sergeivitch Karpov, Deputy Head, First Chief Directorate, KGB ... Not a party hack - the top PRO they have.

PRESTON

Your opposite number then ?

IRVINE

Yes, you could say that. I shall enjoy feeding him a few wrong turns for a change.

~~DELETE SCENES 74, 75. (NOW SCENES 76A/76B)~~

~~EXT. F.C.D HEADQUARTERS, YASYENYO, RUSSIA DAY~~

75A

We see the imposing snowbound facade of the F.C.D building. And over it we hear a BBC TV interview with a Russian defector who's discussing the struggle within the Politburo between the New order (represented by Gorbachev) and the old Guard (represented by Govorshin and the KGB).

76 INT F.C.D. HEADQUARTERS, YASYENYO RUSSIA DAY

76

A portrait of LENIN hangs on the wall. We are in an office on the sixth floor of the Chief Directorate of the KGB. LT GENERAL YEVGENI SERGEIVITCH KARPOV is staring out of the window at a snow covered vista of frozen forest as he listens to the continuing broadcast. After a while he turns, in his hand is a remote control video controller. He stops the video, backframes it, listens again to a comment by the DEFECTOR that the current political stalemate is crippling the overseas KGB operations. KARPOV smiles, shakes his head, switches off the TV. Then turns and depresses a button on his intercom.

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76 CONTINUED

76

KARPOV
(into intercom)
Natasha, has the London courier
checked in ?

SECRETARY (O.S)
No, Comrade General, there's been
fog over Denmark...

KARPOV nods, looks thoughtful, then checks his watch and
decides to go for lunch. As he exits via his antechamber,
the buzzer on his SECRETARY's desk goes and she answers
it, listens, looks up.

SECRETARY
General Karpov ?
(KARPOV pauses)
General Borisov on line one.

KARPOV nods, reenters his office and picks up a handset.

KARPOV
(into the phone)
Pavel Petrovich, how are you ?
(a pause as he listens)
Yes.
(as he listens his expression
slowly changes)
Well where are you ? All right,
I'll drop by later this afternoon.

He replaces the receiver. There is a puzzled expression
on his face. He rounds his desk and briefly consults his
diary. A pause, then he presses his intercom.

KARPOV
Natasha, order my car will you ?
(beat)
And give my driver the day off.

76A EXT. FENS DAY (FORMERLY SC. 74)

76A

PETROVSKY, at the wheel of a brand new car, is enjoying
himself as he drives through the fens. Abruptly there is
a roar from behind and an Escort pulls alongside.
PETROFSKY glances across, his attention caught by the
good-looking GIRL in the passenger seat - she also
observes him with interest. As he watches, PETROFSKY's
foot squeezes the gas pedal, and suddenly they're doing
ninety - for a while it looks like things might get
serious, the other DRIVER's eyes widen. Then PETROFSKY
smiles, and backs off and lets the Escort burn away.

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76A CONTINUED

76A

PETROFSKY smiles very slightly at the GIRL as she casts a wistful look over her shoulder, and we note his speedo setting back to a steady sixty.

CUT TO:

76B EXT THETFORD DAY (FORMERLY SC. 75)

76B

A sign reading "LOCK UP GARAGE TO LET- Enquiries opposite". PETROVSKY sits in his car engine running, looking at it. He glances across the road at the estate agents opposite. And beside it is a motorcycle shop. We see the window of the motorcycle shop. And hold on a shiny new black BMW right in the centre of the display.

CUT TO:

77 INT/EXT. KARPOV'S CAR LATE AFTERNOON

77

An endless vista of snow passes by outside the window as KARPOV drives through the countryside.

78 EXT. BORISOV LOG CABIN LATE AFTERNOON

78

In a clearing in the forest we see a log cabin. KARPOV's black Chaika limousine sweeps up to it and parks.

MAJOR GENERAL BORISOV emerges wearing felt boots, cord trousers and an embroidered peasant shirt. He seems impervious to the cold as he welcomes KARPOV warmly.

CUT TO:

79 INT. LOG CABIN, RUSSIA EVENING

79

A roaring log fire. BORISOV hands a glass to KARPOV. He seems a little uneasy.

BORISOV

So, Yevgeni Sergeivitch, how long have we known each other?

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79 CONTINUED

79

KARPOV
More years than I care to say.

BORISOV
And do I run the Illegals Directorate ?

KARPOV
You run the Illegals Directorate.

BORISOV
Reasonably well ?

KARPOV
(smiling)
Get to the point, Pavel Petrovich.

BORISOV
Certainly. Why are you stripping
my department ?

KARPOV
Why am I what ?

BORISOV
Stripping me clean! Every day
something new is taken from me.
First, the best field agent
specialising in Britain that I
had, Major Valeri Petrofsky.
Then a legend, a forged life-story,
meticulously maintained over years,
that fits him like a glove.

KARPOV
Anything else ?

BORISOV
Where do you want me to stop ?
Couriers, their documentation,
radio men ... and now the coding
crystals for that sleeper transmitter
you yourself had planted when you
ran the KGB in London. What the hell
are you mounting over there ?

KARPOV has gone very quiet, eyes narrowed in thought. He
carefully replaces his glass.

KARPOV
Whose authority has been on all
these transfers ?

BORISOV points a finger upwards. Now KARPOV is surprised.

KARPOV

The Comrade General Chairman ?

(BORISOV nods)

But Govorshin knows nothing at all about Western Europe and even less about covert operations. His only talent is for putting Jews in labour camps ...

BORISOV

I know. That's why I thought you must have known about it, Britain is your territory.

KARPOV

Pavel Petrovitch, old friend, I give you my word. It is not I who am wrecking your department.

BORISOV

(bewildered)

Then what the hell is going on ?

(KARPOV is thinking)

Yevgeni Sergevitch, I'm sorry. I thought...

KARPOV

(dismissing this)

In your position I might have thought the same.

A pause as he considers the problem.

BORISOV

So who could have advised him on England ? Apart from ourselves.

KARPOV shrugs, no idea.

BORISOV

Do you think Govorshin is trying to embarrass you - or even remove you ?

KARPOV

(after a pause)

Not as far as I know. Though we haven't had any fireside chats lately.

BORISOV

There is something badly wrong here, Yevgeni. You had better take care.

KARPOV considers this darkly, then nods, stands.

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79 CONTINUED

79

KARPOV

I shall have to look into it.
Stay well, Pavel. And stay silent.

BORISOV nods, watches as KARPOV puts on his coat.

KARPOV

By the way, what's the name ?
(BORISOV looks blank)
The legend. The name of the legend ?

BORISOV

Er. Ross. James Edward Ross.

KARPOV (nodding)

James Edward Ross.

80 INT. ESTATE AGENT'S OFFICE DAY

80

The smiling face of a RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Mister Ross ? Mister Dunkley
will see you now.

PETROFSKY

Thank you so much.

PETROVSKY stands and walks into a small office. A chubby
ESTATE AGENT rises and extends a hand.

DUNKLEY

Mister Ross. Geoffrey Dunkley.

They shake hands. PETROVSKY sits down.

DUNKLEY

Now then, what can I do you for ?

PETROVSKY pauses, something wrong with that sentence,
surely. His eyes harden.

PETROVSKY

What can you do me for ?

DUNKLEY

How can I help ?

PETROVSKY relaxes. Must have heard it wrong.

PETROVSKY

Well, it's like this. I'm
looking for a house.

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81 INT. NO.12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

81

DUNKLEY looks a little puzzled.

DUNKLEY

Are you sure this is the kind
of place you're looking for ?

PETROFSKY is looking out of the window of the small
upstairs bedroom.

81A EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

81A

What PETROFSKY sees is a number of identical brick boxes
set in a cul-de-sac. An ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE, EILEEN
MACWHIRTER, is unpacking the groceries and entering
opposite.

81 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY
(Cont)

81 (Cont)

PETROVSKY

Quite sure, thank you.

DUNKLEY shrugs, and decides to continue with the spiel.

DUNKLEY

Now, upstairs, apart from the master
bedroom, this, in the front, there's
a bathroom in between and a smaller
back bedroom. And on the top floor
there's a charming little attic room,
ideal for storage or as a playroom for
children.

PETROFSKY nods abstractedly, walks through to the back.

DUNKLEY

Are you a single man, Mr. Ross?

PETROFSKY

My wife will be joining me as soon
as we sell our house in Plymouth.

DUNKLEY

How nice for you.

PETROFSKY

Quite.

They have reached the back bedroom and PETROFSKY looks
out through the window.

81B EXT. AMERICAN AIR FIELD DAY

81B

From his POV we can see that the back garden terminates in a high, barbed wire-topped chain-link fence, and beyond it stretches grassland. And just at that moment an USAF strike plane appears, screaming off the ground and disappearing in an almighty roar.

81 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

81 (cont)

(Cont)

The whole house seems to shudder. DUNKLEY looks apologetic and tries on his best shit-eating smile.

DUNKLEY

Of course there is the occasional noise from the Bentwaters American air base. But I hope it doesn't bother you.

PETROFSKY

(smiling)

No. That doesn't bother me at all.

82 INT. CORRIDOR/PRESTON'S OFFICE DAY

82

PRESTON, still wearing his overcoat, weaves his way down the corridor towards his office, consulting a handful of telex printouts. He pauses to help himself to a cup of coffee from the machine, then saunters up to his office, pushes open the door - and stops in surprise. Someone else is sitting in his chair. PRESTON looks puzzled, must have made a mistake. Checks the name on the door. His name, no mistake. But the present occupant (MARGERIE) seems pretty much settled in. PRESTON nods, smiles and exits.

83 INT. ANOTHER OFFICE DAY

83

An ATTRACTIVE 45 year old SECRETARY, DOROTHY, sits considering PRESTON in amusement.

DOROTHY

I'm sorry, Mr. Preston, Mr. Brian Harcourt-Smith is out of the office for the moment. Currying favour.

PRESTON

(aimiably)

You missed your vacation, Dorothy, you'd have made someone a lovely answering machine.

(she smiles)

So I presume I have to wait till he gets back before I fill in the form to get my office back.

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83 CONTINUED

83

DOROTHY
That's the idea. Maybe it'll teach
you to leave us like that.

PRESTON
It'll teach me to come back.

DOROTHY
Where've you been, anyway ?

PRESTON puts a finger to his lips.

PRESTON
It's a secret.

DOROTHY
(smiling)
Talking of secrets... when are you
going to give that child of yours
a mother ?

PRESTON
When he deserves one. Good idea,
though. Tell Brian thanks for
giving me the day off.

DOROTHY
(as he exits)
Bye bye John.

84 EXT. SNAKE PASS, PEAK DISTRICT NIGHT

84

A VAN is parked by the side of a lonely moorland road. A
MAN (he will later be revealed as a GREEK CYPRIOT) appears
to be changing the wheel. On top of the van we see what
appears to be a large CB aerial. The MAN looks round now,
and checking that the road is deserted, taps lightly on
the side of the van.

84A INT. VAN NIGHT

84A

Inside the van, a 2ND MAN (a 2nd GREEK CYPRIOT) is bent
over a portable radio transmitter preparing to transmit a
message.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. LISTENING STATION NIGHT

85

A forest of aerials silhouetted against the evening sky.
Tilt down the aerials onto an office to one side.

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85A INT. LISTENING STATION NIGHT

85A

Banks of monitors hum in the background. An OPERATOR watches them. Abruptly a recording machine whirrs and clicks into life. The OPERATOR stares at it - then stands and tears off a read out. Reaches for a phone.

86 INT. GOVORSHIN'S OFFICE & CORRIDOR (RUSSIA) NIGHT 86

A RUSSIAN SECRETARY places a coded message in an envelope, walks over and knocks on a door. GOVORSHIN barks come in, the SECRETARY enters and gives him the note. GOVORSHIN stares at it. Then GOVORSHIN smiles. Not a pretty sight.

GOVORSHIN

Tell the couriers to proceed.

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

87

PETROFSKY emerges from his house and heads for his car as an uniformed USAF CAPTAIN emerges from the house opposite. This is TOM MCWHIRTER. He smiles warmly.

MACWHIRTER

I guess you must be our new neighbour.

PETROFSKY

I suppose I must be. Jim Ross.

MACWHIRTER

Tom Mcwhirter. Look, anytime you're in the mood, you drop by, y'heah.

PETROFSKY

I'll do that. Thanks.

MCWHIRTER grins and PETROFSKY climbs into his car. As he straps his seat belt on he glances across and sees ELLEN MACWHIRTER looking at him through the kitchen window. PETROFSKY looks back, starts his car and drives off.

88 INT. BIRMINGHAM AIRPORT, PASSPORT CONTROL DAY

88

We see a broken arm encased in plaster. The arm belongs to a MAN walking towards the incoming passport control. As we pull back we see several HOLIDAYMAKERS returning from a package skiing holiday, sporting the usual souvenirs. Two broken legs and a broken wrist. The PASSPORT OFFICER shakes his head at yet another broken limb, smiles at our man and waves him through...

89 EXT. CAR PARK - BIRMINGHAM DAY

89

The MAN strides out of a shopping arcade into a car park. He is now wearing different clothes, and his arm is no longer in a cast. Instead, it carries a bright blue carrier bag.

PETROFSKY, wearing a black leather jacket and motorcycle helmet leans against a MOTORCYCLE studying a map. A bright blue carrier bag is on the seat. He looks up to see the MAN approaching. The MAN passes close to the bike, and deftly swoops over the carrier bags. PETROFSKY appears to pay no attention, just folds his map, puts the bag in his pannier, starts the bike up and rides out of the carpark.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 INT CORRIDOR TO PHILBY APARTMENT, MOSCOW DAY

90

The door of a drab apartment. It opens to reveal an elderly Russian WOMAN. She looks unimpressed. We now see KARPOV waiting outside.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

Yes ?

KARPOV

Comrade Colonel Philby, if you please.

RUSSIA WOMAN

He's not in.

KARPOV

Please tell him General Karpov of the KGB wishes to see him.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

I've told you, he's not in.
Hasn't been since the New Year.
You people don't frighten me.

KARPOV

I'm not trying to. However I do know the Comrade Colonel. He cannot drive himself since his stroke.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

He has his own driver nowadays.

KARPOV

His own driver ? Thank you.
I'll call him when he gets back.

He nods and moves down the corridor. The door of the apartment slams. KARPOV mouths 'His own driver... ?'

91 INT. HARCOURT-SMITH'S OFFICE DAY

91

HARCOURT-SMITH sits back in his seat and considers PRESTON.

HARCOURT-SMITH

Well, what are we going to do with you, Preston. You're a problem.

He smiles, enjoying this, gets to his feet and starts pacing the office with furrowed brow.

HARCOURT-SMITH

You see, while you've been away, young Margery has been heading up your section. And he's done an excellent job, very thorough, so of course it would be grossly unfair to push him back to the Number Two slot. Now as luck would have it, a vacancy has suddenly appeared. In C.5.

PRESTON

(less than enchanted)

Isn't C.5 Airports and ports ?

HARCOURT-SMITH

You know, I do believe it is. But I think you could look on it as a real career move. Should get you out of the office a lot. I know how much you active types enjoy that...

PRESTON

(after a pause)

And what's the alternative ?

HARCOURT-SMITH

(blankly)

I'm sorry ? Alternative ?

92 INT. OFFICE & CORRIDOR DAY

92

PRESTON strides away down the corridor, DOROTHY sees him, waves a telex at him.

DOROTHY

John, this just came in for you.

PRESTON

Take it to 'young Margery'. I don't work here any more.

DOROTHY (puzzled)

Where are you working then ?

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92 CONTINUED

92

PRESTON
(over his shoulder)
Airports and bloody ports.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. GLASGOW QUAYSIDE NIGHT

93

Out of the gloom we fade up on a freighter tied up at the quay, the Soviet flag hanging from her stern. In Cyrillic script we see the name - Akademik Komarov.

A FIGURE appears on deck, carrying a gunny-sack. After a glance up and down, DECKHAND SEMYONOV trots down the gangway.
~~DELETE SCENE 94~~

95 EXT. BOATING POND GLASGOW NIGHT

95

PETROVSKY leans against his motorbike which is parked between two trees. He checks his watch and continues his vigil. A lorry thunders by.

96 EXT. GLASGOW STREET NIGHT

96

SEMYONOV checks his watch by a street lamp, as his footsteps echo in the deserted street, and looks a little spooked. He continues... but slows as he sees a TRIO of DRUNKS staggering towards him down the street.

1ST DRUNK

Hey, Jimmy !

SEMYONOV looks a little apprehensive, obviously not understanding, and smiles nervously. The 2ND DRUNK sways on the pavement, staring at him.

2nd DRUNK

Who you smilin at, pal ?

Suddenly, this is serious. SEMYONOV swallows, protests his innocence in Russian, clutches his gunny sack to this breast, as the 2ND DRUNK bears down on him.

2ND DRUNK

Funny, is it, pal ? I'll give you funny.

THUNK ! He whacks SEMYONOV in the neck, but instead of protecting himself, SEMYONOV falls to his knees clutching the gunny sack to his chest. The DRUNK follows up with the boot - then they're all kicking him but SEMYONOV just curls into a foetal position with his arms round his gunny sack. Now we hear the wail of an approaching police siren, and the DRUNKS look up and stagger off.

96 CONTINUED

96

SEMYONOV's vision clears to be confronted by a police uniform. He panics. As the COP bends towards him, SEMYONOV swings a backhander at him and scrambles to his feet and staggers across the road. Half way across, he sees another prowler car approaching, and stops, caught in the headlights of an oncoming TRUCK. SEMYONOV sees it, but instead of jumping out of the way, turns to face it, eyes closed, bag gripped to his chest. The cop's eyes widen in disbelief as the truck hits SEMYONOV at full bore and catapults him thirty yards into the air.

POLICEMAN

Jesus

97/98 EXT. BOATING PARK - GLASGOW NIGHT

97/98

PETROFSKY looks puzzled as he hears the noises in the distance. Then strolls onto the road, peers into the night. Dimly we can make out lights and shouting, and the wail of a siren. PETROFSKY pauses, staring at them. Then puts on his motorcycle helmet and gets astride his bike. As he takes one last look back we see the rotating blue ambulance lights reflected in his motorcycle visor...

99 INT. AIRPORTS AND PORTS OFFICE DAY

99

PRESTON is leaning back in his chair throwing scrumpled pieces of paper into a waste-paper bin. Phone rings. He lets it rings. Eventually he answers it.

PRESTON

Airports and Ports.

(chucks another roll of paper)

Glasgow ? Well I'm pretty busy...

(chucks another one, makes it)

Well I suppose I could fit in in.

100/101 INT. CUSTOMS SHED, DOVER DAY

100/101

A MIDDLE AGED DAY TRIPPER walks through the Green 'nothing-to-declare' customs channel. Beneath his arm we see a box of duty-free cigars. No one takes any notice of him, and he passes through unaccosted.

We see the TRIPPER's legs moving across the concourse. Now a second pair of legs joins them, and we reveal PETROFSKY. The TRIPPER looks at him. PETROFSKY nods.

102 INT. MORTUARY, GLASGOW DAY

102

The remains of SEMYONOV lie on a slab. The PATHOLOGIST is scrubbing up. PRESTON and the local Special Branch man, CARMICHAEL are poring over the body.

PRESTON

Nasty.

CARMICHAEL

Pretty much what you'd expect if you walk in front of a forty-ton truck doing fifty miles an hour. Deliberately.

PRESTON nods, considers the corpse.

PRESTON

Gold fillings.

CARMICHAEL

Lily white hands. Soft palms. So what we've got is a 'deckhand' who looks like he's never handled anything harder than a bar of soap strolling round a residential area three miles from the dock at 2 am in the morning.

PRESTON

No forged papers ?

CARMICHAEL

Ordinary Soviet mechanic marine papers. Ordinary clothes, very few effects. Nothing unusual at all. It just doesn't make sense.

PRESTON

I think maybe we better take another look at these effects.

CARMICHAEL nods, waves to the PATHOLOGIST.

CARMICHAEL

Thanks, Professor.

PRESTON

Where are they, anyway ?

CARMICHAEL

At the station in Partick.

103 EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT DAY

103

An AEROFLOT plane touches down on the runway.

104 EXT. HEATHROW PENTA HOTEL DAY

104

A MINIBUS with the legend 'AEROFLOT - Soviet State Airline' stops at the hotel and the RUSSIAN CREW disembarks.

104 CONTINUED

104

PETROFSKY in his leather jacket watches, as we pick out a nervous First Officer with a Sony radio swinging on a strap from his shoulder. The crew disappears inside. PETROFSKY swings himself off his bike, and strides across to the plate glass doors and into the hotel. We follow.

105 INT. HEATHROW PENTA HOTEL DAY

105

In the reception area the crew is checking in, except the man with the radio who is missing. PETROFSKY enters, sees the GENTS sign, turns down a corridor towards it. A middle-aged male CRUISER observes this. Smiles slightly.

106 INT. MEN'S TOILETS HEATHROW HOTEL DAY

106

The Aeroflot officer ROMANOV stands at a basin, glances up as PETROFSKY enters and walks over and stands beside him. The RADIO sits on the shelf below the mirror. PETROFSKY glances round to make sure they're alone. They are. He looks at the RADIO and raises an eyebrow. ROMANOV nods. PETROFSKY reaches over and picks up the transistor - just as the CRUISER enters and sees them... He smiles, then he gets a funny feeling as he sees.... The Russian uniform, the radio... His smile fades and he stops and backs out. ROMANOV's eyes widen in panic. PETROFSKY makes a calming gesture, takes the radio without a word, and exits.

107 INT. CORRIDOR TO HOTEL LOBBY DAY

107

The CRUISER is walking nervously back towards the lobby, glances over his shoulder. Sees PETROFSKY coming after him. Quickens his pace.

PETROFSKY

Hey !

The CRUISER stops, looks nervously up at PETROFSKY as he approaches. But PETROFSKY smiles.

PETROFSKY

Looking for someone ?

CRUISER

Er, no. Not really...

But he's relaxing now as he sees the invitation in PETROFSKY's eyes.

PETROFSKY

You got a room here ?

CRUISER

No... But my car's here.

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107 CONTINUED

107

PETROFSKY

Well let's go then...

The CRUISER smiles, looks at PETROFSKY admiringly.

CRUISER

I love the jacket...

108 EXT. LONG TERM CARPARK DAY

108

Together they walk across the underground carpark. The CRUISER can scarcely control his excitement at having scored with this hunk. He indicates a parked Ford Escort.

PETROFSKY goes to the passenger door. The CRUISER unlocks the driver's door and enters. PETROFSKY climbs in beside him.

109 INT. FORD ESCORT, LONG TERM CARPARK DAY

109

The CRUISER smiles at PETROFSKY and puts the key into the ignition. But PETROFSKY frowns as he sees something on the floor.

PETROFSKY

What's that on the floor?

The CRUISER looks puzzled, looks down.

CRUISER

Where?

PETROFSKY

Down there, by the brake pedal.

Now the CRUISER bends down further to see, bends below the level of the windscreen.

CRUISER

Where?

PETROFSKY

There.

As he places his foot firmly on the man's neck and holds him down. The MAN starts to struggle, though his yells are muffled by the carpet. Now PETROFSKY glances up, checks no one is watching, and takes out a knife. With one hand he reaches over for the ignition, with the other he lowers the knife. Simultaneously, to muffle the scream, he starts the car and cuts the man's throat. He pauses long enough for the MAN to stop struggling, then leaving him slumped in a pool of blood, calmly gets out holding the transistor, locks the car and heads for his bike.

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110 INT. PARTICK POLICE STATION DAY

110

CARMICHAEL sits watching PRESTON who has sliced up and searched the rest of SEMYONOV's clothes, donkey jacket, trousers shoes, gunny bag etc, and now examines the last item - a tobacco tin. He opens it and sniffs the tobacco inside. Then rummages with his fingers through the tobacco, pauses - and brings out a two-inch dull metal DISC.

PRESTON looks at it, turns it into the light. Exchanges a questioning look with CARMICHAEL. We see the dull metal DISC gleaming oddly in the light...

111 EXT. MOTORWAY TRUCK STOP NIGHT

111

PETROFSKY, in his leather jacket, leans against a darkened outbuilding staring at the ground. He seems quiet and melancholy and oblivious to the roar of traffic. After a while he turns and looks up as we see a parked Hanomag truck and trailer with Bulgarian plates.

The DRIVER is standing on the cab, manipulating one of the vertical exhaust pipes. After a few moments, he climbs down from the cab holding an eighteen-inch long package wrapped in heat proof cladding. PETROFSKY straightens, looks round, and strolls across and takes it. The transfer is swift and soundless. PETROFSKY nods to the DRIVER. The DRIVER gets into his truck and starts her up.

Juggling the package, PETROFSKY pauses to strap it onto his bike. The rig churns back onto the motorway. On the back we read 'Produce of Bulgaria'.

112 INT. LABORATORY, ALDERMASTON DAY

112

DR. WYNNE EVANS, a fifty year old boffin, is holding the metal disc in his hand, as he walks into his office. PRESTON turns and looks at him.

WYNNE EVANS

Yes, I can tell you what it is,
all right. It's polonium.

He snaps the disc onto his desk. PRESTON looks at him.

PRESTON

Polonium, right.

(beat)

What's polonium ?

WYNNE EVANS

When combined with lithium, the
two combine to form an initiator.

(PRESTON looks blank)

That is a... detonator. For a bomb.

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112 CONTINUED

112

PRESTON

A bomb, oh. Well, thanks.

PRESTON is clearly disappointed, is that all ? He turns to go. But WYNNE EVANS is still looking at him.

WYNNE EVANS

An atomic bomb.

113 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, CUPBOARD DAY

113

The drawer of a chest is pulled open and the 18 inch package wrapped in heat-proofed cladding is added to the plaster cast, Romanov's radio, and the box of cigars...

114 INT. LIVING ROOM/HALL, 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

114

PETROFSKY pauses as he hears a noise, closes the cupboard, walks back into the hall, opens the front door and looks out. And frowns as he sees...

115 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

115

His POV. His car door is open. Strange... Looking round, he walks over and bends down to look inside. In close-up we see the barrel of a pistol squeeze slowly into his back.

VOICE OFF

Okay, buddy, freeze...

PETROFSKY does exactly that, for a fraction of a second - then in a blur of movement, spins, chops away the pistol, his face a mask of icy venom, and stares at - a 10 year old American kid, who registers the look on PETROFSKY's face in horror then stares at the broken gun.

KID

You motherf...

EILEEN MCWHIRTER

Joey !

EILEEN MCWHIRTER emerges from her house, and heads towards them as the KID snuffles miserably.

KID

Son-of-a-bitch just busted my magnum.

EILEEN

You watch your mouth, now Joey or your momma's gonna pop you one.

She turns to PETROFSKY.

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115 CONTINUED

115

EILEEN

I'm real sorry, I'm minding him for a friend, but he's just a common nuisance most days. I'm Eileen Mcwhirter.

PETROFSKY

Jim Ross. Sorry about the gun, I stumbled.

KID

No you didn't, you...

EILEEN

Joey !

PETROFSKY

Let me buy him another one.

EILEEN

Forget it, he'd probably stick up a gas station with it...

(she smiles)

Y'all settled in okay ? I mean, if there's any little thaing you need, you just drop by.

PETROFSKY

I certainly will.

She smiles and walks back to her house. PETROFSKY watches her go. Turns and closes his door.

116 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT

116

PETROFSKY checks and assembles his own revolver. Distantly we hear sounds of music and laughter. PETROFSKY walks to his window and glances out. Then stops and stares.

117 INT/EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE NIGHT

117

His POV. In the living room of the house opposite we can see a young couple, JERRY and SUSIE ADRIAN, playing what appears to be strip Trivial Pursuits with another couple. PETROFSKY's eyes widen as he watches SUSIE ADRIAN attempt to make a guess, fail miserably, collapse in a fit of giggles, and remove her bra. JERRY ADRIAN shrugs, takes her hand, and leads her out of the room.

PETROFSKY turns away. He can hardly believe his eyes.

118 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE BEDROOM NIGHT

118

PETROFSKY sits in his darkened bedroom watching the Adrian's house opposite through binoculars.

119 INT/EXT. ADRIAN'S BEDROOM NIGHT

119

His POV. In the bedroom, behind closed curtains, we can see a shadow show of strange sexual couplings... Even stranger, the TWO BODIES are now joined by a THIRD.

120 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE BEDROOM NIGHT

120

PETROFSKY lowers his glasses in disbelief. He's clearly missing out on something here.... He rubs his eyes and stares over at the house.

121 EXT. MOTORWAY OUTSIDE MOSCOW DAY

121

KARPOV's black Chaika limousine speeds along the snow-encrusted motorway.

122 INT. KARPOV'S CAR DAY

122

After a while KARPOV leans forward.

KARPOV

Pull over, Gregoriev.

The driver, GREGORIEV, nods, steers the car into a layby.

KARPOV

I understand you have been driving for Comrade Colonel Philby lately.

GREGORIEV

(beaming)

Yes, Comrade General. Up till Christmas.

KARPOV

Where have you been driving him ?

Now GREGORIEV's smile fades. He has clearly been instructed not to tell anyone. KARPOV waits patiently.

KARPOV

Gregoriev, do you know who I am ?

(GREGORIEV nods nervously)

So tell me, where did you drive him ?

GREGORIEV

Comrade General, I have been forbidden to...

KARPOV

Gregoriev, you have a wife and two children. Do you think they will like you driving an open jeep in Afghanistan ?

GREGORIEV's eyes widen.

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122 CONTINUED

122

KARPOV

So for the final time, Gregoriev -
where did you drive Colonel Philby ?

KARPOV's eyes are boring into him in the mirror.
GREGORIEV gulps.

123 EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS DAY

123

The cool, erect figure of PROFESSOR KRILOV walks across the campus. Pull back to reveal KARPOV in the back of his parked car, watching him. GREGORIEV sits silently in the driver's seat. KARPOV nods, thoughtfully.

124/124A INT/EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT

124/124A

An American soap plays on TV, PETROFSKY paces up and down, dangerously bored. He makes himself a large whiskey then pauses as the doorbell goes. He frowns, picks up his gun, walks to the door, and opens it.

TOM MCWHIRTER stands outside. Behind him we can see EILEEN waiting in his car. TOM smiles.

TOM

Jim, me an Eileen, we been figurin
you could use a little entertainment.

PETROFSKY looks at him. A pause. We hear the TV playing in the background.

PETROFSKY

I'm rather busy, actually...

TOM MCWHIRTER

Hell, you ain't too busy to watch
the TV... Whyn't you come on out
to the base and have a few beers ?

Another pause. PETROFSKY sees EILEEN smiling at him.

PETROFSKY

Well... All right.

125 INT/EXT. MCWHIRTER'S CAR/USAF BENTWATERS GATE NIGHT

125

TOM, EILEEN and PETROFSKY sit in the front seat of Tom's car as it heads into the airbase. The radio plays, and PETROFSKY looks around, taking in the American cars, trucks, USAF vehicles etc. TOM looks over at him.

TOM

You ever done any bowling, Jimmy ?

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126 INT. USAF BENTWATERS BOWLING ALLEY NIGHT

126

PETROFSKY skids up the ramp, bowls, TOM turns to look as... all ten pins go down. Strike.

TOM

Damn !

EILEEN

You're pretty good, Jimmy.

TOM

(smiling)

Yeah, too damn good. Think we better find something I can beat you at.

He bowls, scores three, turns and looks at PETROFSKY.

TOM

Soon as I can.

PETROFSKY looks at EILEEN. She looks back.

127 INT. USAF BENTWATERS BAR NIGHT

127

A rowdy, chaotic scene in the USAF bar. A jukebox throbs a Country and Western tune as we see PETROFSKY and the MCWHIRTTERS at the bar. TOM downs another beer, gestures for a couple more. But PETROFSKY, who has obviously been matching him, demurs. TOM looks at him, warily.

TOM

Now don't tell me you've reached yo limit, Jimmy... you're disappointing me...

PETROFSKY

Well I usually try and stop after a gallon or so.

TOM

(slightly bored)

No shit. Well before you 'stop'...

(to the BARMAN)

Make that a coupla Moscow specials.

(to PETROFSKY)

Maybe they'll knock a hole in that famous British reserve.

The BARMAN pours two large vodkas. TOM picks his up.

TOM

Na zdroye. That's Rusky for up yours.

PETROFSKY looks at him, shrugs, picks up his vodka.

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127 CONTINUED

127

PETROFSKY
Narza drovier.

As he downs the vodka, he looks at EILEEN.

127A INT. BAR LATER

127A

EILEEN and PETROFSKY dance slowly to a Country tune.

EILEEN
Cool.
(PETROFSKY raises an eyebrow)
You British. Very cool. Lot of these
boys are just all hat and no cattle.

PETROFSKY
Sounds painful.
(he smiles)
I ought to be getting back, Eileen.

EILEEN smiles at him, glances at TOM who is now playing pool.

EILEEN
Honey, I'm gonna give Jim a ride
home, he's gotta be up early.

TOM
Okay, babe. You. do. that.

He slams the ball into the pocket. Laughs.

128 INT/EXT. MCWHIRTER'S CAR NIGHT

128

EILEEN and PETROFSKY are nearing Cherryhayes close.

EILEEN
Yeah, you get kinda bored here. They
treat us like such dopes. Tell the
truth I sometimes wonder what we're
doing here at all.

PETROFSKY
Yes, I can understand that.

EILEEN
You get bored too, Jimmy ?
(she puts her hand in his lap)
Bored. Stiff ?

PETROFSKY looks at her. They have reached Cherryhayes
close, EILEEN pulls over. She looks at him, her eyes
offering an unmistakeable invitation... PETROFSKY's really
struggling here, he knows this is crazy...

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128 CONTINUED

128

PETROFSKY

I ought to be getting back.

128A INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

128A

PETROFSKY enters and viciously slams the door behind him.
Sits down on a chair in an agony of frustration.

129 INT. PROFESSOR KRILOV'S APARTMENT DAY

129

KRILOV opens the door to see KARPOV waiting outside.

KARPOV

Comrade Professor Krilov ?

(KRILOV nods, suspiciously)

My name is General Karpov. I
wonder if I might have a word.

He shows him his pass, KRILOV studies it, gestures KARPOV
into a well-furnished room. It's clear from the style of
the room that he's a heavyweight in the party.

KARPOV

Professor Krilov, in the interests
of the state I wish you to tell
me the plan you have been discussing
with Colonel Philby.

KRILOV

(after a pause, coolly)

Your authority for this ?

KARPOV

My authority is my rank and my service.

KRILOV

If you have no signed authority from
the Comrade General Chairman, you
have no authority at all.

(beat)

Indeed, I think it might be appropriate
that I drew his attention to your
line of questioning.

KRILOV rises and heads for the telephone.

KARPOV

That might not be a very good
idea. Did you know that Philby
has already gone missing ?

KRILOV

What do you mean - gone missing ?

KARPOV

I mean gone missing. Disappeared.
The rumour is that he's dead.

KRILOV

(after a pause)

Well that is not my concern. The
man is reckless and... weak. No
doubt he has overstepped the mark.

KARPOV

That mark is easily overstepped.

(KRILOV looks at him)

You have a son, for instance.

KARPOV takes a photo out of his briefcase and slides it
over to KRILOV. KRILOV goes ashen-faced.

KRILOV

But... that cannot be...

KARPOV produces several more photos. We dimly discern
interlocked nude bodies. KRILOV blanches.

KARPOV

Professor, we are not as tolerant of
these... 'golden boys'.. as they are
in the West. Five years in a labour
camp, and not all survive that. The
dirt, the beatings, the sodomy...

KRILOV looks at KARPOV then gets shakily to his feet and
exits. Down the corridor there is a burst of Jazz from
his son's room as KRILOV enters and starts talking to him.
KARPOV stands and stares out of the window, appreciating
the commanding views of the Moskva River.

From the end of the corridor we hear raised voices and the
sound of a slap. KARPOV looks thoughtful, sits down,
waits for KRILOV to return. When he does so, KRILOV looks
broken. He sits down, stares at the floor. A long pause.

KRILOV

In return for my revealing to you
the nature of my discussions with
GOVORSHIN and Philby am I to be
assured of your silence ?

KRILOV looks very old and fragile now. KARPOV sits
staring at him, waiting.

KARPOV

You have my word.

130 INT. HARCOURT-SMITH'S OFFICE DAY

130

PRESTON's report is slapped onto the desk.

HARCOURT-SMITH
I regard it as alarmist, irresponsible
and unsupported by evidence.

PRESTON
Evidence ? Can you read ? That disc
of metal can only be used as part of
a trigger for an atomic bomb ...

HARCOURT-SMITH
Don't think I don't know what's
going on, Preston. You're trying to
worm you way back into favour by
dreaming up some far-fetched drama
of which you, naturally, are the hero.

PRESTON
And you're kicking out anyone who
doesn't promise to make himself
permanently available to kiss your
arse. But if you'd just look at
this thing straight for a moment,
you might realise there's
something going on out there !

HARCOURT-SMITH
(furious)
It is my prerogative as head of
this country's Security Service to...

PRESTON
You're the acting head, sunshine...
and if you ask me you're acting
like a complete asshole !

HARCOURT-SMITH looks hard at PRESTON.

HARCOURT-SMITH
Right.

He very deliberately writes on the report in red letters.

HARCOURT-SMITH
NO ... FURTHER ... ACTION.
(He drops it into the out file)
And you're suspended for
insubordination. Indefinitely.

131 INT. PRESTON'S OFFICE DAY 131

In a fury, PRESTON slams the door. Kicks the waste-paper bin, kicks the desk. Thinks about it. Kicks the wall, and several calendars flop to the floor. Not feeling much better, PRESTON opens a filing cabinet, takes out a bottle of confiscated contraband vodka, pours himself a drink, sits down and stares out of the window.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. PRIMROSE HILL DAY 132

A kite flies high in the air. Below, PRESTON and TIMMY are taking the day off.

132 (cont) EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE PRIMROSE HILL DAY 132 (cont)

A car pulls up, a FIGURE gets out and watches them.

132 EXT. PRIMROSE HILL DAY 132 (cont)

Closer now, we see PRESTON and TIMMY playing with the kite. The FIGURE approaches. It is IRVINE. PRESTON turns and sees him. He does not look surprised.

IRVINE
I got your report.

CUT TO:

IRVINE and PRESTON strolling, PRESTON keeping an eye on TIMMY. IRVINE is looking thoughtful.

IRVINE
So you don't think this polonium disc is a one off, then?

PRESTON
Why send a courier all the way from Russia with something that's no use by itself? That polonium disc is a component, and that means there are other components and other couriers, either here or in transit. Plus the man who's putting them together. Putting an atomic bomb together, that is.

IRVINE sighs, stops and stares out over London.

IRVINE
Well that's not good news then.

He turns and looks at PRESTON.

132 CONTINUED
(cont)

132 (cont)

IRVINE

I don't suppose you heard, but a sleeper transmitter just went active in the Midlands. Sent two messages. First two weeks ago. Second just 24 hours after your Glasgow incident.

PRESTON

Message reads 'Missing one polonium disc - please reroute'.

IRVINE

Well, Cheltenham couldn't break the code but... why not ?

(pause)

And if you were still on the case, what would you do ?

PRESTON

If I was still on the case, I'd try to catch the bastard who's putting the bomb together. Before it goes off.

IRVINE

Sounds like it might be a good idea. How ?

PRESTON

We know he's a component short, so I'd start by breaking down recent immigration records of Sovbloc citizens to see if I could find the courier.

IRVINE

(after a pause)

All right, I'll get you those records. I have them brought to your flat.

PRESTON looks at him. A pause.

PRESTON

Okay. But just make sure you keep Harcourt-Smith off my back.

IRVINE

(thoughtfully)

Oh, he's much too busy working on his knighthood.

133 INT. FESTIVAL HALL NIGHT

133

On stage a famous CZECH VIOLINIST is bringing a Bach Violin concerto to a thrilling conclusion. In the audience HARCOURT-SMITH applauds and unctuously murmurs something to SIR ANTHONY PLUMB. The VIOLINIST bows and walks off.

134 INT. DRESSING ROOM NIGHT

134

The VIOLINIST is looking thoroughly disgruntled as he strides off stage into his dressing room.

VIOLINIST

My feet are killing me, what the hell happened to my shoes?

The DRESSER looks at him, frowns, examines the shoes.

VIOLINIST

Get me another pair, immediately!

The DRESSER shrugs, puts the shoes on one side.

135 EXT. THEATRE NIGHT

135

The DRESSER checks in both directions, walks out of the stage door. Walking round the corner we see PETROFSKY. The DRESSER hands the shoes to PETROFSKY. PETROFSKY smiles.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER DAY

136

We can see two FIGURES staring out over the channel. BERNARD HEMMINGS and NIGEL IRVINE. HEMMINGS looks even sicker than last time.

HEMMINGS

What kind of madman could even contemplate breaking the fourth protocol, Nigel...

(IRVINE watches him, darkly)

It was the only thing in that wretched Non-proliferation treaty that gave us any hope. It's simply in nobody's interests to start importing and detonating nuclear weapons on foreign soil. Nobody's.

IRVINE

Well I imagine someone disagrees.

136 CONTINUED

136

HEMMINGS

You only have to use one nuclear weapon like this to totally destroy the strategic stand-off.

(he looks at IRVINE)

And why are they doing it ? And why here for Christ's sake !

IRVINE

Oh, I imagine... a nuclear explosion, we blame the Americans, the Americans have to withdraw their cruise missiles, goodbye to Nato. Something like that.

HEMMINGS

And you really think Karpov believes that's worth it ?

IRVINE

As a matter of fact, I don't, because I don't think it is Karpov. If he was running this he'd use the embassy bag, it's so much safer. These people are using couriers. It's almost as if the KGB people in the embassy were being deliberately excluded.

HEMMINGS

Well if it isn't Karpov, who is it ?

IRVINE

I don't know, I was hoping you'd have some ideas about that. But whoever it is I don't imagine Karpov likes it any better than we do...

137 EXT. BORISOV'S LOG CABIN EVENING

137

KARPOV is deep in thought as he and BORISOV walk outside Borisov's cabin. They are approaching a frozen lake.

BORISOV

It makes me feel sick, Yevgeni, physically sick.

(He stops by the lake)

I was ten when they bombed Hiroshima. Even at that age it had a tremendous effect on me. Ever since we have worked to prevent anything similar happening, and now this madman Govorshin is going to destroy all that. Why ? To try and outsmart the Americans...

KARPOV

It goes deeper than that. He feels betrayed by the new leadership. He feels our flexibility is a sign of weakness, and that all the West understands is naked, brutal power.

BORISOV

You think he believes this coup will give him the leadership ?

KARPOV

Who knows ? Though if he destroys Nato he would undoubtedly claim it as a triumph for the old hard-line attitudes.

(he pauses)

But even if he failed, and Petrofsky were caught, the repercussions would be so disastrous we should be forced back into our old hard line ways merely to survive at all.

BORISOV

Could you not denounce him to the Comrade General Secretary now ?

KARPOV

There is no evidence. Krilov would change his mind in five minutes - if he lived that long. And Govorshin would just destroy me.

BORISOV

There is, after all, no authority higher than the Chairman of the KGB.

KARPOV

Though as you know, old friend, Govorshin can not last for ever...

He looks at BORISOV. BORISOV looks at him, then stares down at the ground. A pause.

BORISOV

Yevgeni, you know you have my best wishes, but I do not have the constitution for these manoeuvres.

KARPOV nods, he understands.

BORISOV

And you, Yevgeni Sergeivitch, what will you do ?

137 CONTINUED

137

KARPOV

Me ?

(after an ominous pause)

As ever, I suppose I shall have
to watch and wait...

138 INT. BERENSON'S OFFICE, MINISTRY OF DEFENCE DAY 138

BERENSON is at his desk when IRVINE enters without knocking. BERENSON makes to rise but IRVINE waves him down then places a sheaf of papers on his desk.

IRVINE

You're due to pass some papers
to Marais tonight, I believe ?

(BERENSON nods)

Well here they are.

IRVINE watches as BERENSON skims through the doctored papers. On reading the last one his eyebrows rise.

BERENSON

Good God, is this true ?

IRVINE

Just send it.

BERENSON

Er...yes of course.

IRVINE turns and exits.

139 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD NIGHT

139

PETROFSKY heads home in his car.

139A EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT

139A

As he pulls up, he sees the lights burning from the Mcwhirters, but no lights on in the Adrian's house. He pause, then reaches for a large canvas bag beside him.

INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT

139B

PETROFSKY stands by the window, drinking a whiskey, staring malevolently out at the close. The ADRIAN's house opposite is still dark and deserted. They're partying somewhere else tonight.

But through the open curtains of the MCWHIRTER's living room, we can see EILEEN MCWHIRTER moving about.

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139B CONTINUED

139B

PETROFSKY stares at her, then turns, lies down on the bed and stares at the ceiling. As an USAF plane ROARS over, he YELLS in frustration.

140 INT. PRESTON'S FLAT DAWN

140

PRESTON stabs a computer key in frustration. Red-eyed with exhaustion, he leans back, switches off the computer. Then reaches for the phone, dials. Speaks.

PRESTON

Chief? No, nothing. I'm afraid
I'm just wasting time, there's too
much traffic to spot these couriers.

(pause)

Well I'm going to go back to
Aldermaston. Try and find out exactly
what it is I'm looking for.

(pause)

Yes, I'll let you know.

141 INT. WYNNE-EVANS OFFICE ALDERMASTON DAY

141

DR. WYNNE-EVANS looks at PRESTON and pauses.

WYNNE-EVANS

Well I'd better show you on the computer. It's easier than trying to describe it.

He flicks on a computer, starts to doodle with an electronic 'pencil'. PRESTON watches.

WYNNE-EVANS

There are different styles of course, but certain things can't be changed. The core is a block of pure enriched Uranium 235. Probably round ...

(on the screen a circle appears)
...and about five inches in diameter. There'd be a two-inch diameter hole right through the centre.

(a hole appears through the circle)
This will be stable because it has not reached critical mass. Now over here you'd have a two-inch-diameter rod, also of Uranium 235 and also not yet at critical mass.

To the right of the split circle appears a two-inch thick, five-inch long rod which would fill the hole in the ball.

WYNNE-EVANS

Now, when the rod is rammed into the heart of the fissionable core, the mass of the two together rises beyond the critical threshold. And that's when things start to get exciting.

PRESTON

And it goes bang.

WYNNE-EVANS

Not exactly. It begins to fizz. In nuclear terms. It emits waves of radio-active gamma rays. The fissionable mass will explode only if at the moment of criticality it's bombarded by a blizzard of neutrons, and this blizzard is created by the initiator ... like this ...

On the screen a thin ellipse appears at one end of the hole through the ball, another ellipse is stuck on the 'nose' of the uranium rod.

WYNNE-EVANS

Lithium ... Polonium ... when the rod enters the heart of the ball the neutrons created tear the uranium atoms apart and then you get your bang.

A pause as PRESTON considers this.

PRESTON

You mean there are just four components ?

WYNNE-EVANS

No. You'd need to hold the thing together with a jacket or tamper... Which would have to be made of high tensile steel at least an inch thick.

He draws an outer ring round the uranium ball, a tube round the rod.

WYNNE-EVANS

And to get the ball inside it, you'd probably have it in two halves ... with a flange for bolting.

He shows how you might screw the tube to the side of the jacket and enclose it. PRESTON considers the drawing.

PRESTON

So what sends that plug down the tube into the mass ?

WYNNE-EVANS

Any old plastic explosive. I believe you know about that...

PRESTON

So we're looking for some plastic, a detonator, two small discs, a tube, a steel globe about the size of a football, and a rod of uranium ...

WYNNE-EVANS

And the uranium ball. Without that you're whistling in the wind. The thing about uranium - it's heavy, twice as heavy as lead. That ball alone will take a strong man to lift two-handed.

PRESTON

But in size, it's about as big as ... a small football ?

141 CONTINUED

141

WYNNE-EVANS

(shrugging)

Yes, all right, a child's football...

142 EXT. FERRY DOCK, NEWHAVEN DAY

142

A CAMPER passes through Immigration, the DRIVER's papers apparently in order. The CAMPER rolls toward the nothing-to-declare Green Zone, where it is waved to one side by a CUSTOMS OFFICER.

The DRIVER'S WIFE watches as the DRIVER gets out, walks to the back of the van and opens the door. Inside the van, two small GIRLS are in the living area. The CUSTOMS OFFICER climbs in and looks around. He begins to open cupboards. One of them is the children's toy locker. It contains a variety of toys including two soft rubber balls, brightly painted in different colours. One is blue, the other is orange. One of the little GIRLS is eating a yoghurt, and the CUSTOMS OFFICER smiles at her, reaches into the cupboard and taking out the blue ball, playfully bounces it to the LITTLE GIRL. She kicks it back to him. He puts it to one side, laughs. The GIRL laughs back, and splats him on the leg with the yoghurt.

The CUSTOMS OFFICER's smile fades.

143 EXT. SERVICE STATION DAY

143

PETROFKSY squeals round in a tight circle on the garage forecourt and burns off down the road. As he goes we see the CAMPER standing by the petrol pumps.

144 INT. PRESTON'S FLAT EVENING

144

PRESTON taps away on the computer keys. He pauses, exhausted, rubs his eyes, then wearily stares at the computer screen. TIMMY comes in. Looks at him.

TIMMY

Not finished playing yet, Daddy ?

PRESTON

Not yet.

TIMMY wanders up, climbs onto PRESTON's knee, stares at the numbered list of files on the computer screen.

TIMMY

Can I play ?

PRESTON

Go ahead.

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144 CONTINUED

144

TIMMY thoughtfully considers the keyboard, then stabs a number key. PRESTON smiles at his son, then looks up at the screen to examine the results of his handiwork. The screen has loaded with a new file, and we zoom in till a single word fills the frame. The word 'Heathrow'.

~~DELETE SCENES 145..145A..146~~

147 INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL, HEATHROW AIRPORT DAY 147

Tilt down from an 'Heathrow Airport' sign till the face of FRANZ WINKLER fills the frame as he waits to go through Immigration. He looks rather pleased with himself as he shuffles forward in the line of other people. He presents his Austrian passport and UK Visa.

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER looks up at him, looks down at the passport. Beneath the desk, the IMMIGRATION OFFICER's left hand taps out the passport number. He glances down at the display screen. A red light begins to flicker on and off. The OFFICER nods WINKLER through... as we see his foot go down to a button on the floor.

As WINKLER moves off, a SPECIAL BRANCH MAN appears at the window. The IMMIGRATION OFFICER indicates WINKLER. The SPECIAL BRANCH MAN glances at him and nods.

148 EXT. CAB RANK - HEATHROW DAY 148

WINKLER gets into a cab. An unmarked car pulls up behind and TWO SPECIAL BRANCH MEN get in. The cab pulls away.

149 INT. PRESTON'S FLAT - SITTING ROOM DAY 149

The curtains are drawn, the room in half-darkness as the phone rings. PRESTON, in pyjamas, enters and picks up the phone.

PRESTON

Yeah ?

150 EXT. OXFORD STREET, LONDON DAY 150

WINKLER's cab stops in Oxford Street, WINKLER descends, pays it off, turns and enters a shop.

151 INT/EXT. WATCHERS CAR OXFORD STREET, LONDON DAY 151

HARRY BURKINSHAW and several other WATCHERS in a car drift into frame, BURKINSHAW watches as the other WATCHERS get out and follow WINKLER into the shop.

~~DELETE SCENE 152~~

153 MONTAGE - STILL'S FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE SEQUENCE 153

Open on a photograph of WINKLER taken at the airport.

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153 CONTINUED

153

This dissolves to: FACES, appearing in an accelerating stream - smiling faces, serious faces, faces above beach shirts, uniforms, faces at parties, receptions, restaurants, bars, the stream accelerates to bewildering speed, a blur, then stops suddenly, and BACKTRACKS three frames. Onto WINKLER at a diplomatic reception.

154 INT. BASEMENT, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE HQ, DAY

154

IRVINE watches intently. We are in the vaults of the archives of Foreign Intelligence. The Chief Archivist, an elderly spinster called BLODWYN looks up. From her expression we can tell she's placed Winkler's face.

IRVINE

Blodwyn, you're a bloody marvel...

BLODWYN

(smiling)

Give me half an hour.

She rises and walks off down her lines of floor-to-ceiling files. IRVINE watches her go. Smiles. PRESTON enters, glances round, approaches IRVINE.

IRVINE

Now then, what have we got ?

PRESTON

Winkler. The passport he's using was last used by a man who's currently doing three years in Soledad for trying to steal nuclear technology.

IRVINE

(musing)

So what's it doing here ?

155 INT/EXT. BURKINSHAW'S CAR/OXFORD STREET DAY

155

BURKINSHAW watches WINKLER emerge from the shop and walk up the street. The WATCHERS do not immediately start after him. Just as well. After twenty yards WINKLER pauses to stare into a shop window, using the glass as a reflector. Then turns and strides back the way he came.

BURKINSHAW

(unimpressed)

Where'd he learn that one - Kojak ?

Satisfied he has no tail, WINKLER flags down a cab, enters it and it drives off. The WATCHERS reenter BURKINSHAW's cars, and BURKINSHAW sets off in pursuit.

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156 EXT. BRITISH TRAVEL CENTRE, LOWER REGENT STREET DAY 156

WINKLER, now quite sure of himself, tries no further funny business, but simply enters the travel centre.

157 INT. BASEMENT, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE HQ DAY 157

The picture of WINKLER anticipated by the previous scene enters the frame.

BLODWYN (O.S)

The jawbone, you see, the tilt of the head, quite distinctive.

PRESTON smiles and reads from the back of the photo.

PRESTON

Jiri Hayek, low-level attache Czech Embassy, suspected as agent for KGB inside Czech STB. Probably specialising in electronics and...

(looking up)
radio equipment.

IRVINE

Radio equipment ?
(to BLODWYN)

Blodwyn, remind me to recommend you for a raise...

He smiles at her. BANKS pokes his head round the door.

BANKS

Chief, Winkler's just booked a seat on tonight's train to Grantham.

PRESTON

Grantham ?

(he looks at IRVINE)
I've been meaning to visit the Midlands myself...

IRVINE looks at PRESTON, then smiles, following his train of thought.

IRVINE

(smiling)
The midlands, yes.

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158 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING

158

PETROFSKY is sweating as he carries the canvas bag up the stairs. The door bell sounds, he puts it down and goes to answer the door. Outside is EILEEN MCWHIRTER, dressed to kill.

EILEEN

Hi, Jimmy. You got a cup of sugar,
I'm right out ?

PETROFSKY looks at her for a moment.

PETROFSKY

I should think so. Hang on.

He exits into the kitchen, rummages through the cupboard for the sugar. Then looks up as EILEEN drifts into the kitchen behind him, looking round.

EILEEN

You're real neat, if Tommy lived
on his own, the place'd be a tip.

EILEEN smiles at him. She doesn't seem that interested in any cups of sugar anymore.

EILEEN

I been meaning to pay you a visit
for quite a time now, Jimmy -
find out what you're hiding.

PETROFSKY's eyes burn. He wants her as badly as ever, but she's in danger of becoming a downright nuisance. EILEEN reads the caution in his eyes. Smiles.

EILEEN

It's okay, honey, Tommy knows I'm
here, ain't nothing gonna happen.
Thing is, I'd just kinda like to
know why. Cos I been watching
you, you don't seem to be doing
nothing that important. I mean
nothing that can't wait. Unless
I'm missing something.

PETROFSKY

(after a pause)

Well there's no particular mystery,
Eileen.

EILEEN smiles, raises an eyebrow.

EILEEN

You sure ?

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158 CONTINUED

158

They are now standing very close.

EILEEN

You sure there ain't something about
me you're not happy with, Jimmy ?
My outfit maybe ?

EILEEN moves towards him. PETROFSKY watches her calmly.
Takes her in his arms. Kisses her. After a while she
stands back. She's obviously impressed.

EILEEN

Well I guess you like the outfit.

PETROFSKY stands back, looks at her.

PETROFSKY

You have to understand, Eileen,
I'm married...

EILEEN

But that ain't what you'd call an
exclusive category round here.

PETROFSKY

And my wife's arriving tomorrow.

EILEEN looks at him. That seems to be that.

EILEEN

And your saying it up. How sweet.
(she smiles)

Well I guess I'll pass on the sugar.
But if yo wife ever runs out of
anything, you know where to find me.

She strokes an elegant finger down his lips, smiles.

PETROFSKY

I know.

EILEEN

Hasta la vista.

She smiles and walks away down the stairs. PETROFSKY just
stands in the living room, listens as she walks exits and
walks away down the path.

He moves to the window and watches her cross the forecourt
back to her house. For the first time his cool is really
shaken. He is literally trembling.

159 INT. KINGS CROSS STATION EVENING

159

ANNOUNCER

(filtered)

The Inter-City 125 for Edinburgh will leave at 9.25 from Platform Two, calling at Peterborough, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster and York (etc)

WINKLER is buying a magazine. BURKINSHAW is apparently having some trouble with the Coke machine fifty feet away. In the mirrored surface of the machine he can keep WINKLER in view. PRESTON sidles up, BURKINSHAW knows he's there but doesn't look at him.

PRESTON

Short of change ?

BURKINSHAW

I'm not sure I should be seen talking to you, John...

PRESTON

No ? Who's the Field Controller tonight ?

MARGERY (O.S)

I am.

PRESTON turns to see the rather poisonous figure of MARGERY glaring at him. BURKINSHAW drifts off.

MARGERY

And what are you doing here, Preston ?
You're suspended.

PRESTON

I've been unsuspended.

ANNOUNCER

(filtered)

The train for Edinburgh will depart in two minutes from Platform Two.

WINKLER looks up, then turns away from the magazine rack and walks up the train, his grip in his hand. BURKINSHAW and the BLACK KID move smoothly into the box around him, the LOVERS bringing up the trail. PRESTON turns then pauses as four men emerge from a car parked on the forecourt. The leader of this bunch blocks PRESTON's path. He is MAJOR SNAGG, a tough looking character with a handlebar moustache. The other three are evidently HEAVIES.

SNAGG

Preston. How the hell did you know about this ?

159 CONTINUED

159

PRESTON
News at ten. Excuse me, I have a
train to catch.

SNAGG
You're not getting on any train.

With a twitch of his eyebrow SNAGG indicates the HEAVIES
who flank him. PRESTON considers them, unimpressed.

PRESTON
(wearily)
Oh do me a favour.

He shakes his head sadly and heads for the train. The
HEAVIES stands flatfooted by SNAGG, waiting for orders.
He just goes red. BURKINSHAW watches, smiles.

160 INT. INTER-CITY CARRIAGE NIGHT

160

The train is gathering speed. WINKLER sits in a first-
class compartment, and among the scattering of passengers
around him we pick out BURKINSHAW reading a paperback;
the BLACK KID, several seats away, listening to a Walkman
and staring out of the window; and MARGERY working on
business papers several seats away from WINKLER.

PRESTON moves up to the carriage's communicating door,
peers through, exchanges looks with BURKINSHAW, and takes
a seat in the next carriage. He catches BURKINSHAW's
eye and makes a discreet switching gesture with his fingers.
BURKINSHAW looks a little surprised, then nods.

BURKINSHAW now clears his throat, and WINKLER looks up.
BURKINSHAW chases that moment to look at WINKLER, so their
eyes meet. BURKINSHAW quickly looks away. But now WINKLER
looks uneasily round at the other people in the carriage...

CUT TO:

161 EXT. RAILWAY LINE NIGHT

161

The train roaring through the night, passing a post saying
'PETERBOROUGH SIGNAL BOX 1'. The brakes begin to bite.

162 INT. INTER-CITY CARRIAGE NIGHT

162

As the train slows, WINKLER stares out at the lights, then
half rises. Another PASSENGER is shrugging himself into
his coat and pulling his case off the rack.

162 CONTINUED

162

WINKLER
Excuse. Is this Grantham please ?

PASSENGER
No mate. This is Peterborough.
Grantham's the next stop.

The WATCHER TEAM, which has gone on alert when WINKLER rose, relaxes. The PASSENGER descending leaves the carriage and slams the door behind him. WINKLER idly hauls down the window and leans on the sill, staring out at Peterborough station. The train waits. The Watcher Team note WINKLER's bag is still on the rack. The train hisses and starts to move. When it is still at walking pace WINKLER calmly unlatches the door, steps onto the platform and closes the door behind him. The WATCHERS are already on their feet, but the train is now picking up speed as WINKLER disappears past the window. BURKINSHAW looks at MARGERY who is looking round in consternation.

MARGERY
Come on, get out, jump !

BURKINSHAW
Don't be daft. There's no cover
out there. If we go now, he'll
see us in a second.

MARGERY realises this is true, reacts in total panic.

MARGERY
But we have to tell London !

BURKINSHAW
(on yeah ?)
How ?

163 EXT. PETERBOROUGH STATION PLATFORM NIGHT 163

WINKLER is striding rapidly up the platform towards the exit. The accelerating train has nearly passed him, and is clearly going too fast now for anyone to jump. He throws a searching glance behind him; the platform is empty. He pauses now as the last carriage of the train rockets out of the station. Then smiles and changes direction towards the connecting bridge. As he walks over it, we now see a local train waiting on the next platform. We glances back at the platform, but still sees nothing.

But as we hold on the platform, we now see the motionless figure of PRESTON across the tracks. WINKLER reaches the other platform and climbs onto the connecting train. We cut back to the tracks. There is now no sign of PRESTON.

164 INT. KING'S LYNN TRAIN NIGHT

164

The local train trundles through the night, WINKLER sits staring out of the window. The TICKET COLLECTOR drifts up checking tickets, and pauses opposite WINKLER.

WINKLER

One to King's Lynn, please.

The TICKET COLLECTOR starts to make out the ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR

That'll be 4 pounds fifty sir.

WINKLER pays him. The TICKET COLLECTOR hands him a ticket and drifts on down the carriage.

165 INT. KING'S LYNN TRAIN ANOTHER ANGLE NIGHT 165

From further down the carriage we see the TICKET COLLECTOR continuing towards us. As we reaches the foreground he stops opposite a seat facing away from WINKLER, and looks down. We now see PRESTON. He smiles.

PRESTON

One to King's Lynn, please.

166 EXT. KING'S LYNN STATION NIGHT

166

Through the window of the moving carriage, the KINGS LYNN station sign lurches into view as the train pulls up. It's the end of the line, all passengers have to descend.

WINKLER gets out, heads away down the platform. After a few moments, PRESTON descends behind him and follows him casually towards the ticket barrier.

167 EXT. KING'S LYNN STATION FORECOURT NIGHT

167

WINKLER pauses, consults some directions, looks round for a cab. PRESTON watches. WINKLER hails the only cab, gets in, and the cab sets off away down the street.

PRESTON watches it go, looks round, sees a RAILWAY PORTER kick starting his moped. PRESTON moves towards him.

PRESTON

Thanks.

PORTER

Huh ?

As PRESTON lifts him off the bike and hangs him by his jacket from a railing. Then gets on the bike and sets off after the taxi. The PORTER is too surprised to react.

168 EXT. KING'S LYNN NIGHT

168

PRESTON, on the moped, peddles furiously to keep up with the taxi. A traffic light slows the cab, PRESTON closes. Then the cab speeds up again and steadily pulls away till it's brake lights are tiny specks in the distance.

Peddling round a corner, PRESTON catches a glimpse of WINKLER paying off the cab in the distance.

169 EXT. THE SEA - KING'S LYNN NIGHT

169

The sea laps gently against the shingle. We pull back to a lighted Cafe near the sea front. A jukebox blares out and the CAFE seems to be doing a good business in fish and chips and kebabs as several KIDS and HOLIDAYMAKERS hang around outside chatting each other up. Several bikes and cars are parked outside. WINKLER walks down towards the beach and enters the cafe. PRESTON pauses in the foreground, watching him. After a while he continues on, walks past the cafe as if talking a stroll down to the sea. As he passes the Cafe he glances in.

170 INT. KING'S LYNN CAFE NIGHT

170

PRESTON's POV. He sees WINKLER at the back of the cafe shaking hands with the two GREEK CAFE OWNERS.

171 EXT. KING'S LYNN CAFE NIGHT

171

PRESTON drifts onto the seafront, stops, looks around. Sees nothing but a line of terraced houses, some with bed-and-breakfast signs outside. He turns and settles back to watch the cafe.

DISSOLVE TO:

172 EXT. KING'S LYNN CAFE LATER

172

Across the street, the last of the cafe lights go out, but several lights burn in the house above. PRESTON stubs out a cigarette and turns and walks back up the street to a bed and breakfast house opposite the cafe. He glances over his shoulder at the cafe as he rings the bell. After several seconds a light goes on.

173 INT. BOARDING HOUSE - KING'S LYNN NIGHT

173

A LANDLADY opens the door and looks at PRESTON suspiciously.

LANDLADY

Yes ?

PRESTON

Have you got a room ?

173 CONTINUED

173

LANDLADY

Do you know what time it is ?

PRESTON

Sorry, my watch stopped.

She considers him wearily. PRESTON beams at her.

LANDLADY

That'll be twelve pounds fifty.
In advance.

PRESTON

Thank you.

(stepping in)

And could I have a room facing
the street ?

She looks at him uncertainly. PRESTON beams at her.

And could I call a friend ?

173A INT. BOARDING HOUSE LIVING ROOM, KING'S LYNN NIGHT 173A

PRESTON on the phone in the chintzy lounge. The LANDLADY drifts through, observing him suspiciously.

PRESTON

Barry, it's John. How are you ?
Listen, I'm staying at a lovely
little boarding house on street
in Kings Lynn. Mmm, that's right,
maybe you'd like to join me. There's
a little cafe opposite, the Sea Shell,
and I'm looking forward to finding out
all about it. Yes, a friend of ours
has been there recently. No, I'm all
alone. Hold on. Mrs Mathews ?

The LANDLADY, who's been eavesdropping, peeks round the door.

PRESTON

Have you got room for another ?

174 EXT. HARWICH DOCKS (OR ON LOCAL FERRY) EARLY MORNING 174

PETROVSKY, not in his leather jacket today, paces the
harbour wall, staring out to sea. In the distance the
Gothenberg ferry (from Sweden) is approaching the harbour.

A COUPLE OF GIRLS sit waiting in a car to meet someone off
the ferry, but PETROFSKY doesn't seem that interested.

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175 EXT. FERRY TERMINAL LATER

175

The ferry has docked and stands in the background. The cars roll off and pass into the Customs shed, among them a Volvo saloon, which is waved into an inspection bay. The DRIVER alights and with the CUSTOMS OFFICER goes round to the trunk which is opened.

Inside we see a suitcase and grip. And a fire extinguisher. The CAMERA lingers on the bulky hand-held fire extinguisher strapped to the side wall of the trunk.

176 INT/EXT. PETROFSKY'S CAR DAY

176

The fire-extinguisher now lies on the passenger seat of Petrofsky's car as PETROFSKY heads down the motorway, whistling.

177 EXT. M25 DAY

177

The car passes underneath a road sign which reads 'HEATHROW - 25 MILES'.

178 EXT. HEATHROW DAY

178

Among the PASSENGERS waiting on the forecourt is an attractive 35 year old WOMAN in a tailored suit carrying a Vuiton bag. PETROFSKY slides up and parks opposite her.

PETROFSKY

Excuse me, do you know what time the next plane leaves for Holland ?

VASSILIEVNA

The day after tomorrow.

PETROFSKY

Welcome to London.

179 INT. PETROFSKY'S CAR DAY

179

VASSILIEVNA gets in, introduces herself.

VASSILIEVNA

Comrade Irina Vassilievna of the Soviet Army Artillery, Research Directorate, and a doctor of nuclear engineering, specialising...

PETROFSKY

In the design and construction of atomic shells. I know. Valeri Petrofsky. How do you do.

She looks rather surprised.

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180 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE - KING'S LYNN DAY

180

PRESTON sits watching the cafe opposite from behind lace curtains. The LANDLADY knocks on the door.

LANDLADY
Your friend's arrived, Mister
Hardcastle.

The door behind him opens and BARRY BANKS enters.

BANKS (to the LANDLADY)
Thanks.

She gives them a funny look and exits. PRESTON smiles.

PRESTON
Hi Barry, how's London ?

BANKS hefts a holdall onto the bed and joins PRESTON in the window bay.

BANKS
Margery's about to be fired.
Harcourt-Smith has been called
before the Joint Intelligence
Committee. Irvine hadn't stopped
laughing when I left.
(he grins)
Any developments ?

PRESTON
Nope. What did you find out ?

BANKS
Another blank. Place is owned by two
Greek Cypriots, entered the country
in seventy six, must have been in
deep cover ever since. The FCD's
really bringing out the family
silver on this one.

PRESTON
Does GCHQ think the transmitter
could be based here ?

BANKS (nodding)
Could be. How about Winkler ?

PRESTON
Still in there. Who else did you bring ?

BANKS
George is parked down the street
in a company Transit.

180 CONTINUED

180

PRESTON

Good. Well it sounds like you two
have got it covered, so I...
(flopping onto the bed)
am going to get some sleep.

181 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

181

VASSILIEVNA and PETROFSKY get out of the car, walk towards the house, VASSILIEVNA looking around disapprovingly. As she is about to enter the house she jumps as an USAF fighter zooms off the runway and appears to be heading straight for her. She looks round at PETROFSKY who is calmly watching her, smiling.

182 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

182

PETROFSKY gestures VASSILIEVNA into a bedroom.

PETROFSKY

You're in here.

VASSILIEVNA nods, then looks puzzled as she sees PETROFSKY's effects scattered round the room.

VASSILIEVNA

And where are you sleeping ?

PETROFSKY

(smiling)

We're husband and wife, remember.

VASSILIEVNA looks at him.

VASSILIEVNA

I think not, Comrade Major.

She exits.

183 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, SITTING ROOM NIGHT

183

PETROFSKY puts two TV dinners in the oven as VASSILIEVNA trots down the stairs. She is now wearing a T-shirt and jeans. Looks pretty good. She sees PETROFSKY looking at her. She flushes.

VASSILIEVNA

Where are the materials ?

PETROFSKY smiles, indicates the timber and foam rubber.

VASSILIEVNA

And the container ?

183 CONTINUED

183

PETROFSKY walks out of the kitchen, drags out a steel filing cabinet out from a hall cupboard, lays it down on its back, door upwards. He lifts the door.

PETROFSKY

One filing cabinet. As ordered.

VASSILIEVNA

Now the consignments.

(from memory)

One child's play ball, One pair of car headlamp bowls....

PETROFSKY

(cutting her short)

In the cupboard.

She shoots him a look. Looks pissed off, completes the list while PETROFSKY watches her, lights a cigarette.

VASSILIEVNA

Very well.

PETROFSKY

So how about a drink ?

He smiles at her.

184 EXT. KING'S LYNN CAFE EVENING

184

The door of the staked-out house opens and WINKLER comes out. He disappears around the corner.

185 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE - KING'S LYNN EVENING

185

BANKS rises in alarm from his chair in front of the window behind the lace curtain. Reaching for his coat he's heading for the door when PRESTON wakes up.

PRESTON

Barry ?

BANKS

Winkler just walked out ... I can catch him by the street corner ...

PRESTON

Let him go.

BANKS

But tomorrow he'll be out of the country.

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185 CONTINUED

185

PRESTON

Where he'll tell Moscow their little transmitter in Kings Lynn is tight, secure and recently serviced.

(he looks out of the window)
Winkler's small fry. That cafe's where the jackpot is, Barry. And I feel lucky.

BANKS looks at him, shrugs, nods, sits down, switches on the TV. The news swims into focus with an item on an upcoming march. On the TV. MARCHERS are gathering to march to Bentwaters. Signs, "NO TO CRUISE", "YANKS OUT", etc., are being loaded aboard coaches.

CUT TO:

186 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING

186

The same picture accompanied by a terrible bang.

PETROFSKY looks up in alarm, reaches for his pistol and heads upstairs into the attic.

VASSILIEVNA, in T-shirt and jeans, looks up. Something has fallen over.

VASSILIEVNA

Yes ?

She smiles, enjoying PETROFSKY's alarm.

VASSILIEVNA

Tell me when you've finished the dishes, won't you, Comrade Major ?

PETROFSKY looks at her then turns and walks down into the kitchen, where he puts down his gun and dries his hands.

Then returns up the stairs and considers her progress so far. The cabinet lies on the floor with its door open. Inside we see several timber lathes insulated in foam rubber. A timer pack is bolted to the outside, wires leading in through a hole. One button on the timer pack facing outwards, and a keyhole.

VASSILIEVNA looks at PETROFSKY, and indicates the CHILD'S PLAY BALL. PETROFSKY nods. Puts on a pair of gloves, strips the casing off the ball and comes up with a ball of Uranium 235. Hands it to her. She looks at him, takes it.

Two Mini HEAD LAMPS dissolve to two football-sized halves of an inch thick steel sphere.

186 CONTINUED

185

The HEELS OF THE VIOLINIST'S SHOES dissolve to some metal plugs.

The HEAT PROOF CLADDING dissolves to two foot tube of inch-thick polished steel.

The FIRE EXTINGUISHER dissolves to a five inch rod of Uranium 235.

PETROFSKY is sweating as he picks it up. He doesn't like this shit.

VASSILIEVNA

Keep that away from the ball
unless you want to be fried...

VASSILIEVNA looks up at him as she carves some plastic explosive out of the plaster cast and rolls it into a ball in her hands.

VASSILIEVNA

Ever done this before ? Build
a bomb ?

She slits open the CIGAR BOX and selects a particular cigar. She cuts it open and takes out a detonator.

PETROFSKY

How big's this going to be ?

VASSILIEVNA

One and a half kilotons. It should
wipe out about two square miles.

On the TV, the local news picks up the story of the march. PETROFSKY glances at it. On the TV we see coaches, vans, and cars heading for the march rendezvous, en route to Bentwaters.

PETROFSKY

Should cause some damage, then...

VASSILIEVNA

I imagine it'll kill somewhere between
two and five thousand people...

187

INT/EXT. BOARDING HOUSE BEDROOM KING'S LYNN NIGHT

187

Pull back from the same TV news item onto PRESTON lying on the bed watching it. The TV announcer confirms that the MARCHERS are protesting the nuclear weapons at Bentwaters. BANKS is sitting at the window staring out over the cafe which is filling up with the usual HOLIDAY CROWD.

188 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, ATTIC NIGHT 188

The bomb is taking shape. Looks like a steel football with a two foot stalk sticking out of it. A little like Wynne-Evans' drawing. Even VASSILIEVNA looks tense now.

VASSILIEVNA

Okay.

Gently, they lift it off the table and lower it into the steel filing cabinet. It settles nicely into its cradle of timber and foam rubber.

VASSILIEVNA

Now the tricky part. Battery.

PETROFSKY hands her a battery. VASSILIEVNA attaches a wire from the timer to one terminal. Likewise with the other. Now she edges the battery down the side of the foam rubber, closes the cabinet door...

VASSILIEVNA

Armed. (locking the door) And primed.

From round her neck she takes a key on a thin silver chain and holds it out. The sweat on her neck glistens. The chain swings and PETROFSKY takes it.

VASSILIEVNA

To... detonate turn the key ninety degrees clockwise. Press the button. Then the timer's running.
(She looks at him)
You'll have two hours.

PETROFSKY fingers the key, still damp with her sweat.

PETROFSKY

And when do I get the 'Go' signal... ?

VASSILIEVNA

The Radio Moscow English newscasts at nine. When you hear the words 'Colonel Gaddafi' in the third item...

PETROFSKY

Colonel Gaddafi... ?

VASSILIEVNA

And I have to give you this.

VASSILIEVNA removes a powder compact from her handbag, and dislodges the mirror with a nail file. Behind it is a piece of folded ricepaper. She hands it to PETROFSKY.

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188 CONTINUED

188

PETROFSKY considers it, looks at her, and exits.

As she watches him go, she takes out another key, and unlocks the timer. In close-up we see her RESET the timer from two hours to ZERO - then lock it up again...

189 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, BEDROOM EVENING

189

PETROFSKY unfolds the ricepaper. We see a series of apparently random circular perforations. From beneath his mattress he takes a plastic card covered in letters and figures. He places the ricepaper over the card, and taking a pencil, traces onto a bedside notepad the letters that show through the holes in the ricepaper. When he has finished he stares at the message on the notepad. It says simply.

KILL HER.

PETROFSKY replaces the plastic card beneath the mattress, tears the top sheet off the notepad, drops in an ashtray, sets light to it, then looks up as he sees VASSILIEVNA standing in the doorway, looking at him.

VASSILIEVNA
Everything all right?

PETROFSKY nods.

PETROFSKY
(casually)
Just confirming your instructions.
I turn the key clockwise, press the
button then I have two hours before
detonation.

VASSILIEVNA nods. But in her eyes we can see she is lying; the button is now set for instantaneous detonation.

VASSILIEVNA
That's right. Two hours...

PETROFSKY
I suppose I ought to tell Moscow
we're ready...
(after a pause)
But before I go -

VASSILIEVNA
(smiling)
I thought you'd get round to that...

CUT TO:

190 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, BEDROOM NIGHT 190

VASSILIEVNA, naked, is on the bed, PETROFSKY on top of her. He finishes making love and rolls to lie face-up beside her. Giving him an amused glance, she leans to over to the bedside table on her side to switch a light on, and as she does so, dislodges a notepad which falls to the floor. From her POV we see the notepad. As the light shines across it, we see, as she does, the faint impression of two words on the notepad. The words "KILL HER". In stunned horror, eyes wide, she straightens up and turns to PETROFSKY - to find herself facing the unswerving barrel of his automatic. Without a word he plucks the pillow from beside him and smothers the gun to deaden the noise. She tries to speak, to warn him.

VASSILIEVNA

The button ...

The muffled boom of the automatic cuts her off. The bullet through her heart kills her instantly and she slumps backwards over the edge of the bed. PETROFSKY checks she's dead, rolls over beside her, ejects a shell.

191 INT. BOARDING HOUSE BEDROOM - KING'S LYNN NIGHT 191

The TV plays a late night darts match. Otherwise the room is dark. BANKS is at the window staring out at the Cafe. PRESTON is lying on the bed watching the TV. The walkie-talkie radio beside BANKS crackles abruptly.

RADIO VOICE

There's a man at the top end of
Compton Street, junction of Cross
Street. Standing in the shadows.

PRESTON has come off the bed in a hurry and joined BANKS by the window. BANKS has picked up a camera with a zoom lens and night sight the size of a small bazooka.

RADIO VOICE

Medium height and build. Leather
jacket. No hat. Carrying something.
He's moving towards you ...

BANKS is scanning the street.

BANKS

Got him.

From BANKS' POV through the green-tinted night-sight, we see the FIGURE move briefly under the street lamp. BANKS shoots off a brief volley of shots. He and BANKS watch as PETROFSKY pauses at the side door of the Cafe, knocks softly, and enters. The door closes quietly behind him.

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191 CONTINUED

191

PRESTON
What was he carrying ?
(pauses, then into radio)
George, did you see what he was
carrying ?

RADIO VOICE
Something round.

PRESTON
Shit. A motorcycle helmet. Barry,
see if you can find a motorcycle with
a warm motor. And take those direction
bleepers.

BANKS grabs his coat and heads for the door.

PRESTON
(into radio)
Stay put, George. I'm joining you.

192 EXT. REAR GARDEN, BOARDING HOUSE KING'S LYNN NIGHT 192

PRESTON, holdall in hand, silently vaults the garden
fence, heads for the end of the street.

193 EXT. KING'S LYNN NIGHT

193

A Transit van is parked in a line of other cars. PRESTON
taps softly on the driver's door, GEORGE winds the window
down. PRESTON gives him a roll of film.

PRESTON
Get this to Irvine.

GEORGE nods, takes the film, disappears down the street.

194 INT. TRANSIT VAN, KING'S LYNN NIGHT

194

PRESTON climbs in, as the walkie-talkie comes to life.

BANKS' VOICE
John ?

PRESTON
Yeah ?

BANKS' VOICE
Big BMW. Engine still hot.

PRESTON
Fix a direction bleeper, and
get back here.

194 CONTINUED

194

PRESTON opens the glove department where we see the green glow of a D/F tracking device. As he turns on the ignition, a single blip begins to pulse insistently just off centre. Seconds later BANKS opens the van door and slips in.

195 EXT. KING'S LYNN LATER

195

The door opens and PETROFSKY emerges. He starts back up the street the way he came.

196 INT. PARKED VAN NIGHT

196

In the silence we hear the distant rumble of a motorcycle starting up. PRESTON and BANKS stare at the pulsing blip on the screen. Slowly it begins to move.

PRESTON

Tell London they can hit the
Greeks any time they like.

BANKS takes out a telephone and starts to dial.

197 EXT. KING'S LYNN NIGHT

197

PETROFSKY, now in a crash helmet, swerves the motorbike through a roundabout and sets off into the night.

198 INT. TRANSIT NIGHT

198

PRESTON starts the van and swerves out of the line of cars. BANKS studies the screen then checks the map.

BANKS

Take a left and then another on the
main street.

PRESTON

(nodding)

Now let's see what we've got here...

He steps on the gas and the Transit roars satisfactorily, and holds the corner well as PRESTON spins the wheel. This is clearly no ordinary Transit. PRESTON's tail lights disappear into the night.

199 EXT. SEASIDE CAFE KING'S LYNN NIGHT

199

Scattered in the shadows by the cafe are TEN UNIFORMED OFFICERS, led by two plain clothed SPECIAL BRANCH MEN.

As they wait, the front door of the cafe opens and the TWO GREEKS emerge. The YOUNGER GREEK leads the way. Behind him the ELDER GREEK carries a radio transmitter.

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199 CONTINUED

199

SPECIAL BRANCH MAN
Hold it! Police!

The YOUNGER GREEK steps quickly back inside slamming the door. The police shoulder charge it. But it takes a moment or two for the police to break it down. When it gives way, the YOUNGER GREEK comes up fighting. It takes three OFFICERS to subdue him.

200 INT. SEASIDE CAFE KING'S LYNN NIGHT 200

The SPECIAL BRANCH MEN move up the stairs. The bedrooms are empty. A ladder leads to a small loft under the eaves. The transmitter is on the floor. The ELDER GREEK squats beside it. A red light on the console glows.

As the SPECIAL BRANCH MEN appear, the ELDER GREEK rises slowly, his hands in the air and a smile on his face. The CAMERA moves in to the red light on the console.

200A INT. SOVIET ARMY COMMUNICATIONS DE-CODING ROOM DAY 200A

A SECRETARY tears a paper from a teleprinter, crosses the room to a de-coder, sets some dials and feeds in the sheet. As it comes out 'in clear' he tears it off.

200B INT. GOVORSHIN'S OFFICE NIGHT 200B

The SECRETARY enters GOVORSHIN's office, salutes.

SECRETARY
A message from the transmitter in
Britain, Comrade General Chairman.
'Everything in place. Awaiting signal'.

GOVORSHIN nods, smiles slowly. On the desk we now see an English newspaper report on the PEACE MARCH to BENTWATERS. Also on his desk we see a picture of PETROFSKY. GOVORSHIN smiles and slowly feeds the picture into a shredder...

201 EXT. MOTORCYCLE NIGHT 201

PETROFSKY drives at any even pace, staying within the speed limit but never slacking his speed at the bends.

202 INT. TRANSIT NIGHT 202

BANKS monitors the direction finder screen and its adjacent range meter. He has a road map over his lap and a pencil torch with which he follows their route.

PRESTON
Where are we ?

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202 CONTINUED

202

BANKS

We're, er, heading into Suffolk.

PRESTON

For Christ's sake...

Even as he brakes we see the rangefinder distance-to-target digital display unwinding in a blur of figures. He douses his lights and pulls over.

BANKS

Sorry.

203 EXT. MOTORCYCLE NIGHT

203

PETROFSKY has pulled over, killed his lights and engine and is now sitting at the junction, staring back the way he has come. A huge tanker truck thunders past and vanishes into the night. PETROFSKY continues to stare down the empty road.

204 INT. TRANSIT NIGHT

204

The blip on the screen is immobile. PRESTON and BANKS wait tensely.

205 EXT. MOTORCYCLE NIGHT

205

PETROFSKY decides there's no one following, starts up the bike and guns it off into the night.

206 INT. TRANSIT NIGHT

206

The blip starts to move. PRESTON exhales gratefully. Starts the Transit and moves off in pursuit.

207 EXT. MARCH RENDEZVOUS DAWN

207

DEMONSTRATORS are assembling, arriving in coaches, cars, motorcycles, and on foot.

The slow cavalcade, hung with banners and posters, moves through the town and stop to discharge their cargoes. MARSHALLS begin to organise the crowd into a column. POLICE sit silently astride their motorcycles, watching.
~~DELETE SCENES 208, 209, 210, 211~~

212 INT. TRANSIT VAN, THETFORD EARLY MORNING

212

It is rapidly getting lighter. The blip is going wild.

BANKS

He's stopped in Thetford.

212 CONTINUED

212

PRESTON (grimly)
So here we go...

BANKS checks his pistol.

213 EXT. THETFORD EARLY MORNING

213

PRESTON's van cruises slowly through the town...

214 INT/EXT. TRANSIT VAN, THETFORD EARLY MORNING

214

BANKS watches the screen.

BANKS
Next left.

PRESTON places his pistol on the dashboard...

215 EXT. THETFORD STREET EARLY MORNING

215

PRESTON's van rumbles up to the head of the familiar square of lock-up garages, and comes to a halt with its nose pointing at a closed garage door.

BANKS
There.

PRESTON pauses, then reaches into the back for some heavy bolt-cutters which he tosses to BANKS. Then he gets out and takes up position near the door.

BANKS swings and shatters the lock. He hauls open the garage door upwards and aims his revolver inside. Then stares... The motorcycle is on its stand. A leather jacket and crash helmet hang from a hook. And in the dust we see... car tracks...

PRESTON
(flatly)
A switch...

PRESTON leans against the door. Looks like the end of the trail... Just then we hear the police sirens and the horns. PRESTON exchanges looks with BANKS, walks out to the road.

216 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE THETFORD DAY

216

A CAR has collided with a cattle truck and a coach carrying PEACE MARCHERS just outside Thetford. The result is a massive pile up, and CATTLE career all over the road as traffic backs up in both directions. POLICE are trying to clear the wreck as AMBULANCEMEN attend to the driver of the car. A HELICOPTER hovers above.

217 EXT. LOCK-UP GARAGE THETFORD DAY 217

PRESTON peers down the road, sees a commotion in the distance. Stops a car coming in the opposite direction.

PRESTON
What's happening ?

DRIVER
Car crash. Some bloody fool
hit a cattle lorry.

PRESTON looks up. Slowly turns to BANKS. Maybe...

218 EXT. SCENE OF CRASH, THETFORD DAY 218

PETROFSKY gets out of his car and looks at the crash ahead of him. The car involved is the one which passed him on the Fens road earlier. PETROFSKY looks irritated, checks behind him, gets back into the car.

219 EXT. TRAFFIC JAM DAY 219

PRESTON hurries past the jammed cars, checking faces. Car with a FAMILY in it. With a WOMAN taking her KIDS to school. With an OAP. A BUSINESSMAN.

220 EXT. SCENE OF CRASH DAY 220

POLICE are pulling the wrecked vehicles apart, and trying to make room for one line of traffic to pass through. The first car starts to move forward.

221 EXT. TRAFFIC JAM DAY 221

PRESTON can see the crash now, and that the traffic is starting to move. He quickens his step. Passes a truck. A bus. Another housewife. A farmer in a landrover.

FLASHBACK to PETROFSKY In the gloom of King's Lynn,
PRESTON holds onto the image as hard as he can.

PETROFSKY's car is ahead now, as PRESTON moves towards it. The traffic is beginning to move. PRESTON stops three cars behind Petrofsky, looks at a MAN in his early thirties, could be PETROFSKY. PRESTON stares at him.

222 INT. PETROFSKY'S CAR DAY 222

PETROFSKY puts the car in drive.

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223 INT/EXT. PETROFSKY'S CAR DAY

223

PRESTON moves forward. He's alongside PETROFSKY now, PETROFSKY turns, PRESTON is looking straight at him. A moment. The two men staring at each other... Then PETROFSKY let out the clutch and moves off.

PETROFSKY watches in his mirror, sees PRESTON momentarily looking back in his direction then turning away. Ahead the POLICE are about to stop the traffic again, but PETROFSKY accelerates, makes it past the wreck and away onto the open road.

224 EXT. THETFORD DAY

224

PRESTON is running back, but BANKS is completely jammed in the traffic about fifty yards the wrong side of the crash. he meets the Transit, jumps in. BANKS looks at him.

PRESTON
A blue XR3.. Move it.

BANKS nods, steps on the gas, swings into the oncoming traffic. Horns sound as he speeds down the wrong side of the road towards the crash.

225 INT/EXT. PETROFSKY'S CAR DAY

225

PETROFSKY checks in his mirror again. Nothing strange behind. He relaxes a little.

226 EXT. THETFORD DAY

226

The Transit is still roaring through the traffic, several near misses as it nears the crash and two COPS look up in surprise. BANKS steers the Transit up the embankment at an alarming angle and just manages to clear the crash.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Oi !

227 EXT. ROAD DAY

227

The Transit roars along the road, ahead we now see PETROFSKY's car

PRESTON
Gently now.

The Transit slows to a respectable crawl and drops in four cars behind PETROFSKY. The road is thick with morning commuter traffic. At the Ipswich ring road PETROFSKY heads north. The Transit follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

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228 INT/EXT. TRANSIT -IPSWICH RING ROAD DAY

228

The traffic has thinned considerably now, and PRESTON watches as PETROFSKY takes a left towards Woodbridge. PRESTON looks down and consults a map.

PRESTON
(ominously)
Bentwaters... He's going to
bloody Bentwaters...

229 INT/EXT. TRANSIT DAY

229

Through the windscreen of the transit we see a USAF strike bomber lift off, clip the roofs of the housing estate and climb away. Ahead Petrofsky's car pulls into a road on a modern estate, and we also see several PEACE MARCHERS walking past the close towards the Airbase. BANKS brakes.

BANKS
Looks like a dead-end.

PRESTON watches the PEACE MARCHERS for a few moments then gets out, shoves his walkie-talkie into his belt, and puts another jacket on over it.

PRESTON
Keep going for half a mile.
I'll be in touch.

DELETE SCENE 230

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DELETE SCENES 231-240

241

EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE DAY

241

A group of PEACE MARCHERS are filing past the entrance to the close. PRESTON, now wearing an anorak, emerges from their midst, turns down Cherryhayes Close. Petrofsky's car is parked outside his house, PRESTON glances up as he passes, sees a movement at the attic curtains. PRESTON continues on towards the Adrians house, knocks on the door.

After a moment SUSIE ADRIAN opens the door.

PRESTON

Good morning, Madam. Come to read the meter.

SUSIE ADRIAN

What, now..

PRESTON

(handing her his I.D)
My identification card.

SUSIE ADRIAN

Oh, look, this is terribly...
(she glances at the card)
Huh ?

242/242A

INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, BEDROOM DAY

242/242A

PETROFSKY enters the room and stands unbuttoning his shirt at the window, looking out through the net curtains. At the door of the Adrians' house he sees a MAN standing in the doorway talking to SUSIE ADRIAN. PETROFSKY turns away from the window and something falls to the floor. He frowns as he sees Vassilievna's tights. He picks them up and exits the room. In doing so he misses...

243

EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE DAY

243

JERRY ADRIAN, in dark trousers, shirt, tie, but no jacket yet, appears in the doorway, looking at PRESTON.

JERRY ADRIAN

What's this then, squire ?

PRESTON

I'm an officer of the Security Service, sir.

ADRIAN

(cheerfully)

And I'm the Mona Lisa.

PRESTON just looks at him.

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243 CONTINUED

243

PRESTON

All right, Mona, I'd like to come in.

ADRIAN looks at PRESTON for a moment, then PRESTON walks into the house.

244 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, UPPER LANDING DAY 244

PETROFSKY, holding the tights, comes out of the bedroom and crosses the landing. He opens the bathroom door.

245 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE BATHROOM DAY 245

VASSILIEVNA, naked but with her clothes thrown over her, is lying in the bath, sightless eyes staring at the ceiling. PETROFSKY chucks in the tights, slams the door.

246/246A INT/EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE BEDROOM DAY 246/246A

PETROFSKY reenters the bedroom, glances out of the window. The MAN has gone. A milk float trundles into the estate. Everything normal. PETROFSKY loses interest, goes to bed.

247 INT. THE ADRIANS' LIVING ROOM DAY 247

SUSIE ADRIAN is looking at PRESTON.

PRESTON

There's a man in the house opposite, number twelve ...

SUSIE ADRIAN

Jim Ross.

PRESTON

Jim Ross, right. How long has he been there ?

JERRY ADRIAN

Two months ?

PRESTON

Is he alone ?

SUSIE ADRIAN

No, a woman arrived the day before yesterday. I think she's his wife.

PRESTON nods, guardedly, working things out.

JERRY ADRIAN

So what's all this about then ?
Overdue library books ?

247 CONTINUED

247

PRESTON

I'd like to borrow your house for a while.

The ADRIANS exchange looks.

PRESTON

That isn't his wife in there. He murdered his wife and three children in Plymouth. With a shotgun.

SUSIE

(gasping)

Oh my God !

PRESTON

So is there anywhere you could go for the day ?

PRESTON turns to JERRY ADRIAN.

PRESTON

And can you go there without arousing any suspicion ?

248 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, BEDROOM DAY 248

Lying sleepless on the bed, PETROFSKY hears Jerry Adrian's car starting, evidently a sound he recognises. He checks his watch, and his expression indicates "Same routine as usual". He closes his eyes and tries to sleep.

249 INT. ADRIAN'S SITTING ROOM DAY 249

From behind the net curtains PRESTON surveys PETROFSKY's house across the street. Nothing moves at the windows. He takes out his pocket radio, extends the aerial.

PRESTON

Barry, do you read me ?

BANKS' VOICE

Read you, John. I'm about ten miles from the base.

PRESTON

Our friend's in Cherryhayes Close on the North West side of the base. I'm inside Number Nine, opposite. It's the fifth from the end of the row. I suggest you come in over the waste ground at the back. Back door's open.

249 CONTINUED

249

Still watching Petrofsky's house, PRESTON reaches for the telephone, and dials. After several seconds it connects.

PRESTON

Sir Nigel Irvine, please... It's John Preston and it's urgent. Okay, ask him to call me as soon as he does. Here's the number.

250 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, BEDROOM DAY

250

PETROFSKY cannot sleep. He is too tense. He swings off the bed and checks the street again. He pads upstairs in the attic, checks the bomb, briefly parts the lace curtains to glance out of the window, checks his watch.

251 INT. ADRIANS' SITTING ROOM DAY

251

PRESTON is standing by the window, and frowns slightly as he sees another movement in the attic window opposite. Then turns as he hears BANKS entering via the back door. PRESTON looks at him, indicates Petrofsky's house.

PRESTON

Upstairs bedroom, number twelve. Might be someone else there too.

BANKS nods, exits upstairs. The phone rings, PRESTON picks it up, forgets about the attic.

PRESTON

Yes, Chief. He's in a house next to the American airbase at Bentwaters... We don't know. Yes, Chief, I agree. The SAS.

252 EXT. ESTUARY OF THE ORWELL DAY

252

TWO PUMA HELICOPTERS fly low over the river and swing towards a disused warehouse where TWO POLICE CARS and several POLICEMEN are waiting. The PUMAS hover near the ground, out of one tumble several tubular bags, out of the other emerge SIXTEEN SAS MEN in civvies. Looks like a Rugby team. Thirteen haul the bags into the warehouse, the other three approach the police. The C.O, Brigadier CRIPPS, a MAJOR, and the assault team commander, CAPTAIN LYNTHURST, are greeted by ASSISTANT CHIEF CONSTABLE LOW.

LOW

We've got everything you asked for. House plans, maps, aerial photographs ...

252 CONTINUED

252

CRIPPS

Good. Let's get on with it.
You say there's an observation post ?

LOW

Yes, the house directly opposite.

CRIPPS

(indicating LYNDHURST)

Could you get Captain Lyndhurst in ?

253 INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE DAY

253

BARRY BANKS' face peers around the door. He opens it,
admitting CAPTAIN LYNDHURST, who is now in plain clothes.

LYNDHURST

Captain Lyndhurst. Assault Team.
Commander. Is Preston here ?

BANKS

Upstairs. He's been waiting for you.

254 INT. BEDROOM, ADRIANS' HOUSE DAY

254

LYNDHURST enters. Introduces himself.

LYNDHURST

Julian Lyndhurst.

PRESTON

John Preston. Have they told
you anything ?

LYNDHURST

Just that he's a terrorist.

LYNDHURST peers out of the window.

PRESTON

He's a little more than a terrorist.
He's a top Soviet agent. A pro.

LYNDHURST

Alone ?

PRESTON

May be a woman in there. And he's
armed. With a bomb.

LYNDHURST

Large bomb ?

254 CONTINUED

254

PRESTON
Atomic bomb.

LYNDHURST looks impressed. BANKS goes white.

BANKS
(muttering)
Now he bloody tells me.

LYNDHURST
I think we better see the C.O.

255 INT. WAREHOUSE DAY

255

At the table, two INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS pore over papers - maps, plans, aerial photos. Prominent is a line-and-wash plan of Cherryhayes Close, number 12 stands out. The three SAS OFFICERS stand to one side with SUPT. LOW and PRESTON.

CRIPPS
Have you any proof, Preston ?

PRESTON shakes his head, but his expression tells its own story. CRIPPS nods.

CRIPPS
But we have to assume the worst.
I understand.

SUPT. LOW
Couldn't we try an evacuation ?

PRESTON
He'd spot it in a minute. Then
blow us all away.

SUPT. LOW
And take himself with us ?

PRESTON
He wouldn't hesitate.

SUPT. LOW
Sweet Jesus ...

PRESTON
But I want him alive. I want to
talk to him.

In the background, the phone rings, a TROOPER answers it.

CRIPPS
Who's going to lead the assault team, Julian ?

TROOPER
(looking round)
Is there a Mr. Banks here ?

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255 CONTINUED

255

LYNDHURST

Steve Bilbow.

CRIPPS

Remember Steve Bilbow, Johnny ?

The TROOPER hands the phone to BANKS.

255A INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WAREHOUSE DAY 255A

FIVE SAS TROOPERS are gathered round their leader, a small, wiry man, who is working out the details of the hit - where he wants them, when, carrying what weapons, etc. As PRESTON approaches, the leader, STEVE BILBOW turns, and his face lights up.

BILBOW

Hello Boss, nice to see you again.

PRESTON

Hello, Steve.

BILBOW

What are we up against here ?

PRESTON

Top Soviet agent. Probably went through Spetsnaz.

BILBOW

Spetsnaz, eh ? Well now we'll see how good they really are. Is he alone ?

PRESTON

Don't know. But he's got a bomb. A nuclear bomb.

BILBOW

So grenades are out, then.

PRESTON smiles at the casual way BILBOW has reacted to the news of the bomb. LYNDHURST walks up, PRESTON turns.

PRESTON

When are you going to move in, Julian ?

LYNDHURST

Nine. The light will be tricky then. Dark but not black.

PRESTON

I'll get back to the house then. See you later, Steve.

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255A CONTINUED

255A

STEVE BILBOW nods, smiles and returns to the TROOPERS. PRESTON pauses at the door and looks back. The SAS team are absorbed cleaning weapons, laying out coveralls, bullet proof vests, etc. A van is being lined with foam rubber, radios are being tested. PRESTON smiles, but as he turns away we see BANKS approaching BILBOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

255B EXT. BENTWATERS USAF BASE EVENING

255B

PEACE MARCHERS with torches are settling down for a night's vigil outside Bentwaters...

256 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, LIVING ROOM EVENING 256

PETROFSKY is making himself some food. He seems tense. A clock shows half past eight. The radio plays Tchaikovsky in the background. He gets a funny feeling and walks to the window. Sees nothing unusual. But as he walks back he picks up his automatic and puts it in his waistband.

257 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE GARDEN EVENING

257

Two ASSAULT MEN move into Petrofsky's back garden. Over their black boiler suits they wear a harness which holds the assault weapon, the HK, grenades and handgun.

258 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING

258

At the entrance to the close the first Assault Team van pulls up.

259 INT. BEDROOM, ADRIAN HOUSE EVENING

259

An SAS SNIPER crouches at the window, rifle trained on Petrofsky's home. Through the green-tinted Image-Intensifier night-scope mounted on the rifle we see Petrofsky's windows. Nothing moves. Beside it another SAS MAN has a high-powered gun mike trained on the living room. On a speaker we can hear the music coming from Petrofsky's living room.

260 INT. SITTING ROOM, ADRIAN HOUSE NIGHT

260

The same music is relayed to the sitting room as PRESTON and LYNTHURST stand watching Petrofsky's house. LYNTHURST checks his watch. His face is a mask as he picks up his radio and speaks into it.

LYNTHURST

Five minutes.

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261 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, SITTING ROOM NIGHT 261

PETROFSKY is in his armchair. The remains of his dinner lie on a table, and beside it is the radio playing Tchaikovsky. In close up we see that the radio is tuned to Moscow. PETROFSKY glances at the wall clock. It says eight fifty-six. He turns and stares at the radio.

262 INT. SITTING ROOM, ADRIANS' HOUSE NIGHT 262

LYNDHURST is at the window. PRESTON continues to stare at the house. The radio crackles softly.

RADIO VOICE
Entering Cherryhayes fifteen seconds.

LYNDHURST
Slow down.

He looks out of the window. The street is clear.

LYNDHURST
Go ahead.

After a moment the van comes round the corner.

263 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT 263

And abruptly a little KID emerges from the house next door and starts calling for his cat.

264 INT. SITTING ROOM, ADRIANS' HOUSE NIGHT 264

LYNDHURST's eyes widen. He snaps on his radio ...

LYNDHURST
Hold position, there's a civilian
on the street.

RADIO VOICE
(after a pause)
We're bloody exposed out here.

LYNDHURST looks in disbelief at the KID calling his cat.

LYNDHURST
For Christ's sake...

265 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, SITTING ROOM NIGHT 265

PETROFSKY is looking nervous, and paces the room. The radio music ends, and we hear the radio announcer...

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265 CONTINUED

265

ANNOUNCER

You have been listening to Tchaikovsky's Third Symphony played by the Moscow Symphony Orchestra. This marks the end of our Concert Hour.

He glances out of the window.

266 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT

266

PETROFSKY's POV. The KID calling the cat. On the radio we hear three blips.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

And now, in the English language service of Radio Moscow, the nine o'clock news ...

PETROFSKY turns back into the house.

267 INT/EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE NIGHT

267

LYNDHURST stands watching the KID calling the cat. The SAS TROOPERS remain frozen in the garden and the street. We hear the radio on the speaker. And throughout this and the following scenes, we hear the Russian NEWSREADER continuing...

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

In Afghanistan patriotic forces joined today with their Soviet comrades-in-arms in a vigorous action against the CIA-backed fascist rebels in the Panshir valley... The rebels sustained severe casualties and a large area was liberated by our gallant troops and their Democratic allies.

268 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT

268

Still calling the cat, the KID wanders off towards some bushes.

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Soviet Collective Farms have once again reached all the grain production targets called for in the five year plan ...

269 INT/EXT. ADRIANS' HOUSE, CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING 269

Through the SNIPER's night-scope we see the KID calling his cat. He is now very close to one of the SAS TROOPERS.

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269 CONTINUED

269

ANNOUNCER (O.S)

And now, news from the Middle East ...

270 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING

270

While the KID is still in the bushes, the offending CAT appears and strolls unseen into the house through the open door. But the KID doesn't see it and moves on...

271 INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE EVENING

271

LYNDHURST, watching, can hardly believe it. But PRESTON is still staring at PETROFSKY's house through his binoculars.

272 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE, SITTING ROOM NIGHT 272

PETROFSKY stares at the radio.

ANNOUNCER

Progressive leaders from all over the Middle East met in Tripoli today to discuss the continuing struggle against American and Zionist Imperialism. In a welcoming address Colonel Gadaffi ...

PETROFSKY stands for a moment as if disbelieving, then lets out a long sigh. He switches off the radio.

273 INT/EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE EVENING

273

The room is very quiet now without the sound of the radio. PRESTON watches the house, but LYNDHURST watches in horror as the KID walks on and literally stumbles over an SAS TROOPER. The KID stops in surprise.

274 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING

274

The KID is now staring at the SAS TROOPER in horror. Then the KID backs off, looks round, and sees another SAS TROOPER motionless on the street. Freezes again.

275 INT/EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE EVENING

275

Over the speaker we now hear PETROFSKY walking out of the room, and moving away up the stairs.

PRESTON is still looking at the house, as he listens to PETROFSKY climbing the stairs. Now his jaw slowly drops... He lowers the binoculars.

QUICK FLASHBACK to PETROFSKY at the attic windows earlier.

275 CONTINUED

275

PRESTON

Jesus...

From his POV we now tilt up from the ground floor onto the attic window. He turns and looks at the SAS TROOPERS frozen on the lawn outside Petrofsky's house. Looks back at the attic. Drops the glasses and hurtles out of the room. LYNDHURST turns in surprise.

276 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE BEDROOM EVENING 276

PETROFSKY's suitcase lies packed on the bed. PETROFSKY is adding a few last items. Toothbrush, hairbrush, etc.

277 EXT. ADRIANS HOUSE EVENING 277

PRESTON steps quickly out of the back door and heads across the close towards Petrofsky's house.

278 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING 278

The KID looks round in amazement, frozen to the spot, he still can't understand what these motionless and heavily armed SAS MEN are doing there. He looks as if he's about to bawl out.

279 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING 279

PRESTON pauses at some outside stairs to Petrofsky's house which lead up to the first floor. He is staring at the attic on the top of the house.

280 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE BEDROOM NIGHT 280

PETROFSKY looks round the room, checking he hasn't forgotten anything. Passport. Tickets. Car keys...

281 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT 281

An SAS TROOPER is staring at the KID, as the KID starts to back off, starts to yell out.

The SAS TROOPER grabs him, and putting his hand over his mouth, picks him up and hustles him away to safety.

282 INT/EXT. ADRIANS HOUSE EVENING 282

LYNDHURST exhales softly as he sees the KID being hurried away. Picks up the radio.

LYNDHURST

All units fifteen seconds.

- 283 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING 283
PETROFSKY walks up the stairs towards the bomb.
- 284 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT 284
The SAS troopers take up positions outside the front door.
- 285 EXT. ATTIC ROOM NIGHT 285
PRESTON's is struggling onto the roof by the attic.
- 286 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE ATTIC NIGHT 286
PETROFSKY enters the attic, takes out the key, moves over to the bomb, inserts the key, turns it 90 degrees in the timer, is about to press the button, when...
CRASH ! PRESTON hurtles through the attic window and lands on PETROFSKY, sending him sprawling.
Simultaneously... BOOM ! There is a tremendous roar and crash from his front door.
- 287 EXT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT 287
BOOM ! Another crash from the front door as the 1ST SAS TROOPER fires another solid-charge shot from his Wingmaster, and the second hinge of the door flies away.
- 288 INT. ATTIC ROOM NIGHT 288
PETROFSKY recovers, kicks PRESTON off him, sends PRESTON sprawling, reaches for his automatic in his waistband, PRESTON rolls back, and smashes the gun out of his hand.
- 289 EXT. CHERRYHAYES CLOSE EVENING 289
The 2ND SAS TROOPER belts the door with a sledgehammer, and it collapses with a crash. The 3RD and 4TH SAS TROOPERS charge into the hallway, and the 3RD dives for the stairs... the 4TH rolls into the living room.
- 290 INT. ATTIC ROOM NIGHT 290
PETROFSKY and PRESTON collapse back onto the floor and roll dangerously close to the bomb. PETROFSKY lashes out at PRESTON, PRESTON raises his arm in defence, PETROFSKY connects and snaps PRESTON's forearm snaps like a matchstick. PRESTON yells in pain, PETROFSKY turns away and reaches for the button. But PRESTON manages to grab his collar, jerks him back...
- 291 DELETED

292 INT. 12 CHERRYHAYES CLOSE NIGHT 292

The 1ST and 2ND SAS TROOPERS hurtle past the 3RD and 4TH TROOPERS up the stairs.

293 INT. ATTIC ROOM NIGHT 293

The fight continues. PRESTON has his good arm locked round PETROFSKY's neck, but PETROFSKY elbows him in the gut, staggers forward towards the bomb.

294 INT. 2ND FLOOR NIGHT 294

The 2ND SAS TROOPER rolls into the first bedroom, the 1ST TROOPER into the second bedroom as the 3RD and 4TH TROOPERS burst onto the landing having cleared the ground floor.

295 INT. ATTIC ROOM NIGHT 295

PETROFSKY's hand is inches from the bomb button, PRESTON stomps on it, shattering the bridge of the hand, PETROFSKY screams in agony, PRESTON hauls him to his feet, knees him in the chest and kicks him viciously across the face which sends PETROFSKY crashing to the floor.

The door bursts open. PRESTON yells.

PRESTON
Don't shoot !

BILBOW has his HK machine pistol levelled at PRESTON, and only just avoids shooting him. BILBOW looks down, sees PETROFSKY semi-conscious and bleeding on the floor.

PRESTON hunches over, clutching his arm, exhausted, regaining his breath.

BILBOW glances briefly back at PRESTON, then turns back to PETROFSKY, aims his HK machine pistol, and fires a burst into PETROFSKY's head, blowing half of it away. PRESTON looks up in horror, stares at BILBOW in disbelief.

PRESTON
We needed to talk to him !

BILBOW
Sorry, boss, orders.

With a last look back at PETROFSKY to make sure he's dead, BILBOW exits. PRESTON watches him go, turns and stares at PETROFSKY's body.

DISSOLVE TO:

295A EXT. COLLEGE CLOISTERS DAY

295A

A COLLEGE CHAPLAIN is conducting a memorial service in the shade of some elegant college cloisters. Outside in the quadrangle, we see it is a glorious spring day.

CHAPLAIN (O.S)

We are gathered here today to give thanks for the life of our friend Sir Bernard Hemmings.

Gathered in front of the CHAPLAIN are several soberly dressed figures, among them we recognise PLUMB, HARCOURT-SMITH, BERENSON, BURNHAM, and IRVINE.

CHAPLAIN

We are grateful for the privilege of having known him, as all of us, I believe, have had our lives enriched and enhanced by the example he set us.

Beside the CHAPLAIN we see a small urn containing HEMMINGS' ashes.

CHAPLAIN

For Bernard conducted himself throughout his distinguished career with unfailing good humour, charity and generosity of spirit. In commemorating him today, I do not think it too much to say that his passing marks the end of an era.

Now another figure drifts up to join the group of MOURNERS. It is PRESTON, with his arm in a sling.

CHAPLAIN

For he embodied a dying tradition. A tradition of service, self-sacrifice, dedication to his country and his family. He was one of the old school, and he will be greatly missed.

IRVINE turns and looks at PRESTON.

CHAPLAIN

In placing his remains within the bounds of this college he loved so dearly, it is our fondest desire that he may gain here the peace and quiet tranquility which he longed for during his many months of illness and which he so richly deserves.

CUT TO:

296 INT/EXT. CLOISTERS DAY

296

IRVINE turns towards PRESTON and they drift away down the cloisters.

IRVINE

John...

(PRESTON looks at him, guardedly)
Barry Banks tells me you're not
a happy man.

PRESTON

Yes, you could say that.

IRVINE

Can't think why. The Committee feels
you handled the matter brilliantly.

PRESTON

Why was the Russian killed ?

IRVINE

I believe he was crawling towards
an atomic bomb at the time.

PRESTON

No he wasn't. He was unconscious
on the floor at least ten foot away.

IRVINE

Perhaps the SAS over-reacted.

PRESTON

Really ? I understood they were
acting on orders.

IRVINE raises an eyebrow. PRESTON pauses, looks at him.

PRESTON

Then there was Winkler. The KGB repair
man with the clumsily forged passport.

IRVINE

Mmmm. That was a little sloppy.

PRESTON

Sloppy ? Winkler was a walking sandwich
board: 'Follow me. I'll lead you to the
transmitter ...'

(He looks hard at IRVINE)

That operation was wasted, deliberately
blown away by someone in Moscow, and
you know it. The point is why ?
And why did you cooperate by
killing the Russian ?

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296 CONTINUED

296

They have emerged from the cloisters and in the background we now see BARRY BANKS waiting by Irvine's car. IRVINE looks at PRESTON thoughtfully.

IRVINE

Did you come by car ?

(PRESTON looks at him)

Why don't you give Barry your keys,
I think you and I better take a ride.

It's not a suggestion, it's an order. PRESTON looks at him.

297 INT/EXT. IRVINE'S GAR DAY

297

IRVINE drives into London, PRESTON sits beside him, silently staring straight ahead.

Behind IRVINE's car another car appears, containing MAJOR SNAGG and three HEAVIES.

298 EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY DAY

298

A GUARD looks at IRVINE, nods him through. As they pass through, PRESTON reads the sign of the Russian Embassy.

299 INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY DAY

299

A SOVIET ATTACHE guides PRESTON and IRVINE up the stairs, at the top of the stairs, the SOVIET ATTACHE gestures them into a large room.

300 INT. ROOM IN THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY DAY

300

As IRVINE and PRESTON enter the room, a figure is standing with his back towards them. He turns. It is KARPOV. KARPOV steps forward and greets IRVINE, grasping his hand.

KARPOV

Sir Nigel. Good to see you.

IRVINE

Yevgeni. May I introduce John Preston.

(IRVINE turns to PRESTON)

John, this is General Yevgeni
Sergsivitch Karpov. I believe you
have some questions about Petrofsky.

PRESTON and KARPOV eye each other guardedly.

PRESTON

Was that his name ... Petrofsky ?

300 CONTINUED

300

KARPOV

Petrofsky. A good agent, a brave man,
and a patriot.

A pause. IRVINE sits down. PRESTON glances at KARPOV,
then sits down, and looks straight at KARPOV.

PRESTON

So why did you send us Winkler, then ?
Why did you help us to find him.

KARPOV

I consider there must be limits to
what we do to each other. When I
learnt of the plan and that you were
closing in on Petrofsky, I decided to
send you the only help I could. Winkler.

This sounds rehearsed. KARPOV smiles slightly.

PRESTON

And just when did you find out I was
closing in on Petrofsky ?

KARPOV

Three weeks ago. We have highly
placed sources within your service.

PRESTON

Do you ? Three weeks ago I was getting
nowhere. Someone sold you a dummy.
General.

KARPOV might be a little surprised but he doesn't show it.

PRESTON

In fact if you hadn't sent Winkler
Petrofsky would have succeeded. But
I wonder if that's really the point.

KARPOV

I beg your pardon.

PRESTON

Let me make a guess. Before Petrofsky
died he made a confession - I'm sure
your handwriting people will make a
beautiful job of it. And this
confession will in time be used to
embarrass Govorshin and help you become
the next Chairman of the KGB.

KARPOV's eyes are like steel. IRVINE looks at PRESTON.

300 CONTINUED

300

IRVINE

That's pretty wild, Preston.

PRESTON

(turning to IRVINE)

Is it? Well how about you? In return for providing this 'confession', you, no doubt, will shortly receive from an 'unnamed source' some information on some Soviet agents within our Civil Service. It's the kind of coup that might very well confirm you as the next Chairman of the JIC.

We can tell from IRVINE's expression that PRESTON's got it right. Now PRESTON turns back to KARPOV.

PRESTON

While we're about it though, General, I'll bet there's one name that's not on that list. George Berenson. He's been working for us for ages.

IRVINE glances at KARPOV, looks uncomfortable. KARPOV looks back - then relaxes with a shrug and a hint of a smile. PRESTON doesn't find it so amusing.

PRESTON

It's all a game to you, isn't it, a bloody game. You don't give a shit about anything except your lousy careers. Neither one of you.

IRVINE

(clearing his throat)

Before you continue, John, you might bear in mind where you are.

PRESTON

I'm bearing it in mind. Now I'm here you think you can just put me out with the garbage and no questions asked. I also realise that now Hemmings is dead, everyone who knew what really happened is dead. Except me. But I'm not quite as stupid as I look, so I prepared these.

He takes two sheets of paper out of his pocket and hands one each to KARPOV and IRVINE.

300 CONTINUED

300

PRESTON

Don't bother to look for them, but there are copies out there with the evidence to back them up. And if anything should happen to me, and I mean anything, an 'accident', a mysterious 'illness', those copies are going to find their way to people who are in a position to act on them. So in addition to worrying about your careers, you'd better start worrying about mine.

He pauses, gives them one last look.

PRESTON

Have a nice chat, gentleman. I'll see myself out.

PRESTON turns and exits. KARPOV just watches him go.

301 INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY STAIRCASE DAY

301

PRESTON closes the double doors behind him, and sets off down the staircase. Waiting at the bottom are several purposeful looking KGB MEN in dark suits. They watch him, expressionless, giving no indication whether they are going to let him out or not. PRESTON continues towards them. A phone rings, one of them answers it, nods, hangs up, as PRESTON continues. At the last moment one of them opens the door, and PRESTON steps out into the sunshine.

302 INT. OFFICE, RUSSIAN EMBASSY DAY

302

KARPOV stands at the window, watching PRESTON walk away.

KARPOV

We would never have had him in the KGB.

IRVINE

We didn't really want him in our lot, either. But never mind, old friend, to business ...

He opens a briefcase and takes out a sheaf of papers.

303 EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY DAY

303

PRESTON walks away from the embassy. Ahead of him we see a parked car containing MAJOR SNAGG and his HEAVIES. PRESTON walks on, not even bothering to glance at them.

303 CONTINUED

303

We see BANKS standing by IRVINE's car. As PRESTON approaches, BANKS opens the door for him. PRESTON gives him a hard look. BANKS smiles grudgingly.

304 EXT. PRESTON'S FLAT DAY

304

PRESTON pulls up by his house, sits staring out of the car window. In the area in front of his house TIMMY is playing an urban terrorist version of Cowboys and Indians with some friends. To one side, JOAN (Preston's housekeeper) keeps an eye on them. PRESTON gets out of his car, and TIMMY sees him and rushes up.

TIMMY
Daddy.....!

TIMMY hugs PRESTON, PRESTON turns to JOAN.

PRESTON
We'll be back later, Joan.
Going for a walk.

He takes TIMMY's hand.

TIMMY
Where are we going, Daddy ?

PRESTON doesn't answer, together they walk away down the mews.

TIMMY
Where, Daddy ?

As we crane up now, PRESTON and his son walking hand in hand away down the street, and out into the glorious spring day.

-----oooOooo-----