

THE
LEAGUE
OF
GENTLEMEN

network

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OF
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Screenplay

by

BRYAN
FORBES

Final Shooting Script.
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FADE IN :

- 1 **CLOSE SHOT - SILVER SALVER -** 1
of the kind still used in certain circles for visiting cards. A Hand comes into the shot and deposits a card, suitably and tastefully engraved. It is the first of the **CREDIT TITLES**. The **MAIN TITLE** and the succeeding **CREDIT TITLES**, each on a similar card, are now dropped into the tray, one on top of the other. After the **LAST CARD**, another Hand enters the shot, picks up the tray, and, as **CAMERA PANS** with it, empties the tray into a waste-paper basket.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 2 **EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CLOSE -** 2
a Manhole Cover set in the pavement. After a moment it moves perceptibly and **CAMERA PANS UP** to include a Municipal Water Cart coming towards us in the distance in an otherwise deserted street.
- 3 **CLOSER -** 3
on the Water Cart as it sweeps close to the kerb. We see water splashing up onto the pavement.
- 4 **ANOTHER ANGLE -** 4
including the Manhole Cover, as the Water Cart draws closer.
- 5 **CLOSE -** 5
on the Manhole Cover. It moves again, lifts, and we catch a glimpse of two eyes. At this moment the Water Cart swishes past, spraying water over the pavement area and the Manhole Cover, which immediately drops back into place.
- 6 **FULL SHOT -** 6
the Water Cart going away from us.
- 7 **BACK TO THE MANHOLE COVER -** 7
as it is again lifted cautiously from below. This time, after another pause, it is lifted up entirely. A Man in an impeccably-tailored dinner jacket, whom we shall later identify as **JOHN GEORGE NORMAN HYDE**, pulls himself up and out of the manhole. He looks to be what used to be called a gentleman. Glancing around quickly to see if he is alone and unobserved, he replaces the manhole cover with a hooklike tool, then walks away quickly. His bearing is unmistakably military. As he proceeds towards a corner he dabs at his face with a virgin-white handkerchief.
- 8 **EXT. SIDE STREET -** 8
where a middle-aged Rolls Royce is parked. Hyde comes into view round the corner and crosses to the Rolls. He gets inside - we never hear the engine start - and as the Rolls is pulling away we are

9 EXT. LONDON HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY - 9
Hyde, wearing bowler and umbrella, going inside with other visitors.

QUICK MIX TO:

10 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - 10
as the lift doors open and Hyde and some others get out and go their various ways. He starts down the corridor with the familiarity of custom.

At the Ward Entrance, a YOUNG SISTER looks up from her desk as Hyde walks past.

SISTER

Oh, Mr. Hyde ...

Hyde retraces his steps to her.

SISTER

(gently)

I telephoned you, but you must have left.

Their eyes meet, she nods gravely, and he understands.

HYDE

I see ... When did it happen ?

SISTER

During the night.

HYDE

Poor old Chris.

SISTER

There was never any hope, you know.

HYDE

No.

SISTER

Just went in his sleep - I'm sure he wasn't in any pain at the end. And I know your visits were a great comfort to him all these months ... Pity nobody from his work could be bothered.

HYDE

Ah, well. I don't think he made friends very easily.

SISTER

You knew him in the war, didn't you say ?

HYDE

Yes. Yes, he served with me for a time. Not a born soldier, I'm afraid ... but he knew his own job inside out. He'd been with the same bank for thirty years. Sad to think ... he's nobody to pass it on to ... It's a terrible thing to be alone in the world. Well, good-bye Matron.

SISTER

Sister.

HYDE

Sister. I'm sorry. Thank you for everything.

He starts to go.

SISTER

Goodbye, Mr. Hyde ...

(then she remembers)

Oh ... There were these things you brought him.

She opens a drawer in her desk and brings out a jig-saw puzzle, a draughts board, a pack of cards, a Scrabble set and half a dozen paper-backed novels. Hyde comes back to the desk and looks down at them.

- | | | |
|----|---|----|
| 11 | CLOSER - EYELINE -
as Hyde sorts through the games and books. On top of the stack of books is one with the title "The Golden Fleece" by John Boland. | 11 |
| 12 | BACK TO SCENE -
as Hyde takes "The Golden Fleece". | 12 |

HYDE

I'll just take this ... I was halfway through reading it to him. Perhaps you can find a home for the rest.

SISTER

Oh, easily. Thank you so much, Mr. Hyde. Goodbye.

He smiles bravely and goes to the lift. She looks after him admiringly and a little wistfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. CEMETERY - CLOSE - DAY 13
a large wreath bearing a card which reads:

FROM THE STAFF AT THE BANK

A smaller, but very respectable, wreath is put down alongside it and Hyde's Hand adjusts his handwritten card which reads:

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK to reveal Hyde as he straightens and looks down at the wreaths beside the new grave. He lingers a moment, then turns and leaves.

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - 14
in an avenue of trees, as Hyde approaches CAMERA. Suddenly he gives a jaunty little twirl of his umbrella, and if it were not for the time and the place we could almost believe he is about to execute a happy little dance step. But he doesn't. He continues briskly, but soberly, out.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - NIGHT - 15
a reasonably sized room. Hyde is sitting behind a large, leather-surfaced desk. Neatly arranged in a row before him are seven large manila envelopes. On each of these are, neatly, fresh copies of the book "The Golden Fleece", a smaller white envelope with a name and address already typed, a postcard with something typed on it and a stack of crisp new five-pound notes. Seven white envelopes the same size as the others are off to one side in a separate pile. These also have names typed on them.

Now, Hyde takes a pair of scissors and neatly cuts one of the stacks of bank notes exactly in half. One half he puts into an envelope from the separate pile, seals it and puts it aside. The other half he clips to one of the typewritten cards, puts both money and card into the white addressed envelope and seals this to the inside of the book jacket with Scotch tape, then inserts the book into the companion manila envelope and seals that. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on the manila envelope and we see the name and address on it:

Major Peter Graham Race,
73, Hyde Park Gardens,
London, W.1.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 CLOSE - LETTER SLOT IN DOOR - DAY - 16
as the same manila envelope and some other mail are pushed through and fall into the wire cage. A Woman's Hand, emerging from a housecoat sleeve, comes into the shot to retrieve the mail. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Woman, PEGGY, still attractive but beginning to show signs of wear, and TRACKS with her as she goes out of the hallway and out of shot. CAMERA CONTINUES TO TRACK INTO and THROUGH the DRAWING ROOM.

16 continued

16

This is a good sized room, recently decorated in contemporary style, and now giving evidence of a very thorough-going party the night before. In the centre of the room is a large table covered with green baize and on it, together with overflowing ashtrays and empty glasses, a chermin-de-fer shoe and a great number of playing cards in disarray. STILL TRACKING, the CAMERA picks up PEGGY as she passes another open doorway.

17 INT. HALLWAY - 17
shooting into a small, debris-filled kitchen, where Peggy picks up two steaming cups of coffee, comes out (she has the mail still tucked under one arm) and, with CAMERA GOING WITH HER, proceeds towards a room across the hall. She kicks the door open with slippers feet, slopping the coffee.

PEGGY

Oh, that's right, clot!

She goes inside the room.

18 INT. BEDROOM - 18
as Peggy threads her way across the littered floor to the double bed where a huddled figure is completely hidden by the bed clothes. She bends over the figure and drops the mail on it.

19 CLOSER - 19
as Hyde's packet scores a direct hit. The figure stirs.

PEGGY

Banco, darling.

The figure, PETER GRAHAM RACE, throws off the covers and looks up at her, bleary-eyed, then slowly focuses. He has a pleasant face, blurred by dissipation, but immediately likeable. Now his mouth is dry, his tongue unspeakable.

RACE

Don't, er ... Wait, let me guess.
You're the woman I slept with this morning?

PEGGY

Correct in the first part.

RACE

(searching for it)
Slept ... being the operative word.

PEGGY

That is correct for the second part.
You have just won yourself a weekend,
with all expenses paid, in fabulous
Notting Hill Gate. Have some coffee.

She hands him a cup. He takes a sip, burns himself, and reaches for a cigarette. She anticipates him, lights two and hands one across.

RACE

I, er, know you're not allowed to prompt the contestants .. but I'm not going for the jackpot .. so whisper it ... Was it as bad as I think ?

PEGGY

Worse.

RACE

Cleaned out ?

PEGGY

Scraped.

RACE

(he laughs and takes another sip of coffee)

But it's impossible. Never has a house lost so much, so consistently, to so few.

(he takes a deep drag on the cigarette)

Still, it was fun while it lasted, as the Prime Minister said.

He looks at her, sees her hesitating, reaches up and takes her chin in his hand and brings her face down to him. They kiss. Afterwards he ruffles her hair.

RACE

Well, what now, old dear ?

PEGGY

Meaning me ? Oh, I'll be all right.

She moves away slightly.

PEGGY

The lease is up here anyway, and there's always a spot in the south of France with Bertie .. bonjour tristesse and all that. I can always close my eyes and think of England. What about you ?

RACE

That needs a little more thought. I'll take the bottles back and get the pennies.

He swings out of bed and Hyde's packet falls to the floor. He reaches for it.

RACE

Not to worry. Something always turns up.

PEGGY

Like me ?

RACE

What ? No, not quite like you.

He pulls her to him and they kiss again. They enjoy it.

RACE

Pity that's not deductible. We could make a fortune.

PEGGY

I'll run your bath for you.

She goes out. Race stares after her for a second, then remembers the manila envelope again and looks at it curiously. He tears it open, takes out the book, is puzzled, opens it, sees the small envelope, tears it away, opens it, takes out the enclosed white card and the half-cut bank notes clipped to it. He stares at both.

20 INSERT -

20

as Race lifts the severed notes we can read on the card:

Dear Major,
IF YOU WOULD CARE TO EARN THE MISSING HALVES, A TOTAL OF FIFTY POUNDS, AND PROBABLY A GREAT DEAL MORE, PLEASE READ THE ENCLOSED BOOK AT ONCE AND HAVE LUNCH WITH THE SENDER AT ONE P. M. THURSDAY AT THE CAFE ROYAL, REGENT STREET. PLEASE BE PROMPT. IF ALL GOES WELL YOU WILL HAVE NO FURTHER FINANCIAL WORRIES.

COOPERATIVE REMOVALS, LTD.

21 BACK TO SCENE -

21

Race finishes reading to himself, then examines the cut bank notes and is studying the first page of the book as we

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON BED -
a spartan cell, neat and bare, with a single divan bed. Another of Hyde's packets, split open, lies beside the bed. A naked arm comes into shot and picks it up.

22

- 23 WIDER ANGLE - 23
The arm belongs to RUPERT BUCKLAND-SMITH, D.S.O. He wears only pyjama bottoms and still has a good figure, fleshy but still firm. The face is one we might see in The Tatler, smiling over a glass of bubbly at the Regimental Ball. He picks up the envelope, scowls as he sees it has been opened, then gets out of bed and pads out, carrying the envelope with him.
- 24 INT. BEDROOM - DAY - 24
very feminine and luxuriously furnished. Rupert goes past the king-size bed, which appears to have been slept in by only one person. and goes on through into the bathroom.
- 25 INT. BATHROOM - DAY - 25
furnished and decorated with the same expensive taste as the bedroom. ELIZABETH BUCKLAND-SMITH, Rupert's wife, is in the large modern bath. She is, by any standards, a dish - in her late twenties and with a frank, sensual mouth. She is speaking into a coloured telephone as Rupert comes in and brandishes the envelope.

RUPERT

Did you open this ... ?

She waves a silencing hand at him. He glowers.

ELIZABETH

(into phone)

... No, I'm listening. Well, that's very nice to hear ... No, I'm not promising... No .. Well, you ring me later and find out.

She hangs up and sinks down into the water.

ELIZABETH

Run some more hot in for me, will you ?

RUPERT

I'm not your bloody batman, you know. There is such a word as please.

ELIZABETH

Please. And don't be silly. I didn't read your mail - looked much too dull. I only opened it by mistake. Anyway, I trust my teddy bear.

Baffled, he comes over and turns on the tap.

ELIZABETH

Poor Rupert bear, all upset. Say you're sorry, like a good little bear.

She pouts her lips for a kiss. He hesitates a second, then kisses her. She disengages, and he tries for another. She avoids his lips.

ELIZABETH

Ah, ah! You've had your porridge for this week. Who sent you your lovely book?

RUPERT

Why do I have to answer all the questions? I might ask you who was on the phone just now.

ELIZABETH

Well, ask me, darling. I might even tell you.

He starts out - helpless and frustrated.

ELIZABETH

(with a smile)
Poor teddy bear... Getting a fat little bear, too, I notice. Have to watch his tummy... and he used to look so pretty in his uniform

Rupert pauses at the door.

RUPERT

You want it all ways, don't you?

LIZ

I just face facts, darling. It's not war-time, nothing's rationed any more - there's plenty to go round.

RUPERT

I had a bloody good war.

LIZ

Yes. Perhaps you ought to go off somewhere and find yourself another one. Never know - you might get a mention in my dispatches again.

She sinks down into the bath as he leaves abruptly.

27 INT. DRESSING ROOM - 27
 as Rupert comes in. The book puzzles him as it puzzled Race. He sits down on the divan, sees the white envelope, tears it open and shakes it. The card and money fall out, the money uppermost. He picks it up and looks at it.

MIX TO:

28 ANOTHER HAND - 28
 grubby, palm up, as a crumpled pound note is pressed into it. CAMERA PULLS BACK to EXIT. STREET - DAY. A taxi is standing by the curb, its engine running. MARTIN PORTHILL is paying off the Taxi Driver. He has quick, volatile good looks and would pass for thirty. He wears a dinner jacket with a light raincoat over it. He glances over his shoulder, then leans into the taxi.

29 INT. TAXI - DAY - 29
 where a sleepy, smudged CHORUS GIRL type is curled in the corner.

PORTHILL
 Don't tip him - I took care of it.

GIRL
 (contentedly)
 You took care of me, too.

PORTHILL
 (he smiles, pleased)
 I'll call you.

He slams the door.

30 EXT. STREET - DAY - 30
 as the taxi pulls away and Porthill goes to the front door of a recent conversion and goes in.

MIX TO:

31 INT. HALL - HILDA'S MEWS HOUSE - DAY - 31
 well furnished and in good taste. Porthill has just let himself in and now he picks up another of Hyde's packets from the marble-topped console table.

HILDA
 (O.S.)
 Martin ? Darling, is that you ?

PORTHILL
 Who were you expecting ?

He gives his attention to the envelope. HILDA comes into the hall - a woman whose middle age cannot be concealed by twice-weekly visits to Elizabeth Arden. She wears a silk, man-tailored dressing gown, and the hurt, patient look of a mistreated dog.

PORTHILL

Where'd this come from ?

HILDA

I don't know, darling. I haven't opened it, have I ?

Guilt and annoyance make Porthill deliberately offensive.

PORTHILL

That must have killed you.

He starts past her.

HILDA

I'll get you some breakfast.

PORTHILL

I had breakfast.

32 INT. BEDROOM - DAY -

32

as Porthill comes in, tosses the envelope on the bed and starts to undress. Hilda comes to the doorway and stands there. Porthill is aware of her, but ignores her.

PORTHILL

(finally)

All right, don't just stand there - you've got something to say, say it.

She is silent. It makes him angrier, but he controls it.

PORTHILL

(still undressing)

You phoned the Paradise and they said I'd gone, is that it ? Well, I went on to a party. A very dull party. But I think I'm getting the job back, so you can dust off the piano and I'll do some practising. Okay ? That satisfy you ?

HILDA

(she comes into the room)

I didn't say anything, did I ?

PORTHILL

No, you're improving.

He starts to pass her on his way to the bathroom, but she blocks his way and puts her arms round him.

HILDA

Darling, don't be too awful to me. It's only because I love you so much.

She puts her lips up to be kissed. He kisses her, but his eyes stay open. They part.

PORTHILL

Well, we'll spend the afternoon together, huh? I'll be specially nice to you - let you buy me a present.

HILDA

And we'll have tea together.

PORTHILL

Yeah.

She kisses him again, and he endures it, then pats her in a fatherly way towards the door.

PORTHILL

Now be a good girl and let me get some sleep.

He turns away, sees the envelope and picks it up. Hilda has paused in the doorway.

HILDA

It's not from your wife, is it?

PORTHILL

(shortly)
No.

Deliberately, he goes to the door and closes it. Hating her, he goes to the bed, sprawls on it, starts to rip open the envelope, then stops to turn on the radio on the bedside table, and goes back to the envelope.

MIX TO:

33 INT. LEXY'S SHOP - DAY -

33

a small, cramped, untidy radio and television repair shop in a grimy mews. A battered tape recorder with surprisingly good tone is blaring out some jazz. LEXY, a shortish, stocky man in his thirties is working on a stripped-down radio.

Through the window a new "S" Series Bentley can be seen pulling into the mews, a Man and a Girl in the front seat. The Man, WYLIE, a prosperous wide boy, gets out and comes into the shop. Lexy looks up, sees him, then looks out at the car and the girl.

WYLIE

Hi.

LEXY

Hi.

He stares out at the car enviously.

WYLIE

Just running her in.

33 continued

33

LEXY

Which one ?

34 EXT. MEWS - DAY -

34

on the Car and the Girl, who is fixing her makeup, from Lexy's point of view.

35 RESUME LEXY AND WYLIE -

35

WYLIE

Not ostentatious, is it ?

LEXY

No, not for you. What's the little darling's gimmick ?

WYLIE

She sings. She's a singer.

LEXY

Oh, yeah ? Just one long extended play, eh ? Well now, what's your problem, dad ? If any.

WYLIE

Same as last time.

He reaches across and turns down the volume on the tape recorder.

LEXY

Well, I don't know. I mean, you know, I did it once to help out, but it's taking a big risk.

WYLIE

You got paid.

LEXY

Listen, it wasn't a pension for life, was it ?

WYLIE

Well, okay, I'll up the ante. Another five.

LEXY

Don't rupture yourself, will you ? I might be interested in twenty-five.

WYLIE

Do me a favour.

LEXY

That's a favour.

He turns up the volume again. Wylie hesitates, gets out his wallet, counts some notes from a thick wad and tosses them onto the counter. Lexy checks them, then opens a drawer.

36 INT. DRAWER - 36
Another of Hyde's books is in the drawer, a portion of the inner envelope peeping out from under the jacket.

37 RESUME 35 - 37
as Wylie starts out to get the slot machine in his car.

LEXY

Uh - uh. Be my guest.

He edges past Wylie and goes out into the mews.

38 EXT. MEWS - THE BENTLEY - 38
as Lexy goes to it, opens the door, gets the keys out of the ignition lock, looking at the girl with clear-eyed and frank interest. She returns the look without fervour. Unabashed, Lexy closes the door, and still keeping his eyes on her, goes around to the rear and opens the trunk, lifts a one-armed bandit out and carries it into the shop. He has never taken his eyes off the girl.

39 INT. SHOP - 39
as Lexy puts the heavy machine down. Wylie has not been unaware of the performance.

LEXY

How d'you want it fixed this time ?

WYLIE

Just lengthen the odds a bit. Like a hundred and ten to one. With a ten per cent jackpot.

LEXY

You're sure that's enough ... Don't they ever twig it ?

WYLIE

No. They love punishment. People are greedy - didn't you know ? Have it ready for tonight.

He picks up his keys and starts out.

LEXY

(with a look outside)

Ah - I'll take that phone number - you know, when you're ready for a trade in.

WYLIE

(victorious at last)

You couldn't afford the down payment.

He goes out. Lexy looks after him sourly. There is the SOUND of the trunk being closed, then the car door opening and closing.

40 ANOTHER ANGLE - 40
 past Lexy's and out the shop window, where Wylie starts the car, and backs it out of scene with a roar. Lexy turns, picks up a screw-driver and gives the handle of the machine a vicious pull. The fruits blur on the rollers as the CAMERA TRACKS IN.

MIX TO:

41 INT. SMALL GYM - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - 41
 a punching bag oscillating from a recent blow. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a youth - BILL - wearing boxing shorts and sparring gloves. We are inside a small hall which has been roughly converted into a gym. Watching Bill have a workout is STEVENS, who runs the gym. He has a hard, professionally fit body and wears a clean T shirt and white flannels. He is a rugged type, but gives the impression of being physically conceited. Now he steps in and steadies the bag.

STEVENS

Okay, that's it. Go take a rub down.

Bill wanders off towards a door marked "Private" and disappears. Stevens hits the bag several times with a quick, straight left, then follows him.

VOICE

(O. S.)

Mr. Stevens.

Stevens turns, sees a Man - BAKER - with a soft, blotchy face and wet lips - dressed in a dirty raincoat, standing in the entrance to the gym, and smiling nicely. Stevens closes the door marked "Private" and moves to Baker.

STEVENS

I told you not to come here.

BAKER

Necessity knows no manners, as they say.

STEVENS

Well, I've got nothing for you anyway. I told you last time that was the lot. I'm not made of money, you know . . .

(Baker waits, the smile intact)

Things have been very slack.

BAKER

Yea. Oh, they have for everybody, and one gets through it so quickly, doesn't one? And, of course, hobbies are a luxury . . . When can I expect something then?

STEVENS

I've told you, I haven't the money.

BAKER

(still smiling)

End of next week, shall we say ?
Don't leave it any later though .. I
mean we want to keep it all friendly.
I'll look in again then.

STEVENS

I'll send it to you, if I get any.

BAKER

No, I prefer the personal touch, I'll
look in ... And you'll get it, don't
worry. I've every confidence in you.

He goes. Stevens stands watching him for a second, then goes into
the room marked "Private".

42 INT. STEVENS' ROOM - DAY - 42
a small, neat room, couch along one wall, a table, two chairs, a
radio on a shelf, a locker and washbasin. Bill is standing by the
table, a towel wrapped around his middle, leafing through a book -
as he lifts it we see it is another of Hyde's copies of The Golden Fleece.

STEVENS

What's the matter with you - you
want to catch cold ? Get on there
and get a blanket over you.

Bill puts the book down on the table.

BILL

What's this like then ? Any good ?

STEVENS

What's that ? Oh, no idea, haven't
started it yet.

He goes to the locker and takes out a bottle of rubbing oil. Bill
lies on the couch and pulls a blanket over him. Stevens comes to
the table with the oil - he pushes Hyde's book out of sight under a
newspaper, then pours a little of the oil into his palm and goes to
the couch.

BILL

The last one you lent me wasn't
much. Nothing happened, did it ?
I mean, I didn't understand half of
it. What were them two blokes up
to then ?

Stevens starts the massage, his thoughts elsewhere.

BILL

I mean, if you've got to read a book, like, I like them others - you know, plenty of thrills and that in 'em.

STEVENS

Well, there are thrills and thrills.

He kneads the boy's shoulders professionally, but his eyes come up and he is thinking of something as we

MIX TO:

43 INT. WEAVER'S SHOP - EVENING - CLOSE UP - 43
A Man's EYE, enlarged inside a jeweller's eyepiece. CAMERA PULLS BACK as WEAVER takes the eyepiece out and rubs his tired eyes. He is sitting at a small upright desk in the corner of his watch and clock-mender's shop. Behind him is a door with the upper panels glassed, with light showing from the other side. Now it opens and his wife, MOLLY, puts her head round it.

MOLLY

Frank - it's on the table.

She disappears again. Weaver sits there a moment wearily, then gets up and goes to the glassed door.

44- INT. PARLOUR - EVENING - 44-
45 A room without taste, with a television set occupying the place of 45
honour. It is switched on, but with the sound turned down, so that it provides a constant background of unrelated noise. An Elderly Man, Molly's DADDY, sits hunched in an easy chair, staring at the TV screen, a plate of food on a small table before him. He is all but senile.

On the table in the centre of the room one place has been set and the food is already there. A folded newspaper is beside the setting.

Molly is in the kitchen o. s. as Weaver comes in, notes the old man and the TV briefly, then sits down at the table, unfolds the paper and starts to eat. From this point on during the scene, the CAMERA will rarely leave him.

MOLLY

(O. S.)

Frank? You there?

Weaver does not reply. Molly comes in from the kitchen with a pint of milk and a glass.

MOLLY

Oh, you are.

44- continued
45

44-
45

She brings the milk and glass to the table. She is middle-aged, frumpy and common and it is obvious that Weaver has married beneath him. She now turns to the TV.

MOLLY

Want some more gravy, love ? Look at him, just lapping it up. What's happening tonight, Daddy ?

Daddy turns and looks at her vaguely. Weaver doesn't react.

MOLLY

I said, what's happening ? On there ! Little girl still in the iron lung, is she ?

DADDY

(happily)
They're all dying.

MOLLY

Oh, he loves it.

She goes to him, takes his plate, then starts back to the kitchen.

MOLLY

Doctor was here today. Thought Daddy looked wonderful - says he might go on for years - way he's looked after.

Weaver's eyes come up. He looks at Daddy, then goes on eating without appetite. Molly continues talking from the kitchen.

MOLLY

(O. S.)

'Course, he said he'd never have lasted like he has if we'd put him away. You're a marvel, Mrs. Weaver, he said. Very nice he is, to talk to. Well, I said, Frank would never let Daddy go into a home, not after what he did for us, giving Frank the business and all.

Weaver looks up again, first towards the kitchen, then to Daddy, then continues eating mechanically.

Molly comes back with some cocoa for Daddy, puts it down before him, and steps back to look at the screen.

MOLLY

He looked at my veins while he was here. He says they'll never get better unless I get off my feet more ...

44- continued
45

44-
45

Weaver continues eating. Molly adjusts the TV picture, then picks up the cocoa cup and holds it to the old man's lips as she continues to watch the screen. Daddy drinks, slobbering a little as he watches the screen fixedly.

She takes the cup away from him again, wipes his mouth, and starts back for the kitchen.

MOLLY

What did I want to tell you ? Something.

She disappears into the kitchen again. Weaver has not stopped eating and reading his newspaper.

MOLLY

(O. S.)

Oh, I know, yes. You know old Wilson's son, what's his name, the middle one ? Runs that garage. Raymond. No, that's the eldest. Married that girl who used to do my hair - you remember, everybody said the baby wasn't his.

Weaver looks up and towards the kitchen sombrely. SOUND of water running in the kitchen. The Old Man cackles softly. Weaver wipes his mouth, picks up the bottle of milk and the glass, gets up and starts towards the shop. As he nears the door:

MOLLY

(O. S.)

Well, anyway, they reckon he won fourteen thousand on the pools. In the papers apparently. I don't know, some people.

The door closes behind Weaver.

46 INT. SHOP -
as Weaver comes in, goes to the desk, puts the bottle and glass down, switches on the anglepoise lamp, opens the old-fashioned safe nearby, takes out another copy of Hyde's book, and puts it down on the desk. He sits down, opens the small envelope, takes out the severed five pound notes, puts the eyepiece in his eye, holds up the notes to the light and is examining them closely as we

46

MIX TO:

47 EXT. FRONT PORCH - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT -
on empty milk bottles, as feet go by them. SOUND of a door opening and closing.

47

48 INT. HALL AND STAIRWAY - NIGHT - 48
 as BRIAN ANTHONY MYCROFT, a middle-aged man with a harried, gone-to-seed face, a shabby suit and a clerical collar, comes into the sleazy rooming-house hallway. He walks quietly through the gloom towards the staircase, pausing only to pick up a manila envelope from a table, and starts up the stairs. A door opens by the side of the stairs and a shaft of light illuminates the hall. A Woman puts her head out - she has the hard, brassy appearance of the professional landlady.

WOMAN

That you ?

MYCROFT

(turning guiltily)

Yes. Good evening, Mrs. Boyle.

WOMAN

Been waiting for you to come in.
 You had callers this afternoon.
 Two gentlemen.

MYCROFT

(immediately ill at ease)

Oh. Who was it, did they say ?

WOMAN

No, didn't leave no name.

MYCROFT

Ah, well, expect they'll call again.

WOMAN

(with meaning)

Yes, they said they'd be back.

MYCROFT

Probably something in connection
 with the magazine.

WOMAN

Didn't look like church magazine,
 Father. Looked more like police,
 Father.

MYCROFT

Well, I expect it'll sort itself out.
 Most grateful, Mrs. Boyle.

He goes on up the stairs, trying not to hurry. The Woman stares after him, her lips moving, then goes back into her own room.

49 INT. MYCROFT'S ROOM - NIGHT - 49
 as Mycroft comes in, closes the door, switches on the overhead light and reveals the drab, discouraging bedroom. His panic is equally evident. He throws the manila envelope on the bed, kneels, pulls out a battered suitcase, puts it on the bed, opens it. Hurriedly, he starts to collect his pitifully few belongings, shaving gear, the odd shirt, socks, handkerchiefs, and throws them into a suitcase.

- 50 INSERT - THE SUITCASE - 50
as Mycroft throws his things in. In the suitcase are a collection of nude photographic magazines.
- 51 BACK TO SCENE - 51
Mycroft closes the suitcase, makes a last check of the room, sees the manila envelope on the bed, glances at it curiously, opens the suitcase again, throws it in, and goes stealthily to the door, then puts out the light and sneaks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 52 EXT. PICCADILLY AND REGENT STREET - DAY - 52
The usual noonday traffic. A taxi coming round Eros takes the left-hand lane into Regent Street, where it pulls over to the centre of the road and does a tight U turn, to pull up outside the Cafe Royal. CAMERA TRACKS IN to the Cafe Royal entrance.

MIX THROUGH TO:

- 53 INT. CORRIDOR. - CAFE ROYAL - DAY - 53
CAMERA CLOSE on a board that reads "COOPERATIVE REMOVALS - MAPLE ROOM". CAMERA now PANS off board as the lift comes to a stop and the doors open, revealing an elderly Man and two tweedy Women. They give way (the Man has to step out of the lift) to allow the rear ranks to disembark. Weaver, Rupert, Stevens, Porthill, Mycroft and Lexy get out. They are all dressed, according to their standards, smartly. Mycroft is, of course, minus his clerical collar. They eye each other suspiciously. A Waiter steps forward.

WAITER

Cooperative party ? This way please.

They follow him. Behind them the lift doors close again and it ascends still further.

- 54- INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CAFE ROYAL - DAY - 54-
57 as the Waiter leads the way into the room where a large table is set for eight. Two other Waiters are present and immediately come forward with trays of drinks. Everybody takes one with the exception of Weaver. 57

PORTHILL

(glass in hand)

Do I say thank you to anybody ?

He looks around - they all look very uneasy.

PORTHILL

No host ? Ah, well !

He downs his drink. Lexy does likewise and immediately reaches for another.

LEXY

Liquor's genuine, anyway.

54- continued
57

54-
57

Stevens moves to the table and examines the place settings. Lexy and Weaver also move to the table, looking for their own cards. Porthill walks to Rupert.

PORTHILL

I know you, don't I ?

RUPERT

I don't think so.

PORTHILL

Not a member of the Paradise club,
are you ?

RUPERT

What club ?

PORTHILL

Paradise.

RUPERT

(with distaste)
Not to my knowledge.

PORTHILL

Funny, thought I'd seen you there.

Lexy is at the table, with his own card.

LEXY

Spelt the name right, anyway.
(he turns to Mycroft)
Found yours yet ?

MYCROFT

Er, yes.

LEXY

Well, let's swop. Saves intros.

MYCROFT

I think perhaps . . .

He drops his card on the table and turns and makes for the door. CAMERA PANS him straight into Hyde, who takes him firmly by the arm.

HYDE

Not leaving just yet, I hope ?
You'll miss a rather good lunch.

Hyde propels him back into the room. He carried a furled umbrella, together with a smart leather document case. A Waiter comes forward.

HYDE

Good morning, gentlemen.
(to the Waiter)
Thank you, just the umbrella.

He takes them all in as he walks to the table and places his document case by the side of the chair at the head of the table.

HYDE

I take it you've found out where
you're sitting .. so, shall we ?

Porthill and Stevens exchange glances. Stevens gives a half smile. Then they move to their respective places.

HYDE

Good. That's right. Ah ! One
absentee, I see.

The Head Waiter has now put in an appearance and is hovering discreetly. Hyde flashes him a curt smile.

HYDE

Well, we won't wait. I chose the
menu with rather more than usual
care ... be a pity to ruin it for
one defaulter.

He inclines his head towards the Head Waiter, who signals for the others to commence serving the first course. He himself brings the wine to the table for Hyde's inspection.

HYDE

What's that ? Oh good man, you
found a bottle, did you ?
(he puts a hand to it)
Excellent.

The Head Waiter starts to pour the wine (a white wine) as the others move in with the dishes. Rupert sits at Hyde's right hand. Porthill is on his left. Next to Porthill is Mycroft and then Lexy. The other two places on the opposite side are taken by Weaver and Stevens. The seat at the opposite end of the table is left empty.

HYDE

(to Rupert)
Have any parking trouble ?

RUPERT

I didn't come by car.

HYDE

Very sensible.
(he savours the wine)
Oh, this is good - absolutely at
peak.

54- continued
57

54-
57

He looks down at the table to Weaver, who hasn't touched his.

HYDE
Don't you agree ?

WEAVER
I don't drink.

HYDE
Oh, no, of course not. I forgot.
Do start, gentlemen.

Weaver is looking at him, startled, worried.

58 ANOTHER ANGLE - shooting toward the door. The Waiters are just serving Hyde with food when the door opens to reveal Race. He does a take. 58

RACE
God almighty !

All heads turn.

RACE
This is the right place - Co-operative what not ?

HYDE
Yes, do come in. Just about to begin without you.

He indicates the place at the other end of the table. Race walks to it, giving a nod to the others.

RACE
Took the wrong turning, found myself surrounded by Methodists drinking lemonade. Gave me a terrible shock.

The Waiter pulls his chair back and another Waiter serves him with food. The Head Waiter comes round with the wine.

RACE
That looks more like it. What is it ?
(he examines the label)
Yes, fair enough. Fifty-two all finished, I suppose ?

There is a glint in Hyde's eyes, but he lets the remark go. He raises his glass.

HYDE
Enjoy your meal, gentlemen. You know the old saying. If a rich man, eat when you will - if a poor man, when you can.

58 continued

58

There is a moment's pause, then they start to eat and we

MIX THROUGH TO:

59- INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CAFE ROYAL - DAY - 59-
69 Coffee has been served and the brandy and cigars handed round. 69
The Head Waiter is hovering to make sure all is well.

HYDE

(palming a tip)

See we're not disturbed, will you ?

HEAD WAITER

Leave it to me, sir.

He withdraws, closing the door. Hyde surveys the table.

HYDE

Well, now, gentlemen, the first thing for me to do, I think, is establish my good faith.

He produces his document case and takes out some small envelopes.

HYDE

You'll find these contain the missing halves of the five pound notes ...

Captain Porthill.

(he hands the first one to Porthill)

Captain Mycroft ... Major Buckland-Smith, Lieutenant Lexy, Captains Weaver and Stevens and Major Race. Don't bother to thank me, gentlemen - purely a business transaction.

RACE

(as he checks the contents of his envelope)

Be a little difficult to thank you, anyway, old dear, since I don't know your name.

HYDE

Didn't I sign the letters ? How very careful of me. Well, I've no objections now, I don't think. My name's Hyde. J. G. N. Hyde.

RACE

What's the J stand for ? Jekyll ?

HYDE

That's a thought, isn't it ?

He takes a copy of "The Golden Fleece" out of his case.

RACE

Mr. Hyde ? Corporal Hyde ? ...
Sergeant ?

HYDE

(unruffled)

Let's just leave it that I outrank
you.

(he holds up the book)

The book, gentlemen, I'd like your
opinions of it. You all read it, I
take it ?

RACE

'Fraid I didn't, old dear.

Hyde looks straight down the table at him.

HYDE

Any particular reason why not,
Major ?

RACE

Just I never read books from strange
men.

Lexy sniggers. Hyde takes it without a flicker.

HYDE

A very brief precis, then, for the
Major's benefit. American thriller
with the germ of a good - almost
brilliant - idea. About a group of
single-minded men who plan and
execute a particularly daring bank
robbery. Right ? Now - any criticisms
about the way the robbery was organised ?

He looks at Porthill.

PORTHILL

You asking me ? I thought it was
quite original.

HYDE

That's all ?

PORTHILL

Yes, that's all.

HYDE

I see. Mr. Stevens ?

STEVENS

I enjoyed it. Bit far fetched perhaps.

HYDE

You couldn't see it happening in
real life ?

STEVENS

Oh, I wouldn't go as far as that.
Life is always surprising me.

HYDE

But didn't it excite any of you ?
Mycroft ?

MYCROFT

I was held by it, yes.

HYDE

Nothing more ? I mean, weren't
you actually excited ?

MYCROFT

No. Can't say I was. I prefer
more subtle things, really.

HYDE

(a hint of irritation)

Didn't it give any of you any ideas ?

LEXY

Gave me a headache - I read it in bed.

HYDE

What about the basic idea - the way
the robbery was conceived - like a
textbook military campaign - didn't
that fire your imaginations ?

He waits.

RACE

Apparently not, old dear.

HYDE

Well, you disappoint me, gentlemen.
I expected more of you. I felt sure that -
at the very least - the idea of making
easy money would appeal to all of you.

Rupert straightens up, annoyed.

RUPERT

And what made you so sure of that ?

HYDE

(with a smile)

Oh, come now. You're all crooks,
aren't you . . . of one kind or another ?

continued

He waits for their reaction, sipping his brandy slowly. After a slight pause Mycroft starts to lumber to his feet.

HYDE

Wouldn't you agree with that ...
Padre ?

MYCROFT

I'm not staying here... be
insulted.

HYDE

Oh, I would, if I were you. After
all we're all men of the world ...
So an officer who was cashiered for
gross indecency in a public place -
the Botanical Gardens, Tunbridge
Wells, wasn't it ? - needn't feel
squeamish.

Mycroft sways, his face and composure dissolving.

HYDE

And then of course you took up your
religious activities, didn't you ?
What denomination are you with at
the moment ? Church of England, is
it ? No - that stopped at Bristol,
didn't it ? At the Assizes. Well,
anyway, you've got a mission in
life ... that's all that matters.

Mycroft sits down again, slowly, shattered. Hyde looks down the
table to Lexy who is grinning.

HYDE

Ah, you look amused, Mr. Lexy. Is
it a joke we can all share ?

LEXY

You tell me.

Hyde flicks his cigar ash and gets to his feet. Lexy watches him
narrowly behind his retreating grin. As in the case of Mycroft and
the others to come, the CAMERA FAVOURS Lexy as Hyde pinpoints
him.

HYDE

I can't tell you the same joke, but
try this one. I think it has a certain
charm. Berlin 1945. Lieutenant
Edward Lexy, Royal Corps of
Signals, kicked out for giving infor-
mation to the Russians. The joke being
that you did it for money - as always -
not principles. Not funny ? Bit near
the knuckle, perhaps ?

59-
60 continued

59-
60

There is a nervous stir as he starts down the table and reaches Porthill.

HYDE

Depends whose finger's on the trigger, doesn't it, Captain Porthill? Your's was in Cyprus - when you were cashiered with ignominy for shooting Eoka suspects?

Porthill struggles to remain unimpressed.

HYDE

He's still using those nimble fingers though, playing piano in cheap night clubs . . . and extracting pocket money from middle-aged ladies for services courageously rendered.

He moves on towards Race - who awaits his own exposure calmly - pouring himself a fresh drink and settling back in his chair comfortably. Hyde exchanges a smile with him.

HYDE

Race. Ex-Major Race. With his customary foresight in these matters, which did him - and at the same time kept him from - justice, resigned his commission just before a flourishing black market ring was uncovered in post-war Hamburg.

Race bows his head good-naturedly and downs his drink.

RACE

Decent gesture, though - sake of the regiment, you know. I mean, breeding always counts.

Hyde starts back up the other side of the table. Stevens, waiting for the blow to fall, reaches for a cigarette.

HYDE

Friend Stevens. One time fascist back-room boy. Mosley speaks and all that. Saw the light just in time, and was made an officer and a gentleman . . .

Under the eyes of the others, Stevens' fingers tremble a little as he lights up.

HYDE

But unfortunately couldn't quite behave like one. The Sunday newspapers had a field day - there's nothing the British public like better than catching the odd men out.

59- continued
69

59-
69

He goes on to Weaver.

HYDE

Captain Weaver. A sad case, but not demanding too much sympathy for the Captain.

Weaver closes his eyes.

HYDE

Save your tears for the men who died as a result of his gross negligence. Four, weren't there? Members of a bomb disposal squad acting under Mr. Weaver's orders while he was acting under the influence ...

He moves on to a taunt and white-faced Rupert.

HYDE

Then, of course, gallant Major hyphenated Smith - we mustn't forget you. You always wanted to die with your boots clean, didn't you Rupert? But marriage changed all that ... His wife's money bought him out after she'd settled some embarrassing Mess bills. However ... Gratitude, as Nurse Cavell omitted to add, is not enough ...

He has reached his own place again and, the others all watching him, he turns and grips the back of his chair, facing them.

HYDE

And where do I fit in? Well, I'm afraid I have the advantage over you gentlemen. My criminal career is just beginning. You won't find anything on me - not a blemish. I served my country well and was suitably rewarded ... by being declared redundant.

(he glances at his watch)

So, let's not kid ourselves any longer. This wasn't intended to be the book of the month club - I brought you all together because I have a certain proposition to make.

They are all watching, hypnotised despite themselves.

HYDE

(his voice taking an edge)
What do we all have in common -
apart from an urgent need for
funds ? We were all trained - at
great public expense - to do certain
things with the utmost efficiency -
such as how to kill a man with mini-
mum effort, and other arts and
crafts - which while frowned upon in
peace-time are acclaimed in times
of war.

Race smiles.

HYDE

Well, I've got a social conscience -
I think it's a crying shame for so much
public money to be wasted. I intend to
put it to some practical peace-time
use ... After all, we owe it to our
country not to stagnate, because, who
knows ? Despite our various defects,
we may be needed again.

RACE

Hear, hear.

Lexy, Mycroft and Porthill are smiling. Hyde picks up his copy of
the book and waves it at them.

HYDE

Now then. The main character
in this book knew just where to lay
his hands on various experts to do
jobs he wanted ... Well, you are
my experts. You were all
specialists in your own fields ...
and with your cooperation, I intend
to rob a bank of my own.

They lose their smiles. Hyde surveys them all.

HYDE

And the pay, gentlemen ? One
hundred thousand pounds each. That's
two hundred and eighty thousand dollars - a
million one hundred thousand
Deutches-Marks, over a hundred
million francs - if any of you are
thinking of emigrating. And it could
be more.

RACE

How do you know, old dear ? Have
you counted it already ?

HYDE

How do I know? How did I arrive at all of you? Because I make sure of all my facts before I move. I've put in a great deal of time and money on this project, and I'm giving you the benefit of both.

RACE

I see. And which bank is it?

HYDE

That's restricted for the moment...
(he looks at his watch)
And this is as far as I'm prepared to go for the time being.

He snaps his case shut, smiles at them all, and strides briskly to the door, then turns and faces them. They are all staring at him.

HYDE

Think it over - carefully. And I hope no one'll try to be clever. Such a waste of time. I shall deny everything, and a year's work'll go for nothing. It could be a year well spent for all of us.

PORTHILL

How do we contact you?

HYDE

Oh, I'll do the contacting. I'll let you know when and where we meet again.

LEXY

(licking his lips)
Same terms?

HYDE

(drily)
But of course.

He opens the door, pauses, turns back to them. They are still staring at him.

HYDE

Oh, do drink up while it lasts - everything's paid for, and the room's yours till four. Good afternoon, gentlemen, it's been a pleasure.

59- continued
69

59-
69

He smiles gently, and goes out. There is a complete silence. No one moves. Then they begin to look at one another. Weaver reaches for the brandy bottle.

LEXY

Ah-ah -- careful ..

Weaver looks at him acidly, and downs the drink. Race gets to his feet thoughtfully, and begins to fill his cigarette case from the box on the table.

RACE

Well, old dears, speaking purely personally, I thought that was a bloody good lunch.

(he snaps his case shut)

Only one thing - I do so hope he hasn't got the National Provincial in mind. They're being awfully decent to me at the moment.

He is moving towards the door as we

DISSOLVE TO:

- 70 EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - DAY - 70
A girls' convent school standing in large private grounds. A fine old house, its own chapel nearby, glimpsed across green lawns. The distant SOUND of girls at play on the hockey field. The CAMERA PICKS UP Hyde's Rolls, as it turns off the main road, and enters the tree-lined drive. CAMERA PANS OFF and up the main road. In the far distance, another car pulls up and parks. It is too far for us to distinguish the driver.
- 71 EXT. SCHOOL DRIVE - DAY - 71
as Hyde's Rolls travels sedately towards the school buildings.
- 72 CLOSER - 72
as the Rolls pulls up in the school forecourt. Several schoolgirls walk past with a Nun in charge. Hyde gets out of the Rolls, nods politely to the Nun and strolls towards the school entrance. He has an air of paternal pride about him. Before he reaches the entrance the Mother Superior comes out and walks down the steps to greet him. They exchange warm greetings, then start to stroll towards the playing fields.
- 73 ANOTHER ANGLE - 73
Hyde and the Mother Superior walking side by side. A Teenage Girl of colt-like beauty appears round the corner of the building and runs towards Hyde excitedly. They link arms and walk away together after exchanging a kiss in greeting. The Mother Superior watches approvingly.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 74 EXT. HYDE'S HOUSE - EVENING - 74
A gaunt, ugly Victorian structure standing well back from the road in its own grounds. Partial illumination from a street lamp at the drive gates. Hyde's Rolls turns in and proceeds gingerly, Hyde carefully steering round several large potholes.
- 75 CLOSER - 75
with the Rolls coming TOWARDS CAMERA. Suddenly there is the SOUND of another car coming at speed, and a few seconds later the second vehicle arrives, horn blaring and headlamps flaring into CAMERA as it tears in from the road and roars past the Rolls.
- 76 INT. ROLLS - EVENING - CLOSE SHOT - 76
Hyde at the wheel. He swerves as the other car flashes past.
- 77 THE OTHER CAR - 77
as the unknown Driver brakes hard, then cuts both engine and headlamps, from Hyde's viewpoint.
- 78 FULL SHOT - 78
as the two cars stop within feet of each other. Hyde gets out of the Rolls, surprisingly calm. We hear the SOUND of the other Driver's door being opened and a second later Race comes into view.

RACE

You want to get those pot-holes filled in, old dear - bloody near ruined my springs.

HYDE

I had them dug especially for you. Sorry if I went round the houses this afternoon - very boring for you.

RACE

Oh. Pretty obvious, eh?

HYDE

I wouldn't say obvious exactly -

RACE

No, well I'm not very good at it. Probably because I'm usually the one who's followed. Ten four.

He follows Hyde now to the front door.

HYDE

Never mind, you gave me a certain academic thrill - it was a seven to one shot, but my money was on you from the start.

(he puts key in the latch)

You'd like a drink, I take it, before you go back to the YMCA?

RACE

(with increased respect)

Er, yes, thanks.

They go inside.

79 INT. HALLWAY. HYDE'S HOUSE - EVENING - 79
as they come into the large square hall with its mock-Tudor staircase. Hyde switches on a dim overhead light.

RACE

Butler's day off?

HYDE

I live alone.

He crosses to the door of his study, and motions Race inside. Race goes toward him.

RACE

Big mistake to live alone, old dear. Gives one a complex ...

80 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - NIGHT - 80
as Race comes in and Hyde follows, puts his briefcase down and goes to draw the curtains.

RACE

How were the nuns by the way?

Race, at the desk, turns a leather photoframe towards him. It contains a picture of the Teenage Girl we have seen earlier.

HYDE

Fine. Well, now, what shall we talk about? How to cut the others out?

He replaces the photo frame in its original position and goes to a liquor cabinet.

RACE

Now, isn't that odd. What made you say that? I mean, I'm an absolutely worthless character ... don't think I'm trying to dodge the issue ... but there's nothing nasty about me.

Hyde, at the liquor cabinet, discovers only an empty whisky bottle. He shakes it, puts it back.

HYDE

Really? Don't disillusion me too quickly. Sorry. I'll have to look in the kitchen.

He starts out.

RACE

Mind if I come?

HYDE

No do. There's nothing of interest in here.

Race follows him out.

- 81 INT. HALLWAY - EVENING - 81
as they come out of the study and Hyde leads the way to the kitchen. Race glances up the staircase.
- 82 THE STAIRCASE 82
Halfway down, a large oil painting of a young woman of some beauty, from Race's point of view.
- 83 BACK TO RACE - 83
as he looks up at the picture thoughtfully and follows Hyde into the kitchen.
- 84 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING - 84
Hyde switches on the light to reveal a large, tiled room with an air of disuse about it. He crosses to one of the fitted storage cupboards and rummages around, while Race surveys the scene - the double sinks heaped with dirty crockery, the gas stove with its saucepan of stale milk on it.

RACE

Not exactly Mrs. Beaton, are you,
old dear?

Hyde turns, holding a bottle of whisky up to the light.

HYDE

What's that? Oh, well, one can't
be bothered, cooking for oneself.

He goes to the sink with the bottle, finds two glasses and rinses them under the cold tap. Race comes to him, picks up a tea cloth, takes one of the glasses from Hyde and starts to dry it. Hyde doesn't bother with his, but pours the whisky straight into it. Race holds out his glass and is given a generous tot. They raise glasses and drink - Race downs his in one go, then takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

RACE

Don't object, do you? I'm rather
good at this. Way I was brought up.
Mummy thought the world of me.

He turns on the hot tap and ties the tea-towel round his waist.

RACE

Soap powder?

HYDE

Under there. But don't think
you have to.

Race delves into the cupboard under the sink and produces a packet of Tide. He tips some into the water, swirls it.

RACE

Believe it or not, this was the one
chore I used to miss in the army.
What rank did they kick you out with
by the way?

HYDE

I made half colonel.

RACE

(as he washes)

Bloody shame. Still, I gather you're
not intending to fade away. Let me
tell you about me, though.

HYDE

Yes, do.

(he refills the glasses)

RACE

Oh, thanks. Well, I'm the careful
type - came through the old krieg
without a scratch - blokes queued to
stand next to me at Dunkirk.

84 continued

He rinses some plates and puts them to one side to dry, then takes another drink before proceeding.

RACE

No luck. I just took care. Rule One - ask first, be a hero later. So, I'm asking. Why should you want to lead me to the biggest amount of loot I've ever heard of?

HYDE

(he starts to wipe)

You're one of the experts I need. To be successful an army has to be mobile - that means a good transport officer. You used to be as good as they come. This has still got egg on it.

Race takes the plate back to rewash, slightly peeved.

RACE

So sorry. I see. And what about the others?

HYDE

I'm glad you asked that. What'd you think of them by the way?

RACE

Not Nature's Noblemen perhaps ...

HYDE

No ... but as a team, all hand selected. Weaver, genius with explosives. Lexy, faultless when it come to radio communications. Mycroft, absolutely first class quartermaster. And the other three, good trained soldiers, ruthless if need be.

RACE

And what's your speciality?

HYDE

Oh, I synchronize the watches.

RACE

And go over the top first?

They continue washing and drying as they speak.

HYDE

I shall be there on the day.

RACE

Well, remember Rule Two, old dear - never get ahead of the mob - they're liable to shoot you in the arse. What you need is somebody to protect your interests.

HYDE

Yes, that had occurred to me, too. But, before you suggest yourself for the job - I ought to mention one thing - everybody gets the same share.

RACE

(with a grin)

Well ... roughly, anyway.

HYDE

(shakes his head, serious)

No, I intend to get away with this. And the one sure way to disaster is for somebody to get greedy. It's equal shares for all.

RACE

(skeptically)

Including you?

HYDE

Of course. Naturally, I'll want my expenses reimbursed.

RACE

(wisely)

Uh-huh.

HYDE

There'll be fully itemised accounts. Still want to be considered?

RACE

I still haven't heard what you think you're going to get away with

HYDE

Oh, that comes later - when we've reached an agreement. As you say, one has to proceed carefully ... I was at Dunkirk, too.

RACE

(still smiling)

Yes, but I bet you didn't get away on the first boat, like me. 'Course, there's always the possibility - ugly though it may sound - that I might spill the beans, if we didn't reach an agreement, I mean.

HYDE

And you said you weren't nasty.

RACE

I'm not. It's just the way my mind works sometimes. You know, in vicious circles.

HYDE

Yes, but you're not the informer type. Tell you what, let's have something to eat, shall we, and talk about it? I'm sure we can find a mutually acceptable solution.

He moves to the fridge.

RACE

Two meals in one day. You're spoiling me.

HYDE

All my men loved me.

He opens the fridge, and stoops to look inside it.

MIX THROUGH TO:

85 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE ON - the remains of bacon and eggs on a plate as Race's hand enters the shot and stubs out a cigarette in it. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Race and Hyde sitting at the kitchen table. Hyde is waiting for Race's reaction. 85

RACE

(after a pause)

In theory, I like it. It has a certain old world charm. But it'll never work.

HYDE

Why not?

RACE

Because you can't pull a stunt like that in this country. Sure, I know they get away with it in the States . . .

HYDE

And the first ones to try it here will get away with it, too! Think of it as a full-scale military operation. What chance does a bunch of ordinary civilians have

HYDE

(continued)

against a trained, armed and disciplined military unit? You were a soldier, man! You ought to know.

Race studies him intently, and then laughs.

RACE

We really are a marvellous nation, you know. In any crisis we always produce the right man for the job - even if it's the wrong job. Okay - I'm sold - I'll sign on for duration.

HYDE

On my terms?

RACE

If you insist on this socialistic madness, yes. You're losing a friend, but gaining a second-in-command.

HYDE

I'll settle for that.

(he gets up)

Let's leave the dishes. You want to stay the night? Move in now, if it comes to that.

RACE

Why not?

They start out.

HYDE

Good. Bring any gear with you?

86 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT -
as they come out and start down the hallway.

86

RACE

Yes, always prepared. You'd be surprised where my caravan has rested. I'll just pop out to the car, old dear.

HYDE

Look, d'you mind not using that sickening expression?

RACE

What?

HYDE

Hyde, if you like, or Norman, I don't care - but, for heaven's sake, drop that "old dear" stuff.

RACE

Oh, right, yes. Terrible habits one picks up in the YMCA.

They have reached the staircase. Hyde starts up and Race continues out, then stops and looks up at Hyde as he passes the portrait.

RACE

Excuse me asking - that your wife?

HYDE

(shortly)

Yes.

RACE

Dead?

HYDE

No . . . No, I regret to say the bitch is still going strong.

He continues on and out of shot. Race looks after him with something approaching admiration, then goes on to the front door as we

DISSOLVE TO:

87 EXT. BANK - DAY -
somewhere in the St. James Street, Pall Mall area.

87

MIX TO:

88 INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY -
A quiet shaded room. The BANK MANAGER, a distinguished, clean-cut man, is sitting behind a wide, leather-topped desk, discreetly leafing through some papers. Hyde is sitting before the desk in a comfortable armchair. The Bank Manager looks up.

88

MANAGER

You want some operating capital, in other words, Colonel?

HYDE

Yes, just on a temporary basis.

MANAGER

What sort of sum had you in mind?

HYDE

Fifteen hundred?

MANAGER

Well, I think the house is excellent security. Yes, I think we can arrange that for you.

HYDE

That'd be splendid ... most grateful.

MANAGER

Not at all, Colonel. That's what we're here for, you know, believe it or not. Especially for old customers like your good self.

HYDE

Not a very big customer, I'm afraid.

MANAGER

Well, let's hope this is the beginning.

HYDE

Yes, let's hope so.

MANAGER

What sort of business are you contemplating exactly?

HYDE

Well, a sort of employment agency for remainders like myself. Help them to better things, or at least supplement the so-called pension.

MANAGER

Excellent. Well, if I can help in any other way, please don't hesitate to use the bank.

HYDE

(rising)

Thank you, I'll certainly bear that in mind.

The Manager comes round the desk to show him to the door.

MANAGER

No, I think a lot of you chaps got a very shabby deal.

HYDE

Ah, well, there it is - the price we pay, I suppose, for the press button age.

(he holds out his hand)

Just have to help ourselves for a change.

They are shaking hands as we

DISSOLVE TO:

89 EXT. LARGE GARAGE - DAY - 89
Hyde's Rolls parked in the forecourt. CAMERA PANS as a brand new Standard Vanguard, with "Running In" stickers on the back-window is driven out of the showroom. Hyde is at the driving wheel. He nods to a self-satisfied SALESMAN and edges down the ramp to the road and into the traffic.

90 EXT. INTERSECTION - CLOSE - 90
on Race, looking out of Shot. He spots something and moves towards the edge of the kerb, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM, as the Vanguard comes into scene and stops. Hyde leans across and opens the front passenger door. Race steps back a pace to view the new car critically.

RACE

Very nice - but I miss the old Rolls.

HYDE

So do I, but she didn't fit the part.
Come on, we're late, mustn't
keep the chaps waiting.

Race picks Hyde's briefcase (which is bulky) off the seat and slides in beside Hyde.

RACE

Cafe Royal again?

HYDE

Not this time. We're at war now.

The door closes, Hyde puts the car into gear and they ease out into the traffic again.

MIX TO:

91 EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY - 91
usual traffic jam blocking the street. Hyde's new Vanguard parked in foreground.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE - 92
as we pick up two YOUNG MEN with coats slung over their shoulders like cloaks. They tip-toe their way through the crush and enter a doorway by the side of a delicatessen. CAMERA PANS UP to a sign over this door.

NEW GATE THEATRE CLUB
REHEARSAL ROOMS
AVAILABLE

SOUND of a piano repeating the first few bars of a number and then the noise of people tap-dancing.

93 INT. ENTRANCE - THEATRE CLUB - DAY - 93
an overall impression of the second-rate. One of the Young Men is standing by a notice board giving details of the club's current activities. His companion is waiting at the bottom of the stairs. SOUND of piano and tap-dancing continues.

1st YOUNG MAN

(pointing at notice)

Get Carlos! Who's she kidding?

2nd YOUNG MAN

Dreary cow!

He starts to mount the stairs. His companion drifts after him.

1ST YOUNG MAN

And she says she isn't.

- 94 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - 94
as the door opens and the two Young Men come in, stop, and react to something out of scene.
- 95 REVERSE - 95
their eyeline. Hyde, Race and the others sitting in a semi-circle. Hyde in the act of handing round play scripts.
- 96 FULL SHOT - 96
as the Two Young Men raise their eyebrows.

1st YOUNG MAN
Oh, charming.

HYDE
Can I help you? We've got this room until three.

1st YOUNG MAN
Well, nobody told us. I mean, where're we supposed to have a class?

HYDE
I've no idea. You'd better sort it out with the Secretary.

He turns back to the others and continues handing out the scripts.

1st YOUNG MAN
Well, thank you!

2nd YOUNG MAN
What a liberty!

They flounce out, slamming the door. Hyde hands the last script to Porthill. Beyond him we can see a rough stage with dusty drapes and battered footlights.

HYDE
Sorry about that. If you'd all like to look at page twenty - I think we'll begin there.

- 97 CLOSER - 97
Porthill, as he opens his script, puzzled.
- 98 INSERT - 98
the script - a copy of "Journey's End" - in Porthill's hands. He opens it, finds page twenty, where a wad of five pound notes are pinned. SOUND of tap dancing beginning again overhead.
- 99 BACK TO SCENE - 99
favouring Hyde. He has a faint smile.

HYDE
Let me say, I'm delighted to see you all again gentlemen - your presence here restores my basic disbelief in the goodness of human nature ...
(he glances up at the ceiling)
So let me plot the next moves ...
Sadlers Wells permitting ...

He has to raise his voice for the last sentence.

- 100 INT. ANOTHER REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY - 100
where the tap-dancing class is in progress. A harassed FEMALE at an upright piano thumping out the same tune as before - about a dozen assorted young men and women being drilled by a CHARACTER with a coloured scarf tied round his head. Our two YOUNG MEN enter. The Character turns and gives them a

100 continued

look - he motions them to hurry and join the rest of the class. They give him a look back the moment his back is turned.

101 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - THE GROUP (AS IN 99) - 101
favouring Hyde, with the others listening intently.

HYDE

... So for the better part of a year I visited that man in hospital every day. Before he died, I knew as much as he did about that bank, inside and out.

102-

105 OTHER ANGLES - THE GROUP -
as they listen.

102-
105

LEXY

And he never twigged?

HYDE

I beg your pardon?

LEXY

He never caught on? I mean, he thought you were the full Florence Nightingale, did he?

HYDE

He was terribly grateful, yes. And as a result, I know more about the security arrangements of that bank than any man working in it today.

WEAVER

What makes you so sure there haven't been any changes since this man left?

HYDE

What makes me so sure? Well, because those arrangements are permanent and very expensive and they're not changed overnight. Because there's been no reason to change them and because I've kept my eye on them, and I know everything's just the same.

LEXY

Do you put your loot there?

HYDE

I don't quite follow.

RACE

I think he means are you a depositor in this particular bank?

HYDE

No, naturally not. Just another face in the crowd.

He looks at them. They are thoughtful, intrigued, half-persuaded.

HYDE

Gentlemen, I don't know how else to put it. I'm not a crackpot, I'm not playing at this thing. I've invested two years and all my capital, and it's going to pay off, that I promise you. There's a million pounds there, all laid on for us, just for the asking. Look, you can do the football pools every week for the rest of your lives and never be lucky. I'm offering you all a share in the winning coupon.

He stops, waits. Someone sighs, unconsciously. They stir, lost in their own thoughts, dreaming. Race breaks the silence.

RACE

Yes ... well, it's a very interesting presentation. Unfortunately there's just one gigantic snag.

HYDE

What's that?

RACE

Oh, believe me, I'm not suggesting you're a crackpot - to use your own word - I mean, I'll lie on the couch with the best of them -

LEXY

- If you'll pardon the expression -

RACE

- but, you know, I've been to the edge of the world and looked over, and as a general rule banks take care of people's money. They're not going to give it to us - we'll have to take it. And to take it, we'll need arms - and the sort of arms we need aren't sold over the counter.

HYDE

Quite so. And, what's more I wouldn't dream of paying retail prices. But I have taken care of that very important detail. I've every confidence that the weapons

HYDE

(continued)

we require will be donated by
our late employer.

PORTHILL

You mean the army?

HYDE

Exactly.

Porthill exchanges a look with Lexy.

LEXY

Yes, well who would like to play
Napoleon this week? ... Do me a
favour! I mean, how long do they
let you out for?

HYDE

I'm glad your reactions are normal,
Mr. Lexy. That's precisely the
effect I wanted ... Do any of you
remember that classic little story
by G. K. Chesterton -

LEXY

- 'Bout Brer Rabbit, was it? All
them lovely little bunnies?

HYDE

(ignoring this, to the others)
- by G. K. Chesterton, in which the
murderer was a postman?

MYCROFT

Yes, yes. Wonderful story.

HYDE

Ah! Of course, you'd remember,
Padre. It was a Father Brown story.

Mycroft reacts, then smiles. The others listen.

HYDE

The point was, no one saw the
murderer, because everyone was
expecting to see him.

LEXY

Oh, yes, I remember. A classic.

He gives Porthill another look - but Porthill is listening intently now.

102-
105 continued

102-
105

HYDE

Bear with me, Mr. Lexy ... I know
it's difficult for you to keep up, but
let me explain ...

He motions them closer. They edge their chairs towards him.

106 INT. ANOTHER REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY - 106
as the Character with the scarf round his head steps INTO CAMERA,
anguished expression, and claps his hands loudly. The piano stops
and the dancers look round.

CHARACTER

No, no, no, no! How many more
times? Oh, you bore me to tired
sobs. Listen to the beat. All right,
Gladys, once more from the top!

Gladys starts to thump out the same old tune. The boys and girls go
into the routine - our two Young Men perform with very bad grace.
The Character turns his face to the wall.

107 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - THE GROUP (AS IN 102-105)
they are all laughing - even Hyde is permitting himself a smile.

RACE

(carried away)
Priceless! Absolutely priceless ...

PORTHILL

Oh, it's a fabulous idea ... Just ...
(he turns to Lexy)
Don't you think it's great?

LEXY

(grudgingly)
Yeah. Yeah, I'm forced to admit it.

HYDE

I haven't finished yet.

The laughter dies away.

MYCROFT

Bit that appeals to me ... Oh, sorry.

HYDE

No, just wanted to tell you the final
touch. Obviously, we want a
scapegoat, don't we? ... In this case,
I'm relying on the British character.
We British'll always give the Germans,
or Russians, or Japanese - or even
the Egyptians - the benefit of the doubt,
But never the Irish. So, if we use our
accents judiciously, the I. R. A. will
get the credit - and the blame.

107 continued

They laugh again. Hyde exchanges a quick look with Race.

PORTHILL

He's dead right, of course.

RACE

Yes, what a concept. Well, you can count me in, Colonel.

HYDE

You think it's got a chance, do you?

RACE

I don't think it can miss. Anyway, I'll come in just for the hell of it.

RUPERT

God, yes. Be like the old days.

PORTHILL

(to Lexy)

What d'you think?

LEXY

Yeah, give it a try.

Hyde, trying to control his excitement, looks to the others.

HYDE

Are we ready to vote on it, gentlemen? How about you, Padre?

MYCROFT

Yes, I feel a certain calling towards it.

Hyde looks to Weaver - who has a glint in his eye that signifies approval - and Stevens, who merely nods.

HYDE

Splendid. Thank you for your support, gentlemen. Well, now we're not home yet, of course ...

The noise from above breaks out again.

HYDE

... Fred Astaire wasn't built in a day ... The immediate plan is as follows ...

(he reaches for his card case)
After dismissal here, I suggest you disperse and take tender farewells of your nearest and dearest, then report at this address at 1800 hours tomorrow ... and come prepared for a long stay.

107 continued

107

He passes out the visiting cards.

LEXY

Decent accommodation, of course,
sir, as befits officers and
gentlemen?

HYDE

Well, the food will be good ...
and the prospects unlimited.

He is handing round the remaining cards as we

DISSOLVE TO:

108 EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT -

108

a Salvation Army meeting in progress: half a dozen dedicated brass band players and several earnest-faced Young Women Salvationists in a state of near-ecstasy, singing the hymn with battle fervour - a fervour not shared by the small throng of onlookers. One of the Female Salvationists is taking the collection while the hymn is in progress. She comes to Mycroft, who is amongst the spectators. He hesitates a fraction, then peels off a five pound note and, with a flourish, gives it to the astounded collector. He turns and walks away with a jaunty, redeemed step ... while on SOUND TRACK we lose the Brass Band and CREEP IN "Pack Up Your Troubles" muted, and Mycroft walks bravely into CAMERA for the

MIX TO:

109 INT. BEDROOM - HILDA'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT -

109

with "Pack Up Your Troubles" held over softly. Hilda is at her dressing table, dressed to go out. Prominent, is a framed photograph of Porthill beside her jewel box. Hilda lifts out the top tray of her jewel box. Her expression changes. CAMERA GOES IN CLOSE on the jewel box. In the compartment under the top tray is a folded sheet of notepaper. Hilda's hand enters shot, takes the sheet of notepaper, hesitates, then starts to unfold it.

110 INSERT -

110

the sheet of notepaper in Hilda's hand. Scotch-taped to the top of it is a latch key. Beneath is written:

"DEAREST HILDA -

CALLED AWAY TO DO ACTIVE SERVICE
ELSEWHERE. GIVE THIS TO SOME-
BODY MUCH NICER THAN

YOUR MARTIN"

111 BACK TO HILDA - 111
 she reads it again, then lets it fall. She stares at herself in the mirror - the mascara begins to smudge on the face of an old woman as we

MIX TO:

112 EXT. DE-RESTRICTED ROAD - NIGHT - 112
 fast traffic flashing by. The headlights pick out a car parked without lights on the grass verge.

113 INT. PARKED CAR - (PROCESS) - NIGHT - 113
 something happening in the back seat. A headlight beam from an approaching vehicle briefly illuminates Lexy's face. His voice is curiously muffled.

LEXY

Course it's not goodbye, darling ...

A Moment of blackout and then another headlight beam, from another direction picks out Wylie's girl friend. She is snuggled very close to Lexy.

LEXY

I mean, we've only just been introduced, haven't we?

The Screen goes dark again. We hear "Pack Up Your Troubles" very faintly.

LEXY

Just that I'm on to a good thing - it's a big opportunity for me, which I hope you'll share ...

MIX TO:

114 INT. BUCKLAND-SMITH BEDROOM - CLOSE - 114
 TRACKING - NIGHT -
 on the door opening and Rupert's legs and feet come into view. As the door opens fully and the legs start to walk across the room CAMERA TRACKS BACK with them. Off Screen SOUND, from the direction of the bed, of a Man's startled exclamation. The feet halt at the foot of the bed and we PAN UP to Rupert's surprisingly calm face.

115 EYE LINE - 115
 Rupert's viewpoint. Sitting up in bed, clutching the bedclothes to him, is a ruffled, if distinguished-looking, middle-aged man. He stares at Rupert, wild-eyed. The bathroom door opens and Liz appears in a loose house-coat.

116 BACK TO RUPERT -
graciously inclining his head to both of them.

116

RUPERT

Here ...
(he throws some notes
down on the bed)
have this one on the house. I'm just
passing through myself.

He nods to Liz and is going towards his own room as we BRING UP
"Pack Up Your Troubles" again and

DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. HALLWAY - HYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT -
the entire group, including Race - who, like the others, is
carrying a suitcase - are standing near the stairway, looking at
CAMERA. We should try to give the impression of new recruits
reporting for National Service. Hyde enters the shot from BEHIND
CAMERA and starts to mount the stairs.

117

HYDE

(briskly)
Right! If you'll follow me, gentle-
men, I'll show you to your quarters.

They follow him up.

118 INT. STAIRWAY -
as the group troop behind Hyde.

118

HYDE

Some of you will have to double -
up, I'm afraid, but one has to
make sacrifices at times like these ...
Oh, by-the-way, I want to appoint
two admin officers ...
(over his shoulder)
Captain Mycroft, I propose making
you quartermaster ...

MYCROFT

(pleased)
Oh, thank you, sir.

HYDE

And we obviously need an adjutant.
Major Race is senior man, I
believe. Will accept, Race?

119 CLOSE ON RACE -
who is the last man in the group.

119

RACE

(modestly)
If you insist.

He gives the portrait of Hyde's wife a friendly wink as he passes it.

120-

125 INT. LANDING - NIGHT -
as Hyde appears, followed by the others, and goes to the first
bedroom door

120-

125

HYDE

Weaver and Porthill, here --

He goes on. Weaver and Porthill look at each other doubtfully,
then accept it. They go inside. Some of the others pause to look
in at the room.

LEXY

Keep an eye on him, Porthill.
Don't let him sneak any liquor in.

Hyde is at the door across the hall.

HYDE

Buckland-Smith and Mycroft, here.

Rupert doesn't like it. He shrugs and goes in, followed by Mycroft.

LEXY

No noise at night now, while
Christopher Mycroft is saying his
prayers.

He is enjoying himself. Hyde is at the next doorway.

HYDE

And Lexy and Stevens here.

Lexy's grin vanishes. He is about to protest when Hyde goes on.

HYDE

(to Race)

Major, you're down at the end.

RACE

(gravely)

Thank you. I feel at home already.

He follows Hyde to the room. Lexy looks at Stevens sourly, then
goes inside. Stevens follows him.

126 INT. LEXY AND STEVENS' ROOM - NIGHT -
as they come in, put their bags down, and test the beds.

126

STEVENS

Like being back at school.

LEXY

(firmly)

I sincerely hope not.

HYDE'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Can I have you all out here again,
please?

127 INT. LANDING -

127

as they troop out of their various rooms. Hyde stands in front of a home-made Notice Board.

HYDE

Usual offices down there to the right. I've posted various duty rosters for fatigues, etcetera, and I should like them strictly observed. You'll make your own beds and be responsible for your own laundry.

A cheer from Lexy.

PORTHILL

And no women in the rooms after ten, I presume.

HYDE

Or before. Now, regards discipline. Where they apply, Queens' Regulations will be enforced. Any minor breach will be punished by a fine of one hundred pounds, to be deducted from the final share-out. Major or repeated offences will carry a fine of five hundred. Is that quite clear?

128 CLOSER -

128

on the men, favouring Lexy.

LEXY

Just one thing, sir.

HYDE

What's that?

LEXY

What time's sick call?

129 BACK TO SCENE -

129

Hyde does not flicker.

HYDE

Are you anticipating ill health, Lexy?

LEXY

Well, one never knows, does one, sir? I sometimes feels a bit seedy in the mornings.

HYDE

Yes, you look a little out of condition. I'll arrange P. T. classes for you. Right, that's all for the time being, gentlemen. Dinner is at 2000 hours followed by our first lecture in the basement. Could you spare a moment, Major?

He starts to move out and Race follows.

PORTHILL

Any chance of a week-end furlough,
sir?

HYDE

Don't ask me, ask the Adjutant.

RACE

The answer is no.

LEXY

Not even on compassionate grounds?
What happens if I get a Dear John
letter?

RACE

You request an interview with
the Padre here - he'll deal with all
emotional problems.

He follows Hyde downstairs.

130 ANOTHER ANGLE -

130

as the men crowd round the Notice Board to inspect it.

STEVENS

Are you going to hold church
parades, Padre?

PORTHILL

(reading from notice board)
Operation Golden Fleece. Standing
Orders. Fatigues.
(to Rupert)
Oh, that's handy. You and me are
washing up tonight.

WEAVER

And I see I'm cooking lunch tomorrow.

PORTHILL

I say, what super fun, chaps. What
time lights out in the Dorm?

LEXY

Well, I don't know about you lot,
but I'm keeping my light on all night.

They are still reading as we

MIX TO:

131 INT. BASEMENT - CLOSE SHOT - 131
Hyde standing to one side of a portable cinema screen.

HYDE
You can smoke if you wish,
gentlemen.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that we are inside one of THE LARGE, VAULTED CELLARS under the house. The men are seated in two rows before Hyde and behind them is Race, standing by a slide projector. Some of the men light up.

HYDE
Right, let's get on with it. First
slide, please, Major.

Race switches off the overhead light and projects the first slide.

132 GO TO THE PORTABLE SCREEN - 132
with Hyde standing to one side. A picture is thrown onto the screen of a particularly luscious-looking bathing beauty. Cheers from the audience.

HYDE
(smiling)
I'm so sorry. That comes in the
second lecture - How To Live Off
The Countryside.

The girl disappears and in her place is a shot of an Army camp, taken about sixty yards away from the Main Gate. We can see the Guard House and some soldiers walking about.

HYDE
Ah, that's more like it. Gentlemen,
you are looking at our source of
supply, the Army Command Training
School at Mulverton, Dorset ...

DISSOLVE TO:

133 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - PANNING - DAY - 133
deserted farm land. CAMERA PANS to a CLOSE SHOT of Porthill sitting in the driving seat of Hyde's Vanguard which has now been transformed into an Army Staff Car. He wears OR's battledress with Corporal's stripes and RASC shoulder flashes. His hair has been cropped short. He is smoking. He looks out of shot.

134 EYE LINE - CLOSE - 134
Rupert, wearing non-descript civilian clothes, and slightly po-faced, from Porthill's viewpoint.

PORTHILL
(O.S.)
Have a fag, sir.

Rupert turns towards him.

- 135 TWO SHOT - PANNING - 135
Rupert and Porthill. Porthill grins, and offers a cigarette.

PORTHILL

Don't let the chaps see you're rattled, and remember, the Boche is no man's fool.

Rupert ignores the cigarette, and walks away, CAMERA PANNING with him to where, a short distance away and parked, like the Vanguard, off the road and hidden from passing traffic, is Race's car. Hyde and the others are standing by it, and close to the car is a telegraph pole.

- 136 CLOSER - 136
Hyde and Race are wearing their own uniforms (Hyde is a Lt. Colonel and Race a Major), and Mycroft is disguised as a full Brigadier. Hyde has dyed his hair grey and wears spectacles and Race sports a moustache. Stevens and Weaver wear non-descript civilian clothes. As Rupert joins the group Hyde consults his watch, then walks to the foot of the telegraph pole and looks up to:

- 137 LEXY - 137
who is hooked to the top of the telegraph pole. Using whatever technical equipment is necessary, he has prepared to tap the line. Dangling down to Hyde and attached to the line are some hand phones.

- 138 BACK TO HYDE - 138
looking at his watch again. Then up to Lexy.

HYDE

Now!

- 139 RESUME LEXY - 139
as he makes the necessary connection and CAMERA STARTS FAST PAN along the telegraph wires.

- 140 CONTINUING FAST PAN - 140
along more telegraph wires, then PAN OFF wires and DOWN to include the Main Gate of the Army Camp, using the same set up as seen on the slide. Some activity by the Guard House.

- 141 CLOSER - 141
as a Sergeant - CLARKE - enters the Guard House, passing a Lance Corporal on duty beside a long mirror with the words "ARE YOU CORRECTLY DRESSED?" above it.

- 142 INT. GUARD HOUSE - 142
as Clarke comes in. The building is divided into three compartments - the largest is the Orderly Room, and off this are two smaller rooms one of which serves as the Camp Telephone Exchange. A Private - MAPLE - is on duty at the switchboard. Clarke goes to the desk where a Corporal - HUGHES - is writing out passes. The switchboard buzzes.

- 143 CLOSER - 143
on Maple as he answers the incoming call.

MAPLE

(into phone)

Fifty-first Training ... Yes. Who, sir?

144 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - 144
Hyde, Race, Mycroft and Stevens are at the foot of the telegraph pole.
Stevens holds the hand phone and is speaking into it.

STEVENS

(into phone)

Area Command ... I have the G.2.
on the line for your commanding
officer ... Something wrong with
your line? Right.

He claps a hand over the mouthpiece.

145 INT. GUARD HOUSE - 145
Maple knocks down the holding switch and turns to the other two.

MAPLE

The Old Man's out, ain't he?

CLARKE

Yeah, went into town with his
Missus.

MAPLE

Got a call for him.

CLARKE

Well, put it through to the Adjutant,
clot.

MAPLE

(back into phone)

Just trying to find him, sir.

He plugs in another extension and rings.

146 INT. OFFICERS' MESS - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - 146
a phone on the bar counter, ringing. A hand comes into shot and
lifts the receiver. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal an Orderly.

ORDERLY

Officers' Mess ... Who? No ...
Well, I don't know. Shaving, I
think. Well, is it urgent? ...
Better be ...

He puts the receiver down on the bar and starts to move out.

147 INT. GUARD HOUSE - 147
Maple cuts back into the incoming call.

MAPLE

(into phone)

Just coming, sir.

148 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CLOSE - DAY - 148
Stevens on the other end of the line.

148 continued

148

STEVENS
 (into phone)
 Well, hurry it up!

149 INT. GUARD HOUSE -
 Maple "holds" again.

149

MAPLE
 Big 'ead.
 (he tries the extention
 again)
 'Ullo? ... Captain Saunders?

150 INT. OFFICERS' MESS - CLOSE - DAY -
 a youngish Captain, in shirt sleeves, dabbing at his face with a towel.

150

SAUNDERS
 (into phone)
 Who, man? ... Oh, all right, I'd
 better take it then.
 (he waits, listening)

151 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -
 Stevens, as before.

151

STEVENS
 (into phone)
 Putting you through, sir.

CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to include Hyde and Race as Stevens,
 hand over mouthpiece, gives the receiver across to Race.

RACE
 (after slight pause,
 into phone)
 Yes, yes ... Hallo, yes? Who am
 I talking to? ... Yes, Captain, but I
 asked for your C.O. ... Oh, I see.
 Well, that's unfortunate ... I said,
 that's unfortunate ... can't you hear
 me? Something wrong with your line.
 I haven't got very good news for you,
 I'm afraid ... the New Area Commander's
 on his way down to pay a surprise visit ...
 No, on his way ...

152 INT. OFFICERS' MESS -
 panic mounting in Saunder's face.

152

SAUNDERS
 (into phone)
 ... about the food? I see. How
 d'you think I'd better handle it, sir?

153 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - CLOSE -
Race enjoying himself.

153

RACE

(into phone)

With kid gloves, if you want my
tip ... he's a ball of fire.

He looks off.

154 EYELINE -
Mycroft, looking anything but, from Race's point of view.

154

155 BACK TO RACE -
as he catches Hyde's eye.

155

RACE

(into phone)

Put on some sort of show. Well,
best I can do, I'm afraid - sorry I
couldn't give you longer notice, but
that's how it goes.

156 INT. OFFICERS' MESS -
Saunders, a very unhappy soldier.

156

SAUNDERS

(into phone)

Thank you very much, sir, most
grateful.

(a click as Race
hangs up)

Saunders flashes for the operator.

SAUNDERS

Wilkins!

(he flashes again)

Come on, man, come on! Get
me the Orderly Room.

He waits. The Orderly reappears.

SAUNDERS

Get my stuff - Sam Browne, every-
thing. And call Mr. Thomas and
Mr. Shotter. No, forget that, I'll
do it, you just get my stuff.

The Orderly shoots off. Saunders turns back to the phone.

157 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY -
everybody looking very pleased. Hyde looks up to Lexy, and
signals. Lexy now proceeds to put the line completely out of action.
Hyde consults his watch again. Race motions Porthill to bring the
Vanguard forward. As Porthill swings the car round we see that it
carries Army number plates and the appropriate Area sign on the
front and back wings. Race opens the door for Hyde and Mycroft.

157

157 continued

157

HYDE

I make it exactly twenty four.

STEVENS

(consulting his own
watch)

Roger.

Hyde moves to get into the car.

MYCROFT

After me.

He gets in. Hyde and Race exchange grins. They follow Mycroft into the car, Race riding in front with Porthill. They start to move towards the road - Stevens, Weaver and Buckland-Smith watching.

158 EXT. HUT AREA - ARMY CAMP - DAY - 158

Captain Saunders, fully dressed now and accompanied by Lieutenant Thomas and 2nd Lieutenant Shotter, both National Service types, hurrying from the Officers' Mess. They are met by the C.S.M., who halts and throws up an arm-breaking salute. Saunders returns it.

159 CLOSER - 159
on the group.

SAUNDERS

Flap on, Mr. Barnard.

C.S.M.

Sir?

SAUNDERS

Area Commander on his way here -
complaint gone in about the food.
We've got to get things organised.

C.S.M.

Right, leave it to me, sir.

SAUNDERS

Paul, you go with him. Full
Guard turn out.

The C.S.M. salutes and makes off in one direction with Thomas.

SAUNDERS

(to Shotter)

Jimmy - you get over to the switch-
board - try and locate the Old Man.

Shotter goes off at the double. Saunders looks off.

160 ANOTHER ANGLE - 160
as Hughes and the Mess Sergeant - Hall, - come running from the
direction of the Cookhouse. Hall, out of breath, salutes.

SAUNDERS

Ah, yes, Hall. What're the men having for tea?

HALL

Friday, sir. Fried eggs, baked beans, toast, chips and tapioca.

SAUNDERS

Can't change it, I suppose?

HALL

Not now, sir. All cooked, sir.

SAUNDERS

Well, rustle up some soup and give every man two eggs. Got any tinned fruit? -

HALL

You got some over at the Mess, sir.

SAUNDERS

Well, grab that and put that on too.

He is on his way again. Hall salutes blankly.

HALL

Two eggs? Muckin' balloon gone up or something? What a liberty at this time of night.

HUGHES

Still, tinned fruit, eh?

HALL

Yeah, that'll make all the difference - bleeding stuff's been here since the Boer war.

161 INT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY -
panic stations. The Guard being inspected by Clarke.

161

CLARKE

What's happened to your webbing, Alpers? You're on a fizzer in the morning.

Shotter pushes through and goes to Maple.

SHOTTER

Get me four two eight.

MAPLE

Can't sir.

SHOTTER

What d'you mean - can't?

161 continued

161

MAPLE

Can't get a line, sir.

SHOTTER

Well, get onto the exchange then.

MAPLE

Can't get anything, sir.

162 EXT. HUT AREA - DAY -

Various soldiers scuttling about, with the C.S.M. in background.
PAN one soldier into a barrack room.

162

163 INT. BARRACK ROOM - DAY -

A character - Private GROGAN - in vest and braces, is lying on top
of his bed, reading a paper-back. The soldier runs in.

163

SOLDIER

'Ere, Chunky - all outside - get
moving.

GROGAN

(unimpressed)

Get stuffed.

C. S. M.

(O.S.)

GET WHAT?

164 ANOTHER ANGLE -

as the C.S.M. strides in from the doorway.

164

C. S. M.

Get your arse off that bed, Grogan,
and get fell in outside in your best
battledress and boots!

Grogan is galvanised into frantic action, as the C.S.M. glares
round, then stamps out.

165 EXT. HUT AREA -

as the C.S.M. comes out of the hut and face to face with Saunders
and Shotter.

165

C. S. M.

(saluting)

Everything under control, sir.

SAUNDERS

We hope.

C. S. M.

(clears his throat)

If I might make a suggestion, sir ...

SAUNDERS

Anything

C. S. M.

Perhaps an early adjournment to the Mess, sir, and get in with the liberal hospitality?

SAUNDERS

Don't worry, - that's top of my list.

QUICK MIX TO:

166 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - 166
The Standard Vanguard, stationary.

167 INT. VANGUARD (PROCESS) - DAY - 167
Hyde, Race and Mycroft. All three smoking. Hyde looks at his watch.

HYDE

Right, cigarettes out. Just enjoy it from here on. Remember we carry the rank.

MYCROFT

Correction. I carry the rank.

He settles back as Porthill puts the car in gear and they move off.

168 EXT. MAIN GATE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - 168
Corporal Hughes scanning the road anxiously.

169 EYELINE LONG SHOT - 169
The approaching Vanguard, from Hughes' point of view.

170 BACK TO HUGHES - PANNING - 170
as he rushes back into the camp, past two very smart Sentries.

171 CLOSER - 171
as he runs into Clarke, waiting on the Guard House steps.

HUGHES

They're here!

CLARKE

All right, don't go mad. Not the Relief of Ladysmith.

172 INT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY - 172
as Clarke and Hughes come inside. The rest of the Guard waiting for orders. We are shooting through the Guard House door towards the Main Gate. SOUND of the Vanguard approaching. A second later it comes into view.

CLARKE

Wait for it, wait for it.

173 EXT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY -
as the Vanguard pulls in.

173

CLARKE

Guard! Turn out!

The Guard pour out and form up with the two Sentries. Porthill has nipped out and opened the door for Mycroft and Hyde. Race gets out his side and comes round to the others.

CLARKE

Guard! Gen-er-al Salute ...
PreSENT ARMS!

Mycroft takes the salute gravely.

174 ANOTHER ANGLE - PANNING -
with Saunders, Thomas and the C. S. M. and round the corner of the hut, and bringing them up to Mycroft and party. Saunders salutes.

174

MYCROFT

(with a slight Irish accent)

Good afternoon, Captain.

SAUNDERS

Good afternoon, sir.

MYCROFT

My name's Christie. This is Colonel Wylie ... Major Williams.

SAUNDERS

Saunders, sir. I very much regret Colonel Langton isn't here to greet you - he was called away to a Civil Defence meeting.

MYCROFT

Hum.

He turns to inspect the Guard.

175 TRACKING -
with Mycroft and party as they start to go down the line.

175

176 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY -
as Race's car, with Weaver at the wheel and Rupert beside him, slows down at a location we shall have established in Shot 184. Lexy and Stevens jump out of the rear doors, carrying leather hold-alls as used by GPO Engineers. The car accelerates on out of scene. Lexy and Stevens walk quite normally towards the Main Gates.

176

177 EXT. GUARD HOUSE -
as Mycroft completes the inspection.

177

MYCROFT

Yes. Pretty fair turn out.

SAUNDERS

Thank you, sir.

MYCROFT

You know what this is all about,
I suppose?

SAUNDERS

No, I don't sir.

MYCROFT

(shoots him a look)

You surprise me, Captain. I
thought the grape vine was infallible.

He walks away, Saunders and the others following.

178 ANOTHER ANGLE - TRACKING - 178
holding Mycroft and Saunders in CLOSE TWO SHOT.

MYCROFT

Nothing stirs up the War Office
like a question in the House ... Some
Bolshie exercising his Divine Right ...
who is he, any idea?

SAUNDERS

Afraid I don't quite follow, sir.

MYCROFT

Some barrack room lawyer wrote to
his MP - menu wasn't to his liking or
some such cock - so it fell on my neck.

They walk on out of scene. Hyde and Race come by - they exchange
raised eyebrows.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE - 179
Mycroft and Saunders coming TOWARDS CAMERA.

SAUNDERS

Er, would you care for a little
refreshment first, sir? Sure you
need it after your long drive ...

MYCROFT

No, let's get on with it - don't
want you tarding up the cook house
before I've seen it.

He turns off at a tangent. Saunders hastens to catch up. The
C.S.M. passes CAMERA. His face is a study.

180 EXT. ROAD ROUND PERIMETER - DAY - 180
as Race's car pulls in by the perimeter wire.

- 181 CLOSER - 181
 as Rupert gets out of the car. He leaves the door open. On his seat we can see a pair of heavy-gauge wire cutters, and a large holdall. Weaver looks at his watch.
- 182 EXT. HUT AREA - 182
 as Mycroft and party are entering the Cookhouse. Hyde glances at his watch, looks at Race, as they go inside.
- 183 EXT. MAIN GATE - 183
 where Lexy and Stevens are standing in the road looking up at the telephone wires running into the camp. Lexy comes across to one of the Sentries.
- 184 CLOSER - 184
 Lexy and the Sentry.

LEXY

Haven't got a ladder we can borrow, have you?

SENTRY

Ladder?

LEXY

Yeah, you know, thing you climb up. There's a fault on these lines somewhere. Have to check that junction box.

SENTRY

Haven't you got a ladder of your own?

LEXY

Yes, we've got a ladder of our own - back in the truck about half a mile down. Come on, we won't hurt it.

SENTRY

Better ask in there -

He indicates the Guard House. Lexy nods and starts towards it.

- 185 INT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY - 185
 Clarke sitting at the desk. Maple at the switchboard, as Lexy enters.

LEXY

Sorry to trouble you, Sergeant. Phone trouble in the area.

CLARKE

Oh, you come about this fault? Blimey, that's a change - haven't reported it yet.

LEXY

What, you got one too?

MAPLE

Yeah, all the lines dead.

Stevens appears in the doorway. Lexy turns to him.

LEXY

Another one, Bert. They got a fault here, too.

STEVENS

Lovely. What d'you think then - leave the other?

LEXY

Have to. This is priority.
(back to Clarke)
Haven't got a ladder have you?

CLARKE

Yes, there's one out the back.
(to Maple)
Go fetch it.

Maple departs. Lexy, in the doorway, points across the hut area.

LEXY

Probably over there in them woods. All that rain last night - lines down everywhere.

STEVENS

Shall we take a look?

LEXY

May as well.
(to Clarke)
Thanks.

CLARKE

(as they move out)
Keep out the way then - we got some brass visiting.

LEXY

Don't worry us, mate - we done our bit.

They leave the hut.

186 INT. MESS HALL - DAY -
the men sitting at attention as Mycroft and party survey them.

MYCROFT

Right. Carry on.

Serving and eating commences again. The party walk between the tables, looking on both sides.

187 CLOSER - 187
as Hyde lingers behind the main party, stops to examine the oil cloth covering a table. His eyes come up - he looks off.

188 EYELINE SHOT - HUT AREA - 188
through the windows of the Mess hall, we see Lexy and Stevens walk past carrying a ladder, from Hyde's point of view.

189 INT. MESS HALL - 189
as Hyde catches up with the main party again.

SAUNDERS

We try and vary the meals -
much as possible, sir.

Mycroft grunts, turns off and goes towards the kitchens.

190 INT. KITCHENS - MESS HALL - 190
as Mycroft and party come through. Enormous cauldrons for vegetables and soups. Sergeant Hall supervising with the aid of four or five ATS cooks. They all come to attention.

SAUNDERS

Staff Sergeant Hall, sir.

MYCROFT

At ease, Staff Sergeant. Let me
see your menu sheets for the week.

Hall goes to get them. Mycroft wanders over to the ranges to see what is being prepared. There are huge platters of fried eggs congealing together and next to them a vast pot of baked beans. Mycroft bends to sniff.

MYCROFT

Er, cook.

One of the ATS girls comes to him. He points at the eggs.

MYCROFT

Try and get one of those on a
plate.

Saunders and Thomas exchange uneasy glances. The cook cuts one egg from the rest and slides it onto a plate. Mycroft motions it towards Hyde.

MYCROFT

Sample that, Philip.

Hyde swallows hard, but accepts a fork and manfully sets to.. Mycroft turns his attention to a soup cauldron.

MYCROFT

What's this supposed to be?

The cook looks blank. Saunders hurriedly steps forward, picks up a ladle and tastes the soup.

SAUNDERS

Sort of vegetable soup, I think,
sir.

MYCROFT

Plate.

Hall comes forward with the menu sheets, which he hands to Mycroft. Meanwhile some soup has been put into a dish.

MYCROFT

(to Race)

Your turn.

Race looks at him, and obeys. Mycroft studies the menu sheets. Race and Hyde struggle on.

- 191 EXT. QUARRY - 191
as Lexy and Stevens come up to the beginning of a quarry. The telephone wires branch off in the direction of the perimeter wire. We can see the wire, but not Race's car. They put the ladder against one of the telegraph poles and Lexy looks at his watch.
- 192 EXT. ROAD ROUND PERIMETER - 192
Weaver has got his head inside the bonnet. Rupert makes sure the coast is clear, then takes the wire-cutters and hold-all, jumps the ditch, and comes to the wire. Using the cutters, he makes a hole big enough to allow him through.
- 193 EXT. QUARRY - 193
Lexy is up the ladder now. He looks back at the camp, then nods down to Stevens. Stevens disappears over the edge of the quarry.
- 194 ANOTHER ANGLE - 194
as Rupert moves in towards the quarry from the direction of the road.
- 195 IN THE QUARRY ITSELF - 195
a row of small Nissen huts. Stevens is already trying the door of the first one as Rupert jumps down and joins him. They go to work immediately. Stevens holds the padlock on the door (they both wear gloves) while Rupert, using the cutters, forces it open. Stevens then removes the old padlock and replaces it with a new one from his pocket - slipping it through one hasp and leaving it open. Rupert goes inside the hut.
- 196 INT. FIRST NISSEN HUT - DAY - 196
Long racks of metal shelves. A pile of sacking in one corner, but otherwise empty. Rupert has a quick look round, then exits.
- 197 EXT. IN THE QUARRY - 197
as Rupert comes out.

RUPERT

Nothing.

Stevens closes the door and snaps the new padlock together. Then they both move on to the next hut and repeat the procedure.

198 INT. SECOND NISSEN HUT - DAY - 198
 shooting towards the door as it swings open, revealing Rupert and Stevens. We see that the racks along one side contain marked boxes of small arms ammunition and Sterling guns. Rupert comes in and starts handing stuff out to Stevens.

199 BACK TO THE ROAD ROUND PERIMETER - 199
 where Weaver keeps watch.

200 INT. KITCHENS - CLOSE - 200
 where the soup tasting is still going on. Hall and Saunders very uneasy by now. Race grimaces, then passes the plate to Mycroft.

RACE

I wouldn't know, sir.

Mycroft declines to make the test himself.

MYCROFT

(to Hyde)

What about the egg?

HYDE

Quite tasty, sir. Little rubbery, perhaps.

Mycroft nods, then waves the menu sheets.

MYCROFT

I'll take these with me.

He starts to move out - the entourage follow glumly.

201 INT. MESS HALL. DAY - 201
 The men once again sit at attention as the party come back from the kitchens. Hyde consults his watch again.

MYCROFT

No, carry on eating.

202 EYELINE SHOT - 202
 A group of men eating - Grogan amongst them - Mycroft's view.

203 BACK TO GROUP - 203

MYCROFT

Any complaints here?

SAUNDERS

(after silence)

Answer the Brigadier.

SOLDIER

(mouth full)

No, sir.

MYCROFT

You're quite satisfied with the food?

(another silence)

You can speak quite freely.

- 204 CLOSE EYELINE SHOT - 204
Grogan - eating irons poised - Mycroft's point of view.
- GROGAN
Well, not always, no, sir.
- 205 CLOSE SHOT - 205
The C.S.M. He makes a mental note of Grogan.
- 206 BACK TO MYCROFT AND PARTY - 206
- MYCROFT
What exactly don't you like about it?
- 207 FULL SHOT -- 207
holding both parties.
- GROGAN
Well, they sometimes give you good grub, sir, but they mess it about like.
- MYCROFT
How d'you mean, mess it about?
- GROGAN
Well, like last Sunday. We had a fair whack of the old roast and that, and gravy and stuff, but they messed it about like, you know.
- MYCROFT
Specifically?
- GROGAN
Beg your pardon, sir?
- MYCROFT
What did they do to it?
- GROGAN
Well, I'm not a cook, am I, sir? I mean, I only go by what I taste, like. Didn't taste right, see? Sort of tasted like they messed it about.
- MYCROFT
What's this man's name?
- Saunders hesitates and Thomas comes to the rescue.
- THOMAS
Er, Grogan, sir.
- Mycroft looks towards Hyde, who nods expressively.
- MYCROFT
(to Grogan)
That's all, is it ?

207 continued

207

GROGAN

Well, that was only last Sunday,
like.

MYCROFT

What about tonight's meal?

GROGAN

Well, very fair, sir. You know,
if you like eggs. I mean, they're
not favourites with me, but you got
to eat 'em to sort of keep up your
strength, like.

Mycroft nods and moves on, the others follow.

208 EYELINE SHOT - 208
as the C. S. M. looks down at Grogan and gives him the message,
from Grogan's point of view.

209 BACK TO GROGAN - 209
in the midst of an admiring group. He shrugs.

GROGAN

Asked me, didn't he?

210 EXT. THE QUARRY - 210
Lexy still up the ladder. He reacts to something in the direction of
the road. SOUND of approaching vehicle.

211 EXT. THE ROAD ROUND PERIMETER - CLOSE - 211
Weaver, as he straightens up, reacting to something out of shot.

212 EYELINE LONG SHOT - 212
a motor-cycle combination approaching, Weaver's point of view.

213 BACK TO WEAVER - 213
He looks anxiously towards the wire.

214 GO TO THE QUARRY - 214
where Rupert and Stevens are fixing a new padlock to a third hut.

215 BACK TO THE APPROACHING VEHICLE - 215
which is an AA Mobile Patrolman. He starts to slow down.

216 BACK TO WEAVER - 216
pretending to be screwing down the radiator cap as the AA Man
comes into scene, stops, dismounts and salutes casually.

AA MAN

Afternoon, sir. Having trouble?

217 THE QUARRY - 217
Lexy coming down off the ladder as Stevens and Rupert appear
over the top of the ridge, carrying the loot with them.

217 continued

217

STEVENS

All clear?

LEXY

Not sure. Keep down behind me.

They start to move out towards the wire.

218 EYELINE - LOW ANGLE - 218
 shooting from ground level towards the wire. We can just glimpse Weaver and the AA Man by the car. Lexy wriggles into scene from BEHIND CAMERA and stops. He motions the others to keep quiet.

219 GO TO WEAVER - 219
 The engine is running now. He is closing the bonnet.

AA MAN

Seems okay now. Probably a bit of dirt in the feed pipe.

WEAVER

(with a marked Irish accent)

Yes. Yes, well very kind of you to stop anyway.

AA MAN

Not at all, sir. Pleasure. Ever thought of becoming a member, sir?

WEAVER

Oh, I don't think so. Belong to too many things already.

220 BACK TO LEXY - 220
 very anxious, consulting his watch. He turns to Rupert.

LEXY

Give him another thirty seconds - then do what's necessary.

He crawls back, Stevens doing likewise. Once out of sight of the road they get to their feet and make off. Rupert eases forward into CLOSE SHOT. He grips the wire-cutters.

221 EXT. HUT AREA - TRACKING - 221
 Mycroft and party, out of the cookhouse, and walking back towards the gate.

MYCROFT

I shall have to send in a full report, of course.

SAUNDERS

Naturally, sir. Er, would you care to come to the Mess now, sir?

221 continued

221

MYCROFT

'fraid I haven't time to be social.

Porthill has brought the car up to them by now. He gets out and stands to attention by the rear door. Saunders and party also come up to attention. Saunders salutes.

SAUNDERS

Thank you very much, sir.

MYCROFT

Bore for all of us, these things.
Give my regards to Colonel Langton -
sorry to have missed him.

SAUNDERS

Sure he'll be sorry too, sir.

Mycroft salutes and gets into the car, followed by Hyde and Race.

222 INT. VANGUARD (PROCESS) - DAY -
as Porthill gets into the driving seat and closes his door.

222

HYDE

(whisper)

Can you see them?

Porthill adjusts his driving mirror.

PORTHILL

Just coming up now.

HYDE

(still a whisper)

Right. Let's go.

Mycroft nods to Saunders as they move off.

223 EXT. HUT AREA - FULL SHOT - DAY -
as the Vanguard drives out of the Main Gate. We see Lexy and
Stevens making their way across the hut area with the ladder.

223

224 EXT. ROAD ROUND PERIMETER -
Weaver is inside the car now. The AA Man in the act of restarting
his machine.

224

225 GO TO CLOSE SHOT - RUPERT -
just inside the wire. Looking at his watch.

225

226 RESUME 242

226

The AA Man salutes and finally drives off. Weaver watches him in
his driving mirror.

227 BACK TO RUPERT -
as he gets to his feet and starts to lug the first consignment to the
wire.

227

228 GO TO WEAVER - 228
getting out of the car, and looking after the departing AA Man.
He judges it safe and jumps the ditch the help Rupert.

229 EXT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY - 229
Lexy and Stevens are talking to Sergeant Clarke on the steps. The
ladder is propped up against the side of the Guard House.

LEXY

... No, well, we couldn't find
anything. Have to report it again
when we get back and they'll send
down first thing. Thanks for the
ladder.

He and Stevens start to move out towards the Main Gates.

230 EXT. ROAD ROUND PERIMETER - 230
Rupert is getting the last of the loot into the car. He jumps in
himself as Weaver starts to reverse.

231 EXT. ROAD NEAR CAMP GATES - DAY - 231
Lexy and Stevens are walking along. SOUND of approaching
vehicle. They turn and look back and start thumbing a lift. Race's
car enters scene, slows down and then stops. They run for it and
get in. The car accelerates away.

232 AHEAD OF THEM ON THE SAME ROAD - 232
the AA Man proceeding. SOUND of approaching vehicle.

233 INT. RACE'S CAR - (PROCESS) DAY - 233
Weaver and Rupert in front, Lexy and Stevens in the rear. Lexy
suddenly leans forward.

234 EYELINE SHOT - THROUGH WINDSCREEN - 234
the AA Man ahead, Lexy's point of view.

235 RESUME 233 - 235
Lexy ducks down ...

LEXY

Down! Quick!

Stevens and Rupert follow suit.

236 EXT. ROAD - DAY - 236
as the car goes past the AA Man at a fast pace. The AA Man
raises his arm in salute. He looks faintly puzzled. PAN HIM
PAST - as he goes out of scene - CONTINUE THE PAN into a
field off the main road where the Vanguard is parked. Hyde,
Race, Mycroft and Porthill have changed into civilian clothes.
The false number-plates have been removed, together with the
Army insignia. Porthill is in the act of locking the trunk. They
get back into the car - Hyde driving this time - and are bumping
back onto the road as we

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

- 237 INT. SUPER MARKET - DAY - 237
 busy groups of shoppers. Through the crush comes Mycroft, wearing his clerical collar and pushing a trolley full of groceries.
- 238 CLOSER - 238
 as he pauses and retraces a step or two. He consults a list, then takes down three different kinds of breakfast cereals.
- 239 ANOTHER ANGLE - 239
 as he continues to the Cash Registers. The Cashier starts unloading.

CASHIER

Stocking up for the next war,
 Vicar?

MYCROFT

In a manner of speaking, yes.

He watches closely as she rings up the purchases.

- 240 EXT. SUPER MARKET - DAY - 240
 as Mycroft leaves a passing girl distracts his attention and he bumps into a Man, dropping his parcels. He stoops to pick them up. As he straightens something catches his eye out of shot. His expression changes. CAMERA PANS to a Newspaper Placard (his eyeline) which reads:

IRA ARMS RAID ON ARMY CAMP

MIX TO:

- 241 INT. HYDE'S KITCHEN - CLOSE - NIGHT - 241
 a copy of the Evening Newspaper with a photograph of the AA Man on the front page and a headline story of the IRA Raid. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lexy behind the paper, sitting at the table. With him are all the others except Hyde and Race.

LEXY

(with an Irish accent)

Well, you've got to hand it to the dear Colonel. They bought it, just like he said.

WEAVER

(anxious)

Yes. Anything in the stop press?

LEXY

No. Just "Vicar on Grave Charge"
 (he looks to Mycroft)
 Oi! Oi! Thought you took a long time over the shopping.

RUPERT

I think that's in rather poor taste.

LEXY

Oh, la de bloody da.

STEVENS

(taking the newspaper)

Well, shut up anyway.

LEXY

We're a little touchy tonight,
aren't we?

PORTHILL

Small wonder after the meal you
cooked.

LEXY

Well, your turn to bend over a hot
stove tomorrow. Didn't take
offence, did you Padre ?

Mycroft smiles gently. Weaver has moved over and is reading the newspaper over Stevens' shoulder. Porthill looks at his watch.

LEXY

Something I've been meaning to ask
you. No, seriously, this time. I've
always been interested in religion ...
Those big sort of get togethers, you
know, like Billy Graham ... You ever
been to one?

MYCROFT

Oh, several, yes.

LEXY

Really? That's very interesting. I
mean, you went forward and all that,
did you? You got the call?

MYCROFT

(sadly, this is the story of
his life)

Oh, yes, I always went forward.

Lexy shakes his head, lost in admiration. At this point the door opens and Hyde comes in. Immediately, they all get to their feet. Lexy offers the newspaper.

HYDE

Thank you, I've seen it. Well,
gentlemen ... any complaints?

RUPERT

No. You were absolutely right, sir.
Congratulations.

HYDE

Thank you, Rupert. And thank you,
gentlemen.

Race appears in the doorway behind Hyde. He wears a leather driving jacket, old trousers and a cloth cap.

RACE

Time we pushed off, sir.

HYDE

Right. Good luck both of you.

This last speech includes Porthill who has moved to Race.

PORTHILL

(to Race)

Mad about the new fashions.

Race takes a gun out of his pocket and gives it to him as they both move out.

HYDE

I think we'd better get the show on
the road, too, gentlemen. There's
a lot to be done tonight.

LEXY

(folding newspaper)

This job's all go, isn't it? Don't
even get time to read your press
cuttings.

They are all moving out, Hyde going last as we

MIX TO:

242 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - 242
a few private cars parked at intervals and two Policemen walking
together.

243 CLOSER - 243
one of the parked cars. It is Race's car, with Porthill and Race
sitting in the two front seats. It is parked a short distance away
from the gates of a large Storage Depot. The Two Policemen come
by.

Porthill and Race keep their faces in the shadow without being obvious.
One Policeman gives them a passing glance, then they both continue
on out of scene.

244 ANOTHER ANGLE - STILL CLOSE - 244
Race's window is open. He watches the Policemen.

244 continued

244

RACE

We're still all right ... the watchman'll
be coming out any moment now ...
get a nightcap before the pubs close.

245 EYELINE - THROUGH WINDSCREEN - 245
as the Two Policemen reach a corner and turn. Slight pause and
then a Man comes out of the Depot Gates and crosses the road,
going towards some distant pub.

RACE

(O.S.)

There he goes.

246 REVERSE - CLOSE - 246
onto Race and Porthill, watching the Watchman's progress.

247 SIDE ANGLE - 247
as Race judges the coast clear and gets out of the car. He begins
to walk towards the Depot Gates.

248 EYELINE - THROUGH WINDSCREEN - 248
Race getting nearer to the Depot Gates, Porthill's viewpoint. He
reaches them and turns in.

249 DEPOT YARD - 249
Race walks past a wooden Foreman's Hut which is closed and dark.
There are about six furniture trucks of various sizes parked in the
yard. Race pauses, undecided, then starts towards one of them.
CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he comes along the side of the
truck towards the Driver's cabin. He has a last look round, then
puts his hand on the door. He opens it and is swinging himself up
when we:

250 SHOCK CUT - CLOSE SHOT - 250
as the figure of a Man swings up from the driving seat. We glimpse
another form beyond him, dimly recognisable as a Woman.

MAN

What's your game?

251 BACK TO SCENE - 251
as Race jumps back, keeping his face down.

RACE

Sorry, boy. Lookin' for the same
thing.

MAN

Well, get lost.

The Man pulls the door shut. Race retreats quickly and goes to
another truck. He approaches this one warily, coming up to the
Driver's cabin as before, but, this time, before opening the door,
he swings himself up silently and has a quick look inside.

- 252 BACK TO PORTHILL - 252
waiting in the car, tense. He looks ahead, and puts the gun in his lap.
- 253 EYELINE SHOT - THROUGH WINDSCREEN - 253
The two Policemen reappear at the corner. They are joined by a third. At this moment we hear the SOUND of a truck starting.
- 254 BACK TO SCENE - 254
Porthill is just about to get out of the car when the truck noses out of the gates and turns into the road, going towards the Police. Porthill ducks back and starts the car. He follows after the truck.
- 255 RACE IN THE TRUCK CABIN - 255
as he approaches the corner. His expression changes.
- 256 TRAVELLING EYE LINE SHOT - THROUGH WIND- 256
SCREEN
The three Policemen on the corner turn, and one of them steps in front of the truck and flags it down. Race applies the brakes.
- 257 BACK TO RACE - CLOSE - 257
He brings the truck to a stop, but keeps the engine running.
- 258 GO TO PORTHILL - 258
who also stops. He looks ahead anxiously, one hand going down to the gun.
- 259 BACK TO SCENE - 259
The Policeman does not come any further.

POLICEMAN

Hold it a minute.

He turns back again as a large Official Car swishes by, flying a flag from the radiator cap. All the Police salute, then immediately relax. The first Policeman beckons Race on.

POLICEMAN

Do the same for you one day.

Race grins and lets in the clutch. The truck shoots forward, followed by Porthill in the car. They turn the corner.

QUICK MIX TO:

- 260 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT - 260
bounded by factory walls on both sides. The trucks turns in, followed by the Vanguard. Both stop. Porthill jumps out with a pair of false numberplates. He slips one over the rear plates of the truck, then moves to the front. He repeats the procedure, gives the thumbs up sign to Race and moves clear and back to his own car. The truck moves off immediately. Porthill gets into the car and is following as we

DISSOLVE TO:

261 EXT. HYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 261
 the house in darkness. The figure of a Man in the doorway in the act of ringing the bell. After a pause, the Man tries the knocker, loudly. Again no response, and the Man takes a step back onto the gravel path to look up at the windows. He waits again, then gives it up as a bad job and starts to crunch down the drive. He is briefly illuminated by the street lighting. We shall later identify him as Brigadier BUNNY WARREN.

MIX TO:

262 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - 262
 Weaver is applying a stencil to the door panel of the truck. He starts to lift it, revealing the newly painted words:

COOPERATIVE REMOVALS, LTD.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Hyde watching with approval. Work is in progress everywhere. Sticky paper has been pasted over the windows and chrome and the bodywork is being resprayed, blotting out the original company's name. Hyde and Mycroft move around handing out beer and sandwiches to the workers. Everybody in very good spirits. CAMERA MOVES IN on the truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

263 ARMoured CAR - DAY - 263
 as it pulls up before a bank and Three Guards jump out on to the sidewalk. The CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing that this scene is on 16 m. m. film being projected against the screen in HYDE'S BASEMENT. It is, of course, dark, but we are conscious of the men in their customary lecture-room positions. The scene on the screen continues in short, somewhat amateurish clips, apparently shot from a stationary car nearby. As a result, we see what amounts to a synopsis of the entire operation which Hyde has been, and is now, describing.

HYDE'S VOICE

(over)

This is what you'll be seeing three weeks from today, gentlemen. The armoured car always arrives at approximately 10.55.

On the screen, three Bank Employees have come out with a trolley, and now packets of currency are being tossed into it. Everyone in the shot, including pedestrians, is completely un-selfconscious.

HYDE'S VOICE

(over)

The payroll money you see being handled so carelessly often amounts to over a million pounds.

Someone whistles. There is a muted cheer.

264 -ANOTHER ANGLE -

264 -

269 including Hyde, the screen, and some of the group, as our eyes 269
become accustomed to the light conditions. On the screen, one of
the Bank men signs for the money, it is wheeled into the side
entrance of the bank, the Guards get into the armoured car, and it
pulls away.

HYDE

The entire operation takes exactly
three minutes. The money now
goes into the bank by the side entrance,
on its way to the vaults, and the
armoured car leaves. We wait until
it turns the corner, and at that point we
go into action ...

He snaps his fingers. Race, at the projector, shuts it off, and
switches on the light. While the men are still blinking, Hyde moves
to a large chart on the wall which shows the complete ground plan of
the bank, as well as the street, etc. With the wooden pointer we
now see he has been carrying throughout, he continues, using the
pointer where necessary.

HYDE

The money is now being wheeled along
the corridor here ...

(he stops as he sees Weaver
raising his hand)

Question?

WEAVER

Yes, sir. I'm sorry, I must be
confused. Why do we wait until the
money's inside the bank? Surely --

HYDE

(cutting him off)

Because to try to take it outside would
be fatal, as well as messy. The
driver of the armoured car is completely
sealed in, safe from attack, and in con-
stant touch with both the police and his
company.

WEAVER

(puzzled)

Yes, I see. But inside - what do you
do about the alarm system there?

The men are watching and listening intently.

HYDE

I do nothing. I leave that to you.

(as Weaver reacts)

Actually, the bank has two alarm systems,
one to its security company, the other to
the nearest police station.

(he demonstrates)

There are at least a dozen buttons in the

264 -continued
269

264 -
269

HYDE

(continued)

building. If any one is pressed, the signals go out, steel shutters come down and block every exit, and an alarm bell on the roof begins to ring.

WEAVER

And what do I do about that?

HYDE

You prevent it from happening. As our explosives expert, you will manufacture the bombs which, when dropped into this manhole here --

(he demonstrates)

and this one here, will knock out the electricity and telephone systems for the entire area.

(he turns to face them)

Meanwhile, Mr. Lexy, our radio expert, will be jamming all police broadcasts in a radius of, I hope, at least two miles. At the same time, Mr. Buckland-Smith will have provided us with a noxious and blinding smoke-screen. This will not affect us - we shall be wearing the gas masks so generously provided by the army. Thus, when we move in, we move against a target that is both surprised and defenceless. Any questions?

He waits.

Lexy leans over to Porthill, who is beside him.

LEXY

(sotto voce)

He's a nut-case, you know - no getting away from it - he'll end up with a knighthood ...

DISSOLVE TO:

270 EXT. GARDEN. HYDE'S HOUSE - DAY - 270
the six men doing P. T. under instruction from Stevens. Lexy, Mycroft and Weaver all too obviously out of condition. Porthill and Race are getting by, while Rupert is performing adequately, but with profound distaste for the whole thing. Hyde comes out of the house to watch approvingly. Stevens, barking like a sergeant major urges his squad on. As Hyde turns to go back inside the house we

MIX TO:

- 271 EXT. STREET - DAY - 271
 where road work is in progress. London Electricity Board work men are attending to a fault in a manhole. There is the usual gathering of spectators looking on. Among them are Hyde and Weaver, proper with bowler hats and umbrellas, studying the manhole closely.

MIX TO:

- 272 INT. HYDE'S GARAGE - DAY - 272
 Lexy is at work on the bench, using an electrical soldering iron. A mass of complicated radio equipment is in front of him.

Mycroft comes in, bringing him a cup of tea. He puts it down on the bench - Lexy works on.

MIX TO:

- 273 EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY - 273
 Work is in progress on some sort of wooden structure. Stevens and Rupert saw planks of wood. This takes place in the yard - beyond them the doors of the warehouse are open, and Race is working on the truck, laying sheet-metal on the floor of the truck.

MIX TO:

- 274 INT. HYDE'S KITCHEN - DAY - 274
 Porthill is stripping down the Sterling guns, while Lexy, on cook-house fatigue, peels potatoes.

MIX TO:

- 275 EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY - 275
 Rupert is stirring something in a large, open-ended oil drum. As Hyde approaches, he picks up an old newspaper, screws it into a spill, dips this in the brew. He drops the sodden spill to the ground, then, motioning Hyde to stand aside, throws a lighted match on it. It immediately flares up, throwing off clouds of dense black smoke. In the background, Stevens and Race are hammering at the wooden structure, which seems to be in the form of a ramp.

MIX TO:

- 276 INT. HYDE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 276
 Stevens is coming in. He stops, horrified, and reacts to something out of scene.

277 REVERSE

277

Stevens' viewpoint. Mycroft is kneeling in front of the open gas stove - his head is right inside the oven. There is the SOUND of escaping gas. Stevens rushes into the scene and pulls Mycroft out and - as he is dragged clear - we see that he is wearing a Service-type gas mask.

MIX TO:

278 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT -

278

The Men are grouped around a table on which there is a group of toy model buildings, with toy replica traffic signals, lamp posts, etc. There is also a toy model bank. Race is manipulating various model cars (an armoured car, a furniture truck, a Vanguard, a Hillman Husky and a motorcycle) into positions near and around the bank. As he puts the motorcycle into its designated place.

MIX TO :

279 EXT. GARAGE - DAY -

279

Porthill, astride a motorcycle, playing with the throttle. Satisfied, he starts it, executes a couple of fancy turns in the driveway, and then drives into the garage.

280 INT. GARAGE - DAY -

280

Hyde and Lexy, as they react to the clatter, annoyed. Porthill cuts off the motor, and they return to what they have been doing. The radio equipment, apparently two portable sending units is finished now. Lexy is fitting something inside the face-piece of a gasmask. Satisfied, he holds it up and speaks into it, as one would when testing a microphone. Hyde watches.

MIX TO:

281 EXT. SHOPPING AREA - DAY -

281

Mycroft is coming out of a shop to hail a taxi. He gets one, and turns to admire a pretty girl walking past. A Shop Assistant comes out with four new suit-cases, followed by a companion with three more. They are piling these into the taxi as we

MIX TO:

282 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY -

282

Hyde's Vanguard is parked to one side of the yard. Stevens and Weaver are doing something to four small oil drums. Mycroft is brewing tea on a Primus stove, while Lexy watches. Porthill and Rupert are giving a final coat of black paint to the finished ramp. The truck itself has been weathered down and the paint no longer looks virgin fresh. Hyde comes from the truck cabin. Rupert looks up to say something to him, and suddenly freezes. Hyde senses something wrong, and turns.

283 REVERSE - 283
Hyde's viewpoint. Standing in the open gate, looking his way, is a young Policeman.

284 - BACK TO SCENE - 284 -
289 Hyde starts to move casually towards the Policeman. Stevens, 289
Weaver and the others, heavily aware of the Policeman's presence, bend over their various jobs.

HYDE
Come on, put a spurt in, I want this cleared up by twelve.
(he takes in the Policeman for the first time)
Oh, morning, Officer. Can I help you ?

The Policeman touches his helmet. He has an intelligent face.

POLICEMAN
Morning, sir. I didn't know this place was being used again.

HYDE
Yes, I've just taken it on temporarily - until my permanent premises are ready.

POLICEMAN
(looking around)
Well, I'll keep an eye open, sir, now I know you're here.

HYDE
Yes, I wish you would. Very kind of you.

POLICEMAN
Just routine. Good day, sir.

HYDE
Good day, Officer.

The Policeman goes. Hyde turns quickly, warning the others not to say anything until he is out of earshot. Lexy moves to him. Hyde takes up the Policeman's previous position and looks around.

HYDE
Could he have seen anything ?

There is the SOUND of an approaching vehicle. Hyde turns. Lexy moves to the gate and looks out, then steps back quickly as the SOUND gets nearer and a moment later a Hillman Husky is driven full pelt through the gates. Race is at the wheel. Hyde goes to him as he gets out.

RACE
How's this for service ?

HYDE
Where'd you get it ?

284- continued
289

284-
289

RACE

Harrods Charged it to your account.

HYDE

You mean you stole it, in broad daylight ?

RACE

Well, if you want to put it crudely.

HYDE

You bloody idiot ! We had a Policeman here not two minutes ago.

RACE

So ?

HYDE

So what if he saw you turn in here and took the number ?

RACE

Nobody knows it's been stolen yet, so why should he bother with the number ?

HYDE

I gave explicit orders the job wasn't to be attempted until after dark.

RACE

Well, all right. Court martial me, old dear.

HYDE

Thank you. That'll cost you a hundred.

RACE

Make it two hundred, old dear, I'm easy. I'm in charge of transport, right ? Well, I decided it was better to have this here in good time - we may have to do some work on it.

HYDE

What sort of work ?

RACE

How do I know, 'til I've looked ? Or would you rather find out on the day ? Time's getting short, old dear. Three hundred ...

284 - continued .
289

284 -
289

HYDE

(after a slight pause)

I accept the fact that your motives were good. But that's the last time you disobey orders. We can't risk all we're working for just because one man wants to be a hero. I've nothing against heroes - it's just that they usually crook it for other people.

(he turns)

Padre !

He fumbles in his pocket for some money as Mycroft comes forward.

HYDE

Go get some numberplates made up for this. Don't invent one, you might strike something that hasn't been used yet. Make a note of any car that looks about the same age, and use the same number.

Mycroft takes the money and moves off. Hyde turns back to Race.

HYDE

Ready, Major ?

He starts towards his car. Race throws him a mock salute, and follows him. Hyde reaches the car, and they both get in. Hyde is reversing out as we

DISSOLVE TO:

- 290 EXT. THE BANK - DAY- 290
as the Vanguard noses past and Hyde finds an empty space, and parks.
- 291 INT. VANGUARD (PROCESS) - DAY - 291
Hyde and Race. Hyde reaches for his document case on the back seat. He opens it and looks inside. Race watches.
- 292 INSERT - 292
the document case in Hyde's hands. Inside a Leica M3 camera ia mounted with the lens pointing through a small aperture beneath the lock of the case. The trigger release under the body protrudes through a hole in the bottom of the case. Also in the case is what seems to be a hearing-aid, except that a Minox camera has been fixed into a microphone-amplifier. Hyde takes it out.
- 293 INT. VANGUARD - DA Y - 293
Hyde gives the Minox set-up to Race, who immediately puts on the ear-piece, opens up the false amplifier, and checks the camera. Meanwhile, Hyde is checking the lens stop, etc. on the Leica. Satisfied, he closes the case. They look at each, and start out of the car.

294 EXT. THE BANK - 294
as both men get out of the car and walk to the bank.

DISSOLVE TO:

295 EXT. PRIVATE SCHOOL - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - 295
Race is sitting in the Vanguard, which is parked in the school fore-
court, looking at something out of scene.

296 EYELINE LONG SHOT - 296
Race's viewpoint. Two figures walking across the carefully tended
lawns. As they get nearer we see that it is Hyde and his daughter
walking hand in hand. They are discussing something animatedly.
Hyde is smiling. SOUND of a Chapel bell commencing to ring. A
Nun appears and comes up to them. The Nun and Hyde exchange a
few words, then his daughter throws her arms round her father's neck
and kisses him goodbye. She walks away with the Nun. Hyde watches
them for a moment, then returns to the car.

297 CLOSER - 297
as Race leans across and opens the driving door for Hyde, who gets
in and starts the engine. He has one last look at the retreating
figure of his daughter, then drives off.

298 INT. VANGUARD (PROCESS) - DAY - 298
Hyde and Race. They drive in silence for a while.

HYDE

(finally)

You're wondering how I reconcile
this and what we're up to, aren't
you? Well one has to have a
purpose in life, and she's mine.

Race doesn't answer, but takes out his cigarette case, gets two
cigarettes, gives one to Hyde and proceeds to light both.

HYDE

Love isn't enough. She's got a right
to expect something more than a
broken home and a stinking pension.
And don't talk to me about dirty
money. It's all dirty money. All
my life I've been paid to kill people,
one way or another. You can dress
it up, give it Pomp and Circumstance,
but it still comes down to that.

They ride on in silence again for a while.

HYDE

I was thinking about it all the morning -
that's one of the reasons I sounded off
at you . . . I'm sorry.

RACE

That's all right. We're all a little edgy.

HYDE

That's no excuse.

He increases speed - they are both looking forward as we

DISSOLVE TO:

299 INT. HYDE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

299

Hyde and Race standing by the sink are examining recently developed film strips.

MIX TO:

300- INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

300-

308 The entire group, except for Hyde, who is standing to one side holding a stop-watch, are lined up in raincoats which look slightly bulky in front. Hyde gives them a signal, clicks the stop-watch, and they all rip open their raincoats, revealing gas masks underneath. As Hyde times them, they put on the masks quickly and smoothly. He clicks the watch.

308

HYDE

Excellent.

They relax and start to pull off the masks, grinning at each other as their faces come into view. Hyde puts the watch away and reaches for a cigarette.

HYDE

Well, gentlemen, that more or less wraps it up. I believe the Adjutant would like to say one word to you.

RACE

Yes. I want all drivers to report to me immediately after this briefing - that tanks and spare jerry cans are full and oil levels and tyre pressures correct. I shall then carry out a final engine inspection. Thank you.

Rupert gives a discreet cough, but Hyde is looking at Mycroft.

HYDE

Yes, Quartermaster ?

MYCROFT

Just about the leave arrangements, sir. You asked me to mention the suitcases.

HYDE

Oh, yes. Yes, the Quartermaster has provided a suitcase apiece - I should say an extra suit case to allow for your excess baggage after the operation. I take it you've all studied the movement order for tomorrow night ?

He looks around and they all nod. Rupert again seems anxious to catch his eye.

HYDE

I've laid on a little celebration - it'll be our last get-together, since I don't anticipate any future regimental reunions - and throughout the evening, as per the movement order, members will be going off for a well-earned leave, in sunnier climes.

He looks around at their smiling faces.

HYDE

I trust everybody has finalised their individual travelling arrangements ? Good. Well, as I said, that ... (Rupert coughs again) ... Oh, yes, Rupert, so sorry, I was quite forgetting. Please.

Rupert produces a sheet of paper. He clears his throat and starts to read.

RUPERT

The latest Air Ministry Weather Forecast for tomorrow Friday the eighteenth. Most of England, Cloudy with occasional Rain or Showers with some Bright Periods.

(his audience cheers)

Outlook for the London Area, some drizzle at first, Light to Variable ground winds, Temperatures near or slightly below seasonal averages.

He finishes lamely to more derisive cheers.

HYDE

Further outlook very promising. Thank you, Rupert, you read that very nicely. Well, gentlemen, it only remains for me to say thank you for all your hard work, enthusiasm and unstinting loyalty. We're perfectly prepared - we've left nothing to chance - our last reconnaissance photographs reveal no changes - and I know our efforts are going to be amply rewarded. It's all there, waiting for us,

300- continued
308

300-
308

HYDE

(continued)

tomorrow morning. So relax, get a
good night's sleep and . . . good luck.

He strides out of the basement, and they break up.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 309 INT. RACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - TRACKING - 309
into a CLOSE SHOT of Race lying in bed. His eyes are open and he
is staring at the ceiling. He turns his head to look at his bedside
clock. He grimaces, rubs his eyes, then flings back the covers
and gets out of bed.
- 310 INT. LANDING - 310
The house is quiet. Race comes silently out of his room wearing a
dressing gown and pads across to the stairs.
- 311 HALLWAY - 311
as Race comes downstairs. He makes for the study.
- 312 INT. STUDY - 312
as Race appears in the doorway and feels for the light switch. He
clicks it on and stares amazed.
- 313 REVERSE - 313
Hyde sitting behind his desk, also in dressing gown, blinking at the
sudden brightness. On the desk before him are the toy model bank
and the various cars. There is also a whiskey bottle, soda syphon
and glasses on a tray. Race comes in.

RACE

Well, I'm damned.

HYDE

Pull up a chair.

Race accepts the invitation. Hyde pours him a drink. They raise
glasses.

RACE

It's the waiting that always killed
me in the jolly old krieg.

HYDE

Killed everybody.

RACE

Always surprises you. Like love.
Every time you think it's going to
be different - but it's always the
same. It's the bloody sameness that
surprises you.

313 continued

313

He is downing his drink when we hear the SOUND of a car drawing up outside. Race puts his glass down quietly. Both men look at each other, listening.

314 EXT. STREET END OF DRIVE - NIGHT - 314
Lexy is getting stealthily out of a sports car, which is being driven by Wylie's Girl Friend. He closes the door quietly, then leans in and kisses her. It is evident that she is no longer Wylie's girl friend. They part.

LEXY

I won't ask you in because Mother's waiting up . . . You're quite straight now ?
Midnight tomorrow, London Airport.
Drive carefully.

He kisses her again, turns and starts quietly toward the house. She backs away, too noisily for him. He turns and signals her urgently, and she waves back and drives out of scene. Lexy continues toward the house.

315 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - NIGHT - 315
Hyde and Race are at the window. Past them, Lexy can be seen approaching the house.

316 EXT. HYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 316
Lexy comes to the side of the house, picks up some pebbles, and starts to toss them, one by one, toward an upper window. After a moment, the porch lights go on, and he starts happily toward the front door.

317 EXT. HYDE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT 317
as Lexy reaches it, the door opens. Hyde and Race are waiting for him. Lexy sees them, stops short.

LEXY

Good morning, sir.

Hyde waves him in. He goes in, carefully.

318 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 318
as Lexy comes in and continues toward the stairs. Race closes the door, and he and Hyde follow Lexy, who is now mounting the stairs.

HYDE

You realize that this is a gross breach of discipline.

LEXY

(stopping)

Yes, sir. I was just trying to relax, sir.

He has his back to them, as they look up toward him.

HYDE

I don't know what action I'm going to take, yet, but at the very least it'll be a heavy fine.

LEXY

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

He starts up the stairs again. Hyde and Race look at each other, and cannot repress smiles.

RACE

Lexy. How much would you say she was worth.

LEXY

(stopping)

I'd settle for the full five hundred sir ...

He continues up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

319 EXT. HYDE'S HOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY - 319
a foot kicking down on the starter-pedal of a motorbike. SOUND of the engine roaring into life and behind this the SOUND of two car engines. CAMERA ON CAMERA CAR STARTS TO PULL BACK, revealing Porthill on the motorbike, behind him the Husky with Lexy at the wheel and behind this the Vanguard with Hyde driving and Mycroft beside him. The convoy moves off WITH CAMERA, Porthill letting the two cars go first, and is travelling fairly fast down the drive and out into the road as we

MIX QUICKLY TO:

320 EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY - 320
again SHOOTING FROM CAMERA CAR AHEAD, as the furniture truck swings out with Race at the wheel.

MIX QUICKLY TO:

321 EXT. FLEET STREET - L. S. DAY - 321
The convoy is moving down the street towards Ludgate Circus.

322 EXT. LUDGATE CIRCUS - DAY - 322
Hyde's section coming up to traffic lights at Green. CAMERA PANS OFF to pick up the truck taking the GREEN light. The other side of the Circus.

- 323 ANOTHER ANGLE - 323
as Hyde's section moves across the intersection and falls in behind the truck which has been dawdling for them.
- 324 CAMERA CAR SHOT - 324
holding the whole convoy as it travels up Ludgate Hill towards St. Pauls.
- 325 EXT. ST. PAULS - PANNING - 325
the convoy towards the right incline leading to St. Pauls. The lights go against them.
- 326 INT. VANGUARD (PROCESS) - CLOSE SHOT - 326
Hyde impatient. He looks at his wrist watch.
- 327 INSERT - 327
Hyde's wrist watch. The time is ten forty nine.
- 328 CLOSE SHOT- 328
the traffic lights, going from amber to GREEN.
- 329 INT. TRUCK - (PROCESS) - CLOSE SHOT - 329
Race letting in his clutch.
- 330 ST. PAUL'S - FULL SHOT - 330
as the convoy moves across into the right-hand fork to St. Paul's Churchyard.
- 331 PANNING - 331
As the convoy moves along St. Paul's Churchyard, a crocodile of schoolgirls is coming up to a pedestiran crossing just in front of the truck.
- 332 GO TO THE TRUCK - 332
as Race gives the turning left signal and starts to turn into Watling Street. Behind him, in the Husky, Lexy puts his hand out, swings out, passes the truck and continues on down to New Change. Before Hyde can follow Race the NUN in charge of the schoolgirls steps onto the crossing and puts up her hand. Hyde is forced to brake. The Nun starts to usher the schoolgirls across.
- 333 CLOSER - 333
On Hyde. He watches the children crossing, his face expressionless. He glances at his watch again.
- 334 REVERSE - 334
as the last schoolgirl gets across and the traffic resumes. Hyde turns quickly into Watling Street followed by Porthill.
- 335 NEW CHANGE - 335
The Husky pulls up into New Change. Beyond is Watling Street where the convoy moves along towards Eastcheap.
- 336 EASTCHEAP TRAVELLING EYELINE SHOT - 336
From inside the truck, Race's viewpoint. Passing the Bank on our left and coming up to the next corner. Truck starts to turn left into Mincing Lane.

- 337 PANNING - 337
The convoy round into Mincing Lane.
- 338 INT. TRUCK (PROCESS) - CLOSE SHOT - 338
Race, looking for parking space. He gives the slowing down signal.
- 339 SLOWER TRAVELLING EYELINE SHOT - 339
Race's viewpoint, as a car pulls out ahead, leaving free space.
- 340 GO TO THE VANGUARD - MINCING LANE - 340
as Hyde hoots and passes the truck. Porthill follows suit.
- 341 SIDE ANGLE - MINCING LANE - 341
as the truck starts to reverse into the parking space, the Vanguard PASSES CAMERA and Porthill pulls over to the opposite side of the road where he finds space to park.
- 342 LONG SHOT - MINCING LANE - 342
the Vanguard cruising to another free space and pulling in quickly.
- 343 CLOSER - MINCING LANE - 343
as Hyde and Mycroft get out. All the men wear raincoats. Hyde looks at his watch.
- 344 INSERT - 344
Hyde's wrist watch. The time is ten fifty one.
- 345 GO TO THE TRUCK - MINCING LANE - 345
as Race gets down from the cabin, CAMERA TRACKS BACK with him as he walks to the rear. He knocks once on the side of the truck. As he reaches the rear the tarpaulin is lifted from within.
- 346 CLOSER - 346
as Weaver and Stevens tie the tarpaulin to each side. Rupert also visible. Race swings himself up into the truck. Then, two on each side, the four men manhandle the ramp forward until it projects about a foot from the vehicle. This finished, Race looks at his watch.
- 347 INSERT - 347
Race's wrist watch. The time is ten fifty three.
- 348 GO TO CLOSE SHOT - 348
Lexy in the Husky, which is parked in New Change just short of Cannon Street. He looks anxious.
- 349 BACK TO THE TRUCK - MINCING LANE - 349
where all four men are in position to get the ramp down.

RACE

Okay. Now !

They strain. The ramp does not move.

- 350 CLOSER - 350
on Race, his face contorted with the effort. He stops puzzled.

RACE

Come on !

- 351 CLOSE TWO SHOT - 351
Weaver and Rupert, in the truck, putting all they've got into it.
- 352 REVERSE - 352
Race and Stevens in the road, doing likewise.
- 353 CLOSER - 353
the ramp. It moves an inch or two.
- 354 BACK TO RACE - 354
sweat pouring off him.

RACE

Keep going, keep going !

He makes the supreme effort, then collapses as the ramp still refuses to budge. He collects himself and puts a hand up. Weaver pulls him up into the truck.

- 355 INSIDE THE TRUCK - 355
as he tries to find out what is holding the ramp. He scrambles up onto the top of the stuck ramp.
- 356 CLOSER - 356
a section of the ramp. We see that is hooked behind the truck's framework. Race angles himself into position, gets his feet against an upright and pushes back.
- 357 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE - 357
as the ramp moves a fraction.
- 358 BACK TO RACE - CLOSER - 358
sweating profusely, giving it maximum effort.
- 359 THE RAMP AGAIN - 359
It moves another fraction.
- 360 BACK TO RACE - CLOSER STILL - 360
almost all-in.
- 361 BACK TO THE RAMP - 361
It moves perceptibly. Now almost clear of the framework.
- 362 RACE AGAIN - ENORMOUS HEAD - 362
as he finds sufficient energy for the last try.

RACE

(weakly)

Pull !

- 363 GO TO WEAVER, RUPERT & STEVENS - 363
all three in the roadway now. They pull. The ramp shoots out.
- 364 INSIDE THE TRUCK - 364
Race is flung sideways by the sudden release, striking his head against the side of the truck. He is momentarily stunned. Stevens enters scene to help him up. Race shakes his head, pushes him away.

- 365 ANOTHER ANGLE - MINCINGLANE - 365
as Stevens rolls two small oil drums from the rear of the truck to Rupert then jumps down into the roadway. Race, still moving slowly, picks up two partly-filled sacks.
- 366 IN THE ROADWAY - MINCING LANE - 366
Rupert helps Stevens get the oil drums on his shoulders. Stevens moves off towards Eastcheap.
- 367 PANNING - EASTCHEAP - 367
Stevens to the corner, where he crosses, and dumps the two oil drums on the opposite side of the road to the Bank. He sits on one.
- 368 ANOTHER ANGLE - EASTCHEAP - 368
Stevens in foreground. He fumbles for a cigarette. Two Men approaching, retired business-types. They glance down at him as they pass.
- 1st MAN
(to his friend)
There you are - the British working man.
- 2nd MAN
Yes, typical.
- They go on. Stevens looks back towards the truck.
- 369 GO TO THE TRUCK - 369
where Weaver and Rupert are just moving off towards Eastcheap with one of the sacks. Race has the other sack. He looks back towards Hyde.
- 370 GO TO HYDE AND MYCROFT - 370
they shake hands and Mycroft starts towards Porthill and the truck.
- 371 BACK TO RACE - 371
as he moves off with his sack, towards Eastcheap.
- 372 TRACKING BACK - 372
with Weaver and Rupert as they turn the corner into Eastcheap, pass the Bank and stop a few yards further on by Manhole Cover No. 1.
- 373 PICK UP MYCROFT AGAIN - EASTCHEAP - 373
as he comes up to Porthill. They greet each other warmly and cross the road. As they reach the corner we see that Race has now arrived at Manhole Cover No. 2. Mycroft and Porthill pass him without so much as a glance and move onto Entrance of Bank.
- 374 ANOTHER ANGLE - PANNING - EASTCHEAP - 374
Mycroft and Porthill to the Bank. Still chatting they go inside.
- 375 GO TO THE HILLMAN HUSKY - 375
still parked where we left it in New Change.
- 376 CLOSE SHOT - 376
Lexy, looking down Cannon Street, then at his watch.

- 377 INSERT - 377
Lexy's watch. The time is ten fifty five.
- 378 BACK TO CLOSE SHOT - 378
Lexy. His eyes come up from the watch.
- 379 EYELINE SHOT - 379
traffic coming along Cannon Street. Lexy's viewpoint. First a bus, then two or three private cars, then the Armoured Car.
- 380 BACK TO LEXY - 380
he presses the starter and puts the Husky in gear.
- 381 EYELINE SHOT THROUGH HUSKY WINDSCREEN - 381
as the Armoured Car passes across from Right to Left into Bread Street, (ten yards from the Husky) and up into Eastcheap.
- 382 LEXY - 382
The Husky moves forward and turns into Bread Street. The Armoured Car beyond.
- 383 CAMERA CAR - TRAVELLING - EASTCHEAP - 383
with the Armoured Car in foreground and glimpses of the Husky some twenty yards or so behind. Armoured Car gives the Turn Right (Camera Left) signal using Trafficators, not hand, signals.
- 384 EASTCHEAP - PANNING - 384
the Armoured Car to the space reserved for it in front of the Bank. The Husky stops by Weaver and Rupert.
- 385 CLOSE R - 385
the Armoured Car. The rear doors are opened from within and three Guards get out. The leading Guard looks towards the Bank.
- 386 INT. THE BANK - 386
the view from the entrance. The Staff at their positions, the Manager looking towards the street. He gives the signal.
- 387 GO TO THE PASSAGE DOOR - 387
where four men start to wheel the unloading trolley towards the street entrance. Behind them we can see Mycroft and Porthill at writing desks, heads bent.
- 388 EXT. THE ARMOURED CAR - 388
as the trolley is brought out and unloading commences. CAMERA TRACKS to the front of the vehicle - the Driver, sealed in, watches the street ahead.
- 389 EYELINE LONG SHOT - 389
through windscreen of Armoured Car, the Driver's viewpoint. Race on one corner, Stevens on the other, nothing suspicious.
- 390 CLOSER - 390
Race, as he stamps his feet, turns and looks towards Hyde.
- 391 EYELINE - LONG SHOT - 391
Hyde walking towards us, Race's viewpoint.

- 392 BACK TO THE HUSKY - 392
shooting towards the Armoured Car where unloading is still in progress. Weaver and Rupert open the rear door and take out two more small oil drums which they place by Manhole No. 1. Lexy looks ahead.
- 393 EYELINE - 393
The Armoured Car, Lexy's viewpoint. The unloading completed. One of the Bank Staff signs for it. Two of the Guards get back into the rear compartment.
- 394 BACK TO LEXY - CLOSER - 394
as he watches this. He leans back into the rear of the Husky.
- 395 INSERT - 395
the jamming transmitters. Lexy's hand enters scene and switches them on.
- 396 BACK TO THE ARMOURED CAR - 396
as the Bank Staff wheel the trolley back into the Bank. The Third Guard goes round to the Driver to tell him the job is finished.
- 397 GO TO HYDE - MINCING LANE - 397
nearly at the corner of Eastcheap now. A Small Boy is playing with a ball on the opposite side of the street. The ball bounces into the roadway and across the street to Hyde.
- 398 CLOSER - 398
as Hyde reacts and bends to retrieve the ball. He looks across to
- 399 THE SMALL BOY - 399
watching him.
- 400 BACK TO HYDE - EASTCHEAP - 400
as he smiles and throws the ball back, then continues and turns the corner. The Small Boy walks in the direction of the furniture truck, in Mincing Lane, bouncing the ball.
- 401 PICK UP HYDE AGAIN - EASTCHEAP - 401
as he passes Race - no hint of recognition between them. He looks across to
- 402 STEVENS - EASTCHEAP - 402
glimpsed between two cars.
- 403 BACK TO HYDE - TRACKING - EASTCHEAP - 403
he looks ahead to
- 404 THE ARMOURED CAR - EASTCHEAP - 404
Hyde walking towards it as the Third Guard gets inside and the rear doors are closed from within.
- 405 ANOTHER ANGLE - 405
including the Husky as Hyde passes the Armoured Car. Rupert moves to the Husky as Hyde approaches.
- 406 PANNING - 406
Rupert to the rear of the Husky - he leans inside and uncovers four Sterling guns - pushes one forward to Lexy who feels for it with one hand, but keeps looking ahead.

- 407 EYELINE SHOT - THROUGH HUSKY WINDSCREEN -407
the Armoured Car just moving off from Lexy's viewpoint.
- 408 PICK UP HYDE AGAIN - 408
coming up to Weaver, who has a cigarette in his mouth. He stops Hyde and asks him for a light. Hyde pauses and angles himself round as he feels for a box of matches.
- 409 EYELINE LONG SHOT - 409
the Armoured Car disappearing round the corner into Mincing Lane, from Hyde's viewpoint.
- 410 BACK TO HYDE - CLOSER - EASTCHEAP - 410
as he opens the box and prepares to strike a light for Weaver.
- 411 GO TO STEVENS - CLOSE - 411
watching. He sees this and lights his oil drum. Thick black clouds of smoke start to billow out. They blanket the scene. Stevens and passers-by are almost immediately blocked from view.
- 412 BACK TO HYDE - 412
Now, instead of giving Weaver a light, he drops the lighted match into the other oil drum - with the same effect. He drops another match into the other drum. At the same time, Weaver goes to Manhole No. 1, produces a butcher's hook, lifts the cover, takes an explosive charge out of his raincoat pocket, and drops it into the hole. He replaces the cover.
- 413 GO TO RACE - CLOSE - 413
doing likewise with Manhole No. 2.
- 414 BACK TO THE HUSKY - EASTCHEAP - 414
where Weaver, Hyde, Rupert and Lexy have donned their gasmasks (worn under their raincoats). Rupert hands guns to Hyde and Weaver. Hyde takes his and bangs on the side of the Husky.
- 415 ANOTHER ANGLE - EASTCHEAP - 415
as Hyde, Weaver and Rupert sprint for the Bank and Lexy moves the Husky up to occupy the place vacated by the Armoured Car. The smoke is now obscuring the whole area.
- 416 BANK ENTRANCE - EASTCHEAP - 416
Hyde, Weaver and Rupert are coming from one direction - Race and Stevens (both now wearing gas masks and carrying guns) are coming from the other. They enter the Bank at the same time as the Husky arrives outside.
- 417 INT. THE BANK - 417
the Manager and his Assistant are on their way into their office. At the SOUND of running feet, they turn.
- 418 QUICK CUT - 418
Manhole No. 1 blowing.
- 419 QUICK CUT - 419
Manhole No. 2 blowing.

- 420 BACK TO INTERIOR BANK - 420
with the noise of the explosions dying away - the Manager and his Assistant coming forward, then stopping, stunned.
- 421 REVERSE - 421
Hyde and the others moving in, menacing with their guns. Confusion from the clients, a Woman screams. Race, Weaver, Stevens and Mycroft (also wearing gas masks) start for the Passage door.
- HYDE
(his voice weirdly
magnified by the
transistor mike Lexy
has built into the gas-
mask)
- Stay where you are, and no-one
will be hurt.
- 422 ANOTHER ANGLE - 422
as a Man turns from the counter and makes a run for it. CAMERA WHIP PANS him straight into Porthill, also wearing gas mask, who brings his Sterling gun up and pushes it into the Man's ribs.
- 423 BACK TO HYDE - CLOSE - 423
as he steps forward covering the whole area. Rupert is also visible.
- 424 THE PASSAGE - 424
the four Bank employees in the act of unloading the trolley. SOUND of a door bursting open. They look TOWARDS CAMERA.
- 425 REVERSE - 425
as Race, Weaver, Stevens and Mycroft move in. Everywhere dim now as the smoke outside blots out the sun.
- 426 ANOTHER ANGLE - 426
as Race and Stevens push the four Bank employees back against the wall and Weaver and Mycroft start to push the trolley out.
- 427 BACK TO THE BANK - 427
where Hyde, Porthill and Rupert have the situation under control. Hyde glances over his shoulder to:
- 428 THE PASSAGE DOOR - 428
as Weaver and Mycroft appear with the trolley.
- 429 EYELINE SHOT - 429
watching the trolley's progress to the door, from the Bank Manager's viewpoint.
- 430 ANOTHER ANGLE - 430
as Hyde motions Rupert outside. Rupert turns and goes. Hyde indicates that Porthill should remain. Weaver comes in to shot and gives the thumbs up sign, then exits. The bank is thick with smoke by now. Hyde looks to see that Race and Stevens are on their way out behind him, then he and Porthill start to back out, covering everybody as they go. They pause near the door.

- 431 CLOSER - HYDE AND PORTHILL - 431
as they tighten their grips on their guns.
- HYDE
- All exits will be covered for five minutes after we leave, so I hope you'll all behave sensibly. But just to impress upon you the need for caution ...
- He nods to Porthill, who brings his gun up and fires a short burst at the ceiling.
- 432 REVERSE - 432
as everybody instinctively ducks down. Tinkle of falling glass from the shattered ceiling lights.
- 433 BACK TO HYDE AND PORTHILL - 433
as Porthill withdraws first. Hyde has one last look around, then starts to back out himself.
- 434 EXT. THE BANK - 434
thick smoke everywhere. The trolley lies overturned in the gutter. The men are removing their gas masks and throwing them and their guns into the Husky on top of the loot. Hyde backs out and joins them, and deals with his gas mask and Sterling in the same manner. The others sprint off in the direction of Green Row. Hyde claps a handkerchief to his nostrils and goes in front of the Husky. He beckons Lexy to start forward.
- 435 TRACKING - 435
ahead of Hyde as he leads the Husky, directing Lexy through the fog. They pass some people running excitedly in the street.
- 436 ANOTHER ANGLE - 436
as they come up to the corner. Evidence of the explosion. A car and a No Parking Sign overturned, and parts of the pavement torn up, as Hyde guides the Husky round the corner.
- 437 GO TO THE TRUCK - 437
Where Race and Stevens are in the driving compartment with the engine running.
- 438 REAR OF TRUCK - 438
Weaver, Rupert, Mycroft and Porthill are by the ramp waiting for the Husky to appear.
- 439 EYELINE SHOT - 439
their view of the Husky, as its headlamps appear outlining Hyde. Hyde steps to one side.
- 440 CLOSER - 440
Lexy, hugging the driving wheel. He peers ahead, steadies the car and lines up with the ramp. Then gives it the gun.
- 441 SHOOTING TOWARDS THE HUSKY - 441
from inside the van, as it leaps towards us.

- 442 **LOW ANGLE - CLOSE -** 442
as the Husky's wheels grip the ramp - it falters slightly and the wheels spin, sending off showers of splinters, then Lexy gives it more acceleration and it starts to mount the ramp.
- 443 **SIDE ANGLE -** 443
as the Husky's wheels grip the ramp - it falters slightly and the wheels spin, sending off showers of splinters, then Lexy gives it more acceleration and it starts to mount the ramp.
- 443 **SIDE ANGLE -** 443
of the Husky mounting the ramp.
- 444 **INSIDE THE TRUCK -** 444
as the Husky comes up over the edge and slams forward into some bales of straw. Rupert and Mycroft jump up after it and start to untie the tarpaulin, letting it fall back into place.
- 445 **REAR OF TRUCK -** 445
Porthill dashing for his motorbike. Weaver strikes a match and ignites the ramp, dropping the match into a prepared fuse. The sudden burst of flame sends him staggering back - he bumps into Hyde, who saves him. Shielding their faces from the fierce heat they run forward - Weaver gets into the driving cabin - and the truck starts to move off. The ramp blazes furiously as Hyde staggers on.
- 447 **TRACKING -** 447
with Hyde, as he pushes forward towards his own car. A Passerby clutches at his arm.
- 448 **CLOSER -** 448
Hyde and the Passerby.
- MAN**
What's happened ?
- HYDE**
Underground gas main blown up,
I think.
- He moves on.
- 449 **ANOTHER ANGLE -** 449
as Hyde gains his own car. He pulls the door open and almost collapses inside. **SOUND** of fire engines coming up.
- 450 **CLOSER -** 450
Hyde in the Vanguard, searching to find the ignition.
- 451 **GO TO PORTHILL -** 451
on his motorbike, engine running, looking towards Hyde. We see the Vanguard pull out. Porthill follows. The **CAMERA** stays with him and the motorcyle, moving in **CLOSE** on the noisily clattering exhaust.

MIX THROUGH TO:

452- INT. HYDE'S STUDY - CLOSE - NIGHT - 452-
 459 the eight new suitcases we saw Mycroft purchase, lined up in a 459
 row. They appear to bulge somewhat. SOUND of music and a
 champagne cork popping and the clink of glasses over general hum
 of conversation. A Hand comes into shot and lifts one of the suit-
 cases. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the suitcase is lifted, revealing
 Weaver - a Weaver flushed with success. Stevens, likewise
 merry, is next to him and picks up another of the suitcases. They
 are dressed in the clothes they reported in.

Mycroft, a little unsteady, is pouring from the frothing bottle
 into glasses held by Lexy, Hyde, Race, Porthill and Rupert.
 Two more empty magnums are on Hyde's desk, as well as other
 evidences of the celebration. Mycroft is careless - champagne
 slops onto the carpet. The music originates from a record
 player.

MYCROFT

So sorry, so sorry.

HYDE

My dear chap - think nothing of it -
 I'm made of money.

RACE

(to Weaver and Stevens)

Come on, old dears - one for the
 road.

Weaver hesitates, looking at his watch, but Stevens accepts
 readily. Lexy finds him a spare glass.

HYDE

Now, don't delay them - we must
 keep to schedule.

PORTHILL

(to Stevens):

Where're you headed for - made up
 your mind yet ?

STEVENS

That information's restricted.

HYDE

Quite right. Let's keep it that way.

LEXY

I'll tell you where he's headed for -
 first of all he's making the pilgrimage
 to Oscar Wilde's tomb ...

RACE

Oh, full marks !

Stevens takes this with a smile and downs his drink. Hyde puts
 out his hand.

452- continued.
459

452-
459

HYDE

Well ... bon voyage.

STEVENS

And you, sir. I won't drop you
a line -

HYDE

- No, don't.

STEVENS

- But I'll be thinking about you.

They shake hands. Hyde turns to Weaver.

HYDE

Weaver.

(they shake hands)

Don't do anything too explosive.

WEAVER

Definitely not, sir. I'll use a
very slow fuse.

(he takes in the others)

Well ... goodbye all. Have a
good time.

STEVENS

Yes, have a good time.

Chorus of goodbyes and "You Too !" from the others as Weaver
and Stevens go out into the hall, followed by Hyde.

RACE

D'you know, I'm suddenly rather
sad. Fill my glass up, Padre.

LEXY

(as Mycroft obliges)

Poor old Padre - he's going to feel
the pinch.

MYCROFT

Oh, really, why ?

LEXY

Well, now you can afford to sin -
takes the edge of it. Your only hope
is to hot-gospel it to California and
found your own church.

Rupert finishes off his drink and goes towards the suitcases.

RACE

You're very busy deciding what
everybody else is going to do - what's
your future ?

452- continued.
459

452-
459

LEXY

Well, after I've settled all the out-
standing maintenance orders ...
I'm not kidding, I was a fair operator
without money - but now I'm loaded
... I mean, the female sex will have
to put a statue up to me !

PORTHILL

Behind the bandstand in Hyde Park no
doubt.

Hyde returns from the hall at this point. Mycroft hands him a fresh
glass of champagne.

HYDE

Oh, thank you, Padre. You're off
now aren't you, Rupert ?

RUPERT

Yes, my time has come, as they say.

HYDE

Journey's end.
(he raises his glass)
I hope the rest of the quotation comes
true.

RUPERT

I doubt it. , I'm the exception to the
rule. I always make the same mistake
twice. Don't bother to see me out,
sir. Hate goodbyes. Thank you for
everything, I can't tell you how ...

He stands to attention for a brief second, then picks up his suitcase
quickly and goes out.

HYDE

(touched)
Awfully decent type, that, you know.

RACE

Old Rupert ? Yes, one of the best.

HYDE

Solid as a rock.
(he looks around)
Well, the party's dying a bit, can't
have that. Martin, put another
record on. Do the honours, Padre.

PORTHILL

Right, sir.

He moves to the record player and sorts through a small pile of
old 78's. Mycroft replenishes all the glasses.

452- continued.
459

452-
459

PORTHILL

This all you've got, sir ?

HYDE

What's that ? Oh, nothing there ?

PORTHILL

Well ...

He selects a record and puts it on the turntable. A few seconds later, as Porthill turns back to the room with a smile, the strains of "We're the Soldiers of the Queen, My Lads ..." come cracking through.

RACE

(taking it up)

... The Queen, my lads, The Queen
my lads ...

PORTHILL & LEXY

... and we fight to do or die, my lads
... and so on and so forth ... You're
in the wrong key, Padre.

They are in the midst of this when we hear the SOUND of the front door knocker. Mycroft hears it first.

MYCROFT

That somebody at the front door ?

HYDE

What ? Listen.

The knock comes again.

LEXY

Old Rupert back again - didn't
forget his suitcase, did he ?
Count them, Padre.

Hyde and Race exchange a look, then move towards the hall.
Hyde goes out, while Race lingers in the doorway.

460 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - 460
as Hyde comes out of the study towards the front door. Through the glass panel of the front door we can see the outline of a man. We see and hear him press the door bell. Hyde hesitates a fraction then puts his hand on the latch.

461 CLOSER - 461
on the door, as Hyde opens it to reveal Bunny Warren.

WARREN

Norman !

462 REVERSE - STILL CLOSE - 462
on Hyde, looking totally blank.

- 463 GO TO RACE - 463
in the doorway of the study, likewise blank. Behind him, Lexy, Porthill and Mycroft come forward.
- 464 BACK TO THE FRONT DOOR - 464
as Warren, beaming, takes a step forward.

WARREN

Don't say you don't recognise me,
you old scoundrel ... Warren ...
Bunny Warren!

Dawn of recognition on Hyde's face.

HYDE

Bunny ... of course... yes.

WARREN

(shaking hands warmly)

Going to say - haven't changed all
that much, have I?

HYDE

No. No, I didn't see who it was at
first.

- 465 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - 465
as Race backs away from the door. He motions for Porthill to
take off the record.
- 466 RESUME HYDE AND BUNNY AT THE DOOR - 466
Bunny is now firmly inside the hallway. We hear the record stop
in the study.

HYDE

How are you?

WARREN

Can't complain, old son, can't
complain. My God, you haven't
altered a scrap. Gave you a shock,
eh? Thought it would. Well, I
finally found you in, well, well.
Now look here, guess what - we're
neighbours.

HYDE

Neighbours?

WARREN

Yes, moved in last week, Wellington
Avenue. Couldn't believe my luck
when I got your address from the
Association. Called a couple of
times, but never any reply.

HYDE

No, I've been rather busy lately.

466 continued.

466

Bunny, conscious that he hasn't yet been asked in, edges a step further. Hyde is forced to close the door.

WARREN

How are things, everything
chickety-snitch ?

(he gives a wink)

Thought I heard a bit of a party
going on.

HYDE

(no longer able to avoid
the issue)

Oh, just a few . . . business friends.
Come in and join us.

467 INT. HYDE'S STUDY -
as the others hear this and react.

467

WARREN

(O. S.)

You know me . . . or you ought to . . .
never say no to a party. My God,
those were the days, eh ? What
about Vienna, eh ?

Hyde appears in the doorway - gives the others a look - and then
ushers Bunny in.

WARREN

Evening.

HYDE

Gentlemen, may I introduce an old
friend - Brigadier Bunny Warren.
I had the honour to serve under him
in Thirty Corps. Now, what'll you
have, Bunny ?

WARREN

Oh, any old tippie. Scotch ?

HYDE

(as he goes for the drink)

Bunny just became a neighbour of
mine, he tells me.

WARREN

Yes, bloody funny how the old water
flows under . . . Haven't seen old
Norman - well, how long is it, Norman ?

468 ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE -
on Hyde, getting the drink. Race is near to him. They exchange
a look.

468

468 continued.

468

HYDE

Oh, forty eight ?

WARREN

(O. S.)

Must be all that.

Hyde pours an enormous drink - with just a splash of soda.

469 GO TO WARREN -
standing next to Porthill.

469

WARREN

What're you chaps celebrating ?

PORTHILL

Well, I don't know how you'd describe
it, really ..(Hyde comes in with Bunny's
drink)How would you describe it, er,
Norman ?

WARREN

Oh, thanks. Cheers everybody.

HYDE

Cheers. Describe what ?

WARREN

Just wondered what the party's in aid
of. Mind you, never wanted an
excuse myself. Remember that
Christmas in Hamburg, Norman ?
That was one for the book, wasn't it ?
Went down in history that one.

Race and Mycroft drift in.

PORTHILL

If you'll excuse me, Norman, I think
I'd better be buzzing.

WARREN

Oh, must you ?

PORTHILL

Yes, mustn't be too late tonight.

WARREN

Well, nice meeting you.

PORTHILL

Yes, you to. See you again, I hope.
Thank you for a lovely party, Norman.
Enjoyed every minute of it.

HYDE

I'll see you out.

PORTHILL

(to Lexy, Race and Mycroft)

Goodbye, Padre ... I mean, well
goodbye all ... look after yourselves
... Did I have something with me?
Oh, yes, suitcase. That's it. Excuse
me, sir.

Bunny steps aside and Porthill picks up his case. Bunny gives the other suitcases a puzzled glance.

PORTHILL

Good show. 'Bye, once again.

He goes out, followed by Hyde.

WARREN

(to Race)

No, this party I was talking about
in Hamburg -

RACE

Can I top you up, sir?

WARREN

- Lovely, yes.

Race takes his glass and moves away, apparently listening intently to the story.

470 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE -

470

on Hyde and Porthill at the front door, which is open. They are shaking hands.

PORTHILL

How will you get rid of him?

HYDE

Oh, I'll find a way - don't worry,
I know Bunny's capacity to the last
ounce. By tomorrow morning this
will be but a tiny part of a monumental
hangover.

PORTHILL

Well, thank you for changing my way
of life, sir.

They shake hands.

471 INT. HYDE'S STUDY -

471

Race handing Bunny an enormous refill. Lexy and Mycroft listening.

WARREN

... it was in the sergeants Mess actually - oh, thanks - and old Wilson said he's do some conjuring tricks.

RACE

Was he any good?

WARREN

Well, that's the point. He was no bloody good at all, you see. So he did all the usual stuff, you know, card tricks and that and then he announced he was going to attempt something, er, very elaborate.

Hyde returns at this point and Bunny takes him in.

WARREN

Just telling them about old Wilson.

HYDE

How's your drink, Bunny?

WARREN

Er, yes, in a moment. So ... he got somebody to bring him a tray and a bottle of Steinhager - you remember that German gin - more or less U Boat fuel - see - and, er, he stood in the tray and poured the stuff all over him.

RACE

Sacrilege.

He skillfully extracts Bunny's nearly empty glass - Hyde takes it and goes for a refill.

WARREN

Yes. Then ... this is it. He set light to himself. Went up like a rocket. Well, you know we all pitched in ... chaps threw water over him and that, but pretty inflammable stuff that Steinhager and, you know, he was more or less at death's door for three months. Didn't turn a hair though ... all he said was, "Well, least I know that trick doesn't work."

Hyde hands him another drink.

Mycroft has become increasingly distracted through Bunny's story and now manages to catch Hyde's eye.

MYCROFT

Norman - I think perhaps ...

LEXY

Yes, me too, Norman - mustn't keep the little darling - er little woman - waiting.

WARREN

Oh. Not going, are you?

MYCROFT

Well, we've both had rather a full day.

LEXY

To say nothing of a full night coming up.

They both look for their suitcases. Bunny is standing directly in front of the four remaining cases - he takes a step to one side and nearly trips over them.

LEXY

Now steady, Bunny. Bit early for that.

He picks up his suitcase and Mycroft does likewise. As Mycroft lifts his case the catch flies open - Race and Hyde make a move forward, anguished, but Mycroft just manages to get his hand to the catch in time.

WARREN

What's all this in aid of? Going off on a dirty week-end?

MYCROFT

(his hand over the faulty catch still)

No - no, just a well-earned rest.

LEXY

You speak for yourself. I'm going for a dirty year - that is, if I live that long. Cheerio, Bunny. Take care of your red neck - awfully glad you moved in round here - very nice little neighbourhood. I know Norman's pleased, aren't you Norman?

HYDE

(with a glint)

It made my day.

LEXY

(to Race)

So long, Adj. See you in the headlines.

471 continued

He moves towards the door - Mycroft nods to Bunny and follows.

RACE

(to Mycroft)

Keep up the good work, Padre.

Mycroft hesitates in the doorway.

MYCROFT

Oh, I will. There're very few of us left, you know.

He smiles and goes. Hyde follows, closing the door after them. Bunny turns to Race.

WARREN

Did I hear you call him Padre?

RACE

Just a nickname, Bunny. He used to be a missionary - of sorts.

Race takes Bunny's glass and moves to replenish it. As he is reaching for the soda the phone rings. Race freezes, looks at the phone, but does not lift the receiver. After a slight pause, during which the phone continues to ring, Bunny reacts to it.

WARREN

Had you better answer that?

RACE

Yes ... I suppose I had.

He puts Bunny's drink down and picks up the receiver slowly.

RACE

(into phone)

Hello, yes?

472 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE - NIGHT - 472
a Man - Superintendent WHEATLOCK - is at the other end of the line. He has his foot in the door of the booth, keeping it open. Just outside is a CONSTABLE with a walkie-talkie. Other Police are milling about in the background.

WHEATLOCK

(into phone)

John George Norman Hyde? This is Superintendent Wheatlock here ...

473 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - CLOSE - NIGHT - 473
Race, with the receiver to his ear.

RACE

(into phone)

No, wrong number.

473 continued

473

He hangs up quickly, and looks at Bunny who is examining something on the mantelpiece.

RACE

Will you excuse me a minute, Bunny?

He crosses quickly to the door without waiting for an answer, and goes out, closing the door after him.

WARREN

What? Oh, yes - of course.

He starts to get his drink.

474 INT. HALLWAY. - HYDE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - 474
as Race crosses to Hyde at the front door - which is closed, Lexy and Mycroft having departed.

RACE

Norman! That was the police!

HYDE

Police?

RACE

Yes, on the phone. Didn't you hear it?

HYDE

No, I was saying goodbye ... How bad is it?

RACE

I don't know. I hung up.

HYDE

Right, well let's take a look - you recce the back - I'll go upstairs.

He races up the stairs as Race makes a dash for the kitchen.

475 INT. STAIRWAY AND LANDING - 475
go with Hyde as he makes a run for one of the front bedrooms.

476 INT. BEDROOM - PANNING - 476
Hyde to the window. He looks out, standing to one side.

477 HIGH ANGLE EYELINE LONG SHOT - 477
Hyde's viewpoint. Great activity in front of the house. Police Cars block both ends of the road. A group of Policemen start to fan out, moving to take up positions. As they pass a street lamp we see the glint of rifles.

478 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - 478
where Bunny is sitting in an armchair, enjoying his drink. The telephone starts to ring again. Bunny looks at it, then to the door.

479 INT. HALLWAY -

479

with Hyde coming back down the stairs two at a time as Race returns from the kitchen. They meet at the bottom of the stairs. SOUND of telephone still ringing.

HYDE

How was it?

RACE

All clear so far. What about out front?

HYDE

No dice.

They suddenly become conscious of the phone again, but even as they glance towards it, it stops ringing.

480 INT. HYDE'S STUDY -

480

Bunny at the phone, with the receiver to his ear.

WARREN

(into phone)

Who is that? ... No, I'm afraid it isn't ... Look, hang on a minute and I'll fetch him.

He puts the receiver down and starts towards the door.

481 ANOTHER ANGLE -

481

as Hyde and Race re-enter.

WARREN

There you are Norman ... Wasn't a wrong number after all ... a Superintendent Wheatlock for you ...

HYDE

Yes, thank you Bunny.

He goes past Bunny, replaces the receiver on the phone and picks up one of the suitcases. He thrusts it at Race.

RACE

What's this for?

WARREN

I say, Norman, you misunderstood me ...

HYDE

(to Race)

Go on - get out!

He propels Race to the door again. Bunny looks on, utterly amazed and completely out of his depth by now.

RACE

You're out of your mind if you think I'm going to go without you.

481 continued

481

But Hyde has moved him through the door - it closes behind them as the phone starts to ring again.

482 INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE -

482

Race and Hyde. SOUND of telephone ringing Overscene.

HYDE

Now, don't argue. This way one of us has still got a chance. I'll stall them as long as I can - at least you'll have a head start.

RACE

Oh, come on, old dear, this isn't the time for the beau geste.

The door opens behind them and Bunny puts his head out.

WARREN

Norman - what's going on ? The telephone ...

Hyde pulls the door shut in his face. He grips Race by the arm.

HYDE

For the last time will you get the hell out of here - that's an order!

RACE

No, the rules don't apply any more.

HYDE

Major Race! I said that's an order!

RACE

(after a pause)

All right, old dear ... If you put it like that. But give them their money's worth at the trial ... then flog your memoirs to the Sunday papers. There's always an angle.

He puts out his hand - they shake.- their eyes meet for a second, then Race turns and disappears towards and through the kitchen door. Hyde straightens himself and goes back into the study.

483 INT. HYDE'S STUDY -

483

a very agitated Bunny turns to greet Hyde. The telephone continues to ring insistently.

WARREN

Look, Norman, it's none of my business ...

HYDE

It's all right, Bunny ... I'll answer it now.

483 continued

483

He goes to the phone and lifts the receiver.

HYDE

(into phone)

Yes? ... Yes, this is Colonel Hyde speaking ... Thank you, yes, I know we're surrounded ... I just want to know one thing ... Who betrayed us?

484 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE - NIGHT
Wheatlock doing two things at once.

484

WHEATLOCK

(into phone)

No one betrayed you ...

He leans out of the door and gesticulates to somebody out of scene.

485 EXT. STREET - EYELINE -
some more Police getting a searchlight into position, Wheatlock's viewpoint. Beyond them we can see a Black Maria. The searchlight splutters into life.

485

486 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - NIGHT -
Hyde still on the phone.

486

HYDE

(into phone)

Just his name - that's all I want - purely for the records.

The searchlight outside suddenly swings across the window. Hyde is held in the beam. He turns away, blinking.

WHEATLOCK

(over phone)

I'm telling you - nobody did any betraying.

HYDE

(into phone)

I can't accept that.

487 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE - NIGHT -
Wheatlock as before.

487

WHEATLOCK

(into phone)

All right, Colonel, for what it's worth, the name of the person who led us to you is Billy Miles.

HYDE

(over phone)

I don't know anyone of that name.

WHEATLOCK

(into phone)

Billy Miles is the eight year old son of

487 continued

487

WHEATLOCK

(continued)

a caretaker who lives in Cheapside.
 He collects car numbers and he
 spotted the plates on the furniture van -
 MON 872 - that's a Birmingham
 registration for private cars ...
 Hello? You still listening?

488 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - NIGHT - 488
 Hyde expressionless at the phone. Bunny staring at him, his face
 blurred. Hyde looks at his watch.

HYDE

(into phone)

Yes, I'm fascinated ... what is all
 this supposed to prove?

489 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE - NIGHT - 489
 resume Wheatlock as before.

WHEATLOCK

(into phone)

On it's own - nothing. But d'you
 remember a young copper at your
 warehouse? He was pretty green, he
 didn't know as much about numberplates
 as the kid ... but he knew enough to
 make a note of the van's number, and the
number of your own car standing
 alongside it ...

490 INT. HYDE'S STUDY - CLOSE - NIGHT - 490
 Hyde, as he receives this news. The searchlight moves across
 the window.

WHEATLOCK

(over phone)

That's your traitor, Colonel ... your
 own car ...

Hyde slowly takes the receiver from his ear. Wheatlock's voice
 can be heard crackling at the other end. Hyde recovers somewhat,
 glances at his watch again, then lifts the receiver to his ear once
 again.

HYDE

(into phone)

... No, that won't be necessary ...
 I'll come to you.

He hangs up. He looks at poor bewildered Bunny and smiles.

WARREN

Anything wrong, Norman? Can I help?

490 continued

490

HYDE

No, thank you, Bunny. If you're ready, I'll walk you part of the way home ...

He walks to his desk and picks up the photograph of his daughter. Then he crosses to the last suitcase and, kneeling, opens it. Bunny, befuddled as he is by events and alcohol, gapes.

491 EYELINE -

491

the open suitcase, bulging with banknotes, from Bunny's viewpoint. Hyde puts the photo frame on top of the notes and closes the suitcase again.

492 BACK TO SCENE -

492

as Hyde gets to his feet and lifts the suitcase. He takes Bunny by the arm.

HYDE

It's a long story, Bunny ... and you'll bore people to death with it one day.

He has one last look around as he walks Bunny to the door and out.

493 INT. HALLWAY - PANNING -

493

Hyde and Bunny to the front door. The searchlight outside is bright against the glass panels. Hyde opens the door and they go outside.

WARREN

Party's over, is it?

HYDE

That's right ... the party's over ... the drink ... and the luck ... ran out ...

494 EXT. DRIVEWAY - FULL SHOT - NIGHT -

494

as Hyde and Bunny walk arm in arm towards the waiting police. The searchlight picks them out. On the SOUND TRACK we creep in the muted strains of "Soldiers of the Queen" and this we shall hold until and swell on the final Fade.

495 REVERSE -

495

with Hyde and Bunny coming towards us and the waiting Police. Wheatlock pushes forward through the ranks to meet them.

496 CLOSER -

496

as Hyde and Bunny come up to Wheatlock.

HYDE

I think you'll probably have to make a night of it, Bunny.

497 EXT. THE STREET -

497

Police standing by the Black Maria. They stand to one side as Wheatlock, Hyde and Bunny come through. As they arrive one of the Policemen opens the rear door of the Black Maria. Hyde gives

497 continued

497

him a nod of thanks - he is just about to allow Bunny to go first when he sees inside the Black Maria and stops dead.

498 WHAT HYDE SEES -

498

as the door of the Black Maria swings open, we see the rest of the League of Gentlemen. They are seated along either side, three on one side and four on the other - they have saved a place for Hyde. Race is nearest the door on one side. As a man they get to their feet.

RACE

Afraid it'll have to be the Sunday
Papers old dear.

499 REVERSE - CLOSE -

499

onto Hyde. At least he's among friends. He takes them all in.

500 BACK TO SCENE -

500

as Hyde steps aside and helps Bunny on board.

HYDE

At ease, gentlemen.

He helps Bunny up into the van, then gets in himself. The Policeman closes the doors. After a pause the Black Maria starts to move away, through the Police and on this we bring up the music and

THE END

TITLES

and

FADE OUT.