

**TINKER, TAILER, SOLDIER, SPY**

by  
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From the novel by Jean Le Carre

(C) Working Title Films  
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EXT. PRAGUE AIRPORT - DAY

A commercial flight lands on a wintry airfield patrolled by armed Czech SOLDIERS.

CAPTION: "PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, 1972"

EXT. PRAGUE AIRPORT - DAY

A dark-haired MAN, (40), gets off the plane among the other PASSENGERS. He walks down the aircraft's steps. Breath steaming in the cold.

Watching from lookout towers: uniformed CZECH SOLDIERS, binoculars raised. Intensely scanning the arriving passengers.

INT. PRAGUE AIRPORT - DAY

The MAN, a British SPY, and senior officer of MI6, walks through customs and into the busy airport terminal.

Armed CUSTOMS OFFICIALS scrutinise him long and hard. Finally, his papers are stamped. We see his name..

'Valdimir Hajek'.

The MAN looks all around him. Uniformed SOLDIERS everywhere. Communist propaganda posters on the wall..

He puts his passport back in his pocket, walks out..

EXT. WENCESLAS SQUARE - DAY

The MAN gets out of a taxi, checks whether he is being followed, then walks across Wenceslas Square and into Prague's busiest railways station.

EXT. MASARYK STATION - DAY

A crowded terminal. At the station bookstall, he buys a 'Rude Pravo' newspaper, again looks to see whether he is being followed..

...then boards the train for Brno.

EXT. CZECH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train rattles through the frozen countryside.

INT. TRAIN - CZECH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The British SPY sits in a compartment. He stares at his fellow travellers. Wonders if any is Czech Secret Police.

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Presently, the train pulls into a station. A small rural hamlet. He calmly waits, continues to read his paper...

The whistle blows. At the last moment, he gets to his feet, and bolts out of the train...

EXT. PLATFORM - RURAL STATION - DAY

The SPY steps onto the platform, as the train pulls out. He checks the train to see if anyone was watching him, or has followed him.

No sign. Satisfied, he turns, and walks out to a bus stop. And waits for the next bus.

EXT. BRNO SQUARE - DAY

A crowded square. A busy market. A bus pulls up.

The MAN alights from the bus. He checks his watch. In the far corner of the square, one car is parked away from the others.

He approaches the car. Nods to a thick-set DRIVER.

He goes to get in the back of the car but finds the door locked. He speaks in fluent Czech to the DRIVER. We see subtitles.

MAN (IN CZECH)  
Open the door.

DRIVER (IN CZECH)  
You must sit next to me. It's safer.  
It's also more democratic.

MAN (IN CZECH)  
(snaps, losing patience)  
I said, open it.

The DRIVER shrugs, opens the door..

DRIVER (IN CZECH)  
Have you brought something for the  
General?

MAN (IN CZECH)  
I have brought nothing. I have come to  
listen.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Czech radio plays. MAN and the DRIVER drive through the night. Rain lashes against the windows. After a while..

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CONTINUED:

DRIVER (IN CZECH)

A party official stops at a bar on his way home.

The SPY stares out of the window, ignoring the DRIVER.

DRIVER (IN CZECH) (CONT'D)

He takes his seat, then notices another man next to him who orders a beer and a shot. He drinks the shot, drinks the beer, then looks into his shirt pocket. This continued several times, beer, shot, pocket, before the party official's curiosity gets the better of him. He leans over to the guy and says, "Excuse me, I couldn't help but notice your little routine. Why do you look into your shirt pocket every time you drink your shot and beer?" The man replies, "There's a picture of my wife in there. When she starts looking good, I'm heading home."

The DRIVER laughs. The MAN continues to stare.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The car drives along a winding, steep, tree-lined track in thick woods. It's dead of night. Finally, the car pulls up outside a log cabin...

The DRIVER pulls up, is about to reach for the hand-brake, when in a lightening move, the MAN takes the DRIVER's head, and smashes it hard against the door.

He reaches into the DRIVER's pocket, pulls out his gun, and holds it to the driver's head..

MAN (IN CZECH)

Right - get out. Walk to the hut.

DRIVER (IN CZECH)

What?

MAN (IN CZECH)

I'll follow when I see it's safe.

The DRIVER protests, visibly nervous, but the SPY is not someone to be fooled with.

The DRIVER gets out and walks. The MAN remains in the car, his gun trained. Suddenly, with the driver no more than ten yards away...

'FLASH', floodlights come on. A deafening burst of machine-gun fire. It's a trap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The driver is riddled with bullets, his body jolting violently - dead before he hits the ground.

The SPY slams the car into gear, and reverses away..

The car accelerates away, but a mortar is fired, lights blind the MAN as he drives...another burst of machine-gun fire. The sound of barking dogs.

Suddenly there are SOLDIERS and barking dogs all around him. The MAN runs desperately through the undergrowth overhanging branches tearing at his skin...

Another burst of machine-gun fire. The MAN darts across a moonlit river, then...

MAN (CONT'D)

Aaaarrggggh.

"Crack", "crack", he stiffens in agony as two bullets hit him. One shatters his shoulder and collar-bone, the other hits him in the leg. He crumples, falling into the water...

The MAN struggles to his knees, trying to get up, but the DOGS are all over him, already tearing at his flesh. He screams in agony...kicking out at the DOGS...now surrounded by several shouting SOLDIERS..

One of the SOLDIERS raises his gun...

SOLDIER (IN RUSSIAN)

Careful! Make sure he can still talk!

The MAN looks up, hearing the voice. Just long enough to register the surprise of what he just heard.

The voices were Russian. Not Czech. But that's his last conscious thought, as...

"CRASH", the SOLDIER brings the butt down on his head..

CUT TO:

EXT. BALTIC COAST - DUSK

A windswept dock-side on the Baltic Coast.

In the shadows, two DELEGATIONS of SHADOWS walk slowly towards one another.

DELEGATION 1: low-ranking DIPLOMATS from the British High Commission, flanked by two SOLDIERS..

DELEGATION 2: their SOVIET counterparts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two DELEGATIONS meet. Tense introductions get underway, "On behalf of Her Majesty's Government, I extend the warmest possible greetings and respects to..", (followed by the Russian equivalent)..

We notice the BRITISH DIPLOMAT is wearing an ear-piece.

INT. OBSERVATION POINT - SAME TIME

A pair of binoculars watch proceedings from a distance.

A plain, unremarkable-looking senior British MI6 OFFICER in what could generously be described as late middle age, (GEORGE SMILEY), watches from a nearby vantage point.

A face you'd forget in a crowd. But behind the glasses are eyes of animation and fierce intelligence.

The perfect spy, in other words. He speaks into a field telephone..

SMILEY (INTO PHONE)

Tell them we have recently unmasked a significant KGB network in London

OUTSIDE: the British DIPLOMAT translates SMILEY's order into 'diplomacy'. SMILEY hears the voices crackle through speakers.

BRITISH DIPLOMAT

It is our duty to convey that we have recently made the acquaintance of certain friends of ours in London...

SMILEY (INTO PHONE)

We know who they are. Where they live, and instead of arresting them, we are prepared to return them under certain conditions...

BRITISH DIPLOMAT

We have their names. We know where they live, and we are prepared...

INT. OBSERVATION POINT - SAME TIME

Also watching proceedings is a senior Russian KGB OFFICER (KARLA). He speaks in Russian into a field telephone.

KARLA (INTO PHONE)

Deny it.

The voice crackles over the radio..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL

We categorically deny the existence of any such friends, and deeply regret such an accusation..

KARLA (INTO PHONE)

But find out what they want in return.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL

...however in the spirit of co-operation and as an expression of our desire to maintain an atmosphere of trust between our two governments...

The KGB OFFICER lights a cigarette with a silver lighter. He idly turns his binoculars, scanning the buildings opposite...

INT. OBSERVATION POINT - SAME TIME

SMILEY looks through his field glasses, scanning the watch-towers on the other side...

SMILEY (INTO PHONE)

The release of two MI6 agents whom you have imprisoned and tortured in Poland...

SMILEY's binoculars stop. Having seen something..

BRITISH DIPLOMAT

We are concerned for the safety of two innocent British scientists, travelling entirely legitimately in Poland as part of a trade delegation....

SMILEY lowers his glasses, looks, then raises them again.

There, unmistakably, is the KGB OFFICER staring across the river at him. SMILEY's expression changes.

SMILEY's eyes.

KARLA's eyes.

SMILEY's eyes.

KARLA's eyes.

All sound goes silent. The two MEN stare at one another. Locked in their own world. Their own two-man Cold War. A sense of previous history here.

Presently: a uniformed RUSSIAN soldier (KGB officer), approaches KARLA, and whispers something in his ear.

KARLA's face: stares at SMILEY. A cold smile. Now knowing something SMILEY doesn't. Then he goes. At that moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Knock, knock", a knock at the door. A JUNIOR MI6 OFFICER hovers in the doorway, visibly anxious..

SMILEY continues to stare at KARLA as he is whisked away in Russian military vehicles. Disappearing into the night.

The JUNIOR MI6 OFFICER remains in the doorway. Clears his throat.

JUNIOR MI6 OFFICER  
Sir. Your "Mother" has called. From London. She is quite unwell, and asks that you return immediately.

(a beat)  
A car is waiting outside.

SMILEY lowers his binoculars. He turns and follows the JUNIOR MI6 OFFICER out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS - LONDON - DAY

To establish: crowded Cambridge Circus in the heart of London's West End.

A car pulls up, and SMILEY gets out. He walks to a door to a tall, inconspicuous office building.

SMILEY presses a button and is admitted.

INT. CIRCUS - LOBBY - DAY

SMILEY enters a modest lobby. No suggestion that this ramshackle building, is headquarters to MI6, and the heart of Western Intelligence.

Three old lifts, a wooden barrier. A glass-fronted sentry box with a security GUARD..

GUARD  
Morning, Mr. Smiley.

SMILEY  
Bryant. Any idea what this is about?

GUARD  
No, Sir. But everyone's here.

The GUARD shoots an ominous look. SMILEY gets into a lift. Closes the grille.

INT. CIRCUS - LONDON - DAY

SMILEY walks though a corridor of 'the Circus' - headquarters of London Station of MI6.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There he is greeted by ROY BLAND (40), head of Surveillance. Working-class. Regional accent. Chain-smoking anxiously...

BLAND

See you got a call from 'Mother', too.

SMILEY

I did. What's up?

BLAND

Jim Prideaux. Shot. On the Czech/Austrian border.

SMILEY

*What?*

SMILEY's face:

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Alive or dead?

BLAND

Not yet clear. The Russians have got him.

SMILEY

God...what was he doing in Czechoslovakia?

BLAND shoots a look, walks on. SMILEY stares.

INT. CIRCUS - ESTERHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

SMILEY knocks on a door marked "T. ESTERHASE. HEAD OF EASTERN NETWORKS."

SMILEY

What was Jim Prideaux doing in Czechoslovakia?

Inside: TOBY ESTERHASE, (43), Hungarian emigree. Dressed flamboyantly in classic Savilly Row. Something decidedly untrustworthy about him. Shifty. Oleaginous. Tries too hard to assimilate, or please.

ESTERHASE

My dear George, you're asking me? You're Deputy Chief.

ESTERHASE checks himself. Remember's SMILEY's rank.

ESTERHASE (CONT'D)

Some mad mission of Control's, no doubt, which he hoped would reflect *badly* on Percy Alleline and *well* on himself...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTERHASE indicates across the corridor at PERCY ALLELINE, (early 40's), "TINKER", and officious bureaucrat - grammar school and red-brick Uni, coming back into his office.

ESTERHASE (CONT'D)

You know how Percy's been top boy, recently...the 'coming man'...younger generation, and so forth.

INT. CIRCUS - CORRIDOR- DAY

SMILEY walks down the corridor, and finally reaches the office of BILL HAYDON. Head of Personnel.

SMILEY knocks. No answer. The SECRETARY outside gives a nod. "Go in". SMILEY walks in.

INT. HAYDON'S OFFICE - DAY

BILL HAYDON, glamour MI6 spy. SMILEY's protegee. Poster-boy of the intelligence services: handsome, brilliant, sits by the window in silhouette, reading a file..

HAYDON

I'm assuming you knew nothing?

SMILEY

No.

HAYDON

Of course not. You'd have talked him out of it.

(frustratedly throws file  
on desk)

What was the old fool playing at? So desperate to cover himself in glory, he ended up covering our best man in blood. Jan Stevchek, the merchandise Jim was sent to inspect, is a Czech military hero..

SMILEY sees a picture of General Stevchek in the file...

HAYDON (CONT'D)

..a career General and a model Communist who had absolutely no intention of defecting. It was a routing KGB sting, and Control fell for it.

HAYDON turns to the window.

HAYDON (CONT'D)

Let's just hope he's dead. Because he'd never crack, you know? No matter what they do to him. Built by the same firm that built Stonehenge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY has never seen HAYDON this emotional. A knock on the door. The SECRETARY puts her head round the door..

SECRETARY  
The Cabinet Office.

HAYDON  
For me?

SECRETARY  
For Mr. Smiley.

The SECRETARY looks meaningfully at SMILEY.

HAYDON  
Thank God. Sanity prevails.  
(gets to his feet)  
Congratulations, George.

HAYDON extends his hand. SMILEY looks up..

HAYDON (CONT'D)  
C'mon, it's obvious. Why else would they want to see you? After this charade, the old man has to go.  
(a beat)  
Do put in a word for me? As Deputy? Isn't that the dream we had all along? Master and protegee? Number one and number two? Running the shop together.

SMILEY's face:

INT. WHITEHALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

SMILEY sits in a waiting area in Whitehall. He straightens his tie. Clears his throat..

'George Smiley, Chief of Intelligence'. No denying, it has a pleasing ring.

Through a thick, polished, wooden door, the faint sound of voices.

EXT. WHITEHALL - OFFICES - DAY

Under-secretary LACON, liaison officer to the Joint Intelligence Committee, flanked by several other high-ranking British and American Government and military OFFICIALS...

LACON  
...what were you THINKING? Any mission like that needs to be run by us first, not to mention our allies.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACON (CONT'D)

Now we've got the Russians building up troops on the Czech border, the Americans baying for a pre-emptive strike, and our PM shuttling between Washington and Berlin desperately trying to contain it.

A sixty year old MAN sits in the chair opposite Under-Secretary LACON. Pale, wan, not in good health, the lines on the man's face testimony to sleepless nights and the crisis that has enveloped him, this is CONTROL, head of M16...

LACON (CONT'D)

And it's not helped by the fact that your man didn't die, either. Now we're going to have to assume they tortured him, and got everything out of him, which compromises *everything* we've been working on the past eighteen months. We're going to have to shut down whole networks, and of course buy him back - at great expense, no doubt - releasing all manner of Czech and Soviet spies here. It's a disaster. I don't need to tell you...the London station will have to be totally reorganised.

CONTROL nods. Understands the implications.

CONTROL

I understand. But may I make one request? Spare George Smiles. My right hand. He knew nothing about this.

Awkward looks among the other Intelligence CHIEFS.

INT. WHITEHALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

CONTROL emerges from the MINISTER'S offices. Sitting on a sofa in the lobby outside is GEORGE SMILEY.

CONTROL (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, George.

CONTROL avoids SMILEY'S eyes. Continues walking. SMILEY looks first at CONTROL, then at the open door. *He's not being promoted. He's being fired.*

The MINISTER, appears in the doorway. Also cannot look SMILEY in the eye.

LACON

George.

SMILEY

Minister.

LACON turns and walks back into his office. SMILEY stares: he patiently cleans his glasses, then quietly, get to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the door closes behind him..

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CHARGING CROSS ROAD - LONDON - DAY

A row of jewelry shops. In London's Hatton Gardens.

CAPTION: "TWO YEARS LATER".

A double-decker bus pulls up. Smiley gets out. Dark suit, long overcoat. A sadness seems to have descended on him. He appears older, too.

He walks into one of the shops. As SMILEY disappears inside...

REVERSE ANGLE: we reveal he is being watched by an (UNSEEN) MAN from inside. A blue Vauxhall.

EXT/INT. SHOP - DAY

SMILEY'S worn, hand-made brogues walk through the jewelry shop...SMILEY stares at various glass cabinets. Runs his hand along the surface, looking at the precious stones..

Out of habit - (a habit developed over 30 years in the Intelligence Services, a habit he dearly wishes would leave his now in retirement) - he cannot help noticing his fellow CUSTOMERS.

An elderly lady, an Arabic man, a businessman and his fiancée. SMILEY heads for the door. As he goes, he notices the cars parked outside. A Jaguar. A Mercedes..

...and the blue Vauxhall. Windows steamed up. Except for a small square in the condensation wiped clear from inside.

SMILEY'S face: immediately registering this. But without letting us or the world know he has.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SMILEY walks out onto the street. He turns left, and walks fifty yards along the street to another jeweller..

As he walks: he catches in the reflection of another window, the Vauxhall car with the steamed up windows discreetly following along the pavement..

SMILEY disappears into the shop.

INT. JEWELLER - DAY

SMILEY walks through the shop, looking at various items, until he finds what he was looking for.

A pair of diamond stud earrings. SMILEY indicated them to a salesman, taking another look at the blue Vauxhall outside, when suddenly, the sound of a voice..

VOICE

George? George Smiley? Is that you?

SMILEY looks up to see a large, portly man (JERRY WESTERBY 60's), with sandy hair and a red face...

WESTERBY

Well, if it isn't the big man himself!

SMILEY

Hello, Jerry.

WESTERBY

I heard you'd left the country to pore over manuscripts with the monks in St. Gallen or somewhere.

(a beat)

So how are you? Are you well? Do you love England still? And how's the delicious Ann? Pound to a penny that's a present for her. You always did spoil her outrageously.

SMILEY pays for the earrings.

WESTERBY (CONT'D)

I say, you're not back on the beat, are you? Nothing could make me happier. I've always said, it was a scandal the way they threw you out. You did nothing wrong, simply paid the price for being too close to Control. Speaking of which, I heard the old boy never died at all. He was seen in Jo'burg airport, in the waiting room. Dressed up like a ghastly Boer.

SMILEY

Oh, do shut up, Jerry. That's absurd.

SMILEY takes the earrings, and walks out. WESTERBY follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

SMILEY walks briskly along rain-soaked pavements, keeping an eye out in reflections of shop windows, in passing car's mirrors, for the blue Vauxhall, (which we notice follows at a discreet distance).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESTERBY struggles to keep up.

SMILEY

Control died of a heart attack after a long illness. I should know. I buried him myself at a hateful cemetery in the East End last Xmas. Alone - except for his sister.

WESTERBY

Poor old thing. I suppose it was the Czech scandal that put the final nail into his coffin. What was the operation called again?

SMILEY

"Testify".

WESTERBY

They say the torture half killed Jim Prideaux. Terrible business. Still, somehow I can never quite believe in that bean-counter Percy Alleline as Chief, can you? Or Bill Haydon as deputy? Oh, I forget. You've a soft spot for him, haven't you? Brought him into the Service yourself.

SMILEY

Something like that. Now, Jerry..

WESTERBY

What? Must you dash? I can't buy you lunch?

SMILEY

Sadly not. I'm late as it is. Another time, perhaps.

WESTERBY

You can always find me at the red-top. Sports desk. That's what I do nowadays. Write up the cricket..

SMILEY jumps onto a passing bus. And disappears inside. As the bus goes, we notice..

The blue Vauxhall car follows. Weaving through the traffic.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CHELSEA - DAY

A quiet restaurant in a discreet, upmarket neighborhood. A taxi pulls up. A WOMAN gets out..

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

SMILEY sits alone at a table in the corner. He looks up, to see the woman enter. Beautiful. Somewhat younger than SMILEY. A fuss being made by the waiters.

SMILEY gets to his feet as she takes a seat..

SMILEY

Anne.

ANN

George.

A kiss on the cheek. Perfunctory...

ANN (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late. The train back was delayed, and I didn't think the traffic in London could get any worse..

Anne notices the cigarette stubs in the ashtray..

ANN (CONT'D)

Unlike you. And at lunchtime, too?

SMILEY

Unlike you to insist on meeting here. Rather than at home.

ANNE notices SMILEY'S touching apprehension: she hesitates, then takes a cigarette from his pack..

SMILEY watches her light it. Notices her shaking hands. She inhales deeply, averts his eyes. Then...

ANN

George, I'm not coming back.

Silence. SMILEY'S face: devastated.

ANN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I think it's for the best.

She tails off.

ANN (CONT'D)

I'll arrange for people to clear out my belongings...but could you give me time? Until I find somewhere new?

SMILEY

Of course.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANN

I realize you must have questions.

SMILEY

(still stunned)

One or two.

ANN

But please can we not ask them now..?

ANN puts out the cigarette.

ANN (CONT'D)

There's no one else. At least...not any more.

A stab behind SMILEY'S eyes.

ANN (CONT'D)

We can make it quick. Painless. I won't ask for anything. And you can take whatever you want.

A silence.

ANN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry.

SMILEY

No. I'm sorry.

SMILEY produces the earrings he bought her. As a gift. Puts it on the table.

ANN

Oh, George...

ANN's face: dying inside. At that point, the waiter arrives.

WAITER

Right. Madam, Sir. I hope you've brought appetites..!

GEORGE and ANN SMILEY. The two least hungry people in the world.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICES - DAY

CHARLES CRICHTON, 'family' lawyer to officers in MI6, chalk-stripe suit, old school. SMILEY's generation. He pours SMILEY a large drink...

CRICHTON

Divorce? I'm sorry, George. I always thought you were one of the great couples.

(a beat)

Is there a...third party?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

It seems so. Or was.

CRICHTON

Well, I can recommend someone, of course. A good man.

SMILEY looks up, thrown..

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Oh, you didn't know? I can't do anything for you any more. New 'directives'. Nowadays you're either in for everything - doctors, lawyers, head shrinkers, accountants - or out. Cost - cutting. Scandal if you ask me, in your case. After the years you've put in.

CRICHTON checks his records..

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

Anyway, chap called Letman. Very capable. He did mine.

CRICHTON writes down the address, passes it to SMILEY...

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

What should I tell him? For the record?

From SMILEY's look, not understanding..

CRICHTON (CONT'D)

What have you retired from? Insurance? Or Banking?

SMILEY

Oh. Insurance, I think.

SMILEY reaches for his hat and coat...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Never much cared for bankers.

EXT. BYWATER STREET - CHELSEA - LATE AFTERNOON

SMILEY walks along a London street. In a trance. Lost in thought.

He turns into Bywater Street, a quiet cul de sac off the King's Road. He approaches his terraced house.

Then stops. He has seen something.

REVERSE ANGLE: there, parked round the corner, is unmistakably the same car he saw earlier.

The Vauxhall with the steamed windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY stares at the car. He turns, and looks at his house.

Darkness. No sign of life. All the lights are off.

SMILEY thinks: then climbs the six steps to his door, and silently turns the keys in the locks, and enters.

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

SMILEY closes the door - then checks the door frame. One of his wedges is missing.

SMILEY slips off his shoes. Reaches into his pocket. Produces a revolver. Silently cocks it..

SMILEY'S demeanor has entirely changed. We are suddenly in the company of a pro.

He walks into his drawing-room, and puts on the television.

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Downstairs: a FIGURE in the shadows. Waiting.

The FIGURE sits up when he hears the sound of the television from upstairs, and the creak of the floorboards.

The FIGURE produces a gun.

From upstairs: another creak. And another.

The FIGURE goes to the staircase. Takes his position. Waiting for SMILEY to approach.

Another creak from upstairs. The MAN waits. Gun cocked. Ready to pounce...

When suddenly, from behind him, we see the garden door open silently. SMILEY'S silhouette appears.

The old fox has outwitted the younger hare. He may be old. He may be retired. But he's still the best.

SMILEY slowly raises his gun, then 'snap', hits the lights. The younger man (30's), spins round. His hands raised..

GUILLAM

Don't shoot...!

SMILEY

Who are you?

GUILLAM

Guillam, Sir. Peter Guillam. 'D' Division.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

What are you doing here?

GUILLAM

I've been sent by Minister Lacon. To deliver you to his house in the country.

SMILEY

Me? In a blue Vauxhall, no doubt.

GUILLAM

Yes. Was I that obvious?

SMILEY

You were. And you missed the second wedge, by the way. In the door.

(a beat)

Slapdash, Mr. Guillam. Have I time to change my shoes? These are soaked through.

SMILEY turns. Heads slowly up the stairs..

EXT/INT. CAR/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

GUILLAM drives fast. SMILEY holds on, gripping tight. He stares at the countryside speeding past.

SMILEY

So, D division? Do the "Scalphunters" still reside in Brixton?

GUILLAM

Yes, Sir.

SMILEY

How many of you now?

GUILLAM

Forty, Sir.

SMILEY raises an eyebrow..

SMILEY

Boom times. And London Station? Under the new regime? Alleline and Haydon?

GUILLAM

Never better, Sir. Relations with America back on track. Right back at the top table again.

A flicker behind SMILEY's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

All patched up and forgotten since the dark days of Control and Operation Testify?

GUILLAM

Yes.

SMILEY

I don't suppose either of those names are mentioned anymore.

GUILLAM

No, Sir.

SMILEY

And Jim Prideaux? Is HIS name mentioned?

GUILLAM

Not often. We got him back. You know that?

SMILEY

I heard. How is he? I don't mean to pry. Only I heard he had a rough time of it. The torture, and so on.

GUILLAM

The word is he manages. He's in quarantine. Address unknown.

EXT. LACON'S COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

GUILLAM's car pulls up outside a large Berkshire house. SMILEY and GUILLAM get out. Walk towards the door..

SMILEY

I'm so out of touch...what's Lacon's title nowadays?

GUILLAM

Cabinet Secretary. In charge of intelligence.

SMILEY

Number one himself. No keeping up with the man's promotions.

They ring on the door. The door opens to reveal the same MINISTER as in the earlier scene..

LACON

George! There you are! Good! Come in!

They disappear inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACON (CONT'D)

How's retirement treating you? You don't miss it? The work? The warmth of human contact?

SMILEY

Oh, from time to time.

LACON

I rather would, I think. The sense of purpose. But I forget. You have the lovely Anne waiting for you at home. She well? In the pink, and so on?

A private flicker in SMILEY's eyes..

SMILEY

Very bonny, Sir. Thank you.

LACON

Good. Right. Let's make a start, shall we? There's someone I'd like you to meet..

LACON leads SMILEY and GUILLAM down a corridor..

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - NIGHT

SMILEY, LACON, AND GUILLAM enter a room with ARMED GUARDS, figures in shadows. A tall figure half in silhouette.

LACON'S voice. Deadly serious now. All business.

LACON

Lock us in, please.

The ARMED GUARDS step out. The sound of turning locks. Suddenly an atmosphere of some menace.

LACON speaks out into the darkness...

LACON (CONT'D)

You said you knew Mr. Smiley, didn't you?

A VOICE from the shadows. A FIGURE in silhouette.

VOICE

Oh, we all knew Mr. Smiley. He was the best. Looked up to him like a God. He gave me my first job, too. "Changed my first nappies", as they say.

The figure slowly begins to emerge from the darkness.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Do you remember me, Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beam of light falls on a rugged, handsome face, (30's). A field officer, RICKY TARR.

SMILEY

Of course. Tarr. Ricky Tarr.

TARR

Those were tough interviews you used to give us tender young recruits.

SMILEY

Your father was an Australian. A lawyer and a lay preacher, if memory serves. Your mother an actress with a criminal record. Altogether an unusual combination - but precisely such combinations often provide the Service with suitable personnel.

TARR

Bad boys like Ricky. Daddy thought he could beat the sin out of me. But you knew better, Mr. Smiley. He only beat it further in. And that's what the best spies are made of. Isn't that right?

LACON

All right, that's enough. Get on with it.

TARR light a cigarette...

TARR

I've a story to tell you, Mr. Smiley. A story about spies. And if it's true - and I believe it is - then the integrity of our secret service, the reputation of our government - and the security of our country are all...

TARR shrugs, "Buggered"..

TARR (CONT'D)

Shall I begin? The story starts in Beirut. We'd had a call from our man there, Thesinger in a state of high excitement. Very excited. He said he had a possible piece of merchandise for us..

EXT. BEIRUT - TO ESTABLISH - (FLASHBACK)

Beirut, 1972. "Paris of the East". Totally unrecognisable from the war-torn ghetto of today.

The luxury of the Corniche. Sandy beaches. Casinos. White-trouserred millionaires, beautiful women and glamour..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THESINGER

...a Russian, name of Boris. By day he keeps his head down, part of some trade delegation, inspecting factories, minding his p's and q's, the perfect young Soviet official.

Among the crowds, we pick out TARR and THESINGER walking through the streets..

THESINGER (CONT'D)

But by night, it's another story altogether. Out cruising fleshpots. Boozing without a break. My poor watchers, they couldn't keep up with him, they were folding at the knees.

INT. LACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RICKY TARR shrugs, staring at SMILEY...

TARR

But from everything I was hearing, small time trade delegation, drunk with it, the yield didn't look that special to me, but so what? Maybe we just buy him for stock, right Mr. Smiley?

SMILEY

(for LACON's benefit)  
Meaning we could sell or exchange him later with another agency.

TARR

So I went to take a look at the merchandise..

INT. COMMODORE HOTEL - BEIRUT - (FLASHBACK)

The basement bar. Beautiful women, businessmen, dancing girls and a famous parrot in the corner..

TARR and THESINGER sit at the bar, staring over at a table in the opposite corner..

THESINGER

That's him, there!

TARR looks over at a thick-set RUSSIAN sitting at the table, surrounded by HOOKERS. We CLOSE on TARR's face...

TARR (V.O.)

I took one look and knew straight away. Boris wasn't a trade official hoping to hop over to the West.

INT. LACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TARR sits opposite LACON, SMILEY, and GUILLAM...

TARR

He was one of us. A hood. You could tell.

INT. COMMODORE HOTEL - BEIRUT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

TARR continues to watch BORIS..

TARR (V.O.)

The bulge in the pocket from his gun. The way he sat. He had the pick of the exits and the stairway, he had a fine view of the entrance and the action, and was covered by a left-hand wall.

(a beat)

He was a pro. Waiting for a connect, working a letter-box maybe, or tailing his coat and looking for a pass from a mug like me.

INT. LACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TARR shrugs philosophically..

TARR

And as you know, it's one thing to burn a small-time trade delegate, quite another to swing your legs at a Moscow Centre-trained hood. Even if he was a double.

(a beat)

I've been in double-double games before, Mr. Smiley. As have you. Believe me. They can be a can of worms.

SMILEY

Quite. So what did you do?

TARR

I cabled "No sale" to London, told them Thesinger had been an idiot and misread the situation, and booked myself onto the next flight home. But since my flight didn't leave 'til morning, and with Boris's evening just starting, I thought....I might as well burgle his room while I'm at it. Always good to keep you hand in. And a good thing I did, too..

A thin smile spreads across TARR's face..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARR (CONT'D)  
Because that's when it got interesting.

EXT. ALEXANDRA HOTEL - BEIRUT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

To establish: a street full of Beirut hotels, at the wrong end of the Corniche.

EXT. ALEXANDRA HOTEL - BEIRUT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

TARR gets out of THESINGER's car, and looks up at a three-star hotel. A ramshackle old place.

THESINGER  
Don't break any eggs, Tarr. Please. I have to live here. Remember?

INT. ALEXANDRA HOTEL - BEIRUT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

TARR walks through a run-down, seedy lobby, where several LEBANESE BUSINESSMEN are playing backgammon, smoking, etc..

Elevator broken. TARR walks up stairs.

INT. ALEXANDRA HOTEL - BEIRUT - NIGHT

TARR walks along a corridor. He looks left and right, checks he isn't being watched, then he goes to a door..

He picks the lock. Deft. He pushes the door open.

INT. BORIS'S ROOM - BEIRUT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

TARR enters a shabby, by-the-numbers hotel room. Closes the door behind him. Puts wedges in the cracks. He looks around..

TARR goes to a desk. Opens drawers. Various different passports. A gun. Cigarettes.

TARR smiles to himself. Like rummaging in his own drawers. Then suddenly, a voice..

VOICE  
Don't move.

TARR freezes, then looks up to see a woman, in the shadows, holding a gun...

IRINA  
Who are you?

INT. LACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TARR looks up at SMILEY...

TARR

Turns out Boris had a wife. Irina. Good  
 looker, too. Pointing a Russian service  
 revolver at me. She knew immediately I  
 was in the trade. Burglars don't put  
 wedges in doors. She asked what I was  
 doing there...I made up some crap about  
 being an Australian salesman having  
 lost money to Boris in a card  
 game....but she didn't buy it for a  
 second, nor did she care. She knew I  
 was service, but she was so lonely with  
 a pig of a husbands, no chums on the  
 delegation, and no one she trusted back  
 in Moscow..that she broke down there  
 and then..

INT. HOTEL-ROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

IRINA shaking with tears, talking in broken English, being  
 comforted by a slightly bewildered RICKY TARR..

TARR (V.O.)

Told me how miserable her life was.  
 Trapped in a loveless relationship.  
 Always on the road. Hotel after hotel.  
 City after city. Not even allowed to  
 speak to the natives or get a smile  
 from a stranger.

INT. LACON'S DRAWING-ROOM - NIGHT

A flicker of concern on LACON's face..

LACON

Did it not occur to you it might be a  
 trap?

TARR

This was no honey-trap, Sir. Just the  
 circumstances of our meeting. You  
 couldn't plan for that.

(a beat)

She told me her real name, her workname  
 and the cover names she'd travelled and  
 transmitted by. She told me how she and  
 Boris had met at KGB training and been  
 together ever since. He was the lead,  
 she was the back-up girl. A his-n-hers  
 act. He was on the trawl for Middle-  
 Eastern businessmen, she ran courier,  
 and boiled-down the microdots.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARR (CONT'D)

If that weren't enough, she hauled out her handbag and showed me her toys; signal plan, concealed camera, the works.

(a beat)

Anyway, we arranged to meet again, the following day, when Boris was out. This time at my hotel...

INT. HOTEL-ROOM - BEIRUT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

RICKY and IRINA in bed together, making love. The passion of strangers - desperate, almost violent. IRINA almost in tears, aroused again, too long neglected, bullied, ignored -- having forgotten how good it can be...when it's this good...

AFTERWARDS: IRINA in TARR's arms...

IRINA

Couldn't I come to England? We could work together. Be together.

TARR

Yes, but for us to take you in...you'd have to have something to sell.

IRINA

I do. Something good. Very good.

IRINA looks at her watch. Pulls back the sheets to go..

IRINA (CONT'D)

But I must go. My husband will be back soon.

TARR

Tell me. I could speak to my people. Try to set something up. But I'd need to offer a sample..

IRANA's face: a flicker behind her eyes..

IRINA

In Moscow, before I was married, I worked at our headquarters for a man called Ivlov. A fool. But I was his secretary - and he liked me and tried to impress me with his stories. He had worked for years in London - as a clerk at the Embassy - but his real job there was not a clerk... his real job in London...

(she stops)

...was to service a mole the KGB had planted in London's Circus.

TARR

*What?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRINA

"The servicing of moles is performed only by comrades with a very high standard of ability", he said. He thought it would impress me. In London he reported to some General, I don't know his name, 'Polyakov', I think.

TARR

Did he give you a name? Of the mole?

IRINA

No. Only the code name, 'Gerald'. And that he was a high functionary inside London Station. Very high.

IRINA looks frightened.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Now, I must go.

She reaches the door..

IRINA (CONT'D)

There is more. You will help me. Speak to your people.

TARR

Of course.

IRINA reaches the door. A lingering kiss. Fear in her eyes.

EXT. BEIRUT STREETS - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

IRINA leave the building. Disappears into the crowds. Our camera holds it's position long enough to reveal...

Two MEN have been watching her from a nearby cafe.

INT. LACON'S DRAWING-ROOM - NIGHT

TARR looks up..

TARR

It was the last I saw of her.

LACON

Just long enough for her to have planted what Moscow wanted her to plant - and then go.

SMILEY

No, Sir. It doesn't make sense. Any of it. As an approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARR

I called Beirut airport the following morning. An unregistered Soviet plane left that night. Four passengers including a woman on a stretcher. In a coma. Her face covered in bandages.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - HOLDING CELL - DAY

"Aaaaarrrrrgggh", an unseen WOMAN, (IRINA) is being brutally tortured and beaten by a team of KGB heavies..

..being watched by and impassive, cold, unmoved BORIS..

EXT. BEIRUT AIRPORT - DUSK

A Soviet delegation carries the broken, lifeless, destroyed body (of IRINA) onto an unmarked Russian plane..

CUT TO:

INT. LACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

LACON, SMILEY, and GUILLAM stare. Silence descends.

EXT. LACON'S HOUSE - FIRST LIGHT

Dawn breaks. SMILEY and LACON stand in the gardens. SMILEY is visibly shocked..

SMILEY

A high functionary inside the Circus?

LACON

A mole, yes. It seems your late friend Control really WAS onto something all along. It's what he insisted that Czech mission was about. Operation Testify. The General Prideaux went to meet..

SMILEY

Stevchek.

LACON

Was going to give him the name of the mole in exchange for us taking him in. We dismissed it at the time, seemed like utter madness...

A silence. LACON's face, filled with regret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACON (CONT'D)

You'll do this in Control's name,  
perhaps? Clear this up? Clear his name?  
God backwards. Go forwards, whatever it  
takes. Flush out the mole? If the  
Americans were to get wind of it...that  
we're leaky, and that Moscow is  
listening in..it'd be the end, George.  
The end of everything.

(a beat)

Of course I'd make sure you had  
everything you need. Resources.  
Support.

SMILEY stares at LACON..

EXT - HYDE PARK - DUSK

SMILEY sitting on a bench, alone.

All around him, FAMILIES and CHILDREN playing. Unaware of,  
not even noticing the plain, unremarkable man sitting alone..

INT. BYWATER STREET - NIGHT

Two shirts. One suit. One sweater. A service revolver. Some  
elementary surveillance equipment.

SMILEY packs his overnight bag.

The packing is done with familiarity. Second nature. From  
years in cheap hotels. Safe houses. On the run.

SMILEY looks at himself in the mirror. An indistinctive man  
about to disappear into a crowd. Back on the road again.

On the bedside table: he catches sight of a framed photograph  
of himself with his wife.

SMILEY looks at the photo. A moment of sadness in the eyes.

"Click", SMILEY snaps his bag shut. The sadness just turned  
to stone.

EXT. SUSSEX GARDENS - LONDON - DAY

A tree-lined street full of cheap hotels. For visiting  
language students, adulterers, working girls.

At the end of the row: the ISLAY HOTEL.

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - LONDON - DAY

A drab room. The hotel proprietor, a lady in her 50's, watches as MENDEL, (an MI6 'heavy'), and GUILLAM move to a table into the room..

HOTEL PROPRIETOR

...it's Georgian, Mr. Barraclough. So you'll love it for me, won't you, dear?

SMILEY

Of course.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR

And the telephone line is extra. Payable in advance. In cash.

GUILLAM and MENDEL usher the lady out. SMILEY is left alone.

He surveys his surrounding. A couple making love in the room next door. Cheap lighting. Paper-thin walls.

The sound of heavy traffic outside. Trains from nearby Paddington shaking the building.

Through nicotine-stained net curtains, a view across a side street, a shady bookshop..

The familiar squalor of espionage, betrayal, secrets and lies. Home.

SMILEY lets the curtains fall, and stares at himself in the mirror. The job as familiar as his reflection.

SMILEY begins to unpack his belongings.

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - DAY

MENDEL counts out money in advance payment and gives it to the HOTEL PROPRIETOR, who also counts...

MENDEL

...from time to time Mr. Barraclough is going to ask for objects to be lodged in the safe. Mainly it'll be papers, sometimes books. There's only one person allowed to look at those objects apart from him. Me. Understand? Finally, anyone asks you any questions about Mr. Barraclough, under any pretext I want to know..

PROPRIETOR

(hasn't been listening)  
...twenty-nine...?

MENDEL counts out one last bank-note.

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - SMILEY'S ROOM - DAY

SMILEY and GUILLAM sitting at the desk...

GUILLAM

So...a high functionary inside the Circus?

SMILEY

The obvious starting point is Operation Testify. Find out how close Control actually got. I'm going to need the file, Peter...

GUILLAM

But how? My division is in Brixton. I can't just show up at HQ and start rooting around. They'll smell a rat.

SMILEY

I need that file, Peter.

SMILEY stares quietly. Meaningfully.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

I have every faith in you.

(a beat)

And while you're enjoying yourself, I shall go to Oxford to look up an old and invaluable friend.

SMILEY turns in the doorway..

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Once I've attended to some private business.

EXT. LAW OFFICES - DAY

To establish: plain law-firm offices in Holborn...

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

PAUL LITMAN, a divorce lawyer, a notch down in calibre from CRICHTON, MI6's 'family' lawyer. A notch down in class, too..

LETMAN

...not a fair business, divorce, Mr. Smiley. Not in this country. Ninety per cent of the time a woman walks away with the bulk of the husband's assets even if she's the one that's been playing high, wide and handsome. I always encourage my husbands to meet fire with fire. Protect their assets. And after a lifetime of work at...

(checks file)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LETMAN (CONT'D)  
 ...Royal Alliance...you don't want to  
 give up all that so easily..

SMILEY  
 No.

LETMAN  
 There's someone I uses from time to  
 time. Very discreet. Former  
 'professional', if you follow.

SMILEY looks up..

LETMAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm sure it seems a seedy business to a  
 gentleman like you. Surveillance.  
 Poking one's nose into other people's  
 affairs. But I just think in life you  
 can never have too much information.  
 I've never been one for the ostrich  
 approach. I've always believed in  
 intelligence. To know what the other  
 side is up to. Knowledge is all. Helps  
 keep the peace, too. You'd be  
 surprised.. And my man? If he could  
 uncover certain information about Mrs.  
 Smiley...then perhaps some of the  
 damage here could be mitigated...

SMILEY  
 I don't know about that.

SMILEY's face: a stab of pain behind the eyes..

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 But yes - I'd like to know. Everything.

EXT. OXFORD - DAY

SMILEY's face: still lost in painful thought as walks through  
 Georgian colleges. STUDENTS protesting against the build-up  
 of nuclear arsenals. Against arms spending. The futility of  
 the Cold War. One STUDENT PROTESTOR is up on a soap box..

STUDENT PROTESTOR  
 ...our Government continues to collude  
 with America in an immoral and illegal  
 escalation of nuclear arms...in a war  
 that no one is interested in  
 fighting...

SMILEY walks past, barely noticing...

EXT. OXFORD SUBURB - DAY

A quiet suburban street. SMILEY approaches a house. Sees the  
 doorbell marked 'SACHS'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rings the doorbell. The sound of barking.

CONNIE (O.S.)  
Flush! You stupid boy. Shut up, you fool!

The door opens to reveal a woman in her 60's. Once the queen of research at MI6, SMILEY is shocked at her deterioration - a tangle of white hair covers her once-beautiful face, arthritic fingers open the door..

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Goodness! George Smiley!  
(shocked but delighted)  
Not someone come to sell me a Hoover.

An immediate intensity between them. Evidently there is history here.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
My George....come in.

INT. CONNIE SACHS' HOUSE - DAY

Connie leads SMILEY into a drawing-room. A teenage BOY sits on a sofa, holding a trombone..

CONNIE  
Oh, Jingle darling, could we do this tomorrow? Don't be cross, it's not often an old, dear lover comes to see me.

The BOY stands up, packs together his things.

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
(calling after him)  
I'll give you a whole free hour tomorrow.

The BOY goes. Closing the door behind him.

CONNIE turns to GEORGE..

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
One of my dunderheads. I still teach, I don't know why. Oh, George..

CONNIE pours two glasses of sherry...

CONNIE (CONT'D)  
Of all the darling men I ever knew.  
So..  
(CONNIE passes a glass to SMILEY, indicates he should sit)  
What does George want from Connie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Her memory.

CONNIE

What part?

SMILEY

We're going back over some old ground.

CONNIE

Hear that, Flush? First they chuck us out with an old bone, then they come begging to us.

(a beat)

Which ground, George?

SMILEY

Polyakov. Alexei Alexandrovich Polyakov.

A flicker across CONNIE's eyes..

CONNIE

What do you want to know?

SMILEY

What do you remember?

CONNIE

Born March 3rd 1922. Ukraine. Graduated Kiev University. Height five foot 10. Colour of eyes, green. Hair, black.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY PARTY - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

A party in full flow at the Russian Embassy. Among the many Soviet OFFICIALS, we pick out ALEXEI ALEANDROVICH POLYAKOV. Tall, stiff, a military bearing...

CONNIE (V.O.)

His official position here was "Cultural attache". But there was nothing cultural about "Pretty Polly". That man had KGB written all over him.

INT. CONNIE SACHS' HOUSE - DAY

Back in CONNIE's drawing-room..

CONNIE

He was an eight cylinder Karla-trained hood if ever I saw one. Not that anyone believed me. He was good. So good. Toby Esterhase graded him "Persil". Whiter that white. Told me I was imagining things. Seeing spies under the bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Did he now?

SMILEY raises an eyebrow. Makes a note. 'Esterhase'.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Well, he's come alive. Just as you predicted.

CONNIE

(thrilled, vindicated)

Of course he has! Of course he has!

CONNIE's eyes fill with emotion..

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Eight years I watched Pretty Polly for. Eight long years. And not a foot he put wrong. He was far too fly. But then finally, a mistake. Remembrance Day..

EXT. WHITEHALL - CENOTAPH - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A large military ceremony, remembering the fallen dead. POLYAKOV in overcoat and scarf. Part of the Russian delegation. Laying a wreath.

CONNIE (V.O.)

There he was. That smashing November morning laying a wreath. We photographed him wearing medals.

Watching from an apartment across the street, two members of the MI6 surveillance TEAM, led by CONNIE..

CONNIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Two for gallantry. And four campaigns. Ego had got the better of cover!! Aleks Polyakov wasn't a cultural attache. He was a bloody soldier.

INT. CONNIE SACHS' HOUSE - DAY

CONNIE's eyes twinkle as she remembers...

CONNIE

I was so excited. I rang Toby Esterhase straight away. I said, "Listen, you two-faced ferret, turn that Russian bastard inside out, rig a mugging, fake a mistaken identity, spike his house, put the listeners on him, anything because Connie's hunch has turned up trumps, and that man is up to no good."

SMILEY

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE

The reply didn't come from Toby, but from Percy Alleline. The new Chief himself. "Leave Polyakov alone. You're losing your sense of proportion, Connie. Time you went into the real world."

(a beat)

I was shown the door, George. Like you. I'd obviously got too close.

(a beat)

So, he's still around, then? Pretty Polly?

SMILEY

Yes. Same cover. Same rank.

CONNIE

Pound to a rouble that bastard's running a mole.

SMILEY

Yes.

CONNIE looks at SMILEY..

CONNIE

High up?

SMILEY

So it seems.

CONNIE

And you're going to help catch him?

SMILEY

You think I shouldn't?

CONNIE

After everything they did to you? And me? Making our time, our *service* into nothing. They only have themselves to blame -- promoting people like Percy Alleline, Roy Bland, Toby Esterhase. They'll never understand what it meant to us. Why we did it. What our generation came into it all for. We didn't mention money, did we? Wouldn't hear of it. It was our duty. Now, I hear Roy Bland making back-dated pension demands for his time spent abroad...Percy Alleline balancing books and budgeting operations, like the whole thing is some ghastly supermarket...Toby Esterhase demanding compensation and gratuities for every minor injury or inconvenience. Lining their pockets...not public service, self-service.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONNIE (CONT'D)

It was good in our day, wasn't it,  
George? I'm not being sentimental.  
There really was a sense of  
responsibility. Born to Empire, trained  
to Empire. All that's gone now. All  
taken away. Bye-bye world.

CONNIE's eyes mist over. Over her shoulder, SMILEY notices..

Framed photographs on the mantle-piece of CONNIE with her  
beloved boys. The previous generation. Cricket whites.  
CONNIE's medals. A picture of SMILEY and CONTROL. Signed.

"TO CONNIE WITH LOVE. AND NEVER SAY GOODBYE."

EXT. CONNIE SACHS'S HOUSE - DAY

CONNIE stands in the doorway, saying farewell. SMILEY looks  
at her. A silence. Then..

CONNIE

How's Ann?

SMILEY

Fine. Thank you.

CONNIE

I never stood a chance, did I?  
(heart cracking)  
I adored you too much.

SMILEY

Thank you, Connie.

SMILEY turns to go..

CONNIE

Kiss me, George. Please?

SMILEY hesitate, then they kiss. On the lips. Briefly.  
CONNIE's eyes are closed. Holding on to every moment..

SMILEY pulls back. Uncomfortable. He puts on his hat. He  
turns, then walks away. CONNIE watches as he goes.

EXT. CIRCUS - LONDON - DAY

Cambridge Circus at the height of the day's traffic.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS - LONDON - DAY

PETER GUILLAM approaches the same anonymous building SMILEY  
entered earlier.

He stops. Composes himself. Takes a deep breath.

INT. CIRCUS - LOBBY - DAY

GUILLAM walks up to the SECURITY GUARD.

GUILLAM  
Peter Guillam. D Section. Come to see  
Lauder Strickland.

The GUARD looks at GUILLAM. Checks his records.

SECURITY GUARD  
Second floor.

No sooner has GUILLAM gone, than the SECURITY GUARD picks up  
a telephone...

INT. CIRCUS - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors open. GUILLAM walks out to be met by a  
small, officious man. LAUDER STRICKLAND, hand outstretched..

STRICKLAND  
Strickland.

GUILLAM  
Guillam. D Section. You got my letter?

STRICKLAND  
Yes. Gather you've got some diplomatic  
courier up for sale.

GUILLAM  
East German. Dresden.

STRICKLAND  
You'll be wanting some dirty money  
washed, then? Got the paperwork?

GUILLAM takes out some paperwork from his case. STRICKLAND  
looks GUILLAM up and down..

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)  
Be about half an hour.

GUILLAM  
I'll wait for you here.

STRICKLAND  
Make sure you do. They don't like  
people walking about the building.

GUILLAM sits down on a bench. STRICKLAND goes. But as soon as  
STRICKLAND is gone, GUILLAM looks left and right, picks up  
his bag, then gets to his feet. Heads down a corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CIRCUS - DAY

The large reading room that is the MI6 ARCHIVES. Rows and rows of classified files, listed alphabetically.

GUILLAM approaches the SECURITY GUARD outside. Shows his ID.

SECURITY GUARD  
You'll need to leave your bag with me,  
Sir. And sign in.

GUILLAM  
Of course.

GUILLAM gives up his bag. Signs his name. Then he turns and walks towards the reading room.

INT. MI6 ARCHIVE - CIRCUS - DAY

GUILLAM walks into the large reading room. He checks his watch. He walks along the rows of files, watched by ever-vigilant ARCHIVISTS.

GUILLAM checks the files, which are listed alphabetically. 'P', 'R', 'S'...

He reaches the row marked 'T'. The clock continues to tick.

GUILLAM scans the names of the files, then stops. Double-takes. Through one of the bookshelves he has seen something..

ROY BLAND sitting in a corner, whispering furtive to a red-haired WOMAN. There is something suspicious about their conversation. An urgency. They speak in lowered voices.

GUILLAM stares, makes a note of this, then his fingers find what he's looking for. A confidential file marked 'Testify'.

GUILLAM looks left and right. Then pulls it out. GUILLAM looks up from the file. Checks his watch. 10.15.

GUILLAM  
(under his breath)  
C'mon, c'mon...

"Rrrriinnng", the distant sound of a ringing phone. GUILLAM cranes his neck, looks outside the reading room, to see the SECURITY GUARD answering the phone outside.

GUILLAM watches anxiously. Then the SECURITY GUARD puts down the phone. Walks towards the reading room..

Presently, the doors open and the SECURITY GUARD walks towards GUILLAM. GUILLAM watches anxiously..

SECURITY GUARD  
Mr. Guillam? Telephone for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUILLAM  
(feigning surprise)  
Really? Who is it?

SECURITY GUARD  
Your office in Brixton, Sir. Regarding  
your car. Said it was important.

Around the reading room, several HEADS look up. Irritated at being disturbed.

The SECURITY GUARD holds open the door for GUILLAM - who walks out, still holding the 'Testify' file in both hands.

INT. TELEPHONE CUBICLE - CIRCUS - DAY

GUILLAM picks up the telephone, 'Hello?'

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - SAME TIME

At the other end, the "Brixton office" is none other than MENDEL in the hotel-room..

MENDEL  
Everything all right, Sir?

INT. TELEPHONE CUBICLE - CIRCUS - DAY

GUILLAM ignores MENDEL, and raises his voice..

GUILLAM (INTO PHONE)  
Why did you bother me here with it here?? Just get onto the main dealers and find out how long it'll take to supply the damned thing. Have you got their number?  
(feigns irritability)  
Hang on.

He opens the door, calls out to the SECURITY GUARD..

GUILLAM (CONT'D)  
Chuck me my bag a minute, will you?

The GUARD brings over GUILLAM's bag. GUILLAM opens it..

GUILLAM (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Right. The number is...352-0768...

While giving the number, GUILLAM turns his back, and out of sight of the GUARD..

..he switches the 'Testify' file, putting it into the bag and pulling out a dummy file from inside...

GUILLAM hangs up the phone.

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - SMILEY'S ROOM - DAY

At the other end MENDEL hangs up..

MENDEL

I think that went all right.

Beside him is SMILEY: lost in thought.

SMILEY

We're not in the clear yet. He still needs to get out of there.

INT. ARCHIVE - CIRCUS - DAY

GUILLAM steps out of the telephone cubicle, holding the bag with the 'Testify' file, then freezes when he hears..

VOICE

Peter Guillam. I heard you were in the building. On a little banking business.

TOBY ESTERHASE walking towards him flanked by two large GUARDS and STRICKLAND. GUILLAM stiffens.

ESTERHASE

Since when does "D" Division Services wash its own money?

GUILLAM

Strickland's doing the washing. We're just spending the stuff. You know how it is.

ESTERHASE

And what was so important in our precious reading room that you should scamper there at the first opportunity? And be clutching it now in both hands?

ESTERHASE indicates GUILLAM's file. Prizes it out of his hands. GUILLAM looks anxious. Heart beating.

ESTERHASE opens the file. Looks inside..

ESTERHASE (CONT'D)

Who, pray, is "Juliette Crosbie"?

A smirk spreads across STRICKLAND's face..

STRICKLAND

One of the secretaries, Sir. In the Brixton division.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTERHASE

Taken your fancy, has she Peter? And I thought you were spoken for in that area..? Camilla someone or other..

(a beat)

Anyway, the Chief would like a word with you. Quite an urgent word.

GUILLAM

Of course.

GUILLAM thinks quickly, then takes his bag, and walks over to the SECURITY GUARD..

GUILLAM (CONT'D)

Is there still a shuttle to Brixton every lunchtime?

GUARD

Yes, Sir.

GUILLAM

Send that ahead for me, will you?

GUILLAM hands over the bag containing the 'Testify' file, then hands the SECURITY GUARD the 'switched' file..

GUILLAM (CONT'D)

Better put Miss Crosbie back for me, too.

GUILLAM turns to face ESTERHASE and his HEAVIES..

GUILLAM (CONT'D)

Ready when you are.

INT. CORRIDOR - CIRCUS - DAY

GUILLAM is marched by ESTERHASE and the HEAVIES down busy MI6 corridors. Up ahead is the CHIEF's office.

They reach the door, then enter..

INT. ALLELINE'S OFFICE - CIRCUS - DAY

GUILLAM stands in the doorway of the office of the Chief of MI6, and freezes. Inside are: BILL HAYDON, PERCY ALLELINE and TOBY ESTERHASE. ROY BLAND squeezes past GUILLAM...late.

BLAND

Sorry, everyone.

ALLELINE barks irritably from inside..

ALLELINE

Let's make a start, shall we!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLELINE looks up at GUILLAM..

ALLELINE (CONT'D)

Well, now, young Peter Guillam. Have you finally a moment for me? Or have you other calls to make about my house?

GUILLAM

No, all yours, Chief.

GUILLAM takes his seat beside ROY BLAND..

ALLELINE

Word has reached me that you've been hobnobbing with our late-lamented brother, Ricky Tarr.

(a beat)

How is he these days?

All smiles gone. The atmosphere suddenly quite menacing. GUILLAM thrown. How much do they know?

GUILLAM

I have no idea, Sir. Haven't heard from him since he disappeared in Beirut.

ALLELINE

You may be in the mood for parlour games, Peter Guillam. I can assure you I am not. We know he's made contact with you. I am of an extremely forgiving nature. I am positively seething with goodwill. All I require is the substance of your discussion with Tarr. I do not ask for his head, nor any other part of his offensive anatomy, and I will restrain my impulse personally to strangle him. Or you.

GUILLAM

I haven't seen him, Chief. That's the truth.

ALLELINE

Think very carefully about what you're saying. Because if you won't unburden yourself to me, like a gentleman, perhaps you will to someone more persuasive.

The implication is clear. GUILLAM looks at the HEAVIES..

GUILLAM

I haven't seen him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLELINE

Really? So if I were to tell you that Tarr's wife and daughter have been picked up travelling on fake British passports in the name of "Poole", and that Tarr is here now somewhere in the United Kingdom, currently awaiting their arrival, you would share my perplexity?

GUILLAM tries to hide his shock, "*Wife and daughter?*"

GUILLAM

Y-yes, I would.

ALLELINE

So, what do you make of it?

GUILLAM

I don't know.

ALLELINE

I'll tell you what WE make of it. We think Tarr went to Beirut, got turned by the Russians and in exchange for the safety of his wife and daughter is here now muddying our waters. Spinning Moscow's lies to anyone foolish enough to listen!

GUILLAM'S face: suddenly ashen.

ALLELINE (CONT'D)

You appear shocked.

GUILLAM

I...am.

ALLELINE

I do hope you haven't been foolish enough to listen. Perhaps you'd like to reconsider what you've told us. It's possible something slipped your memory?

GUILLAM

No.

ALLELINE leads forward. All business now.

ALLELINE

If Tarr does make contact with you, at the first peep, no before the first peep, at the first bloody whisper, you come to one of us grown-ups. Anyone you see at this table. But not another damn soul. Do you follow?

GUILLAM stares at HAYDON, BLAND, ESTERHASE and ALLELINE..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUILLAM

Yes, Sir.

ALLELINE nods. Meeting over. GUILLAM gets to his feet, and goes. A silence in the room..

ESTERHASE

Something about his reaction wasn't right. As if he knew about Tarr, but didn't know about the family.

HAYDON

Don't be so neurotic, Toby. For heaven's sake.

ESTERHASE

I'm telling you, that man knows something we don't.

BLAND

If Ricky Tarr had information to sell, he'd never go to Peter Guillam. He's no more than a footsoldier. It would have had to come from one of us. That's who Tarr would have come to see.

HAYDON

Unless that information was ABOUT one of us...

HAYDON smiles playfully...stares meaningfully at ESTERHASE....

ALLELINE

All right. Thank you.

HAYDON and BLAND get up and leave the room, smiling among themselves. ESTERHASE follows...

But ALLELINE, as soon as he is left alone, waits, looks right and left, then picks up his telephone...

He suddenly appears ashen. Deeply troubled.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The middle of the night. A remote country house. A car pulls up at high speed. GUILLAM gets out, storms towards the house..

...followed by MENDEL, FAWN and SMILEY.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - TARR'S ROOM - NIGHT

"Crash", the door bursts open, and GUILLAM storms into the bedroom followed by SMILEY..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUILLAM

You stupid bastard! What are you trying to do? Get us all killed?

GUILLAM jumps onto RICKY TARR, raining blows down on him. He has to be pulled off by MENDEL and SMILEY..

SMILEY

All right, Peter! Stop it! That's enough!

INT. SAFE HOUSE - TARR'S ROOM - NIGHT

AN HOUR LATER: TARR sits on the bed. His lip swollen and bleeding. His nose has taken a heavy blow, is quite possibly broken..

SMILEY

Who made the passports for your wife and child?

TARR

For the last time. The people in Beirut. The same that made mine.

GUILLAM

Why didn't you tell us you'd had three made instead of one?

TARR

You never asked. But you can understand. I'm not going to let my family ravel under their own names. Not with the KGB out for my blood.

SMILEY

What a considerate husband and father you are, Ricky..having only PUT them in danger because of your affair with a Russian agent..

SMILEY cleans his glasses, gets to his feet..

SMILEY (CONT'D)

In future, do TRY to tell us everything. I realise full disclosure doesn't come naturally, not to a spy...but it's made our job so much harder now everyone in England knows you're here.

(a beat)

Where had you been keeping them?

TARR

Spain.

SMILEY puts his glasses back on. He and GUILLAM go. TARR calls after them..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARR (CONT'D)

Where are they being held? I want to see them!

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

SMILEY and GUILLAM walk out..

GUILLAM

Do we buy that?

SMILEY

Oh, yes. If he really had been turned by the Russians, you think Ricky Tarr would be alive and well now? No, unlikely as it may seem, I think he has been telling us the truth all along.

(a beat)

Now, what are the odds do you think of finding something to eat round here? At eleven o'clock at night?

EXT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

A transport cafe in the middle of nowhere. Strip lighting. Slot machines. Truck-drivers. A plastic menu stained with grease. SMILEY looks up at the WAITER, smiles..

SMILEY

Two "all-day breakfasts", I think. And do you serve wine?

The WAITER stares at him as though he's mad.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Two mugs of tea then.

The WAITER nods. Goes.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Well, Peter, despite your heroics at the Circus today, I'm afraid we're no better off. The 'Testify' File was stripped bare, and gave us nothing, only the name of the Duty Officer that night. Sam Collins. It means either the mole got there before us and destroyed it, or Control had become so paranoid, he was shredding the information as he went along.

GUILLAM

The 'mole'.

The WAITER brings the tea..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUILLAM (CONT'D)

You know, if Ricky Tarr's story is true, then for an hour today I was actually sitting in his company.

SMILEY

Yes, you were. A Russian citizen, no less. And a fully-trained disciple of Karla, General of the KGB, and Chief of Russian Secret Service.

GUILLAM

You met him once, didn't you?

SMILEY

Who Karla?

A flicker behind SMILEY's eyes...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Yes, I did. Although that isn't his real name. We've never known that. It was in South America. In the fifties. He was just a junior agent, then. Caught by the CIA and stuck in a prison outside La Paz. The proverbial Cold War orphan...

EXT. PRISON - BOLIVIA - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A sprawling, primitive prison complex outside La Paz.

CAPTION: LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

SMILEY (V.O.)

So I was despatched to see him. In the hope of bringing him over to our side. That's what I used to do, in those days. Travel the world signing up fresh stock. Like a commercial traveller..

INT. PRISON - BOLIVIA - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A sweltering prison cell. A tall, hollow-eyed Russian KGB officer, (KARLA), hands and feet manacled, sits opposite SMILEY. (We immediately recognise him as the RUSSIAN OFFICER from the early sequence in the Baltics). SMILEY stares at the blood-stained shirt where KARLA has been tortured.

SMILEY

Why don't you start by telling me your real name?

Silence. SMILEY puts a pack of Russian cigarettes on the table. And takes out his lighter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA stares at the lighter. Notices an engraved inscription. But KARLA says nothing. Nor moves a muscle.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

I understand your hostility - but try to think of me as an ally. I really AM here to help.

(a beat)

As I see it, you have no alternative. You can't go back home. Your people will assume you cracked under interrogation and shoot you. But come to the West, and there is at least...hope. A new beginning. We can give you a good life.

SMILEY stops. Waiting for KARLA to acknowledge the offer. But nothing. Not a word.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Fine. Say nothing. Do nothing. It's your prerogative. And if that's what you desire - then after I have smoked a cigarette myself, I shall leave you.

SMILEY lights one of his own cigarettes, puts the lighter back on the table. Inhales deeply.

INT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

SMILEY lights a cigarette, fifteen years later, with matches, we notice, not with his silver lighter...

SMILEY

The fact is, as soon it was clear he wouldn't talk, I should have sent a cable to London saying 'No Sale', got on the plane out, and been done with it. But there was something about him...

(a beat)

...the dignity with which he had withstood his interrogation. People who have been survived torture are a terrible aristocracy. They have a way of making one feel humble, inferior.

(a beat)

And so something in me couldn't...or didn't want to go without some contact. Some connection with the man of equal rank. My opposite number..

(a beat)

And so I smoked a cigarette with him...very slowly.

INT. PRISON - BOLIVIA - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

SMILEY smokes. Stares at KARLA...

SMILEY

I'm curious, Colonel, I'm sure both of us - when we were young - were committed to grand visions, grand ideological designs...isn't that why we signed up? It's why I signed up. But if we're honest, looking around us now...what have we achieved? How big is the gulf between the aspirations we had as young men and the sorry, sordid mess we find ourselves in now?

KARLA reads the inscription on SMILEY's lighter. "To George, from Ann, with all my love".

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Didn't we become spies in the hope of making the world a better, safer place? Keeping our armies, our countries OUT of conflict? OUT of war? Isn't that what they told us? That by spying on one another we'd remove the mystery, the ignorance and with it the fear and prejudice that leads to the ultimate, terrible act of aggression? That's what they told me. But is that REALLY what we've achieved? Honestly? Can you look me in the eye and tell me that we 'do' is doing ANY good at all? I'm speaking to you now as a brother, for a moment. A comrade. Not your enemy. Don't you feel we are just being used? Both of us? That instead of making things better we are making things worse. The fact is 'they', our political masters, have decided to go to war and we are providing the ammunition not the truce. We are busy creating the enemy our leaders are dreaming of. When the truth is - I know perfectly well you don't have what we fear you have. You don't have HALF of what we fear you have.

(a beat)

Couldn't we just stop? Both of us? Just stop? But we'd have to stop at exactly the same time.

KARLA looks at SMILEY. A long, long silence. Then he speaks in a low, measured voice, in Russian, (WE SEE SUBTITLES)..

KARLA (IN RUSSIAN)

No, I will not stop. What makes you think I want to prevent war?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KARLA (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
If the war is against you, and the system you represent, then I don't. With it's hypocrisy, it's immorality and decadence, and greed. That is what you in the West have not yet grasped. That other people really do think differently. Believe differently from you. Are committed to different values and will defend them, if necessary, to the death. You dare to call me your 'brother'? Your 'comrade'? Let me explain something to you. The Secret Policeman that tortured me - that inflicted these wounds - was Bolivian, yes - but he was trained by the CIA. They taught him to do this..

KARLA opens his shirt, shows SMILEY his livid wounds where he has been brutally disfigured, tortured..

KARLA (IN RUSSIAN) (CONT'D)  
I have no anger for him. Nor blame. He has been brainwashed and paid and given nice uniforms by your friends in the name of Freedom, Capitalism, Christianity and Democracy. Up and down the country his colleagues imprison and torture and kill thousands of innocent liberals and academics with your friends' approval and funding - yours - and you dare to call me 'comrade'? You think peace is the greatest virtue. Why? If peace means your values continue to prosper. Continue to expand. Continue to pollute and colonise and invade? Why would I support it by doing NOTHING? I believe in MY way of life, not yours. MY philosophy, not yours. And before I stand by and watch you and your friends do to the rest of the world what you have done here...I will fight you to the death.

KARLA gets to his feet, holds out his arms, indicating he's ready to be handcuffed again. The meeting is over.

SMILEY calls for the GUARDS, who enter and take KARLA away.

As KARLA goes, we notice he slips SMILEY's silver lighter into his hands, the shuffles off. Chains clanking.

SMILEY watches KARLA go. The RUSSIAN's words still ringing in his ears. We close on SMILEY's face..

And the silver lighter has gone. KARLA has taken it..

INT. MOTORWAY SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

SMILEY plays with a box of matches, remembering, then puts them into his pocket.

SMILEY

A year later there was a regime change at Moscow Center. Karla was welcomed back with open arms and he thrived. How he thrived.

(a beat)

And all the time he was sitting there listening to me no doubt he was thinking of Gerald the mole.

(a beat)

Still, I may have behaved like a fool in there, the very archetype of a flabby Western liberal - but I would sooner be my kind of fool than his for all that.

SMILEY indicates to the WAITER he wants the bill...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Well, that was sumptuous.

SMILEY checks his watch. His face falls..

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Good God, is that the time?

EXT. CHELSEA - LONDON - MORNING

SMILEY and GUILLAM arrive back in London. The car pulls up not far from SMILEY's house...

SMILEY

I have one or two errands to run this morning, of a personal nature, but then I'll go and see the Duty Officer from that night. Mr. Collins. In the meantime, Peter, I want you to find out everything you can about our suspects' early years. That was when Karla would have recruited them.

SMILEY reaches the car...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Go and talk to Connie Sachs. Say you've come from me. She'll tell you everything.

EXT. BYWATER STREET - CHELSEA - DAY

SMILEY turns the corner into his street, then stops. His expression changes. Ahead of him is a removals truck, parked outside his house, being loading up with belongings..

SMILEY walks up the steps. He runs into ANN in the doorway. An awkward moment..

ANN  
I haven't taken much...just the things  
that came from my family.

SMILEY  
You found somewhere?

ANN  
Cleveland Square.

SMILEY  
That was quick.

ANN  
Not really. I'd been looking for some  
time. From Cornwall.

SMILEY  
I see.

A silence.

ANN  
Oh...the key.

ANN rummages in her pockets. Hands it over.

ANN (CONT'D)  
As soon as I'm settled, we'll meet.  
Ill explain everything.  
(a beat)  
I hear you've appointed someone.

SMILEY  
Yes.

ANN  
Good.

The sound of hooting car horns. ANN indicates the removals truck which is causing a small tail-back of traffic..

ANN (CONT'D)  
I'd better go.

ANN is about to rush off, then she turns, and pecks SMILEY on the cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANN (CONT'D)

I'll call you.

ANN goes. SMILEY watches the truck drive off, then turns, and walks into the house.

INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BYWATER STREET - DAY

SMILEY closes the door behind him, and stares. The house is bare. Empty. SMILEY walks over to a solitary picture frame...

He straightens the picture. Then stares at the empty room.

EXT. LAWYERS' OFFICES - LONDON - LATER THAT DAY

High up, above, LETMAN (the divorce lawyer's) offices.

EXT. LAWYERS' OFFICES - LONDON - DAY

Two seedy-looking MEN in their 50's sit opposite SMILEY. MR HEWITT and his assistant MR. VENNING

HEWITT

What we would suggest to begin with, Mr. Smiley, would be a period of basic surveillance, where we would follow your wife, keeping a written and photographic record of all her movements, her appointments, her 'rendez-vous' etcetera. If that did not prove conclusive...we would then move to more intricate, more specialist work.

SMILEY

I see. And what might that involve?

VENNING

Intercepting mail, gaining access to her property, you said she keeps a diary...

SMILEY

Yes..

HEWITT

Perhaps even electronic surveillance of some description..

SMILEY

I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEWITT

I can understand you have reservations, Mr. Smiley...but I can assure you, when we tail someone...that's what it's called incidentally, in the game...

SMILEY

Really?

VENNING

Like ghosts.

HEWITT

She will not know a thing. These are operational skills picked up while working in the field at the very highest level..

SMILEY

Really? The highest level?

SMILEY looks at the two men..

LETMAN

So what do you say? Should we go ahead?

SMILEY

Yes, of course. I want to know everything.

EXT. CASINO - LONDON - DAY

An upscale private gaming club. Like Aspinalls. A smart Georgian town house in Mayfair. Smartly uniformed staff to discreetly valet park members' cars. An elegant, discreet livery.

SMILEY walks up the steps, rings on the doorbell. Goes in.

INT. CASINO - LONDON

An opulently furnished private members' casino. Large, ornate gold frames, mirrors, green baize tablecloths.

Curtains drawn, the tables about one third occupied, four or five players to each table - the click of chips, the click of the ball in the wheel, the low murmur of croupiers' voices..

SMILEY walks into a large room to be met SAM COLLINS, former MI6 officer and colleague of SMILEY's, trim and light-hearted in his manner - wearing a dinner-jacket, around 40..

But there's an unmistakable sadness behind COLLINS' eyes. An emptiness. A sense of displacement. Whatever the compensations or attractions of his new "postings", it will never match live in the service..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINS

George, long time no see. Welcome to my new lair.

COLLINS gestures the casino..

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Care for it?

SMILEY

Very impressive.

COLLINS

Going like dam-busters, too. They might even let me put a few pennies of my own later, give it another year. They're toughish boys, but very go-ahead, you know. Like we were in the old days.

(opening door)

After you, Sir.

They disappear into COLLINS' office.

INT. COLLINS' OFFICE - CASINO - DAY

Edwardian plush. Desk with a marble top and ball-and-claw feet. SMILEY takes a seat.

COLLINS

So, what can I do for you?

SMILEY

I want to talk to you about the night Jim Prideaux was shot. "Operation Testify".

(a beat)

We're re-opening the case.

COLLINS's face: his expression changes. That lost look again. Reminded of his own emptiness..

COLLINS

Who's "we", mind me asking?

SMILEY

Lacon, with the full weight of the Cabinet Office. I can give you a telephone number to confirm. Though I'd rather you took my word for it.

COLLINS looks grave. His eyes misting over slightly. Then nods..

SMILEY (CONT'D)

It's true you were duty officer that night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINS

Yes. October 19th. It was a Friday as I remember. I got a call. From Control himself, which was unusual..

INT. CONTROL'S OFFICE - CIRCUS - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS walks into CONTROL's office. CONTROL sits at his desk and does indeed look cadaverous. Exhausted. Ashen.

COLLINS (V.O.)

The old boy was a shock. I heard he hadn't been his old self, but I wasn't prepared for this. It was like opening a coffin lid.

CONTROL

I need someone to man the switchboard tonight. Someone good. An old hand. I've got a man doing a "special job", tonight. A job of the utmost importance. To the Service. To all of us. That's all you need to know. You're to act as cut-out between me and the outside world. Anything comes in - no matter how trivial - phone-call, radio, whatever, you're to bring it to me directly. You don't use the internal phones. You don't put anything in writing. You come to me in person, you understand?

(a beat)

And not a word of it to anyone.

INT. COLLINS' OFFICE - CASINO - DAY

COLLINS sits opposite SMILEY...

COLLINS

So, I said 'fine'. And came in six o'clock that Saturday night, with my toothbrush and six cans of beer in a briefcase...well, you know how it is...

SMILEY knows only too well..

COLLINS (CONT'D)

...and settled in. Waiting for the crisis to break.

INT. LONDON STATION - NIGHT DUTY OFFICER'S ROOM - (FLASHBACK)

The duty officer's room: cramped accommodation. A single bed. A television. Cheap furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINS watches TV: drinking beer. Latest reports from the Fisher/Spassky World Chess Championship in Reykjavik flicker on a cheap, black and white monitor..

COLLINS watches. Bored. Flicks channels. Football. Dixon of Dock Green. Drinks more beer.

INT. LONDON STATION - CORRIDORS - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS patrols deserted corridors. No sign of life other than the ever-present radio and code OPERATORS...

INT. LONDON STATION - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS sits in a deserted office with his feet up on a desk. Reading a newspaper.

INT. LONDON STATION - DUTY OFFICER'S ROOM - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS is fast asleep in a beer-induced slumber, when...

"Rrrriinngg", a telephone pierces the night. COLLINS, his face creased with sleep, picks up the phone..

COLLINS  
Duty officer?

COLLINS listens, then his expression changes. Suddenly deadly serious.

COLLINS (CONT'D)  
Right..

"Rrriing", "Rrriinng", "Rrriinng", all around him, other telephones explode into life.

INT. LONDON STATION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

A SIGNALS OFFICER bursts from the radio room, carrying several transcripts. She knocks on the DUTY OFFICER's door. From inside, COLLINS's voice calls out...

COLLINS (O.S.)  
Come in! It's open!

INT. DUTY OFFICER'S ROOM - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

The SIGNALS OFFICER enters to see COLLINS in a state, rapidly getting dressed, still manning the phones...

COLLINS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
..we're confirming nothing at the  
moment.  
(hangs up phone)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIGNALS OFFICER

All hell's broken out in  
Czechoslovakia. Something about a  
British Spy being shot by Russian  
Security Forces.

COLLINS

Near the Austrian border. I know.  
Where's Control?

SIGNALS OFFICER

In his office.

"Rrrring", another phone rings. COLLINS picks it up, snaps..

COLLINS

I'm going to have to call you back.

INT. LONDON STATION - STAIRCASE - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS, pulling on clothes as he runs, urgently runs up  
stairs, taking them two, three at a time.

INT. CORRIDOR - MI6 - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS runs along a corridor, until he reaches an office at  
the end..

INT. CONTROL'S OFFICE - LONDON - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

COLLINS knocks and enters a darkened office, where CONTROL  
sits at his desk in a dim light..

COLLINS

Sir....we're Hearing a British Spy has  
been shot by in Czechoslovakia. Near  
the Austrian border.

Silence, CONTROL's face is ashen. Deathly pale.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

I need a brief, Sir. I've got the  
Foreign Office and half of Fleet Street  
on the phone wanting confirmation....

Silence. CONTROL is like a wax work. Does not move.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

...Czech radio is calling it "an act of  
gross provocation by a Western power,  
an infringement of Czechoslovakian  
sovereignty and an outrage against  
freedom-loving people of all nations."  
We're also picking up movements of  
Soviet tanks along the Austrian  
border..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silence.

COLLINS (CONT'D)  
 Sir, I need a brief. We must say something. Do you want me to deny it? A flat denial? Just to start with?

But CONTROL is not listening.

CONTROL  
 You're sure they said "British"?

COLLINS  
 Yes, Sir.

CONTROL  
 No one could know that at this stage. There hasn't been time. He had foreign documents.

COLLINS shoots a concerned look at the Head of Secret Intelligence..

COLLINS  
 Sir..?

...and at the mess that surrounds him: an opened bottle of pills on the desk. Scattered paperwork everywhere.

Files stacked around the room. The evidence of a huge operation - crazed, feverish, desperate - that has been underway. Notes, diagrams, unintelligible scrawl..

COLLINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 He'd gone into shock. I'd never seen him like that.

INT. CASINO - COLLINS' OFFICE - DAY

COLLINS looks at SMILEY..

COLLINS  
 My first thought was to call you, as it happens. So I rang your London home.

SMILEY  
 I was out of the country. Danzig. You knew that.

COLLINS  
 There was a chance you'd come back early. I was desperate. Anyway, I spoke to your wife, and asked if she had a number for you there. That it was urgent. But she said "no". I asked if she knew where I could find Bill Haydon, she didn't know that either...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Why did you do that?

COLLINS

I knew how close you were. I thought if I couldn't get you, he'd be the next best thing.

SMILEY's face, as he listens.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I carried on denying the story officially, when, thank God, about half an hour later, Bill Haydon DID come in. White as sheet.

SMILEY

What time was that?

COLLINS

Past midnight. One? One-fifteen?

INT. LONDON STATION - OFFICES - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

BILL HAYDON bursts into the offices. White as a sheet.

HAYDON

What the hell's going on?

COLLINS (V.O.)

He picked up the pieces. It was very impressive.

HAYDON removes his coat, and immediately takes charge. He goes to the telephones, barks instructions to SECRETARIES, drafts press statement, etc..

COLLINS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He told the Foreign Office to sit tight and hold it's water. He gave instructions to round up all the Czech agents in London and lock them up in case we'd have to bargain to get Jim back. He rang the Chief hood at the Czech Embassy and told him if they harmed a single hair on Jim Prideaux's head he'd strip the entire Czech network bare...

HAYDON on the telephone. Dynamic. Terrifying. Tearing into his Czech opposite number.

INT. CASINO - COLLINS' OFFICE - DAY

COLLINS shrugs, as he remembers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLLINS

Like I said, it was very impressive.

SMILEY

Bill can be when he sets his mind to it. One thing you didn't mention. How did he hear about it? The shooting?

COLLINS

Said he picked it up on the ticker-tape at his club.

SMILEY

At one fifteen?

SMILEY thinks...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

He's the Savile, isn't he?

COLLINS shrugs, "Wouldn't know."

COLLINS

Not my world, old boy.

SMILEY

Well, thank you, Sam. Has anyone else asked you about this since?

COLLINS

No. Haven't seen anyone at all. When you get booted out - it all goes very quiet. Persona non grata and all that...

COLLINS's face: there's the hollow-eyed look again. The flicker of heartbreak.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

(avoids SMILEY's eyes)

Well, you'd know about that.

SMILEY

Yes.

COLLINS extends his hand...

COLLINS

Goodbye, Sir.

SMILEY

Goodbye, Sam.

COLLINS

Anytime you fancy a flutter, just give me a shout.

COLLINS' eyes. SMILEY's eyes. Both know it'll never happen.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CASINO - DAY

SMILEY walks out of the casino. He thinks for a moment, visibly saddened by seeing what had happened to COLLINS.. Then crosses the road and walks to a telephone box.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX - DAY

SMILEY dials a number. It's picked up the other end by PETER GUILLAM..

SMILEY

Peter, I need you to find where they put Jim Prideaux.

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - SAME TIME

GUILLAM is in the cheap hotel room surrounded by research material and files on TESTIFY..

GUILLAM

That'll be easier said than done. Isn't that the point of quarantine? That no one can find them?

OVER THIS: we fade in the sound of commuter trains, clattering across railway tracks..

EXT. CEMETERY - EAST END - DAY

The trains clatter over a bridge, heading out of London.

Below the bridge: a windswept cemetery in the East End. Rows of lonely, neglected, vandalised graves and headstones overlooked by high rise council flats.

SMILEY surveys this God-less, forbidding, desolate place. His breath steams in the cold.

Presently, he looks up. He watches from a distance as an OLD LADY walks slowly to one grave in particular.

EXT. GRAVE - CEMETERY - EAST END - DAY

The OLD LADY reaches the grave. She bends down with difficulty, then begins painstakingly pruning, caring, planting cheap flowers.

The OLD LADY looks up as she hears footsteps approach. She squints in the winter sun. She sees SMILEY. Her expression changes. Recognising him..

INT. CONTROL'S SISTERS HOUSE - EAST END - DAY

SMILEY sits in a modest, working-class front room. The OLD LADY comes in wheeling a tea-tray. Like her late brother, she speaks with a distinct Scottish accent...

CONTROL'S SISTER

My brother lived simply as you know. Hoarded nothing. Kept nothing. Said nothing. Calvinist to the end, as you know. I've Battenberg cake, or Shortbread.

SMILEY

Just tea, thank you.

CONTROL'S SISTER

If he were ever to have left anything private - papers and so forth - it wouldn't have been to me, anyway. I was just his wee sister.

(a beat)

You might try Tottenham Gordon.

SMILEY looks up..

CONTROL'S SISTER (CONT'D)

His only proper friend as far as I'm aware. It's who he went to the football with.

SMILEY

Control went to the *football*?

CONTROL'S SISTER

Every Saturday. Like clockwork.

SMILEY

Does "Tottenham Gordon" have a surname?

CONTROL'S SISTER

Muir. Gordon Muir. 116, Tottenham High Road.

SMILEY

You met him?

CONTROL'S SISTER

No. My brother used to help him with his bills. I kept the payments up after he died. He'd have wanted that

(a beat)

His only friend.

EXT. MANSION BLOCK - TOTTENHAM - NORTH LONDON - DAY

A busy high street in an unfashionable neighborhood in Tottenham, North London. Dirty pavements.

We pick out: a mansion block. Number 116.

SMILEY walks up to the main door. His finger runs down the names belonging to the other flats.

He finds the name 'Muir' on the doorbell. He presses the buzzer. No answer.

At that moment, the door opens, and someone from one of the other flats walks out.

SMILEY takes the opportunity to walk in.

INT. STAIRCASE - MANSION BLOCK - NORTH LONDON - DAY

SMILEY walks up a worn, scuffed, municipal staircase. Peeling linoleum. Dirty wallpaper. Voices echo-ing from other floors.

He reaches a door. He looks right and left, then picks the lock..

INT. FLAT - MANSION BLOCK - NORTH LONDON - DAY

SMILEY pushes the door against a large pile of unopened MAIL. He walks into the room, and stops..

No sign of life. The buzz of flies. The room is a complete mess. Papers scattered everywhere. Photographs on the wall.

No bedroom. No kitchen. No comforts. No evidence of regular life or inhabitation.

SMILEY walks towards a desk with papers scattered all over. Dust from neglect. Handwritten scrawl. He uncovers notes. Files.

SMILEY begins looking through the items on the desk. Among them he finds:

A book of children's nursery rhymes. "Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor"..

A hand-written letter. On MI6 notepaper. Addressed to Control. Marked 'Confidential'.

SMILEY reads the letter. Various lines in the letter underlined in red ink.

Words stand out: "Russian soldiers", "Testify", "Toby Esterhase". SMILEY carefully folds the letter, and puts it in his pocket. He takes the files.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY is about to go when he stops...

A SERIES of 10x8 black and white PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall. Of Percy Alleline, Bill Haydon, Toby Esterhase, Roy Bland, and of Smiley himself.

SMILEY moves closer to the photograph of himself. He looks at it...

Darker hair. Face less lined. Another time. SMILEY stares at the photograph, beneath it the name, "BEGGAR MAN"..

SMILEY's eyes: staring at the photograph. Not understanding.

SMILEY's eyes on the photograph: staring back.

OVER THIS: the sound of bells ringing.

EXT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The bells belong to a boy's preparatory school in the West Country. Ivy-covered Georgian buildings.

INT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - DAY

Bells continue to ring. Classrooms spill out. PUPILS in uniform rush through corridors, talking loudly. TEACHERS in flowing gowns.

We pick out one of the teachers from behind. He walks with difficulty, his back is stopped, he shuffles with a limp..

VOICE (O.S.)

Sir! Please, Sir!

The TEACHER turns, and now we see his face: it's the MAN that was shot in Czechoslovakia. JIM PRIDEAUX. Just two years have passed, but it seems he has aged ten. His hair is grey, his face lined. The PUPIL is visibly nervous..

ROACH

Sir, a man has come asking for you.

PRIDEAUX

What sort of man? Come on, Mr. Roach, I won't bite. Describe him.

ROACH

An older gentleman, Sir. With glasses. He said he was a friend.

PRIDEAUX

Did he, now? A 'friend'?

ROACH

Then he got back into his car. Parked in the quad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIDEAUX

What kind of car?

ROACH

A Rover, Sir. I think.

PRIDEAUX

A Rover you say? What colour is it? Not Sandy yellow, by any chance?

ROACH

Yes, Sir.

PRIDEAUX goes to a window. Looks out. Sure enough.

IN THE QUADRANGLE BELOW: sitting in a Rover parked well away from the other cars, is the silhouette of an elder man with glasses.

PRIDEAUX

Go out and tell my friend I can't see him today. Or any day. To leave me alone. Will you do that?

ROACH

Yes, Sir.

The BOY goes. PRIDEAUX watches through the window, his haunted face full of pain and emotion..

EXT. SCHOOL FIELDS - COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

LATER: PRIDEAUX limps out through barren school fields, and woodland, on his way home.

He walks down a deserted country road. Breath steaming in the cold.

He turns a corner, then stops in his tracks. Up ahead, at the foot of a hill, waiting for PRIDEAUX by his car, is SMILEY.

PRIDEAUX

What are you doing, George? Why have you come here? What do you want?

SMILEY

I need to know what happened, Jim. Operation Testify.

PRIDEAUX

Why? I've drawn a line, man. That's what they told me to do. Draw a line. Forget. Make a new life.

(a beat)

And that's what I've done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

What if I were to tell you that your mission wasn't in vain? That there really WAS a mole? One of the top five. And that Testify was a set-up by the Russians as a sting - as a way of to discrediting Control who they knew was getting close to uncovering their man?

A silence. PRIDEAUX stares.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

C'mon, I've found us somewhere we can talk. It's not far.

SMILEY and PRIDEAUX get into the car. Rover P6 Series, Mark I. PRIDEAUX looks at the car..

PRIDEAUX

See they gave you one of these as well? Same colour, too. "Thanks for all the good times."

(a beat)

How do you get on with it?

SMILEY starts the engine, shrugs..

SMILEY

It's a car, Jim.

EXT. TRAVEL LODGE MOTEL - DAY

To establish: a cheap traveller's motel by the side of the motorway. A 24 hour cafe. A few trucks in the car park. Rooms by the hour.

The falling rain is turning to sleet in the cold. SMILEY's Rover pulls up in the car park.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Thin wall-paper. Cheap furniture. In terms of decor and luxury, a blood relative of the Islay Hotel in Paddington.

SMILEY and PRIDEAUX are sitting. A bottle of Whisky..

PRIDEAUX

So, Control's gone, poor devil. What did he die of? He didn't do anything...foolish?

SMILEY

No.

PRIDEAUX

So who got the job? They didn't go to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

No. The job went to Alleline.

PRIDEAUX

Alleline? Jesus.

A silence. PRIDEAUX's face: gaunt. Empty. Hollow-eyed.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

Any news of my networks?

SMILEY remains silent. Cannot bring himself.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

Gone? All of them?

SMILEY

The story is you blew them to save your own skin.

PRIDEAUX's eye's close...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

I don't believe it either, Jim. But it's why I have to know what happened. To help you.

PRIDEAUX's shaking hand reaches for a drink...

PRIDEAUX

It was a Thursday...I got a message from Control asking me to a meeting that night...I wasn't to tell anyone.

SMILEY

The meeting took place away from the Circus?

PRIDEAUX

Yes. A service flat somewhere in North London. I'd never been there before.

SMILEY

Tottenham?

PRIDEAUX

Yes. How do you...?

SMILEY

It wasn't a service flat. It was Control's own bolt-hole, rented under an assumed name.

PRIDEAUX stares:

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Continue..

EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

To establish: the same high street in North London. Two years earlier.

A taxi pulls up. CONTROL, head of MI6, the British secret intelligence service, gets out, clutching a briefcase..

Pale, wan, not in good health, he pays the driver - the lines on his face testimony to sleepless nights, and the crisis that is consuming him at the moment.

As CONTROL disappears into a run-down mansion block, we pull back to reveal:

INT. CAFE - NEARBY - SAME TIME

This is being watched from a cafe across the street by another MAN in his early 40's. JIM PRIDEAUX.

PRIDEAUX leaves money on the table. Gets up and walks out.

INT. FLAT - NORTH LONDON - NIGHT

CONTROL enters a spartan, messy flat, still wheezing from the stairs.

Inside: no sign of domestic life or comfort. A simple bar heater, a cheap radio..

The flat is strewn with files and research. The walls are covered in photos. Diagrams and notes.

CONTROL opens a briefcase, takes out some files.

"BZZZZ", the buzzer rings. CONTROL turns. Takes out his service revolver.

He goes to the door. Stares through the peep-hole. Gun drawn. Sees PRIDEAUX. He puts away his gun. He opens the door.

CONTROL

You did exactly as I told you? Told no one?

PRIDEAUX nods. CONTROL lets him in.

CONTROL (CONT'D)

Remember, Jim. Trust no one. No one. You work for me alone.

CONTROL looks outside, makes sure PRIDEAUX was not followed. He locks the door. Turning several locks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIDEAUX looks around the room. Taking in the mess. The obsessive diagrams and notes..the signs of a man, of a mind in distress.

Finally, CONTROL turns...

CONTROL (CONT'D)

I've got a job for you. An offer of service. Highly placed official on the military side. Czechoslovakia. Cover name 'Testify'. His real name is Stevchek. Czech artillery General. Military counsellor to the Praesidium, Anglo-American desk in Prague. Fourth man in their intelligence.

(a beat)

He's big Jim. Very big. And he wants to come over to our side.

PRIDEAUX

Why?

CONTROL

A girlfriend, younger than him, put up against the wall by the Russians during the uprising, and shot. Our man's been biding his time, waiting to avenge her. And now this is it.

(a beat)

He's got treasure for us. But will only give it to a ranking SIS officer. A Czech speaker. Senior. Someone like you.

PRIDEAUX

What's he selling?

CONTROL

I can't tell you until you agree to do it. But it's important, Jim. The most important mission you'll ever do.

PRIDEAUX looks at CONTROL. Nods.

PRIDEAUX

All right.

CONTROL gets to his feet. Indicates PRIDEAUX follow.

INT. FLAT - NORTH LONDON - CORRIDOR - (FLASHBACK)

CONTROL leads PRIDEAUX along a corridor manned by armed SIS guards, to a safe room.

CONTROL unlocks the door. They walk inside.

INT. FLAT - NORTH LONDON - SAFE ROOM - (FLASHBACK)

CONTROL and PRIDEAUX enter a room where the walls are covered in photographs. CONTROL locks the door behind him.

CONTROL

Stevchek is going to give us the name of the agent Moscow has planted inside our set-up.

PRIDEAUX turns, horrified..

PRIDEAUX

*What?*

CONTROL

We have a mole, Jim.

PRIDEAUX

Here? In London?

CONTROL

Very near the top. A rotten apple. One of the top five.

On the wall are photographs of the top FIVE men inside MI6.

PRIDEAUX

How long?

CONTROL

Probably years.

(a beat)

It means it's all been a sham. Everything we've been selling to the Americans all this time is probably rubbish Moscow has wanted them to know all along. And everything the Americans have sold us has gone right back to the KGB.

PRIDEAUX

Jesus Christ...

(looking at the photographs, still unable to take it in)

One of *these people* is a mole?

CONTROL

The Russians have a code name for him. 'Gerald'.

PRIDEAUX

Who else knows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTROL

No one. Just you. Me. And an intermediary in our Embassy in Stockholm who set this up.

PRIDEAUX

When would I go?

CONTROL

Tomorrow. The rendez-vous is this week-end.

PRIDEAUX

Which identity would I use?

CONTROL

I thought Hajek. Vladimir Hajek.

PRIDEAUX

Still a Czech journalist? Still based in Paris?

CONTROL

Yes.

PRIDEAUX

Anyone else used him?

CONTROL

No.

PRIDEAUX

Where?

CONTROL

Friday morning he's due to inspect a research station at Brno, about a hundred miles north of the Austrian border. From there he'll be visiting a hunting lodge for the week end. Alone. He will meet you there, at the lodge, on the Saturday afternoon. One of Stevchek's men will pick you up at Brno market Saturday morning, to take you there.

PRIDEAUX stares at the photographs...

CONTROL (CONT'D)

One word, Jim, that's all I need. You know the children's rhyme? Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, Finish it.

PRIDEAUX

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.

CONTROL points at the photographs..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTROL

Percy Alleline, Director of Operations,  
Tinker. Billy Haydon, Head of  
Personnel, Tailor. Roy Bland, Head of  
Iron Curtain Networks, Soldier. We  
leave out sailor, sounds too much like  
tailor. Toby Esterhase, Poor Man, and  
George Smiley, my devoted deputy,  
Beggar Man.

CONTROL stares, dead behind the eyes..

CONTROL (CONT'D)

Have you got it?

PRIDEAUX

I'll remember.

CONTROL

All I want is one word. One code-name.  
If you have to scrawl it on our  
Embassy's door before you go  
underground or shout it at me down a  
telephone line. Just one word, that's  
all I need. I'm almost there myself.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

PRIDEAUX and SMILEY back in the motel-room..

PRIDEAUX

The following morning I flew to Paris,  
switched to the Hajek papers, and took  
a scheduled flight to Prague...

EXT. PRAGUE AIRPORT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A commercial flight lands on a wintry Czech airfield.

EXT. PRAGUE AIRPORT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

PRIDEAUX gets off the plane among the other PASSENGERS. Walks  
down the steps. Breath steaming in the cold.

INT. PRAGUE AIRPORT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

PRIDEAUX walks through customs and into the busy airport  
terminal. Armed CUSTOMS OFFICIALS scrutinise him long and  
hard. Finally, his papers are stamped. We see the name..

'Vladimir Hajek'.

EXT. BRNO SQUARE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A crowded square. A busy market. A bus pulls up.

PRIDEAUX alights from the bus. He checks his watch. In the far corner of the square, one car is parked away from the others.

PRIDEAUX approaches the car. Nods to a thick-set DRIVER.

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)

I made my way to the pick-up, as agreed, was driven to the hunting lodge, and that's where all this happened..

EXT. WOODS - CZECHOSLOVAKIA - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

'FLASH', floodlights come on. A deafening burst of machine-gun fire. It's a trap.

The DRIVER is riddled with bullets, his body jolting violently - dead before he hits the ground.

EXT. WOODS - CZECHOSLOVAKIA - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

PRIDEAUX runs on foot. Dazed. Blinded. More machine-gun fire. The sound of barking dogs.

There are SOLDIERS and barking dogs all around him. PRIDEAUX runs desperately through the undergrowth, overhanging branches tearing at his skin...

Another burst of machine-gun fire. PRIDEAUX darts across a moonlit river, then...

PRIDEAUX

Aaaarrrrggggh.

"Crack", "crack", PRIDEAUX stiffens in agony as two bullets hit him.

One shatters his shoulder and collar-bone, the other hits him in the leg. He crumples, falling into the water...

PRIDEAUX struggles to his knees, trying to get up, but the DOGS are all over him, already tearing at his flesh..

PRIDEAUX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...two bullets. One in the back, one in the leg...

INT. MILITARY AMBULANCE - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

PRIDEAUX in agony, his face covered in a thin film of sweat, in the back of an ambulance...

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)

After that there are gaps in the story, I'm afraid, where I passed out. I remember an ambulance, driving through woods...

INT. RUSSIAN HOSPITAL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Shouting Russian voices. PRIDEAUX comes round, regaining consciousness. He's neglected and alone in the corridor of a brutal, spartan Russian military hospital..

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)

...I remember coming round in a prison hospital..

PRIDEAUX cries out in horror. Still covered in blood after a botched, rough operation..

PRIDEAUX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...where they'd operated, after a fashion.

SMILEY

Do you remember the interrogation?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

PRIDEAUX's face: he stares hollow-eyed at SMILEY, can't help smiling at the insensitivity of the question...

PRIDEAUX

Remember it?

From the look on PRIDEAUX's face we can infer...it still visits him most nights in his sleep.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

At the beginning it was production-line stuff. No sleep, relays of questions, disorientation tactics. Oh, and pain. Plenty of that. Most of it electrical.

INT. TORTURE CELL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

PRIDEAUX's bloodcurdling screams of agony echo through the corridors of KGB headquarters...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)

I was determined not to mention the mole. I told them 'Testify' was my idea. That I'd mounted the whole campaign myself, chasing glory and promotion. Anything but the mole...anything but 'Tinker, Tailor'...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

PRIDEAUX looking up at SMILEY...

PRIDEAUX

...I buried that deep inside me. I was never going to give them that.

(a beat)

After a few days, they left me alone. I thought they'd given up. Turns out it was just to give me rest. Build up strength. For the big one. The 'marathon session'.

(a beat)

The one where all the guards were kicked out. And I was left with him..

INT. TORTURE CELL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

A tall, menacing shadow appears in the doorway, smoking a cigarette. All the subordinate RUSSIAN GUARDS guards immediately back off...

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)

...and I'm afraid he got it out of me...eventually. All of it.

PRIDEAUX screams under torture. Being subjected to unimaginable, unendurable horrors..

PRIDEAUX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tinker, Percy Alleline. Tailor, Bill Haydon. The whole bloody lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SMILEY's face: he stares at PRIDEAUX...

SMILEY

This man. What did he look like?

PRIDEAUX

Tall. Face like granite. Seemed to be Head Boy.

SMILEY

Did he smoke?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIDEAUX

Like a chimney. Filthy Russian stuff.

SMILEY

Did you notice if he had a lighter?

PRIDEAUX's eyes: as he remembers..

INT. TORTURE CELL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

The menacing shadow plays with a silver lighter, which we immediately recognize as SMILEY's...

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)

Yes, he did. A silver one. Had the damn thing in his hand the whole time.

(a beat)

Why?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SMILEY stares. A flicker behind the eyes. KARLA.

SMILEY

No matter.

EXT. THURGOOD PREPARATORY SCHOOL - NIGHT

SMILEY's car arrives back outside PRIDEAUX's schoolmaster's cottage. It's late. The engine still runs.

SMILEY

They did everything to get you back, you know. "Any price is fair for one good Englishman."

PRIDEAUX

Was I expensive?

SMILEY

Very.

PRIDEAUX almost manages a smile..

PRIDEAUX

Reassuring.

PRIDEAUX opens the door. Is about to go, when..

SMILEY

I'm curious. Any of the new regime ever come and see you? Alleline? Bland?

PRIDEAUX shakes his head, 'No'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIDEAUX

Toby Esterhase came one day, while I was still having the medicals. But only to put an envelope in my hand. A thousand pounds, in used notes, to forget 'Tinker, Tailor', the whole damned thing.

SMILEY hears this. He looks up..

SMILEY

Wait....Toby actually mentioned "Tinker, Tailor" to you?

PRIDEAUX

Yes.

SMILEY's face:

SMILEY

However did he get hold of that?

SMILEY stares. His mind racing. So much so that he doesn't even notice PRIDEAUX get out of the car, and walk off.

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - NIGHT

SMILEY is alone. Working through CONTROL's notes, papers, scrawl. He finds the hand-written letter on MI6 note paper which he found on CONTROL's desk in the Tottenham flat..

The letter is signed, "Westerby".

Our CAMERA drifts to examine the letter. The handwriting. It's been heavily marked and annotated. CONTROL's pen has repeatedly circled one name in particular...

'ESTERHASE'

EXT. FLEET STREET - THE FOLLOWING DAY

A street sign reading 'Fleet Street'. SMILEY walks through the heart of Britain's newspaper district.

INT. PUB - FLEET STREET - DAY

A ground-floor cellar filled with wine barrels. SMILEY walks in. Sitting in the corner, a man in his 50's with sandy hair, sitting alone at the bar..

We recognize him immediately as the former MI6 agent who SMILEY ran into at the bookshop at the beginning of the movie. JERRY WESTERBY.

WESTERBY looks up to see SMILEY walk in. His face breaks out into a smile..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESTERBY

Of all the amazing things! Is this a coincidence?

SMILEY

Not entirely, Jerry. Come to take you up on that lunch, after all.

WESTERBY

That's the stuff, George. What'll it be?

SMILEY

Bloody Mary.

WESTERBY

Make it two. So, how are you? How's the demon wife? All well?

SMILEY

Thank you.

WESTERBY

Good. So what can I do you for? Don't suppose you've come to discuss the forthcoming Ashes? Or whether we should give Boycott the captaincy? A thousand words on that to be on my editor's desk by stumps tonight, by the way.

SMILEY

No. Jerry. A spot of business, if you don't mind. Do you remember this..?

SMILEY produces the handwritten letter...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

A letter you wrote to Control after you left? About Toby Esterhase?

WESTERBY's expression changes..

WESTERBY

Shouldn't have done it. Talking out of school.

SMILEY

Nonsense. You had something to get off your chest. Perfectly reasonable. Remind me. What was it? You'd been on some job? In Prague?

WESTERBY

Yes. Routine stuff. Feeding one of the agents we were running inside Czech Secret Police. Child's play. Dumping a packet. Phone box. Ledge at the top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

And then in a bar, on the way home, you ran into some soldier?

WESTERBY

Czech. At the airport. Who, when he found out I was Brit, couldn't wait to tell me how he'd been on duty the night the Russians had shot a British Spy in the woods.

SMILEY

You're sure he said "Russians"?

WESTERBY

Quite sure.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

WESTERBY and SMILEY continue their conversation over a fiery curry and lager in a nearby Indian restaurant...

WESTERBY

...he said the Russians knew the spy was coming, got there 24 hours before, lorry-loads of them, tracker-dogs and all to lay in wait, and told the Czechs to clear off...

SMILEY

The Russians?

WESTERBY

Yes. Whole thing was a set-up.

SMILEY

And when you found this out, you told Toby?

WESTERBY

Not initially. Didn't go that high up. Told it to my department head first, Masterson. Who was delighted, clapped me on the back, Westerby for Mayor, and so on. But soon as it got to Toby, it was a different story...

INT. TOBY ESTERHASE'S OFFICE - CIRCUS - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

TOBY ESTERHASE has hauled WESTERBY into his office, where he is making WESTERBY's life very uncomfortable.

ESTERHASE

How could you have been so stupid? Swallowing half-baked rumours like that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTERHASE (CONT'D)

The soldier was obviously a stooge, a Moscow put-up job to make us chase our own tail...

ESTERHASE continues to rail against WESTERBY..

WESTERBY (V.O.)

Then he gave me the heave-ho. Blamed it on the drink. Said I couldn't be trusted..

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

WESTERBY tries to smile, but the wound is still open. The pain still evident. You see it in the blank look, the hollowness of the eyes. As with SAM COLLINS, CONNIE SACHS, CONTROL and ultimately SMILEY himself, you get a clear sense of him being broken by dismissal or rejection from the Service. It's everything to WESTERBY..

WESTERBY

That's when I wrote Control the letter. Probably shouldn't have. But like I said...

(a beat)

Toby's behaviour. Silencing me like that. Just thought it was a bit odd at the time.

SMILEY stares at WESTERBY. Thinks.

SMILEY

Thank you, Jerry. You've been very helpful.

WESTERBY

Anytime. Nothing untoward going on, is there?

SMILEY

No. Nothing at all.

WESTERBY

Good. I say, you are back on the beat, aren't you?

SMILEY pretends not to hear. He gets to his feet.

WESTERBY (CONT'D)

Good for you, George! Must say, miss it terribly myself.

WESTERBY's face: there's that broken look again..

WESTERBY (CONT'D)

Nothing else quite hits the spot. Or compares. Like a lover, in that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But SMILEY hasn't heard. He's already gone, leaving WESTERBY in his cups...

INT. ISLAY HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Full frame: the picture of TOBY ESTERHASE hanging on the wall. Across the room, SMILEY, GUILLAM, MENDEL, and FAWN sit at the table, files, documents, and photographs spread over the surface.

GUILLAM

Esterhase, Tobias. Joined the service Budapest 1956. The most promising of the post-Soviet invasion intake. Impeccable anti-communist credentials. Father put up against the wall by the Russians. Brother crushed by Soviet tanks. To be honest I thought you were barking up the wrong tree but then I stumbled on something from the Vienna office..

GUILLAM holds up a file. SMILEY looks up. A smile spreads across GUILLAM's face...

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Two cars parked alongside one another in a deserted spot..

Minister LACON speaks to SMILEY and GUILLAM through his open driver's side window..

LACON

Well, if you think you've got your man, why don't you just go ahead and make an arrest?

SMILEY

Because if I'm wrong it will send the real mole underground. Or worse still, abroad.

(a beat)

Having said that, I don't think I am wrong.

LACON

You can't be, George. There's too much at stake.

LACON stares at SMILEY for a beat, then nods to his driver. The ministerial car drives off.

SMILEY's face: the world on his shoulders.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

Darkness: a street in central London, in a seedy neighbourhood. The silhouetted figure of TOBY ESTERHASE walks along the pavement.

He reaches an address. Checks left and right in case he has been followed. Then walks up the stairs to the door. And rings.

Presently, the door opens. PETER GUILLAM in the frame.

GUILLAM  
Evening, Toby.

ESTERHASE  
Peter.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens to a run-down, comfortless, attic safe house. Basic furniture. Exposed light bulbs. No frills.

ESTERHASE turns 360 degrees. His heart sinks...

ESTERHASE  
Safe houses I have known..

ESTERHASE removes his gloves and scarf. Sits down.

ESTERHASE (CONT'D)  
So we're expecting a Pole, are we? One you think I might like to take on as a courier?

GUILLAM  
Yes. Be here any minute.

The buzzer rings. GUILLAM gets to his feet. He walks out, leaving ESTERHASE alone. Presently, the sound of footsteps approaching, then..

'Bang', the door snaps open and SMILEY walks in with two armed heavies, (FAWN and MENDEL). ESTERHASE's face falls..

ESTERHASE  
George..?

Before he can speak, the heavies hurl ESTERHASE against a wall, and roughly frisk him..

SMILEY  
Did you come alone? Or is there someone outside? Waiting in the street?

SMILEY indicates FAWN should look. FAWN hits the light, goes to the window and looks. FAWN nods, all clear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ESTERHASE

Why would I bring a babysitter if I was meeting Peter and a Pole?

It makes sense. SMILEY indicates to MENDEL to let ESTERHASE go. SMILEY walks over, then sits opposite ESTERHASE..

SMILEY

I want to put a thesis to you, Toby? A notion about what's been going on. May I?

ESTERHASE

By all means, George.

SMILEY

Once upon a time, there was a promising young spy named....well, Let's call him 'Gerard'...

EXT. VIENNA - STREETS - DUSK - (FLASHBACK)

A younger TOBY ESTERHASE walks through the cobbled, eighteenth-century streets of the Austrian capital's Innenstadt...

SMILEY (V.O.)

He was based in Vienna, from where he successfully ran networks of informers in Hungary, Poland, East Germany and Yugoslavia...the whole of Eastern Europe..

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LONDON

SMILEY stares at ESTERHASE...

SMILEY

Gerald was a something of a star within MI6. Destined for great things.

(a beat)

But then, one day Gerald slipped up. A classic honeytrap set up by the KGB..

EXT. VIENNESE PARK - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

TOBY ESTERHASE is making love to a young, good-looking man in a secluded spot in the Viennese Stadtpark...

SMILEY (V.O.)

...bonking to his heart's content, a boy no less, and charging his pleasures as operational expenses to the Crown...

Suddenly half-a-dozen RUSSIAN agents appear. Catching ESTERHASE in flagrante. They take photographs..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Suddenly Moscow had Gerald where they  
 wanted him..

INT. KGB SAFE HOUSE - VIENNA - (FLASHBACK)

Several tough-looking KGB OFFICERS are animatedly negotiating  
 with a tearful shamed ESTERHASE...

SMILEY (V.O.)  
 "Work for us as a double," they said,  
 "or we publish the photographs." Of  
 course, he agreed...

INT. MI6 OFFICES - VIENNA - (FLASHBACK)

An emotional ESTERHASE confesses to his station boss, but has  
 already started to think of a strategy...

SMILEY (V.O.)  
 But back at Vienna Station, instead of  
 doing Moscow's bidding, Gerald came  
 clean to his station head, confessed,  
 and suggested he be used to get *back*  
 against the Russians. Lead them to  
 believe he was still their man.. While  
 actually feeding them *our* lies...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LONDON - NIGHT

SMILEY continues. ESTERHASE remains impassive. Smoking.

SMILEY  
 Ballsy. Heroic, even. It never occurred  
 to anyone it might just have been  
*greedy*. Because working for both sides  
 meant not just taking instructions from  
 both sides. But *money* from both sides.  
 And if there is one thing Gerald likes  
 above all else, is money. One can see  
 it in the suits he wears. The  
 restaurants he frequents. The paintings  
 he hangs on his walls at home. Money is  
 reassuring. Money is *familiar*. Money is  
 what aristocratic Gerald grew up with.  
 It's everything he knows.

ESTERHASE's face: now darkening..

ESTERHASE  
 Where's this going, George? If you're  
 going to make an accusation, make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

All right, I'm saying you were caught in Vienna, compromised by the Russians, and you've been Moscow's boy ever since.

ESTERHASE

How dare you..!

SMILEY

Control found out about Vienna. He knew you weren't to be trusted. You suspected as much which is why you got the Russians to set up Stevchek. To discredit Control! Get him taken out.

ESTERHASE

You have no idea! You think I would betray an intelligence service, a country that gave me back my life? You think I would betray that? For anything?

(a beat)

How little you know me. How little you understand. Whoever would do this would never do it for money. It's ideological. If you're looking for Karla's man in London, it's Polyakov. He's KGB from top to toe. Everyone knows that.

SMILEY

But you declared him snow-white! Told Connie Sachs to call off her dogs.

ESTERHASE

That was before all the facts were known.

SMILEY

Besides, what good is Polyakov stuck in the Embassy? With no access to classified information. He has to have an agent on the inside. In a position of real influence.

ESTERHASE

Percy Alleline, then.

SMILEY

Too obvious. Moscow would never let their man become Head Boy.

ESTERHASE

What about Roy Bland? He's a red. Always has been. Father a trade unionist. What more do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUILLAM  
 (losing patience)  
 For God's sake, let me sweat the  
 bastard.

GUILLAM leaps up off his chair, removing his jacket. SMILEY  
 puts out a hand to restrain him.

SMILEY  
 When we got Prideaux back, you went to  
 see him, and gave him a thousand pounds  
 and told him to forget everything.

ESTERHASE  
 I was following orders.

SMILEY  
 Who's?

ESTERHASE  
 Percy's, I think. It could have been  
 Bill. I forget...

SMILEY  
 And the muzzle you put on Jerry  
 Westerby after he told you the story  
 about the Russians?

ESTERHASE  
 Orders, again.

SMILEY  
Who's?

ESTERHASE  
 I don't know, George. Honestly, I don't  
 remember...

SMILEY  
 And 'Tinker, Tailor'? How did you know  
 about that?

ESTERHASE  
 I got it from Alleline. I still have no  
 idea what that means. It's the truth.

SMILEY  
 Is it, Toby?

ESTERHASE  
 Yes, but would you even know it  
 anymore, if you heard it? The truth? Or  
 have you turned yourself inside out,  
 George? Have you spent so long spying,  
 you can no longer tell? What's left of  
you, George?

SMILEY stares at ESTERHASE...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

I'm going to need you to lay low for a few days. Until this is cleared up.

ESTERHASE tails off, looks at his surroundings..

ESTERHASE

Here?

SMILEY

If you don't mind. Fawn will look after you. Will that raise eyebrows at work?

ESTERHASE

I'll make something up. Family troubles.

SMILEY

Thank you.

SMILEY turns to go...

ESTERHASE

So there really IS a mole? Inside the Circus?

SMILEY

Yes.

ESTERHASE

That's terrible...terrible.

SMILEY is about to go when he notices ESTERHASE has offered his hand. SMILEY goes back. They shake hands.

ESTERHASE (CONT'D)

Good luck, George.

It's surprisingly touching. Then SMILEY, GUILLAM and MENDEL leave.

EXT. LACON'S HOUSE - CHELSEA - NIGHT

Armed POLICE GUARDS stands outside LACON'S well-appointed house on Chelsea Embankment.

INT. CABINET OFFICE - NIGHT

LACON, in dressing-gown, paces in his house, woken from his sleep. If this man were wound any tighter, he'd simply combust..

LACON

Damn it, you assured me of a result!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Everything pointed to the fact it was Esterhase. If it's any consolation, Control had come to the same view.

LACON

We've simply no time to haul in Alleline, Haydon and Bland, one by one. The mole will become suspicious, or worse, simply defect. What do you suggest?

SMILEY

I suggest we have one shot at this. One roll of the dice. We need to recreate the kind of panic that Control was in when he embarked on the ill-advised mess that was 'Testify'. We need to find something that will ring as many alarm bells in Moscow as it does in London, and is threatening enough to the mole to force him to break ranks...

(cogs turning)

And happily, I think I have just the thing...or should I say the person to do that...

LACON'S face: a study in hope...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

"CRASH", the door to RICKY TARR's room flies open, and GUILLAM, FAWN AND MENDEL and three other MI6 ARMED HEAVIES burst in.

RICKY TARR sits on a sofa, drinking beer, watching TV. He looks up. Sees all the serious faces.

TARR

What have I done now?

EXT. RAILWAY LINE - DAY

'Wham', a British Rail train roars through the English countryside.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

RICKY TARR sits by the window, staring out.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

RICKY TARR on the deck of the cross-channel Ferry, smoking a cigarette..

INT. FRENCH TRAIN - DAY

RICKY TARR presents his British passport to French AUTHORITIES.

EXT. RESTAURANT - PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

A crowded restaurant in the heart of the capital.

A group of friends in their late 30's/40's emerges from the restaurant. They shake hands, says farewell to one another then head to their cars.

One of them, a MAN in his 40's, opens his car door, climbs in. As he starts his engine, a voice from behind him..

TARR'S VOICE  
Don't turn around. Keep facing out front..

The MAN spins round, reaching for his revolver, but RICKY TARR appears from the seat behind him, and puts his gun to the MAN's head...

TARR  
Keep nice and calm! Say nothing. Just take us to the office. Now.

The MAN begins to drive..

MAN  
It's Tarr, isn't it? Ricky Tarr.

TARR  
Who will be there this time of night?

MAN  
You know the whole service is looking for you. Orders to shoot you on sight...

"Whack", TARR pistol whips the man..

MAN (CONT'D)  
...two signals girls.

TARR  
Security?

MAN  
One.

RICKY TARR cocks his gun..

MAN (CONT'D)  
It's the truth!

INT. PARIS - MI6 OFFICE - SIGNALS ROOM - NIGHT

A SECURITY OFFICER and two SIGNALS GIRLS sit tied up and gagged in the corner of the room.

The MAN, (Steven Mackelvore, head of MI6 Paris Station) is preparing the encryption machine.

TARR'S VOICE  
(ignoring this)  
"To Chief of Service, London Station"..

TARR stands behind MACKELVORE, still holding a gun to his temple...

TARR  
(dictating)  
"..Urgent communication from special agent Ricky Tarr..."

MACKELVORE's fingers nervously type the message into the encryption machine..

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS - NIGHT

Cambridge Circus in London's West End: dead of night. A few late night revellers. Football fans, maybe. Waifs and strays.

Among them, in the shadows, we pick out MENDEL. Leaning against a wall. The object of his scrutiny...

An office block the other side of the street. The concealed entrance to the 'Circus'. London's MI6.

Presently, a taxi pulls up outside the Circus. PERCY ALLELINE pays the driver, and gets out...

MENDEL watches as ALLELINE disappears into the 'Circus'

..then MENDEL pulls out a light, and flashes a pre-arranged signal in the direction of an of an office block opposite.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

In the office block opposite: SMILEY and GUILLAM stare out, SMILEY watching through binoculars..

SMILEY  
One flash: Tinker. That's Alleline in.

SMILEY watches as ALLELINE's silhouette disappears into the building. GUILLAM fights an exhausted yawn. SMILEY shoots a concerned look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY (CONT'D)

When this is over, Peter, you must get take some time off. Get some rest. I've seen *that* happen before. The tough ones cracking at forty.

GUILLAM

Not like you. Of an age where you should blow over like one of nature's saplings, but when it comes to the storm, you're the only one left standing.

The old master manages a smile. Another TAXI pulls up outside the Circus. MENDEL's signal. Three flashes.

SMILEY

Her we go. Tailor's in.

Soon, the arrival of a MINI-CAB. Another signal from MENDEL, two flashes, as a figure emerges from the car..

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Soldier-boy, too. A proper gathering of the clans. And bang on time. Well done, Ricky.

The figure disappears into the Circus building..

GUILLAM

What was IN that cable you told him to send?

SMILEY

I told him to say he had a matter of "national importance" to discuss. And to send it at night, when only the Duty officer would be there. He would see who it was from and immediately organise a crash summit of Alleline, Haydon and Bland. When they hear Ricky is about to share the existence of the mole with the world, my guess is the first person to leave that meeting, dashing off to warn Polyakov, will be our 'Gerald'.

SMILEY checks his watch.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

So now all we need to do is wait and see who comes out first.

GUILLAM puts on his jacket..

GUILLAM

I'll go and take my position.

GUILLAM reaches the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Remember, Peter. Do nothing until the two men are together. The mole alone is no good. We need him with Polyakov.

GUILLAM goes. Leaving SMILEY alone.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS - NIGHT

MENDEL paces outside, still in position, as GUILLAM emerges into the cold.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

SMILEY watches through binoculars as the light burns in ALLELINE'S office.

SMILEY strains. He can just about make out the figures sitting around the table..

Presently the meeting breaks up, and one FIGURE, (we cannot make him out), gets to his feet. And leaves.

SMILEY'S heart skips a beat.

SMILEY

Here we go.

SMILEY pulls the binoculars close, watches the 'Circus' building, imagining the figure descending rapidly...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

Lift or stairs? Stairs, I think. Two or three at a time. Quicker.

A moment later, the doors open, and a FIGURE comes out. Walks out into the street.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS - NIGHT

The MOLE, (we cannot make him out in the dark), hails a taxi. Climbs inside.

The taxi drives off.

GUILLAM and MENDEL emerge from shadows and scurry to their car. They jump inside.

Their car pulls off after the TAXI.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

SMILEY stares at the 'Circus' building opposite. He begins pacing up and down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All he can do is wait.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

GUILLAM and MENDEL follow the taxi as it reaches a modest, terraced house in north London.

They watch the MOLE get out of the taxi, pay the DRIVER, then walk over to the terraced house.

GUILLAM  
KGB safe house. Lights on. Polyakov  
already there. Waiting.

The MOLE rings the bell, and disappears inside. The ground floor lights in the house were already on.

GUILLAM (CONT'D)  
Bastards.

GUILLAM pulls out his gun. MENDEL pulls out his. They silently climb out of the car.

They start walking stealthily towards the terraced house. Guns drawn.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS - NIGHT

SMILEY stares at the phone. Waiting. He looks out of the window to see:

A second figure emerge from the Circus, (we do not see his face). The FIGURE hails a taxi. Climbs in.

The taxi drives off.

SMILEY continues to pace up and down. He watches the entrance to the Circus.

'RRRIIINNGGGG', the phone pierces the silence. SMILEY stares after the second FIGURE, then goes to the phone..

SMILEY (INTO PHONE)  
Hello?

GUILLAM (O.S.)  
I'm here with Soldier, but it's not  
him. Repeat: Soldier is not our mole.

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

GUILLAM stands in the lobby of the Victorian terraced house, along with an embarrassed ROY BLAND..

GUILLAM (INTO PHONE)  
He's here on another mission.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUILLAM looks up at an attractive girl in her 20's,  
(obviously BLAND's mistress)..

BLAND

Don't tell my wife, for God's sake.

GUILLAM (INTO PHONE)

What do you want me to do? Sir..?

"Click", a dead line the other end.

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

SMILEY rushes to the window.

IN THE STREETS BELOW: a third FIGURE emerges from the Circus  
building..

SMILEY

No!

The FIGURE disappears into the crowds.

SMILEY's expression changes. He frantically reaches for his  
overcoat, and runs out of the room.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

In the streets: the FIGURE tries to hail a taxi. But to no  
avail.

The FIGURE turns, and walks through streets dotted with  
DRUNKS and night-shift WORKERS..

INT. OFFICE BLOCK - DAY

SMILEY rushes down the staircase, two at a time...

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

SMILEY bursts out of the office, looks left and right for the  
FIGURE.

There: a flicker in the distance as the FIGURE steps under a  
light, tries to hail another taxi. Again, to no avail.

The FIGURE turns irritably. Continues walking.

SMILEY follows.

EXT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

SMILEY follows the FIGURE on foot. Through darkened streets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ahead of the FIGURE - the entrance to an underground station. He walks down into the underground network.

SMILEY follows down at a distance.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

The FIGURE disappears down the elevators. Down, down into tunnels.

SMILEY gives pursuit. Down one escalator. Then another.

Deeper and deeper.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

A labyrinth of corridors and tunnels. Different tube-lines. The FIGURE walks down one corridor...

...then stops by a map. Clearly unfamiliar with the network.

He looks left and right. Makes sure he's not being followed. Habit of a lifetime. Counter-surveillance measures.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

The FIGURE stands on a platform. 'RROOAARR', a tube train arrives.

The FIGURE looks left and right, then boards a train.

SMILEY arrives to the platform, concealed by a group of early-shift MAINTENANCE WORKERS..

SMILEY waits, then he boards the train himself. Several carriages down.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN - NIGHT

SMILEY watches the FIGURE through several carriages. After a handful of stations, the FIGURE gets out.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT

SMILEY walks through tunnels and corridors again. Following the FIGURE at a distance.

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT/DAY

SMILEY watches the FIGURE get in an elevator. Iron grille doors close. The lift disappears.

SMILEY arrives, too late. He has to take the stairs...

INT. UNDERGROUND STATION - NIGHT/DAY

SMILEY rushes up the emergency staircase. Breathing heavily from the exertion.

EXT. NORTH LONDON - DAYBREAK

The FIGURE emerges from the elevator. Walks out onto the streets.

SMILEY finally emerges from the emergency elevators. Gulping air.

He looks out on the street. No sign of the FIGURE. Then he catches sight of him. Turning a corner.

SMILEY gives chase..

EXT. STREETS - DAYBREAK

SMILEY arrives in time to see the FIGURE walk up to a door of a house in Camden Lock.

The FIGURE takes out keys. Unlocks the door. SMILEY watches.

Presently, a taxi arrives. And a man gets out:

SMILEY

Polyakov.

POLYAKOV pays the driver. Goes to the house. Looks left and right. Rings the door. Disappears inside.

SMILEY rushes to a public telephone. Hurriedly makes a call.

EXT. STREETS - DAYBREAK

SMILEY paces up and down. Checks his watch. Visibly agitated.

SMILEY

C'mon, c'mon..

A milkman is making his deliveries. Some people are leaving for work.

Presently, a car arrives. At speed. Screeches to a halt a few houses down. FAWN gets out. Followed by TOBY ESTERHASE.

FAWN

(indicates ESTERHASE)

I didn't know what to do about him.

SMILEY looks at ESTERHASE..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

It's all right. He might even come in useful.

SMILEY pulls out a gun, throws it to ESTERHASE. FAWN cocks his gun. ESTERHASE, too.

SMILEY indicates the house. They walk towards the steps.

INT. HOUSE - CAMDEN LOCK - DAY

INSIDE THE HOUSE: the entrance hall of an unfurnished house. A few packing boxes. An empty umbrella stand.

From the (UNSEEN) drawing-room, the sound of voices speaking in Russian..

IN THE ENTRANCE HALL: the front door silently opens. FAWN walks in, replaces the tool with which he has picked the lock.

After FAWN, comes SMILEY. He follows FAWN, gun drawn. Then comes TOBY ESTERHASE. All three stop as they hear the voices talking urgently in Russian in the room next door..

SMILEY immediately recognizes the voice. Even speaking in Russian..

FAWN, meanwhile, nods to ESTERHASE, 'Go!'

FAWN and ESTERHASE burst into the living-room. But SMILEY'S thinks for a moment, putting all the pieces together..

FROM THE NEIGHBOURING ROOM: the sound of shouting, of a violent struggle..

But our CAMERA remains locked. Fixed on SMILEY'S face. Making sense of it all. A stab of pain.

Then he straightens, composes himself, the mask tightening, his face becoming inscrutable once more, and walks into...

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

The living room. Where POLYAKOV has been roughly put in handcuffs by FAWN, and BILL HAYDON stands facing ESTERHASE'S gun.

HAYDON

George.

SMILEY walks towards HAYDON. Their eyes locked. ESTERHASE goes to the telephone. Dials a number.

SMILEY

Eleven o'clock. That's the time the ticker-tape stops running at your club. So how did you hear about it, bill?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY (CONT'D)

About the British agent being shot in Czechoslovakia that night? The British agent you betrayed? I'll tell you how. Because you were with *my wife* that night when the duty officer rang. You were with *my wife*, making love to her in *my house*, in *my bed*..

ESTERHASE hangs up...

ESTERHASE

On their way. Be here in a moment.

HAYDON

Wrong in one detail, George. Not in bed. That's for married couples..

(a beat)

Although there wasn't much of that either, under your roof. So I'm told.

HAYDON looks down at SMILEY'S gun.

HAYDON (CONT'D)

Go on. Use it. You know you want to. Do us both that favour.

SMILEY stares at HAYDON in the face. The distant sound of approaching sirens.

EXT. STREET - CAMDEN LOCK - DAY

SMILEY watches through a crack in the curtains as BILL HAYDON, handcuffed, is roughly led away to a truck by armed M16 OFFICERS.

FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE: LACON, BLAND, ALLELINE, GUILLAM, ESTERHASE, and SMILEY watch...

LACON

I'm tempted to lock him up and throw away the key..but I suggest our best course is to try and make some positive use of him. Sell him back to Moscow for as high a price as we can.

(lets curtain drop)

After interrogation, of course.

LACON turns to ALLELINE..

LACON (CONT'D)

You'd better open negotiations.

ALLELINE looks up, almost surprised.

ALLELINE

Me..?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACON

Well, you're still Chief, aren't you?  
For the moment.

LACON's eye shots subconsciously to SMILEY. The obvious successor. Who stares out of the window, watching as HAYDON is driven away.

The SPIES all notice this. The sound of throats clearing. All heads turn slightly, acknowledging the transition.

EXT. STREET - DAY

ALLELINE, ESTERHASE, BLAND filter out into the street. Getting into cars. SMILEY the unmistakable new 'Boss'-getting everyone's congratulations.

GUILLAM lags behind. Is the last to say farewell to his friend. He extends his hand...

GUILLAM

Congratulations, George.

SMILEY

To you too, Peter. I couldn't have done it without you.

GUILLAM

I'm so sorry.

A flicker behind SMILEY's eyes..

SMILEY

Yes, what fools we've all been.

SMILEY and GUILLAM shake hands..

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Now go and get that rest we talked about.

GUILLAM nods. They go to separate waiting M16 cars...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

LETMAN, the divorce lawyer, and the two investigators, HEWITT and KNIGHT, sit opposite SMILEY..

INT. LETMAN'S OFFICES - DAY

SMILEY sits with the private investigator in his lawyer's offices...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HEWITT

Well, we looked through all the things you gave us. We got our hands on her diaries. We broke into her desk. And we found certain records. It seems Mrs. Smiley...

SMILEY

Go on...

HEWITT

Did have liasions with a man on several occasions.

SMILEY

I see.

HEWITT

There are also entries in her diary. And letters. A good many letters.

SMILEY

Right.

HEWITT

But he didn't sign them. Ever. No name mentioned. As if he was a pro.

SMILEY

And when did this start?

HEWITT

The first entry is about six years ago.

SMILEY

That long?

HEWITT

Based on what we're looking at - I'd say this was a really significant affair.

SMILEY

I see.

LETMAN

And perfect grounds for a VERY advantageous settlement on your part.

A stab of pain behind SMILEY's eyes.

HEWITT

Is there anything else you'd like us to help you with?

(a beat)

If you give us some more time, I feel certain we will find a name.

SMILEY manages a brave smile..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

That won't be necessary. Thank you.

EXT. SARRATT - DAY

To establish: the M16 high-security detention and debriefing center. Hidden in woodland.

A series of bungalow barracks, and one larger house with barred windows. Surrounded by razor-wire and gun posts.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

BILL HAYDON, unshaven and pale, his face and body bruised and broken, having obviously undergone torture and interrogation, lies on his bed in a cell.

The sound of keys turning in a lock. SMILEY appears in the doorway. He is visibly shocked by HAYDON's appearance..

SMILEY

I'm sorry. Lacon assured me there'd be no coercion.

HAYDON

No complaints. To be expected, isn't it? At least it puts an end to the myth that our lot don't torture, too.

A silence.

HAYDON (CONT'D)

So, what is this, George? Why are you here? Is this the moment for our "big chat"? The "Why, Bill?" The "How could you?" "Your own country?" "ME?"

SMILEY

If you like.

HAYDON

It wasn't *personal* with Ann...not a bit...strictly business. Does that help? Just following orders.

SMILEY

Who's? Karla's?

HAYDON

Yes. I was against it. And not just because she wasn't...my type. It just seemed...excessive. After all, Control was the one on the scent. He was the obvious danger, not you..

(a beat)

But Karla had this theory that you one to watch out for.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAYDON (CONT'D)

That if there was any threat of exposure, in the end it would come from you. So if it were known that I was sleeping with your wife, any accusations against me would always look too...personal.

HAYDON smiles..

HAYDON (CONT'D)

Clever, you have to admit. And fantastically ruthless. But then you've met him, so you'd know.

(a beat)

He's very impressive.

SMILEY stares, devastated...

HAYDON (CONT'D)

Poor George. They shoved that stuff about honour, empire and duty so deep into you...you ended up actually believing it. You tried feeding it to me, too. To all of us, younger ones. But you were too late. The world has changed. It's not *our* time anymore, it's our friends, across the pond. The two big wars finished us off. But that lot, oh - they're just warming up. And what do we do? We follow. Bowing and scraping. We've gone from being the greatest power in the world to being America's streetwalkers in the space of a generation. So no more King and Country, George. Not for me. I'm with the other lot now. And not so much because I love who they are - but because I hate who we've become.

HAYDON flinches with pain. Can only speak with difficulty...

HAYDON (CONT'D)

Was there anything else?

SMILEY

No.

HAYDON

Then if you don't mind, I really must rest...

SMILEY walks towards the door, when HAYDON calls after him..

HAYDON (CONT'D)

Oh, George. I always meant to ask..

(SMILEY turns)

The whole 'Tinker, Tailor' charade. Which one was I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMILEY

Tailor.

HAYDON

Thanks. Good to know.

HAYDON turns his back. Closes his eyes. SMILEY turns and goes.

EXT. SARRATT - EXIT - DAY

SMILEY's car drives out of the main gates and onto a country road, leading through woods...

INT. SMILEY'S CAR - SAME TIME

SMILEY drives. Still in a trance. Still ashen after his meeting with HAYDON..

He turns the radio on - loud. Music to drown his thoughts.

He turns a corner, passing a narrow entrance, a dirt track off the side.

Then SMILEY's expression changes. His foot hits the brake. Hard.

He's seen something.

SMILEY's car reverses back, until it draws level with the opening in the trees. The narrow entrance to the woods..

SMILEY looks out of his car window.

There, hidden away in the dirt track, among the trees, the distinctive front edge of a Sandy-yellow Rover P6, Series I is visible.

SMILEY's face:

P.O.V. A TELESCOPIC VIEWFINDER

The hair-lines crossed on BILL HAYDON's head as he is lead out by his guards for a walk..

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL:

JIM PRIDEAUX, hunched in the woods, looking through the telescopic view of a sniper's rifle.

PRIDEAUX's face is grim. Etched with hatred and the desire for revenge. He closes his eye, taking final aim..

His fingers release the safety catch. He is about to squeeze, when...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A voice behind him...

SMILEY'S VOICE  
God knows you have every right..

PRIDEAUX's finger on the trigger...

SMILEY  
...we both have. But you could achieve  
so much more by letting him go.

PRIDEAUX  
Stay out of this, George.

SMILEY  
Let us trade him. Send him back.

PRIDEAUX  
What? And save the bastard's life?

PRIDEAUX stares through the viewfinder...

SMILEY  
Think of the networks, Jim. The names  
you gave...they forced out of you,  
under interrogation. The men and women  
you could get back.  
(a beat)  
Wouldn't that give you more  
satisfaction than rotting in jail for  
the rest of your life?

PRIDEAUX  
But he'll go back. They'll make him a  
hero. Put medals on his chest.

JIM PRIDEAUX's face: staring through the viewfinder. The hair-  
lines converging, trained tantalisingly on HAYDON's head...

...then HAYDON disappears. The shot is lost. The moment gone  
forever. PRIDEAUX lowers his gun.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)  
Damn you, George.

PRIDEAUX picks up his gun, gets to his feet, and walks off.  
SMILEY watches him go..

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GLIENECKE BRIDGE - BERLIN - NIGHT

CAPTION: "BERLIN - TWO MONTHS LATER"

Dead of night. The industrial steel girders of the Glienecke  
Bridge lit by searchlights. A spectacular sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the Western side, silence. No sign of life. Then presently, the sound of approaching engines.

Out of the darkness, several trucks and cars pull up. Doors open. Out of the cars, LACON, SMILEY, and PRIDEAUX get out - flanked by GERMAN POLICE.

Out of the truck, a handcuffed BILL HAYDON is escorted out by heavily ARMED GUARDS.

A series of pre-arranged flashlights and signals to the Eastern side.

Presently, on the Eastern side, several trucks and cars pull up. KGB and EAST GERMAN police.

Doors open, and some thirty handcuffed POLISH and CZECH AGENTS, pale and sick from torture, get out of their trucks..

On the Western side, PRIDEAUX raises his field glasses, and looks expectantly across the Eastern side..

But the fog is too thick to make out details.

GERMAN SENTRIES on both sides of the wall flash pre-arranged signals, indicating the exchange should begin..

HAYDON begins to walk across the bridge.

As he walks, the CZECH and POLISH AGENTS begin their walk, too. In total silence. One party to freedom. The other to certain death.

The two parties grow closer and closer to one another. The CZECH and POLISH AGENTS walking in hostile silence, staring at HAYDON. The man that betrayed them.

As they reach the half-way, one of the AGENTS spins round, insults HAYDON in Czech, and spits full in HAYDON's face.

HAYDON does not flinch. Does not break stride. Instead calmly wipes the spittle off with his handkerchief, and continues to walk.

PRIDEAUX looks through his field glasses at the approaching CZECH and POLISH AGENTS..

PRIDEAUX  
Good God! Krieglova, Landkron, Wojcek,  
Bilova..!

The CZECH and POLISH AGENTS finally reach freedom, where they are greeted by a euphoric and tearful PRIDEAUX...

But SMILEY does not join in the celebrations. He is staring through binoculars at something on the other side.

A mysterious figure has stepped out of a darkened car, in the fog, and appears to be staring over at the Western Side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At that moment, the fog momentarily clears, and for the first time, SMILEY gets a clear view across. His expression changes.

It's KARLA. SMILEY's eyes and KARLA's eyes meet. Across the divide. Across the bridge. Across the River Spree. Through the fog.

KARLA's eyes.

SMILEY's eyes.

KARLA reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He lights one, then raises his hand. In mockery. A clear taunt.

In KARLA's hand is SMILEY's silver lighter. SMILEY stares. All around him celebrations are in full flow, as old friends are reunited.

But SMILEY remains frozen. Staring at KARLA, who turns, climbs into his car, (without so much as greeting HAYDON), and drives away.

Suddenly the fog thickens again, and the East becomes an unknowable, invisible enigma once again..

SMILEY is left standing alone on the river's edge in the moonlight.

EXT. SQUARE - CENTRAL LONDON - DAY

A bench. In a square in central London. SMILEY sitting alone. Presently, he looks up to see ANN walking towards him..

SMILEY

Ann.

ANN

George.

ANN comes to sit beside him.

ANN (CONT'D)

I won't kiss you. Vile cold.

SMILEY

Shall we find somewhere inside?

ANN

No, no. The same thing that gave me the cold makes sitting out here worthwhile.

SMILEY

Seasons changing.

ANN

Precisely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A silence. It starts to rain.

ANN (CONT'D)  
I got the letter. From your solicitor.  
It's all done, then.

SMILEY  
Yes.

ANN  
I'm so sorry. George we were so young,  
I was so young. I thought admiration  
would be enough, and I did...  
(corrects herself)  
...do admire you so much. I didn't know  
then...how much I wanted adventure,  
indulgence...love.

SMILEY  
And Bill? He could offer that to you?

ANN  
Yes.

A silence.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Though obviously I didn't to him.

ANN's face: a painful smile. The rain falling more heavily  
now.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Is it true? They had him shot.

SMILEY  
A month ago. We heard through back  
channels.

ANN  
Where?

SMILEY  
Some prison. Middle of nowhere.

EXT. RUSSIAN PRISON - FLASHCUT

A bleak, windswept yard in a provincial RUSSIAN prison. BILL  
HAYDON, pale, malnourished, haunted, closes his eyes..

"Bang", the firing squad's volley rings out. Heavy, black  
crows scatter to the icy winds...

KARLA watches from a distance. Drives off.

EXT. PARK - CENTRAL LONDON - DAY

ANN's face: hollow-eyed. Impervious to the rain...

ANN

Such a waste.

SMILEY sees the flicker of heartbreak in her eyes. It almost breaks his. A silence, then..

ANN (CONT'D)

I supposed we should..

SMILEY

Yes. You'll catch your death.

They get to their feet and walk towards shelter, ANN taking SMILEY's arm as they go....

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CIRCUS - LONDON - DAY

PETER GUILLAM, ROY BLAND, MENDEL, TOBY ESTERHASE, and several OTHERS all file into the Chief of Secret Service's office, waiting for a meeting to start.

A sense of expectation. Like the first day at a new school.

Presently, the door opens, and GEORGE SMILEY walks in. The new CHIEF.

He closes the door. He walks to his place at the head of the table. The throne.

SMILEY takes his seat. Something about him feels two inches taller. Resolved. Impregnable. He's moved on.

SMILEY opens his file. Looks up at the assembled SPIES..

SMILEY

Right. Shall we begin?

On the desk, visible inside SMILEY's file, a picture of KARLA.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

We've work to do.

End