# THE GAME: EPI SODE 1

Written by

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1

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

Watching her, our eyes, is Joe, early 30s. Handsome. But fractured, like glass. She draws him after her as if attached

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hood 1 shifts his stance.

Hood 2 unbuttons his coat and flexes his fingers.

Hood 3 stamps out his cigarette.

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

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

JOE It's a trap.

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

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

Yulia is running along the shoreline.

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

FADE TO BLACK.

Then a voi ce. Femal e, European.

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

FADE TO.

2

# 2

INT. NIGHT 1. FLAT.

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

Caption -

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

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

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

JOE So meet me afterwards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Joe pulls a playful, sceptical face.

JŒ I see you? So when

Musi c

4

6

3 EXT. NIGHT 1. STREET.

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

4 EXT. NIGHT 1. STREET. We follow him as he makes his way through the London streets. It's night. Neon lights invite us to see Girls! Girls! Girls! Joe moves through this world like a ghost. Weary, misplaced.

5 EXT. NIGHT 1. THE FRAY. BACK ENTRANCE. 5 He approaches the bay doors of an anonymous looking building, clambers up the steps and presses the buzzer. CUT TO.

INT. NIGHT 1. THE FRAY. BACK RECEPTION. The reception area is just as anonymous and bland as its exterior. A uniformed porter behind a desk. Joe flashes a pass and climbs the stairs.

CUT TO.

3

CUT TO.

CUT TO.

CUT TO.

# INT. NIGHT 1. THE FRAY / BOOTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO.

EXT. DAY 2. ALLEYWAY.

8

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

CUT TO.

7

7

11 INT. DAY 2. THE FRAY / BOOTH.

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

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

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

BOBBY Sarah, do you need this one?

SARAH He's all yours.

BOBBY (to Joe) With me.

Bobby disappears. Joe lingers, still watching the television "-

--".

SARAH They'll never forgive them for this.

A rap on the glass. Bobby.

BOBBY What was she talking to you about?

JŒ

What?

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

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

Bobby scrutinises Joe, eyes narrow. A snort

BOBBY Thick as thieves, you two.

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

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

CUT TO.

14 EXT. DAY 2. STREET.

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

BCBBY (V.O.) But once in cusBY ce 1 0 0 1 417.96 544.56Tm - 0.189 Tc - 0.04

BOBBY (CONT'D)

There, he shall have the dubious pleasure of being debriefed by you.

# JŒ

Why me?

# BOBBY

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

Bobby stands and literally shows Joe the door.

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

CUT TO.

16 EXT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

Al an stands up, dusts off his hands, clears his throat.

16

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

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

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

He produces a crumpled piece of paper, consults it.

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

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

ALAN

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

JŒ

Like what?

ALAN Anything. A nursery rhyme.

JOE I don't know any.

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

Joe stares at him Same planet, different worlds.

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

JŒ

I know that one.

ALAN

Capital.

	The Game - Episode 1 - Shooting Script - XX.08.13	12.
	He runs out.	
		CUT TO.
18	INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2.	18
	Alan scurries into the bedroom next door, which h converted into the technical base of operations. across the floor. Alan puts on a colossal pair of and kneels on the floor, with two immense and clu reel recorders on the bed before him. It looks li worshipping them. He leans across, taps on the wa	Wires snake headphones nky reel-to- ke he's
		CUT TO.
19	INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.	19
	JOE 'Yesterday upon the stair.'	
	He walks through	
		CUT TO.
20	INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BATHROOM.	20
	into the bathroom An avocado sink and bath. Grime. And a mirror, that hooks Joe's attention.	M I dew.
	JOE 'I met a man who wasn't there.'	
	His reflection stares back. He moves back into th	e bedroom
		CUT TO.
21	INT. DAY 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1.	21
	JCE 'He wasn't there again today.'	
	Joe has found a drawing pin. And as he talks, he finger onto the point, drawing blood. He closes h savouring the sensation. Devouring it.	
	JOE (CONT'D) 'I wish that man would go away.'	
	A knock on the wall again. Joe talks to the lamp.	
	JOE (CONT'D) More? Or is that enough?	
	Anot her knock.	

The Game - Episode 1 - Shooting Script - XX.08.13 13. JOE (CONT'D) We should have worked out a code. Does one knock mean yes? Beat. Two knocks. FADE TO. 22 22 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2. Much later. Dark outside. Alan is dozing on the floor, headphones still on, snoring. His bedtime reading, a heavy technical textbook, open face down on his lap. CUT TO. 23 23 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1. Joe is in a chair facing the door. Eyes shut. CUT TO. 23A 23A JOE'S MEMORY. Yulia, walking ahead of Joe through the woods. Turning back to him smiling. CUT TO. 23B 23B INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1. The floorboards outside creak. Joe's eyes snap open. A shadow has broken the slice of light under the door. JŒ He's here. CUT TO. 24 24 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 2. Alan wakes with a start. The headphones fall off, he puts them back on, scrambles into position and starts recording. СЛТ ТО. 25 25 INT. NIGHT 2. THE OLYMPIC HOTEL. BEDROOM 1. From his chair Joe watches the shadow under the door. What is it waiting for? The knock comes.

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

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

#### ARKADY

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

# CUT TO.

15.

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

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

CUT TO.

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

27

JOE What are the objectives of this operation?

# ARKADY

I do not know.

JŒ

How many people does it involve?

ARKADY

I do not know.

JOE Why is it called Operation Glass?

#### ARKADY

I do not know.

JŒ

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

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

ARKADY What did you do?

# JŒ

I'm sorry?

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

But you are not frightened enough to be new. So why send you? What are they punishing you for?

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

# ARKADY

A Domestic?

# JŒ

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

# ARKADY

I am low level?

#### JŒ

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

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

# JOE (CONT'D)

We've finished.

#### ARKADY

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

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

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

CUT TO.

28

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

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

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

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

CUT TO.

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

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

Ουτ το.

29

30

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

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

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

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

CUT TO.

31

32

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

BOBBY

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

CUT TO.

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

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

17.

# JOE (V. O.)

He grumbled a bit bút seemed generally satisfied and told me what he knew about Operation Glass.

And we're back into the scene:

#### ARKADY

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

# JŒ

Who's the first agent?

# ARKADY

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

#### ARKADY

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

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

33

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

33

# BOBBY

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

JŒ

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

BOBBY

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

SARAH

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

#### BOBBY

Sounds damn fishy to me. He's broken enough legs to make in the KGB, but he's going to turn his back on the lot because he fancies a trip to? (to the hidden figure) Daddy. Some sense, l implore you.

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

19.

#### DADDY

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

JŒ

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

#### DADDY

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

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

#### DADDY

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

And then the lights go out.

BOBBY (in the darkness) !

CUT TO.

34

# INT. DAY 3. COUNTRY HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM.

34

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

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

20.

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

#### DADDY

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

# HOVE SECRETARY

(pales) Giving Kalashnikovs to the Trade Unions...?

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

The Home Secretary almost rugby tackles Daddy to the floor.

#### HOVE SECRETARY

Let's--let's not be . We shoul dn't let prudence compromise . Perhaps there's a middle ground we could explore...

And the trap snaps shut:

# DADDY

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

HOVE SECRETARY We've kept wastage to a minimum

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

HOME SECRETARY Little dishonest, isn't it?

## DADDY

# Said the politician to the spy.

The Home Secretary scowls - point taken.

HOVE SECRETARY Well, you'd better be right. You're on your last life. (beat) Sending agents , no problem with that, it's all part of the game. people, homegrown on But our Engl and's mount ains green, secret ly beavering away for Mother Russia... it's the sheer bloody ingratitude that gets me.

CUT TO.

EXT. DAY 3. BELGRAVE SQUARE. Bobby hurries across the square. He trots up the steps of one of the palatial houses.

CUT TO.

#### 36 INT. DAY 3. THE WATERHOUSE APARTMENT. HALL.

35

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

CUT TO.

#### 37 INT. DAY 3. THE WATERHOUSE APARTMENT. LOUNGE.

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

> HESTER (without looking up) Working on a Sunday?

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

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

35

36

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

# THE COM C

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

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

CUT TO.

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

39

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

THE COM C (V.O.) Here you are, just a quick one, what do you call kids who are born in a whorehouse? Brothel Sprouts. Silly that one, isn't it. Silly.

inne Joe takes two matchsticks from his pocket, wedges them On tw (does aOn i

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

CONTO). He stands, 168 50

INT. NIGHT 3. THE NIGHTCLIIR Tm -OSk 0 's i Tclmnt Tm4.9" 0 1 96tl Blmn

INT. NIGHT 3. THE NIGHTCLUB. SNOOKER ROOM.

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

Joe smiles, takes out his wallet. Kitty looks at him-. Joe puts the wallet away.

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

JOE I'm looking for someone.

KITTY Who? Not this Odin, please.

JOE Goodbye, Kitty.

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

CUT TO:

43 EXT. DAY 4. THE FRAY.

Establishing shot. The anonymous and mundane offices of M 5.

CUT TO.

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

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

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

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

DADDYdin, please.

43

SARAH Well, funny you should ask--

#### BOBBY

Right, okay, before Sarah--

#### SARAH

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

#### BOBBY

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

SARAH Well. Turns out the sky blue.

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

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

JŒ

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

CUT TO.

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

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

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

ARKADY

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

## CUT TO.

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

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

BOBBY

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

Joe nods.

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

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

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

DADDY

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

JIM

You said the Fray. What's the Fray?

DADDY

Where we find ourselves now. The central offices of M.5. Alan, her husband, is one of our Nosey Parkers, in charge of bugs and wiretaps and so forth. And Joe Lambe. (MORE)

A man of -- how do I put this?-obscure and formidable talents. On and this is Wendy, on Ioan from the Nannies.

Wendy shyly starts to stand, assuming she'll have to

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

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

Joe looks at her. The tiger and the mouse.

JŒ It's terrible.

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

BOBBY Joe. A quick word.

Bobby closes the door. They are alone.

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

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

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

JOE And report back to you.

> BOBBY needs to mind the shop. The

old man is losing his grip.

JOE I'm not the right person for this.

BOBBY But Daddy trusts you. JOE Which is l'm.. forget it.

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

Joe walks on. Over his shoulder:

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

CUT TO.

# 47 EXT. DAY 4. STREET.

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

CUT TO:

48 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. LIFT.

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

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

JOE You don't agree with us?

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

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

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

JOE I think this is a conversation for another time.

JIM I'm not impressed.

JOE Yes, you might have mentioned that.

αυτ το.

49 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. CORRIDOR.

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

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

JIM I thought it was Lambe.

JOE It is. It just isn't here.

JIM Who am I?

JŒ

You're you.

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

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

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

> DAVID Oh thank God. Oh thank God.

> > CUT TO:

33.

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

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

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

DAVID

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

JŒ

Until yesterday when one of their agents approached you.

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

JOE What did he give you?

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

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

JOE So you've already done it.

DAVID Yesterday. Straight away.

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

JIM That's it? JOE That's it. He's a criminal. JOE Once this is over, feel free to arrest him So you're exploiting him then abandoning him That's even worse. Have you got a cigarette? JIM

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

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

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

> JI M You're joking. JŒ Welcome to M 5.

> > CUT TO.

54

54 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. HALL. David is still stood in the hall, bewildered. There is a knock on the door. He jumps.

CUT TO.

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

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

> > CUT TO.

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

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

> ODIN (O.C.) It is done?

> > CUT TO.

57 INT. DAY 4. TOWER BLOCK. DAVID'S FLAT. KITCHEN CUPBOARD. 57 From inside the cupboard, Joe can see David. Is he going to do what he's been told?

CUT TO.

58

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO.

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

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

CUT TO.

60

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

David can see what's about to happen.

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

CUT TO.

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

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

CUT TO.

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO.

# 63 EXT. F/B 1. DAY. JOE'S MEMORY. The hand. The knife. Apple peel drops to the ground.

CUT TO.

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

CUT TO.

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

64

63

## Davi d

Coul dn't someone pose as the letting agent, say, or even--

# JŒ

Shut up.

David blinks with surprise. Joe turns to face him

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

Davi d

Harmless infor--,

#### JŒ

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

Joe leans forward, his voice low and deadly.

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

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

#### JŒ

why we do this.

#### YULI A

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

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

# A IJUY

I should go.

JŒ

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

YULIA This is not my war.

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

YULIA Would I be safe?

JOE Are you now?

YULI A

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

#### JŒ

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

CUT TO.

Uh. Hello.

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

#### ALAN

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

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

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

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

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

DAVID (O.C.)

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

CUT TO.

69 INT. NIGHT 4. LANDING.

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

Joe waits. Heart pounding.

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

# STOP.

Odin freezes, looks down the corridor.

JŒ

JIM Did you just shout 'stop' at the KGB?

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

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

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

CUT TO.

70

70 EXT. NIGHT 4. STREET. The two figures burst into the deserted street and away.

CUT TO.

71 INT. NIGHT 4. STAIRWELL. 71 Joe and Jim bomb down the stairs...

CUT TO.

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# 72 EXT. NI GHT 4. STREET.

... and out into the street.

CUT TO.

73 EXT. NI GHT 4. STREET. WASTE GROUND.

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

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

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

CUT TO.

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

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

### JIM

What do we do if we find one?

#### JŒ

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

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

CUT TO.

# 75 EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR.

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

Joe picks his way through the ribs of the structure.

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

CUT TO.

74

75

72

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

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

Hood 4 steadies his breathing. Eyes narrow.

WHACK.

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

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

Joe runs back into the funfair. Jim stumbles after him

JIM Not who?!

CUT TO.

# 77 EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR. FERRIS WHEEL. 77

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

CUT TO.

# 78 EXT. NIGHT 4. DESERTED FUNFAIR. FERRIS WHEEL. BAY. 78

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

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

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

# odi n

Hello, Joe.

### JŒ

Drop the gun. Or I'll shoot.

ODI N

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

JIM

What ?! Don't shoot him, Joe!

JŒ

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

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

JŒ

Ever yt hi ng.

ODI N

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

#### JŒ

l kill you.

#### ODI N

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

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

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

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

82 INT. NIGHT 4. THE WATERHOUSE APARTMENT. HALL.

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

> BOBBY Terrible business. But it's I feel sorry for.

HESTER How Daddy? Still obsessed with that Jap?

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

They sigh and shake their heads sombrely. Poor Daddy.

HESTER G ass of champagne before you go?

BOBBY Oh I think so.

CUT TO.

83

83 INT.

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

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

VOICE The geese fly south in winter.

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

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

SARAH (laughing) The what? "The gander"?

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

SARAH Stop. Please. This is painful.

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

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

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

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

### ALAN

Sarah.

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

ALAN Somewhere like Marconi-- walk straight into

SARAH (CONT'D) somewhere like Marconi--

ALAN

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

SARAH

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

ALAN People talk, Sarah.

SARAH

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

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

Come on.

CUT TO.

# 84 INT. NIGHT 4. THE FRAY. MEETING ROOM.

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

#### SARAH

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

#### DADDY

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

SARAH

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

JOE You think Moscow might Arkady as the go-between?

SARAH

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

#### DADDY

Or his body washes up on a beach.

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

SARAH There is another possible explanation. (beat) We have a mole. Not just in M 5, but in this group. In this room Joe, Daddy, Bobby, Alan, Wendy, Jim or myself. One of told Moscow about this.

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

DADDY

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

BOBBY

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

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

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

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

Sarah gets to her feet, snapping into action.

SARAH

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

They quickly gather their things and move to the door.

CUT TO.

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

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

CUT TO.

# 84B INT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY. DADDY'S OFFICE. 84B Joe enters. He and Daddy stare at each other for a moment.

84A

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

Why? Why save me?

# DADDY

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

Joe is too shocked to speak.

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

Joe shakes his head. Daddy and his games.

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

DADDY Because I understand the weakness of old men.

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

CUT TO.

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

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

CUT TO.

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

85

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

84C

WENDY Daddy wants all meetings and conversations recorded.

# JŒ

By you?

#### WENDY

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

JŒ

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

WENDY Daddy might need me.

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

WENDY

I have a book and a bag of boiled sweets.

CUT TO.

85A

85A EXT. DAWN 5. THE FRAY.

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

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

Joe nods - apology accepted. He turns to go.

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

Joe stops. Looks at Jim

JIM (CONT'D) Who was the girl? JŒ (beat)

I for get.

He turns, walks into the night.

CUT TO.

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

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

CUT TO.

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

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

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

57.

86