

GERMANY CALLING  
EPISODE ONE

By John Sheerman

Based on true events

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Logline:

M was a spy with a job to do: Infiltrate the fascist movement, assess the threat. He had no idea a friend he made along the way would become the most notorious British Nazi of World War Two. Lord Haw Haw.

Synopsis:

England, World War Two. There was one voice everybody recognised, a name everybody knew. As the bombs fell, as the cities burned, they huddled around the radio listening to his familiar introduction, "Germany calling, this is Germany calling".

They knew him only as Lord Haw Haw.

In 1939 Hitler had found his secret weapon, not a bomb or a bullet but a man. Every night at 9pm William Joyce aka Lord Haw Haw, would broadcast from Berlin, whispering into the ears of 9 million British listeners with one simple message, "you will lose this war".

As Germany faced defeat Joyce was captured and brought back to London to face justice, the charge of treason for which he would most likely hang.

There was one man who knew the significance of his return, who had known him longer than most. To those in the know he was called M. The Spymaster. An inspiration for John Le Carre and Ian Fleming alike. M had infiltrated the fascist movement, monitored it, been part of it and made friends along the way. Joyce was one of those friends...

Germany Calling tells the story of this most notorious Nazi from the view of those that knew him; his friends, his enemies, his captors. The story of a thug, brawling in the streets of London to his zenith as a Nazi broadcaster, to his eventual death at the gallows.

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

The London skyline, barrage balloons float in the dark sky.

Title reads: "LONDON, 1st NOVEMBER 1940"

CUT TO:

EXT. LAMBETH - NIGHT

A Music Hall theatre. We hear music and laughter. A solitary old man stands outside the doorway with a flat cap and scarf, trying to light a cigarette against the wind. A young couple run towards the theatre entrance, laughing as they go, they push open the doors and vanish inside.

Across the street, unnoticed, in the darkness of a doorway stands a tall man in his 40's with brown hair, greying temples, soft features and bushy eyebrows. He is known only as 'M'. He watches. He waits.

M glances up and down the street, checks his watch and crosses the street. M pulls open the theatre door and goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - MOMENTS LATER

The music hall is busy, men and women smoking, drinking, carousing. Audience members holler, whoop and interject as the acts come and go.

6 women sing on stage, doing high-kicks in mildly risqué costumes, accompanied by a pianist nearby. The dance number comes to an end, the troupe curtsy and blow kisses as they begin to file off into the wings.

CUT TO:

INT. STALLS, MUSIC HALL - CONTINUOUS

At the back of the theatre sits a young, dark haired man with horn rimmed spectacles, he is alone, he watches the show silently, surrounded by enthusiastic theatre-goers.

M sits down in the seat directly behind him and quietly watches the dancers filing off the stage.

M takes a brown envelope from his jacket pocket and taps it on the shoulder of the man in front who quickly takes it, slipping it out of site.

After a few more moments the young man in glasses gets up without a word and exits the theatre leaving M to watch the show.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK, a middle-aged man, stands in the wings smoking a cigarette. He has a white scarf tied around his neck, his greying hair is greased into a tight centre parting, his face is pale with stage makeup, a thin black moustache pencilled upon his lip.

As the dancing girls file off stage into the crowded wings of the theatre a FAT MAN in a red coat grabs FRANK by the arm. FRANK snaps out of his daydream.

FAT MAN

Frank, the magician's bloody  
vanished on me, you alright to go  
on now?

FRANK takes a final drag on his cigarette and nods.

From the wings FAT MAN emerges on to stage in front of the rowdy audience.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen! LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN! The next act we have for  
you, you lucky blighters, he sings,  
he dances, he's funny, he does it  
all... but, BUT I'm sorry to tell  
you we must pause the show for a  
moment...

There are shouts and boos from the audience.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

Before we may continue, straight  
from Berlin...

More boos from the audience.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

Hitlers right hand man...

The boos and shouts get louder and louder at this.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)  
He puts the nasty in Nazi!

From the wings FRANK places a top-hat on his head and fixes a monocle on his left eye.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)  
Our very own home-grown goose-stepper...

FRANK  
(mutters)  
Steady on 'Arry.

FAT MAN  
King of the airwaves, here to speak to you in person. Give him the Lambeth welcome he deserves... LORD HAW HAW!!

CUT TO:

INT. STALLS, MUSIC HALL - CONTINUOUS

M sits up, intrigued, this next act has his attention. M looks around him at the audience as they become increasingly animated. He studies them thoughtfully with a detached gaze as FRANK takes the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of booing and hissing crescendos as FRANK swaggers on stage, chest puffed out, his face contorted into a sneer. FRANK does a theatrical stumble as he reaches his mark and covers this with an equally theatrical Nazi salute.

The audience jeer energetically.

FRANK stops centre stage, silent. He quivers as he is about to sneeze and pulls a long red handkerchief from his pocket, emblazoned with the swastika. He hesitates, pulls another handkerchief from another pocket, this one emblazoned with the British flag and proceeds to sneeze and blow his nose loudly upon it.

The crowd jeer even more. FRANK looks down his nose snootily at the audience with utter disdain and finally, taking his time leans into the microphone.

The crowd all at once go quiet, dead silent, as FRANK prepares to speak. Eventually in a very posh, incredibly nasal tone, every word dripping with privilege and arrogance he utters 6 words.

FRANK  
 Jairmany calling . . . this is  
 Jairmany calling.

The crowd erupt in laughter at hearing the catchphrase they were waiting for and applaud gleefully.

CUT TO:

INT. STALLS, MUSIC HALL - CONTINUOUS

M stares up at the actor on stage in his monocle and top hat, taunting the room with his Nazi flag, and then at the audience who have spontaneously leapt to their feet in excitement. A mixture of loathing and adulation.

M sits amongst them, quiet, brooding.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE DOOR - LATER THAT NIGHT

FRANK exits the stage door wrapped in a coat and scarf, his face still pale from the stage make up, his hair still slicked into a centre parting. He waves to two of the dancers chatting in the doorway.

DANCER  
 Night Frank, long walk back to  
 Berlin is it?

FRANK rolls his eyes. He's heard all these jokes before. FRANK gestures to the bicycle resting by the stage door.

DANCER (CONT'D)  
 On yer bike!

The DANCERS laugh heartily. FRANK climbs on the bike and cycles down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACED STREET - NIGHT

FRANK cycles down a deserted terraced street, every window is blacked out.

We hear AIR RAID SIRENS. Searchlights begin to probe the skies.

FRANK jumps off his bike and props it against the wall. He looks up at the sky briefly before opening the door marked 73 and going inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

FRANK drops his satchel and looks around the front room. Empty. He peers into the kitchen, its deserted. The air raid sirens continue and a MOTORISED HUM OF AIRCRAFT overhead gets louder.

FRANK opens the back door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The roar of the aircraft overhead is louder now.

FRANK runs to the air raid shelter at the bottom of the garden, makes his way down the three steps to the entrance and pushes open the door.

FRANK

Make room for one more.....

FRANK looks into the cramped little dugout but there is nobody there. He looks panicked.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

FRANK runs through the house to the stairs and shouts up to the first floor.

FRANK

Sal! SALLY!

FRANK looks around him again, increasingly anxious.

FRANK notices a wire running across the kitchen floor towards the pantry door. He rolls his eyes and pushes open the pantry door as the hum of aircraft gets louder and louder.

CUT TO:

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Surrounded by rations and cleaning products sit an ELDERLY MAN, a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN and TWO SPRINGER SPANIELS. They are sat around the radio trying to listen as FRANK walks in.

FRANK

Have you lot gone bleedin' deaf!

FRANK's family turn and look up at him.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

What?

FRANK

Get in the shelter, the lot of you!

OLD MAN

Its only just started, we've time.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

SSSHHHH!! He's on.

The OLD MAN turns the volume dial up as the noise from the bombers overhead becomes deafening.

RADIO

Germany Calling, this is Germany  
Calling, this evening as I speak to  
you from Berlin I can inform all my  
British listeners that our bombers  
will be targeting new locations on  
the forthcoming nights.

There is a suddenly a series of explosions close by and the whole family react to the proximity. It's very close and they know it.

FRANK

Shelter! NOW!

The family scramble to the door of the pantry.

An EXPLOSION. A flash of white. Fire. The sound of glass smashing, bricks clattering to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACED STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The terraced street is on fire, the home that FRANK entered a few minutes ago is a burning ruin of bricks and rubble.



All are lost.

The shot widens to reveal the wider London skyline, fires raging all across the city, courtesy of the Luftwaffe.

Title reads: **GERMANY CALLING.**

CUT TO:

EXT. BOMBED OUT STREET - DAY

Title reads "Hamburg - 3rd May, 1945"

A bomb-scarred street, riddled with craters, the wreckage of burned out cars. Thick black smoke belches from the windows of an overturned bus that burns in the road.

The buildings either side of the street that still stand like gravestones amongst the rubble are blackened by soot, windows blown in.

A thick blanket of grey dust covers everything like the first fall of snow. Rubble and debris litter the ground. Two emaciated horses lie dead in the street.

LIEUTENANT PERRY, a British Soldier, sprints down the street, breathing heavily as he dodges the many obstacles, trying to make as little noise as possible, his boots crunching through broken glass.

More soldiers follow him in quick succession, their heads low, trying to keep within the shadow of the buildings either side. Every moment in the open is a golden opportunity for a German sniper.

PERRY reaches a grand office block, still in tact, with dusty swastikas draped down the face of the building. He presses himself against the wall and catches his breath as the rest of his comrades fall into formation around him.

In the distance, the crackle of MACHINE GUNFIRE, a MUFFLED EXPLOSION.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH COMMAND, HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

THREE GERMAN OFFICERS sit in immaculate albeit dusty uniforms around a grand, polished oak desk. A portrait of Adolph Hitler hangs lopsidedly on the wall. An open bottle of brandy sits on the desk. A gramophone plays a scratchy piece of classical music.

A SILVER-HAIRED OFFICER sits behind the desk, his mouth curled into a thin smile. He pours more brandy and drinks.

A GRIZZLED OFFICER with an eye patch and a deeply scarred chin quietly smokes and conducts the music with one hand.

The record playing on the gramophone comes to an end, the needle scratches loudly away on the empty grooves.

A RED-FACED OFFICER whose uniform is too small for his bulky frame gets to his feet and turns the record over with shaky hands.

An explosion outside shakes the room, plaster falls from the ceiling. They seem not to react.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOMBED OUT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

PERRY signals to the soldiers around him and they set about their business. Several scramble to the nearest window, take hand grenades, pull the pins and throw them inside before taking cover. The explosions send plumes of smoke and debris billowing out into the street.

Seconds later they are clambering through the windows and vanish inside with well rehearsed precision.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The British soldiers move through the building at lightening speed, sweeping the area for any remaining enemy. The vast office is deserted, cabinets and drawers gape open, documents are strewn everywhere, filing cabinets are tipped onto their sides.

PERRY reaches a set of grand wooden double-doors at the far end of the building with an eagle carved into the lintel. The sign on the door in German reads "High Command".

PERRY turns back towards his men and holds up his rifle. They stop. PERRY points enthusiastically towards the door in front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH COMMAND, HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The SILVER-HAIRED OFFICER places his pistol on the desk next to the brandy bottle.

The GRIZZLED OFFICER sits slumped in his chair, his cigarette burning very short in his mouth, he looks grey and solemn.

The RED-FACED OFFICER stands next to the gramophone, staring down at the spinning disk, seemingly hypnotised by its movement.

There is a loud crash. The doors shake in their frame but do not give way.

The RED-FACED OFFICER at the gramophone spins round, the spell broken. He looks frantically at his comrades, but they do nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Four British Soldiers sling their rifles over their shoulders and drag a long heavy bench towards the door like a battering ram. The doors shake and begin to splinter as they hit it for a second, then a third time. The rest crouch low, aiming their weapons at the doors and whatever lies within.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH COMMAND, HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The SILVER-HAIRED OFFICER pours the rest of the brandy into his mouth and flashes a grim look at the men around him.

There is another crash at the door and the distinct sound of splintering wood.

The SILVER-HAIRED OFFICER stands, pulls his tunic into place and carefully brushes the creases from his trousers. He stretches his right arm straight out in front of him in a Nazi salute.

SILVER-HAIRED OFFICER  
Heil Hitler!

He places the pistol at his temple and fires. He slumps forwards, crashes onto the desk and slides to the floor.

The RED-FACED OFFICER looks on aghast, as the GRIZZLED OFFICER takes his pistol from its holster and finishes his brandy.

The RED-FACED OFFICER searches frantically in his pockets. He produces a small box and opens it with trembling hands. Inside is a vial of poison. In his eagerness he drops the vial of poison on the floor and watches as it vanishes between the cracks in the floor boards. He sobs uncontrollably.

There is another crash at the door.

The GRIZZLED OFFICER watches this with disgust. He stands up, sneers and points the pistol in his comrades direction.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - AT THE SAME TIME

The British soldiers bring the bench crashing into the door for a final time as it splinters and bursts open. Simultaneously we hear THREE GUNSHOTS from inside. The British soldiers drop the bench and dive for cover, assuming the gunshots are aimed in their direction.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH COMMAND, HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

A moment passes and the British soldiers push the doors open and cautiously step inside.

The Nazi officers lie dead on the floor.

The gramophone plays on.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Three soldiers make their way down a narrow corridor stopping at a doorway, they pause, one of them unclips a hand grenade and nods to the others.

Beat.

The door is kicked open, the soldier steps into the doorway, the grenade clenched in readiness. He stops, staring into the room, he lowers the grenade as he stares, thoughtful. Puzzled.

One of the other soldiers taking cover next to the door looks up at his friend, heart pounding, confused.

SOLDIER ONE

Clear?!

CUT TO:

INT. HAMBURG NAZI HEADQUARTERS - MINUTES LATER

LIEUTENANT PERRY crouches on the floor as he sifts through piles of paperwork that lie strewn across the office. He follows the trail of papers towards the entranceway where several fires burn in the street.

PERRY slings his rifle over his shoulder and leans on a desk as he begins to read a document in his hand.

A RUDDY-FACED SERGEANT with a thick bristly moustache approaches PERRY in a hurry.

SERGEANT

Lieutenant?

PERRY looks up from his reading, remembering where he is.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

I think we got it.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

PERRY follows the SERGEANT down the narrow corridor to where the three soldiers are waiting in the doorway, grinning proudly.

PERRY nods as he passes and enters the room.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The office is abandoned. The windows are blown out and slivers of glass cover the floor. A strong wind blows through, papers swirling all around like petals from a cherry tree. PERRY notices a doorway at the far end of the office. Above the door is a red light bulb.

PERRY aims his rifle at the doorway and sidesteps closer to get a look inside. He cautiously walks towards the entranceway as the papers continue to swirl around him.

CUT TO:

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

PERRY stands in the doorway of a small windowless room. He shines a hand torch into the darkness. There is a bank of equipment against the wall with numerous switches and dials. Wires run across the floor towards a desk at the far end of the room.

PERRY shoulders his rifle and approaches the desk on which sits a broadcast microphone, an ashtray overflowing with cigarette ends, an empty bottle of schnapps, a glass and a neat stack of typed notes.

PERRY runs his hand over the desk and takes the top sheet of paper from the pile. PERRY squints as he looks at the notes, they are written in English.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DUSK

It is quiet. The war-torn street, pocked with craters and overturned vehicles has been secured. Soldiers seem more relaxed as they go about their duties.

PERRY and three other soldiers sit around a fire in the street on upturned ammo cases, smoking and chatting as it gets dark.

PERRY stares down at a piece of paper, scribbling notes and crossing things out. Unlike the others he looks far from relaxed.

A PRIVATE runs up to the men sitting by the fire and salutes.

PRIVATE  
Sir, we have power.

PERRY looks up surprised.

PERRY  
Already?!

The other soldiers around the fire find this amusing.

PRIVATE  
They're ready when you are, sir.

A SERGEANT (LENNOX) chips in.

LENNOX  
Lieutenant Perry is gonna be famous.

PERRY  
I haven't quite finished, do they want to do it/

PRIVATE  
Said to come at once, Sir.

Another soldier (RILEY) grins up at PERRY.

RILEY  
You signing autographs after, sir?

LENNOX  
Not for the likes of you he won't.

PERRY gathers his things and glances at the scrap of paper he was working on. LENNOX gives PERRY a nod of encouragement.

LENNOX (CONT'D)  
Nothing you can't handle.

PERRY  
You want to do it?

LENNOX  
(smiling)  
I'd sooner shove a live grenade where the sun don't shine.

PERRY turns and follows the PRIVATE back inside.

RILEY calls after him.

RILEY  
Tell me Mum I said 'Ello!

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

The room is full of SENIOR OFFICERS, all smoking pipes or cigarettes. The room is covered in a pall of smoke. A single light bulb above the desk illuminates the room enough to cut through the darkness.

A pale young TECHNICIAN flicks several switches on the bank of equipment and listens intently to an earpiece as the room silently watches him.

PERRY sits at the desk in front of the microphone squinting at his handwritten notes. He takes a drink of water from a canteen with an ever so slightly shaky hand.

The TECHNICIAN flicks a switch on the transmitter and then gives PERRY an exaggerated nod and points in his direction.

Everyone collectively holds their breath as PERRY leans towards the microphone.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE THE RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The red light bulb above the door flickers on and off for a moment and then burns bright red.

CUT TO BLACK:

In the darkness we hear the crackly broadcast.

PERRY (V.O.)

This is Germany calling, calling for the last time from station Hamburg. And tonight you will not hear "Views on the News" by William Joyce. For Mr Joyce, Lord Haw-Haw to most of us in Britain, has been most unfortunately interrupted in his broadcasting career and at present has left, rather hurriedly, for a vacation - an extremely short vacation if the second British army has anything to do with it - maybe to Denmark and other points north. And in his place this is the BBC calling all the long-suffering listeners in Britain who for six years had to put up with the acid tones of Mr Joyce speaking over the same wavelength I am using to talk to you now.

(MORE)



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

I am seated in front of Lord Haw-Haw's old microphone or rather the microphone he used in the last six weeks of his chequered career, and after tonight's great news of the surrender of the German forces (in the North), I wonder what Lord Haw-Haw's views on the news are now.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Title reads "Danish border, 25 days later. 10.22am"

The bedroom is small and dirty, garments hang from beams in the low ceiling, the only furniture to speak of is a little table with a wash bowl upon it. The small window is cracked in two places, covered only by a thin stretch of material pinned roughly to the wall.

MARGARET, a woman in her early 30's lies face down on the bed covered in a threadbare blanket.

There is the sound of a door being slammed shut.

MARGARET rolls over and squints up at the window flooded with sunshine, her eyes red and puffy. She sits up and looks around the room, slowly remembering where she is.

MARGARET

Will? . . . WILL?

MARGARET takes a packet of cigarettes from beside the bed, sighs and hurls the empty packet across the room.

MARGARET rolls over, pulling the blanket over her head to block out the light streaming through the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER THAT DAY

Title reads: 11.34am

LIEUTENANT PERRY and CAPTAIN LICKORISH are strolling in the woods, they are clean-shaven, fresh-faced. PERRY looks in better health than when we last saw him. LICKORISH carries a bundle of sticks and small logs under his arm.

PERRY picks up a tiny scrap of wood from the floor and holds it up for LICKORISH to judge. LICKORISH shakes his head. PERRY flings the twig as far as he can into the undergrowth.

LICKORISH  
Hear that?

PERRY  
What?

LICKORISH  
That . . . Deafening.

PERRY  
(the penny drops)  
. . . Nobody shooting at us.

LICKORISH  
Yeah . . . strange.

PERRY  
(He shrugs)  
You'll get used to it.

LICKORISH  
Yes, I bloody well intend to.

LICKORISH stops to admire the silence.

LICKORISH (CONT'D)  
Might take a while though.

PERRY  
Take all the time you/

PERRY stops suddenly, lifting his boot out of a pile of manure.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
Shhhhhhit.

LICKORISH chuckles.

LICKORISH  
Yes it is.

PERRY  
God its . . what is that? It stinks!

LICKORISH laughs more.

LICKORISH  
Why, doesn't yours?

PERRY  
Honestly, get a whiff of this!

LICKORISH  
Just be glad it wasn't a mine.

As PERRY wipes his boot against the base of a tree he spots something in the distance. PERRY gestures to LICKORISH who follows his line of sight.

In the distance, between the trees, an UNKNOWN FIGURE can be seen quite far off. He appears to wave in their direction and calls out to them in muffled French.

PERRY and LICKORISH glance at each other and stare back with a mix of curiosity and alarm.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, we see PERRY and LICKORISH walking towards the UNKNOWN FIGURE, we can only see him from the rear through the tree-line, he is wearing a crumpled blue suit.

The shot of the men is intermittently broken by the trees obscuring the view. They approach each other, we hear muffled hello's and the three men stop to exchange pleasantries, a routine chat with a local.

There is only the sound of birds in the trees, a gentle wind through the branches as the three men have a conversation we are not party to.

A few quiet moments pass.

A GUNSHOT shatters the tranquility, echoing many times. Birds take to the air.

The sound of men shouting.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR OFFICE, LONDON - HOURS LATER

Title reads: WAR OFFICE. LONDON. 16.48 hours

In the bowels of the War Office, a long narrow room with a low arched ceiling, poorly ventilated, hot, damp and full of tobacco smoke. Four women sit at desks with wireless equipment and headphones, avidly noting down messages as they come in.

An OPERATOR finishes scribbling her message and stares at it for a moment before holding it up to be collected.

ANGELA, A short curly haired woman in her 30's walks with a clipboard and waits for the messages to be translated and written up. She takes the message, reads it, then pauses. She shares a look with the operator, furrowing her brow.

ANGELA

You've double checked this.

The OPERATOR cocks an eyebrow.

ANGELA turns and heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOWLESS OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

ASHBY, a bespectacled officer sits at a cluttered desk, leaning very low over his paperwork in the hazy dim light. The desk has 5 distinct stacks of papers, the highest of which is over a foot high. A neglected cigarette burns away in a makeshift ashtray balancing on the corner of the desk.

There is a knock at the door which ASHBY ignores.

ANGELA enters and stands patiently in front of the desk holding the message in her hand. ASHBY doesn't look up.

ASHBY

Just leave it with the others.

ANGELA

You might want to look at this one first.

ASHBY

All in good time.

ANGELA

Its important.

ASHBY finally looks up from his work and gestures to the piles of paperwork in front of him.

ASHBY

Its all/

ANGELA

(interrupting)

Its all important, yes I know but/

ASHBY  
Leave it with the others.

ASHBY goes back to his work.

ANGELA considers this and shrugs.

ANGELA  
Righto.

ANGELA places the folded piece of paper on the desk in as prominent a place as she can find and quietly exits.

Silence.

ASHBY sits up and takes a drag on his cigarette, staring at the folded piece of paper in front of him. ASHBY sighs and reaches for the message and reads.

Beat.

ASHBY looks stunned. He stands up and reads the message again. He puts his cigarette out without looking, knocking the ashtray off the desk in a cloud of ash and smoke.

ASHBY reaches between the piles of paperwork for a telephone, lifts the receiver and knocks one of the stacks of papers off the desk, cascading to the floor.

ASHBY  
ANGELA!!

ANGELA reappears immediately.

ANGELA  
Yes?

ASHBY  
When did this/

ANGELA  
About 6 minutes ago.

ASHBY puts the telephone back on the hook, pulls his jacket off the back of his chair and heads for the door.

ASHBY  
Who else has seen this?

ANGELA  
The operator.

ASHBY grabs the message from the desk and runs out of the office leaving ANGELA to deal with the mess he left behind.

ANGELA pauses for a moment, then quietly pushes the office door shut.

ANGELA lifts the phone receiver off the hook and begins to make a call.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - KENSINGTON, LONDON - EVENING

Title reads: 17.21 hours

A Victorian block of flats, nondescript. We hear a telephone ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OF FLAT - CONTINUOUS

The corridor is cluttered with cages, lizards and butterflies, mice and rats. Birds cheap and squawk.

We hear a telephone ringing in the distance and the gentle sound of Duke Ellington on a gramophone.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room is cluttered with papers, shelves of gramophone records, filing cabinets, overflowing house plants make parts of the room resemble a walled garden. The desk however is neat, tidy, no papers, no mess.

M sits down behind the desk in a large leather chair and calmly answers the telephone. A small Capuchin monkey sits on his shoulder.

He holds the receiver to his ear but says nothing, he simply listens, intently, processing the news he is hearing.

After a few moments...

M.

Thank you.

M hangs up the telephone and sits back in his leather chair, deep in thought, the capuchin monkey sitting comfortably on his shoulder. The monkey makes a chirping noise.

M reaches absent-mindedly into his lapel pocket and takes a morsel of food and hands it to the companion perched on his shoulder.

M is lost in thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Title reads: 21.44 hours

A small country cottage, ramshackle and rundown in a clearing surrounded by trees. There is a faint orange light coming from the three tiny windows. Smoke drifts out of the lopsided chimney.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

MARGARET sits in front of the fireplace, jabbing the embers with a poker, gazing into the flames. The light from the fire fills the cramped room with a flickering orange glow.

MARGARET rests the poker against the wall and turns to the door as if expecting someone to appear.

Silence.

MARGARET turns back to the fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The silence is broken by two British military trucks screeching to a halt outside the cottage, their headlights washing the building in bright white light.

Half a dozen soldiers leap out and begin to surround the cottage, weapons drawn.

A BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT in his 40's reaches the front door and signals to a soldier with a twitch of his head.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

There is a loud crash, the handle splinters, the rickety door to the cottage bursts open and the soldiers enter to find MARGARET calmly sitting by the fire, staring up at them.

MARGARET

Well that was a waste of a perfectly good door.

The BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT steps forward and glares down at MARGARET as others search the cottage.

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

Mrs William Joyce. That you?

MARGARET considers this for a split second.

MARGARET

You may call me Margaret if you wish?

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

(insistently)  
Mrs William Joyce.

MARGARET

. . . Yes.

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

You need to come with me. Now.

Two soldiers hovering by the door step forward.

MARGARET

Is William alright?

The SERGEANT ignores her question and offers his hand to help her up.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Are you taking me to him? Is he alright?

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

Now Miss, if you please.

Two soldiers gather personal items and bundle them into an open suitcase and head back out the door.

MARGARET

My things? Those are all my...



The SERGEANT takes MARGARET'S arm and begins to lead her towards the door. MARGARET becomes agitated.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Wait, wait!

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

Miss, come along.

MARGARET

Where are you taking me?

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

Miss...

MARGARET

No. I have a right to/

The SERGEANT stops, grips her arm more tightly and looks her in the eye.

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT

*Pipe down!*

Beat.

MARGARET

A coat? Might I have something more to wear?

The SERGEANT casts his eye over MARGARET dressed in a simple cotton dress. He takes a fur coat hanging by the door, pats it all over to check for any surprises hidden within and helps MARGARET to put it on.

Once MARGARET has the coat on she smiles warmly at the SERGEANT, she tilts her head, her mouth slightly open.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Thank you, Sergeant.

The SERGEANT forgets himself for a split second and smiles back at her before taking her by the arm and leading her out into the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT - MOVING

MARGARET sits in near-darkness in the back of the truck, wrapped in her fur coat, jolting up and down every time the truck hits a pot hole. TWO SOLDIERS sit staring at her from their seats opposite. They watch her, unblinking.

MARGARET

(upbeat)

Well isn't this exciting. My very own military escort. This must be what Royalty feel like.

Beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Being chauffeured around by lots of big strong men. I had no idea I was so important until you gentlemen turned up. If I'd known I was going to be receiving guests I would have made more of an effort, my hair, I must look a state. A frightful mess. At least its dark in here. Small mercies I suppose.

One of the Soldiers (BENSON) smiles at MARGARET.

BENSON

You won't be so chatty at the end of a fucking rope.

There is a bang from the drivers cabin and the BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT's voice can be heard up front.

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT (O.C.)

Benson. Keep your opinions to yourself, there's a good lad.

BENSON

Sir.

BENSON continues to smile at MARGARET in the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCRETE PRISON - NIGHT

It is raining buckets as the truck pulls up outside a large, concrete, windowless building wrapped tightly in barbed wire.

The SERGEANT jumps down from the cab and watches as two GUARDS take charge of MARGARET and escort her towards the entrance. MARGARET turns to look at the SERGEANT. The rain already drenching them both.

MARGARET

You're not coming?

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT  
Just the taxi driver Miss.

MARGARET  
Where are they taking me?

Beat.

BUSHY BROWED SERGEANT  
Couldn't tell you if I knew. Good  
luck Miss.

The GUARDS lead MARGARET away as the SERGEANT climbs back in the truck and starts the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A dark, concrete corridor. Water drips from the ceiling. The occasional electric light flickers overhead.

MARGARET is escorted down a flight of concrete steps and on to the corridor by two anonymous, stoney-faced uniforms.

MARGARET  
Is this where you're keeping  
William?

Silence.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
I really don't want to be a bother  
but if you'd just answer the  
simplest of questions I wouldn't  
have to keep on like this...

Silence.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
There must be someone here I can  
speak to.

At the end of the dark flickering corridor appears another guard (MALLOY) short, squat, square-jawed. He waits in the dim light, holding open a heavy gaol door.

MARGARET approaches the small cell and peers inside.

The cell is tiny, dark and wet, a single flickering bulb lights the room. There is a rotten mattress on the floor in the far corner, in the other is a bucket sitting in a puddle of questionable brown liquid.

MARGARET enters the cell and looks around at her new home.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 (speechless)  
 Right. Right well...

MALLOY watches as she struggles to compose herself.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry boys, I've stayed in  
 worse hotels than this. Ever been  
 to Glasgow?

MALLOY slams the door shut. He speaks with a thick Glaswegian accent.

MALLOY  
 Aye, once or twice.

Beat.

MARGARET  
 What time will the maid be round to  
 turn down the bed?

CUT TO:

INT. JAZZ CLUB, SOHO - NIGHT

Title reads: 23.52 hours.

An intimate music venue tucked away on a Soho back street. Three jazz musicians are finishing their set in the corner of the smokey bar as customers nurse their drinks.

M sits at a table in the darkest corner with a whisky in front of him. A handsome young WAITER places a whisky in front of M, M smiles warmly up at the WAITER and the two men hold each others gaze for a second or two.

CLYDE, a grey-haired man in a raincoat and hat appears in the doorway and scans the room and its jazz enthusiasts with a look of disdain.

CLYDE sits down across from M and drops his hat on the table.

CLYDE  
 Well?

Beat.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 I have a perfectly good office at  
 HQ. We could meet in a civilised  
 place.

The WAITER approaches the table but CLYDE swats him away  
 irritably.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 At a civilised hour.

M smiles.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 I grew out of these tawdry little .  
 . . clandestine meetings years ago.

M shrugs.

M.  
 I like jazz.

CLYDE  
 (scoffs)  
 Its just noise.

M considers this.

M  
 A beautiful microcosm of chaos.

CLYDE  
 Did you drag me here for a music  
 lesson?

M shakes his head.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
 So?

M sips his drink and stares CLYDE in the eye.

M.  
 You must be pleased...

CLYDE  
 With?

M.  
 I know.

Beat.

M. (CONT'D)  
Of course I know.

CLYDE  
Nobody knows.

M.  
Nobody and now me.

CLYDE  
How did... never mind.

M.  
You have the wife too.

CLYDE smiles, he is pleased.

CLYDE  
Under lock and key. I don't mind saying this is quite a coup. Brass are thrilled.

M.  
Was there an operation to pull him out or...

CLYDE  
No. Total accident. Just found him wandering about in... Wait, I'm not here to fill in the blanks for you.

M.  
Are you bringing him back?

CLYDE  
You can read it in the paper tomorrow like everybody else.

M smiles and nods.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
I don't report to you. I don't owe you any favours.

CLYDE looks M in the eye.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
That's what you think isn't it.

M shakes his head but says nothing.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Summoning me here like one of your little operatives.

M.  
I merely invited you for a drink.

CLYDE  
What do you want?

CLYDE gets up to leave.

M.  
Just be careful.

CLYDE stops.

CLYDE  
Like you, you mean?

M.  
Don't underestimate him, that's  
all.

CLYDE  
Your friend Joyce.

M.  
I wouldn't go that far.

CLYDE  
I've read your file.

M.  
And I've read yours. So?

CLYDE  
Didn't exactly cover yourself in  
glory.

M.  
Not a lot of glory to be had in my  
line of work.

CLYDE  
The company you kept...

M.  
Which is exactly why you should  
listen to what I'm telling you.

CLYDE  
Which is?

M.  
Tread carefully.

CLYDE  
So you said.

M.  
He's a force to be reckoned with.

CLYDE  
He's a fucking traitor.

M sighs and waves to the barman for another drink.

M.  
You want to bring him back, parade  
him around, give everyone a good  
show, then shoot him and be done  
with it.

CLYDE  
Sounds good to me.

M.  
It'll sound good to him too. All  
that attention, all that press.

Beat. CLYDE considers this.

CLYDE  
The war's almost over M. Enjoy it.  
We won.

M.  
Are you bringing him back?

CLYDE takes a coin from his pocket and drops it onto the  
table.

CLYDE  
Buy a newspaper.

CLYDE puts his hat on.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Next time, come to my office.

CLYDE walks out.

M takes a pipe from his pocket, pops it in his mouth and  
rummages for a box of matches. A WAITER arrives and places  
another drink in front of him. M hardly notices, lost in  
thought.

FLASHBACK TO:



INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

We see everything from M's POV.

A blinding white light, a sterile corridor, a nurse rushes past in the opposite direction.

A hospital room door. A hand hesitates, then pushes the door open and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CONTINUOUS

A hospital ward containing 4 beds, three are empty. A DOCTOR and NURSE gather around the fourth, consulting charts. A PHOTOGRAPHER stands at the foot of the bed taking photos of an unseen figure lying quite still.

The DOCTOR and NURSE turn to leave and the FIGURE is revealed, lying in bed, head entirely obscured by tightly bound bandages. The FIGURE slowly turns to look in our direction. A red streak of fresh blood has soaked through the bandages on the left hand side from the mouth to the ear. There are two slits in the bandages for the patient to see. From inside a set of dark eyes stare directly into camera.

BACK TO PRESENT

M sits with his pipe in his mouth, a lit match in his hand has burnt almost to his fingers and scorches the skin.

M blows out the match and takes a drink as the jazz musicians strike up another tune.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

MARGARET is marched down a dark corridor followed by MALLOY. MARGARET's hands are cuffed, her hair is matted, her cotton dress is filthy. Her bare feet slip on the wet stone, MALLOY grabs her arm and steadies her before gesturing for her to keep moving.

MALLOY

Steady. Don't want to crack that pretty skull of yours.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

MARGARET is escorted into a shabby, shower room, cracked grey tiles, a dozen shower heads all along the wall.

A DOCTOR in a white coat stands waiting, a clipboard in hand, a NURSE stands nearby.

DOCTOR  
This her?

MALLOY  
Sir.

DOCTOR  
She's a bloody state.

MALLOY  
Sir.

DOCTOR  
Well?

MALLOY  
That's how we found her, sir.

DOCTOR  
This won't do at all.

MARGARET  
You should see the room they've had me in, it really is an absolute/

DOCTOR  
Be quiet!

The DOCTOR shoots a cold stare at MARGARET.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Get her washed, clean clothes, hot food. Is that understood?

MALLOY  
Sir.

MARGARET  
Thank you.

DOCTOR  
Its a lot more than they got in Belsen... Isn't it.

MARGARET stares back at the DOCTOR, speechless.

MARGARET  
I... I don't...

DOCTOR  
You don't what?

MARGARET closes her mouth.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I thought not.

The DOCTOR hands his clipboard to the NURSE.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Don't let her out of your site.

The DOCTOR gives MARGARET a final, cold glance and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWER ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

MARGARET is naked, she stands shivering and exposed in the shower room. She throws her filthy cotton dress to the side.

The NURSE stands nearby, stoney-faced.

NURSE  
You have 5 minutes.

The NURSE unceremoniously twists the tap and a jet of hot water hits MARGARET, she yelps.

MARGARET stands quite still as the hot water washes away the filth. The water running into the plughole is a brownish hue.

MARGARET breathes deeply on the hot steam from the shower, staring at the cracked bathroom tiles and the filth running off her body.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ELEGANT DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

A party is in full swing. Bottles of champagne are passed round, glasses are topped up. The elegant room is full, people are shoulder to shoulder, laughter and animated conversation fill the air. A piano is being played at full volume.

Most of the men in the room are dressed in the uniform of the British Union of Fascists: blackshirts, jack boots, thick black belts.

MARGARET stands in a corner gripping a glass of whisky, her hair and make-up immaculate, wearing a fine blue silk dress. Two young men have cornered MARGARET and doing their best to impress her to little effect. She looks bored.

MARGARET spots a FIGURE over one of the men's shoulders, through the crowd of party-goers. She can't make him out clearly but she recognises him. She only catches a glimpse: the side of his head, the colour of his hair, the shape of his ear, the way his hair is swept over his head. He vanishes in the crowd and reappears a second later. MARGARET has stopped listening to her suitors completely as she watches the FIGURE cut through the crowd, as people turn to acknowledge his presence, to pay respect. He is getting closer to where MARGARET stands.

Closer.

A champagne cork pops nearby, MARGARET jumps!

BACK TO PRESENT

MARGARET snaps back to reality. The water is turned off as quickly as it was switched on. She is left standing in the cold. The NURSE throws a towel to MARGARET.

NURSE

Get dressed.

MARGARET takes the towel, groggy but revived.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

MALLOY escorts MARGARET back down the corridor, she now wears a plain grey shirt and dark baggy trousers. MARGARET's hair is still wet, she looks clean and moves with renewed vigour.

MARGARET

I mean if it was in a shop window I  
wouldn't give it a second glance  
but actually I rather like . . I  
mean its not exactly flattering,  
they're a little long in the leg  
but besides that I . .

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 who would have thought it would  
 take my incarceration to stumble on  
 a whole new wardrobe. What do you  
 think? Be honest.

MALLOY  
 (patiently)  
 Enough of the mouth.

MARGARET  
 Someone's a little grouchy. Would  
 it have anything to do with that  
 pretty little nurse back there?

Beat. They reach MARGARET's cell. MARGARET obediently walks  
 inside.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
 Was the wrong girl in the shower  
 for your liking? I could ask her to  
 scrub my back next time if you  
 like?

MALLOY stops and turns to MARGARET.

MALLOY  
 I'll not tell you again, shut that  
 gob.

Beat. MARGARET pulls a face of mock disapproval.

MARGARET  
 That's no way to address your guest  
 of honour. You're talking yourself  
 right out of a tip. Oh and my en  
 suite is practically full to the  
 brim if you have a moment...

MALLOY  
 Don't like your room? I wouldn't  
 worry, you'll not be here long.

MARGARET  
 A blessed relief.

MALLOY  
 Do you not get it?

Beat. MALLOY slams the cell door shut.

MALLOY (CONT'D)  
 You do know what we do with  
 traitors don't you?

MARGARET darts a look to MALLOY and smiles.

MARGARET

Oh please, you may wish to ring my "pretty" neck but they're not going to let anything happen to me just yet, their Nazi trophy. I'm to be paraded through London like Guy Fawkes.

MALLOY stares at MARGARET putting his face right up to the bars. He smiles, delighted.

MALLOY

Is that what you reckon?

Beat.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

Lord Haw Haw. He's the trophy. He's who they want. The one they all wanna see.

(mock confusion)

Lady Haw Haw?

MALLOY silently shakes his head.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

They don't give a shit. You're irrelevant. You're a nothing. You're going . . . nowhere.

MARGARET stares back at MALLOY.

SHORT GUARD

So make the most of . . . this. I promise, I PROMISE this is the best it gets for you.

MARGARET stares angrily at MALLOY as he turns to leave.

MARGARET

Liar.

MALLOY turns back to MARGARET.

MALLOY

Hubby is on his way back home without you.

MALLOY presses his face between the bars.

SHORT GUARD

So shut that FUCKING mouth...

MARGARET stares back at MALLOY, teeth gritted, unblinking, refusing to break first.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAROOM, CHARING CROSS - DAY

M sits at a window table in a bustling little tearoom, he pours milk into his cup and then tea as he gazes out of the window at the busy street outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARING CROSS ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Charing Cross Road is bustling with people, buses and cars.

QUENTIN, a handsome young man in a hat and coat exits a government building dejectedly, he walks onto the pavement and looks back up at the grand building he just left.

He looks frustrated, uncertain of what to do next, in two minds.

QUENTIN turns and heads back inside the building, then changes his mind at the last minute. He checks his watch, looks around him then sets off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. TEAROOM, CHARING CROSS - CONTINUOUS

M takes a final sip of his tea and calmly begins to get up, he drops a coin onto the table, takes his hat and coat and waves to a waitress as he exits on to the street as the door makes the familiar "ting a ling".

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - LATER

QUENTIN stands at the bar. The pub is quiet save for a few old men drinking pints of beer. Two American Army officers are at the other end of the bar drinking and chatting more loudly, laughing and slapping each other on the back.

The BARMAN approaches QUENTIN and places a glass of whisky in front of him. Money is exchanged.

QUENTIN takes his drink and finds a table in the corner.

There is a newspaper on the table, the headline reads:

"Haw-Haw captured! Traitor faces death sentence".

QUENTIN drops his hat on top of the paper, obscuring the news. He sits and stares at the whisky in front of him but does not drink.

The BARMAN approaches and drops a folded scrap of paper on to the table irritably.

BARMAN

Some fella said to give this to ya.  
What do I look like? A blinkin'  
postman?

The BARMAN returns to the bar. QUENTIN looks around the pub at the other drinkers, minding their own business.

QUENTIN

Did he say who he was?

BARMAN

(shrugging)  
He wasn't the chatty type. Came in,  
went out the same way.

QUENTIN takes the folded piece of paper and opens it. It reads:

"Lake. St James's Park. 20 minutes"

QUENTIN looks at his watch and walks out of the pub leaving his whisky untouched on the table.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST JAMES'S PARK, LONDON - 20 MINUTES LATER

QUENTIN sits on a bench overlooking the lake at St James's Park. The sun is bright in the cloudless sky. Civilians and Soldiers amble past, enjoying the warmth of the afternoon.

The lake is full of wildlife: swans, pelicans, ducks. Pigeons and squirrels fight for scraps of bread thrown by passers-by.

QUENTIN sits watching the water, Buckingham Palace in the distance.

M appears seemingly out of nowhere and takes a seat on the bench next to QUENTIN. M opens up a newspaper and begins to study its contents.



QUENTIN stares at M for a moment, he recognises this man. He has met this man before but where? QUENTIN looks back at the lake in front of him, uncertain whether to break the silence.

M lowers his newspaper and looks out at the lake, he takes a deep breath, savouring the site.

M.  
I like this spot.

QUENTIN doesn't respond.

M. (CONT'D)  
Far superior to Green or Hyde Park.  
So much life.

Beat. M gestures to the water in front of them.

M. (CONT'D)  
Canada Geese. Egyptian Geese.  
Gadwall's and Garganey's. Mallards  
over there. Teal and Tufted ducks.  
Pintails and Eiders. All just  
muddling along.

QUENTIN looks impatient.

QUENTIN  
You wanted to talk to/

M.  
The Pelicans seem so out of place  
here. So exotic. Foreign. A gift  
from a Russian Ambassador, long  
time ago of course.

Beat. QUENTIN begins to lose his patience.

QUENTIN  
You know my brother.

Beat.

M.  
Peacocks. I've never much liked  
Peacocks. Something so showy, so  
theatrical about peacocks, all the  
noise, all the colour, so desperate  
for attention, seeking the  
spotlight.

M points over to a herd of swans gliding closer to the bank.

M. (CONT'D)  
Swans on the other hand, so noble,  
graceful, elegant. . . silent.

M turns to QUENTIN for the first time, just for a moment.

M. (CONT'D)  
Swans, most importantly, protected  
by the Crown.

M begins to fold up his newspaper and tucks it under his arm  
as he gets to his feet.

QUENTIN  
Can you help him?

M looks out at the lake once more.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)  
What should I/

M points up to a nearby tree, at a Heron.

M.  
Ah, there he is. The Heron. Silent,  
solitary, waiting, watching. Always  
watching...

QUENTIN looks up at the heron then turns back to face M but  
he has gone.

QUENTIN sits deciphering what he has been told.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - DAWN

MARGARET lies on her mattress in the dim light, her eyes  
closed. The cell door is suddenly unlocked without warning  
and the door yanked open by MALLOY.

MARGARET sits bolt upright and peers at the figures in the  
doorway. BOSWELL, a redheaded soldier stares at her silently.

MARGARET peers back at him, resigned.

MARGARET  
Perhaps you could start charging  
for entry.

MALLOY says nothing, he avoids her gaze.

BOSWELL  
On your feet.

MARGARET  
Why?

BOSWELL  
On your feet, let's go.

MARGARET  
Where?

BOSWELL  
You're being moved.

MARGARET  
Where?

MARGARET looks at MALLOY hoping for answers, he stares at the ground, anywhere else, uncomfortable.

MARGARET looks anxious.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
What's happening?

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAWN

It is barely light outside as MARGARET is led out of the prison grounds escorted by BOSWELL. A maroon car is waiting outside with the engine running, YARDLEY, a thin, bearded young soldier sits at the wheel, waiting.

MARGARET looks flustered as BOSWELL ushers her to the car.

MARGARET  
Where are you taking me?

BOSWELL waves to YARDLEY who jumps out and opens the back door in readiness.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Am I going to England?

Beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Are you taking me to a plane?

BOSWELL says nothing.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Cat got your bloody tongue?

BOSWELL gestures to the car.

BOSWELL  
They warned me you were chatty. Get  
in.

MARGARET scans the prison grounds, there is nobody else  
around. No witnesses. She climbs in, the door is slammed shut  
behind her.

YARDLEY and BOSWELL climb in the front and the car sets off.

MARGARET looks out of the rear window at the prison almost  
fondly.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The maroon car drives along a remote country road and slows  
as it reaches a checkpoint manned by British soldiers. The  
car is waved on without stopping.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

MARGARET watches the checkpoint from inside the car.

MARGARET  
Have we crossed over the border?  
Where are we going?

Beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Could it hurt to tell me what  
country we're in? *Really?*

Silence. YARDLEY glances at her through the rear view mirror  
and then looks away.

YARDLEY  
We're crossing over into/

BOSWELL shoots YARDLEY a stern look. YARDLEY stops.

BOSWELL

We've got a long drive, questions aren't gonna get us there any quicker. Just sit back.

MARGARET stares out of the window at the increasingly remote landscape.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATER

MARGARET wakes up suddenly. She looks around her. The car has stopped on a road not much more than a dirt track surrounded by trees. BOSWELL opens the car door and smiles at MARGARET for the first time.

BOSWELL

Wakey wakey.

MARGARET stares at him from the car, groggy from sleep. She peers out at the clearing they are parked in.

MARGARET

Where...

BOSWELL

Thought you might want to stretch your legs, there's a ways to go yet.

MARGARET looks alarmed at his sudden change in tone.

BOSWELL (CONT'D)

If you need to... you know... now's your chance.

MARGARET

(defensively)

I'm fine. No.

MARGARET notices YARDLEY is standing a few feet from the car, his back to them, he glances back at the car shiftily.

BOSWELL

Suit yourself.

BOSWELL joins YARDLEY, they light cigarettes and begin to talk in low voices, occasionally turning to glance at the car.

MARGARET quietly considers her options for several moments before eventually climbing gingerly out into the fresh air.

There is a breeze blowing through the woods, the sun shines down through the trees dappling the ground with light. MARGARET breathes deeply as she feels the sunshine on her skin. She walks towards a small clearing amongst the trees. The GUARDS watch her from the corner of their eye.

MARGARET appears tranquil, calm. She walks into the clearing, into a patch of bright sunshine. She looks off into the woods, the silence.

BOSWELL (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
(commandingly)  
That's far enough.

MARGARET stops obediently, resigned, the wind blows in her hair.

This is it.

There is the sound of a METAL CLICK, presumably of a gun being cocked off camera.

MARGARET inhales sharply, she shivers uncontrollably then closes her eyes.

Silence.

YARDLEY (O.C.)  
Smoke?

MARGARET slowly opens her eyes.

MARGARET turns around to face YARDLEY.

YARDLEY is standing close by, a cigarette in his mouth, a lit zippo lighter in his hand.

YARDLEY (CONT'D)  
Want a smoke? A cigarette?

Beat.

MARGARET catches her breath. She nods nervously and reaches for the lit cigarette and takes a drag. Her hand trembles as she puts it to her lips.

BOSWELL  
(irritably)  
What are you doing?

YARDLEY  
Relax, its just a fag.

BOSWELL shakes his head disapprovingly and throws his cigarette into the undergrowth.

BOSWELL  
Bloody soft touch.

YARDLEY  
Piss off.

BOSWELL  
Fine. You can get her back in the car then.

BOSWELL gets back in the car and shuts his door, sulkily.

YARDLEY looks at MARGARET, silently rolling his eyes.

YARDLEY  
Best be getting on.

MARGARET looks pale, she nods and takes another deep jittery drag on the cigarette before climbing back inside the car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS - MOVING

The engine starts and the car sets off again. Both soldiers stare at the road ahead as MARGARET slides low in her seat, out of sight. She grips her trembling hands to her face, she bites her knuckles to stop herself from making any sound as tears stream down her face and she convulses in waves of silent sobbing.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE TRACK - CONTINUOUS

The maroon car bumps along the dirt track through the wood for a few more moments before joining a wider road, picking up speed and driving into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITEHALL, LONDON - DAY

The street is busy with traffic, there are uniformed men and women everywhere, making their way in and out of government buildings. M approaches the entrance to the War Office, covered in sandbags and guarded by soldiers.

As M turns to enter the building he glances at a man in a dark hat and suit, leaning on a lamppost seemingly consulting a newspaper.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

M sits, pipe in hand in a dark wood-paneled antechamber with red leather sofas. A giant grandfather clock clunks loudly in the corner.

A middle-aged SECRETARY emerges from a doorway with an apologetic look on her face.

SECRETARY

He isn't quite ready for you yet.  
It shouldn't be much longer.

M sits back and stares at the grandfather clock once again. He taps the head of his pipe against the wall, tap, tap, tap.

The SECRETARY takes a seat at her desk and glances irritably up at the tapping noise.

M continues to tap his pipe against the wall, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap.

The door to the office opens and LIEUTENANT PERRY emerges. He looks flustered, red-faced, he pulls his cap on his head, shutting the door behind him.

PERRY and M make eye contact for a moment as PERRY heads for the exit. M turns to watch him leave.

M glances up at the grandfather clock once again and then goes back to tapping his pipe against the wall, over and over, tap, tap, tap.

The SECRETARY opens her mouth to say something as the telephone on her desk rings.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Yes sir?

Beat.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

(relieved)  
Yes sir.

CUT TO:



INT. GRAND OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A large, high-ceilinged office, wood-paneling, intimidating portraits of Statesmen and Generals line the walls. CLYDE stands at a desk holding a decanter.

M enters, shutting the door behind him.

CLYDE

Drink?

M shakes his head as he notices someone else in the room, (RATNER) a pale, middle-aged man with thinning hair and a black suit sits smoking. He doesn't get up, he doesn't introduce himself. M takes a seat.

CLYDE pours himself a brandy and sits down across from M.

Silence. CLYDE watches M and smiles.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Sorry to have kept you waiting.

M makes himself comfortable, crossing his legs.

Beat. CLYDE glances at RATNER smoking silently nearby.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about him.

M.

I'm not.

CLYDE

We can speak freely.

M.

What about exactly?

CLYDE

Your future for one.

M.

My...?

CLYDE

In the Ministry.

Beat.

CLYDE (CONT'D)

Your name is being whispered in hallowed chambers.

M.  
Is that right?

CLYDE  
Yes. All the way up.

CLYDE seems to lose his thought.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Sure you won't have that drink?

M.  
Quite sure. Thank you.

CLYDE  
Where was I?

M.  
My future? Hallowed chambers.

CLYDE  
I'm simply the messenger but there it is.

M.  
You haven't said what the message is.

CLYDE  
Your contribution to MI5 is...  
Well. It's...

CLYDE glances at RATNER smoking quietly.

M.  
What is this?

CLYDE  
Questions are being asked.

M.  
(smiling)  
About what? My fondness for jazz?

CLYDE thumps his glass of brandy on the table and gets to his feet.

CLYDE  
You make a lot of people uncomfortable, your methods, your tactics.

M.  
My tactics have kept this country/

CLYDE  
Your past then.

M smiles.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
I've read your file remember. The  
company you kept.

M.  
That's the job.

CLYDE  
So you say...

M.  
That's the job I was given by your  
predecessor. He understood...

CLYDE  
And I don't I suppose?!

M says nothing.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
You were very eager to know what we  
were going to do with Joyce.

CLYDE takes a piece of paper from his desk.

M.  
Yes.

CLYDE  
Why?

M.  
He isn't exactly what you think.

CLYDE waves a document at M proudly. He holds all the cards.

CLYDE  
So is that why you've been meeting  
with his younger brother?

M glances at RATNER and back to CLYDE.

CLYDE (CONT'D)  
Did you think you were the only one  
with people on the ground?  
Resources?

M takes his pipe and inspects the bowl.

M.

Ah yes, your friend outside in the charcoal suit. A word of advice: he stays too close to his target and he could cut down on the cologne, its a little fierce.

CLYDE glances at RATNER who shifts in his seat.

CLYDE

And yet you met with this man anyway? Why?

M considers this.

M.

Information. What else.

CLYDE

On what?

M.

On what Joyce plans to do?

CLYDE

Do?! He isn't going to do anything except rot in a prison cell until we hang him.

M gets up and straightens his jacket.

M.

Everyone's excited because you're going to hang Lord Haw Haw.

CLYDE

As they should, absolutely!

M

He doesn't exist, he's a cartoon character.

CLYDE

Where do you think you're going?

M.

You're going to have to hang William Joyce and that isn't going to be as simple as you might think.

M turns to leave.

CLYDE

I'm not finished with you!

M turns back to CLYDE.

M

He should be dead in a bunker somewhere, under a pile of rubble in Berlin but he isn't. He's alive and he's here and he's going to make life very complicated for all of us.

CLYDE

Where are you going?

M.

Bow Street Police station. But I think you knew that already.

M walks to the door and turns back to face CLYDE.

M. (CONT'D)

Keep the wife safe, she may be all the leverage we have.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITEHALL - MOMENTS LATER

M exits the War Office and heads up Whitehall, he glances at the AGENT in the charcoal suit, still studying the same page of his newspaper. After a moment or two the AGENT looks up and begins to follow M at a distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

M crosses over the street towards Trafalgar Square, he glances behind him as he checks for traffic and sure enough the AGENT is still following him.

M checks his watch and picks up his pace as he heads towards Charing Cross Road.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLORAL STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

M strides down the street, weaving between members of the public heading in the opposite direction, in the distance the AGENT can be seen doing his best to keep up, red-faced, failing to blend in.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOW STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

M arrives on Bow Street and is confronted with a huge crowd of people gathered outside the Police station. The road is entirely clogged, there doesn't appear to be a way around.

M spots the AGENT nearby and slips into the crowd unnoticed.

The AGENT looks around, scanning the faces in the swelling crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOW STREET POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

M attempts to make his way through the crowd who are packed shoulder to shoulder, craning to see the entranceway to the police station. Towards the front there is simply nowhere to move. M is stuck.

KIP, a short middle-aged man calls to a friend (AL) nearer the front.

KIP

You see anything Al?

AL

Oh yeah, its all happenin' up 'ere, best seat in the house.

KIP

What? Is he 'ere?

AL

Calm down, I can't see a bleedin' thing. Nothin.

KIP

Alright, keep your hair on.

AL

We should've got 'ere an hour ago.

KIP  
 (grumpily)  
 At least!

AL  
 Let's blow it off.

KIP  
 I just wanna look 'im in the eye  
 before they string 'im up. Just the  
 once.

An ELDERLY WOMAN chimes in.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Maybe he's been and gone. We  
 might've missed it.

KIP  
 Nah, can't a done.

AL  
 What she say?

KIP  
 Says we might have missed it.

AL  
 Nah, can't a done.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 I waited outside the cinema for  
 Cary Grant one time, an hour I  
 stood there and we never even saw  
 'im. Just slipped by.

AL  
 If he'd gone in already why are  
 there police everywhere?

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Its a police station!

AL  
 What she say?

KIP  
 Says it's a police station!

A YOUNG MAN in uniform chimes in.

YOUNG MAN  
 (irritably)  
 We've not missed 'im.

KIP  
How'd you know?

YOUNG MAN  
There's a bunch of newspaper men  
with cameras up in them windows, if  
he'd gone they'd have buggered off  
already.

A number of people in the crowd turn to look up at the windows opposite to see the photographers.

There is suddenly a ripple through the crowd, then the sound of a vehicle approaching, car doors opening and closing and then a volley of jeers and shouts from the crowd. "BOO!" "TRAITOR!" "NAZI!"

M is jostled back and forth as the crowd surges towards the action. The noise is deafening.

KIP  
Can you see 'im Al? Is he a big  
fella?

AL  
What?

KIP  
Can you see him!?

There is the sound of a car engine and the shouting dies down. The crowd begins to disperse. M begins to jostle his way through to the front.

KIP (CONT'D)  
(dejectedly)  
Well that was a waste of bleedin'  
time.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Told you we'd miss it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCEWAY TO POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

M reaches the front of the Police station where a POLICEMAN attempts to disperse the crowd.

POLICEMAN  
Move along please, nothing else to  
see here. Move along. Show's over.



ROWDY LOCAL  
Give 'im a slap from me.

POLICEMAN  
Course I will, off you trot.

ROWDY LOCAL 2  
Never mind a slap, shove 'im down a  
flight a stone steps.

M approaches the entranceway and is blocked by the POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN  
Steady on sir, where you off to?

M.  
Business inside.

POLICEMAN  
Is that right?

M takes an I.D Card from his jacket pocket and flashes it at the POLICEMAN. The POLICEMAN squints at it for a moment then solemnly nods and steps out of M's way.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Beg pardon, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGISTRATES COURT - DAY

The small oak-paneled court is full of people, every seat is taken, benches overflowing, standing room only.

M slips between clerks and policemen and finds a spot at the back of the court from which to view proceedings.

M scans the room and spots QUENTIN sitting at the front with a small group whispering earnestly to one another. QUENTIN glances over at M and gives a nod of acknowledgment.

A JUDGE sits at his desk overlooking the court, he looks at his watch and drums his fingers on the desk irritably as he waits for the arrival of the accused.

A muffled shout from outside.

Silence.

Footsteps and a quiet rattle in the corridor.

WILLIAM JOYCE emerges in the doorway escorted by two POLICE OFFICERS.

JOYCE looks less than imposing. He is small in stature, 5' 6", he is thin, barrel-chested, his hair is cropped quite short, his face is pale with a long deep red scar running from his left ear to the corner of his mouth. He is wearing a crumpled, threadbare blue suit with the buttons removed. He walks confidently into the courtroom despite a pronounced limp, his hands cuffed together in front of him.

JOYCE resembles a featherweight boxer past his prime not a "Lord". He does not look forlorn or defeated but alert, almost buoyant, ready for what comes next.

M watches as JOYCE takes centre stage once again, waiting for the JUDGE to proceed.

JOYCE smiles and waves to QUENTIN as if seeing a friend at a wedding and then turns to look around the rest of the room.

JOYCE breathes in the air of the court, savouring the moment, the atmosphere.

JOYCE finally spots M standing in the corner, they lock eyes. M and JOYCE stare at one another for a moment, silently communicating.

The JUDGE turns to JOYCE and gives him a baleful glare.

JUDGE

William Brooke Joyce, you are  
hereby charged with the crime of  
High Treason, how do you plead?

JOYCE turns to the JUDGE and then back to M once again. He flashes him a mischievous smile, his eyes glinting with delight.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(irritably)

Mister Joyce!

JOYCE flashes another smile at M. M braces himself.

JOYCE

Not guilty.

FADE OUT.

TITLE READS: "TO BE CONTINUED"