

UNGENTLEMANLY WARFARE

written by

Mart-Matteus Kampus

Puhke 4-9, Tallinn, Estonia, 10135
+372 55596766
mkampus@gmail.com

(c) 2020 Mart-Matteus Kampus. All rights reserved.

1

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

1

SUPERIMPOSE: London, 7 September 1940.

It's raining.

The city is dark, in curfew to throw off the Nazi bombers.
The telltale landmarks are barely visible in the night.

2

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

2

A LONE FIGURE emerges from an alleyway and walks across the street. TRIES to walk across the street but then stumbles. The blood running out from under his raincoat joins the rainwater. He manages to reach the church steps, leans against them.

He reaches his hand under his raincoat, as if to stop the bleeding, but instead brings out a FOLDER.

It has a NASTY GASH through it but is otherwise intact. He hides it again under his coat and then stares upward. He is dying and he knows it.

A sudden light illuminates him - a car. It stops nearby and a figure rushes out and next to the dying man.

Three other men also emerge.

ADAM
(weakly)
Charles...

CHARLES
Steady...

He nods to two of the men who pull out their handguns and disappear into the darkness.

ADAM
It's all here-

He holds out the folder.
Charles takes it and Adam breathes his last as the air raid sirens begin their song.

Somewhere far up above we see dark shadows - **The Blitz** has begun.

And the figure on the church steps, stares lifelessly upward.

3 EXT. LONDON - STREETS - 2 MONTHS LATER - DAY 3

CUE: LOUD BIG BAND MUSIC.

Three pairs of feet, scuffling and rushing on a London street...

THOMAS

Up there!

They dart into an alleyway-

4 EXT. LONDON - GARDENS - DAY 4

They jump over a fence and run over the green...

To a VICTORIAN ERA TOWNHOUSE.

And rush inside!

5 INT. LONDON - TOWNHOUSE - DAY 5

THREE TEENAGERS fly past someone cleaning the fallen debris from the recent bombing.

TENANT

Oy!

6 INT. LONDON - TOWNHOUSE - STAIRS - DAY 6

And up the stairs!

MICHAEL

Where?

THOMAS

The attic. Come on!

They reach the last floor and one of them kicks open the door.

7 INT. LONDON - TOWNHOUSE - ATTIC - DAY 7

ANGLE ON: Three London teenagers.

Their leader is THOMAS (19), to his right is MICHAEL (18) and to his left is OLIVIA (17).

And there, with the dust still dancing from the collapsed roof, sits a bomb. Innocent in its inertness.

MICHAEL
Someone should tell the Home Guard.

Nobody moves.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'm off to tell the Home Guard.

Michael runs off.

THOMAS
It's huge.

OLIVIA
SC250. 250 kilograms.
Can you hear it?
Listen.

They listen. And then hear it... The clicking...

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Delayed action fuse. Could be
days... could be seconds...

Click. Click. Click. Click. Click.

Thomas looks afraid. Olivia.. excited.

Thomas crouches to get a closer look. Olivia starts to walk up to it.

THOMAS
Stop.

OLIVIA
I could try-

THOMAS
Out of the question. We shouldn't
even be this close.

Click. Click. Click. Click.

She looks back..
And then takes another step. She's halfway there!

OLIVIA
Who knows when Michael gets back, I
could defuse it-

THOMAS
NO!

A PIECE OF WOOD falls on the BOMB with a loud PANG.

Olivia jumps back.

Then the FLOOR of the attic caves in on itself and the bomb FALLS THROUGH!

Thomas GRABS her to hide her from the blast, and-!

Click. Click. Click. Click.

It didn't explode.

Olivia breaks free from Thomas and crawls close to the HOLE IN THE FLOOR. Thomas joins her and they both look down:

The bomb has fallen into someone's living room. The place is CAKED in DUST.

OLIVIA

I know how to open it.

THOMAS

Christ, Olivia, I said no! Father should never have taught you these things.

OLIVIA

I could do something.

THOMAS

I think you've done enough.

Footsteps on the stairs. Michael and TWO HOME GUARD SOLDIERS rush into the room below them.

Then even more rush into the attic.

Thomas gets up and leaves Olivia alone.

Olivia turns onto her back and stares off into the sky.

8

INT. CHARLES HAMBROS OFFICE - DAY

8

CRUNK as CHARLES HAMBROS (late 40s, old boys club) cuts a cigar and lights it.

CHARLES HAMBROS

Oswald recommended you. You're in the K department, is that right?

Opposite Charles is CAPTAIN SELWYN JEPSON (late 30s, timid yet incessant.)

SELWYN

Yes, Sir.

CHARLES HAMBROS

Never been down there myself,
but... Oswald is a good chap. Bit
cramped, is it not?

SELWYN

He is indeed, Sir and yes- It's
tight, but we manage. For king and
country and all that.

CHARLES HAMBROS

Hmmm. Yes. All that.

Charles smokes. Great puffs of smoke start their lazy dance
between them. Selwyn, uncomfortable, waves it off. Charles
watches this with a twinkle in his eye.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)

What do people say about the SOE at
MI5?

It's a lazy tone, but a sharp question. It takes Selwyn by
surprise.

SELWYN

They say...

Selwyn *almost* decides to lie.

SELWYN (CONT'D)

That.. it is a failure.

Hambros nods. He waves Selwyn to continue.

SELWYN (CONT'D)

Too few operatives have returned,
little to no useful intelligence,
and frankly, weak leadership. Only
five recruited in France in three
months.

(emboldened)

They say that.. SOE's agents are so
scared they won't even jump out of
the airplanes.

Charles gets up from his seat and crosses the office to a
LARGE RAILWAY MAP OF EUROPE. Selwyn watches him carefully.
Did he anger him?

Charles turns around.

CHARLES HAMBROS

Well... you certainly are honest.
Does not surprise me they threw you
into some forgotten corner of a
cellar.

He leans against the desk, suddenly acting familiar.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)

Curious, is it not? In this
business we hunt for honesty. We
kill for it. Get killed for it. And
yet, when confronted, we hide away.
Ego gets in the way far too often.
On both sides.

Selwyn isn't too sure how to react to this.

Charles sits back down at his desk.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)

But you are not wrong. SOE has not
been the success Churchill hoped
for. So...

He opens a drawer and throws a folder onto the desk. It has a
gash running down the middle of it.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)

There will be a change in
leadership.

Selwyn looks at both the folder and Charles, unsure where to
direct his attention.

SELWYN

Oh?

CHARLES HAMBROS

You see, Churchill and I agree:
there's a need for warfare that
is... *progressive*. Untested. War
destroys, obviously, but it can
also bring new ideas. Do you
understand, Captain?

SELWYN

I.. do?

CHARLES HAMBROS

Good!

Charles opens the folder. Flips through the files.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)
Some time ago you wrote about the
use of *women* in clandestine
operations.

SELWYN
It was buried-

CHARLES HAMBROS
Well, it was unearthed. By
Churchill himself.

SELWYN
Churchill read my memo?

CHARLES HAMBROS
Indeed. He was impressed.
We think it has merit. We could use
someone like you at the Special
Operations Executive. The budget
would not be much. Maybe three
agents at the most. You would
recruit, run them.

SELWYN
(excited)
I could make do, Sir.

CHARLES HAMBROS
Good man.

Charles smiles at him, flipping another file and arriving
at.. the photograph of ADAM. The agent who died in the dark
London street.

His smile fades.

Selwyn notices. Charles fakes optimism.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)
No matter...

He flicks the photo off to the side.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)
Losing them is a part of the job.
As unfortunate as it is, Captain,
they are nothing more than a
number. They can't be more than
that.

Selwyn's stare lingers on the photo.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)

What is interesting is the information he brought us. It leads back to a British businessman collaborating with the Jerries. Taking out his competition. One of the girls will type up a copy for you.

SELWYN

Thank you, Sir.

CHARLES HAMBROS

Now...

He leans back.

CHARLES HAMBROS (CONT'D)

Have you thought about who you would recruit?

9 INT. MUNITIONS FACTORY - CHANGING ROOM - DAY - TWO YEARS LATER - 1942

9

Olivia, now 19, opens her locker. There's a mirror on the inside.

She looks.. Tired. Troubled.

The girls changing chatter:

GIRL 1

D'you hear about the 88?

GIRL 2

Yeah, it's mad!

GIRL 1

Are you going to Devon?

GIRL 2

No, we're-

She notices Olivia. Walks up to her.

GIRL 2 (CONT'D)

Hey, me and a bunch of others are going to the Café de Paris tonight and-

OLIVIA

No.

Olivia closes the locker. Walks out...

10 INT. MUNITIONS FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY 10

LOUD AND BUSY.

HEAVY MACHINERY everywhere and girls operating them. PISTONS and DRILLS, WRENCHES being turned...

Olivia looks off to the side where:

CLOSE ON: A girl, in a dress and with A FLOWER IN HER HAIR, is being filmed for an interview.

Olivia lights a cigarette and observes this piece of propoganda with derision.

GIRL

Well, I'd like to help build Spitfires. My boy's in the RAF and I'd be helping him-

DIRECTOR

Cut it! Let's go outside. Too loud here.

They pack up and pull the girl outside. The girl brushes her hair away and THE FLOWER FALLS onto the ground.

Olivia walks up to it, goes to pick it up...

START OF FLASHBACK:

11 EXT. LONDON STREET NEAR REVELL HOME - 2 YEARS EARLIER - DAY 11

A YOUNGER OLIVIA picks up a flower that's fallen from a nearby flowerbed.

A BLACK CAR drives past her. Comes to a stop in front of her home.

Two men, one in an officers uniform, exit. One of them spots Olivia.

12 INT. REVELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 12

Olivia's sat on the couch. One of the men, the one dressed like a civilian is sat across the table from her.

The man in uniform is standing.

Olivia looks shocked.

OLIVIA
When did- When?

MAN
Two nights ago. I'm very sorry-

Olivia steels herself.

OLIVIA
Where did it happen? How?

The man seems hesitant.

MAN
Look, I don't think-

OLIVIA
TELL ME!

The man nods.

13 EXT. THAMES ESTUARY - SHIP - DAY - TWO NIGHTS BEFORE 13

Thomas and Michael are working. And it's hard work. They're engineers, fixing some large ships engine. It's goddamn hot in the engine room.

Suddenly the alarm sounds. The tools go flying everywhere as they rush out with the sailors.

14 EXT. THAMES ESTUARY - SHIP DECK - DAY 14

They reach the deck. GIANT PLUMES OF WATER EXPLODE out of the sea - A BOMBING!

Thomas joins the sailors running off the deck and onto the docks as the air defence fires back into the clouds:

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

A few fighter planes, either friend or foe, DART past them unexpectedly with a loud **DRONE**.

Michael pulls Thomas into the streets.

They're running - others dart into alleyways - a young woman jumps through a doorway and shuts it behind her - MICHAEL and THOMAS turn a corner - a **HUGE FIRE** blocks their path - nowhere to go - THOMAS pulls MICHAEL off to the side - they jump over a wooden fence - into the gardens - **BOMBERS FLY OVERHEAD** - they rush through a bed of flowers - rip through a clothes line - reach another fence - too tall, THOMAS stops - But MICHAEL comes running - **CRASH** - as HE **KICKS DOWN** a weak picket - they squeeze through and run into...

15 EXT. STREETS - BOMB SHELTER ENTRANCE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 15

The street leading to the shelter. **DROVES** of people are trying to get in. Michael and Thomas join the crowd.

Next to them... men and women **caked** in dust, coughing and wheezing, holding each other up...A slow, bleak scene of them all entering the shelter.

16 INT. BOMB SHELTER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 16

Thomas and Michael wait.

Explosions up above...

Coming closer.....

The beams start to shudder. **BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Thomas looks up as dust falls from the ceiling.

B-

END OF FLASHBACK:

17 INT. MUNITIONS FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 17

A HAMMER hits a BOLT and Olivia drops the flower.

She walks down the line; takes the empty spot amongst the HUNDREDS of women working.

The others steal glances at her, but nobody dares to look for too long. Olivia works...

18 INT./EXT DOUBLE DECKER BUS - NIGHT - HOURS LATER 18

Olivia taking the bus back home. It's pitch black.

The bus swerves and turns on the bumpy rubble-filled street.

It turns a corner to reveal: A MULTI-STORY BUILDING ON FIRE.
Hauntingly bright flames in the darkness.

CONCERNED PASSENGER
Stop the bus.

DRIVER
Are you insane? Every German plane
can see that fire!

CONCERNED PASSENGER
Stop the bus! NOW!

The bus stops. The driver's door opens and the concerned
passenger jumps off.

No-one else does.

The doors close and the bus drives on.

The flames dance on Olivia's face as she watches the
passenger standing alone in front of the building.

19 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER 19

Olivia tries to unlock the door, but it's been locked from
the inside! She knocks.

20 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - HALLWAY 20

Mrs HIGGINS, the LANDLADY, (60s) opens.

MRS HIGGINS
Miss Revell? It's late.

OLIVIA
My apologies, Mrs Higgins. I was
hoping-

MRS HIGGINS
Yes, yes. It's quite alright.

She lets Olivia in.

21 INT. HIGGINS' - NIGHT 21

The place is well decorated. A PORTRAIT of a GENERAL hangs on
one of the walls.

Olivia rushes through the hallways and into the living room to find: A telephone. A true luxury.

MRS HIGGINS

This is the third time this week,
Miss Revell. Maybe you oughta give
them some time..

Olivia ignores her and dials a number. It rings.

She checks her watch. It's almost off-hours.

Finally:

OLIVIA

Hello? My name is Olivia Revell.
I called yesterday-
No, I know.
It's about my father, Sgt August
Revell.

She listens. It's the same thing she's heard many times.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Please.
If you know anything-

The other end says they're sorry.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Anything at all.

They hang up.

Mrs. Higgins appears with a cup of tea.

MRS HIGGINS

I'm sorry dear.

Olivia sits with her tea, defeated.

But Mrs. Higgins seems to have more to say. And it's uncomfortable.

MRS HIGGINS (CONT'D)

Miss Revell, I know the past few
months have not been easy for you,
but I have expenses and-

Olivia snaps, goes through her purse and takes out her wallet.

Counts down the bills onto the table. *Paying rent.*

Leaves.

MRS HIGGINS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, my dear!

She hesitates. Then takes the money and counts it.

22 INT. REVELL HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 22

Olivia enters her flat upstairs.

It's empty. Cold. A lone light comes from the street. A patch of covering has fallen from the windows.

Olivia looks. Enjoys the light. Then it is switched off.

She covers up the window.

23 INT. TUBE STATION/SHELTER - DAY - DAYS LATER 23

Dust falls from an ELEVATOR SHAFT.

The LOUD BOOMING of the DROPPED BOMBS ECHO down.

SIMON, 19, looks up, afraid. Then looks behind him:

The shelter is FULL of people, but they are all as quiet as could be. Mice hiding from the cat. Laid down on the tracks.

PENTEGRAST
(O.S.)
Smoke?

Simon turns. He hadn't heard him approach. Next to him stands ALTON PENTEGRAST (40s)

SIMON
Yeah, alright.

He takes it. The man lights it with his good hand, the one he has left.

PENTEGRAST
My last of the *Players*. But I feel
it is a fitting time, you know?

He almost looks cheerful. Their voices echo up the elevator shaft.

SIMON
Thanks.

PENTEGRAST
You frightened?

Just to stress the question, a loud BOOM rattles the cables.

SIMON
Yes.

PENTEGRAST
Good. Good to be honest.

Pentegrast has an accent, but it is very difficult to place. He talks like an alien who has only just learned to speak English.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)
I am Alton Pentegrast.

SIMON
Simon.

Another BOOM rattles the cables.

PENTEGRAST
You have family around here?

SIMON
No.
Not at all. My mum's in Camden.

PENTEGRAST
I see.
And what do you do, Simon?

SIMON
Whatever's around.

PENTEGRAST
(repeating)
Whatever is around. I see.

Pause.

SIMON
You live here in Hampstead?

PENTEGRAST
Oh. No. Not at all. I'm from all over. I've been everywhere. Just name a continent and there's a mark of me down there somewhere.

Pentegrast lifts up his wrist. Takes a look at his watch.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)
They're running over. Usually they
don't go for more than ten.

SIMON
How you know that?

PENTEGRAST
I time them. You must know your
enemy, correct?

SIMON
Guess so.

PENTEGRAST
We are safe though.
No worries.
They are far from us.

He is absolutely confident in this.

Simon drags on the cigarette.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)
I have more at home, if you'd like
them? You could sell them on. If
there's any takers, I mean.

Simon seems hesitant.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)
No-one would care. But a one armed
bandit like me, I draw attention.
And I bet you need the money.

That does it.

SIMON
Alright.

PENTEGRAST
Glad. I'm glad.

Another BOOM rattles the cables.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)
It's strange, is it not? Their
sense of purpose is no less than
ours. In a world of constant
change, they've set their compass
to stay true just as we have.
You have to respect it.

SIMON

Guess so.

Pentegrast smiles like a cat who has found its prey.

They smoke their cigarettes.

24 EXT. COVERED MARKET - DAY - DAYS LATER

24

Hundreds of shops and stalls. Hundreds of customers.

Olivia is eyeing all of them.

- A woman and child.

- A couple walking leisurely.

THOMAS

(O.S.)

I'd go for the ones that can't catch me. Sounds obvious but you'd be surprised how many make that mistake.

Thomas is next to him. In her memories.

This is a mixture of the PRESENT and PAST.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What? Are you scared? I thought you wanted a thrill?

You don't think they do it? Every pound in their pocket is stolen from someone else.

Olivia looks into the crowd. The endless exchange of money. Goods being traded. This DECADENCE during a war.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Crop stolen from the earth. Life stolen from the animals. Every town steals from every village. Every banker from every customer. And we're at the very bottom rung of this ladder, sis. They don't even see us. So why not do it?

OLIVIA

Because it's wrong.

THOMAS

And do you think that right or wrong matters anymore? Here?

Olivia doesn't know the answer.

Someone pulls her focus - An older gentleman, dressed smart, stops for a moment, then pats his jacket pocket and heads towards a stall selling meat.

Olivia follows him through the crowd like a tiger.

The man stops at the stall. Bends to look at something, the jacket falls open.

Olivia's hand reaches out, quick. Grabs something. The wallet! In and out.

She turns to leave- Someone's standing in her way.

OLIVIA

Excuse me.

She tries to squeeze through.

MAN

Not going to happen, missy.

The man GRABS her hand that is still holding the WALLET.

She fights him off, makes a run for it.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Somehow manages it.

The crowd is like a jungle. She looks over them all only to see TWO POLICEMEN heading STRAIGHT TOWARDS HER. *Where the hell did they come from?!*

Another exit. TWO MORE! And a loud WHISTLE PIERCES the market place.

She runs. Heads THROUGH a stall, knocking over a crate and -

25 EXT. MARKET BACK ALLEYWAYS - DAY - CONTINUOUS 25

Into the streets behind the market.

26 INT. COVERED MARKET - DAY - CONTINUOUS 26

With the police closing in and following.

27 EXT. MARKET BACK ALLEYWAYS - DAY - CONTINUOUS 27

She runs down the alleyway, looking behind her.

The main street is just in front of her. So close! She looks back one last time, only to see the police EXPLODE out of the market.

She turns and SLAMS into someone. Falls flat onto the HARD PAVEMENT, hitting her head.

28 INT. SOE - OFFICE - DAY - LATER 28

The office is rather roomy with large windows overlooking the street below. There's a STEAMING POT OF TEA on the desk.

Olivia is lying on a couch. She's been bandaged. She wakes up. Doesn't recognize where she is.

She looks out of the window. Spots the BAKER STREET sign on the street corner.

The door opens and Selwyn walks in, holding a file.

SELWYN
Morning. Tea?

He heads for the desk. Olivia approaches, careful.

OLIVIA
Where am I?

SELWYN
Baker street.

OLIVIA
And you are? Doctor Watson, I take it?

Selwyn ignores the jab.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
Am I under arrest?

SELWYN
Black, is it?

Selwyn pours himself a cup. Olivia scoffs. Heads for the door. Finds it locked.

OLIVIA
I want to leave.

SELWYN

That is not going to be so easy,
young lady. You're in quite a spot
of trouble. Stealing during wartime
is an offense the courts take very
seriously.

OLIVIA

I don't care.

SELWYN

Clearly. Did you inherit the self
destructive gene from your father
or was it hard work and
determination?

OLIVIA

You knew my father?

SELWYN

Still do.

OLIVIA

How?

Olivia walks closer.

SELWYN

Your father works for the British
intelligence service.

OLIVIA

What?

SELWYN

(re: chair)
Please.

Olivia takes a seat. Selwyn opens her file.

SELWYN (CONT'D)

I'm sure you had your suspicions.
His long trips abroad..?

OLIVIA

He's a pilot-

SELWYN

His skills in engineering?
I understand he even taught you and
your brother before he left-

OLIVIA

He wanted us to be prepared-

SELWYN

Didn't you ever wonder how he went missing?

OLIVIA

It happens all the time. They told me in the war office that his plane went missing.

SELWYN

But you *knew* that this was different, didn't you? A voice in the back of your head. Small signs here and there that something was.. wrong.

It all rings true.

OLIVIA

Is he alive?

SELWYN

We don't know. But hope prevails.

They stare at each other.

SELWYN (CONT'D)

Are you hearing that voice again? I don't blame you. But it is the way things work here. Information is never free. It always comes with a.. sacrifice.

OLIVIA

What do you want?

SELWYN

I have recruited and trained the best operatives in the intelligence services. I am a frightening judge of talent. That's my job - knowing people. Predicting what they do and what they **can** do under fire...

OLIVIA

You want me to work for you?

Selwyn nods.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

As a what? A secretary?

SELWYN

No... As an operative. You're young, fierce and talented and, knowingly or not, your father already taught you much of what we offer. Maybe it's what he wanted for you.

OLIVIA

I refuse.

Olivia stands and walks towards the door.

SELWYN

How long do you think it will take the War Office to return your calls? A month? Half a year? More? If they find him in a prison camp, how long can your father survive?

OLIVIA

You're just using me. Using my.. loss- how dare you-?

SELWYN

We are using each other.

They stare at one another.

SELWYN (CONT'D)

God knows, you have been through more than Britain could ask for. But all is not lost. Please, take a day. Think. Then decide.

Selwyn goes back to his file. He pushes a button under his table. The door unlocks with a loud CLICK.

OLIVIA

So, I can just.. leave?

SELWYN

Don't see why not.

OLIVIA

What about the police-

SELWYN

They can wait.. a day.

Olivia walks to the door. Selwyn doesn't even raise his head.

Olivia exits.

29 INT. CHURCHILL'S WAR ROOM - DAY - LATER

29

Charles is waiting in the war room. He's alone and.. it's very quiet.

There's a LARGE WAR MAP OF EUROPE ON THE WALL.

The door opens and, for a brief moment, incessant chatter and work can be heard.

Two officers walk in and sit down. Charles observes them but they don't pay him any attention.

Three more men arrive, dressed in civilian clothing. One of them nods to Charles. He is DAVID PETRIE (50s), the current head of MI5.

DAVID

Charles.

CHARLES

David.

DAVID

Early days, hm?

Charles fakes a smile. *Petrie's been reading about the failures.*

David returns the smile like a sniper, then turns to chat to the man next to him. Charles averts his gaze. There's a painting on the wall. It's of Churchill. It's staring at him.

30 INT. SOE - LEVEL F HALLWAY - DAY - A DAY LATER

30

Charles and Selwyn. Charles is angry as all hell.

CHARLES

Why her?!

Someone opens and closes a door down the hallway.

They both look. Charles continues, quieter.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You are recruiting August Revell's daughter?

Bloody hell, why would you do a thing like that? We checked his family, all known associates - he was a separate case and a complete failure-

SELWYN

For the MI5?

CHARLES

.. Yes.

SELWYN

And this is the SOE. SIS and MI5 want to see us fail... but there can be a future for us after the war. *If* we prove to Churchill that we can succeed where other have failed.

His coldness surprises Charles. But he sighs, seeing Selwyn's point.

CHARLES

This is... dangerous, Selwyn.

SELWYN

She's bright. Under other circumstances, she'd make a good operative.

CHARLES

Her father got five of our operatives killed. Adam died in my hands!

Selwyn lets Charles cool off.

SELWYN

I understand your anger, but the only way we can get Revell to show is by using her daughter. And it has to seem real. We train her. Use her like any other recruit.

CHARLES

And then what?

SELWYN

Send her to Europe.

CHARLES

And leak her whereabouts to the Jerry's?

SELWYN

Who will bring Revell, their greatest double agent, out of hiding...

CHARLES

Sins of the father.
Poor girl..

SELWYN

Like you said, sir.
Nothing more than a number.

31 INT. SOE - LOBBY - DAY - LATER

31

Olivia is sat on a wooden bench in the cold looking lobby of the SOE.

The only other person is DYLAN (80s) the guard/receptionist behind the desk leading to the elevators behind him. And he's STARING at her.

VIOLETTE

(O.S.)

Miss Revell?

Olivia jolts. VIOLETTE (30s) is standing next to her.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

With me.

Violette doesn't wait for her. Olivia jumps up and follows.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

My name is Violette. I am your handler.

OLIVIA

Glad to.. meet you.

They walk past Dylan and into the elevator. Violette presses the button marked **F**.

VIOLETTE

Welcome to the SOE.

The elevator closes.

32 INT. FIELD - DAY - DAYS LATER

32

Olivia stands among others, dressed in military uniform.

THE STAFF SERGEANT makes rounds between them.

STAFF SERGEANT

I HEREBY RELAY CHURCHILL'S WORDS TO
YOU ALL:

33 INT. FIRING RANGE UNDER BAKER STREET TUBE STATION - DAYS 33
LATER

An officer introduces Olivia to a Sten submachine gun.

STAFF SERGEANT
(O.S.)
'ANY MAN, WOMAN OR INSTITUTION,
WHETHER ROMAN CATHOLIC OR
MASONIC...'

CUT TO:

She takes aim. Shoots down the range.

STAFF SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(O.S.)
'TROTSKYIST OR LIBERAL, SYNDICALIST
OR CAPITALIST...'

34 INT. SOE - THE TOYSHOP - DAY - DAYS LATER 34

Another officer **cracks** open the heel of a womans shoe to reveal a hidden compartment. He hands Olivia a **microfilm**.

STAFF SERGEANT
(O.S.)
'...RATIONALIST OR CHAUVINIST,
RADICAL OR CONSERVATIVE...'

35 INT. SOE BASEMENT - DAY - DAYS LATER 35

She listens through GERMAN RADIO RECORDINGS.
TRANSCRIBES them into a telegraph machine.

36 INT. SCOTLAND - SHOOTING LODGE - CELLS - NIGHT - DAYS LATER 36

Olivia asleep in a cell. Two men dressed in **NAZI UNIFORMS** barge in.

GERMAN #1
Raus, du Schweinehund!

The lights **explode** bright. The other officer throws **cold water** on her. They **throw** her against the wall.

STAFF SERGEANT
(O.S.)
'...STALINIST OR ANARCHIST, GENTILE
OR JEW...'

They **beat** her.

STAFF SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

'whoever would help us beat the
Nazis. We will take.'

They **beat** her.

37 INT. REVELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY - A MONTH LATER 37

Olivia applies makeup to her bruised eye. She winces from pain, but continues. Then smiles the fakest smile into the mirror.

38 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - NIGHT - LATER 38

The British Union of Fascists is in full force. Simon pushes his way through the crowd.

39 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - STAGE - NIGHT 39

Where OSWALD MOSLEY (30s, sleek, aristocrat) is giving up the stage for WILLIAM JOYCE (30s, nervous rat)

The crowd CHEERS as William takes the stage.

He looks up, towards the BLINDING LIGHTS.
Towards...

40 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - LOGE - NIGHT 40

Pentegrast and two other men standing in the loge. Pentegrast is observing *everything*.

41 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - NIGHT 41

Simon also looks towards the loge. Starts heading that way.

42 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - STAGE - NIGHT 42

Joyce starts his speech, getting more agitated, more confident as he goes along.

WILLIAM JOYCE

As a young man of pure British
descent...

The crowd CHEERS again. LOUD. The speech continues..

43 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - LOGE 43

A knock on the loge door. One of the men opens it.

It's Simon. Pentegrast motions him inside, waves the others to leave.

Pentegrast puts his good arm on Simons shoulder. It's almost *paternal*.

44 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - NIGHT 44

WILLIAM JOYCE

We know that England is crying for a leader, and that leader has emerged...
...greatest Englishman I have ever known... Mosley ...

Mosley and Joyce shake hands.

45 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - LOGE - NIGHT 45

Pentegrast and Simon.

PENTEGRAST

Do you have what I asked for?

SIMON

Yes.

Simon fishes out a folded up piece of paper from his coat pocket.

Pentegrast grabs it greedily. Stuffs it away.

PENTEGRAST

Good boy.

Pentegrast produces an envelope. Holds it out. Simon takes it.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)

I am happy that our relationship is developing in a mutually beneficial direction. You are happy too, yes?

SIMON

Guess so.

Pentegrast smiles a hollow smile.

PENTEGRAST

Good. I have another job for you.
Another operation.
We have a friend here in London and
we want to make sure he is safe.
Both from others and, most
importantly, himself.
I'd like you to go and keep an eye
on him.

SIMON

Alright.

PENTEGRAST

But you won't be alone, I'm afraid.
We think your countrymen are
sending someone to spy on our
friend.
And we don't think that's very
nice. You will have to be very
careful.

Pentegrast picks up on Simon's hesitation.

PENTEGRAST (CONT'D)

It is a test, Simon. Your fear is
not misplaced. It is a test of
loyalty for all involved and if you
succeed...

SIMON

I know.

Pentegrast looks at him.

PENTEGRAST

How is your mother fairing, Simon?

SIMON

Better.

PENTEGRAST

Good. That's good. War is a
difficult time. And difficult times
call for.. strange deeds. What
matters most is that we look after
the people we care for.

Simon listens to him. Pentegrast knows exactly what to say.

PENTEGRAS (CONT'D)

If Britain decides not to help her people, then who can blame you for seeking out.. other means? I am here, with you, even when bombs fall. I bring hope even when Britain...

SIMON

Doesn't.

Pentegrast smiles: *Exactly.*

Below...

46 INT. LARGE EXHIBITION CENTRE - STAGE - NIGHT 46

Mosley finishes his speech.

MOSLEY

Britain's victories are barren; they leave her poor, and they leave her people hungry. We are nearing the end of one phase of Europe's history, but the next will be no happier. It will be grimmer, harder and perhaps bloodier. And now I ask... can Britain survive?

47 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 47

The coffee shop is crowded. Olivia walks in and spots Violette behind one of the tables, joins her.

VIOLETTE

Two men are sitting at the table next to the door.

Olivia is startled, but quickly tries to recollect.

OLIVIA

Short fellow, green suit?

VIOLETTE

The other. To the right.

OLIVIA

Gold buttoned jacket. Medium build. Forty years old.

VIOLETTE

Good. I want his family name, first name and address.

Olivia stares at her: *is she joking?* Violette takes out a pocket watch and clicks it. *She's being timed.*

OLIVIA

(to herself)

Name, address...

She looks around for anything that could help.

Violette drinks coffee.

Olivia takes off her coat, straightens her hair. She opens her purse and takes out a piece of paper. Writes on it, very carefully.

Violette checks the pocket watch.

Olivia, finished with her writing, grabs a menu from the table and walks up to the two men.

Violette watches her and sips her coffee, Olivia can be heard faintly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Good morning, gentlemen. Could I possibly trouble you for a moment?

CUSTOMER

No trouble at all.

Violette sets her drink down, alert.

OLIVIA

You have visited us before, correct?

They take warmly to Olivia. The man in the gold buttoned jacket is smiling at her.

Olivia continues talking to them, then returns and proudly hands Violette the piece of paper.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Name, address and favorite brand of tea.

Violette takes the paper and reads it.

VIOLETTE

Well done. But you committed the mistake I presumed you would.

Olivia stares at her: *what mistake?*

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

One of the gentlemen took interest in you.

Olivia looks back. One of the men has left. The other is *waiting*.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

I did not send you out to recruit or to seduce, but to gather information. You must learn how to approach from a distance, close enough to acquire what is needed and far enough to not become intriguing. You are not *exciting*, you are *boring*.

Violette clicks the pocket watch.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

Unless we ask for the opposite, of course.

Olivia stares at her - *What?*

48

INT. CAFÉ DE PARIS - NIGHT

48

An explosion of boisterous music and dancing - the glitz in the blitz. The men handsome and the women beautiful.

Olivia, dressed to the nines and a far cry from a factory girl, has chosen a quieter corner. She's eyeing the crowd.

Then spots her target: A young officer in American military uniform talking to his friends.

He leaves them to get another drink.

Olivia puts on a smile like one does a mask and swims into the crowd.

Then, as if executing a dance move, turns her back and stumbles into... The young officer.

Spilling her drink all over him.

OLIVIA
Oh! My gosh. I am SO sorry.

YOUNG AMERICAN
It's fine. Don't worry about it.

They try to deal with the mess. He unbuttons his jacket.

OLIVIA
I didn't spot you at all! I just
love the band and-

YOUNG AMERICAN
Don't worry.

Olivia smiles at him. There's a moment. He points at her
empty glass.

YOUNG AMERICAN (CONT'D)
I think we both need another drink,
don't we?

LATER:

Olivia and the officer at the bar talking, clearly enamoured
with each other.

49 INT. CAFÉ DE PARIS - EXIT - HOURS LATER

49

Olivia smiles at the officer now at the cloakroom, getting
their coats.

A group of girls walk in. They're from Olivia's work. She
freezes. It's too late to go anywhere! But no... One of them
smiles at her out of politeness and they just... pass her by.

She stands, stunned - *They didn't recognize her..*

YOUNG AMERICAN
You ready to go?

He puts her coat on her shoulders.

OLIVIA
Yes. Let's!

50 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

50

They walk, arm in arm, through the London night.

51 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

51

Olivia and the officer are laying in the morning sun, content with just having each other.

OLIVIA
I can't believe you're leaving.

OFFICER
I have to.

OLIVIA
I know you have to. I just wish you didn't.

OFFICER
What are you going to do without me?

OLIVIA
Oh, I'll manage somehow.

They laugh.

OFFICER
I don't believe you've worked a day in your life.

OLIVIA
(feigning offence)
How dare you?! I am the best shorthand typist this side of the Thames!

OFFICER
Wait! Listen...

He starts banging against the floor.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
I think they're throwing a parade in your honor!

OLIVIA
Oh shut up!

She pulls him down for a kiss.

OFFICER
You know, I could talk to a friend of my fathers... He's a businessman, here in London.

Olivia smiles.

OLIVIA
No more talking..

52 EXT. LONDON - MISTY DAWN - DAYS LATER 52

A city slowly waking up.

53 EXT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - MAIDA VALE - MISTY DAWN 53

A canal going past a stately townhouse. A riverboat, loaded with food and fuel rides up and docks. Two men exit. One of them is Simon. He ties up the boat.

54 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 54

Simon steps into a well stocked kitchen carrying a heavy crate of produce. Two maids are chattering away preparing food, one of them turns to look and waves towards a table in the corner.

SERVANT
Over there... new boy!

The girls giggle. Simon puts the crate on the table.

55 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY 55

The office on the second floor. Olivia is typing away behind her desk.

With a loud **BANG**, another fat stack of papers are dropped in front of her. Olivia flinches and looks up. It's MARGARET (late 30s) the senior secretary and Olivia's supervisor.

MARGARET
This needs to be done by tonight.

Olivia fakes an enthusiastic smile and nods. Margaret walks away to her desk. Olivia looks towards the closed doors leading to Waltons private study.

It hasn't been opened *once*. It's frustrating.

With a loud rattle, Margaret puts down a SET OF MASTER KEYS on her desk and sits down. Throws another look at Olivia...

But Olivia is obediently tapping away on her typewriter. Content with this, Margaret goes back to work.

But as Olivia works, a faint smile appears.

56 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - LATER 56

Olivia drops off outgoing mail into a tray in the hallway. She hears footsteps coming from the office and quickly darts behind a corner.

It's Margaret. She stops for a moment, looking for her, then continues down the hallway away from Olivia.

Olivia acts fast. She takes off her shoes and darts softly across the carpet back into...

57 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY 57

And to Margaret's desk. She goes through the folders, the trays - the ring of keys isn't there!

With a growing panic, she starts opening the drawers.

Nothing in the first. Nothing in the second. And the third is... locked?

Olivia pulls out a long thin metal tool from her pockets - a protractor to push the locking mechanism back.

With a loud BANG, somewhere in the building a door is shut. Olivia stops for a brief moment, listens, then continues her work.

She unlocks the drawer and pulls it open... The keys!

From her pocket she pulls out a matchbox and slides it open - it's full of plasticine. Olivia picks the one she's seen Margaret use and pushes it into the wax like substance, making a perfect copy.

Just as she finishes... A loud BANG draws her attention.

ROBERT

(O.S.)

Why are you sneaking around, boy?

It came from the hallway.

Olivia quickly shuts the drawer, sets her shoes down near her desk and peers into the hallway.

58 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 58

ROBERT (late 30s, posh) has pushed Simon against a wall.

ROBERT
Are you a thief?

SIMON
No, sir.

ROBERT
Didn't they tell you that the help
are not allowed up here?

SIMON
They-

Simon tries to straighten him out.

BANG! As Robert PUSHES him AGAIN.

ROBERT
Stay down.

SIMON
They told me. I just got lost,
alright?

He looks towards Olivia.

59 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - DAY 59

Olivia darts back. *Damn it!*

60 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 60

Walton follows Simon's stare. It's Margaret! She's looking shocked.

MARGARET
Mr. Cole? What has happened?

Robert turns sickly sweet.

ROBERT
Oh, nothing. Just a
misunderstanding, hm?
(to Simon)
Isn't that right?

Simon stands.

SIMON
Yes, sir.

ROBERT

Good boy.

61 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 61

Margaret walks in to see Olivia diligently working at her desk.

MARGARET

And where were you?

OLIVIA

Oh, I took a small break. You see, my feet get-

Margaret sees the shoes in front of Olivia's desk and waves at her to stop talking.

MARGARET

Fine, fine.

Olivia smiles and goes back to work.

62 EXT. LONDON - FOGGY SUNSET 62

People heading home after a busy day.

63 EXT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - EVENING 63

Olivia closes the main door behind her. Walks down the path to the GATE and GUARD BOOTH where the GATE GUARD and another GUARD are drinking around a MOTORBIKE. The gate guard is trying to start it, but it only putters.

He abandons it as Olivia approaches and walks up to meet her.

OLIVIA

Engine trouble?

GATE GUARD

Oh, yeah. Damned bugger.

OLIVIA

Goodnight.

GUARD

G'night, miss.

64 EXT. FOGGY STREETS - EVENING

64

And onto the streets.

Simon is there, leaning against the gate and smoking. He spots Olivia. Runs after.

SIMON

Hey.

OLIVIA

Hello.

Olivia doesn't stop.

SIMON

You work for Walton, don't you?
I've seen you in the office.

OLIVIA

I do. And I've seen you. You're the
new boy.

SIMON

That's right. D'you need help
getting to the station?

Olivia chuckles.

OLIVIA

Help?

SIMON

Alright. Fair enough.

He trails behind her.

SIMON (CONT'D)

How long have you worked for Mr.
Walton.

OLIVIA

Two months. You?

SIMON

A week. Pays well enough. Risky to
stay in London though, am I right?

OLIVIA

Figure so. You don't have any
family here?

Simon seems uncomfortable with that question.

SIMON
My mum. She's sick though.

OLIVIA
Oh..

SIMON
How about you?

OLIVIA
I don't know.

SIMON
You don't know?

OLIVIA
What?

SIMON
You don't know if you have family?

OLIVIA
No- I don't. I don't. Sorry. Busy
day.

They walk in silence for a moment. Olivia stops on a street
corner.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
God! It's like soup. Can't even see
what street we're on.

SIMON
Cigarette?
It's my last of the Players.

Simon holds out the pack.

OLIVIA
Yeah, alright.

She takes one.

SIMON
Not easy to get those. Even in
London.

OLIVIA
How did you?

SIMON
Friends in high places.

He plays it off as a goofy joke.

It *kinda* works.

They chuckle.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Come on. I think it's this way.

Olivia follows him.

65

EXT. HAMPSTEAD PARK - DAYS LATER - SUNSET

65

Violette is sitting in a park bench, watching the sunset.
Olivia walks up and sits next to her.

VIOLETTE

Good work.

Violette hands her a key. Olivia takes it.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

But we are out of time.

OLIVIA

I only need a few more days.

VIOLETTE

You will always need a few more days. There never is a perfect moment. The SOE want to try a different approach. They are arguing that a male operative would have succeeded already.

OLIVIA

I can do it!
Give me the week. They trust me.
Please.

Violette considers this.

VIOLETTE

I'll talk to Selwyn.
Anything else?

OLIVIA

I saw something.

VIOLETTE

What?

OLIVIA

Someone who works with Walton.

VIOLETTE

Name?

OLIVIA

I don't know yet. He's not usually there. But he seemed agitated today. He was badgering a boy that works there.

VIOLETTE

Did they see you?

OLIVIA

I'm not sure.

Violette senses weakness.

VIOLETTE

I warned you to not attract attention.

OLIVIA

I know.

VIOLETTE

And this is no time for mistakes. I am not going to send for a medic if you get shot. I am not helping you home after a bad mission. You want to be a gillflirt?

OLIVIA

No.

VIOLETTE

You want to stay home while the boys wage war?

OLIVIA

No! I never said-

VIOLETTE

You want to fight?

OLIVIA

Yes!

VIOLETTE

Look at me.

Olivia does.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

Don't show me I am correct. Give
nothing. No cold, no warmth.
Nothing. It will keep you alive.

Olivia nods.

OLIVIA

Fine. That it?

VIOLETTE

Get us what is in that safe.
Tonight.

Violette stands up and leaves. Olivia is left alone in the
warm rising sunlight.

66 EXT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - EVENING 66

The dark outline of the townhouse. Two men, guards laugh and
smoke in front of the house.

67 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - EVENING 67

Margaret has finished work and is packing up. Olivia pauses
her typing.

OLIVIA

I will stay an extra hour, if that
is fine?

Margaret smiles.

MARGARET

Quite alright. I can see you are
trying to impress us. Look after
yourself, Olivia. Don't work too
much.

This kindness comes as a sincere surprise to Olivia.

OLIVIA

I- Yes, madam.

Margaret leaves. Olivia listens to her walk down the hallway
just to make sure.

Then, she spurs into action. She moves quickly to the hallway
door and peers out.

68 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY - EVENING 68

A well-dressed guard has just seen Margaret off and down the stairs. He turns around to walk back to his seat.

69 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - EVENING 69

Olivia closes the door swiftly and quietly. She walks to Walton's study, ready to unlock it with the key-

SIMON

Hey-

Olivia looks back, startled.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to-

OLIVIA

It's fine.

SIMON

I just saw that the light was on,
that you hadn't-

OLIVIA

No bother. What.. was it?

SIMON

I- Well. I just thought you might
need a chaperone to the station
again..

OLIVIA

Oh. I'm working late.

SIMON

I see. Well. Maybe tomorrow?

OLIVIA

Maybe.

Simon smiles. Leaves. Olivia sighs in relief. She unlocks the door and darts into...

70 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT 70

A stately, luxurious room filled with books.

Olivia closes and locks the door behind her, looks around...

There's a large desk in one end of the room. It's bare.

But Olivia's attention is drawn to the **LARGE SAFE** built into the bookcase directly opposite of the desk. She runs to it.

It's locked, obviously. She runs her fingers against the keyhole, then looks back into the study.

OLIVIA

Ten thousand damn keys.

71 EXT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STREET - NIGHT 71

A car comes to a stop.

72 INT./EXT. CAR 72

It's Violette. She shuts off the car; checks her watch. Looks towards the Walton townhouse, *waiting*.

73 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 73

Olivia's going through drawers, looking for the key. It's nowhere to be found!

And then... voices from the hallway. Olivia listens...

74 INT. HALLWAY 74

WALTON (60s) and Robert come up the creaking stairs.

WALTON

I don't like this, Robert.

75 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT 75

Olivia jumps up from the safe. Runs to the door. Looks through the keyhole.

76 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT 76

Walton walks into the room, talking to his companion.

ROBERT

We will have to keep you away from this.

WALTON

Obviously.

Walton takes out the keys from his pocket and goes to unlock the door.

77 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

77

The doors open. Walton walks in, looks around. It's as he left it.

WALTON

Come on.

Robert follows him in.

ROBERT

There's no need for panic, Walt.

WALTON

Who's panicked?

Olivia is hiding behind one of the double doors, holding her breath. Robert starts to close them.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Leave it. Let it breathe.

Robert walks away. Olivia breathes a sigh of relief.

ROBERT

I put the boy in the cellar. My men will get the truth out of him soon enough.

WALTON

Are you quite sure about all this, Robert?

ROBERT

He was caught snooping around, *again*. And things have been running smoothly for too long. The British intelligence must be in the know by now.

WALTON

Your captives have a low survival rate.

ROBERT

... Are you getting cold feet?

WALTON

No. Of course not.

ROBERT
 Fair's fair - they have been more
 than helpful putting our
 competitors out of business.

Walton walks to the safe, Olivia is close enough to touch
 him!

WALTON
 You are right, of course. The SOE
 must be curious how the German
 bombs seem to miss my factories.

Walton takes out a KEYRING and opens the safe. Takes out TWO
 FOLDERS from inside. Hands them to Robert.

ROBERT
 These new targets accurate?

Robert opens the first one. PHOTOGRAPHS OF DOCKS AND
 FACTORIES. Walton stares at him - *Have they ever been wrong?*

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 Good.

Robert hands back the photographs. Opens the second folder.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 And the *Duchess*?

WALTON
 (in German)
 The manifest looks legitimate.
 Metal, chemicals.. but all
 seemingly innocent. The Duchess
 will be allowed to dock in Spain.

ROBERT
 (in German)
 Fantastic.

Robert hands the folder back. Walton puts them back into the
 safe and locks it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
 All we can do for the war effort,
 eh?

Walton chuckles. Hands the keys to Robert.

WALTON
 Put these back in the cellar for
 me, will you?

Walton's anxious. Robert grabs his shoulder as they leave.

ROBERT
(in German)
A few more hours, Walt. Pentegrast
is never late. We will hand over
the documents and the spy.

WALTON
Not soon enough. I hate that one
armed freak.

They leave. The doors close behind them. Olivia immediately
goes for the safe. Locked. *Damn it!*

She goes to look through the keyhole...

78 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT 78

Where Robert and Walton are talking. Robert twirls the keys
and then leaves. Walton leans against Margaret's desk and
picks up the phone.

He's not leaving! And her heels are next to her damn desk.

79 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT 79

Olivia closes the door, gently. Then looks for a way out.

The windows! She goes to open them. Climbs out onto...

80 EXT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - RAILING - NIGHT 80

The little canal dock is down below. A guard walks up the
stairs and then turns a corner. There's some light coming
from the cellar windows.

Olivia looks around for *anything* to grab onto. But the only
option is the drainpipe. And it's a *reach*.
She goes for it.

81 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 81

BAM! Simon is struck by a guard.

And **AGAIN.**

This has been going on for a while. Simon is bloody, drifting
between being conscious and not. The guard rubs his reddish
knuckles.

GUARD
Sturdy bugger.

SIMON
I'm not... a thief.

Robert grabs the boys face.

ROBERT
No. You are something worse. You
are a spy.

82 INT. EXT WALTON TOWNHOUSE - DOCK - NIGHT 82

Olivia's feet touch ground. She runs down the dock stairs,
past the canal boat and to the door leading below.

83 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 83

The sturdy cellar door... Opens. Slowly. She continues down
the stairs and along the humid hallways. It's pitch black.

84 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - CELLAR - CROSSING HALLWAYS - NIGHT 84

Darkness in the cellar. Olivia walks carefully, hands
outstretched and tracing the walls. Then, a flash of light
from one of the tunnels.

Olivia darts behind a crate.

Robert lights a cigarette.

ROBERT
Is the house empty?

GUARD
We're sending everyone away for the
night.

ROBERT
Well, make sure will you. I want-

A sound from the hallway!

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Light it.

The guard shines a light down the hallway where Olivia is sat
down behind the crate. There's movement near her hand as a
RAT scurries out and into the light.

Robert relaxes.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Let's get out of this place.

They leave. Olivia stands and heads down the main hallway reaching...

85 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - CELLAR - CELL - NIGHT 85

Simon barely reacts when Olivia enters. She runs over to him.

SIMON
...Water.

There's a barrel of fresh water nearby.

Olivia helps him drink and Simon drinks greedily. He's barely conscious.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Help. Help me.

OLIVIA
I-

Olivia spots the KEYRING with THREE KEYS on a hook.

Simon grabs him. Olivia stares at him.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

She breaks free-- Tries to. But Simon holds onto her.

She forces herself free of him.

SIMON
Wait-

Olivia grabs the keys and walks back to the door.

OLIVIA
I'm sorry.

Olivia leaves. Simon sits there, rage slowly taking him.

86 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 86

Olivia opens the safe with the key. There's STACKS AND STACKS of documents. But the TWO FOLDERS are on top of everything.

She grabs those. Shuts the safe, checks that the next room is empty and leaves into...

87 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT 87

And closes the door to the study.

GUARD
Miss?

Olivia flinches. *Was she caught?* She stares at the guard.

GUARD (CONT'D)
How long are you planning on working tonight?

OLIVIA
Oh! Just a few minutes more. I am almost finished.

Olivia smiles.

GUARD
We're closing down the house for tonight.

OLIVIA
No problem.

The guard nods. Leaves.

Olivia breathes out, holds the documents closer.

88 INT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 88

The guard reenters.

GUARD
Good news, boy. We're having guests! A real party.

SIMON
She.. was here.

GUARD
What?

SIMON
The girl- The girl from upstairs.

The guard looks at the hook - sees the missing key.

89

EXT. WALTON TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

89

Olivia walking down the path towards the gates, cradling the documents. The gate guard perks up.

GATE GUARD
 Alright, miss?

And starts to unlock the gate.

Olivia risks a glance back... Only to see THE LIGHTS in the rooms POP ON one at a time as the guards search the rooms.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
 Here we go.

The guard has opened the gate just as THE TELEPHONE inside his booth RINGS.

OLIVIA
 Please, I'll miss my-

GATE GUARD
 Hold here.

He goes to answer. Olivia looks back again.

Two men have come out of the house: ROBERT and a GUARD. They're looking around.

They SPOT Olivia. Start HEADING towards her.

The guard unhooks the phone, listens, turns towards Olivia.

Olivia looks around, desperate - *the motorbike!* It even has the KEYS in.

Olivia grabs THE CHAIR next to the BIKE, SLAMS the door SHUT and sticks the chair UNDER THE DOOR HANDLE.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
 Hey! HEY!

As the guard SLAMS into the door, Olivia jumps onto the bike and ignites the engine.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)
 OY! STOP!

Olivia turns the bike towards the gate exit, looks back.

ROBERT
 (to the guard)
 The truck. Get in!

The two turn back, heading to a truck.

90 EXT. STREETS - NIGHT 90

Violette is hearing the commotion. She gets out of the car only to see Olivia, on a motorbike, FLY out of the compound.

And moments later, A TRUCK comes screeching after her, BLOWING the gate open.

Violette, throws away her cigarette and jumps into the car.

91 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 91

THE BIKE and THE TRUCK speed down empty London streets. The ONLY sources of light in a blacked out city.

Olivia makes a SHARP turn - something only a bike can do.

The truck screeches to a halt, starts to back up, giving her valuable moments.

92 EXT. LONDON STREET NEAR SHELTER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 92

Olivia comes to a stop. Looks back, *desperate and panicked*. The truck isn't there.

MAN

What in the hell are you doing?!
You'll lead them straight here!

Olivia stares at the pedestrian - *What is he talking about?*
Then the shrill AIR SIRENS pierce through the air.
The German planes!

The man runs off, heading towards a shelter.

Olivia's bike coughs. Seems like the guard wasn't quite finished repairing it.

OLIVIA

Oh no. Come on. Come on!

The bike shuts off. She tries the ignition. It doesn't start.

Lights from the end of the street! It's the truck. And they've spotted her.

Olivia jumps off the bike and runs down the alleyway towards the shelter.

The truck comes to a stop in front of the bike. Robert and the guard jump out, holding flashlights.

AIR RAID WARDEN
Oy, fellas. Switch off those
lights.

The guard starts for his REVOLVER, but Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT
Of course.

They switch their flashlights off.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
We are not from around here.
Where's the nearest shelter?

93 INT. SHELTER

93

Olivia enters the shelter with the rest of the late nighters. It's tight and claustrophobic.

AIR RAID WARDEN
Head below people!

Some wardens are herding them. Olivia follows the general flow. But she can't relax for long - as she looks back, she sees Robert join the crowd.

Olivia speeds up. Starts pushing through the crowd.

MAN IN CROWD
There's room enough, lassie.

94 INT. SHELTER - CANTEEN - NIGHT

94

Past the canteen where she almost KNOCKS over someone holding two cups of tea.

WOMAN
Steady!

She rushes past her.

FOCUS: On the tea RATTLING as a loud BOOM can be heard from somewhere above ground. The woman sets down the cup on a table. Her HUSBAND takes it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 (worried)
 That's mighty close, isn't it?

HUSBAND
 Don't worry dear. These things are
 built for this.

WOMAN
 Still...

She looks at her son, colouring a giraffe in a picture book.

95 INT. SHELTER - SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

95

Olivia runs past the endless rows of makeshift beds. It's quiet here. A few wardens with dimmed lanterns make rounds.

Olivia looks back and sees two lights near the door. It's them! She ups her pace, looking for a way out. Any way out. Finds a heavy door. Pushes it open.

Meanwhile, Robert and the guard make their way through the room, shining lights on faces. A few curse at them.

Robert looks across the room. Sees A LIGHT flicker on behind an ajar door. He motions to the other guard.

96 INT. SHELTER - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

96

A desolate looking room with a LADDER leading to a SHUT and PADLOCKED trapdoor.

BOOM BOOM BOOM as the bombs are dropped up above. Now they seem real close. The LADDER shakes from the shockwaves.

Robert and the guard enter, cautiously. Robert hangs back as the guard goes deeper into the room- and CRASH! As Olivia slams a WOODEN CRATE against his back. Using the moment where the guard is weakened, she RUNS for the door.

But Robert comes out of nowhere and GRAPPLES her.

OLIVIA
 Let go of me!

Robert throws her into the room, AWAY from the door. Olivia scurries against a wall.

GUARD
 What should we do?

Robert gives her a cold look. Grabs the DOCUMENTS from her.

ROBERT

Kill her. Dump her body in one of the damaged houses. They'll think it was the bombs that did her in.

The guard nods, pulls out his REVOLVER. Robert heads for the door.

OLIVIA

Wait.

Robert turns.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

I can give you information. About.. the SOE.

Robert smiles. Turns back.

ROBERT

Well-

What looks like slow motion, Olivia watches as the ENTIRE SHELTER behind Robert COLLAPSES. A slowly moving TRAIN OF DESTRUCTION heading STRAIGHT TOWARDS HER, ending with-

BLACK.

97 INT./EXT. SHELTER - ROOM - DAY

97

Dust and rubble. Rays of daylight from above.

TOTAL CONFUSION as Olivia pushes herself up, weakly.

The shelter is almost completely collapsed in. You can barely make out the rooms, now partially covered in dirt.

Olivia stumbles on. The guard lays dead under a piece of concrete. Robert is alive, but barely conscious. Olivia rolls him onto his back and takes the documents from him.

BLOOD from a HEAD WOUND starts gushing down half her face. She doesn't notice.

98 INT. SHELTER - SLEEPING QUARTERS - DAY

98

She stumbles into the other room. There are countless dead here. People wandering around in shock. Wounded. Screams. Crying.

Olivia walks past all of them, holding the crumpled documents tight to her chest.

99 EXT. SHELTER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 99

The air wardens are guiding the survivors to the nurses. Olivia ignores the commotion. Gets onto the street.

100 EXT. STREETS - DAY 100

The pedestrians stare at her as she passes. One of them tries to gently stop her.

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN
Are you alright?

Olivia snaps and PUSHES the woman away, violently. A MALE PEDESTRIAN helps the lady up.

MALE PEDESTRIAN
She's in shock.

Olivia turns a corner to reveal: her home.

101 INT. REVELL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER 101

The door opens. Olivia walks in. Let's the documents DROP onto the floor. Stares at them. And then slowly sinks down.

She's broken. But she's not alone.

VIOLETTE
(O.S.)
Christ! Selwyn. She's here.

Violette comes rushing to help.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)
It's okay, darling. You did good.

She immediately starts tending to her wounds.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)
Don't fall asleep, you hear me?

Selwyn is next to them, but he's there for the documents. Takes them, flips through them.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're
doing?

Ring the doctor!

Selwyn grabs the documents and goes to the TELEPHONE that has been installed into the apartment.

He talks and looks back, but Olivia, cradled in Violette's arms, only sees a vision of her father. Charming and smiling, looking at her and speaking into the telephone.

Olivia smiles.

102 INT. REVELL HOME - BEDROOM - DAY - DAYS LATER 102

Olivia wakes in her bed. She's bandaged. She tries to get up, but the pain almost pushes her back down.

On her second attempt, she manages to sit on the edge of the bed. The window is open. It's warm and light outside. The curtains are swaying in the wind.

103 INT. REVELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY 103

Olivia opens the door to see Violette napping on the couch. She's fallen asleep reading the newspaper. It's clear that she's been here and looking after her.

Olivia takes the newspaper, looks at the headline: **BLITZ BOMBING GOES ALL NIGHT.**

But below this, to the side: **FAMED BUSINESSMAN ARRESTED ON TREASON CHARGES**

VIOLETTE

(O.S.)

Feels good, doesn't it?

She's awake.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

To change things.

Olivia nods, but...

OLIVIA

It's not why I did this.

VIOLETTE

I know.

Violette goes through her purse. Takes out a photograph.

Hands it to Olivia.

It's her father, alongside others. They're all smiling.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

This was Prosper. A network we had
in France.

OLIVIA

I had no idea...

VIOLETTE

Your father was like a godsend to
the service. His experience as a
pilot, his French background... the
men in the picture, were part of
his team. They supervised air
operations, communications, almost
everything..

There's a tone in her voice.

OLIVIA

What happened?

VIOLETTE

They were betrayed. Killed.

Olivia takes this in... *Could he really be..?*

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)

Except.. for your father.
How could the Germans shoot one of
their own? The very man who had
given up his team?

The realization hits Olivia.

OLIVIA

No. He wouldn't do it.

VIOLETTE

He survived, Olivia. And
disappeared soon after.

OLIVIA

You didn't know him-

VIOLETTE

If he was innocent.. he would have
come home.

OLIVIA
YOU DON'T KNOW HIM!!

Olivia is broken. Violette stands, gathers her things.

VIOLETTE
I'm sorry.

Violette leaves.

104

INT. REVELL HOME - HALLWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

104

Violette comes down the stairs. Selwyn is waiting for her.

SELWYN
Well?

VIOLETTE
I did as you asked.

SELWYN
Good.

VIOLETTE
But it wont work. She's too independent. Hopeful. She will keep digging.

SELWYN
Violette, was anything you said a lie?

VIOLETTE
No.

Selwyn nods - *there you have it.* He leaves.

VIOLETTE (CONT'D)
But it wasn't the truth either.

Violette throws a glance up the stairs, then leaves.

And upstairs, leaning against a wall next to the staircase, Olivia listens.

FADE OUT.

END