

THE FOURTH ARM

Episode Nine

Written by

Michael J. Bird

Agents: Fraser & Dunlop Scripts Ltd
91 Regent Street
London, W1R 8RU

C A S T L I S T

Paul Shelly	Major Gallagher		+ film
Neil Stacey	Lt-Col Squires		+ film
Philip Latham	Colonel Gwillim		
Roy Boyd	Lamboit	'Ferdy'	+ film
Susan Kydd	Solange	'Chardonneret'	+ film
Carole Nimmons	Ellen	'Merle'	+ film
Boris Isarov	Soltysyk	'Warsaw'	+ film
Dean Harris	Macklin	'Choucas'	+ film
Michael MacKenzie	Cameron (Seaward)	'Grive'	+ film
Stuart Blake	Wilson	'Corbeau'	+ film
Rob Edwards	Lovell	'Hibou'	+ film
Angela Cheyne	Birkett (Sally)	'Hirondelle'	+ film
Leonard Fenton	Corporal Moffat	'Miff'	
Edward Peel	Sgt. Major Gidney		+ film
	Sgt. Instructor (1)		+ film
	Sgt. Instructor (2)		
	Military Policeman		+ film

+ Extras

S E T L I S T

Dotheboys Main Hall
Classroom Hut
Dormitory
Squires Office
Gwillim's Office
Tea Shop

TELECINE

Ext. Dotheboys Hall
Ext. Drive, Dotheboys Hall
Ext. Gwillim's Office
Ext. Training Field
Ext. Tea Shop

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FADE IN:

TELECINE 1

A) EXT. TRAINING FIELD. - DAY]

[TWO MACHINE GUNS (BRENS OR VICKERS) ARE BEING LOADED, COCKED AND SIGHTED.

THE MACHINE GUNS ARE ON AN EMBANKMENT OVERLOOKING A STRETCH OF GROUND AT THE FAR END OF WHICH IS ANOTHER, SMALLER, RIDGE AND BEHIND THAT A SHELTERED DUG OUT.

IN THE DUG OUT, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR, ARE SOLANGE, MACKLIN, ELLEN, CAMERON, LOVELL, WILSON, BIRKETT, LAMBOIT AND SOLTYSYK.

SQUIRES AND SERGEANT MAJOR GIDNEY ARE IN AN OBSERVATION TOWER TO ONE SIDE OF THE 'BATTLE AREA' BOTH HAVE FIELD GLASSES SLUNG AROUND THEIR NECKS.

THE SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR LEADS ELLEN, MACKLIN, BIRKETT, WILSON AND SOLTYSYK OUT OF THE DUG OUT AND UP ON TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE.

AT THE BASE OF THE RIDGE, AND BETWEEN THEM AND THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE EMBANKMENT AT THE FAR END, IS FIRST A STRETCH OF OPEN TERRAIN, THEN AN EXPANSE OF BARBED WIRE STRUNG ABOUT EIGHTEEN INCHES OFF THE GROUND, THEN ANOTHER OPEN SPACE AND, BEYOND THAT, A LONG SLIT TRENCH.

SQUIRES AND GIDNEY TRAIN THEIR FIELD
GLASSES ON THE GROUP ON THE RIDGE.]

SGT. INSTRUCTOR:

Now remember. For God's sake keep your head down and keep
moving. Right. Go!

[AS THE THREE MEN AND TWO WOMEN
RUN DOWN THE SLOPE AND FALL FLAT ON
TO THEIR STOMACHS AT THE FOOT OF IT,
THE INSTRUCTOR BLOWS A WHISTLE AND
THEN MOVES QUICKLY BACK DOWN THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE RIDGE AND INTO
COVER AGAIN.

THE MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP, SPRAYING
BULLETS JUST OVER AND WITHIN INCHES
AROUND THE FIRST GROUP AS THEY
CRAWL TOWARD THE BARBED WIRE.

AT THE WIRE, AND STILL UNDER FIRE,
THEY ROLL OVER ONTO THEIR BACKS AND
EDGE THEIR WAY FORWARD BENEATH IT.

SQUIRES AND GIDNEY FOLLOW THE
PROGRESS OF THE GROUP THROUGH THEIR
FIELD GLASSES FROM THE OBSERVATION
TOWER.

CLEAR OF THE BARBED WIRE AND WITH
BULLETS PLOUGHING INTO THE SOIL
AHEAD AND BEHIND THEM, THE INITIATES
TURN OVER ON TO THEIR STOMACHS
AGAIN AND CRAWL THE REMAINING TEN
OR TWENTY YARDS TO THE SAFETY OF
THE SLIT TRENCH, THE ALMOST
CEASELESS MACHINE GUN FIRE CHASING
THEM ALL THE WAY.

ALL FIVE, WHITE FACED AND VERY
AFRAID, SLIDE GRATEFULLY AND HEAD
FIRST INTO THE TRENCH.

THE MACHINE GUNS CEASE FIRING.

IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER SQUIRES, HIS
FACE EXPRESSIONLESS, LOWERS HIS FIELD
GLASSES.

MACKLIN, BREATHING HEAVILY, PROPS
HIMSELF UP INTO A SITTING POSITION IN
THE TRENCH.]

MACKLIN:

Jesus Christ!

[SOLTYSYK SCRAMBLES UP ALONGSIDE HIM. HE NODS.]

SOLTYSYK:

(ONLY HALF JOKING) It is not safe here. In this place a man could get killed. I think I go back to the circus.

B) EXT. GWILLIM'S HEADQUARTERS, LONDON. - DAY

[A TAXI PULLS UP AT THE KERB.

MAJOR GALLAGHER GETS OUT OF IT, PAYS OFF THE DRIVER AND THEN ENTERS THE BUILDING.]

END TELECINE 1.

SC1 INT. GWILLIM'S OFFICE. - DAY

[GWILLIM IS WORKING AT HIS DESK.

WE SEE THE DESK CALENDAR STANDING TO ONE SIDE OF THE INKWELL HOLDER IN FRONT OF HIM. IT SHOWS THE DATE AS 27TH MAY 1944.

THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR]

GWILLIM:

Come in.

[GALLAGHER ENTERS. HIS EXPRESSION IS GRAVE, HIS MANNER STIFF AND FORMAL]

GWILLIM:

(LOOKING UP) Ah, morning, Hugh.

GALLAGHER:

Good morning, Colonel

[HE CLOSSES THE DOOR AND STANDS ALMOST TO ATTENTION IN FRONT OF THE DESK]

GWILLIM:

Have a good journey up?

GALLAGHER:

Fair, thank you, sir.

GWILLIM:

Good. Well sit down, man.

[GALLAGHER SITS]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) Well how are things down at Masham then?

GALLAGHER:

The training's going very well. And we're pretty much up to time.

GWILLIM:

You need to be. And you're high wire expert, the Pole, Soltysyk. How's he settling in?

GALLAGHER:

Remarkably well.

GWILLIM:

All going smoothly then.

GALLAGHER:

Pretty much, sir.

GWILLIM:

Then I'm intrigued. So why the urgent request for this meeting, Hugh? What's your problem?

[GALLAGHER HESITATES BUT ONLY
MOMENTARILY]

GALLAGHER:

I wish to be relieved of my command, Colonel. And transferred to other duties.

TELECINE 2

EXT. TRAINING FIELD - DAY

[THE SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR NOW HAS
LOVELL, SOLANGE, CAMERON AND
LAMBOIT UP ON TOP OF THE RIDGE.]

SOLANGE, CAMERON AND LAMBOIT ARE VERY TENSE AND NERVOUS BUT, MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, LOVELL GIVES AN IMPRESSION OF PEEVISH, ALMOST TRUCULENT, DETACHMENT.

IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER SQUIRES AND GIDNEY RAISE THEIR FIELD GLASSES.]

SGT. INSTRUCTOR:

Right. Go!

[SOLANGE, CAMERON AND LAMBOIT START DOWN THE RIDGE AT A RUN BUT THERE IS A LOT LESS URGENCY ABOUT LOVELL AND HALF WAY DOWN THE SLOPE HE SLOWS EVEN MORE AND LOOKS BACK AS THOUGH UNDECIDED AS TO WHETHER TO GO ANY FURTHER OR NOT

THE INSTRUCTOR, ABOUT TO BLOW HIS WHISTLE, FROWNS AND GESTURES TO HIM TO KEEP GOING.]

SGT. INSTRUCTOR:

Keep moving, you idiot!

[HE BLOWS HIS WHISTLE AND THEN DISAPPEARS BACK DOWN THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIDGE.

THE MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP.

RELUCTANTLY LOVELL THROWS HIMSELF ONTO HIS BELLY AND CRAWLS AFTER THE OTHERS, GAINING ON CAMERON WHO IS ALREADY SOMEWHAT BEHIND SOLANGE AND LAMBOIT.

SGT. MAJOR GIDNEY LOWERS HIS FIELD GLASSES A LITTLE AND GLANCES AT SQUIRES BUT THE COLONEL IS INTENT ON FOLLOWING THE GROUP'S PROGRESS ACROSS THE FIELD OF FIRE.

ALMOST UP TO THE BARBED WIRE LOVELL IS STILL LAGGING BEHIND SOLANGE AND LAMBOIT BUT IS A LITTLE AHEAD OF CAMERON.

THEN, SUDDENLY, WITH A LOOK OF IRRITATION TURNING TO DEFIANCE, LOVELL STOPS.

IN THE OBSERVATION TOWER SQUIRES AND GIDNEY HAVE THEIR GLASSES TRAINED ON HIM.

SEEN AT FIRST THROUGH A BINOCULAR MASK PERHAPS, LOVELL MOMENTARILY BURIES HIS FACE IN HIS FOREARMS AND THEN SLOWLY HE MAKES A MOVE AS IF TO GATHER HIMSELF TOGETHER AND STAND UP.

CAMERON, WHO HAS CRAWLED UP IN LINE WITH HIM NOW, LOOKS ACROSS, GREATLY CONCERNED AND WHEN HE SEES LOVELL APPARENTLY BEGINNING TO RISE HIS EXPRESSION BECOMES ONE OF HORRIFIED DISBELIEF.

ROLLING ACROSS TO LOVELL, WHO HAS HIS HANDS SPREAD OUT ON EITHER SIDE OF HIM AND IS BEGINNING TO EASE HIMSELF OFF THE GROUND, CAMERON FORCES HIM BACK DOWN ONTO HIS BELLY ONCE MORE.]

CAMERON:

Stay flat! You'll get your bloody head blown off!

[LOVELL GIVES HIM AN ANGRY LOOK BUT THEN CAPITULATES AND CRAWLS ON.

CAMERON FOLLOWS.

WHEN THEY ROLLOVER ON TO THEIR BACKS THEY SQUIRM THROUGH INTO AND UNDER THE BARBED WIRE.

SQUIRES LOWERS HIS FIELD GLASSES. HE AND GIDNEY EXCHANGE PUZZLED AND WORRIED LOOKS.

THEY RESUME THEIR OBSERVATION.

SOLANGE AND LAMBOIT FALL INTO THE SLIT TRENCH, EXHAUSTED AND VERY SHAKEN BY THE EXPERIENCE.

LOVELL AND CAMERON SLITHER DOWN
BESIDE THEM.]

CAMERON:

What the bloody hell were you doing out there then?

[LOVELL FROWNS.]

LOVELL:

(SULKILY) Just resting. I had a touch of cramp.

CAMERON:

Well I tell you, for a minute it- looked to me like you was going to stand up.

LOVELL:

Don't be ridiculous!

CAMERON:

Ridiculous maybe. But that's what it looked like. And you had've done, well that would've cured your cramp and no mistake.

[SOLANGE AND LAMBOIT EXCHANGE
QUESTIONING LOOKS.]

SQUIRES AND GIDNEY COME DOWN FROM
THE TOWER.]

SQUIRES:

Right. Carry on, Sergeant Major.

GIDNEY:

Sir.

[HE SALUTES

SQUIRES RETURNS THE SALUTE AND THEN
MOVES AWAY, PENSIVE AND TROUBLED.]

END TELECINE 2.

SC2 INT. GWILLIM'S OFFICE - DAY

[RESUME GWILLIM AND GALLAGHER.

GALLAGHER IS STILL SITTING IN FRONT OF THE DESK. GWILLIM IS STANDING BESIDE THE WINDOW, STUDYING HIM CLOSELY]

GWILLIM:

You're tired, Major. It's been an uphill slog all the way so far. For you, for the other people at Masham. For all of us come to that. But you're under the greatest strain of all and this is a natural enough reaction.

GALLAGHER:

No, it's more than simply a reaction, sir. I had my doubts from the start.

GWILLIM:

Really! You didn't say anything as I remember.

GALLAGHER:

Because I couldn't focus them properly then. I can now. And I'm not the man to lead this operation.

GWILLIM:

I don't take that too kindly. Seeing that I picked you. Are you questioning my judgment?

GALLAGHER:

No, sir. Mine.

GWILLIM:

I see. For what reason?

GALLAGHER:

My past record for one thing.

GWILLIM:

Your record's an excellent one. You wouldn't have been given this job if it wasn't. The raid on Brest? Is that what you have in mind?

[GALLAGHER FROWNS AND SHOOTS HIM A LOOK]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) You surely don't imagine for one moment that I'm not fully aware of what happened there, Major.

GALLAGHER:

I made a mistake. A big one. And four men died unnecessarily because of it.

GWILLIM:

Your radio had been knocked out. You were pinned down by heavy enemy' fire. You'd already suffered fifty percent casualties and those that were left were facing almost certain annihilation. You had just two courses of action open to you. To be successful the one you chose depended on the support groups still being in position as you had every reason to believe they were. Entirely cut off there was no way you could've known that they had already fallen back to the beach. You're damned lucky any of you got through. And none of you would've if you'd taken the other route out. All right, so you've lost four more men. But you saved sixteen. Ask any of them if they think you made a mistake.

GALLAGHER:

It's not as clear cut as that. The way things were going I should've realised At least allowed for the possibility that

GWILLIM:

And with those tanks almost on top of you, while you were weighing all the pros and cons and looking for a nice, neat, tidy answer, how many more of your men would've died? Oh I'm not denying that you made a mistake, Major. You did. But, as it happens, in the situation you found yourself, anything you'd have done would've been a mistake. Including surrendering.

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) And if you doubt that just remember what the S.S. did to the remnants of C Group. Now I grant you, you made a mistake. But you made less of a mistake and in war we often have to settle for that. You know that as well as I do.

GALLAGHER:

Any way you look at it, Colonel, without the benefit of hindsight it was an error of judgment. And it could happen again. On this operation.

GWILLIM:

Yes of course it could. And the possibility has been calculated. Along with all the other risks. And the odds against it happening are not going to be any less with any other similarly qualified or experienced officer in command. I'll tell you frankly if I thought they would be I wouldn't have selected you.

GALLAGHER:

Whatever you say, sir. I still feel

GWILLIM:

(ANGRILY) I don't give a damn what you feel, Major! This is one of the most vital operations of the war. And it has to succeed. I certainly wouldn't jeopardise it by entrusting command of it to an officer who had ever given anyone as much as a hint of lacking the necessary skill

and judgment to pull it off. And not for one moment will I even consider your request to be relieved of that command. Merely because of any feeling of guilt you may have over something that happened in the past. Is that clear?

GALLAGHER:

There's more to it than that, Colonel. And all right, maybe what happened then can be argued away. But my judgment's still in question as far as the present operation's concerned. What about Simone Portales?

[GWILLIM STUDIES HIM. THEN HE MOVES BACK TO THE DESK AND SITS IN HIS CHAIR AGAIN. HE OFFERS GALLAGHER A CIGARETTE.

GALLAGHER SHAKES HIS HEAD]

GWILLIM:

You had good reason to believe that she was a traitor.

GALLAGHER:

And I approved her execution. Unhesitatingly.

GWILLIM:

You had no choice.

GALLAGHER:

I could've waited. Checked more closely.

GWILLIM:

Could you? Bearing in mind the risks in delaying?

GALLAGHER:

She was innocent, Colonel!

GWILLIM:

Yes. Undoubtedly. And her death was unfortunate.

GALLAGHER:

Unfortunate! It was totally unnecessary.

GWILLIM:

No, Major. I repeat, it was unfortunate. And it's deeply regretted. And not just by you either. But security is paramount. And if she had been working for the enemy

GALLAGHER:

But she wasn't. And if I can make a mistake like that God knows what

GWILLIM:

She was your first casualty, Major. In carrying out a particularly difficult operation where giving anyone the benefit of the doubt is a luxury we cannot afford.

GALLAGHER:

That doesn't make it any easier to live with.

[EVEN MORE ANGRY NOW, GWILLIM GETS TO HIS FEET AGAIN]

GWILLIM:

And just what gives you the exclusive right to a clear conscience may I ask? What's so special about Hugh Gallagher for Christ's sake?

[HE STRIDES ACROSS TO THE WINDOW AND STANDS GAZING OUT OF IT FOR A WHILE. THEN, FULLY IN CONTROL OF HIMSELF ONCE MORE HE TURNS TO GALLAGHER]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) I know how you feel, believe me. And I know just how difficult it is to cope with something like that. You see not so long ago. I had to blow one of our networks in Lyons to the Gestapo. Five men and three women. And that choice was mine alone. Oh it was done for all the right, motives. There was another group I had to protect and that was the only way I could do it. And I'd like to think that their deaths and what they went through before they were shot shortened this damned war by even as little as one day. I'd like to. And maybe they did. But I can't be sure. Never will be. And it really doesn't matter. They might've done. And that has to be enough.

[HE CROSSES TO THE TABLE WITH THE WHISKEY BOTTLE AND GLASSES ON IT]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) I'm going to, have a drink. How about you?

SC3 INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

[SOLANGE, WILSON, MACKLIN, BIRKETT, ELLEN, LAMBOIT AND CAMERON ARE SEATED AROUND ONE OF THE TABLES HAVING COFFEE.

NEARBY CORPORAL MOFFAT, WHILE WIPING DOWN ANOTHER TABLE, IS DISCREETLY EAVESDROPPING ON THE CONVERSATION]

CAMERON:

Cramp my arse! I don't care what Hibou says. He was getting up I tell you.

LAMBOIT:

I cannot believe that. He cannot be that stupid.

ELLEN:

Maybe he just froze for a moment.

BIRKETT:

Yes, that's it. I nearly did. More than once.

CAMERON:

No, he wasn't that afraid. He wasn't half as frightened as I was. You could tell by the look on his face. It was like well it was as if at that moment he'd had enough and he didn't give a bugger about anything.

SC4 INT. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

[SQUIRES IS STANDING LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW. THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. HE TURNS]

SQUIRES:

Come.

[LOVELL ENTERS]

LOVELL:

You wanted to see me, Colonel?

SQUIRES:

Yes, Hibou. Take a seat.

[HE CROSSES TO HIS DESK. LOVELL MAKES NO MOVE TO SIT DOWN]

SQUIRES:

(CONTD.) As you wish. You seemed to be in some kind of difficulty out on the battle range today. What was the problem?

LOVELL:

There was no problem.

SQUIRES:

Grive appeared to be more than a little concerned.

LOVELL:

Over reaction on his part.

SQUIRES:

You hesitated. Why?

LOVELL:

Cramp. It passed.

SQUIRES:

Is that all?

LOVELL:

I finished the course, Colonel.

SQUIRES:

True. But at that stage you really didn't have much alternative, did you?

LOVELL:

Oh I don't know.

SQUIRES:

If you'd lain there any longer you could've been badly wounded. Killed even.

LOVELL:

Perhaps.

SQUIRES:

The gunners would've continued firing. Those are their orders. You were told that at the start.

LOVELL:

And I never doubted it.

SQUIRES:

No I'm sure you didn't. You're not a fool.

LOVELL:

Thank you. Was that all?

SQUIRES:

No. Quite apart from today's incident I have to tell you that you are causing me some concern generally. You're not nearly up to the mark, on your training and, well quite frankly, it seems to me that your attitude's all wrong.

LOVELL:

Oh I'm sorry if I'm a disappointment.

SQUIRES:

You see what I mean.

LOVELL:

The wrong attitude again? Well it's hardly surprising, is it? I'm a physicist and engineer, Colonel. Not a soldier. And certainly not Errol Flynn.

TELECINE 3

EXT. DOTHEBOYS HALL - NIGHT

[SOLANGE IS STANDING IN THE PORCH OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR SMOKING A CIGARETTE, DEEP IN THOUGHT AND GAZING WISTFULLY DOWN THE DRIVE. SHE IS CLEARLY VERY EDGY.]

A MILITARY CAR DRIVES UP FROM THE GATES AND IS PARKED ACROSS THE DRIVEWAY FROM THE PORCH.

THE DRIVER OPENS THE REAR DOOR FOR GALLAGHER WHO GETS OUT AND CROSSES TO THE HOUSE.

HE PAUSES AND PEERS INTO THE GLOOM.]

GALLAGHER:

Who's that?

[SOLANGE TAKES A STEP FORWARD OUT OF THE DEEPER SHADOWS.]

GALLAGHER:

Ah! Evening.

SOLANGE:

Good evening, major.

GALLAGHER:

Getting some air?

SOLANGE:

Trying to remember.

[GALLAGHER GIVES HER A QUESTIONING LOOK.]

SOLANGE:

(CONTD.) What life is like beyond the wall. Away from all this.

GALLAGHER:

It hasn't been that long.

SOLANGE:

Hasn't it? It seems as though it has.

GALLAGHER:

Nothing's changed.

SOLANGE:

At least you can testify to that. I envy you.

GALLAGHER:

Only a little while to go now. And then

SOLANGE:

The cage door will be opened and I will be free again, eh? To do what I want, to go where I want for even no more than an hour or so.

[SHE GIVES HIM A WRY SMILE.]

SOLANGE:

(CONTD.) Only that's not really how it's going to be, is it? But at this moment I'd be grateful for no more than that.

[FROWNING SLIGHTLY, GALLAGHER LOOKS AT HER SEARCHINGLY.]

GALLAGHER:

Come on. I'll buy you a drink.

[SOLANGE SHAKES HER HEAD.]

SOLANGE:

No thank you. I think I will walk a little. Maybe down to the gates once more.

GALLAGHER:

Then I'll walk with you, shall I?

SOLANGE:

Thank you again, Major, but please don't bother. I know the way.

[SHE CRUSHES OUT HER CIGARETTE UNDER FOOT AND THEN MOVES OUT OF THE PORCH AND WALKS SLOWLY AWAY FROM HIM DOWN THE DRIVE.]

OBVIOUSLY CONCERNED GALLAGHER
GAZES AFTER HER FOR A FEW MOMENTS.
THEN HE TURNS AND ENTERS THE HOUSE.]

END TELECINE 3

SC5 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

[AS GALLAGHER ENTERS.

THE ONLY PEOPLE IN THE HALL ARE
SQUIRES WHO IS STANDING AT THE BAR
WITH A DRINK IN FRONT OF HIM AND
CORPORAL MOFFAT WHO IS POLISHING
SOME GLASSES DOWN BEHIND THE FAR
END OF IT.

MOFFAT SEES GALLAGHER, SMILES, PUTS
DOWN THE CLOTH HE'S HOLDING AND
MOVES UP TO TAKE HIS ORDER]

MOFFAT:

Good evening, sir.

GALLAGHER:

(CROSSING TO THE BAR) Evening.

SQUIRES:

Welcome back. What'll you have?

GALLAGHER:

(TO MOFFAT) The usual thanks, Miff.

[MOFFAT POURS GALLAGHER HIS DRINK]

GALLAGHER:

(CONTD.) Thanks.

[MOFFAT MOVES BACK DOWN TO THE FAR
END OF THE BAR AGAIN AND RESUMES HIS
POLISHING]

SQUIRES:

So how did it go?

GALLAGHER:

We talked.

SQUIRES:

(ANXIOUSLY) And?

GALLAGHER:

What Gwillim said made a lot of sense. Enough anyway.

SQUIRES:

I'm glad. When you told me that you were.....

GALLAGHER:

(INTERRUPTING) If you wouldn't much mind, Colonel. I'd rather we left it there. Just put it down to a moment of self indulgence. Forget it even. If that's possible.

SQUIRES:

(RAISING HIS GLASS) Of course. It's forgotten. Cheers.

GALLAGHER:

Cheers.

[THEY DRINK]

GALLAGHER:

(CONTD.) How's it gone today?

SQUIRES:

Not bad. I'm worried about Hibou though. He acted very strangely out on the battle range this morning. And he's lagging behind the others in almost everything. He's just not cut out for this kind of thing. My feeling is that you ought to drop him.

GALLAGHER:

I know what you mean but I can't do that. If anyone's vital to this operation he is. And he's not the only one of them who's feeling the strain either.

SQUIRES:

That's the oddest thing about him. I don't think he is under stress. Not nearly as much as some of the others are anyway. It's almost as if he's totally detached himself from the whole business and is just going through the motions.

GALLAGHER:

I'll keep a closer eye on him tomorrow.

SQUIRES:

So will I. Believe me.

TELECINE 4.

EXT. TRAINING GROUND. - DAY

[TWO TELEGRAPH POLES HAVE BEEN SET UP TO REPRESENT THE TREES WHICH WILL BE USED FOR CROSSING THE MINEFIELD IN THE ASSAULT ON THE COMPLEX.

THE FIRST WIRE HAS ALREADY BEEN SECURED AND SOLTYSYK, USING A SHORT BALANCING POLE, IS HALF WAY ACROSS IT.

THE WIRE PASSES OVER ANOTHER WHICH IS SET AT A RIGHT ANGLE TO IT AND SIMULATES THE TOP OF THE PERIMETER FENCE AROUND THE COMPLEX.

GALLAGHER AND THE REMAINDER OF THE GROUP UNDER TRAINING ARE GATHERED AROUND OR CLINGING TO THE TELEGRAPH POLE FROM WHICH SOLTYSYK STARTED HIS CROSSING.

THEY ARE ALL CARRYING WEAPONS AND THE SAME AMOUNT OF EQUIPMENT AS WILL BE NECESSARY WHEN THEY CROSS THE MINEFIELD FOR REAL.

SGT. MAJOR GIDNEY IS IN CHARGE OF THE EXERCISE AND STANDING A LITTLE WAY OFF IS COLONEL SQUIRES WHO IS TIMING THE CROSSING WITH A STOPWATCH.

THE SECOND WIRE IS PASSED ACROSS TO SOLTYSYK AND SECURED AND TENSIONED AT BOTH ENDS. THEN, ONE BY ONE AND LED BY GALLAGHER, THE GROUP MOVE ON TO THE SECOND WIRE AND, HAND OVER HAND, START TO SWING ACROSS THE GAP AND OVER THE TOP OF THE 'FENCE'.]

GIDNEY:

(SHOUTING) Faster! Faster! And keep your legs up! You touch that other wire as you go over it and you're dead. Remember that.

[FOR SOME OF THE GROUP THE CROSSING IS EASIER THAN FOR OTHERS BUT ALL OF THEM FIND IT A GREAT STRAIN ON THEIR ARMS AND, DANGLING IN MID-AIR AND WEIGHED DOWN BY THEIR EQUIPMENT, NONE OF THEM MANAGES TO MAKE IT VERY QUICKLY.

WILSON AND MACKLIN AWAIT THEIR TURN.]

WILSON:

Now what the 'ell's all this in aid of, eh? Tell me that?

MACKLIN:

It's just another of your up and overs, innit? And it makes a lot more sense than that bloody pole vaulting lark, don't it?

[HAVING GOT ACROSS EXPERTLY AND IN GOOD TIME, GALLAGHER STANDS WATCHING AS THE FIRST ONE OR TWO OF THEM STRUGGLE THEIR WAY ALONG THE WIRE. THEN HE MOVES AWAY TO JOIN SQUIRES.]

GIDNEY:

(SHOUTING) Don't just hang there! Move! Move!

[ELLEN, WHO WAS THE THIRD ONE ACROSS, WATCHES LAMBOIT SWINGING HIMSELF TOWARD HER. HE MAKES IT WITHOUT TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY BUT WHEN HE DROPS TO THE GROUND HE LANDS BADLY AND WINCES WITH PAIN AND ALMOST CRIES OUT.

CONCERNED, ELLEN GOES TO HIM.]

ELLEN:

Are you all right, Ferdy?

LAMBOIT:

(BRUSQUELY) Of course I'm all right.

[HE LOOKS AROUND ANXIOUSLY AND HE'S RELIEVED TO SEE THAT NO-ONE ELSE HAS APPARENTLY NOTICED HIS DISTRESS. MOVING AWAY HE WINCES AGAIN AND PAUSES.]

ELLEN:

You're not. You're in pain. You hurt yourself.

LAMBOIT:

There's nothing wrong I tell you. I merely slipped when I landed. That is all.

ELLEN:

It's your wound, isn't it? All this is too much for it. You should report sick. Have someone look at it.

LAMBOIT:

(A SAVAGE WHISPER) For God's sake! Mind your own business!

[DISGUIISING HIS LIMP AS BEST HE CAN HE MOVES AWAY FROM HER.

MORE THAN A LITTLE HURT AND VERY CONCERNED. ELLEN WATCHES HIS PROGRESS.]

GALLAGHER:

(TO SQUIRES) How are, they doing?

SQUIRES:

(HIS EYES ON THE STOPWATCH AND FROWNING) Too slow! Too damn slow!

[ON THE WIRE MACKLIN STRUGGLES HALF WAY ACROSS WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY AND THEN CAN GO NO FURTHER.]

GIDNEY:

(SHOUTING) And what are you waiting for then? Keep going!

[MACKLIN MAKES A FURTHER EFFORT AND THEN, THE STRAIN SHOWING ON HIS FACE, HE LETS GO AND FALLS TO THE GROUND SHORT OF THE 'FENCE'.

GALLAGHER AND SQUIRES EXCHANGE LOOKS.]

GIDNEY:

(CONTD.) Oh that's bloody marvellous! Well you dropped yourself right in it there and no mistake.

SQUIRES:

(QUIETLY AND WITH A SIGH) Slap bang in the middle of the minefield.

GALLAGHER:

He'll handle it better next time. They all will.

SQUIRES:

If just one of them does that over in France there won't be a next time.
For any of you.

END TELECINE 4.

SC6 INT. MAIN HALL - EVENING

[ELLEN, LOVELL, CAMERON, BIRKETT AND
SOLANGE ARE AT THE BAR,

MACKLIN, WILSON AND SOLTYSYK ARE
SEATED AT ONE OF THE TABLES AND
SITTING AT ANOTHER, DEFIANTLY ALONE,
IS LAMBOIT.

TRAINING IS OVER FOR THE DAY AND THEY
HAVE GATHERED FOR A DRINK BEFORE
CHANGING AND GETTING READY FOR THE
EVENING MEAL.

THEY ARE ALL VERY TIRED AND A LITTLE
DEPRESSED. THINGS ON THE WIRE HAVE
NOT GONE THAT WELL.

THEIR ARMS ARE ACHING ABOMINABLY
FROM THE STRAIN OF REPEATED CROSSING
AND THEY USE THEM SOMEWHAT STIFFLY.

AS USUAL CORPORAL MOFFAT IS BEHIND
THE COUNTER]

MACKLIN:

Jesus! I can 'ardly move my bloody arms!

WILSON:

Same with all of us 'cept Warsaw here.

MACKLIN:

It's all right for him. He walks across, don't 'e?

[SOLTYSYK LAUGHS]

SOLTYSYK:

I'll tell you what. We change places, eh?

MACKLIN:

Not bloody likely! I'd rather have aching arms than a broken neck.

SOLTYSYK:

Okay, then I give you best cure in world for muscles that are hurting.

WILSON:

(EAGERLY) What is it?

SOLTYSYK:

Vodka. Mixed in with pig's fat.

[MACKLIN GRIMACES]

MACKLIN:

You must be joking, Warsaw! I'd never be able to swallow that.

[THE GROUP AT THE BAR ARE EVEN MORE
SUBDUED.]

LOVELL IS STARING INTO HIS HALF EMPTY
GLASS]

BIRKETT:

(MISERABLE AND EXAMINING HER PALMS) Oh look at my hands! They'll never be the same again.

MOFFAT:

(CONFIDENTIALLY) I could let you have a drop of olive oil. That might soften them up a bit.

BIRKETT:

Real olive oil! Where on earth

[MOFFAT PUTS A FINGER TO HIS LIPS]

MOFFAT:

A friend of mine in the REME sort of requisitioned a few cans when he was in Italy and he brought a couple of them 'ome with him. He gave me some. But don't let on, eh?

BIRKETT:

You're an angel, Miff! (TO ELLEN AND SOLANGE) We'll share it.

MOFFAT:

I'll slip it to you a bit later, all right?

[HE MOVES AWAY DOWN THE BAR TO SERVE WHO HAS COME ACROSS FOR A REFILL FOR HIS GLASS AND THOSE OF HIS TWO COMPANIONS]

MACKLIN:

Same again.

CAMERON:

I could do without another day like this one I tell yer.

ELLEN:

It's all happening again tomorrow I understand.

CAMERON:

Oh no! You serious?

ELLEN:

Well that's what Gidders told me.

CAMERON:

(TO LOVELL) You hear that, Hibou?

[LOVELL COMES OUT OF HIS REVERIE AND STARES AT HIM BLANKLY]

LOVELL:

What?

CAMERON:

We're going to be out there swinging on that wire again tomorrow.

LOVELL:

(DISINTERESTEDLY) Oh really.

CAMERON:

How are you feeling?

LOVELL:

Not much more ridiculous than usual.

[HE EMPTIES HIS GLASS, MOVES AWAY FROM THE BAR AND EXITS]

CAMERON:

Toffee nosed bugger. And a right happy little soul he's been lately, hasn't he?

SOLANGE:

If you'll excuse me I'm going to soak for one whole hour in a hot bath.

BIRKETT:

Good idea.

[SOLANGE DRAINES HER GLASS]

SOLANGE:

See you later.

[SHE MOVES AWAY AND EXITS]

(TO BIRKETT) Another one?

[BIRKETT HESITATES]

CAMERON:

(CONTD.) Go on. Dulls the pain.

BIRKETT:

All right. Thanks.

CAMERON:

(TO ELLEN) How about you, Merle?

ELLEN:

(INDICATING HER GLASS) No I'll stick on this, thanks.

[CAMERON TURNS TO THE BAR 'DO CATCH
MOFFAT'S ATTENTION.

WITH A CONCERNED FROWN, ELLEN LOOKS
ACROSS AT THE TABLE WHERE LAMBOIT IS
SITTING ALONE.

HE IS SLUMPED IN HIS CHAIR, IDLY TOYING
WITH HIS GLASS AND STARING MISERABLY
INTO SPACE]

TELECINE 5.

EXT. DOTHEBOYS HALL. - LATE

[TIME BRIDGE.]

END TELECINE 5

SC7 INT. DORMITORY – LATE EVENING

[ELLEN IS SITTING AT A TABLE WRITING A LETTER.

BIRKETT IS COMING HER SHE WINCES AT THE EFFORT AND RUBS HER ARMS SHE EXAMINES HERSELF CRITICALLY IN THE MIRROR AND THEN TOSSES HER COMB DOWN ON TO THE DRESSING TABLE BESIDE A HALF WHISKEY BOTTLE CONTAINING THE OLIVE OIL THAT MOFFAT PROMISED HER]

BIRKETT:

Coming to supper?

ELLEN:

No you go ahead. Oddly enough I'm not really very hungry. And I want to get this letter finished anyway. I'll maybe have a sandwich later.

BIRKETT:

I'm starving.

[SHE OPENS THE BOTTLE AND POURS A LITTLE OF THE OLIVE OIL INTO THE PALM OF HER RIGHT HAND AND THEN RUBS IT GENTLY INTO BOTH OF THEM]

BIRKETT:

(CONTD.) I really think this olive oil's working. You should try it.

ELLEN:

I will.

BIRKETT:

T T F N then.

[SHE EXITS.

ELLEN WRITES ANOTHER LINE OR TWO OF HER LETTER AND THEN LOOKS UP FROM IT SEEKING SOMETHING MORE TO SAY. THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR]

ELLEN:

(CALLING) Yes.

[THE DOOR OPENS AND LAMBOIT LOOKS INTO THE ROOM]

LAMBOIT:

(SHYLY) May I come in?

[ELLEN IS PLEASED TO SEE HIM]

ELLEN:

Of course, Ferdy.

[LAMBOIT GAZES AROUND THE EDGE OF
THE DOOR]

LAMBOIT:

Are you alone?

ELLEN:

Yes. Just writing a letter.

LAMBOIT:

Oh, I am sorry. I am interrupting.

ELLEN:

No, honestly. Come on in.

[SHE LAYS DOWN HER FOUNTAIN PEN AS
LAMBOIT ENTERS. HE CLOSSES THE DOOR
BEHIND HIM]

ELLEN:

(CONTD.) I never know what to say anyway. It's so difficult.
Anything much more than 'I am well and I hope you are too' and the
censor cuts it out. Sit down.

[LAMBOIT LOOKS AROUND. THE OTHER
CHAIRS ARE DRAPED WITH CLOTHING. HE
SETTLES HIMSELF ON THE CORNER OF ONE
OF THE BEDS]

LAMBOIT:

Who are you writing to?

ELLEN:

My parents.

LAMBOIT:

What do they think you are doing?

ELLEN:

My primary training. In the army. Somewhere in England as the
saying is. As far as they are concerned I've been called up into the
ATS.

[LAMBOIT NODS]

ELLEN:

(CONTD.) What can I do for you?

LAMBOIT:

I have come to apologise. For speaking to you as I did today.

ELLEN:

Forget it. It isn't important.

LAMBOIT:

It is to me. You must know that. And I am sorry. Very sorry. Will you forgive me?

ELLEN:

Of course. Nothing to forgive really. My fault anyway. I shouldn't have said anything. How is your leg now?

LAMBOIT:

Now it is fine. But I cannot pretend. Not to you. From time to time it pains me. Especially today coming off that wire.

ELLEN:

I really do think you ought to let the doctor have a look at it.

LAMBOIT:

No. I cannot do that.

ELLEN:

Why?

LAMBOIT:

Because if I do it is possible that major Gallagher might stop me from going on the operation.

ELLEN:

But you're due to go anyway. I mean you're not like the rest of us, just waiting to see if we're chosen. You've been selected already. You have to go.

LAMBOIT:

I doubt if the Major thinks that I am really indispensable. And if he ever suspected that I might be a liability in any way.

[HE SHRUGS]

ELLEN:

Are you likely to be?

LAMBOIT:

No. Not at all. I can do anything that will be asked of me. It is just that sometimes but then for a moment only. No one will be at risk because of me. That I can promise. But if Gallagher or Colonel Squires were to know that my leg still gives me a little pain now and then they might not accept that. And possibly they would refuse to let me go.

ELLEN:

And is this operation that important to you?

LAMBOIT:

Yes. After what they have done to me, my friends, my country I want to really hurt the Boche. And if we are successful we will. Badly. But getting back to France. That is what is really important to me. You've not said anything to anyone, have you?

ELLEN:

No.

LAMBOIT:

And you won't, will you? Please!

[ELLEN STUDIES HIM. SHE SMILES GENTLY]

ELLEN:

It's just between us.

LAMBOIT:

(QUIETLY) Thank you.

ELLEN:

So long as you're sure you can cope.

LAMBOIT:

No problem.

[AGAIN ELLEN STUDIES HIM CLOSELY. SHE NODS]

ELLEN:

It is France then.

LAMBOIT:

I think that must be obvious to everyone here, no?

ELLEN:

But you know exactly where. And what we're going to do. Don't you?

LAMBOIT:

Where? Yes. And what? Well I have a very good idea. But I cannot say anything. Not even to you.

ELLEN:

Of course not. I realise that.

[SHE TURNS AWAY FROM HIM AND STARES DOWN AT HER LETTER]

ELLEN:

(CONTD.) When I think about it I'm afraid, Ferdy. That's why I don't. Not too much.

LAMBOIT:

Better not. And we are all afraid. That is nothing to be ashamed of. It is only natural. But for me just about anything would be better than being cooped up in this place much longer.

[ELLEN TURNS TO HIM AGAIN]

ELLEN:

I think that's what's getting on Chardonneret's nerves more than anything else. Being shut away from everything. She's been very restless just lately.

LAMBOIT:

But not you?

[ELLEN PICKS UP A PACKET OF CIGARETTES FROM THE TABLE, STANDS UP AND CROSSES TO LAMBOIT]

ELLEN:

(SMILING) Entirely different temperament. She's so active. So full of life. And me, well I'm pretty much of a stay-at-home. Always have been. So I'm not that bothered.

[SHE OFFERS HIM THE PACKET OF CIGARETTES. LAMBOIT SHAKES HIS HEAD.]

ELLEN SITS DOWN BESIDE HIM ON THE BED. HE STUDIES HER.]

LAMBOIT:

You make yourself sound

[ELLEN GROPEs FOR THE RIGHT WORD]

ELLEN:

Dull?

[LAMBOIT SHAKES HIS HEAD]

LAMBOIT:

No, never that. But in some way inferior to Chardonneret perhaps.

ELLEN:

Well that's probably right. I'm a very ordinary person. She's not.

LAMBOIT:

Being ordinary does not make you inferior.

ELLEN:

No of course it doesn't. (SHE SMILES) Just envious sometimes. (BRIGHTLY) Tell me, how long do you think it will be before the team is chosen?

LAMBOIT:

Very soon I think.

ELLEN:

Well that'll be a relief for all of us. And a great disappointment for some of course.

LAMBOIT:

Will you be very disappointed if you are not selected?

ELLEN:

Of course. It would be such an anticlimax for one thing. Besides I want to go. Very much. Even though the thought of it frightens me.

LAMBOIT:

Why?

ELLEN:

To prove something to myself.

LAMBOIT:

What do you want to prove?

ELLEN:

That I can do it. It's as simple as that. And as selfish.

LAMBOIT:

Then you will hate me I think, Merle. Because I must tell you that if I were a praying man I would be on my knees again tonight praying that you are not chosen.

[ELLEN LOOKS INTO HIS FACE]

ELLEN:

How could I hate you for that, Ferdy?

[LAMBOIT HOLDS HER LOOK]

LAMBOIT:

You know why I feel that way?

ELLEN:

Yes. At least I hope I do.

LAMBOIT:

I do not have the right. In times like these no one has the right

[ELLEN LEANS FORWARD AND KISSES HIM
LIGHTLY ON THE LIPS]

ELLEN:

Say it, Ferdy. Say it. Please!

[LAMBOIT TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS]

SC8 INT. SQUIRES OFFICE - NIGHT

[WE OPEN CLOSE ON GWILLIM]

GWILLIM:

The Germans have tightened their security considerably.

[NOW WE SEE THAT GWILLIM IS STANDING
AT THE DESK, HIS BRIEFCASE OPEN BESIDE
HIM.

GALLAGHER IS STANDING FACING HIM
AND SQUIRES IS ACROSS THE ROOM
POURING THREE DRINKS. ALARMED BY
THIS NEWS RE SNAPS A LOOK AT GWILLIM.

GALLAGHER IS EVEN MORE CONCERNED]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) One of our agents reported it first and now it's been
confirmed by RAF photo reconnaissance.

[HE TAKES A BATCH OF AERIAL
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HIS BRIEFCASE AND
HANDS THEM TO GALLAGHER WHO
STUDIES THEM AVIDLY]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) They've increased their patrols and brought in a couple of half-tracks as well. And as you can see they've now set up additional check points along the approach road at quarter of a mile intervals. (HE INDICATES) Here and here. As of now no-one can get within a mile of the complex without being stopped and checked.

GALLAGHER:

They're on to us?

GWILLIM:

No. I'm pretty sure they're not.

[GALLAGHER GIVES HIM A LOOK]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) Believe me, if I thought they were I'd scrub the operation here and now. No, they're just getting very nervous. And with good cause as it happens.

[SQUIRES CROSSES TO THEM WITH TWO OF THE DRINKS]

SQUIRES:

Colonel.

[HE HANDS GWILLIM ONE OF THE GLASSES]

GWILLIM:

Thanks.

[SQUIRES HANDS THE SECOND GLASS TO GALLAGHER AND HE ACKNOWLEDGES IT WITH A NOD.

GATHERING UP HIS OWN DRINK FROM THE TABLE, SQUIRES RETURNS WITH IT TO THE DESK. GALLAGHER HANDS HIM SOME OF THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS]

GALLAGHER:

(TO GWILLIM) The two half-tracks. Are they on regular patrol?

GWILLIM:

There's always one of them about. But they seldom come off the road this side of the perimeter fence. So they don't present too much of a problem. At least not as far as your approach is concerned. But these additional check points that's a very different matter.

SQUIRES:

(STUDYING THE PHOTOGRAPHS) Yes. Tricky.

GALLAGHER:

Very. We've got to get up to the outer fence without being challenged. Otherwise (HE SHRUGS) And with security the way Jerry had it organised we stood a damned good chance of pulling that off.

SQUIRES:

Not now.

[GALLAGHER TOSSES THE REMAINDER OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS DOWN ON TO THE DESK IN DISGUST]

GALLAGHER:

No. We haven't a hope. Not sticking to our present plan anyway.

GWILLIM:

I agree. So we change the plan.

SQUIRES:

This close!

GWILLIM:

We have no alternative. And not that significantly.

[HE TAKES A MAP OF THE AREA OUT OF HIS BRIEF CASE AND SPREADS IT ACROSS THE DESK]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD. AND TO GALLAGHER) As I see it the only answer is for you and your team to go in with the next batch of todt workers when they're transferred across from the coastal defence works. We know that the Germans don't make any kind of head count or carry out any searches until the lorries reach the main gates. And by then you'll have-dropped off clear of the last check point and within a few hundred yards of the perimeter fence.

GALLAGHER:

What about those observation towers at the check points. We'll be spotted.

GWILLIM:

Not if you leave the road here. (HE INDICATES ON THE MAP) On the far side of that copse of trees. They'll give you cover for just long enough.

[GALLAGHER GIVES HIM A DOUBTFUL LOOK]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) That's already been tested and confirmed. But you'll have to get out damned quick.

GALLAGHER:

Leaving behind an empty lorry.

GWILLIM:

The lorry won't be empty. Apart from your lot there'll be supplies in it.

GALLAGHER:

And where do we pick them up from? And the lorry for that matter.

GWILLIM:

We're going to have to rely on the local man to take care of that. I've already discussed this with Monsieur Gran and he's sent a message to de Grochy requesting him to set that side of it in motion immediately. And as we know, de Grochy's a very resourceful fellow.

SQUIRES:

Surely the Germans know how many vehicles there are in each convoy going into the complex. What happens when they find there's one extra?

GWILLIM:

Fortunately that's no problem. In transit the todt workers are the responsibility of the Milice and the documentation for the convoys is written up by French civilian clerks. One of them apparently is in the Resistance.

GALLAGHER:

But there aren't workers going in all the time.

GWILLIM:

No. Nor at regular intervals either. But there haven't been any in for a while now so the next lot will probably be transferred very shortly within a few days from now at the most. de Grochy's been asked to find out exactly when.

SQUIRES:

That means the operation's tied to that date. There's no flexibility.

GWILLIM:

None whatever. (TO GALLAGHER) You're going to have to make your drop the night before the next batch of workers are due to be moved. And if that isn't going to happen soon, and I mean very soon well then we're in trouble. Because our time's running out. Fast.

[HE SIPS HIS DRINK]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) Oh and I'm afraid I've some more bad news for you, Major. Doesn't show on those photographs of course but the Germans have also increased the size of the minefield by a third. They've deepened it by a further fifteen feet.

[SQUIRES FROWNS DEEPLY.

CLOSE ON GALLAGHER.

APPALLED]

TELECINE 6

A) EXT. TRAINING FIELD. - DAY

[IT IS EARLY MORNING.

GALLAGHER AND SOLTYSYK ARE
STANDING SIDE BY SIDE GAZING AT THE
TWO TELEGRAPH POLES.]

GALLAGHER:

Another fifteen feet. Can you do it?

SOLTYSYK:

Me! No question. But the others. I do not think they will find it easy.

GALLAGHER:

No.

[SOLTYSYK CROSSES TO THE FIRST POLE,
STARES UP AT IT AND THEN ACROSS AT
THE SECOND, JUDGING ANGLES.]

SOLTYSYK:

If we could raise the wire at this end Where we are going that would be possible?

GALLAGHER:

Yes I think so.

SOLTYSYK:

Then

[HE GIVES GALLAGHER A QUESTIONING
LOOK.

GALLAGHER HAS ALREADY BEEN TURNING OVER THE SAME POSSIBILITY IN HIS MIND. HE NODS.]

MIX TO:

B) EXT. TRAINING FIELD. - DAY

[IT IS LATER THE SAME MORNING.

CAMERON, HANGING ON TO A PULLEY, TROLLIES DOWN THE WIRE WHICH IS NOW SECURED AT A FAIRLY STEEP ANGLE ABOVE AN EXTENDED MINEFIELD GAP AND JUST SUFFICIENTLY CLEAR OF THE SIMULATED PERIMETER 'FENCE'.

GALLAGHER, WHO HAS ALREADY MADE THE CROSSING, IS STANDING WATCHING CAMERON APPROACH. BESIDE HIM IS SOLTYSYK.

CAMERON MAKES THE CROSSING WITH RELATIVE EASE AND SO DO THOSE MEMBERS OF THE TEAM WHO FOLLOW HIM.

GALLAGHER LOOKS AT SOLTYSYK AND GRINS.

SQUIRES, AGAIN STANDING TO ONE SIDE, LOOKS UP FROM HIS STOPWATCH AND GIVES GALLAGHER A THUMBS UP SIGN.]

END TELECINE 6.

SC9 INT. SQUIRES' OFFICE - DAY

[AS SQUIRES AND GALLAGHER ENTER. SQUIRES CLOSES THE DOOR]

SQUIRES:

You're positive there's a tree tall enough outside the fence?

GALLAGHER:

Yes. More than one. So that's that problem solved.

SQUIRES:

And not before time. When are you going to make your final selection.

GALLAGHER:

I have done already. But I want to go over the list just once more. I'll tell them tomorrow.

SQUIRES:

You certainly can't leave it any later. Depending on what de Grochy says you may not have more than forty eight hours before the off. If that.

TELECINE 7.

A) EXT. MAIN GATE, DOTHEBOYS HALL. - DAY

[SOLANGE IS GAZING FORLORNLY THROUGH THE WROUGHT IRON GATES WHICH ARE CLOSED.

THE TWO MILITARY POLICEMEN ON DUTY ARE STANDING OUTSIDE THE GUARD HOUSE WATCHING HER. THEY EXCHANGE LOOKS. ONE OF THEM SHRUGS. HE CROSSES TO SOLANGE.]

MILITARY POLICEMAN:

(APOLOGETICALLY) Excuse me, miss, but I'm not sure you ought to be down here.

SOLANGE:

Is it against regulations?

MILITARY POLICEMAN:

More than likely. What isn't?

[SOLANGE SHRUGS RESIGNEDLY AND THEN STARTS WALKING SLOWLY BACK TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

THE SECOND MP JOINS HIS COMPANION AT THE GATE.]

MILITARY POLICEMAN:

More sods! To my knowledge there's not one of them been out of this place since they got here. Drive me bloody barmy that would.

B) EXT. DOTHEBOYS HALL. - DAY

[AS SOLANGE COMES UP THE DRIVE FROM THE GATE GALLAGHER EMERGES FROM THE PORCH, CROSSES TO A PARKED CAR AND GETS INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

HE BACKS THE CAR OUT OF THE PARKING SPACE AND IS ABOUT TO DRIVE OFF WHEN HE SEES SOLANGE APPROACHING AND LOOKING VERY DEJECTED.

GALLAGHER REACTS WITH A FROWN AND, LOWERING HIS WINDOW, HE WAITS FOR HER TO COME UP ALONGSIDE THE CAR.]

GALLAGHER:

Time off?

SOLANGE:

Just Merle, Hironnelle and me. Until six. Then we have another wireless test.

GALLAGHER:

But you're free till then.

[SOLANGE LAUGHS QUIETLY, AND BITTERLY.]

SOLANGE:

As a bird, Major. But one in a cage, uh?

[SHE STARTS TO MOVE AWAY BUT, HIS MIND MADE UP, GALLAGHER CHECKS HER.]

GALLAGHER:

I'm going into the village briefly on business. Want to come?

[SOLANGE GAZES AT HIM IN AMAZED DISBELIEF.]

SOLANGE:

But that is not possible. The rules forbid it.

GALLAGHER:

That's right. Strictly. (HE SMILES) So we won't tell anyone. Right? Hop in.

[SOLANGE MAKES A MOVE AS IF TO GO ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR BUT THEN SHE HESITATES, LOOKS DOWN AT THE CLOTHES SHE IS WEARING AND FROWNS.]

SOLANGE:

(PLEADING) Could you wait just one,

GALLAGHER:

Fifty-five seconds. That's the best I can do. (HE GRINS) Well. Move. You keep me hanging around here too long and I won't take you to tea on the way back.

END TELECINE 7.

SC10 INT. DORMITORY - DAY

[AS SOLANGE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, EXCITED AND EAGER.

THERE IS NO-ONE ELSE IN THE DORMITORY.

SOLANGE REACHES UNDER HER BED AND PULLS OUT A SUITCASE. FROM IT SHE TAKES A CAREFULLY FOLDED DRESS AND HOLDING IT UP IN FRONT OF HER SHE STUDIES THE EFFECT IN THE WARDROBE MIRROR.

LAYING THE DRESS DOWN ON THE BED, SHE BEGINS TO TAKE OFF THE CLOTHES SHE IS WEARING]

SC11 INT. NISSEN HUT CLASSROOM - DAY

[SOLTYSYK IS STANDING JUST OFF THE MAT ON WHICH A SERGEANT INSTRUCTOR IS WAITING PATIENTLY

SERGEANT MAJOR GIDNEY IS WATCHING]

SOLTYSYK:

(A GOOD-NATURED PROTEST) But this is stupid, no? And there is need for it. I go only for the tightrope. Not for fighting like the others.

GIDNEY:

Yes, I agree, Mr. Soltysyk. Technically you are a civilian but who's to that over there? And besides it's not likely to make any difference if they did. A bit of unarmed combat might come in very handy.

SGT. INSTRUCTOR:

There's nothing to worry about. I won't hurt you. We'll take it very gently to start off with.

SOLTYSYK:

But I can fight. See?

[HE GETS INTO A BOXING STANCE AND, WITH HIS FISTS UP, WEAVES AND DUCKS AND PUNCHES THE AIR]

GIDNEY:

Very good!. But boxing's one thing. This is something a bit different and much more effective. The sergeant will show you.

SGT. INSTRUCTOR:

Come on. Just step on the mat, sir.

[SOLTYSYK IS IMPRESSED. HE GRINS]

SOLTYSYK:

(TO GIDNEY) Sir! Me! Andrej Soltysyk. I like it. (TO THE INSTRUCTOR) For that I do what you ask.

[HE STEPS ON TO THE MAT.

THE SGT. INSTRUCTOR GETS INTO A CROUCHING POSITION]

SGT. INSTRUCTOR:

Right. So now I'm a German, okay? I'm coming at you. I'm going to kill you. So what are you going to do about that. Show me.

[HE RUSHES AT SOLTYSYK AND INSTINCTIVELY THE POLE, IN A CRUDE COMBINATION OF ELEMENTARY JUDO AND WARSAW STREET FIGHTING TECHNIQUES, FLOORS HIM EASILY AND HEAVILY

SGT. MAJOR GIDNEY'S EXPRESSION IS ONE OF ASTONISHED AMUSEMENT.

GENUINELY CONCERNED, SOLTYSYK BENDS OVER THE VERY SURPRISED AND PARTLY STUNNED INSTRUCTOR]

SOLTYSYK:

(ANXIOUSLY) Are you all right, my friend? I'm sorry. I forgot. Gently you said, didn't you?

TELECINE 8. EXT. Tea shop, Village. - DAY

[THE TEA SHOP IS OF THE OLDE WORLDE VILLAGE VARIETY.

THE CAR GALLAGHER TOOK FROM THE VEHICLE POOL IS PARKED OUTSIDE IT.]

END TELECINE 8.

SC12 INT. TEA SHOP - DAY

[GALLAGHER AND SOLANGE ARE SITTING AT A CORNER TABLE. THEY HAVE FINISHED EATING BUT AN ELDERLY AND RATHER ROEBIDDING WAITRESS DEPOSITS A JUG OF HOT WATER ON THE TABLE, THEN CLEARS THE PLATES ON TO HER TRAY AND MOVES AWAY, LEAVING THE BILL.

SOLANGE LOOKS ACROSS AT GALLAGHER AND SMILES. HE SMILES BACK.

SOLANGE POURS SOME OF THE WATER INTO THE TEAPOT. SHE IS HAPPY AND RELAXED]

SOLANGE:

It will be a little weak I'm afraid.

GALLAGHER:

Hardly surprising. It wasn't exactly strong to start off with, was it?

SOLANGE:

(A MOCK REBUKE) There is a war on you know.

GALLAGHER:

So they tell me.

[HE TAKES OUT A PACKET OF CIGARETTES
AND OFFERS THEM TO HER. SOLANGE
TAKES ONE]

SOLANGE:

Thank you.

[GALLAGHER TAKES ONE FOR HIMSELF
AND THEN LIGHTS THEM BOTH WITH HIS
LIGHTER.

SOLANGE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM]

SOLANGE:

It is nice here. And I enjoyed my tea very much. Merci.

GALLAGHER:

Not much choice. Just about everything was off.

SOLANGE:

All the same. For me it was marvellous. And I am so grateful.

GALLAGHER:

You're feeling better?

SOLANGE:

Much. But then I think I just needed a little more space for a while.
And to know that such places as this, people like these, still exist.
That there is still more to life than the way we have all been living it
these past weeks.

GALLAGHER:

I understand.

SOLANGE:

Of course you do. (SHE FROWNS SLIGHTLY) I hope you will not
get into trouble because of this.

GALLAGHER:

It's our secret.

SOALNGE:

But what if Colonel Squires found out?

GALLAGHER:

Oh that could be nasty. A court martial I shouldn't wonder.

SOALNGE:

(VERY CONCERED) Are you serious?

GALLAGHER:

Still as long as I can count on you to be defending officer.

SOLANGE:

(STILL NOT SURE) Please. You are joking, aren't you?

[GALLAGHER SMILES]

GALLAGHER:

I hope so. (HIS SMILE BROADENS) Of course I am. You don't have to worry on my account. Not over this afternoon anyway. But just the same we won't broadcast it around, eh? The others might not
.....

SOLANGE:

Of course. Not a word. To anyone. I promise.

[SHE POURS TEA FOR BOTH OF THEM THE
TEA IS VERY WEAK INDEED]

SOLANGE:

(CONTD.) Oh my God! Look at it!

[GALLAGHER LAUGHS. HE TAKES HIS CUP
FROM HER]

SOLANGE:

(CONTD.) And there is no more sugar I'm afraid. Only saccharine.

GALLAGHER:

Shall I order another pot?

SOLANGE:

No. Anyway I think we must go soon, eh?

[GALLAGHER GLANCES AT HIS WATCH]

GALLAGHER:

Yes. Soon I'm afraid. But if you'd like

[SOLANGE GIVES A VERY GALLIC SHRUG]

SOLANGE:

(DISMISSIVELY) Non, merci. N'importe. Je suis contente.

[GALLAGHER REACTS WITH A START AND
GAZES AT HER]

SOLANGE:

(CONTD.) What is it? Why are you staring like that?

GALLAGHER:

Oh I'm sorry. It's just that at that moment you reminded me of someone.

SOLANGE:

Ah! And was it a good memory?

GALLAGHER:

Half and half.

[SOLANGE STUDIES HIM]

SOLANGE:

I see. Well even so. If only fifty percent of something is worth treasuring that still balances evenly against that which is not, no?

GALLAGHER:

I'll bear that in mind.

SOLANGE:

If it helps.

GALLAGHER:

It might.

SOLANGE:

And talking about it. That might also help?

[GALLAGHER SHRUGS]

GALLAGHER:

It might.

SOLANGE:

Who is she?

GALLAGHER:

Her name's Claudine.

SOLANGE:

(SURPRISED) She is English?

GALLAGHER:

No. French. I met her in thirty-nine when I was a liaison officer with the British Expeditionary Force.

SOLANGE:

A war-time romance.

GALLAGHER:

No more than that. Anyway the war hadn't started in earnest then. We were in the middle of that long waiting period. It all seemed very unreal. We even thought of getting married.

SOLANGE:

But you didn't.

GALLAGHER:

No. We decided to wait and see what happened. And then the Germans launched their blitzkrieg and what happened was Dunkirk.

SOLANGE:

And she is still in France, is she?

GALLAGHER:

Yes.

SOLANGE:

So you have not seen her for a long time.

GALLAGHER:

Only twice since the evacuation.

SOLANGE:

Since the evacuation! But how is that possible? (REALISING) Ah, yes. Of course. I am being stupid. And you visited her?

GALLAGHER:

I had to.

SOLANGE:

But were you not putting her in great danger?

GALLAGHER:

I was very careful.

SOLANGE:

And she was happy to see you of course. So the danger was not that important. You must love each other very much.

GALLAGHER:

I thought so.

SOLANGE:

But now you doubt it?

GALLAGHER:

Oh forgive me, please. I shouldn't have said anything. This must be very boring for you.

SOLANGE:

Why do you doubt it?

GALLAGHER:

I've got good cause.

SOLANGE:

You believe there is another man in her life. Is that it?

GALLAGHER:

I know there is. I almost ran into him on my last visit. And there's a photograph of him on her mantelpiece. And this'll make you laugh. He's a German. A major in the Luftwaffe. (HE LAUGHS BITTERLY) He doesn't even outrank me.

[SOLANGE GAZES AT HIM INTENTLY]

SOLANGE:

Claudine. She is not a whore is she?

GALLAGHER:

(SHOCKED) Oh for God's sake! Of course not.

SOLANGE:

So then if this is true, if she is sleeping with this German, that is proof to you that she no longer loves you, yes?

GALLAGHER:

Pretty conclusive proof I'd say.

[SOLANGE SHAKES HER HEAD SADLY]

SOLANGE:

Poor Hugh. In many ways you are so clever. And you are a fine human being I think. But in some things you are like all men. A fool. Tell me, since you have separated from Claudine have there not been times when you have felt a desperate need to love and be loved? And not at a distance.

GALLAGHER:

Of course.

SOLANGE:

But you have resisted that temptation.

GALLAGHER:

Yes.

SOLANGE:

Well be grateful for that strength. But it proves nothing. Except that you possess it. And by being too quick to condemn those who do not, you perhaps do not even do yourself justice.

[GALLAGHER HOLDS HER GAZE AND THEN LOOKS AWAY ABRUPTLY, GLANCES AT HIS WATCH AGAIN AND PICKS UP THE BILL]

GALLAGHER:

We ought to be on our way.

SOLANGE:

Now it is my turn to apologise I think. For trespassing.

GALLAGHER:

Hardly. I let you in, didn't I?

TELECINE 9.

EXT. TEA SHOP - DAY

[GALLAGHER AND SOLANGE COME OUT OF THE SHOP AND CROSS TO THE CAR.

SOLANGE LOOKS BACK.]

SOLANGE:

Can we go there again sometime?

GALAGHER:

I think that could be arranged. But not for a while I'm afraid.

[SOLANGE FROWNS.]

SOLANGE:

It is that close, is it? Our Departure.

GALLAGHER:

I'm announcing the team tomorrow.

HE OPENS THE DOOR FOR HER AND SHE GETS INTO THE CAR.

GALLAGHER MOVES AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE.

CU SOLANGE

NOW SHE HAS SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT.

END TELECINE 9.

SC13 INT. DORMITORY - NIGHT

[THE BLACKOUT CURTAINS ARE OPEN AND THE ROOM IS LIT BY FAINT MOONLIGHT.

BIRKETT IS ASLEEP.

SOLANGE IS LYING IN BED, SMOKING A CIGARETTE AND GAZING UP AT THE CEILING, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

ELLEN PROPS HERSELF UP IN BED AND LOOKS ACROSS AT HER]

ELLEN:

(A WHISPER) You can't sleep either, eh?

SOLANGE:

I've given up trying.

[ELLEN PULLS BACK THE COVERS, GETS UP AND CROSSES TO HER]

ELLEN:

Can you spare a cigarette?

SOLANGE:

Of course.

[SHE PICKS UP A PACKET OF CIGARETTES FROM THE BEDSIDE TABLE AND HANDS THEM TO HER]

ELLEN:

Thanks.

[ELLEN TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE, REPLACES THE PACKET AND THEN, REMOVING SOLANGE'S CIGARETTE FROM BETWEEN HER FINGERS, LIGHTS HERS WITH IT]

ELLEN:

(RETURNING THE CIGARETTE) It's all going to happen very soon, isn't it?

SOLANGE:

I think so.

ELLEN:

Perhaps we won't be selected. Either of us.

SOLANGE:

Perhaps.

ELLEN:

And if you aren't will you be very upset?

SOLANGE:

Would you be?

ELLEN:

Yes. Even more so now.

[NODS AND SMILES GENTLY]

SOLANGE:

Ferdy?

ELLEN:

(SURPRISED) Yes. How did you know?

SOLANGE:

Intuition. Nothing more. And how does he feel?

ELLEN:

The same way.

SOLANGE:

That's good. I'm happy for you, Merle.

ELLEN:

Thank you. So now I've a very personal reason for wanting to go on the operation.

SOLANGE:

You are not alone. I believe we all have.

ELLEN:

Even Major Gallagher?

SOLANGE:

Particularly the Major I think.

SC14 EXT. SQUIRES OFFICE - DAY

[IT IS THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

GALLAGHER HANDS SQUIRES HIS LIST]

SQUIRES:

“For many are called, but few are chosen”, eh?

[GALLAGHER NODS]

GALLAGHER:

And they’re the best in my judgement.

[SQUIRES READS THE LIST AND THEN
GLANCES AT GALLAGHER.

CROSSING TO THE SAFE HE OPENS IT AND
TAKES OUT THE SEALED ENVELOPE HE
LOCKED AWAY IN IT IN EPISODE THREE.]

SQUIRES:

(HOLDING UP THE ENVELOPE) Remember? The day they all
arrived here. I bet you then that I knew who you'd end up picking for
the team.

GALLAGHER:

I remember. We've got five pounds on it.

[SQUIRES HANDS HIM THE ENVELOPE]

SQUIRES:

And nothing up my sleeve.

[GALLAGHER TEARS OPEN THE ENVELOPE
AND READS SQUIRES' LIST. HE SMILES.

TAKING OUT HIS WALLET HE HANDS
SQUIRES A FIVE POUND NOTE]

SQUIRES:

Thanks. The first round when you get back's on me.

GALLAGHER:

Let's get it over with then.

[THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE DOOR]

SQUIRES:

Oh by the way, Major. I understand you took Chardonneret into the village with you yesterday.

[GALLAGHER GIVE HIM A QUESTIONING LOOK.]

SQUIRES:

(CONTD.) Oh come on now. It's part of my job to know these things. And I'm good at my job.

GALLAGHER:

I've never doubted that.

SQUIRES:

You broke the rules.

GALLAGHER:

And is this an official reprimand?

[SQUIRES SMILES]

SQUIRES:

My dear fellow. Heaven forbid! Enjoy your tea, did you?

SC15 INT. NISSEN HUT CLASSROOM - DAY

[THEY ARE ALL ASSEMBLED AND THERE IS A GENERAL BUZZ OF MUTED BUT EXCITED CONVERSATION.

THE DOOR OPENS AND GALLAGHER AND SQUIRES ENTER FOLLOWED BY SGT. MAJOR GIDNEY.

THERE IS INSTANT SILENCE.

GALLAGHER AND SQUIRES MOVE TO THE TABLE AT THE END OF THE HUT.

GIDNEY CLOSES THE DOOR AND STANDS IN FRONT OF IT AS THOUGH ON GUARD.

GALLAGHER UNFOLDS HIS LIST.]

GALLAGHER:

I'll make this brief. These are the names of those of you who have been selected for this operation. Those who have not will proceed on fourteen days leave as from o-nine-hundred-hours tomorrow.

HE READS FROM THE LIST. AS HE DOES SO WE PICK UP THE REACTION OF EVERY ONE OF THE GROUP: LAMBOIT'S RELIEF BOTH AT HAVING GOT THROUGH AND AT THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE JOB ELLEN HAS BEEN CHOSEN FOR; LOVELL'S DISQUIET; MACKLIN'S APPREHENSION; SOLTYSYK NOT AT ALL SURPRISED AND UNCONCERNED; SOLANGE'S LACK OF ANY OUTWARD EMOTION; ELLEN'S DISAPPOINTMENT BUT ACCEPTANCE THE REIGNATION, DISAPPOINTMENT OR RELIEF OF THE OTHERS AND THE FIRST INDICATION OF CAMERON'S ANGRY RESENTMENT]

GALLAGHER:

(CONTD. AND READING) Monsieur Lamboit. Warsaw. Hibou. Choucas and Chardonneret. Merle will be responsible for maintaining wireless contact here at home base. Those five will report to Sergeant Dowding in Hut Three immediately. I suggest that the remainder of you start getting your things together and collect your travel warrants and ration cards. Well that's all. Thank you.

[HE TURNS SMARTLY AND FOLLOWED BY SQUIRES, LEAVES THE HUT.

SGT. MAJOR GIDNEY GOES WITH THEM.

NOBODY MOVES. THERE IS A LONG SILENCE WHICH IS FINALLY BROKEN BY WILSON]

WILSON:

Well there we are then. Now we know. I took my harp to a party and nobody asked me to play. (A BEAT) Shit! Anyone for tennis?

TELECINE 10

EXT. DOTHEBOYS HALL - NIGHT

[A CAR PULLS UP OUTSIDE THE PORCH. THE DRIVER OPENS THE REAR DOOR AND GWILLIM GETS OUT AND ENTERS THE HOUSE.]

END TELECINE 10

SC16 INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

[THE GROUP HAS SPLIT ALMOST ENTIRELY IN TWO; THOSE SELECTED, THOSE REJECTED.]

CAMERON, WILSON AND BIRKETT ARE AT THE BAR AND ELLEN, THE ONLY ODD ONE OUT, IS WITH THEM

SEATED AROUND ONE OF THE TABLES ARE SOLANGE, MACKLIN, LAMBOIT, LOVELL AND SOLTYSYK]

CAMERON:

(ANGRILY AND STARING ACROSS AT THE TABLE) Well I'm bloody well not going to be turned down without knowing why I tell yer. Not when I see some that've been picked anyway.

WILSON:

We knew we wouldn't all be going from the start, didn't we?

BIRKETT:

That's right.

WILSON:

So okay, not this time. But who knows? Maybe we'll get another chance.

CAMERON:

It's been a total waste of bloody time. All that training, all that effort. And for what? A kick up the arse and not even a thank you. Or the whyfor.

BIRKETT:

Personally I think I'd rather not know why I failed.

ELLEN:

(REASONABLY) It's not a question of failure. As Corbeau said, we knew at the beginning that only a small number would be picked. The major's just chosen those he thinks are best suited for this particular operation. That's all. So failure the way you mean it doesn't come into it, does it?

[AT THE TABLE LOVELL FINISHES HIS DRINK]

SOLTYSYK:

It's my round. (HE STANDS UP) What will you have?

MACKLIN:

Oh ta. The same again then.

[HE GIVES SOLTYSYK HIS GLASS]

SOLTYSYK:

(TO LAMBOIT) And you?

LAMBOIT:

Merci. Another marc. If there is any left.

SOLTYSYK:

Chardonneret?

SOLANGE:

Thank you. A whiskey.

SOLTYSYK:

(TO LOVELL) Hibou, what will you have?

LOVELL:

(MOODILY) Nothing for me.

SOLTYSYK:

Really.

LOVELL:

No. I'm not staying.

[SOLTYSYK SHRUGS AND MOVES AWAY TO THE BAR]

MACKLIN:

Oh came on, Hibou. Cheer up! All right so you drew one of the short straws. So what? We're all in it together.

LOVELL:

(SURLILY) I wouldn't count on that.

[HE GETS UP AND MOVES AWAY FROM THE TABLE.]

MACKLIN, SOLANGE LAMBOIT EXCHANGE LOOKS.

SOLTYSYK COMES UP TO THE GROUP AT THE BAR]

SOLTYSYK:

The drinks are on me. (HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND CAMERON'S SHOULDERS) So, Grive my friend, what will it be?

[CAMERON SCOWLS AND SHAKES HIMSELF FREE]

CAMERON:

(SAVAGELY) Get your hands off me! If I want another drink I'll buy it myself.

[HE MOVES FURTHER UP THE BAR. SOLTYSYK IS NONPLUSSED. ELLEN GIVES THE POLE A WARM SMILE AND SQUEEZES HIS ARM. THEN SHE MOVES UP TO JOIN CAMERON]

ELLEN:

For God's sake, Grive! What was that all about?

CAMERON:

It's all right for you. At least you're still part of it.

ELLEN:

Yes that's true. But very much on the outside.

[SHE LOOKS ACROSS AT LAMBOIT AT THE TABLE]

ELLEN:

(CONTD.) And I'd've liked to have had a much closer involvement, But I certainly don't envy them.

[LAMBOIT'S EYES MEET HERS]

ELLEN:

(CONTD.) Excuse me.

[SHE CROSSES TO THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN NEXT TO LAMBOIT. HE SMILES AT HER AND DISCREETLY TAKES HER HAND]

SOLANGE:

Well who has been decided at last. Now the only questions remaining are where and when, eh?

SC17 INT. SQUIRES OFFICE - NIGHT

[GALLAGHER, SQUIRES AND GWILLIM]

GWILLIM:

The Free French have heard from de Grochy. He has confirmed that he's got hold of a lorry and according to his man in the Milice office the next batch of totd workers are due to be transferred to the complex on the fourth of June.

[CLOSE ON GWILLIM]

GWILLIM:

(CONTD.) You've got just three days left, Major.

End Credits