

'SPECIAL BRANCH'

"ONE OF THE FAMILY"

Screenplay by

Michael J. Bird

Agents: Fraser & Dunlop Scripts Ltd.,  
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PROLOGUE

FADE IN:

1. EXT. MANSION BLOCK, MATTERSEA. LATE AFTERNOON

A car is parked at the kerb almost opposite the entrance to one of the blocks of mansion flats. DETECTIVE SERGEANT MAGUIRE is behind the wheel. He is bored. He stifles a yawn and stretches. He glances across at the entrance to the mansion block and then at his wristwatch. He looks undecided, debating silently with himself. Then he shrugs and puts a hand forward to start the engine of his car. He hesitates as he catches sight of someone coming out through the arched doorway to the flats.

From MAGUIRE's P.O.V. we see ERIC RHODES come out onto the pavement, cross to an Austin 1100, unlock the nearside door and get into the driver's seat.

RHODES is an inconspicuous man in his fifties with thin, greying hair, a moustache and horn rimmed spectacles. He is wearing a neat and sober ready-made suit.

MAGUIRE pulls a face and curses silently. He starts his car.

We see the Austin 1100 pull away from the kerb and drive off down the road. MAGUIRE waits for a second or two, then pulls out and follows it.

MIX TO:

2. EXT. A STREET, SOUTH LONDON. LATE AFTERNOON

The Austin threads its way through traffic. MAGUIRE in the Special Branch car, keeping a discreet distance behind him, follows.

CUT TO:

3. INT. RHODES' CAR. LATE AFTERNOON

RHODES, his eyes on the traffic, takes his right hand off the steering wheel and slips it inside his jacket. He half extracts a brown manila envelope from his inside pocket as though to reassure himself that he has not forgotten it. Satisfied, he slips it back into his pocket again.

MIX TO:

4. EXT. TOWER BRIDGE. LATE AFTERNOON

The Austin 1100 and then the Special Branch car cross the bridge.

CUT TO:

5. INT. SPECIAL BRANCH CAR. LATE AFTERNOON

MAGUIRE, his face expressionless and his eyes on the car in front, casually lights a cigarette.

His P.O.V.

North of Tower Bridge the Austin turns right into the Mile End Road.

MIX TO:

6. EXT. A ROAD, EPPING. EARLY EVENING

Dusk is beginning to settle in but there is still plenty of light in the sky.

We establish a sign on the side of the road which reads:

EPPING FOREST

The Austin 1100 comes INTO SHOT and passes THROUGH FRAME. A second or two later the Special Branch car follows. CAMERA WHIP PANS with it and we see the two vehicles moving away down the tree lined road.

MIX TO:

7. EXT. MAIN ROAD, EPPING FOREST. EARLY EVENING

The Austin turns off into a side road.

CUT TO:

8. INT. SPECIAL BRANCH CAR. EARLY EVENING

Puzzled, MAGUIRE frowns and swings the steering wheel to leave the main road and keep the Austin in sight.

His P.O.V.

Some yards ahead we see RHODES' car pulling away down the otherwise deserted side road.

MIX TO:

9. EXT. SECONDARY ROAD, EPPING FOREST. EARLY EVENING

We see the Austin coming down the road. It slows, then turns off to the left and on to a narrow, unpaved track running between high, almost vertical banks crowned with trees and bushes. A sign at the entrance to the track reads:

NO THOROUGHFARE

CUT TO:

10. INT. RHODES' CAR. EARLY EVENING

RHODES glances momentarily up into the rearview mirror and then gives his full attention to negotiating the track which makes a wide righthand bend ahead of him.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. SECONDARY ROAD, EPPING FOREST. EARLY EVENING

As MAGUIRE slows his car at the head of the track leading off to the left and glances down it. He takes in the sign and once again he frowns. Now he is more than a little interested in RHODES' movements.

He passes the turn-off and parks further on at a spot where the ground slopes gently down to the road. He gets out of the car, climbs the slope and moves off quickly through the trees.

CUT TO:

12. EXT. A FOREST CLEARING. EARLY EVENING

The clearing is just beyond the bend where the track emerges from between the steep banks and comes to a dead end in the forest.

KRZYSYTOF WALCZAK is leaning against a Ford Cortina which is parked facing the direction of the track. WALCZAK is a man in his early thirties. He is of average height and slender but muscular build. His face is interesting rather than handsome. His sharp features are unmistakably Slavonic and his eyes are shrewd, calculating and without humour. His clothes are well cut and expensive. Although his English is good he speaks with a very definite accent.

WALCZAK is smoking a cigarette of a type which are popular in Eastern Europe, two thirds tobacco packed in yellow paper, one third hollow filter.

We bring up the sound of a car approaching over. WALCZAK straightens up and looks down the track.

His P.O.V.

ERIC RHODES's Austin moving INTO CAMERA down the long straight of the track which leads into the clearing.

WALCZAK takes a step or two away from the Cortina and throws his half smoked cigarette down onto the ground.

CUT TO:

### 13. EXT. THE FOREST. EARLY EVENING

DETECTIVE SERGEANT MAGUIRE moves quickly but cautiously through the trees on a course which will converge with the track.

We see a small terrier running free and exploring the undergrowth some distance from the route MAGUIRE is taking. The dog sees the Special Branch man and, wagging its tail and obviously looking for a game, sets out after him.

CUT TO:

### 14. EXT. THE CLEARING. EARLY EVENING

As ERIC RHODES parks his car and crosses to WALCZAK. They shake hands. RHODES is clearly very nervous and he looks around the clearing anxiously as if to double check that there is no chance of their meeting being observed.

CUT TO:

### 15. EXT. THE FOREST. EARLY EVENING

Crouching low behind the cover of some undergrowth, MAGUIRE takes up a position from the only spot where he has an uninterrupted view of the clearing some ten or fifteen yards away. Any further and he would be in open ground. But his vantage point is a precarious one perched as he is with an insecure foothold on the very edge of the steep bank and a seven or eight foot drop onto the track.

He reacts visibly and with great concern to what he sees in the clearing.

His P.O.V.

CAMERA CRASH ZOOMS IN on WALCZAK's face and HOLDS IT momentarily in CU.

Taking great care MAGUIRE shifts his position a little to get an even better view.

Again from his P.O.V. but now in LS we have a view of the meeting in the clearing. The two men are in conversation but they are too far away for us to hear what they are saying. We see RHODES take the envelope from his inside jacket pocket and hand it to WALCZAK. WALCZAK starts to open it.

CUT TO:

16. EXT. THE CLEARING. EARLY EVENING

As WALCZAK tears open the envelope and takes out a strip of 35 mm film. He examines the film briefly then looks at RHODES and nods.

WALCZAK puts the film back into the envelope and slips it into his inside jacket pocket. When he brings his hand out again he is holding a second and bulkier sealed envelope which he offers to RHODES.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. THE FOREST. EARLY EVENING

The terrier discovers MAGUIRE in his hiding place. The DETECTIVE urgently waves the animal away. The dog mistakes the gesture for an invitation to play. It barks.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. THE CLEARING. EARLY EVENING

At the sound of the dog barking WALCZAK and RHODES react sharply. They look around. WALCZAK's expression is one of enquiry only momentarily tinged with concern. But the sudden sound produces a look of very real alarm on RHODES' face and greatly increases his general air of nervousness.

The barking is not repeated and they can see nothing so the two men turn back to resume their conversation. But not before WALCZAK has registered his companion's edginess.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. THE FOREST. EARLY EVENING

Anxious to get MAGUIRE to enter into a game, the terrier makes playful movements around him. At any moment the dog is likely to bark again.

MAGUIRE looks about, sees a stick lying nearby and picks it up. His intention is to throw the stick away off into the forest in the hope that the terrier will go after it.

In order to achieve a far enough throw, however, the Special Branch man has to ease himself up a little from his crouching position. He draws back his arm and throws the stick but in doing so loses his balance and, with a minor but clattering landslide of earth and stones, half slides, half falls onto the track below.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. THE CLEARING. EARLY EVENING

WALCZAK and RHODES turn their heads sharply to see what is happening.

Their P.O.V.

MAGUIRE is in full view. He struggles to get to his feet and succeeds but from the way he moves it is obvious that he has hurt one of his legs in some way.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. THE TRACK. EARLY EVENING

Hobbling and clearly in pain, MAGUIRE turns to look towards the two men in the clearing. He frowns, undecided as to what would be the best course of action to take now that his presence is known.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. THE CLEARING. EARLY EVENING

The sudden and dramatic appearance of the stranger has had a marked effect on the already nervous RHODES. Now he is in a state bordering on total panic. He looks around wildly like a cornered animal searching for a way of escape.

WALCZAK sees the expression on RHODES face and, more than somewhat alarmed and disturbed himself, glances again in MAGUIRE's direction. Then, in a second, he makes up his mind and acts.

WALCZAK runs to the Cortina, gets in behind the wheel and starts up the engine. He revs hard then releases the hand brake. The car shoots forward.

At first RHODES does not understand what WALCZAK has in mind but when it becomes clear his expression of fear turns to one of horror.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. THE TRACK. DAY

The Cortina races at ever increasing speed at MAGUIRE.

Realising that the driver of the Cortina is intent on running him down and trapped in the narrow track, MAGUIRE first attempts to scramble up the steep bank to his right to gain the safety of the ridge but the angle is too great and he cannot get a foothold. He turns and tries to make a run for it but, with one leg injured, he hasn't got a chance.

We have MAGUIRE in foreground hobbling, stumbling along the track turning his head from side to side desperately trying to find some way out.

The Ford Cortina comes up behind MAGUIRE travelling very fast and still accelerating. The car hits the Special Branch man and hurls him violently forward and to one side and OUT OF FRAME.

The Cortina moves INTO CAMERA and OUT OF SHOT.

We hear the car braked hard some way further up the track and the driver's door open and close.

MAGUIRE's battered body lies in a grotesquely contorted heap in the middle of the track. There is blood on his face and his eyes are wide and staring unblinkingly.

The bewildered and frightened terrier, whining softly, is gently pawing the inert figure.

WALCZAK and RHODES walk INTO SHOT and meet on either side of the dead man. They look down at him. WALCZAK's expression is coldly dispassionate. The horrified RHODES looks as though he is going to be sick at any moment. He turns his head away as WALCZAK bends and searches through MAGUIRE's pockets. He finds his warrant card, glances at it then straightens up with it in his hand. He holds it out to show RHODES who very reluctantly turns his head back to look at it.

WALCZAK's P.O.V.



RHODES recognises the warrant card for what it is and his face becomes a mask of even greater fear now mingled with despair. He looks at WALCZAK.

REVERSE SHOT

WALCZAK's eyes are on him.

WALCZAK  
(meaningfully)

Special Branch!.

CUT TO:

STANDARD SERIES AND EPISODE TITLES

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FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

24. EXT. THE CLEARING, EPPING FOREST. DAY

It is the following morning.

The local C.I.D. are on the scene of the murder. PHOTOGRAPHERS are taking pictures. DETECTIVES and UNIFORMED CONSTABLES are searching the area immediately around the clearing. In the clearing itself two men, one of them a DETECTIVE SERGEANT, the other a FORENSIC OFFICER, are squatting on either side of the tyre marks made by the Ford Cortina. The FORENSIC OFFICER is pouring plaster into the impression to make a cast of the tyre tread pattern.

CUT TO:

25. EXT. THE TRACK. DAY

Polythene sheeting has been laid over the tyre impressions on the track and tapes have been laid down on one side of it to indicate a path over ground which has already been searched and on which it is safe to walk.

MAGUIRE's body, hidden from general view by canvas screens, lies where it was hurled by the impact of the car. The body was also covered with plastic sheeting but this has now been drawn to one side while a PATHOLOGIST makes his preliminary examination. CRAVEN, HAGGERTY and DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT YOUNG stand watching the PATHOLOGIST as he crouches alongside the dead man.

DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT YOUNG is in his late forties or early fifties, brisk and efficient.

Both CRAVEN and HAGGERTY are deeply affected by the death of their friend and colleague. But while CRAVEN manages to affect, at least outwardly, an almost totally professional and dispassionate attitude, HAGGERTY is having greater difficulty in controlling his feelings. He is saddened and angry. And it shows.

Standing two or three yards outside the screened off area are TWO AMBULANCE MEN. One of them is holding a rolled stretcher, the other a blanket.

CRAVEN

When was this reported?

YOUNG

Just after seven thirty this morning. By one of the Forest Keepers. We got here about forty-five minutes later. Went through his pockets and found his warrant card.

The PATHOLOGIST looks up at the three men.

PATHOLOGIST

Multiple injuries. Both his neck and his back are broken. I'd say he died instantly. But, of course, I can't be sure about that until I've done a post mortem.

CRAVEN

And time of death?

The PATHOLOGIST gives him a look and frowns.

CRAVEN (CONTD.)

Approximately.

The PATHOLOGIST straightens up.

PATHOLOGIST

Not less than twelve and not more than eighteen hours ago.

YOUNG

His watch is smashed. It stopped at six thirty-eight. And yesterday's date is on the calendar.

PATHOLOGIST  
(WITH A NOD)

That would fit. But medically I can't be more specific. Will you make the formal identification now?

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY exchange looks. It is all so formal, so final.

PATHOLOGIST (CONTD.)

It'll save time.

CRAVEN shrugs helplessly.

HAGGERTY  
(FLATLY)

He's Patrick Michael Maguire. He is..... He was a Detective Sergeant in the Metropolitan Police, Special Branch.

PATHOLOGIST

Thank you. (TO YOUNG) All right to move him now?

YOUNG

As far as I'm concerned.

Out of politeness he gives CRAVEN an enquiring look. CRAVEN nods.

The PATHOLOGIST beckons to the waiting AMBULANCE MEN. CRAVEN, HAGGERTY and YOUNG move out from behind the screens and onto the taped path.

PATHOLOGIST  
(TO YOUNG)

Will you be at the mortuary  
for the P.M., Jack? Or  
someone else?

YOUNG

I'll be along. Give me an hour  
or so.

PATHOLOGIST

Right.

As CRAVEN, HAGGERTY and YOUNG start to walk back in the direction of the clearing, the TWO AMBULANCE MEN approach the screened area to pick up the body.

YOUNG

Maguire? You knew him well?

CRAVEN  
(BRUSQUELY)

Well enough. He worked with us.

HAGGERTY reacts, shocked by CRAVEN's offhand manner.

HAGGERTY  
(A PROTEST)

More than that.

CRAVEN  
(REFUSING TO BE DRAWN)

Yes. We've had a few jars  
together.

HAGGERTY draws up sharply.

HAGGERTY

For God's sake! He deserves better.

CRAVEN and YOUNG come to a halt a step or two ahead of him. They turn. CRAVEN meets HAGGERTY's gaze levelly.

HAGGERTY  
(CONTD. AND A CHALLENGE)

Say it.

CRAVEN holds his look for a second or two longer.

CRAVEN

Right. (HE GLANCES AT YOUNG)  
We were friends.

YOUNG

I'm sorry.

CRAVEN  
(GAZING OFF INTO THE FOREST)

We're all sorry. But that isn't going to change a bloody thing. Doesn't do much for him either, does it? (HE TURNS HIS HEAD SHARPLY TO GIVE HAGGERTY A HARD LOOK)  
And that's what he deserves.

SUPERINTENDENT YOUNG turns his attention from the two Special Branch men when something happening in the direction from which they have come catches his eyes. He frowns. CRAVEN and HAGGERTY see his expression and turn to follow his gaze. They both react to what they see, HAGGERTY with mild surprise, CRAVEN with considerable interest.

Their P.O.V.

Led by the PATHOLOGIST, the AMBULANCE MEN are moving away from the screens with the stretcher and carrying MAGUIRE's body, now covered with a blanket, up the track. A figure walking down the track draws level with the stretcher party and they pause long enough to allow him to lift a corner of the blanket and briefly but respectfully study the dead detective's face.

The man standing beside the stretcher is COMMANDER FLETCHER.

FLETCHER lowers the corner of the blanket and nods to the AMBULANCE MEN who move off again in the wake of the PATHOLOGIST. The COMMANDER starts to walk INTO CAMERA.

CRAVEN and YOUNG move up to HAGGERTY's side as FLETCHER comes INTO SHOT.

FLETCHER  
(TO CRAVEN)

I was at the Home Office when word came through, Craven. I got here as soon as I could. No need to tell you how I feel.

CRAVEN

No, sir. (MAKING THE INTRODUCTION) Commander, this is Detective Superintendent Young who's in charge of the investigation. (TO YOUNG) Commander Fletcher, Special Branch.

YOUNG

'Morning, sir.

FLETCHER acknowledges him with a nod.

FLETCHER

Superintendent. Please understand that I'm not here to interfere. This is a C.I.D. matter. But with one of my men involved that could make things rather tricky for you.

YOUNG

I appreciate that, sir.

FLETCHER

It might be useful if Mr. Craven and Mr. Haggerty here kept a watching brief for us. Would you have any objection?

YOUNG

None at all, Commander. I'd be glad of their help.

FLETCHER

Fine. So, how are you treating this?

CU YOUNG

YOUNG

For what it is, sir. A  
murder enquiry.

CUT TO:

26. EXT. THE CLEARING. DAY

The DETECTIVE SERGEANT and the FORENSIC OFFICER, having completed their task of taking an impression of the tyre tracks, have move clear of the spot on the approach of the senior police officers.

As COMMANDER FLETCHER, CRAVEN and HAGGERTY stand grouped around the tracks surveying the scene we see DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT YOUNG approach the FORENSIC OFFICER and speak to him. The OFFICER opens his exhibits bag and, from among the many plastic envelopes which it contains, selects a small one which he hands to the SUPERINTENDENT who then crosses to join the Special Branch men.

YOUNG points to the tyre marks and footprints.

YOUNG

Two cars. Two men. They met here. Could be one of them's a foreigner. Or, at least, someone with a taste for exotic cigarettes.

He holds up the envelope which contains the ends of two cigarettes which are identical to the one which we saw WALCZAK smoking earlier.

YOUNG (CONTD.)

These were on the grass.

COMMANDER FLETCHER takes the envelope from him and carefully tips the two cigarettes onto the flap of it. He studies them.

FLETCHER

Russian. Or Polish perhaps.

He glances at CRAVEN and HAGGERTY. They both frown.

YOUNG  
(WITH A SHRUG)

The lab will tell us.

FLETCHER returns the envelope to him.

YOUNG (CONTD.)

We found Maguire's car parked on the road. My guess is that he followed one or both of them in from the turn-off on foot.

CRAVEN

He'd have had to. To keep out of sight.

YOUNG

But he showed himself. Could he have been going to make an arrest?

FLETCHER glances questioningly at CRAVEN. CRAVEN shakes his head.

CRAVEN

No, sir. Whatever he was on to. He would have observed and then reported.

YOUNG

Well then something went wrong. Because they must have spotted him. And one of the cars was then used to deliberately run him down. That's clear from the tyre impressions here where the car was revved and those up along the track where the driver braked hard. But some good few yards further on from the point of impact.

HAGGERTY  
(VEHEMENTLY)

The bastard!

FLETCHER shoots him a look. Then he turns his attention back to the C.I.D. SUPERINTENDENT.

FLETCHER

What have you got on the murder car?



110  
YOUNG

Enough to make a positive identification, Commander. If and when we got a lead on it. And if we stay lucky. There'll be a fair amount of damage to the front of the vehicle of course. And there's this.

He squats down on his haunches beside the tyre impressions and in turn indicates the points of identification for the Special Branch men who remain standing.

YOUNG (CONTD.)

Two of its tyres are standard. But the other two are Premium crossplys and they're not that common. And another thing. At some time the front offside tyre has been damaged. See? A section of the tread was torn away. That's as good as a fingerprint.

He straightens up again.

FLETCHER  
(TO CRAVEN AND HAGGERTY)

What enquiry was Maguire working on?

CRAVEN

Strictly routine, Commander.

FLETCHER

And more precisely?

HAGGERTY

He was on the tag end of a three day surveillance.

CRAVEN

A standard security re-check on a man named Eric Rhodes. He's a draughtsman with the Ministry of Defence.

HAGGERTY

With a category one clearance.

FLETCHER

And Rhodes' present whereabouts?

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY exchange slightly embarrassed looks. They don't know.

CU FLETCHER

FLETCHER

(CONTD. AND AN ORDER NOT A REPRIMAND)

Right. Now. And report back to me at Hammersmith.

CUT TO:

27. EXT. MANSION BLOCK, BATTERSEA. DAY

Establishing shot.

RHODES' Austin 1100 is parked outside the entrance. A Special Branch car is drawn up at the kerb a little way behind it.

CUT TO:

28. INT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING, MANSION BLOCK. DAY

HAGGERTY is standing outside the front door of one of the flats. There is a full bottle of milk on the floor outside the door. Impatiently HAGGERTY presses the bell once more. We hear it ringing inside the flat. There is no reply.

CRAVEN and HAWKINS, the porter, start to climb the stairs from the ground floor.

HAWKINS  
(OOV)

Well he should answer. His car's there. And he's not gone out or I'd have seen him. I've been cleaning the windows since half seven. Like I was when you come.

CRAVEN and the PORTER appear on the bend of the stairs and carry on to join HAGGERTY.

The PORTER is a weasel faced, discontented man in his fifties. He climbs the stairs slowly and deliberately. Nothing and no-one is going to hurry him.

HAWKINS (CONTD.)

He's still asleep shouldn't wonder. All right for some. And no bloody consideration. I've got the flat under his. Pacing up and down till after three he was. Me and the wife couldn't get off. Up and down. Up and down. Right over us.

CRAVEN

You should've complained.

HAWKINS

Don't think I wasn't about to. Only then he packed it in.

CRAVEN and HAWKINS join HAGGERTY outside the door. The PORTER rings the bell.

HAGGERTY

We've tried that.

HAWKINS gives him a scathing look, then bending down he bangs loudly with the door knocker and, pushing open the letter flap, calls through it.

HAWKINS

Mr. Rhodes. You there? It's me, Mr. Hawkins.

There is no response. HAWKINS straightens up.

HAWKINS  
(TO HAGGERTY)

You're out of luck.

HAGGERTY

Got a spare key?

HAWKINS

'Course.

HAGGERTY

Then use it.

HAWKINS is shocked at the very idea.

HAWKINS

Here now, hang about.

CRAVEN

We're police officers.

HAWKINS looks from one to the other of them and reluctantly accepts the fact. He sighs.

HAWKINS

I should've known. I should've had you spotted. What's he done then?

CRAVEN

Just get the door open, eh?

The PORTER takes a bunch of Yale type keys out of his pocket, selects one and puts it into the lock and tries to turn it. He cannot.

HAWKINS

(WITHDRAWING THE KEY)

No use. I mean he's got the latch down, hasn't he?

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY exchange looks. That's all they need to know. CRAVEN nods.

HAGGERTY

Right. Stand back.

As HAWKINS moves away from the door, CRAVEN and HAGGERTY square their shoulders to it and get ready to charge.

HAWKINS  
(A PORTEST)

Here! What you think you're on?

His protest is ignored as the two Special Branch men hurl themselves at the door.

CUT TO:

29. INT. BEDROOM, RHODES' FLAT. DAY

The curtains are drawn across the windows and the room is in semi darkness but the door is open on to a hallway which leads down to the front door.

We are looking across the room and down the hallway and we hear CRAVEN and HAGGERTY's shoulders thud against the front door. The door withstands the first assault, gives a little on the second and bursts open on the third.

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY enter, followed by the PORTER. The two Special Branch men, with HAWKINS trailing behind them, make their way down the hallway towards the bedroom checking the other rooms off it as they do so. They enter the bedroom and draw up sharply in the doorway at the sight of something lying in the half light on the bed. CRAVEN crosses quickly and pulls back the curtains.

ERIC RHODES, fully dressed, is lying on his back at an angle across the still made bed. In one hand he clutches a whiskey bottle in which there is still a little scotch. On a bedside table there is an empty bottle of pills and a sheet of notepaper.

HAWKINS  
(SHOCKED BUT FASCINATED)

Dear Gawd! He's done hisself in.

HAGGERTY rounds on him.

HAGGERTY  
(WITH A JERK OF HIS HEAD)

Out. And keep everyone away from here.

HAWKINS hesitates.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

On your way.

With one last quick glance at the body on the bed, HAWKINS turns and scuttles off down the corridor and out of the flat.

HAGGERTY moves in to join CRAVEN. There is no need of expert medical opinion to tell that RHODES is dead but, as a matter of course, CRAVEN feels for a pulse. He looks at HAGGERTY and shakes his head. HAGGERTY crosses to the beside table and, holding the very edge of the corner of it with two fingers, picks up the sheet of notepaper.

HAGGERTY  
(READING)

"I'm sorry. It was bad enough  
betraying my country. But I  
never thought Walter would kill.  
It's all bound to come out now.  
And I couldn't face that".

HAGGERTY turns to CRAVEN.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

Right. So that's one answer.  
Maguire followed him to a  
rendezvous.

CU CRAVEN

CRAVEN

So now what we need to know is  
who the hell is Walter.

CUT TO:

30. INT. COMMANDER FLETCHER'S OFFICE. DAY

It is the following day.

COMMANDER FLETCHER is standing by the window, an open file in his hands. CRAVEN and HAGGERTY are sitting in chairs opposite the COMMANDER's desk.

FLETCHER

A category one clearance you  
said.

CRAVEN

Yes, sir. Positive vetting when he joined the War Office in nineteen fifty-three and again in sixty-four when everything was turned over to the Ministry of Defence. Several spot checks in between.

HAGGERTY

And he was clean every time.

FLETCHER

Only now we know differently.

CRAVEN

Which would suggest it's something new.

FLETCHER

Let's hope so.

He crosses to his desk, sits and lays the file down in front of him.

HAGGERTY

His wife died two years ago. Apparently he took it very badly. There might be a connection.

FLETCHER

Possibly. But I'd be happier if we could come up with something a little more convincing. (HE INDICATES THE FILE) According to this we can rule out politics, sex, alcohol or gambling. And he wasn't in debt. So what else are we left with in the way of motivation?

CRAVEN

We found an envelope in Rhodes' bedroom, Commander. It was unopened. There was two hundred and fifty pounds in fivers in it. And another one thousand six hundred pounds in notes in a metal box hidden in the living room.

FLETCHER  
(MUSING)

Plain greed rather than grief.  
(HE NODS) I think I prefer it.

HAGGERTY

What kind of access did he have, sir?

FLETCHER

Fortunately nothing above secret. And not a great deal of that. But enough. The Ministry's checking on just what's been through his hands. They'll take the necessary steps.

CRAVEN

And I've put men on to digging up everything they can on his movements and contacts over the past two years.

FLETCHER

Good. And what about 'Walter'.

CRAVEN

We'd like to handle that one ourselves, sir. Specially as Rhodes' letter points to him being Maguire's killer.

FLETCHER

Yes, I'd say that was a reasonable assumption. Very well. Keep me fully informed.

He closes the file and hands it to CRAVEN. The meeting is over.



CRAVEN and HAGGERTY stand up and start to move over to the door. As they do so one of the telephones on FLETCHER's desk rings. He picks it up.

FLETCHER  
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Yes..... Yes, he's here.  
Craven.

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY pause and turn in the open doorway.

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

For you. (HE HOLDS OUT THE  
TELEPHONE TO HIM) You can take  
it here.

CRAVEN returns to the desk and takes the telephone from him. HAGGERTY moves back into the room once more.

CRAVEN  
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Chief Inspector Craven.....  
Thank you..... Yes, speaking,  
Superintendent.....  
(HE REACTS) Where?.....  
Right, we're on our way.

He replaces the telephone and looks at FLETCHER.

CU CRAVEN

CRAVEN (CONTD.)

That was Superintendent Young.  
They've found the car.

CUT TO:

31. EXT. A SIDE STREET, LONDON. DAY

As HAGGERTY and CRAVEN drive up and get out of their car.

DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT YOUNG, a DETECTIVE SERGEANT, the FORENSIC OFFICER and a UNIFORMED CONSTABLE are grouped around the Ford Cortina which we saw in the opening sequence. The front of the car is now badly dented and the offside headlights are smashed. The FORENSIC OFFICER is scraping off a sample of paintwork from the crumpled wing. CRAVEN and HAGGERTY cross to them.

-25-  
CRAVEN

For sure?

YOUNG

For certain sure. Condition.  
Tyre. They all fit.

HAGGERTY

And the owner?

CUT TO:

32. EXT. A STREET IN NORTH LONDON. DAY

An open fronted shop stands back from the road across a wide pavement. A sign over the shop reads: NEWCOMBE CAR HIRE (KILEURN) LTD. There is one car standing in the shop and another on the forecourt which is being polished by a YOUTH of around seventeen.

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY come INTO SHOT and approach the YOUNG MAN.

CRAVEN

Where will we find the guvnor?

The YOUTH looks at them disinterestedly, nods his head in the direction of the shop and then goes on with his polishing. CRAVEN and HAGGERTY move away and into the shop.

CUT TO:

33. INT. NEWCOMBE'S OFFICE. DAY

The office is unpretentious and functional. In one wall there is a large window which looks out into the shop itself.

As CRAVEN and HAGGERTY enter STEPHEN NEWCOMBE, a grey haired man in his late fifties with a tired, defeated face, is standing at an open filing cabinet replacing a file. He closes the drawer and turns to face them. When he speaks it is with an always present and sometimes more pronounced foreign accent.

CRAVEN

Mr. Stephen Newcombe?

NEWCOMBE

Yes.

CRAVEN produces his warrant card.

CRAVEN

We are police officers, sir.

NEWCOMBE's expression becomes apprehensive. He frowns.

NEWCOMBE

Is something wrong?

HAGGERTY

Just an enquiry.

NEWCOMBE

I see.

He moves across to his desk and sits down behind it and then makes a gesture indicating that CRAVEN and HAGGERTY should also take a seat.

CRAVEN

No thank you, sir. This won't take long. I believe you own a Ford Cortina, registration number .

Momentarily there is a sign of further apprehension in NEWCOMBE's expression. He nods.

NEWCOMBE

Yes.

HAGGERTY

You can say? Just like that?

NEWCOMBE makes a gesture.

NEWCOMBE

This is a small business. I do not have that many cars.

HAGGERTY studies the man with interest and he continues to study him throughout the rest of the interview.

NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

That Cortina is out on hire at the moment.

CRAVEN

We'd like to know who to.

NEWCOMBE stands up.

NEWCOMBE

Has there been an accident?  
Is someone in trouble?

CRAVEN

The car was found abandoned today and damaged. And we have reason to believe that it may have been used in the commission of a crime. So if you will just give us the hirer's name and address please.

NEWCOMBE hesitates. He looks from one to the other of the Special Branch men.

NEWCOMBE

Of course.

He crosses back to the filing cabinet, opens it and flips through the files inside it. He finds the one he is looking for, takes it out and opens it.

NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

Here we are.

HAGGERTY takes out a notebook and pen.

NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

The car is on hire to a Mr. Walter Lowe.

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY exchange looks.

HAGGERTY

And his address?

NEWCOMBE

Three hundred and twenty-one  
Upper South Hill Road, London,  
S.W.5.

CRAVEN

When did he take it out.

NEWCOMBE consults the file again.

NEWCOMBE

At 3.30 p.m. on the 23rd. The  
day before yesterday.

CRAVEN

And how long did he want it for?

NEWCOMBE

It is due back this afternoon.

CRAVEN

Did you deal with Mr. Lowe  
yourself?

NEWCOMBE

There is no-one else.

CRAVEN nods in the direction of the forecourt.

NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

He cleans the cars. That is  
all.

CRAVEN

Lowe shoed you his licence?

NEWCOMBE

Naturally. The law requires it.

CRAVEN

Has he hired from you before?

NEWCOMBE turns back to the filing cabinet and replaces the file.

NEWCOMBE

Perhaps. It is possible.  
(HE CLOSSES THE DRAWER) I am  
not sure.

He turns to face the two Special Branch men again.

HAGGERTY

Not a lot of cars but too many  
customers, eh?

NEWCOMBE

I cannot remember all of them.

CRAVEN

But you could give us a description  
of this customer if we should need  
it?

NEWCOMBE

Of course.

CRAVEN

Well thank you, sir. I hope we  
won't have to trouble you again.  
Good day.

NEWCOMBE

Good day.

CRAVEN turns and exits. HAGGERTY follows him. In the doorway he turns and looks back at NEWCOMBE.

HAGGERTY

Did you take a deposit?

NEWCOMBE frowns.

NEWCOMBE

Of course. That is normal.

HAGGERTY

Just as well. 'Cause I'll tell you something. I don't think Mr. Lowe'll be in to settle up.

He exits, closing the office door behind him.

CU NEWCOMBE

He is worried.

CUT TO:

34. INT. CRAVEN'S OFFICE. DAY

CRAVEN is on the telephone as the door opens and HAGGERTY enters carrying a file.

CRAVEN  
(INTO TELEPHONE)

Yes, Commander, we checked it out immediately. A dead end. It's a phoney. There's no such address ans three hundred and twent~~y~~-one Upper South Hill Road, S.W.5..... Yes, of course, sir. That's in hand.

He replaces the telephone and glances at HAGGERTY.

CRAVEN

We're going to need that description from Newcombe.

HAGGERTY

Nowak. Stefan Nowak.

CRAVEN gives him a puzzled look.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

An accent. Didn't you notice?  
I've been through the Aliens  
File. He escaped from Polance in  
1941. Settled here as a refugee.  
Changed his name to Stephen  
Newcombe when he was granted  
naturalisation in '60.

CRAVEN frowns.

CU HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

And something else. He didn't  
ask how badly damaged the car was.  
Or when he could have it back.

CUT TO:

35. INT. SHOWROOM, NEWCOMBE CAR HIRE. DAY

The bonnet of the car standing in the showroom is raised. Its engine is running. NEWCOMBE, in his shirt sleeves, is adjusting the carburettor with a screwdriver. He looks up and reacts.

HAGGERTY is standing opposite watching him across the engine. HAGGERTY smiles. NEWCOMBE studies him for a moment or two then he reaches in through the open window of the car and switches off the engine, puts down the screwdriver and wipes his hands on a rag.

NEWCOMBE

Back so soon?

HAGGERTY

Just to let you know. That  
address. The one Lowe gave you.  
Doesn't exist.

NEWCOMBE puts on an expression of disbelief.



NEWCOMBE

But that's impossible. It was  
the address on his licence.

HAGGERTY

The fact remains.

NEWCOMBE shakes his head.

NEWCOMBE

That is bad. Very bad.

HAGGERTY

It's not good.

NEWCOMBE  
(ANXIOUS TO CONVINCHE HIM)

But I did not know that. There  
was no way of telling.

HAGGERTY

Of course not. Just thought you  
might be interested.

NEWCOMBE

Yes. Thank you.

He moves round the front of the car.

NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

I suppose now you will want me to  
give you a description.

HAGGERTY shakes his head.

HAGGERTY

No, that won't be necessary.  
Strictly between you and me. We  
know who the man who calls himself  
Mr. Lowe really is. Of course  
we'll have to ask you to make a

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

formal identification. Later on. When we've picked him up. Just shows, doesn't it? You can never tell about people. I mean, after all, what's in a name? We'll be in touch.

HAGGERTY turns and moves off in the direction of the street and OUT OF SHOT.

NEWCOMBE stands watching him go, deeply troubled. He bites his lip nervously and makes up his mind. He turns and walks quickly to the back of the showroom and into the office. Through the window we see him pick up the telephone on his desk and dial a number.

CUT TO:

36. EXT. NEWCOMBE CAR HIRE LTD. DAY

NEWCOMBE, now wearing his jacket, comes out of the showroom and gets into the car standing on the forecourt and starts it. The car moves forward slowly down the ramp and on to the road. It turns left and edges into traffic.

CAMERA WHIP PANS on to another car parked on the opposite side of the road. HAGGERTY is behind the wheel. He switches on the ignition and swings out from the kerb to follow.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. SOUTH BANK, FESTIVAL HALL SITE. DAY

In LS we see WALCZAK and NEWCOMBE walking side by side on the terrace between the Festival Hall and the river. They are deep in conversation.

CUT TO:

38. EXT. PEDESTRIAN WAY, HUNGERFORD BRIDGE. DAY

Leaning forward, HAGGERTY supports his elbows on the parapet. He is gazing over towards the South Bank Site. In his hands he holds a Nikon camera fitted with a powerful zoom lens. He raises the camera and sights towards the Festival Hall.

Now we see the Festival Hall Site as though through the lens of the Nikon.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on WALCZAK and NEWCOMBE walking side by side on the terrace and HOLDS them in CU. We hear the click of the Nikon shutter as it is released and we FREEZE FRAME.

CUT TO:

39. INT. CRAVEN'S OFFICE. DAY

We have a whole plate enlargement of the picture HAGGERTY took in CU.

CRAVEN is sitting behind his desk studying the picture. HAGGERTY is standing opposite him watching his reaction. CRAVEN lowers the picture and looks up at him. His expression is one of great concern.

HAGGERTY  
(GRIMLY)

Recognise him?

CRAVEN

Krzysytof Walczak. A third  
Secretary at the embassy.

HAGGERTY

And Rhodes' controller.

CU HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

Only he knew him as Walter.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

40. INT. CRAVEN'S OFFICE. DAY

The curtains have been drawn across the windows of the office.  
CU projection screen.

We hear the sound of the mechanism of the slide projector and a picture comes on to the screen. It is a black and white photograph of KRZYSYTOF WALCZAK getting into a car in the driveway of a building which could be an embassy.

CRAVEN is sitting behind his desk and HAGGERTY is perched on one corner of it. Their eyes are on the screen. The slide projector is mounted on a stand behind them. Operating the projector is DETECTIVE INSPECTOR EDWARDS of Special Branch. His attention is on the screen.

EDWARDS

Krzysytof Walczak. He was accredited to the embassy as a third secretary just over eighteen months ago. It's his first diplomatic appointment....

Again we have the screen in CU. The still, black and white picture of WALCZAK FILLS FRAME and we

MIX TO:

41. EXT. EMBASSY. DAY

Exactly the same shot as was on the projection screen in monochrome but now in colour and live action. WALCZAK gets into the car and starts it up.

EDWARDS  
(CONTD. OVER)

.....As far as we know, prior to that he worked in their Foreign Ministry. As a matter of course we put a tail on him.....

We see WALCZAK drive out of the embassy gates and away down the road.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. REGENT STREET. DAY

WALCZAK, now dressed differently from the last scene, pays a street news vendor for the paper he has just bought and then moves back into the stream of pedestrians on the pavement.

EDWARDS  
(OVER)

..... as soon as he arrived in this country and kept him under full round-the-clock surveillance for six months. During that time he did nothing to cause us any worry and he made no suspect contacts.....

WALCZAK pauses to look in the window of a mens outfitters.

CUT TO:

43. EXT. TENNIS HARD COURT. DAY

WALCZAK is playing a singles match with a colleague from the embassy and greatly enjoying beating him.

EDWARDS  
(OVER)

..... A year ago the full surveillance order was lifted. Since then he has been kept under routine observation from time to time with occasional random twenty-four hour movement and association checks. Results negative.....

WALCZAK serves an ace.

CUT TO:

44. EXT. A PARK OR HEATH. DAY

It is a summer's day. WALCZAK and MARIE GALINSKA, an attractive brunette in her middle to late twenties, are walking side by side along a path. They are in animated conversation, gay and relaxed.

They sit down on a bench. WALCZAK offers MARIE a cigarette. She takes one.

EDWARDS  
(OVER)

..... Walczak's unmarried.  
Three months after he took up  
his appointment here he started  
having an affaire with Marie  
Galinska. She works at the  
embassy. Chief assistant to the  
Press Attache.....

WALCZAK lights MARIE's cigarette for her. She smiles her  
thanks at him and there is a great deal of affection and meaning  
in her smile.

CUT TO:

45. EXT. A MEWS, KENSINGTON. DAY

We see WALCZAK drive his car into the mews and park. He gets  
out of the car and locks it. Once more he is wearing a different  
costume from any of the other scenes in this sequence. He  
crosses to the front door of one of the mews houses.

EDWARDS  
(OVER)

..... They see a lot of each  
other. Marie Galinska has an  
embassy flat in Hobbs Mews,  
Kensington. Walczak is a  
regular visitor.....

WALCZAK takes a key out of his pocket and starts to open the  
front door. We FREEZE FRAME and start to bleed out colour as we

MIX TO:

46. INT. CRAVEN'S OFFICE. DAY

Exactly the same shot of WALCZAK but now in black and white,  
a slide thrown on to the screen by the projector.

EDWARDS

..... And that's all we have  
on him.

HAGGERTY gets up from his seat on the desk, crosses to the  
window and draws back the curtains.

HAGGERTY

Well now you can add this to the file. (HE TURNS) He is a residentura. His code name is Walter.

CU HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

And he's the bastard who killed Maguire.

CUT TO:

47. INT. NEWCOMBE'S OFFICE. DAY

STEPHEN NEWCOMBE is sitting at his desk going through some bills. The door of the office opens. He looks up. It is HAGGERTY. The Special Branch man is carrying a large, brown, card backed envelope. His expression is cold and professional.

With a sudden sense of foreboding NEWCOMBE regards HAGGERTY apprehensively as he crosses slowly to the desk. The Chief Inspector takes a print of the photograph which he took of NEWCOMBE and WALCZAK on the South Bank Site out of the envelope and tosses it down on to the desk.

HAGGERTY

You photograph well, Nowak.

NEWCOMBE stares down at the picture. His expression becomes one of resignation. He shakes his head sadly.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

And so does your friend, Mr. Lowe.

NEWCOMBE looks up and him and gives him a questioning, puzzled look.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

You panicked. That's what I wanted. Led me right to him.

NEWCOMBE gets slowly to his feet and turns to stare out through the window into the showroom. He is defeated and he makes no

attempt to hide it.

NEWCOMBE  
(WEARILY)

I knew this would happen. It had to. I told him. It only needs one thing to go wrong. If he was stopped for speeding. If there was an accident. But he laughed and said there was nothing to worry about.

HAGGERTY

How long?

NEWCOMBE

He first approached me about a year ago. I had no choice.

He swings round quickly to face HAGGERTY with an imploring look.

NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

You must believe me. You must understand that. I have close relatives, friends back there. People they can get at. For their sake I had to co-operate.

HAGGERTY

Many times?

NEWCOMBE

Five. Including this last time.

HAGGERTY

He came here?

NEWCOMBE

No. He would telephone me. Tell me where to deliver a car. I made out the papers. He had given me the name and address I should use. Then I would drive to



NEWCOMBE (CONTD.)

wherever it was he had said and leave the car there. When he had finished with it he telephoned me again and I would collect the car from the same spot.

HAGGERTY

Like where for example?

NEWCOMBE

Different places. Once it was near Hendon Central underground station. Another time behind a cinema in Fulham.

HAGGERTY

And this time?

NEWCOMBE

A multi storey car park off Edgware Road.

HAGGERTY

We'll need to get this down on paper.

NEWCOMBE

I understand.

CU HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY  
(QUIETLY)

Right. Shall we go?

CUT TO:

48. INT. A RESTAURANT. NIGHT

We have a murmur of conversation and the sound of Slavonic music played by a trio of musicians over.

Across the crowded restaurant we see WALCZAK and MARIE GALINSKA sitting at a corner table. They have finished their meal. They have empty coffee cups in front of them. There is also a brandy glass with a little brandy still in it by WALCZAK's right hand.

The HEAD WAITER approaches their table with the bill and WALCZAK's change, two pound notes and some coins, on a plate. He puts the plate down beside WALCZAK who indicates with a gesture that that is the tip. This is acknowledged with a nod of thanks.

WALCZAK reaches for his glass and drains the last of the brandy then he and MARIE get to their feet. The HEAD WAITER pulls the table back a little to give them free passage then, having pushed the table back again, follows them across to the door and OUT OF SHOT.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A WAITER, carrying a tray, moves in on the table to clear it. He picks up the ashtray and the two coffee cups and then puts out a hand for the brandy glass. In CU we see the WAITER's hand about to close on the glass only to be checked when another hand comes INTO SHOT and gently but firmly grasps his wrist.

The WAITER turns his head in surprise. Now we see that the man who has checked him is DETECTIVE CHIEF INSPECTOR CRAVEN, smiling but fixing the WAITER with a steely look and still holding his wrist, CRAVEN tucks a pound note, folded lengthways, into the breast pocket of the man's short, uniform jacket. The WAITER looks nonplussed. CRAVEN moves the man's hand away from the glass and carefully picks it up by its base. He raises it to chest height and indicates it with a nod of his head.

CRAVEN  
(HIS SMILE BROADENING)

A souvenir.

CU THE WAITER, totally bewildered but profiting from the deal. He shrugs.

CUT TO:

49. INT. COMMANDER FLETCHER'S OFFICE. DAY

COMMANDER FLETCHER is sitting behind his desk. HAGGERTY is standing opposite him. CRAVEN is over by the door, arms folded, watching his colleague present the facts.

HAGGERTY

Once Walczak had got Eric Rhodes on the hook he needed the hire car. He couldn't use his own. It's known to us. So whenever he arranged a rendezvous he gave Newcombe a call and then picked up a different one each time after he'd made sure that he'd shaken off any tail we had on him.

FLETCHER nods in agreement.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

Newcombe's made a full statement and provided a positive identification. We're holding him. There were fingerprints on the envelope that was in Eric Rhodes flat, on the steering wheel of the car and on the two cigarette ends found at the rendezvous. We've now established that they are Walczaks.

FLETCHER frowns. He looks suspiciously from HAGGERTY across to CRAVEN and then back at HAGGERTY again.

FLETCHER

Oh really? May I ask how?

CRAVEN  
(IMPASSIVELY)

Something came our way, sir.

FLETCHER is sceptical and he looks it but he is not going to probe any deeper.

FLETCHER

I see. (HE NODS TO HAGGERTY, INDICATING THAT HE SHOULD CONTINUE) Very well.

HAGGERTY

What else do we need, Commander? We can prove espionage and murder.

FLETCHER

Unquestionably. A cast iron case. (HE STANDS UP) Well, thank you. You can leave this with me now. I'll see that the information is passed on to the proper quarter.

He moves out from behind his desk and crosses to the window where he stands with his back to the two senior officers. The interview is over.

CRAVEN turns and starts to open the door to leave. HAGGERTY stands his ground.

HAGGERTY

What action do you want us to take?

FLETCHER

None.

HAGGERTY

Is there nothing we can do?

FLETCHER swings round to face him.

FLETCHER  
(BITTERLY)

You know damned well there isn't, Chief Inspector. We can't even question Walczak. We certainly can't arrest him. He's a foreign diplomat. He'd claim immunity.

CU FLETCHER

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

He's outside the law.

CUT TO:

50. INT. A ROOM IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE. DAY

The office is appointed, decorated and furnished in a manner which befits that of a senior Foreign Office official.

SIR JOHN FITZGERALD, a distinguished looking man in his late fifties, wearing a well cut, formal suit, is sitting behind his desk. He stands up when the door of his office is opened by a MALE SECRETARY who ushers in the AMBASSADOR.

The AMBASSADOR is about the same age as SIR JOHN with patient eyes and the expression of a highly experienced diplomat.

The exchange which follows is polite and correct but chilly. The atmosphere is one of closely observed protocol.

The SECRETARY withdraws, closing the door behind him.

SIR JOHN

Your Excellency.

AMBASSADOR

Sir John.

SIR JOHN indicates that he should take the chair opposite him. The AMBASSADOR crosses to it and sits down.

SIR JOHN

Ambassador, it is with great regret that I have to inform you that Her Majesty's Government is declaring Third Secretary Walczak persona non grata.

AMBASSADOR

I see. You appreciate that this comes as a considerable shock to me.

SIR JOHN

Of course.

AMBASSADOR

And the reason?

SIR JOHN

We have cause to believe that Secretary Walczak has been engaging in activities outside the scope of his normal duties

SIR JOHN (CONTD.)

and which are detrimental to  
the best interests of this  
country.

AMBASSADOR  
(QUIETLY BUT FIRMLY)

I categorically deny that.

SIR JOHN

I understand. However, I must  
tell you that the Third Secretary  
is no longer welcome here. We  
should appreciate it if you would  
make the necessary arrangements  
for him to leave. Within forty-  
eight hours.

AMBASSADOR

Very well. But on behalf of my  
Government I wish to lodge a  
formal protest.

SIR JOHN

Your protest will be noted.

Suddenly, the formalities over, both men visibly relax. The  
temperature rises, the atmosphere becomes informal. SIR JOHN  
smiles warmly.

SIR JOHN

Now, may I offer you a glass  
of sherry?

DISSOLVE TO:

51. INT. PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY

CU a glass of whiskey standing on the bar counter.

We WIDEN SHOT to show CRAVEN and HAGGERTY standing at the counter.  
CRAVEN is holding a glass. HAGGERTY reaches out and, with an  
angry movement, snatches up the whiskey.

HAGGERTY  
(BITTERLY)

Persona non grata!

He half empties his glass with one swallow.

Both men are wearing black ties and suits which are appropriate for a sombre occasion. The midday rush is still half-an-hour away and there are only one or two other customers in the bar.

CRAVEN  
(WITH A SHRUG)

What else did you expect?  
Standard procedure.

HAGGERTY  
(VEHEMENTLY)

It's not bloody good enough.  
Where's the justice in it?

CRAVEN

There isn't any. But he  
screwed things up. Got caught  
out. His bosses aren't going  
to be too pleased with him.

HAGGERTY

He's still getting away with  
murder.

CUT TO:

52. EXT. A CEMETERY. DAY

SHOOTING across a forest of headstones and memorials we see  
A PRIEST and a GROUP OF MOURNERS gathered around an open grave.

We hear the PRIEST's voice distantly.

PRIEST

Man that is born of a woman  
hath but a short time to live  
and is full of misery. He  
cometh up and is cut down like  
a flower: he fleeth as it were  
a shadow and never continueth  
in one stay.....

We WIDEN SHOT and ANGLE on to a hearse and a line of cars parked on a drive some way off from the grave. Laid out neatly on the grass and flanking the drive are a number of wreathes and bunches of flowers.

PRIEST  
(OVER)

.....In the midst of life we are  
in death: of whom may we seek  
for succour but of thee, O Lord,  
who for our sins are justly  
displeased.....

The DRIVER of the hearse, leaning against one side of the vehicle and hidden from the view of the GROUP around the grave, is smoking a cigarette.

DISSOLVE TO

The graveside. A coffin rests on wooden supports over the open grave. It is flanked by FOUR UNDERTAKERS ASSISTANTS ready to lower it on straps into the ground.

PRIEST

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord  
most mighty, O holy and most  
merciful Saviour, deliver us not  
into the bitter pain of eternal  
death. Thou knowest, Lord, the  
secrets of our hearts: shut not  
Thy merciful ears to our prayer  
but spare us, Lord most holy.....

Among the mourners standing on one side of the grave are CRAVEN, HAGGERTY, DETECTIVE INSPECTOR EDWARDS and other Special Branch men, including COMMANDER FLETCHER.

Grouped on the opposite side are Maguire's mother and father and other relatives and close friends.

MR. and MRS. MAGUIRE are in their fifties. Both are in deep mourning. MR. MAGUIRE is supporting his wife who, one hand up to her mouth, is sobbing quietly.

CRAVEN and HAGGERTY both glance across at the couple. CRAVEN's reaction is one of sympathetic concern. HAGGERTY's expression is, although also sympathetic, tinged with more than a trace of frustrated anger. He frowns.

DISSOLVE TO



The wreathes and other floral tributes. A breeze rattles the cards and ribbons and disturbs the blooms.

PRIEST  
(OVER AND DISTANT)

... For as much as it pleases  
Almighty God unto His great  
mercy to take unto Himself the  
soul of our dear brother.....

CUT TO

The graveside. The coffin has now been lowered into the grave.

PRIEST

... Patrick Michael Maguire,  
here departed. We therefore  
commit his body to the ground....

The PRIEST makes three sharp movements with his hand, each time  
tossing a little earth down into the grave.

PRIEST

... Earth to earth, ashes to  
ashes, dust to dust in the sure  
and certain hope of resurrection  
to eternal life.....

MR. MAGUIRE comforts his distressed wife.

DISSOLVE TO

The driveway. The DRIVER of the hearse glances at his watch,  
straightens up, throws down his cigarette and treads on it.

CUT TO

The graveside. The service is coming to an end.

PRIEST

... The grace of our Lord Jesus  
Christ and the love of God and  
the fellowship of the Holy Ghost  
be with us all evermore. Amen.

The two groups on either side of the grave start to drift slowly  
away. The PRIEST moves over to the MAGUIRES to console them.

The UNDERTAKERS ASSISTANTS start to pull away the lowering straps from under the coffin.

ANGLE on CRAVEN and HAGGERTY as they move away from the grave.

COMMANDER FLETCHER is behind them, unnoticed by the two men but close enough to them to overhear their conversation.

CRAVEN glances across in the direction of MR. and MRS. MAGUIRE. He looks somewhat embarrassed.

CRAVEN

We ought to have a word with his parents.

HAGGERTY  
(FLATLY)

Go ahead then.

CRAVEN looks at him in surprise.

CRAVEN

You're not coming?

Both men stop walking. HAGGERTY turns to CRAVEN.

HAGGERTY  
(BITTERLY)

What are you going to say to them? "We're sorry your son got killed. Oh yes, we know who murdered him but, you see, we can't touch the bastard. Only send him home. First class. Don't worry though we're pretty sure someone back there will smack his wrist". (HE SHAKES HIS HEAD) You go ahead if you want to but not me.

COMMANDER FLETCHER, who has also pulled up in the wake of the two men and has been standing listening, now moves forward. They see him and part to let him come between them.

FLETCHER

I think, gentlemen, that this would be an appropriate moment for us to pay our respects to Mr. and Mrs. Maguire. (HE LOOKS AT HAGGERTY) It's just possible, Chief Inspector, that they might prefer consolation to revenge.

He moves forward at an angle INTO CAMERA and OUT OF SHOT. CRAVEN glances briefly at HAGGERTY then turns and follows the COMMANDER.

HAGGERTY hesitates for a second then he also moves forward in the same direction and OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO:

53. INT. SITTING ROOM, MARIE GALINSKA'S MEWS FLAT. NIGHT

The room is cosy and attractively furnished. One door leads off to the bedroom, another to the kitchen. The door to the kitchen is open.

MARIE GALINSKA is standing by a small table on which there is a framed, informal photograph of her and KRZYSYTOF WALCZAK. Disconsolately she picks the photograph up and looks at it.

WALCZAK enters from the kitchen. He is carrying a bottle of champagne in one hand and two glasses in the other. He sees the expression on MARIE's face, smiles gently, shakes his head and crosses to her.

WALCZAK  
(IN POLISH)

It will not be for long. I promise.  
The Ministry will agree. They will  
transfer you to a home appointment.

MARIE is not altogether reassured. WALCZAK laughs.

WALCZAK (CONTD.)

You will see. We will be together  
very soon. (CAJOLINGLY) Come on  
now. (MARIE MANAGES A SMILE)  
That is better.

CUT TO:

54. EXT. HOBBS MEWS. NIGHT

Establishing shot.

ANGLE on a doorway almost opposite MARIE GALINSKA's flat. A figure is standing in the doorway, the glow of the cigarette he is smoking only partly revealing his features. The man shifts his position a little into a patch of light cast by a street lamp. It is HAGGERTY. He is gazing across the mews and up at the GALINSKA flat.

His P.O.V.

We see the lighted first floor window.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY. He is turning something over in his mind. He comes to a decision, throws down his cigarette and starts to move across the mews.

CUT TO:

55. INT. SITTING ROOM, MARIE GALINSKA'S FLAT. NIGHT

WALCZAK has poured the champagne. He hands one glass to MARIE and takes the other one himself. He raises it to her in a toast.

WALCZAK  
(IN POLISH)

To us. And to the future.

MARIE raises her glass in acknowledgement. They drink.

The front doorbell rings. MARIE makes a move as if to turn to answer it but WALCZAK checks her with a gesture.

WALCZAK  
(IN POLISH)

I will go.

With the glass of champagne still in his hand, he moves over to the door which opens on to the stairs running down beside the garage to the ground floor front door.

CUT TO:

56. INT. THE STAIRS, HALLWAY AND FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

SHOOTING from the foot of the stairs we see WALCZAK start to come down them. He is humming a gay tune to himself. He is obviously in good spirits.

AN ANGLE from the stairs as WALCZAK moves along the hallway,, approaches the front door and puts out a hand to open it.

CUT TO:

57. EXT. MEWS HOUSE. NIGHT

As WALCZAK opens the front door. HAGGERTY is standing outside.

WALCZAK  
(IN ENGLISH)

Yes.

HAGGERTY does not reply. He studies the Third Secretary, his eyes on the man's face. It is as though he were confronted with some strange species of animal. WALCZAK frowns.

WALCZAK (CONTD.)

Well?

Still no reply. Still the scrutinising look. WALCZAK reacts, discomfoted, disconcerted.

WALCZAK (CONTD.)

Who are you? What do you want?

HAGGERTY

I just wanted to get a god look  
at you. Close up. (HE SEES THE  
GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE) Celebrating?

Without really knowing the reason for it WALCZAK is suddenly afraid. He starts to close the front door but HAGGERTY puts his foot against it and forces it open once again. Now the two men are standing in the doorway itself.

CUT TO:

58. INT. THE HALLWAY. NIGHT

WALCZAK  
(BLUSTERING)

Go away.

Again HAGGERTY studies him and this time he makes no effort to conceal his contempt. WALCZAK holds his gaze for a second or two and then wilts under it.

WALCZAK  
(CONTD. AND THREATENINGLY)

If you do not leave I will call  
the police.

HAGGERTY flares to flashpoint.

HAGGERTY

You'll what!

He slams his left forearm into WALCZAK's throat and with the left side of his body pinions the man against the wall. WALCZAK drops the champagne glass which smashes on the tiled floor. His hands fly to HAGGERTY's arm and try unsuccessfully to pull it away from his throat.

MARIE GALINSKA calls out from upstairs with a note of concern in her voice.

MARIE (OOV)

Brzysytof?

HAGGERTY  
(VENOMOUSLY)

I am the police.

He reaches into his pocket for his warrant card and holds it up so that WALCZAK can see it.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

Detective Chief Inspector Haggerty.  
Special Branch. Remember us?

WALCZAK is already choking under the pressure of HAGGERTY's arm.

HAGGERTY increases the pressure.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

I just thought you'd like to know. We buried Sergeant Maguire today.

WALCZAK cannot speak. The only sound from him is a strangled gurgling in his throat. His hands are now plucking feebly at HAGGERTY's sleeve. He is close to unconsciousness.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

So now what? Do you wait till I get to the end of the mews and then run me down too?

There is another call from MARIE. Her anxiety is mounting.

MARIE  
(OOV IN POLISH)

Krzysytof. What is it?

She comes to the top of the stairs. HAGGERTY sees her and slowly eases his arm away from across WALCZAK's throat. Gasping for air and clutching his neck, the Third Secretary slides slowly down the wall and ends up in a sitting position on the floor.

ANGLE on MARIE as she comes half way down the stairs and then stops abruptly, a look of fear and horror coming on to her face.

Her P.O.V.

HAGGERTY is looking up at her. Crumpled up on the floor WALCZAK is still clutching his throat and coughing.

HAGGERTY

No need to concern yourself, Miss.

He glances down at WALCZAK.

CU HAGGERTY as he looks up again.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

Just an interested party. Come to wish Mr. Walczak a good flight him.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY

He turns on his heel and walks through the front door and  
OUT OF SHOT.

CU WALCZAK retching.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

59. INT. COMMANDER FLETCHER'S OFFICE. DAY

COMMANDER FLETCHER's face comes INTO SHOT as he stands up  
abruptly behind his desk. His anger borders on fury but he  
has it icily under control.

FLETCHER

What the hell did you think you  
were playing at?

WIDEN SHOT to show HAGGERTY standing in front of the COMMANDER's  
desk.

FLETCHER (CONT'D.)

Harassment. Blatant intimidation.  
And of a member of a foreign  
diplomatic mission. Did you  
really think he would take it  
without protest? His ambassador  
was on to the Foreign Office  
first thing this morning.

He comes round from behind his desk and confronts HAGGERTY.  
He softens his attack a little but presses home the message  
nonetheless.



FLETCHER (CONTD.)

You do realise, Haggerty. You could be suspended for this. And if a similar report is ever made against you again... (HE BREAKS OFF) In view of the circumstances, this time I covered for you. You were on duty here all last night. Do you understand? So Walczak was mistaken. Whoever assaulted him it was not you. But bear this in mind, Chief Inspector. I will go a long way to protect my officers. However, there is a limit.

He moves back behind his desk. He nods curtly.

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

Very well. That's all. You may go.

HAGGERTY starts to move towards the door. FLETCHER glances after him and relents a little.

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

Chief Inspector. (HAGGERTY TURNS)  
I appreciate your feelings.  
Maguire's death has affected us all.  
But Walczak has immunity. You and I cannot change that. And none of us can take the law into our own hands. Leave well alone.

CU FLETCHER

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

You made a bad mistake last night.  
One more and you'll be in trouble.  
Very serious trouble.

DISSOLVE TO:

60. EXT. LOWER MALL, HAMMERSMITH. DAY

From a P.O.V. on the Mall we see a tug towing a string of barges and passing other river traffic.

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS with the tug and then HOLDS on it as it approaches and begins to pass under Hammersmith Bridge.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY leaning forward, his arms resting on the parapet, gazing out on to the river. He's troubled and deep in thought.

FAVOUR CRAVEN as he comes down on to the Mall from the bridge end. He sees HAGGERTY, walks slowly along to stand beside him. HAGGERTY is aware of his presence but he gives no indication.

For a few seconds CRAVEN also gazes out across the water then he glances at HAGGERTY and takes out a packet of cigarettes. He offers the packet to his colleague. Without looking at him, HAGGERTY shakes his head. We hear the sound of a jet airliner overhead circling on to a flight path to or from Heathrow. CRAVEN takes out a cigarette for himself and lights it.

CRAVEN

Pushing your luck a bit, weren't you?

HAGGERTY looks up into the sky.

His P.O.V.

Jet passing overhead.

ANGLE on CRAVEN and HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY  
(STILL LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY)

Up, up and way. Just like that.

CRAVEN

Nothing we can do.

HAGGERTY lowers his head and stares out over the water once more.

HAGGERTY

That's what everyone keeps saying.

CRAVEN

It's a fact.

For the first time HAGGERTY turns his head to look at him.

CRAVEN's P.O.V.

HAGGERTY studies his face.

HAGGERTY  
(SIMPLY)

Is it?

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN

HAGGERTY straightens up, turns and moves briskly away in the direction of the bridge. CRAVEN swivels round to watch him go.

CU CRAVEN

He is worried.

CUT TO:

61. INT. HAGGERTY'S OFFICE. DAY

HAGGERTY is standing by his desk speaking into the telephone.

HAGGERTY

Keith. Tom Haggerty.....  
Well enough thank you.....  
No, business. Something you  
can help me with. There's a  
diplomat due to go out under  
an expulsion order. His name's  
Krzysytof Walczak. He's still  
got twenty-four hours left to  
him but they never run right up  
to the deadline. They'll have  
made a booking. Check it out  
for me, will you?.....

DISSOLVE TO:

62. EXT. TERMINAL BUILDING, LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT

An official, chauffeur driven embassy car pulls up outside the entrance. The CHAUFFEUR gets out and opens the back door for WALCZAK who steps out onto the pavement. He is accompanied by an embassy SECURITY OFFICER. WALCZAK is carrying a briefcase.

As the CHAUFFEUR moves round to the back of the car to open the boot and take out the luggage, WALCZAK and the SECURITY OFFICER move through into the building.

CUT TO:

63. INT. MAIN CONCOURSE, TERMINAL BUILDING. NIGHT

WALCZAK and the SECURITY OFFICER come up one of the escalators on to the concourse. They move slowly and unconcernedly across in the direction of the bookstall.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY standing at the counter of one of the car hire firms. He is ostensibly studying one of their brochures. He looks across in the direction of the bookstall.

His P.O.V.

The SECURITY MAN stands a little to one side, his eyes on his charge, as WALCZAK idly examines the titles of the books on display.

ANGLE on the SECURITY OFFICER. He checks his watch.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY. Instinctively he also checks his watch.

CU HAGGERTY's wristwatch. It shows three minutes to ten.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY as he glances up to check his watch with the electric digital clock in the concourse. HAGGERTY reacts visibly and frowns.

His P.O.V.

The digital clock confirms the time. Beyond and to one side of it a man is leaning on the railings of the staircase which leads up to the upper floor. CAMERA CRASHES IN on him. It is CRAVEN. His eyes are on HAGGERTY.

ANGLE on CRAVEN. He turns from the railing and starts to come down the stairs.

ANGLE on WALCZAK as he selects a book and then moves over to the racks of newspapers and magazines.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY as CRAVEN comes INTO SHOT.

HAGGERTY

How did you know?

CRAVEN

I ran into Keith Rossiter.  
He told me you'd called him.  
Why?

HAGGERTY

He's a V.I.P. That's part of  
our job. Looking after V.I.P.s

CRAVEN

Let's go.

HAGGERTY  
(FIRMLY)

No. I'll see him off.

CRAVEN

For God's sake! What good's  
that going to do anyone?

HAGGERTY

You never can tell.

CRAVEN  
(A WARNING)

If you try anything.

HAGGERTY gives him a look.

HAGGERTY

What! With the Law around?

He turns his head to look in the direction of the bookstall  
once more.

His P.O.V.

WALCZAK is paying for his purchases.

ANGLE on the bookstall. We see the CHAUFFEUR approach WALCZAK  
accompanied by a uniformed GROUND HOSTESS. The CHAUFFEUR hands  
WALCZAK his boarding pass and ticket with his luggage checks  
on it. Then he turns and moves away OUT OF SHOT.

The HOSTESS makes a gesture indicating that WALCZAK should go  
with her. They start to move off in the direction of one of  
the doors leading through to the passport control and customs  
area. The SECURITY OFFICER falls in behind them.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN watching.

ANOTHER ANGLE as the GROUND HOSTESS and WALCZAK, with the  
SECURITY OFFICER coming up behind them, approach the door to  
Passport Control. In the doorway WALCZAK turns and nods to  
the SECURITY OFFICER. This is as far as the bodyguard can go.

The SECURITY OFFICER stands watching for a moment or two as WALCZAK follows the HOSTESS over to the Immigration Desk. Then he turns, moves briskly off at an angle and OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO:

64. INT. PASSPORT CONTROL, LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT

The GROUND HOSTESS and WALCZAK approach one of the Immigration Desks. The Third Secretary takes out his passport and hands it to the IMMIGRATION OFFICER.

ANGLE on the doorway to the main concourse as HAGGERTY and CRAVEN come through it. They stand just inside the door watching.

ANGLE on the Immigration Desk. The IMMIGRATION OFFICER opens WALCZAK's passport and then glances up at him. WALCZAK's face is impassive. He meets the man's gaze.

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER flips through the pages of a book lying to one side of him and finds what he is looking for. He glances briefly up at WALCZAK once more then date stamps his passport and returns it to him. WALCZAK nods his thanks and he and the GROUND HOSTESS move through into the Departure Lounge.

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER watches them go. He turns his head again as HAGGERTY and CRAVEN come INTO SHOT. He recognises the two Special Branch men. He nods to them.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Good evening, Mr. Haggerty.  
Mr. Craven.

CRAVEN gives him an answering nod.

HAGGERTY

Hello, Jimmy.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Going through?

HAGGERTY  
(CASUALLY)

Why not.

He and CRAVEN start to move off in the direction of the Departure Lounge but pause when the IMMIGRATION OFFICER speaks again.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

I heard about Sergeant Maguire.  
Bloody awful. He was one of  
the best.

CRAVEN  
(UNEMOTIONALLY)

Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER

Any line on who did it?

HAGGERTY

You just stamped his passport.

He and CRAVEN move through in the direction of the Departure  
Lound and OUT OF SHOT.

CU IMMIGRATION OFFICER

HAGGERTY's news has not pleased him.

CUT TO:

65. INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE. NIGHT

As HAGGERTY and CRAVEN enter. They pause just inside the  
doorway and look across the lounge.

Their P.O.V.

The GROUND HOSTESS has escorted WALCZAK over to the far side  
of the lounge to an unmarked door which leads into a special  
lounge.

ANGLE on the GROUND HOSTESS and WALCZAK. The HOSTESS ushers  
WALCZAK into the lounge and closes the door behind him and m<sup>ves</sup>  
away.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN

HAGGERTY

You see. I told you. A V.I.P.  
The full treatment. He doesn't  
have to wait around with all  
these common travellers.

A woman and a child pass in front of the two Special Branch men.

We FAVOUR them and CAMERA TRACKS with them across the lounge and in the direction of the snack bar.

The woman, MRS. KONIK, is in her middle thirties. She has a flight bag slung over one shoulder and she is carrying a bulging duty free carrier bag. She looks tired, harassed and almost at the end of her patience. With reason. Her six or seven year old daughter, ANYA, whinging and whining, clings to her skirt wanting to be carried. The child has what appears to be a feverish cold. Her eyes and nose are running. She is fretful and persistent in her demands.

Having fully established MRS. KONIK and her daughter we

DISSOLVE TO:

66. EXT. DISPERSAL AREA, LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT

Luggage is being loaded from a trolley up into the belly of a Boeing 727.

We are watching at an angle so as not to be able to identify the name of the Airline to which the Boeing belongs.

DISSOLVE TO:

67. INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE. NIGHT

CU a digital clock. It shows 22.20.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN. They are sitting at a table on the fringe of the snack bar area. Each of them has a cup of coffee in front of him.

CRAVEN's eyes are on the door to the V.I.P. lounge. He reacts.

His P.O.V.

The GROUND HOSTESS approaches the door to the lounge, opens it and leans in. She says something which we cannot hear.

WALCZAK, holding his briefcase, comes into the doorway. The HOSTESS closes the door then leads the Third Secretary over toward one of the exits giving on to the walkway which takes passengers to the various boarding gates.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN. HAGGERTY gets up from his seat and starts to drift slowly across the lounge in the direction of the exit. CRAVEN sighs, gets up and follows him. As he does so there is an announcement over the loudspeakers.



WOMAN'S VOICE  
(OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

British Continental Airways  
announce the departure of their  
flight, number BC603 to Prague  
and Warsaw. Passengers for this  
flight should proceed immediately  
to Gate 12 for boarding.

This announcement is then repeated over in the appropriate  
foreign languages.

We WIDEN SHOT to show several people in the lounge standing up  
and starting to gather together their hand luggage.

ANGLE on the exit as WALCZAK follows the GROUND HOSTESS through  
the doors. They turn left and move OUT OF SHOT. We HOLD on  
the doors as first HAGGERTY and then CRAVEN come INTO SHOT.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HAGGERTY's eyes are on the departing figure of WALCZAK. He is  
frowning. CRAVEN also gazes down the walkway for a second or  
two then glances at his companion.

CRAVEN  
(WITH A SHRUG)

Well, that's it then.

HAGGERTY does not respond in any way. His full attention is  
concentrated on WALCZAK fast moving away from them.

ANGLE on the exit as other passengers for the flight begin to  
converge on it. MRS. KONIK and her DAUGHTER are among them.  
The child is reaching a peak of fractiousness.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN in the doorway. They are forced  
on to the walkway and to one side of the doors to allow the  
other passengers to pass.

CRAVEN watches them with disinterest as they troop by. HAGGERTY  
also glances at them absently.

MRS. KONIK and her DAUGHTER draw level with the two Special  
Branch men. HAGGERTY sees them and reacts. He studies the  
mother and child with great interest.

ANOTHER ANGLE on the exit as MRS. KONIK pauses to give her  
whining, persistent DAUGHTER a hard slap on her leg. The child  
bursts into tears.

CU HAGGERTY

His eyes are on MRS. KONIK's flight bag.

His P.O.V.

The flight number scrawled in felt tip pen on the British Continental Airways hand luggage label on the flight bag is BC603.

ANGLE on the exit as MRS. KONIK and the wailing child move off down the walkway in the direction of Gate 12.

CU CRAVEN

He has been watching the contretemps between mother and child. He shakes his head.

CRAVEN

Good luck! Sooner her than me.

He turns to look at his companion. We WIDEN SHOT to show that CRAVEN is now standing alone by the doors. He looks from side to side to locate HAGGERTY, glances into the lounge and reacts.

His P.O.V.

HAGGERTY is moving quickly away from him and off in the direction of a door marked NO ENTRY on the far side of the lounge.

CU CRAVEN. He frowns.

DISSOLVE TO:

68. INT. BOEING 727. NIGHT

WALCZAK is the only passenger in the forward first class compartment. Nearly every seat in the economy class section is occupied. The still grizzling ANYA KONIK is in an aisle seat next to her MOTHER about half way down the length of the cabin.

TWO British Continental Airways AIR HOSTESSES are patrolling the aisle checking that all the passengers have their seat belts fastened.

ANGLE on WALCZAK. He has his briefcase on his lap. He glances at his watch.

ANGLE on the forward door of the Boeing as a uniformed SENIOR AIRPORT OFFICIAL and a MEMBER of the Airport Medical Service come on board. The SENIOR OFFICIAL has an almost whispered conversation with the SENIOR AIR HOSTESS on duty at the door then he and the MEDICAL ASSISTANT move off down the aisle.

The SENIOR AIR HOSTESS reaches for the microphone of the cabin address system.

ANGLE on WALCZAK as, with only mild curiosity, he watches the TWO OFFICIALS moving away from him down the aisle. He turns and reaches for his book on the seat beside him.

SENIOR HOSTESS  
(THROUGH THE CABIN LOUDSPEAKER)

Ladies and gentlemen.....

ANGLE on the KONIKS as the SENIOR UNIFORMED OFFICIAL and the MEDICAL ASSISTANT pause beside them. Whilst the MEDICAL ASSISTANT gives ANYA a cursory examination, the SENIOR OFFICIAL leans across the back of the seats and speaks quietly to MRS. KONIK. We cannot hear what he is saying over the loudspeaker announcement.

SENIOR HOSTESS  
(CONT. AND OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

British Continental Airways regret to announce a delay in the departure of this flight. We sincerely hope that the delay will not be a long one. Meanwhile please remain in your seats and we will do everything we can to ensure your comfort while you are waiting.

This announcement is also repeated in the appropriate foreign languages.

After what appears to be a somewhat heated but brief protest, MRS. KONIK stands up and, taking ANYA by the hand, allows herself to be escorted by the TWO OFFICIALS up the aisle and towards the forward door.

The other passengers watch her progress with interest. Many are visibly irritated by the announcement of the delay.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. RUNWAY, LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT

As an incoming aircraft lands and then taxis to dispersal.

CUT TO:

70. INT. TREATMENT ROOM, AIRPORT CLINIC. NIGHT

HAGGERTY is standing just inside the doorway. The curtains around one of the cubicles are closed. One side of them is pulled back sharply and a DOCTOR comes out from the cubicle.

In the cubicle itself we can see ANYA KONIK sitting on the edge of an examination couch. Her MOTHER is helping her back into her blouse.

The DOCTOR crosses to HAGGERTY.

HAGGERTY's P.O.V.

The DOCTOR gives him a long, hard look.

REVERSE SHOT

HAGGERTY's face is impassive.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and the DOCTOR as the DOCTOR turns abruptly away from the Special Branch man and picks up a telephone on a nearby table.

CUT TO:

71. INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE. NIGHT

CRAVEN, standing at the bar with a drink in his hand, glances at the digital clock. The clock shows 23.15.

CUT TO:

72. INT. PASSPORT CONTROL AREA, LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT

From a direction other than that of the entrance to the main concourse CAMERA TRACKS over towards the desk of the IMMIGRATION OFFICER we saw earlier.

The IMMIGRATION OFFICER looks up and INTO CAMERA.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER  
(ENQUIRINGLY)

Yes, Mr. Haggerty?

CUT TO:

73. INT. BOEING 727. NIGHT

There is a general murmur of discontent from the passengers over the delay. The TWO HOSTESSES in economy are kept busy placating the more vociferous objectors.

ANGLE on WALCZAK. He looks at his watch, sighs and throws the book he has been reading down on to the seat beside him again. He beckons to the SENIOR HOSTESS who is standing by the still open door of the aircraft. She crosses to him.

WALCZAK

We have already been waiting for over one hour. Are we going to be delayed much longer?

SENIOR HOSTESS

I really couldn't say, sir. I sincerely hope not.

WALCZAK sighs once more and takes a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket.

SENIOR HOSTESS  
(APOLOGETICALLY)

I'm sorry, sir. I'm afraid there's no smoking.

She straightens up and turns toward the doorway as the UNIFORMED OFFICIAL boards the aircraft once more. The OFFICIAL draws the HOSTESS into the doorway and there is another whispered conversation between them.

The HOSTESS turns from him and again reaches for the microphone of the cabin address system.

SENIOR HOSTESS  
(OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

British Continental Airways again apologise for the delay. But, unfortunately, the Airport Medical Service have reason to believe that passengers on this flight may have been in contact with a suspected smallpox case.....

ANGLE on the economy class cabin. This announcement causes consternation and uproar among those passengers who understand English. Many turn to their companions and translate and in this way the state of anxiety spreads.

SENIOR HOSTESS  
(CONTD. OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

... I can assure you that there is no cause for alarm. But I regret that we must ask you to disembark and proceed to the Airport Medical Centre where vaccination will be available for those who have not already been inoculated or who do not hold a valid international certificate.

ANGLE on WALCZAK. He is angry over the delay and inconvenience but not otherwise concerned.

Over the loudspeaker the SENIOR HOSTESS begins to repeat the announcement in the first of the other languages.

CUT TO:

74. INT. MAIN CONCOURSE. NIGHT

We see HAGGERTY in one of the public telephone booths. He is talking into the telephone but the door of the booth is shut and we cannot hear what he is saying.

CUT TO:

75. INT. TREATMENT ROOM, AIRPORT CLINIC. NIGHT

A NURSE is laying out rows of sealed, disposable hypodermics and phials of vaccine on to the top of a trolley.

CUT TO:

76. INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE. NIGHT

ANGLE on CRAVEN still standing at the bar, his back to the lounge. His expression is one of irritation and annoyance. As HAGGERTY comes INTO SHOT to stand at the bar beside him he swings round on him.

CRAVEN

Where the hell have you been?

HAGGERTY  
(QUIETLY)

Just talking to some friends.

CRAVEN  
(RESENTFULLY)

Right. Well if you've finished doing the social rounds we can be on our way, eh?

HAGGERTY

No. I think I'll hang around  
a bit longer.

CRAVEN  
(EXPLODING)

For God's sake, Tom.....

CU HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY  
(INTERRUPTING)

And if you're staying as well  
mine's a large scotch.

DISOLVE TO:

77. INT. RECEPTION AREA, AIRPORT CLINIC. NIGHT

It is bedlam. Passengers off the Boeing 727 are milling boisily around the two desks where MEDICAL CENTRE STAFF are checking internation vaccination certificates and questioning those who have not got them.

ANGLE on an irate ENGLISH COUPLE in their fifties. The MAN intercepts a NURSE as she crosses towards the treatment room carrying a tray covered with a white cloth.

MAN  
(OUTRAGED)

Look here! (HE GLANCES AT HIS  
WATCH) It's now three minutes  
to midnight. We should've taken  
off at ten thirty six. This  
really isn't good enough you know.

The NURSE shrugs helplessly and continues on her way.

ANGLE on WALCZAK

A privileged first class passenger, he is standing apart from the throng. In one hand he is holding his briefcase. The GROUND HOSTESS we saw earlier approaches him.

GROUND HOSTESS

I'm terribly sorry about this, Mr. Walczak. But I'm sure you understand. Precautions have to be taken. I'll see to it that you get priority. When were you last re-vaccinated?

WALCZAK shrugs.

WALCZAK

Three, four years ago. I am not sure.

GROUND HOSTESS

May I have your international vaccination certificate. I'll take it through to the doctor now. It could save time.

WALCZAK takes his passport out of his inside jacket pocket. His international vaccination certificate is loose leaf in the back of it. He is about to remove it when, with a smile, the HOSTESS takes the passport from his hands, turns and, before WALCZAK can say anything, she has gone, moving across towards the treatment room.

CU WALCZAK. He frowns a little then dismisses his momentary concern with a shrug.

DISSOLVE TO:

78. INT. DEPARTURE LOUNGE. NIGHT

ANGLE on the bar. CRAVEN and HAGGERTY are still standing at the counter. CRAVEN is studying his companion who is obviously very preoccupied. CRAVEN moves his empty glass pointedly across the counter.

CRAVEN

Your round.

HAGGERTY snaps out of his reverie and turns to look at him.

HAGGERTY  
(ABSENTLY)

What did you say?



CRAVEN

It's your round.

HAGGERTY glances at his watch.

CU HAGGERTY's watch. It shows ten minutes past midnight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HAGGERTY looks up, beckons to the barman who comes down behind the counter to him. HAGGERTY reaches into his pocket and puts some money down on to the counter.

HAGGERTY  
(INDICATING CRAVEN'S GLASS)

The same again for my friend.

Then he turns abruptly and moves quickly away in the direction of the Departure Lounge entrance and OUT OF SHOT.

CRAVEN watches him go, surprised and suspicious. The BARMAN reaches for CRAVEN's glass but he checks him with a gesture.

CRAVEN  
(SHAKING HIS HEAD)

Forget it.

He scoops up the money from the counter and starts to move away after HAGGERTY.

CUT TO:

79. INT. TREATMENT ROOM, AIRPORT CLINIC. NIGHT

As WALCZAK, followed by the DOCTOR who is carrying the diplomat's briefcase, comes out from one of the curtained cubicles. WALCZAK has his jacket over his right arm and is rolling down the lefthand sleeve of his shirt.

The DOCTOR crosses to a table where a NURSE is sitting. He puts the briefcase on the floor.

DOCTOR  
(TO NURSE)

You have Mr. Walczak's  
vaccination certificate?

The NURSE opens a drawer in the table and produces WALCZAK's passport which she hands to the DOCTOR.

The DOCTOR takes out the international vaccination certificate, completes and stamps it.

ANGLE on the DOCTOR and WALCZAK

DOCTOR

You shouldn't suffer any ill effects. A stiff arm perhaps. Nothing more. But if you do feel unwell in the next day or two. A cold, a touch of fever or anything like that. I'd suggest you get in touch with your doctor.

He slips the vaccination certificate back into the passport and returns it to WALCZAK.

DOCTOR (CONTD.)

Sorry about all this. But better safe than sorry. These days with the jets, well, diseases can be spread very quickly. And before you know it someone has an epidemic on their hands.

WALCZAK slips the passport back into his inside jacket pocket.

WALCZAK

Will we be delayed much longer?

DOCTOR

I shouldn't think so. They're moving through pretty quickly now. Certainly no need for you to hang about.

He stoops and picks up WALCZAK's briefcase from the floor and hands it to him. Then he escorts WALCZAK over to a door of the treatment centre which opens on to a corridor.

CUT TO:

80. INT. A CORRIDOR. NIGHT

As WALCZAK and the DOCTOR come through the doorway. WALCZAK makes as if to turn left. The DOCTOR checks him and indicates the opposite direction.

DOCTOR

No, this way, Mr. Walczak.  
I think you'll find this quicker.  
I'll show you.

He leads WALCZAK along the corridor.

CUT TO:

81. INT. MAIN CONCOURSE. NIGHT

ANGLE on CRAVEN AND HAGGERTY

CRAVEN  
(FIRMLY)

All right, so what the bloody  
hell's going on?

We WIDEN SHOT to show that the two Special Branch men are standing a little way off from an unmarked door. HAGGERTY has his back to the door.

ANGLE on a small group of JOURNALISTS and NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHERS on the far side of the concourse. They are trying to appear nonchalant and disinterested but one of their number is keeping an eye on the door close to which CRAVEN and HAGGERTY are standing.

ANGLE CLOSE on the door as it opens and WALCZAK comes through it, his head turned and talking to someone over his left shoulder.

WALCZAK

Thank you, doctor.

He steps out on to the concourse and looks around him. The door begins to close behind him.

We WIDEN SHOT to show WALCZAK standing on the main concourse with HAGGERTY and CRAVEN standing a little way off to the left of him. HAGGERTY still has his back to the door.

ANGLE on WALCZAK. He gazes around in amazement.

WALCZAK  
(A MOUNTING PROTEST)

But this is not the transit area.

He swings round on the door but by now it is shut. He tries the handle but it will not open.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and CRAVEN. CRAVEN is looking past HAGGERTY towards WALCZAK. His expression is first one of surprise and then apprehension. HAGGERTY starts to turn. CRAVEN grabs his arm to restrain him.

CRAVEN  
(URGENTLY)

You bloody fool! What have you done?

Grim faced, HAGGERTY pulls his arm free and starts to walk slowly over in the direction of the door.

ANGLE on WALCZAK. He is still trying the handle of the door, his back to the main concourse, when HAGGERTY comes INTO SHOT at an angle behind him.

HAGGERTY

Krzysytof Walczak.

ANOTHER ANGLE

WALCZAK spins round and recognises HAGGERTY. An expression half wary, half fearful comes on to his face. HAGGERTY produces his warrant card.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

Krzysytof Walczak. I am a police officer. We are making enquiries into the death of Patrick Michael Maguire. We have reason to believe that you can help us with those enquiries. I must ask you to come with me.

ANGLE on the JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS as they rush forward to get in close around the Special Branch man and the Third Secretary.

ANGLE on CRAVEN still standing some way off from the door and looking very concerned.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and WALCZAK with the NEWSMEN beginning to press in around them. Photographs are being taken. HAGGERTY and WALCZAK's eyes are locked on one another.

WALCZAK

Don't you ever learn, Chief Inspector. Surely you were warned after our last meeting. I have diplomatic immunity.

HAGGERTY

I understand that you were declared persona non grata, sir.

WALCZAK

And that is as far as anyone can go. I have already technically left the United Kingdom.

HAGGERTY

This is not the transit area, sir.

WALCZAK

Nevertheless. (HE REACHES INTO HIS JACKET POCKET FOR HIS PASSPORT AND PRODUCES IT) My passport has already been stamped.

HAGGERTY

May I see that, sir.

WALCZAK smiles a confident smile.

WALCZAK

Of course. (HE HANDS HIS PASSPORT TO HAGGERTY) Believe me, Chief Inspector, you have made another serious error. I shall certainly see that this is reported.

HAGGERTY examines the passport.

HAGGERTY

Yes, you're right. There is an exit stamp here dated the eighteenth.

WALCZAK

Thank you.

He puts out a hand for his passport. HAGGERTY moves it out of his reach then turns it to him so that he can see it.

HAGGERTY

But according to the second stamp, sir, you re-entered Britain today, the nineteenth.

WALCZAK's smile is wiped from his face. Bewildered, he snatches the passport out of HAGGERTY's hands and examines it. He sees the stamp and knows that he is trapped.

HAGGERTY (CONTD.)

You ceased to be accredited to your embassy from the moment you left this country. You are now a private citizen. You no longer have immunity.

WALCZAK looks around desperately for a way out. There is none. He looks defiantly at HAGGERTY.

WALCZAK

I insist on getting in touch with my embassy.

HAGGERTY

You will be given an opportunity to do so, sir. In due course. Now I must warn you that you are not obliged to say anything unless you wish to do so but what you say may be put into writing and given in evidence.

For a moment it looks as though WALCZAK is going to put up a further fight. But he sees that it is useless. He shrugs.

ANGLE on CRAVEN. He moves forward slowly in the direction of the group around the door.

ANGLE on HAGGERTY and WALCZAK as the Special Branch man starts to escort WALCZAK across the main concourse with the PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS taking more pictures.

ANGLE on CRAVEN as he moves forward on a line to intercept HAGGERTY. HAGGERTY and WALCZAK come INTO SHOT. HAGGERTY pauses for a second by his colleague and looks at him.

HAGGERTY's P.O.V.

CRAVEN shakes his head sadly.

ANOTHER ANGLE as HAGGERTY moves away from CRAVEN with his prisoner making for the stairs down to the street level exit.

ANGLE on CRAVEN watching them go. One of the JOURNALISTS comes INTO SHOT making for the telephones. CRAVEN grabs him by the arm and checks him. The JOURNALIST swings round on him and recognises him.

JOURNALIST

Oh, 'evening Chief Inspector.  
A great story.

CRAVEN

Who put you on to it?

JOURNALIST

We got a tip off. (HE SMILES)  
From a very reliable source.

He breaks away and hurries off.

CU CRAVEN

Grim faced. He realises the enormity of what has been done and the possible consequences for HAGGERTY.

CUT TO:

82. INT. RECEPTION AREA, AIRPORT CLINIC. NIGHT

The DOCTOR is escorting MRS. KONIK and ANYA over to the door. The child is now holding a large bag of potato crisps and contentedly munching.

DOCTOR  
(REASSURINGLY)

We had to check. But there's  
absolutely nothing to worry  
about, Mrs. Konik. Just a very  
nasty head cold.

MRS. KONIK looks at him as though he were an idiot. She could  
have told him this two hours ago. The DOCTOR ignores the look.

DOCTOR  
(CONTD. AND BLANDLY)

The vitamin injection I gave her  
will help.

DISSOLVE TO:

83. EXT. THE RUNWAY, LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT

In LS we see a Boeing 727 taking off and then banking away over  
London.

CUT TO:

84. INT. COMMANDER FLETCHER'S OFFICE. DAY

We have the front page of the London Evening Standard in CU.  
The banner headline reads:

DIPLOMAT AIRPORT DRAMA  
SPECIAL BRANCH DETAIN EXPELLED ENVOY

ANGLE on FLETCHER and HAGGERTY. The COMMANDER, holding the  
newspaper, is standing to one side of his desk. HAGGERTY is  
standing in front of it.

FLETCHER

You acted in a totally irresponsible  
manner. You ignored my warning  
and you exceeded your authority.  
And for what? Vengeance! For God's  
sake, Haggerty, since when has that  
been the function of the police?

HAGGERTY

How about justice, sir? Isn't that  
part of our function?



The COMMANDER throws the newspaper down onto his desk and studies HAGGERTY.

FLETCHER

Have you any idea of the embarrassment this has caused the Foreign Office? Or of the difficulties it has made for them? For Special Branch? For me?

HAGGERTY

I'm sorry. But it has to have been worth it.

FLETCHER

Does it? Because, by making damned sure the incident got the maximum publicity, you knew we'd have to proceed against Walczak?

HAGGERTY

Something like that, sir.

FLETCHER regards him pityingly and shakes his head.

FLETCHER

Well, you were right. There is no alternative. He will stand trial. But not for murder. It's been agreed. At Government level. Walczak will plead guilty to manslaughter. And we'll not offer any evidence to the contrary.

HAGGERTY frowns. He didn't see this as a possibility. But then he shrugs.

HAGGERTY

Well, at least that's something. He won't just walk away. He'll go down for a stretch.

FLETCHER

Two years. Three at the most. That's part of the agreement too. Then he'll be sent home.

This is another blow to HAGGERTY. He rides it, trying to hold down his anger and determined to find some consolation.

HAGGERTY  
(VEHEMENTLY)

That's still something.

FLETCHER  
(QUIETLY AND WITH GENUINE  
FEELING)

I hope it's worth it, Chief  
Inspector. To you. I really do.

He moves back behind his desk and gazes down at the newspaper. His manner and tone become official.

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

You are suspended from duty until further notice. There will be an enquiry. You will have to face a disciplinary board.

He looks up again at HAGGERTY. Once more his expression softens.

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

Your career is at stake.

CU FLETCHER

FLETCHER (CONTD.)

And that's quite a price to pay,  
wouldn't you say, Haggerty?

CU HAGGERTY, fully conscious of the position he is in but unrepentant.

CUT TO:

85. INT. PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY

CRAVEN is leaning disconsolately against the bar. There is a drink on the counter in front of him but it is untouched and he is staring thoughtfully into space.

HAGGERTY enters and pauses just inside the door. CRAVEN glances at him momentarily then turns his head once more to gaze at the rows of bottles on the shelves behind the counter. HAGGERTY crosses and stands at the counter beside him.

CRAVEN  
(WITHOUT LOOKING AT HIM)

How did it go?

HAGGERTY  
(WITHOUT RANCOUR)

Suspended.

CRAVEN nods.

CRAVEN  
Well, you had that coming.

HAGGERTY  
Then a disciplinary board.  
(CRAVEN FROWNS) Only I might  
just save them the time and  
trouble.

CRAVEN  
Resign?

HAGGERTY  
Seems like a pretty good idea  
at the moment.

CRAVEN  
At the moment p'raps. But do me  
a favour. Think about it. They  
might not come on that strong.

He turns to HAGGERTY and there is a very genuine plea in his expression.

CRAVEN (CONTD.)  
Please.

HAGGERTY holds his gaze for a second or two and then nods.

HAGGERTY

I'll think about it.

CRAVEN looks away from him again.

CRAVEN

Yes, well, best thing. Don't  
want to be too hasty.

He straightens up and puts his hand in his pocket.

CU CRAVEN

CRAVEN (CONTD.)

What'll you have?

DISSOLVE TO:

86. EXT. THE CEMETERY. DAY

CU HAGGERTY. He is looking down, lost in thought.

We WIDEN SHOT to show that he is standing by the side of Maguire's grave. The flowers on the grave are already beginning to wither.

ANGLE on to AN ATTENDANT as he slowly pushes a wheelbarrow between the rows of graves, moving in HAGGERTY's direction. He draws level with Maguire's grave and rests the barrow.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HAGGERTY seems unaware of the ATTENDANT's presence. The man glances at him, sees the expression on his face, looks down at the grave and then back at HAGGERTY again.

ATTENDANT  
(SYMPATHETICALLY)

A relative?

HAGGERTY glances at him and shakes his head. Then he looks back down at the grave again.

ATTENDANT

A friend?

Again HAGGERTY shakes his head. The ATTENDANT is puzzled. He frowns. HAGGERTY looks at him and catches the frown.

HAGGERTY  
(SIMPLY)

One of the family.

He turns and starts to move away from the graveside.

CU the ATTENDANT. He is even more confused now. He gazes after HAGGERTY trying to work it out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HAGGERTY comes off the lawns of the cemetery on to the drive. He turns and walks slowly AWAY FROM CAMERA.

We WIDEN SHOT to show HAGGERTY walking away down the driveway, a lone figure hemmed in on both sides by death. He walks further and further into the distance and, as he does so, we slowly

FADE OUT.

THE END