

CAMP X

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ROYALE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Title Card: "NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1941"

In the hazy-smokey nightclub, EMMA, (26) a beautiful blonde, sings the Andrew Sisters' hit song: "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen". Her pronunciation of the German words is excellent.

EMMA

(singing)

*I could say "Bella, bella", even
say "wunderbar"
Each language only helps me tell
you how grand you are*

EDWARD HOFFMAN, (31) a young fair-haired man with boyish good looks, in a US army uniform, sits at the table in front of the stage, obviously captivated by her. She slinks to him during the song, takes his military cap off the table and puts it on her head as she continues to sing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

*I've tried to explain, bei mir bist
du schoen
So kiss me and say you understand.*

The song ends with an applause. Emma crosses to Edward with hat in hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Thank you for the use of your hat.
Hope I didn't embarrass you...
mister...

EDWARD

Hoffman, Edward Hoffman. Not at
all. I must say, it looks better on
you.

A waiter places a drink on the table.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind, I wanted to
buy you a drink... to talk and get
to know you.

EMMA

That's very kind of you but...

She is interrupted by another waiter, bringing her a second drink.

WAITER #2
For you, Miss..

EMMA
(to Edward)
How well were you expecting to get
to know me?

EDWARD
(embarrassed)
I didn't...

WAITER #2
...This is from that gentleman...

The waiter points to IAN (32), a handsome dark-haired young man in British naval uniform. Edward is visibly annoyed.

IAN
Forgive me, I took the liberty
while you were singing. I didn't
realize this chap had done the
same.

EDWARD
Well this 'chap' did... so you can
take your drink.

EMMA
Gentlemen, please. I thank you both
but I must dash.

She looks at the two drinks.

EMMA (CONT'D)
No sense letting these go to waste.

She takes the drink Edward bought and gives it to Ian. Then takes the drink the waiter was still holding and gives it to Edward.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Here you go. Now if you gentlemen
will excuse me.

With a smile she turns and leaves, leaving the two men awkwardly holding their drinks.

IAN
Um... Thanks for the drink.

EDWARD
Yeah... likewise.

Both men take a big swig from their glasses.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROCHESTER PORT - NIGHT

Edward, now dressed in a civilian business suit, steps out of the taxi, carrying a large suitcase.

As the taxi drives away, Edward steps over a small snow bank and looks at the empty looking warehouse in front of him. He compares the number on the building with a piece of paper with a BSC logo in the letterhead.

VOICE (O.S)
This is private property. You have
no business here.

Edward turns to see a NIGHT WATCHMAN shining a flashlight into his face. Edward quickly stuffs the paper back into his pocket.

EDWARD
I was looking to buy a wagon for
some farm animals.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
You don't look like a farmer. What
kind of animals do you raise?

EDWARD
Ham. I'm a ham farmer.

NIGHT WATCHMAN
Around the back to the left. There
is a hole in the fence near the
water.

Edward nods and leaves. The watchman turns off his flashlight and recedes back into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Edward squeezes through the small opening in the fence and sees BOATMAN, with a clipboard, standing on the wooden dock.

BOATMAN
(Irish accent)
Documents?

Edward pulls out the official BSC paper he had stuffed into his pocket as well as his American passport.

The Boatman looks at the name on the BSC paper and compares it to the passport, then shines the light in Edward's face as he compares the photo on the passport with Edward.

He gives Edward the piece of paper.

BOATMAN (CONT'D)
Eat it.

Edward looks at him for a moment with confusion.

BOATMAN (CONT'D)
I said 'Eat it'! It has to be destroyed.

Edward tears it up, and pops it into his mouth. The Boatman pockets Edward's passport.

EDWARD
I'm going to need that.

BOATMAN
Not where you're going. You can't have any identification as an American citizen. You will use this for now.

From his clipboard he produces a Canadian passport. Edward opens it. It looks official. It has his photo and is properly stamped. The name on the passport reads: 'Edward Sloan'

EDWARD
Sloan? That was my mother's maiden name.

BOATMAN
We know. It's temporary and you are only to use your first name... no last names... ever.

EDWARD
Why?

BOATMAN
In case you get captured. You won't actually know anyone else's name.

EDWARD

I see.

BOATMAN

And you are never to ask 'why'
again. You're to follow orders
without question.

EDWARD

Yes, sir.

Edward swallows the last of the document as the Boatman points him down the dock to where a small motor boat is waiting for him.

Edward freezes.

BOATMAN

What's the matter, soldier? Never
been in a boat before?

EDWARD

(solemnly)

Yes, I've been in a boat before...
A long time ago.

With suitcase in hand he walks to the small boat.

VOICES (V.O.)

(memories)

"Women and children first! Only
women and children in the
lifeboats!"

EDWARD

(to himself)

It can't be as bad as before.

He steps onto the boat and is greeted by a familiar voice.

IAN

Welcome aboard, *Chap*.

He turns to see Ian, from the nightclub, also dressed in civilian clothes.

EDWARD

I was wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASA LOMA - NIGHT

Title Card: "CASA LOMA, TORONTO"

Inspector GEORGE MCCLELLAN, (35) in his RCMP uniform, rings the front door of Casa Loma, the Gothic castle located in Toronto.

A MAID, in a modest domestic uniform, opens the door.

MAID

They're expecting you, Inspector.

McClellan, takes off his cap as he enters the castle.

CUT TO:

INT. CASA LOMA - STUDY

The Maid leads McClellan into the study where a mahogany desk sits in front of an ornate fireplace. The Maid crosses to the fireplace, runs her hand under the mantle and a secret door opens in the wood panelling next to the fireplace.

McClellan enters through the secret door and descends the spiral staircase.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

McClellan emerges from the wine cellar into a war room beneath the castle. Various men in British uniforms monitor various equipment (sonar, telegraph). A large map of Europe is on the wall, mostly covered with Nazi flags indicating their current domination.

WILLIAM STEPHENSON, AKA INTREPID, (44) a short Canadian in a well-tailored expensive suit greets McClellan.

STEPHENSON

Glad you could make it, George. The others are in here. Let me get you a drink.

MCCLELLAN

Thanks but I can't while I'm still on duty.

McClellan follows Stephenson into an adjoining conference room. Several men are seated around a large table.

STEPHENSON

(to the others)

I told you he wouldn't miss it.
This is Bill Donovan, head of
America's Office of Strategic
Service...

BILL DONAVAN, (51) rises to shake McClellan's hand.

DONAVAN

(American accent)

Glad you made it. We wouldn't have
come this far without you. Just
took a tour of the farm. Everything
is set to go.

MCCLELLAN

The farm?

STEPHENSON

American humour. It's what he likes
to call Camp X.

McClellan smiles weakly as Stephenson points to another man,
ROPER-CALDBECK, (36) a Scottish officer wearing a military
kilt.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

This is Lieutenant-Colonel Roper-
Caldbeck. He'll be the Commandant
of Camp X.

ROPER-CALDBECK

(with a heavy brogue)

Good evening to ye.

MCCLELLAN

What happened to Colonel Lindsay?

STEPHENSON

He couldn't stand the winter
weather here. That 'sissy' should
have tried my winters in Winnipeg.
This of course is...

Stephenson is interrupted as WINSTON CHURCHILL, the Prime
Minister of England, enters the room. The big husky man is
supported by his cane.

MCCLELLAN

Prime Minister Churchill? What a
surprise to see you here... in
Canada. It's highly...

CHURCHILL

Don't worry, Inspector. No one saw me enter. I came through the tunnel under the stables.

MCCLELLAN

It's just that I've just come from a meeting with Prime Minister King.

DONAVAN

The Canadian Prime Minister is in Toronto? Does he know?

MCCLELLAN

If he knew, I wouldn't be here. I'd be in jail for treason.

STEPHENSON

I think you're over reacting.

MCCLELLAN

I've used my office to make falsified Canadian passports, I've lied to the man I'm sworn to protect.

CHURCHILL

It's for his protection you must lie. Canada was the only viable location for this spy camp and the King's hands are tied by the Secret's act.

(taking out a piece of paper)

Speaking of, I have a message here from President Roosevelt.

(reading)

"Wish I could attend your opening night. Break a leg... and some Nazi necks too."

All laugh except McClellan.

MCCLELLAN

I'll have that drink now.

STEPHENSON

Excellent! We can then toast to the official opening of Camp X.

A woman in British military uniform enters and hands Donavan a piece of paper. He reads it and frowns.

CHURCHILL

What is it?

DONAVAN

Our boys at have intercepted a Japanese encoded message. It's a different code, we're short staffed.

CHURCHILL

Do you think they're onto us?

STEPHENSON

Overly cautious would be more like it.

CHURCHILL

Which means it's highly classified. An attack?

STEPHENSON

My thoughts exactly. I have personally selected a top-notch code breaker who is on their way as we speak.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Edward and Ian are at the stern of the small boat. Edward is visibly ill from the rocking motion of the boat.

VOICES (V.O.)

"Women and children first!"

Edward shuts his eyes to block the memory. Ian shakes his head as he pulls out a cigarette case from his pocket.

IAN

Good thing you're not a navy boy with your land legs, mate.

Ian takes out a cigarette and offers one to Edward.

EDWARD

I don't smoke. I read that German scientists have linked smoking to lung cancer.

IAN
 German? You believe German
 propaganda? Are you a Nazi
 sympathizer?

EDWARD
 Don't be ridiculous.

BOATMAN
 (whispers to Ian)
 No smoking!

IAN
 Not you, too!

Ian flicks the lighter attached to the case. The instant the
 flame illuminates his face, the Boatman hits Ian in the face.
 We hear the case land at his feet.

BOATMAN
 I said 'no smoking'. Not while
 you're hiding in the dark. The
 flash of the lighter or the red ash
 of your cigarette will be like a
 bull's-eye on your face.

Ian picks up the soggy cigarette and case. He glares at the
 boatman.

BOATMAN (CONT'D)
 (menacingly)
 It doesn't pay to be a thick-headed
Hardchaw here, me boyo.

EDWARD
 See... bad for your health.

KAL, a young man from the Southern states, holds out a pack
 of gum.

KAL
 Gum?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP X - BEACH - DAWN

Title Card: 'CAMP X - ONTARIO, CANADA'

The boat with Edward, Ian and Kal pulls up to the rocky beach
 with a cliff-like embankment.

Two other empty boats are barely visible.

BOATMAN

All right, lads! Welcome to Canada.
Get your gear and meet up with the
others at the top.

Edward grabs his bag, hoists it over his shoulders and is the one of the first to leap off the side of the boat. He gasps from the cold. He looks down to see his feet are soaked in the shallow water. He looks up at the high rock-face that he has to climb.

Ian passes him and starts to climb, Edward follows suit.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP X - CLIFF TOP - MOMENTS LATER

Edward reaches the top and with the first rays of sunshine sees a large group of thirty or more other men standing in the open field, near Roper-Caldbeck, still wearing his kilt on this brisk December morning.

KAL

(whispers)
Who are they?

EDWARD

Other recruits, I'll bet.

KAL

I didn't think there would be so many.

EDWARD

Neither did I.

As they near, Roper-Caldbeck surveys the men around him.

ROPER-CALDBECK

Welcome to Camp X. First order of
business. Drop your gear.

Everyone obeys.

Roper-Caldbeck points to a specific area at the edge of the field overlooking Lake Ontario.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)

Between those two trees is the
highest point of the cliff. It is
about a thirty or forty foot drop.

Everyone turns and looks.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)
Everyone of you will run as fast as
you can toward the edge and jump
off... NOW!

Without hesitation, Edward begins to run, as does Ian.

EDWARD
(to himself)
Never ask why.

A handful of other men, including Kal, join the mad-dash to
the edge of the cliff.

Ian and Edward race to be the first. They reach the edge of
the cliff at the same time and without hesitation, they jump
over the edge.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. CAMP X - BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Edward and Ian leap off the cliff and fall onto bales of straw that have been piled up high and staggered to break their fall.

Edward lands on Ian. Moments later JEAN-PIERRE "JP", 25, a French-Canadian, lands on Edward. And the husky form of Kal lands on top, Ian feels the brunt of it.

EXT. CLIFF TOP - LATER

There are a handful of recruits still left standing watching the insanity of those who jumped off the cliff.

MAN #1
They're crazy!

ROPER-CALDBECK
No, they're following orders without question. Which is the first requirement of a spy.

Uniformed Canadian Military Police arrive, carrying their guns. The men in civilian clothes look nervous.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)
(to the MPs)
Escort these men to the buses.

MAN #1
Where are we going?

ROPER-CALDBECK
On a train to Winnipeg. This officially ends your spy career. But you are still bound by the Official Secrets Act...

INT. LECTURE HALL - LATER

In the Lecture Hall with a blackboard and a sign stating:
'Know Yourself. Know Your Weapon. Know Your Enemy.'

ROPER-CALDBECK
...breaking the Official Secrets Act carries a stiff penalty. As of last year, no court in the world can force you to break your oath.
(MORE)

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)

Now, here to say a few words, is the man who created Camp X... his code name is 'Intrepid'.

Stephenson steps forward.

STEPHENSON

Welcome gentlemen. You have all been carefully selected to train at this facility.

Stephenson points to the section of the world map on the east side of the Atlantic, which is riddled with Nazi swastikas, Japanese red-burst suns, and Italian flags (with the crest in the centre). The British and Soviet flags are few and far between.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

As you can see... Italy has taken control of North Africa, Japan has taken control of much of Asia. The Nazis have taken all of Europe and Britain is barely hanging on.

IAN

(to Edward)

Too bad the Americans are too afraid to fight.

STEPHENSON

Gentlemen. The allies might lose this war.

(to Edward)

If you are ordered by your President.

(to JP)

Or by your Prime Minister...

(to Ian)

Or by your King... to lay down your arms and surrender, you will disregard that order. You will go underground and fight... Until democracy is re-established in this world. To accomplish this we will train you in the art of espionage, secret codes, disguises, hand-to-hand combat, multiple methods of assassination, and sabotage. Only your death will prevent you from completing your mission. If you succeed there will be no reward other than peace... but the world will never know about those of you who trained here at Camp X.

Stephenson pauses and addresses them earnestly.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)
 If there is anyone here not willing
 to sacrifice themselves to the
 cause, this is your last chance to
 leave without penalty of Court
 Marshall.

No one moves. Ian and Edward eye each other, almost daring.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)
 Excellent. I'll turn things over to
 one of your training officers...
 Who happens to be a descendant of
 William the Conqueror ... Captain
 Brooker.

BROOKER, 35, their instructor, a British officer with an
 Errol Flynn-style mustache, steps forward.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING - CAMP X

LEON, (25) an African American civilian, wearing headphones,
 translates a telegraph message from Morse Code. He raises his
 hand. VERA (39), an attractive female officer in a British
 uniform, crosses to him.

VERA
 What is it, Leon?

Leon points to her translated page.

CLOSE ON PAGE

'To: Intrepid 00'

Leon's finger rests on the double zero.

LEON
 I stopped translating when I saw
 that.

VERA
 Very good. I'll take over.

Leon rises as he hands Vera the headphones, and leaves the
 immediate vicinity as she puts them on.

The telegraph machine clicks to life with beeps and tones of Morse Code. Vera decodes, then with sudden urgency turns and dashes out of the room.

We follow her down the stairs and out into the Camp X ground and, shielding herself from the cold wind, darts as quickly as she can into a nearby building.

INT. LECTURE HALL - CONTINUOUS

We pick up Vera entering the Lecture Hall where the recruits are paying attention to Brooker. She pauses in her tracks as she seems to recognize Ian seated in the room. He reacts uneasily as he sees her and quickly looks away.

Edward observes this interaction, he says nothing as he watches Vera go up to Stephenson.

BROOKER

While behind enemy lines, you are tasked with gathering information, statistical analysis of the enemy's strategy and find some way to send it all to us in code... without breaking your cover.

Stephenson reads the message that Vera brought and nods for her to leave. She looks up to see Edward looking at her. Edward quickly turns away.

JP

(French accent)

What 'appens if we're caught?

BROOKER

First duty of any soldier caught by the enemy is to attempt to escape first chance you get.

KAL

What happens if we can't escape?

BROOKER

If you're discovered as spies, you will likely be tortured and executed.

Some recruits laugh.

BROOKER (CONT'D)

This is no joke. Nor will we have the manpower to attempt any rescue.

(MORE)

BROOKER (CONT'D)

We trust that you will die before betraying your mission. If it ever comes to that... try to take as many of the bastards with you when you die.

Brooker pulls up the map to reveal Japanese characters on the blackboard.

BROOKER (CONT'D)

You will begin with an active situation currently in play and see how your results compare to ours. This message was intercepted three days ago. If you look in your desks you will find a "code book".

Edward opens the lid of his wooden desk only to find a handkerchief with an elaborate ornate pattern.

EDWARD

I don't have a book...

He looks about to see that Ian and the others are also holding up similar handkerchiefs or scarves.

BROOKER

(smiling)

If you are searched by the enemy, you don't want them to find a code book... dead giveaway that you're a spy. So this is one of our techniques. The cypher code is hidden in the pattern of the handkerchief.

Edward looks down at the handkerchief.

CLOSE ON HANDKERCHIEF There is a five-point star in the middle. Along each of the sections are hidden a series of numbers, letters and Japanese symbols.

BROOKER (CONT'D)

The Japanese use a five-numeric code called "Kaigun Ango - Sho D". Each word is enciphered by summing a five-digit "additive" using false addition.

EDWARD

False addition?

BROOKER

Adding without carrying the extra first digit... you have thirty minutes to decipher it. Go!

CUT TO:

EXT. THORNTON RD - CAMP X - DAY

A car, on a gravel road, passes a wooden sign nailed onto a post that reads: PROHIBITED AREA - DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

Ten feet past the sign is a unassuming guardhouse with a swing gate. The car pulls to a stop. 'MAC' MCDONALD, wearing a Canadian uniform, and holding a rifle, steps out of the guardhouse to meet them.

MAC

This is private property...

The driver hands Mac a piece of paper. He looks in the back seat. Between two guards is a person with a hood over their Head.

Mac opens the gate.

INT. LECTURE HALL - LATER

On the board is written the words: 'Niitakayama Nobore 1208'

BROOKER

Anyone speak Japanese, who could translate?

EDWARD

(hesitates... Then blurts)
Climb the new high mountain...
1,208...

Ian looks over at Edward, then adds:

IAN

I think "Climb Niitaka" would be more accurate.

EDWARD

That's the same thing.

IAN
In a literal translation but
Niitaka is the name of Taiwan's
tallest mountain.

KAL
Taiwan?

Brooker points to Taiwan on the map.

BROOKER
It's this island, under Japan's
rule. So what can we extrapolate
from that?

The group studies it in silence.

KAL
Is there some military base on that
mountain? At 1,208 feet up?

BROOKER
Good guess, but no. We also know
from previous codes, that the
Japanese use metaphors. They are
never literal.

He points to another part of the blackboard, to the words
'Higashi No Kazeame'

BROOKER (CONT'D)
We know their weather report 'East
Wind Rain' means 'attack the
eastern enemy'... that would be the
Americas.

EDWARD
The United States?

BROOKER
Or one of their bases. We've never
seen Mount Niitaka used in any code
and we've been cracking their
various codes for twenty years. We
have to figure out their target
before they strike.

Goes over to the map of the Pacific.

BROOKER (CONT'D)
Strategically it could be Alaska,
Hawaii, the Philippines,
California... Or even Australia
could be a target.

JP

Can you not just increase military
at all possible targets?

General Donovan steps forward, his American accent contrasts
Brooker's British.

DONAVAN

You gotta keep in mind that
espionage is like a game of high
stakes poker. We're playing with a
marked deck in the game with Japan.
But in order to win, we gotta play
as if we don't know what's in their
hand nor can we show them ours.

BROOKER

To keep them from figuring out our
advantage, we might even have to
lose some rounds.

Stephenson steps forward, holding a message.

STEPHENSON

We received this message today.
President Roosevelt sent this to
the Japanese Emperor insisting on
troop withdrawal from French
Indochina, and a coded message to
General McArthur telling him to
prepare for an attack...

(gestures to the '1208' on
the board)

Likely on December 8th.

EDWARD

So they think Japan is going to
target the Philippines?

BROOKER

Strategically it makes the most
sense. The US controls the
Philippines.

Donavan crosses to the map and points to Manila in the
northern part of the Philippines.

DONAVAN

We got military air bases
throughout that country and the
naval base in Manila has blocked
the supplies to Japan. Not to
mention, its close proximity to
Taiwan...

He points to the Philippines Islands just south of Taiwan.

IAN

I would have guessed California.

DONAVAN

That's our second choice and for the last ten years the US Army have hidden an underwater minefield in San Francisco harbor.

Donavan marks a horseshoe pattern - just off Golden Gate bridge. He then points to strategic points along the coast.

DONAVAN (CONT'D)

We also have 120 anti-aircraft guns aimed at the Pacific. We can blast a target 25 miles away. The Japanese won't break through that without suffering a great loss.

EDWARD

What about Hawaii?

DONAVAN

The anchorage at Hawaii's base is too shallow for a torpedo attack. And it's too far for their fighter planes to reach without refueling.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CAMP X - LATER

SGT. COLONEL FAIRBAIRN, (60) a lean British officer with silver hair sets out some sharp tools on a table, while a guards bring in the hooded prisoner.

FAIRBAIRN

Put the prisoner in the chair...
And make sure the manacles are tight.

One guard forces the prisoner down and the other grabs a pair of manacles.

FAIRBAIRN (CONT'D)

Give me a few minutes to 'prepare' the prisoner before notifying Intrepid.

BACK TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - LATER

Brooker erases the board of everything they discussed.

BROOKER

Half your days will be spent in physical training, running through the woods, dodging bullets, skydive training, underwater tests in icy Lake Ontario.

Brooker directs this statement at Edward. *Does he know?*

Throughout the following, a guard enters and whispers something to Stephenson.

BROOKER (CONT'D)

The other half of the day will be spent training your mind with geography, foreign languages, and deciphering codes, as we just did.

STEPHENSON

Excuse me, gentlemen. I've just been informed that we have captured a Nazi spy and have them in our interrogation room here at Camp X. It will be good for you to see an interrogation in process.

Off the recruit's reactions.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The recruits file into a dark small room adjoining the interrogation room.

STEPHENSON

This is a two-way mirror. We can see them but they can't see us. They only see their reflection in a mirror.

Off screen - we hear the smacking sound of someone getting hit in the face.

Fairbairn has his back to the mirror and is blocking the prisoner from being seen by the recruits.

FAIBAIRN

Who else is working with you?

There is no reply.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

Fine. I can use more persuasive
methods of questioning.

Fairbairn moves to the nearby table.

We see the prisoner for the first time. Their face is bruised
and has a cut lip but it is Emma, the beautiful blonde
nightclub singer from SCN 1.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We hear the sound of a slap o.s. In the midst of the group of recruits, Edward steals a glance to Ian, who shakes his head:
Not now!

We cut back and forth from the interrogation room to the recruits behind the glass.

FAIBAIRN

(holding pliers)

I can take my time at this.
Do you know what it's like to have
your fingers broken?

Emma looks up at him with hatred and anger in her eyes but says nothing.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

I'll start with you pinky finger,
break the first knuckle, then I'll
ask you again. If you persist on
being stubborn, I'll move to the
next finger.

EMMA

(whispers something inaudible)

FAIBAIRN

(leaning in)

What?

She spits in his face. There is a momentary flash of anger, but then he becomes eerily calm.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

Very well, my dear. Remember, I
gave you a chance to avoid this
unpleasantness.

Opening the pliers in the hand, he strides behind her chair and positions the tool in place. She struggles.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

Shhh... it'll be worse if you
struggle.

She obviously doesn't believe him.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)
 This is your last chance... Who
 else is working with you?

Emma, says nothing, as she shuts her eyes preparing for the pain to follow.

The recruits watch with dreaded anticipation. Edward can hardly contain himself.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry...

We HEAR the hideous sound of bone crunching. Emma SCREAMS in agony.

Edward opens his mouth to say something but Ian elbows him. Stephenson knocks on the glass. And Fairbairn stops.

STEPHENSON
 (to other instructors)
 I think we've learned all we need
 to know.

The instructors nod. Stephenson turns to Brooker.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)
 Tell Fairbairn the interrogation is
 over.

EDWARD
 (surprised)
 What?

STEPHENSON
 What was that?

EDWARD
 (he clears his throat with
 a 'what'-ish sound)
 I didn't mean to say anything.

STEPHENSON
 You're wondering what we learned?

All the recruits nod.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)
 Colonel, would you do the honours.

Roper-Caldbeck walks up and down the line of recruits as he breaks down their observation.

ROPER-CALDBECK

We learned that none of you lads
like to see a woman suffer.

(stops at one)

Except you, Rick. You seemed to
enjoy it a wee bit too much.

RICK (22), a recruit with Mediterranean complexion looks
away. He takes a few steps and stops at Kal.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)

Kal, ye couldn't watch. Perhaps a
memory of another woman getting
beaten... your mother?

Kal looks surprise with an expression of *How did you know?*

Roper-Caldbeck stops at Edward and Ian.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)

And you two blokes have previously
met our prisoner.

Ian and Edward say nothing.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)

T'was clear from how pathetically
you were trying hide it. If it had
been the Gestapo interrogating her,
your reactions would have had agent
Emma killed and yourselves, too.

EDWARD

Agent Emma?

ROPER-CALDBECK

Aye, this is one of our female
recruits.

(to others)

Over the next few weeks, we will
work on this so you will know the
'tells' of your face. First rule of
espionage: 'Know yourself.'

During this, Edward and the other recruits look over at Emma
who is no longer handcuffed. Her fingers seem to be fine as
she cleans the fake blood and bruises off her face.

Fairbairn is now eating from the cracked walnut shell that is
still being held by his pliers.

Off the surprised look of Ian and Edward.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

JP enters with Kal. GUARD #1 stands near the door. JP turns to the guard.

KAL
I really thought you guys had
igloos up here.

JP
(heavy French-Canadian
accent)
Do you 'ave a light?

The Guard makes no reply, just stares ahead.

JP (CONT'D)
I said, 'Do you 'ave a light?'

IAN (O.C.)
He's not allowed to answer. You're
not allowed to talk to him. Here.

Ian takes out his gunmetal Ronson cigarette case with detached lighter and offers a cigarette to JP. He turns to offer one to Edward, and before he can refuse, retracts it.

IAN (CONT'D)
Bad for your health...

They join the line of people waiting for food.

RICK
He got it wrong. I wasn't enjoying
watching her get tortured. I was
curious to know how much longer she
was gonna last. I was sure she was
going to crack sooner. Who knew
they were screwing with us?

Edward clears his throat as his gaze gestures to the large mirror on the far wall.

RICK (CONT'D)
Bastards. They're watching us.

KAL
(to Ian and Edward)
So was it true? Did you guys know
that girl?

EDWARD
(hesitating)
Well...

EMMA (O.C.)
Hello again boys.

They turn to see Emma, with a tray of food in hand, approaching Ian and Edward.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Nice to see you again. How was your trip from New York?

Kal and JP nod as they realize the Commandant was right.

EDWARD
We... umm... we're... we didn't know you were coming here.

EMMA
I don't think any of us knew that.

EDWARD
Right. What I meant was I still owe you a drink.

IAN
We... We still owe you a drink.

EMMA
From what I hear, you both got me killed. I say you owe me more than a drink.

IAN
It was our young cowboy here. Was bursting to rescue you.

EMMA
(smiles at Edward)
Not all damsels are in distress but I appreciate the thought.

Edward smirks boyishly.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(to Ian)
Is that a Turkish blend?

IAN
Yes, would you like one?

Ian opens the cigarette case offering one to Emma. Her hands are full holding the metal tray of food but she leans over and pulls out a cigarette with her teeth, holds it between her lips and winks.

The men watch as she walks away. Emma joins the other female recruits seated at a table at the other end of the Mess Hall. CYNTHIA (31) brunette, NOOR (25) Indian Muslim, and MARY, (25) red-haired beauty.

EMMA
Are they still watching me?

CYNTHIA
Of course they are. You're terrible.

EMMA
Serves them right for getting me killed.

MARY
Save some for the rest of us.

EMMA
We're outnumbered by men... like a flock of sheep in a den of wolves.

NOOR
I for one am glad we have separate quarters from them.

MARY
I'm not.

VERA (O.C.)
There is no fraternizing with the other recruits.

They're surprised by her sudden appearance. Mary groans.

VERA (CONT'D)
This is serious. A spy has no room in their life for relationships, and they can be your liability.

The women are silent.

VERA (CONT'D)
The lifespan of a spy can be very short, it's not fair to anyone.

She looks over to where Ian and Edward are still in line for food, then turns and walks over to the door next to the large mirror.

GUARD #2, recognizing her, steps aside and allows her to enter the adjoining room.

INT. STAFF MESS - CONTINUOUS

Vera enters the room where Stephenson is putting on his coat as he addresses the other instructors.

STEPHENSON

Well, I'll be in Toronto, co-ordinating with New York and London. Hopefully we'll see if this Japan-business will pan out.

He turns and sees Vera and crosses to her.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

Vera. Once again, I can't thank you enough for coming over to assist in setting up...

VERA

(interrupting)

When were you going to tell me?

STEPHENSON

Tell you what?

Vera glances back toward the double-mirror looking out to where the recruits are dining. He sees Ian.

STEPHENSON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I was going to but I couldn't... the others don't know...

VERA

(annoyed at this thought)

Do you think that's wise?

Brooker, with a cup of tea, approaches them.

BROOKER

Well, we made it to lunch without anyone dying.

VERA

(still glaring at Stephenson)

The day is still young.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP X - BEACH - LATER

The male recruits, now dressed in military greens each holding an empty knapsack, gather around BROOKER, who is still has his tea cup.

BROOKER

Gentlemen. Each of you are tasked with filling your rucksacks with as many stones as you can fit, then you will wear them as you scale up the hill, run across the field to the train tracks and back to here. First man back, doesn't have to do this tomorrow. Go!

Ian, Edward and the others crouch down and scramble to fill their knapsacks.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

The female recruits are seated with a mirror on each desk.

VERA

While the men are playing with their rocks... we will examine the darker side of espionage.

She points to the sign on the wall. *Know Yourself. Know Your Weapon. Know Your Enemy.*

VERA (CONT'D)

We know the importance of knowing yourself... along with that you will get to know your weapon, the one you have in front of you.

They all look about as if hoping to find a gun or knife, but all they see is there reflection in their mirrors.

NOOR

What weapon?

She walks up to Noor and crouches down next to her as they both look at her reflection.

VERA

Your beauty. The men think they are so superior but many men have caused their own destruction for affection... no...

(MORE)

VERA (CONT'D)

the attention of a woman. You will learn to use that. Men are more likely to reveal their secrets in bed. Each of you will learn the art of seduction.

CYNTHIA

I'd rather learn to use a gun.

VERA

(smiles)

Don't worry my dears. By the time you leave this camp, each of you will be skilled with a gun, knife, various poisons and learn how to kill a man with your bare hands in less than fifteen seconds.

Emma and Cynthia are intrigued by this idea. Some of the others look nervous at the thought.

VERA (CONT'D)

Men believe they are the stronger sex... but we are their weakness...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF SIDE - LATER

The instructors are waiting for the return of the recruits. Donavan, wearing a Stetson hat and long coat instead of his US military uniform stands in contrast to Roper-Caldbeck, as always wearing a kilt. Young Brooker stamps his feet to stay warm, whereas the aged Fairbairn seems unaffected by the wind.

BROOKER

I'll wager five pounds Ian takes it.

DONAVAN

Betting on the British, I see.

ROPER-CALDBECK

I don't know. There's something disturbingly familiar about that bloke.

DONAVAN

My money's on that Edward fella.

BROOKER

Clear off! Of course you'd wager on the Yankee.

DONAVAN

Not all Americans are Yankee. Five bucks says he wins.

FAIRBAIRN

You're both wrong. The OSS is 'Oh So Soft'.

BROOKER

(offended)

What the blazes is that supposed to mean?

FAIRBAIRN

Too Ivy League. Sure they're good at a cross-country endurance race but how about something more challenging...?

BROOKER

Is it ready?

FAIRBAIRN

Give me an hour to put my own finishing touches on it.

(to Roper-Caldbeck)

With your permission, sir.

Roper-Caldbeck nods as the recruits race, or rather trudge toward them. Edward and Ian are in the lead, followed closely by JP.

ROPER-CALDBECK

Come on, laddies! My asthmatic nanny runs faster than you.

The tired, sweaty, dishevelled men draw to a stop as they reach the instructors.

BROOKER

I said first one back to the beach...

(points down the slope to the beach)

Almost... but not quite there.

The men look down but don't seem eager to make the trek down. Ever so carefully they edge their way, shifting the weight of the rocks as they balance.

Kal runs up, trips and falls forward off the edge. All the men tumble down together and land in one heap.

BROOKER (CONT'D)
So who won?

JP
(Curses in French Quebec slang)

JP is at the bottom of the heap trying to free himself.

DONAVAN
Congratulations Jean-Paul! Your ass hit the beach first!

ROPER-CALDBECK
The French-Canadian. Ye both lost.

DONAVAN
Double or nothing on the next one.

VERA (O.C.)
Can I get in on that wager?

They turn to see her approach wearing a dark wool trench coat over her uniform.

VERA (CONT'D)
My ladies want to come out and play too.

BROOKER
Play? This is serious war business.

VERA
Yet you were just betting on them as if they were horses in the English Derby.
(Donavan makes no reply)
I'm all too painfully aware of the war business. Seen it first hand.

DONAVAN
We meant no disrespect, ma'am.

VERA
You don't think the ladies have what it takes.

BROOKER
I don't doubt female agents are good at 'deception' but we're talking guerrilla warfare. It takes strength and stamina.

VERA

I'll bet you a hundred pounds that my ladies have more 'stamina' than your men.

BROOKER

Have them ready to run in an hour.

VERA

(shakes his hand)

Deal!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FIELD - CAMP X - LATER

The female recruits are now also dressed in military greens, and standing with the male recruits on the edge of the field. The senior officers, Vera, Brooker, etc. stand behind a wall of bullet-proof glass.

FAIBAIRN

While carrying your guns, you will run across this field, climb over that wall, then make your way across the ropes in what ever way you see fit, to the other platform, get down and go across the other field.

As he explains we see the make-shift obstacle course he describes. Fairbairn points to a blanket of barbed wire suspended a foot off the ground.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

When you reach that side you will have to crawl on your hands and knees under that barbed wire.

IAN

Doesn't look so bad.

FAIBAIRN

Well, to make things more exciting... the guard will be firing real bullets over your head.

EDWARD

You spoke too soon.

FAIBAIRN

(takes out his revolver)

Prepare...!

Fairbairn fires into the air and steps behind the bullet proof glass as the recruits race across the field en masse.

Edward and Ian soon take the lead by reaching the wall first. Both scale it quickly. A loud shot causes them both to pause momentarily.

This gives Emma and Mary the chance to catch up and both scale the wall together.

Edward and Ian try to balance along the net of ropes but their own weight counters the movements of each other.

Emma reaches the top of the wall and pulls Mary up. The two climb under the net, wrap their bodies around the suspension ropes and pull themselves along under the net, unaffected by Ian or Edward.

BACK TO:

EXT. FIELD - BEHIND BULLET PROOF GLASS - CONTINUOUS

Vera smiles and she leans to Brooker and Donovan.

VERA

The women are taking the lead.

Brooker responds with an annoyed sigh.

FAIBAIRN

No surprise. I've always thought women make better spies... certainly better killers.

VERA

That's the sweetest thing you've ever said to me.

BACK TO:

EXT. FIELD, BARBED WIRE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Mary is now in the lead, shimmying under the barbed wire, trying not to flinch as the bullets whiz over her head.

Ian is catching up to her as she's about to clear the edge of wire. Edward and Emma are close behind.

Kal's thicker torso is having more difficulty avoiding the barbed snares.

Mary, about to clear the wires, pulls herself forward but in her haste, her leg gets caught in the edge of barbed wire.

Ian maneuvers himself to the edge and sees her leg caught.

As Ian pulls himself out from under the barbed wire, Mary jolts her leg and a shot rings out. Ian sees the bullet pass through her leg, she gasps in surprise.

IAN
Damn it to hell.

Rather than take off to the finish, he shimmies back and tries to help her.

Edward and Emma near, trying to rush under the barbed wire.

MARY
Don't worry about me...

IAN
You've been shot... let me help.

MARY
But..

He tries to reach over the top of the barbed wire. Unable to reach, Ian stands.

EDWARD
(urgently)
Don't!

Before Ian can react a shot rings out.

The bullet hits Ian in the chest, knocking him flat on his back into the mud.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. FIELD, BARBED WIRE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Ian writhes in pain, holding his chest. The race has come to a complete stop. The instructors come running.

DONAVAN

(to guards)

What does 'aim above their heads
mean to you'?

EDWARD

(kneeling next to Ian)

We need an ambulance.

ROPER-CALDBECK

No! We canna have any outsiders in
Camp X.

Emma dashes for the med kit at the end of the field.

BROOKER

(to guard)

Get the jeep!

(to Roper-Caldbeck)

We can get him to Oshawa General in
town. Say it's a hunting accident.

Emma returns with the canvass med kit, unsnaps it and pulls out the cotton field dressing.

EDWARD

Apply pressure to the wound...

IAN

(tries sitting up)

I'm fine.

EMMA

You've been shot!

EDWARD

We have to stop the bleeding.

Kneels next to him.

EMMA

There's no blood.

EDWARD

That's not good. I'm going to lift him carefully. Is there an exit wound for the bullet?

Edward pulls Ian's shoulders up as Emma feels his back.

IAN

No... because I can still feel it.

He reaches into his chest pocket and pulls out his gun-metal cigarette case. The bullet is lodged in it.

IAN (CONT'D)

(to Edward)

How about that? Smoking saved my life.

Edward releases his grip on Ian who falls back into the mud.

EMMA

Mary!

Emma takes the med kit and rushes over to where some other recruits are trying to help free Mary's leg.

FAIBAIRN

(to Ian)

Are you all right, son?

IAN

Yes. I think so.

FAIBAIRN

Good.

(sudden anger)

What the hell were you thinking?

IAN

I was trying to help...

FAIBAIRN

That wasn't your mission...

IAN

I couldn't just leave her...

FAIBAIRN

In a real mission that's what you'd be expected to do. Leave them or if they are badly wounded... shoot them.

IAN
That's murder!

FAIBAIRN
No, that's mercy. Because it will
be better than what the Nazis will
do to her.

IAN
(under his breath)
Crazy old goat.

FAIBAIRN
What was that?

IAN
Just clearing my throat. I would
never disrespect a commanding
officer, sir!

BROOKER
Wise move. Let's all calm down.

FAIBAIRN
(removes his uniform
jacket)
The stripes are off. What is it you
want to say?

BROOKER
Stand down, Ian.

Ian turns to Brooker for a moment then without warning takes a swing at Fairbairn, who dodges the punch with surprising speed for an old man.

Ian swings again. This time Fairbairn catches Ian's fist and uses its momentum against Ian, spinning him around and putting him in a choke hold.

Ian struggles to free himself but is unable to.

FAIBAIRN
At this point... I could snap your
neck before you blinked again.

BROOKER
Fairbairn! Stop!

IAN
(gasping)
Fairbairn?

FAIBAIRN

You may have heard of me.
International Police in Shanghai,
expert in several martial arts,
fought over five hundred men and
have killed 137 with my bare hands.
Third rule of espionage: *Know your
enemy*. So, never engage in a fight
that you can't win.

Ian opens his mouth to say something but Fairbairn squeezes sharply, just enough to stifle Ian's protests.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

Let me tell you about the enemy
you're going to face overseas. The
Italians are descendants of the
bloody Romans, the Japanese have
thousands of years of honor to live
up to. In fact they value honor
over all else, and would gladly
forfeit their lives if their honor
is even perceived as tainted. Are
you willing to do the same?

Edward steps forward, Brooker's expression stops him.

FAIBAIRN (CONT'D)

And the Nazis... the SS are the
most sadistic, brutal maniacs you
have ever imagined, they'll torture
you in ways that'll make the
Spanish inquisition seem like a
shoe-shine.

(to other recruits)

In order to survive you have to
follow our orders to the letter. We
will push you until you break, then
we will build you back up and break
you again. Then we will patch you
up and break you again... if you
can walk out of here in one piece,
then and only then you may stand a
chance at surviving an encounter
with the SS.

Fairbairn releases Ian who straightens himself, and tries not to show his embarrassment from being bested by an old man.

BROOKER

(in the IRISH accent of
Boatman)

I told ye.

(MORE)

BROOKER (CONT'D)

It doesn't pay to be a thick-headed
Hardchaw here, me boyo.

Ian and Edward realize Brooker was disguised as the Boatman who brought them across the lake.

Ian nonchalantly takes a cigarette out of his case and tries to light it, but the attached lighter doesn't work.

IAN

(frustrated)

Anyone have a light?

Mary is pulled from the barbed wire.

EMMA

How's your leg?

EDWARD

We should take you to a doctor.

Mary reaches down, grabs hold of her foot, twists it and pulls off her leg.

MARY

I don't need a doctor but...

She holds it up. It's an artificial wooden leg from the knee down. She turns it to inspect the bullet hole.

MARY (CONT'D)

Can anyone recommend a good
carpenter?

BROOKER

(standard British accent)

An artificial leg?

ROPER-CALDBECK

Why dinna we know about this?

VERA

Espionage is on a need-to-know
basis. You know that.

BROOKER

But this is a liability not just
physical but covertly as well.

VERA

Physically? Of all your recruits
she was in the lead... with only
one leg.

FAIBAIRN
We could modify her leg to conceal
a weapon.

MARY
(excited)
Could you?

Emma helps support her as Fairbairn examines her leg.

VERA
(to Brooker)
You owe me a hundred pounds.

BROOKER
What the devil are you talking
about? The race stopped. No one
won.

VERA
(pointing to Emma)
She crossed the finish line.

BROOKER
That was to fetch the med kit.

VERA
(with a smile)
The mission was to cross the finish
line. She was the only one to
accomplish that. Pay up!

Brooker is annoyed as he takes out his billfold to pay Vera.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MESS HALL - EVENING

CLOSE ON CIGARETTE CASE.

The bullet is still lodged in it.

Ian holds it in his hand, his finger tracing over the tip of
the bullet. Almost mesmerized by it.

Emma approaches and notices him. She looks over at Edward who
is staring at his plate of 'food', not touching it.

EMMA
Penny for your thoughts?

Neither of them reply or take notice of her.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Are you two alright?

Still no response. She looks at some of the other men at the table, all too exhausted to use their utensils.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh well... I'm just going back out to the field and frolic naked in the moonlight.

IAN
(looking up)
Pardon me?

EDWARD
(overlapping)
What?

EMMA (CONT'D)
That got your attention.

IAN
Sorry. I've been a little out of sorts.

EMMA
Well, you took a bullet to the chest. People don't usually get a chance to contemplate it afterwards.

IAN
It's remarkable how something so small can end a man's life in a blink of an eye.

EDWARD
(pointing to the case)
Can I borrow that for a moment?

IAN
You don't smoke.

EDWARD
(ignoring)
Just a moment.

Ian shrugs and hands it to him. Edward places it on the table a half-foot away from his plate. He then takes five peas off his plate and places it in a cluster between the plate and the cigarette case.

EMMA
(to Edward)
Are you feeling ill?

IAN
 Didn't your mother ever tell you
 not to play with your food?

Edward makes no response as he reaches for the salt shaker.

EMMA
 (to Ian)
 Has getting shot given you second
 thoughts about being here?

IAN
 On the contrary. It's strengthened
 my resolve. I know what I must do.

EMMA
 Good for you.
 (to Edward)
 Do you need to see a doctor?

EDWARD
 I am a doctor.

EMMA
 You are?

Edward looks and notices her for the first time.

EDWARD
 I'm sorry, Emma. What did you say?

EMMA
 You're a doctor.

EDWARD
 Yes... No... not really... I was
 studying to be one... but life
 brought me here.

EMMA
 Well, we're glad to have you.

Brooker enters from the adjoining room.

BROOKER
 (to all)
 Alright boys and girls. Oh-five-
 hundred hours comes quickly. We
 will start the day with our five
 mile run.

KAL
 (groans)
 Except JP.

JP
I'm too tired to gloat now. I will
at five am.

EMMA
Good night gentlemen.

The men mutter as they try to rise from the table. Emma smiles at Edward and Ian, then turns and leaves.

Ian snatches his cigarette case back.

IAN
Better not have used any of my
cigarettes for your arts and crap.

Ian opens the case and takes out one of the long cigarettes and notices the bullet damaged it above the blue logo.

IAN (CONT'D)
Damn.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP X - NIGHT

A pair of gloved hands empties a metal can of gasoline along the outside of a wooden structure.

Then flicks a cigarette into the pool of gas. It's long with the same blue logo on it.

The gas ignites and the flames spread.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. GATEHOUSE - NIGHT

From the outside, we see the reflection of flames in the glass. Mac crosses, inside the window of the gatehouse. He rushes back to look out the window.

MAC
Holy F...

MAC (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
FIRE!

CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR OFFICER'S QUARTERS, HALLWAY - LATER

Smoke fills the hallway. Mac runs through the hall banging on the doors.

MAC
Fire!

Brooker and some other officers stumble out of their rooms, staying low.

Mac knocks on another door.

MAC (CONT'D)
Major Fairbairn?

There is no answer.

Mac kicks in the door.

CUT TO:

INT. FAIRBAIRN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Fairbairn is frantically trying to throw his collection of weapons into a duffle bag as the smoke fills the room.

MAC
Come on, Major, leave that stuff.
We have to get out! Now!

FAIRBAIRN
This 'stuff' is my life. I'm not
leaving without it.

Mac looks back to the hall: Flames!

Mac tries to pull Fairbairn, and is instantly tossed against the wall by the old man.

Mac stumbles to his feet and rushes to the window and throws a chair out, smashing the glass.

MAC
(calling out)
Help! I can't get Fairbairn out!

Two officers climb in through the window.

Fairbairn tries to lift his duffle bag. The smoke is too much for him... he weakens.

The two officers and Mac grab Fairbairn.

FAIRBAIRN
(drops bag)
No!

It takes all three of them, using all their might, to drag him to the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - LATER

In the main headquarter building of Camp X, the original farmhouse which is still standing. Brooker, Vera, Fairbairn and a few other officers have gathered in the main office room.

Guard enters from outside.

GUARD
All recruits are confirmed in their quarters... except one.

BROOKER
Who?

GUARD
Ian.

BROOKER
Find him!

Vera turns away. The guard nods and exits.

BROOKER (CONT'D)
Where's the Commandant?

FAIRBAIRN
Looking for Bessie.

VERA
The dog?

FAIRBAIRN
Don't think it made it out.

VERA
The poor thing. The whole place was
a wooden tinderbox. I'm surprised
you men made it out at all.

BROOKER
We have Mac to thank for that. I
have to notify General Donovan and
Stephenson.

Brooker picks up the phone. Clicks the receiver.

BROOKER (CONT'D)
It's dead. Perhaps the lines were
damaged in the fire.

FAIRBAIRN
Or sabotaged.

BROOKER
We need to need have a dedicated
communications building... built
out of concrete... Thick enough to
withstand a bomb blast.

The door bursts open, Roper-Caldbeck storms in.

VERA
Did you find Bessie?

ROPER-CALDBECK
What was left of her... I also
found this.

He holds up a can of gasoline and the charred remains of the
Turkish brand cigarette.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)
Look familiar?

BROOKER
That's the brand Ian smokes.

VERA
You don't honestly think...

FAIRBAIRN
Perhaps his revenge for being put
in his place in front of the other
recruits?

VERA
That's absurd.

BROOKER
It is his brand.

VERA
Even more ridiculous. If you were
to commit arson, would you use the
one item that identifies you?

FAIRBAIRN
Or maybe he's smarter than he looks
and did it to make us think he's
being framed.

VERA
His lighter wasn't working.

The door burst open and Mac and another guard enter, forcing
Ian ahead of them.

ROPER-CALDBECK
Speak of the devil. Why were you
not in your quarters?

IAN
I was taking a walk.

ROPER-CALDBECK
Where to?

IAN
Along the beach...

ROPER-CALDBECK
It's pretty cold down there. Can
anyone corroborate this?

IAN
(pause)
No.

FAIRBAIRN
He's lying.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 Bullocks! As you may know there was
 a fire here. We believe it was
 deliberately set... and we found
 these.

He holds up the can and the cigarette.

IAN
 Well that's bloody convenient. Tell
 me did someone etch my name on the
 bottom of the petrol can? That
 would certainly seal the deal.

FAIRBAIRN
 Put him in that chair!

Mac and the guard force Ian to sit.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 Dismissed. And we are not to be
 disturbed.

MAC
 Yes sir.

He and the guard leave.

FAIRBAIRN
 Give me a pen or a pencil... I'll
 extract the truth from him.

Roper-Caldbeck takes out his fountain pen.

VERA
 Stop!

They all look at her.

VERA (CONT'D)
 First of all. You know all I'm the
 master of interrogation.

Fairbairn offers her the pen.

VERA (CONT'D)
 That won't be necessary. I know he
 didn't do it.

FAIRBAIRN
 How can you be so certain?

VERA
 Because he was with me.

BROOKER
 (raising an eyebrow)
 Oh... is that so?

VERA
 Must you be so crass. It was
 nothing like that. The Commander
 and I are old colleagues.

FAIRBAIRN
 Commander? Navy?

IAN
 Yes... Technically, I outrank you.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 What the devil is going on? There
 is no mention of that in your file,
 Lancaster!

VERA
 Lancaster?

IAN
 My middle name.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 What the hell is going on here? Who
 are you, really?

Ian hesitates.

VERA
 He's with British Naval
 Intelligence and advisor to Admiral
 Godfrey.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 Is this true... Commander?

IAN
 Fleming. Ian Fleming.

Roper-Caldbeck looks to Vera who nods.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 Were you sent to spy on us?

IAN
 No... I volunteered. Thought this
 would be... educational. It was
 approved by Stephenson.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 What the hell! What else has he
 been keeping from me?

There is a knock at the door and Mac enters.

ROPER-CALDBECK (CONT'D)
 I said we are not to be disturbed!

MAC
 Sorry. But he said it was 'urgent'.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 Who?

Edward rushes in.

EDWARD
 (to Brooker)
 You're making a big mistake.

BROOKER
 We know... your friend is with
 Navel Intelligence.

EDWARD
 What?

IAN
 We're not friends.

EDWARD
 I mean you're wrong about Japan!

BROOKER
 What?

EDWARD
 The Philippines. That's not their
 target.

ROPER-CALDBECK
 What are babbling about?

BROOKER
 The top military analysts have...

EDWARD
 (to Ian)
 I need your cigarette case again.

IAN
 No bloody way. I'm not letting
 anyone touch my cigarettes again.

EDWARD
I need it to create a map of the
Pacific.

Ian points to something behind Edward.

IAN
How about using that instead?

Edward turns to see a map of the world on the wall.

EDWARD
Oh! That'll do.

He rushes over to it.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
It was something Major Fairbairn
said that got me thinking...

FAIRBAIRN
Me?

EDWARD
How the Japanese would gladly
forfeit their lives if their honor
was even perceived as tainted...
Perceived.

FAIRBAIRN
(I know what I said)
So?

BROOKER
I don't quite follow.

EDWARD
What honor would there be in
attacking the Philippines? Think of
the metaphor in their code. Climb
Mount Niiataka.
(to Brooker)
As you pointed out, the highest
mountain in the Japanese empire.

He has everyone's attention - including Ian who has risen
from the chair.

BROOKER
Go on.

EDWARD

To climb that would be a monumental accomplishment. This attack must equal that.

Edward points to the Philippines position in relation to Japan.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Not the Philippines.... Too close. Too easy.

VERA

An attack on United States soil?

IAN

California?

BROOKER

They wouldn't reach it.

Edward's finger moves across the same latitude from Japan to California.

EDWARD

I thought of that, too. Unless they had aircraft carriers somewhere here for refueling.

Edward indicates an area near Midway islands northwest of Hawaii.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

However, Donovan stated California has mine-fields and anti-aircraft guns.

BROOKER

A hundred and twenty of them.

EDWARD

(To Fairbairn)

As Major Fairbairn said, "Never engage in a fight that you can't win."

ROPER-CALDBECK

But from Midway they could reach Hawaii.

Edward traces the short distance from Midway to the five islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

BROOKER
It would only be an air strike
because the waters are too shallow.

IAN
(hesitates)
British Naval Intelligence have
suspected that the Japanese are
developing a new type of torpedo
but we have no confirmation.

Vera goes over to the Teletype machine on a nearby desk.

VERA
Let me encode this information.

BROOKER
(urgency)
But we need a confirmation.

Brooker looks at his watch.

CLOSE ON WATCH: The date on the face is "Dec 7"

BROOKER (CONT'D)
They're planning their attack for
tomorrow the eighth.

IAN
(Points to the map)
Japan is on the other side of the
international date line.

He points to Hawaii in relation to Japan and then the
invisible international dateline between them.

IAN (CONT'D)
Despite their close proximity, they
are nineteen hours apart.

Brooker rushes to the nearest desk phone.

ROPER-CALDBECK
Bloody Hell! I'm so sleep deprived.
It's already the 8th in Japan.

BROOKER
(dials the phone)
We have to notify...
(looks at phone)
Blast it's still dead!

ROPER-CALDBECK

We may still have a bloody saboteur or double-agent in our camp. We canna risk sending a message by wire... and with that unknown variable I'd rather have all senior staff here.

They both turn and look at Ian and Edward.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATEHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

Edward and Ian walk to a car that's waiting for them. Vera hands Edward a sealed file folder.

VERA

This is all the information we have acquired for Intrepid.

EDWARD

Understood.

As Ian and Edward get into the car, Brooker takes Mac aside.

BROOKER

Don't stop until you get to Casa Loma in Toronto.

MAC

Understood, sir.

BROOKER

Do you have your pistol?

MAC

(open his coat)
Yes sir.

BROOKER

If either of those two do anything to jeopardize the mission... Shoot them.

MAC

Understood, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. CAR - NIGHT

The car races down the dark highway at night. It passes a crowned sign: King's Highway 2

In the back seat of the car, Ian is smoking which Edward, sitting next to him, tries to wave away. Ian smiles.

EDWARD
You could open the window slightly.

IAN
It's winter out there.

Edward rolls down his window just a bit.

EDWARD
So, you're British Naval
Intelligence.

IAN
I'm not at liberty to discuss it.

In the front, Mac is listening to their conversation. His eyes quickly dart up to the rear view mirror.

EDWARD
Perhaps you can explain
something...

Edward flicks on the flashlight and shines it on the file cover.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I've seen enough of these documents
to know that the double zero means
"Confidential", what does the other
number mean?

Mac keeps one hand on the wheel while the other reaches for his gun.

IAN
Other number?

Ian glances down at the file cover and smiles.

IAN (CONT'D)
That's not a number... it's a
symbol... rather a squiggle.

EDWARD
What does it mean?

IAN

(with a dramatic flair)

It harkens back to the days of Shakespeare, when Queen Elizabeth the First set up a spy network. Her top agent and advisor, John Dee used this glyph in his correspondence with Her Majesty. The double zeros resemble lenses with a handle, signifying "For your eyes only."

Edward looks down again.

EDWARD

Ah... that makes sense.

CLOSE ON FILE COVER. We see: 007

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

We see Mac driving with a gun in his hand, then the flashlight in the back seat goes off.

The car passes a sign: 'Toronto 25 miles'

Another car follows after them - with its headlights off.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF PILOT