

Margery Booth: The Spy in the Eagle's Nest
otherwise

Margery Booth: Knicker Spy

by

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and

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1 INT. LONDON, OLD BAILEY COURTROOM - DAY

1

SUPER: 'The Old Bailey, London 1947'

Court No 1. The FOREMAN of the JURY, slightly emotional after hearing this case, is standing.

JURY FOREMAN

Guilty!

The courtroom is packed, and now silent as the JUDGE considers this verdict.

JUDGE

And is that the verdict of you all on the third count?

The Prisoner WILLIAM JOYCE remains silent and defiant.

JURY FOREMAN

Yes My Lord.

JUDGE

(now to the Prisoner)

William Joyce. Although the Jury has found you "Not Guilty" on the first two counts, they have found you "Guilty" on the third count, that on the 18th of September 1939, and on other days between that day and the 2nd of July 1940, being a person owing allegiance to our Lord the King, and while a war was being carried on by the German Realm against our King, did traitorously adhere to the King's enemies in Germany, by broadcasting propaganda.

You have been found guilty of this most heinous of crimes against the King's otherwise loyal subjects whilst holding a British passport by not only siding with but actively encouraging an enemy power which was wholly intent on destroying our nation.

The whole courtroom remains completely silent until the Black Cap is placed upon the Judge's head, when even then there is only a slight murmuring.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

William Joyce. Do you have anything to say before I pass sentence?

WILLIAM JOYCE

I defy the Jews who caused this last war, and I defy the power of darkness which they represent. I warn the British people...

JUDGE

That is enough!

WILLIAM JOYCE

I am proud to die for my ideals...

JUDGE

I said enough!

William Joyce. You will be taken from here to the place where you had last been confined and from there to a place of execution where you will suffer death by hanging, and may God have mercy upon your soul.

(to the prison officers)

Take him down!

There is a sigh of relief throughout the courtroom as Joyce is taken down. The Judge confers quietly with the CLERK when he approaches the bench.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(in a quiet whisper)

How many more of these blasted traitors?

CLERK

Another three today, M'Lud.

JUDGE

Then let's get through them... We just have time to start the next one before lunch.

The Judge gestures to the Clerk to proceed.

CLERK

(loudly)

Call the next prisoner!

Many faces are curious about what is to happen in this next trial. There is a murmur of voices resonating around the room.

A tall handcuffed man, KARL von MÜLLER, smartly dressed in a dark charcoal suit is being led into the dock from the cells beneath. Just before he enters the dock, the handcuffs are removed and he sits down, clearly unruffled.

An austere, bewigged KC (King's Counsel) looks up at the Judge on the Dais, who nods to him.

KC

Are you Oberstgruppen Führer Karl
Gustav von Müller, SS
Leibstandarten Adolf Hitler?

MÜLLER

Nein - I am Johan Ratzinger, a
salesman in pharmaceutical
products.

KC

So you were never in the German
armed forces - correct?

MÜLLER

No - not correct, I was an
Obergefreiter in the medical
division of the Wehrmacht,
serving the 42nd Landseer
regiment.

JUDGE

That would, I believe, be the
equivalent of a corporal in the
British army?

KC nods assent.

KC

I believe so my Lord. A
comparatively low rank.

KC returns to the man in the dock.

KC (CONT'D)

You were never a member of the
SS?

Müller smiles wryly.

MÜLLER

Correct sir, as I have said, I
was a medical orderly attached
to the 42 Landseer.

(beat)

You have my discharge papers I
believe.

The Judge ruffles through some papers in front of him.
Then looks down quizzically at the KC.

KC

The 42 Landseer were wiped out
almost to the last man at
Stalingrad, I believe;
(MORE)

KC (CONT'D)

just a handful surrendering and none ever returning to Germany, correct?

MÜLLER

I believe so, Sir.

KC

Very convenient - and yet you, you survived? How?

MÜLLER

I was on one of the last planes out, tending to badly wounded SS men who were given priority. I was ordered to accompany them and treat them *en route* - it was my duty.

KC

All SS men were tattooed with their blood group on their right arm. You have only a scar there where it should be - was it removed deliberately?

MÜLLER

Nein. That is a bullet wound - one has no control where a bullet will strike, it is simply coincidence. I also have two other scars on the same arm, one from a bullet, and one from shrapnel, both received in Berlin in 1945.

KC

How very lucky for you, yet again.

KC examines notes in front of him.

KC (CONT'D)

As a member of the 42 Landseer, did you ever meet Adolf Hitler militarily, or socially, at any functions?

MÜLLER

The only time I ever saw the Führer was in the early days of the war when I was in a march past. There was a big victory parade after the collapse of Poland -

(laughs)

- the nearest I have ever got to Adolf Hitler was about fifty metres. He was with Herman Goering and Rudolf Hess and others, taking the salute.

(now serious)

(MORE)

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

Mere Obergefreiters may I point out did not get to meet the Führer.

KC

Were you marching in this parade?

MÜLLER

Yes - alongside a 'blood wagon' - er - an ambulance Sir.

The KC returns to some papers in front of him. There is a prolonged silence, then...

KC

You were discharged from the German Forces in 1946 as a non combatant, and allowed to return to your peacetime profession, eventually securing a job in a hospital in Hamburg - yes?

MÜLLER

That is so.

KC

(sarcastically)

In your capacity as a medical orderly - a non combatant, as you so quaintly describe it, did you ever assist in SS duties?

MÜLLER

(emphatically)

Nein! But as a medical orderly I often treated wounded SS men.

KC

And you never assisted or took an active part in the interrogation of prisoners, including female ones?

Müller thumps the edge of the dock with his hand, his face contorted with fury.

MÜLLER

(in a loud voice)

NEIN!

KC

(addressing judge)

I would like to call the first witness.

Judge laconically nods assent. The usher exits the courtroom and reappears moments later with MARGERY, the next witness: An elegantly attired woman, her head lowered, face masked from the prisoner by a wide-brimmed picture hat. She walks silently to the witness stand and slowly enters it. There is a hush in the courtroom. All eyes are upon her.

Reaching the witness stand, she stands silently awhile, then, with head still bowed, takes the oath in a low voice. The questioning then begins.

KC (CONT'D)

Madam, please state your name.

Margery slowly raises her head to reveal her face to the prisoner in the dock.

MARGERY

My name is Margery Ströhm...

As Müller sees her face he blanches visibly, his jaw sags open...

KC

And do you recognise the prisoner in the dock?

MARGERY

Oh yes - Hello Karl - remember me?

Müller lowers his head - no longer looking at her - he stares at the floor, his hands gripping the sides of the dock and slowly starts to sob, his body visibly shaking.

KC

You know the prisoner?

MARGERY

Oh yes. I know him alright, and I wish to testify against this SS man, whom I know well.
(vehemently)
Extremely well, in fact.

FLASH TO:

EXTRACT FROM SCENE 90:

2

INT. BERLIN, SS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

2

Margery is seated, dishevelled, her hair uncombed, her lipstick smudged. Her blouse is open, displaying a lacy brassiere and her skirt is up around her waist. Her face is contorted with pain.

Müller is holding a pair of pliers, still bloody from his previous victim. The floor below is also bloody...

He is kneeling in front of Margery and is starting to unfasten her stockings which are attached to her black suspender belt.

MARGERY (V.O.)

He was one of my interrogators.

FLASH BACK TO:

3 INT. LONDON, OLD BAILEY COURTROOM - DAY 3

The Judge gestures to the KC.

KC

(Addressing the
prisoner,
triumphantly)

So, shall we start again, SS
Oberstgruppen Führer Karl von
Müller?

4 INT. BERLIN, BIERKELLER - NIGHT 4

SUPER "BERLIN 1938"

A group of drunken SS MEN are making a lot of noise in the night club, singing patriotic songs at the top of their voices, waving beer steins around and ogling the waitresses.

As one well-built FRAULEIN passes by, a drunken SS lout lifts her skirt to a roar of approval from his comrades. The girl slaps his hand sharply and moves away.

At a nearby table a small party of WEHRMACHT OFFICERS are watching the SS men disdainfully.

OBERST SMIDT

(to his companions)

If these are representative of the
New Order, then I fear for the
future of Germany.

GENERALMAJOR SIGMUND

(nodding)

Nein - They are a minority, a mere
handful of black uniformed thugs.
The Wehrmacht is the backbone of
the German armed forces and always
will be - not them.

HAUPTMANN GOTTFRIED

I fear that the likes of Himmler
will persuade the Führer to make
them a law unto themselves,
accountable to no one but the
Reich Führer himself.

(MORE)

HAUPTMANN GOTTFRIED (CONT'D)

Such men are dangerous - I have seen the signs already.

OBERST SMIDT

Gottfried has a point, Himmler has the Führer's ear, the SS has already grown too big for its boots.

GENERALMAJOR SIGMUND

Ever since Ernst Röhm and his brand of thugs were liquidated. They have been replaced by another brand of thuggery, only more sophisticated.

Suddenly in the background there is a loud commotion. Margery, now a svelte sophisticated woman, enters. She is accompanied by her husband Dr EGON STRÖHM.

OBERST SMIDT

Frau Ströhm! I hear the Führer is enamoured of her and her singing. They say he paid court to her in her dressing room with 200 red roses and a card signed personally, 'Adolf'.

GENERALMAJOR SIGMUND

(laughing)

You mean the Führer has a romantic streak?!!

(beat)

More likely wants to get into her knickers.

HAUPTMANN GOTTFRIED

Keep your voice down my friend, the SS over there are watching us; don't make our sentiments too obvious.

They quieten their voices.

At the far table an SS STURMBANNFÜHRER is glaring at them whilst waving a wine bottle wildly around, clearly intoxicated. He staggers to his feet, glass in hand.

STURMBANNFÜHRER

A toast to our glorious leader - Herr Hitler.

All the SS men rise.

OBERST SMIDT

(in a low voice to his companions)

Do the same - and try to look enthusiastic.

All the Wehrmacht soldiers rise, they are very dignified and have crystal wine glasses in their hands in sharp contrast to the stein waving, bottle raising SS men.

HAUPTMANN GOTTFRIED takes the initiative.

HAUPTMANN GOTTFRIED

To our Leader - Herr Hitler.

Everyone in the hall rises, and gives a rousing 'Heil Hitler' then they all sit down again.

At another table the Chef de Maison FRANZ and his guest EMMA, who have been standing with all the others, sit down again to continue their conversation against the noisy background.

GENERALMAJOR SIGMUND (V.O.)

(quietly to his
friends)

That took the wind out of their
sails, one up to the Wehrmacht.

EMMA

Just listen to them! They hate
each other as much as we hate
them!

(more quietly, behind
her glass of wine)

So we are agreed Franz? For your
part you do more of the drink
buying with better discounts
whilst I, at my club, do a little
smuggling with these bastards.

FRANZ

You always were the cunning one,
Emma! But can you keep it up?

EMMA

No problem! They are greedy so
will do anything for money, and
from what they get up to in the
club, these Nazi morons leave
themselves open to blackmail too!

FRANZ

You're pushing your luck!

EMMA

I'm not stupid! Another does that
for me. I'm not interested in
their politics either, but show I
enjoy their company.

FRANZ

But you never married! I was
hoping - us...? Perhaps after the
war..?

EMMA

Dear Franz - ever optimistic..!

She pats his hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I would do nothing to endanger you ever, but I need to make a lot of money now. This nose job cost a fortune and I still owe most of it.

FRANZ

(very quietly)

That's the problem being Jewish!

EMMA

(whispering)

For you, the evidence would be purely circumstantial, but now tell me about this couple who have just walked in. More special guests?

Dr Ströhm and his wife Margery are being escorted to a table with a 'Reserved' card on it. They sit down and a waiter is in constant attendance on them.

At the SS table an officer comments.

STANDARTENFÜHRER

(sarcastically)

It seems the English woman is much favoured.

HAUPTSTURMFÜHRER

She is more German than English, she has embraced all the Führer's ideals and is also married to a German.

OBERFÜHRER

Dr Ströhm is well respected although it is about time he joined the Nazi party. War is coming and such men cannot sit on the fence forever. There will be a day of reckoning - you mark my words.

At Franz's table, Emma is now very curious.

EMMA

You're sending them champagne?
You MUST introduce me! I like interesting people.

Doctor Ströhm's table has now taken delivery of a silver ice bucket containing a magnum of champagne.

FRANZ

In a little while, but she is
about to sing, so I will take you
over later.

Franz gets up, gives a little bow and walks towards the
stage, leaving a very intrigued Emma.

STANDARTENFÜHRER

(ironically)

So, Ströhm drinks champagne now?
His father's fortune was made in
good German beer.

At that moment, Franz walks onto the stage. He gazes
around at all the assembled guests then raises his arms.

There is an immediate silence.

FRANZ

Ladies and gentlemen, service men
of the Third Reich, we have been
graced with the presence here this
evening with the international
Mezzo Soprano -Frau Margery
Ströhm!

Applause.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

I have made a delicate overture to
her - coupled with a bottle of
Bollinger 87...

A ripple of laughter from the audience. Emma is now VERY
interested.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

...to request her to sing for us
tonight.

(pauses)

And I am pleased to inform you
that Frau Ströhm will give a
rendering of the song that
captivated our great leader - the
Führer himself, 'Die Herz'.

Back to the group of Wehrmacht officers, they immediately
applaud, followed by the whole assembly.

Margery Ströhm enters the stage, nods to the Girl Band
Leader and immediately on cue, renders 'Das Herz' which
Margery sings in full.

As the final resounding notes fade away the audience rise
en masse cheering loudly, applauding, and stamping their
feet, they are ecstatic.

Against this the group of SS men are diminished as they pathetically give out 'Heil Hitlers' and 'Seig Heils' then realising they have committed a social *faux pas*, they sit down.

Margery smiles and waves to her audience as she returns to her table. Her proud husband rises to draw back her chair but before he can sit, Franz appears with Emma and gives a bow to Egon, followed by a deeper bow to Margery.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Frau Ströhm, I cannot thank you enough. You were magnificent!

Margery glows.

MARGERY

The pleasure was all mine. Egon has told me what an excellent customer you are, so it was the least I could do.

FRANZ

Yes - difficult times.
(to Egon)
I have been buying your family beer for years, as you know.

Egon nods.

EGON

And my father knew your father.

FRANZ

(to Margery)
So you see, our families go back many years.

Egon has been looking at the striking Emma, which is noticed by Franz.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

But now - I would like to present Frau Emma Prinz.

Seizing the moment, Emma gushes forward to welcome a *hand-kiss* from Egon and a handshake across the table with Margery.

EMMA

A great pleasure to meet you both! Franz and I are old friends, so I must ask him to bring you to visit my club - the Krawatte Club. Here is my card.

MARGERY

Well thank you! That sounds very exciting, doesn't it Egon?

EGON

Indeed it does, but you go with Franz. I have to leave for Munich tomorrow. More beer business, I'm afraid.

He winks at Franz.

EGON (CONT'D)

But take care of her!

FRANZ

I certainly will.

EMMA

So you will come? Wonderful. You will be my special guest!

Egon gives a short bow and sits to join Margery whilst Franz and Emma also make their farewells and return to their table.

Back at their table, a waiter refills Emma's glass, which she raises to Franz.

EMMA (CONT'D)

And that beautiful sparrow will make lots of money for us both!

At Margery's table, she is looking at Emma's card.

MARGERY

The Krawatte Club? Funny name for a club?

EGON

Yes - In English, you would say "The Tie Club". As in "Gentleman cannot come in without a tie".

MARGERY

But a gentleman always wears a tie...

EGON

Ah but there is the joke. A play on words.

MARGERY

Really? How?

EGON

Well even I know enough English to understand. "Tie" is one word in English, but two in German...

MARGERY

Two?

EGON

Yes - "Krawatte" is necktie, but
 "Bilden" is the other sort of Tie -
 as in "Tie up" - Bind!! So whilst
 officially it is known as the
 "Krawatte Club", unofficially it
 is known as the "Binden Club"!

Margery looks astonished.

EGON (CONT'D)

So don't ask what goes on behind
 closed doors!

5 EXT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS - DAY 5

SUPER: "MI9 HEADQUARTERS, 64 BAKER STREET, LONDON"

A sleek limousine with darkened windows is seen
 arriving at a nondescript building.

An elderly man exits the building and opens a garage
 door. The limousine glides in and the doors are shut
 behind it.

6 INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, GARAGE - DAY 6

The driver exits and opens the back passenger door.
 Margery Ströhm née Booth steps out and follows the
 elderly man into the building by a side door.

7 INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, CORRIDOR - DAY 7

The narrow corridor is well lit but shabby until
 another door is reached via a flight of steps down.
 The next corridor is wider and smart in décor, in
 contrast to the dishabille state of the building's
 exterior and garage area.

This corridor widens into a reception area and Margery
 is shown to one of several comfortable seats near a
 polished table decorated with a vase of freshly cut
 flowers.

ROGER, a tall and suave intelligence officer, looking
 every inch the Brigade of Guards officer he is,
 resplendent with regimental tie, brings her a tray with
 a coffee pot, china cup and saucer with a jug of milk
 and sugar bowl. His voice confirms his Eton background
 which contrasts with her Lancashire accent.

ROGER

So sorry, Mrs Ströhm, to bring
 you here in the darkened car,
 but the matter that we wish to
 discuss with you is one of
 national importance.

Margery smiles sweetly whilst helping herself to milk.

MARGERY

I did rather get that impression, but I cannot see of what interest I could be to you.

Roger sits next to her.

ROGER

Well let old 'Q' explain, what? He's the head of SOE. Delightful chap - bit of an eccentric but smart as paint, you'll see.

At that moment a slender, smartly dressed secretary comes out of a nearby door. She too oozes class which Margery has never met before. Probably Roedean and the younger daughter of an earl. Again, her voice confirms Margery's thoughts.

CHARLOTTE

Hullo Mrs Ströhm. I'm Charlotte. Welcome. Charles will see you now. Unfortunately he has just had to take a rather important telephone call. So sorry. I'll bring your coffee.

Charlotte gestures towards the door she has just exited.

CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

Please, come in.

8 INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY 8

Margery enters the room whilst Charlotte follows her with her tray. CHARLES (Q), a benign gentleman in his late sixties is sitting behind a huge and very untidy desk, being littered with files and scraps of paper.

Charles is slightly corpulent, with greying hair, clenching a somewhat battered briar pipe between his teeth. He sports a short clipped military moustache which matches his short clipped military voice echoed again by his distinct military bearing when he rises as Margery enters.

He proffers his right hand whilst removing his unlit pipe with his left hand, which he places in an overflowing ash tray containing toffee papers, screwed up silver paper, paper clips and cigarette ends.

They shake hands.

Charlotte brings a chair forward and Margery sits down. Charles returns to his seat and studies some papers in front of him, then glances up at Margery.

CHARLES Q

Mrs Ströhm. Thank you for coming. We heard you'd moved to Germany with your husband but you're over here on a visit?

MARGERY

Yes - just briefly. To collect my theatrical costumes mainly, and a few other personal belongings. It didn't occur when I went that I'd be on the stage again so much. Husbands generally don't like their wives to work, except in the kitchen, but it seems I'm much in demand, especially by Herr Hitler who loves my singing, and Egon is so flattered by the attention too, so he's more than happy for me to work.

CHARLES Q

Well this is precisely why I needed to meet you, so it's most fortuitous we were able to contact you before your return.

But firstly, may I just check a few points, my dear? Confirmation, you know! I have a copy of your birth certificate here. Born in Wigan, 1905? A copy of your parent's marriage certificate. Levi and Ada Booth? And a copy of yours. If I read the details, could you confirm they are correct?

Margery starts to bristle.

MARGERY

(angrily)

What right have you to pry into my private life, and also my parents!

CHARLES Q

I understand your anger, but regretfully this is a necessity, for the matter I wish to approach you on is of great national importance, hence my request to you to attend here today.

Q leans forward across the desk towards Margery.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

War, Mrs Ströhm - regretfully -
is on the horizon. War between
us and Nazi Germany is
inevitable unless Herr Hitler
stops his territorial demands.
(beat)

Intelligence reports point to
this happening, Hitler and his
generals are clearly gearing up
for an all out European war.

Q pauses again, then leans even further forward.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Which is where you can help us.

Margery relaxes.

MARGERY

Me?

Q nods.

CHARLES Q

You move in high circles in
Germany. Adolf Hitler himself
is a great admirer of yours, and
furthermore you are married to a
well respected doctor. Heir to
an enormous brewery business,
and a natural born German in his
own right.

We understand, of course, that
you became a German citizen upon
your marriage, but I still
believe you remain British
through and through?

MARGERY

Like Blackpool rock!

CHARLES Q

(across at Roger)

I knew it!

(to Margery)

I need someone to listen and
report on all the small talk
that takes place amongst the
hierarchy there. Who hates
whom, if you like.

MARGERY

(thoughtfully)

I understand. I know there is a
great deal of back biting,
particularly between the
Wehrmacht and the SS. They are
estranged at all levels.

CHARLES Q

I need to know the names of those who are closest to Hitler, and those who are not happy with his policies. Those in particular who are secretly opposed to his expansionist intentions.

There are many Germans including your husband, who do not want to see Germany plunged into another world war - true?

MARGERY

Yes. There is much gossip and much speculation, many fear where a second world war might lead Germany.

CHARLES Q

Will you be my ears? Listen, note, and report back to me? You speak good German, your husband is German, and you know Herr Hitler - and at the end of the day Margery, you are British - born and bred. Can I rely on your loyalty, to your King and Country?

MARGERY

Yes Charles, I will help you. I lost a very good Jewish friend recently, a doctor. A mild, inoffensive gentleman who only served humanity in his capacity as a physician.

Margery dabs her eye.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

He was arrested together with all his family and sent to a concentration camp. I heard last week that he had died there, and no one knows where his wife and children are.

There is a poignant pause.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

(directly to Q)
You want me to spy for you, right?

CHARLES Q

Yes Frau Ströhm, I want you to spy for me, and your country.

(MORE)

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Due to your unique assignment you will report directly to me and will not be connected with either the SOE or MI6. My particular job is in developing escape kit, so I stand alone and "service" all sections. Roger will explain more fully.

He hesitates.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

SOE - our Special Operations Executive - functions to train and liaise with the resistance in occupied countries. Using their own discretion they then request supplies which we drop, don't you know.

MI6 runs, shall we say, our more permanent agents who don't really like the SOE whom they consider not much better than enthusiastic amateurs. Odd really, as SOE began as D Section of MI6, but there it is. Could muddy the waters if they made a mistake, so they keep clear of each other. Not that they could ever meet, except by accident. Secrecy, you know.

You'll be on your own. MI9 helps escapers and evaders. Sort of stuff you may pick up could help them. Reporting directly to me - you would still be in grave danger though, if you were caught.

Margery does not answer. She simply stands up and takes Q's hand, nodding her head affirmatively.

Charlotte opens the door.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Then we will be in touch shortly. Your code name will be Zeus, and your contact, Vulcan.

As the door is open, Roger comes in and whispers into Charles' ear.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Ah - Margery - Roger has just told me that one of our training lectures is about to start. Can you spare some time now?

(MORE)

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

It would give you a good insight into what we do at MI9. And you will receive some basic training - like how to use a gun, for example.

MARGERY

Certainly - it sounds most interesting, although I cannot imagine when I may need to use a gun! I expected this meeting to go on for longer do indeed have plenty of time.

CHARLES Q

Good show! Roger - please take Margery through.

ROGER

Right Ho Sir.
(to Margery)
Please come this way.

CHARLES Q

And - I think - you'll like the lecturer...

Margery raises her eyes. Charles shake hands with her whilst Roger and Charlotte exchange glances.

9

INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, CORRIDOR - DAY

9

Roger is leading Margery towards a lecture room.

ROGER

You're lucky today. You're about to meet Captain Amies, one of our best chaps. His particular responsibility is Belgium but this will be a general introduction so it could apply equally to any country of operation.

MARGERY

Amies? The only time I've heard that name is Hardy Amies, the fashion designer.

ROGER

Yes, well it's him, actually, so this is one of the many things you have to keep under your hat! But then we are trusting you to keep secrets anyway, what?

MARGERY

Grief yes, but wow - this is amazing!

ROGER

Yes, it is rather. He mainly trains girls and then gets them dropped into Belgium.

MARGERY

Well dressed, presumably??

Roger smiles. A welcome break from the usual seriousness of his work.

They approach a door which Roger opens for her, and they both enter.

10 INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, LECTURE ROOM - DAY 10

Margery is surprised to see the room occupied by a large group of young people, some as young as 18. They include GIA, JEANNE, NICOLA, AMY, KRISTINA, CATALEYA, NATALIA, KURT, JAMES, "WHITE" HAWK and NADIA. There is also one older - a man in civvies - and two others in uniform, one about 30 and the other around 60 plus a woman SYLVIE, also in civvies, wearing a parachute harness.

MARGERY

Roger! Some are so very young!
These go out as spies??

ROGER

Indeed they do, and very brave too, especially the girls. Often more so, in fact, because many become radio operators which is even more risky.

Margery is amazed.

MARGERY

(quietly)
But that chap is much older...

ROGER

Ah yes. A very special case.
You'll find out later.

All are sitting in a semi-circle. CAPTAIN HARDY AMIES, the younger officer, is at the other end, and there is a map of Europe on the wall behind him. The older officer is behind a desk which is covered is strange-looking technical equipment. The trainees are quietly chatting whilst they wait.

Roger leads Margery up to the younger officer.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Amies, old chap, this is Zeus.

HARDY AMIES

Ah yes - The pleasure is all mine!
Q was telling me all about you.
I'm about to begin a training
session so delighted you can join
us.

ROGER

Well done! See you later, Zeus!

HARDY AMIES

Do join the others Zeus, then we
can begin.

Roger leaves as Margery finds a good seat. Being a bit older, she feels perhaps more at home with someone of similar age, so takes her seat next to John Brown...

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. I am Captain Amies, and am here today to give you an introduction to the job of the SOE and our work here in MI9.

His small audience starts to relax, and the girls especially take to his charm.

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

With me is Captain Richard Hunt with some of his toys, and he'll be chatting in a moment about some of these.

Also here is Sylvie who has just been brought over from France. She was in the resistance there but her cover was blown but we were able to extract her just in time.

Obviously she cannot now return, so she will, in the meantime, remain here and, perhaps, help with our training. I'll invite her to talk to you later.

NB: THE REMAINDER OF THIS SCENE IS STILL IN DUMMY FORM AS WHILST THE FOLLOWING SPEECH IS TAKEN FROM SOE ARCHIVES IT IS INTENDED THAT THE "TRAINEES" WILL ASK QUESTIONS AND THESE STILL HAVE TO BE BUILT IN AS THE DIRECTOR MAY WORKSHOP THIS SCENE. RICHARD HUNT IS A REAL PERSON PLAYING HIMSELF AS HE IS AN EXPERT IN SOE WEAPONS SO CAN EXPLAIN THEM MORE EASILY - AND ANSWER QUESTIONS - THAN AN ACTOR. LIKewise SYLVIE WILL DO A FINAL DEMONSTATION WITH PERSONAL TIPS OVER THE USE OF THE PARACHUTE HARNESS WHICH SHE KNOWS IN REAL LIFE.. IT IS ALSO THOUGHT THE DIRECTOR WOULD LIKE TO WORKSHOP THIS SCENE.

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

My talk to you today is on the subject of your own safety and wellbeing, not whilst you are actually flying, but in the event of your being unlucky enough to have to bale out or forced land behind the enemy's lines.

All of you here today, with a couple of exceptions, are being trained as SOE agents, although the talk I am giving is mainly aimed at aircrew but should be useful to you if you are ever in a position to help them, because you will then know what training they have been given.

Not all of you will, of course, be dropped in, but most of you will, so please bear with me on this and I will try to keep it general where possible.

Now I had better explain that it is MI9's job to drill personnel of all three services in their conduct as PoWs, and try to do everything possible to help personnel if they are unfortunate enough to find themselves caught.

In order to do this, certain "Aids and Devices", as they are called,

Amies gestures to the "toy" covered desk.

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

are issued to all, and the experiences of many escapers and evaders are collected and passed on, which helps further development.

Of course, the actual rescue or help given to evaders is the side of MI9 which naturally appeals to Air Crew in particular, but nevertheless, the work devoted to drilling personnel of all three Services in their conduct as PoWs is of prime importance to our War effort, and in this talk we will take that side first.

Firstly, it is everybody's duty to evade capture or to escape and to rejoin their units.

(MORE)

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

Hundreds of POWs do make an escape and make it back home, but even if recaptured it means they have been outside the camp so can report on what they have seen and will have had a good deal of fun and excitement.

Punishment is usually a maximum of thirty days in the "Jug", and all have had a crack at doing a good job of work baiting the Goons and keeping them occupied as otherwise they would be used as active fighting soldiers.

If you do succeed in getting out, you will, in all probability, have been supplied with aids of some sort by MI9 through the camp escape committee. Even the humble razor blade, for example, will have been magnetised, providing you with a compass.

CAPTAIN HUNT holds one up, suspended by a piece of cotton.

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

Travel by night and rest up during the day. Depending upon where you are you may find the locals helpful.

If there is a resistance group, they will put you onto an escape line. Their very lives are in danger by helping you so never let them down! You may come into contact with someone from SOE but never knowingly approach an MI6 operative or you may blow his cover.

Secondly, If for any reason you are unable to evade capture, then you still have a duty to your country. This is, to deny to the other side information which he badly needs.

Thirdly there is no doubt that an enormous amount of information is obtained from POWs and much trouble and time is spent by the enemy in trying to obtain this.

(MORE)

HARDY AMIES (CONT'D)

Finally - (and this doesn't just apply to captured aircrew) - you are ALL prized as sources of information, and direct interrogation has more often than not failed to produce any useful information to the other side. Do not imagine, however, that direct questioning is the ONLY method the other side employs to obtain the information he wants.

You all probably know what happens if a German pilot bales out anywhere near an RAF base. They are promptly invited into the mess where they are given food and drink and an air of friendliness prevails before being passed onto MI9(b) for official debriefing.

Similarly with yourselves, you will find that the amount of drink consumed will loosen your tongue. A few indirect questions put lead you to say things you would much prefer to keep quiet about.

So - be on your guard. They will already have built up records and personnel of units so may even ask you how so-and-so is, and the natural reaction is "Well, they seem to know stuff anyway..."

Never assume. Always be on your guard and give nothing but Rank, Name and Number.

To those of you working under cover - you will not, unfortunately, have a uniform to provide protection under the Geneva Convention, and the enemy don't, alas, play cricket, which is why later in your training you will learn ways of evading severe interrogation...

Margery cringes at the thought. Sylvie sees her reaction and comes over.

MARGERY

So you've been through it then?

SYLVIE

Well not exactly, but it got close, which is why they extracted me as soon as they could.

MARGERY

And you can't go back then?

SYLVIE

No. Cover's blown. I don't know what I'm going to do now. They're very kind, but I'm not really a trainer. I was a seamstress at home. What use is that skill now?

MARGERY

A seamstress?

(beat)

That's a thought...

How about coming back with me?

SYLVIE

Back? Where?

MARGERY

Germany. I'm in the theatre. You could be my dresser. I'll ask Charles, and I'm sure he'll agree it's a great idea.

SYLVIE

That sounds interesting. We could work together, and being in Germany we'd be able to get some top information back here...

MARGERY

Yes, we could. One moment you'd be looking after my stage costumes, the next you'd be spying!!

SYLVIE

I can't wait! I do love the action, and the thought of helping to bring down these vile people.

FADE OUT

11 INT. BERLIN, STRÖHMS' APARTMENT, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 11

In their luxurious drawing room Margery is lying languidly on an ornate chaise longue on her side, her legs turned up, displaying long silk clad legs.

She is propped up on one arm perusing a large photograph album, flicking idly through the pages.

12 MONTAGE SEQUENCE 1 12

Various events depicted in the photos:

Margery in a period dress singing whilst holding a "Holy Grail" in one hand.

The legend written above the photograph in a clear Gothic hand reads: 'Closing scene of 'Parsival'. Berlin State Opera House. 1938'.

The second photo shows Adolf Hitler applauding wildly from a ground level theatre box. Margery can clearly be seen in the background curtsying to the audience. Hitler is flanked by black uniformed SS officers.

13 INT. BERLIN, STRÖHMS' APARTMENT, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 13

Margery is still looking at the album when in the background a door opens and a tall distinguished man enters - Herr EGON STRÖHM, Margery's husband. In his right hand he is holding a brandy balloon, his attire smart: a silk monogrammed dressing gown bearing his initials. He has a distinctive duelling scar on his left cheek.

STRÖHM

Reminiscing, my dear?

He walks over, and as he approaches, Margery looks up, smiling fondly. She points to the picture of Adolf Hitler clapping.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

Ah, 'Parsival' - the Fuhrer's favourite opera. You were truly magnificent that memorable night my darling.

Ströhm chuckles to himself.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

Herr Adolf was captivated by you that evening.

MARGERY

(laughs gently)

Do you remember? That was the night he sent me 200 red roses.

She turns over another page of the album; a large card in bold hand reads 'FROM ADOLF'. The card displays a large swastika encircled in the top right hand corner.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCES - VARIOUS:

14 INT. BERLIN, STATE OPERA HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - DAY 14

Margery is getting changed and is now in her underwear. There is a knock on the door. She slips on a sheer translucent dressing gown and opens the door.

A page boy presents her with a huge bouquet of red roses. She accepts them and shuts the door.

Back inside, she reads the attached card bearing the legend 'FROM ADOLF'

Margery smiles.

MARGERY
(to herself)
How sweet. 'From Adolf'

Underneath it is a slightly larger card with a scarlet and black edge and wording in a flowery flowing hand which Margery reads to herself.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
(reading out loud)
"Liebste Fraulein Booth.
Will you honour me with your
presence by joining me for dinner
at my favourite restaurant on
Monday, when you have no
performances. It is only a little
drive from the opera house and
will take you through the
beautiful Tiergarten.

I will arrange for you to be
picked up by Oberleutnant Stürmer
at a time suitable to you.

Your ardent and devoted admirer
Adolf Hitler"

Margery puts the card in her handbag.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Now is the chance to see the man
behind the mask, I wonder what he
is really like? This will be a
most interesting experience.

15

EXT. BERLIN, SCHLÜTERSTRASSE RESTAURANT - EVENING

15

A squad of heavily armed SS TROOPS are forming up outside what is normally a quiet restaurant in this quaint old side street and starts to attract interest from passing people on their way out for the evening, many smartly attired for the night out.

The troops then line the street on both sides by the restaurant entrance to keep back the growing curious crowds.

An SS CAR with outriders then swings into this street, followed by another massive Mercedes also flying the Nazi pennant which, in turn, is followed by one similar to the leading car, also loaded with SS guards.

The cars then stop so that the second one is directly outside the restaurant entrance, either side of which now has a smart line of SS GUARDS.

One jumps smartly forward to open the car door, out of which emerges Adolf Hitler himself!

Another guard opens the restaurant door from the inside, from which emerges the proud owner, beaming and smartly dressed to greet his special guest, alternately bowing and giving the Nazi salute.

Hitler, mindful that he is on home territory and always the opportunist for good press, smiles and shakes the hand of this sycophantic restateur, then turns so that they are then side by side to be flashed by Hitler's official photographer who had been in the third car.

Doors are flung open as Hitler enters.

The cars then drive off leaving an awestruck crowd chattering away having been so close to their beloved leader.

Then - to their further amazement, another car swings into the street and stops directly outside the restaurant door. A guard then helps out a beautifully dressed young woman, obviously out for the evening. Although normally used to crowds, Margery is a little abashed by this public scene.

She is ushered through the door to further gossip.

16

INT. BERLIN, SCHLÜTERSTRASSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

16

Margery is guided through the Reception Area and through a door flanked by two SS GUARDS and into the main restaurant area which has been especially cleared of all seating save a round table in the centre, superbly set such that this is now the Führer's private dining area.

On the inside are two further heavily armed SS GUARDS flanking the door, each of whom is holding an Alsatian dog on a short lead. Two men attired in white aprons stand by, one by a sideboard which has a great array of crystal glasses, and drinks, the other one standing by a small serving hatch.

A beaming Hitler is standing upright by the round table adorned with a white lace-edged tablecloth. In the centre is a silver candlestick with two scarlet candles burning.

Not a word is spoken. Hitler gestures towards a chair, then as Margery reaches it, almost shyly, Hitler extends his hand to her.

HITLER

So glad you could come Fraulein Booth, I rarely have time to relax.

One of the waiters moves towards Margery, but Hitler waves him back, pulling back the chair himself for Margery to sit down, then gently pushes it into place as she sits. At once the waiter comes over and pulls out the chair for Hitler who then sits. The waiter snaps to attention and takes a sharp step backwards.

Hitler picks up a menu and presents it to Margery.

HITLER (CONT'D)

I have arranged a comprehensive range of dishes Fraulein Booth, which I trust you will find satisfactory.

MARGERY

Please call me Margery, Herr Hitler. I must admit your choice of dishes shows superb taste.

Hitler smirks.

HITLER

You must call me Adolf whenever we are together in private. Only refer to me as Herr Hitler when we are in the company of my generals or staff.

MARGERY

Thank you - Adolf, you are most gracious. And your English is better than my German!

HITLER

Thank you. Yes, I spent a while as a student in England. A very beautiful country. So much like Germany, which is why we should be friends.

MARGERY

Really, Adolf? Where were you in England?

HITLER

I was in Liverpool. It was in 1912, I think. To study art.

MARGERY

That is amazing! Did you know Liverpool is in Lancashire, where I was born?

HITLER

That really is amazing! So we have many things in common, Ja?

At that moment the wine waiter presents a wine list to both. Hitler gives Margery a querying look.

MARGERY

(after a pause)

The Eiswein, if I may, please.

HITLER

Eiswein! So - a sweet wine for a sweet lady! A most admirable choice, the Mosel district produces the most famous wines in the world, and Eiswein must be at the top of the list.

MARGERY

This is a treat for me, my salary normally only extends to Spätslese, or Auslese.

HITLER

I hope this is the first of many dinners and meetings Margery, and I shall see that Eiswein is always available to you. I do not drink much, but prefer spring water - but tonight, just for you and to keep you company, I will indulge in my favourite alcoholic drink - Franziskaner Weissbier. It is from Munich so brings back fond memories. We all drank it there in the old days.

Hitler turns and snaps an order curtly to the wine waiter.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Madame will have the Eiswein, and I will have a Franziskaner. Arrange also for one dozen bottles of the Eiswein to be put in Oberleutnant Stürmer's car - packed in an ice box.

The waiter hesitates, then responds.

WAITER

Mein Führer, I do not think we have a dozen bottles, it is a rare wine.

Hitler glares angrily at him. Throughout the evening he is trying to be sweet and friendly to Margery but occasionally starts to "make a speech" only to see that it alarms her, so does a quick back-pedal, accompanied by a forced smile.

HITLER

Then get some in at once, and in future make sure we always have a supply of it - RIGHT!

The waiter bows. The wine and beer are produced and served whilst Hitler preens himself, smooths his hair and straightens his tie - yet again - and talks of Wagner.

HITLER (CONT'D)

(raising his glass)
So - What shall we toast?

MARGERY

How about Lancashire? That is something we share?

HITLER

An excellent idea! And opera too!

MARGERY

(raising her glass)
Lancashire and Opera!

They clink glasses.

HITLER

Lancashire and Opera!

The starter is then served. Margery gently enjoys this whilst Hitler eats it in his own way...

DISSOLVE TO:

The main course is served. Hitler has pork knuckle whilst Margery has chosen a schnitzel.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Pork is so succulent! I never could understand Jews not liking it. Just shows they're not normal! I am convinced that I am acting as the agent of our Creator. By fighting off the Jews, I am doing the Lord's work!

Again, no simple degustation for him as he devours his, interspersed with draughts of beer whilst an embarrassed Margery, not quite knowing where to look, eats like a bird.

After downing more beer Hitler leans forward slightly and Margery notices a bad smell.

Hitler sees her look up and does what he has done many times before - glares across at the dogs which, like their guards, unnoticingly stare ahead.

When Margery looks back at him, she has a sudden vision of him as the monster he is, with mad staring eyes, ranting to a crowd accompanied to the tune of Horst Wessel Lied ("Die Fahne hoch".) She blinks back to normal when he speaks:

HITLER (CONT'D)

I'm glad to see you don't use much makeup, Margery?

MARGERY

That is true, although onstage it is necessary, so offstage I prefer little. But why do you ask?

HITLER

I keep asking Eva to wear less. She should follow your example. They use animal fat in the manufacture, so some animals are dying quite unnecessarily just for women to improve their looks! In fact, I will ban it soon!

At the end of meal a waiter gathers up the dirty dishes whilst a second waiter stands by brandishing a silver tray with coffee decanter and two cups. He proceeds to serve these as soon as the table is cleared.

MARGERY

That was a most fantastic meal Adolf, a truly magnificent menu.

Hitler beams.

HITLER

Nothing is too good for talent such as you have Liebchen - your voice is one in a million. I must arrange some recordings of it for my private use.

MARGERY

Before I came here I was under the impression that you were a vegetarian, but I see from the repast we have both enjoyed so much that you are not.

Hitler wipes his mouth with a napkin.

HITLER

A myth I have often heard repeated when I visit generals and dine with them. I do not know how the rumour started.

He gives a light laugh.

HITLER (CONT'D)

That is the trouble with rumours -
no one ever knows where they
start. (beat)

The only one of my people who is a
vegetarian is Goebbels. It seems
he cannot stand the sight of
blood, he once nearly passed out
when General Keitel who was dining
next to him was served a rare
steak. When he cut it blood oozed
out and Goebbels had to leave the
table.

In one of his speeches he said
'Meat eating is a perversion lying
at the heart of human nature.'

(laughs)

I try to make it a habit not to
dine with him.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BERLIN, SS HEADQUARTERS, BASEMENT - DAY

17

GOEBBELS is giving orders to a PRISON GUARD.

GOEBBELS

Have this implemented at once, I
want him executed NOW! No
appeals. Eliminate him.

The Prison Guard raises his right hand and shouts out
'Heil Hitler.'

A cell door is opened and TWO GUARDS enter. The PRISONER
is obviously an SS man. His jacket is open and he is
holding his trousers up with his left hand. He raises
his right hand in the Nazi salute shouting out 'Heil
Hitler.'

PRISONER

What news?

As he speaks, an SS OFFICER enters the cell and the
Prisoner who shrinks back from him.

SS OFFICER

Appeal denied!

The Two Guards stand back as the SS Officer draws his
Luger from its holster.

PRISONER

Where are you taking me?

THE SS Officer fires.

SS OFFICER

To hell!

The Prisoner slumps into the corner of the cell, his head at an angle, his blood oozing from a hole in his temple and a small pool of blood starts to flow and widen on the floor whilst outside, Goebbels has to avoid the sight.

18 INT. BERLIN, SCHLÜTERSTRASSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 18

HITLER

Goebbels could never stand the sight of blood...

SUBLIMINAL FLASH OF DEATH CAMP SCENE (LIBRARY FOOTAGE)

HITLER (V.O.)

But yes, I do also discourage the inhumane use of animals.

They have, by now, drunk a fair amount, so seem very happy.

HITLER

But enough of that. I hope you have enjoyed the evening?

He leans forward...

MARGERY

Very much so, Adolf. Very much so...

HITLER

And about Lancashire - so much we have in common, Ja??

She smiles and under the table his hand finds her knee.

He smiles.

They finish their coffee and Hitler rises, goes behind Margery's chair to help her up.

HITLER (CONT'D)

I must show you around the restaurant before we leave. They have some nice little private rooms here.

Come - let me show you...

FADE TO:

19 EXT. BERLIN, SCHLÜTERSTRASSE RESTAURANT - NIGHT 19

The cars have returned in the now quiet street and Margery is standing by Hitler.

With a slightly stiff bow Hitler takes her hand and kisses it. OBERLEUTNANT STÜRMER is standing by.

HITLER
 (to Stürmer)
 Drive carefully.
 (beat)
 Is the Eiswein safely packed?

STÜRMER
 Eight bottles in ice, Mein Führer.

Margery gives Hitler a light kiss on his cheek.

MARGERY
 (quietly)
 Auf Weidersehn Adolf (quietly),
 MEIN FÜHRER, till we meet again.

Her car drives off, leaving Hitler in pensive thought before entering his own car.

20 INT. BERLIN, STRÖHMS' APARTMENT, DRAWING ROOM - DAY 20

STRÖHM
 (humorously)
 The bounder! Paying court to a married woman. Sending red roses indeed to my wife? AND taking her out to dinner too! I should have challenged him to a duel!

Margery places her hand on his.

MARGERY
 Challenging your glorious leader to a duel indeed, can you imagine what would have happened if you had? Anyway - I have now seen him for what he really is.

She laughs at him.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
 Your feet would not have touched the ground.

Ströhm puts his arm around Margery, and perches on the edge of the chaise longue.

STRÖHM
 Only joking, my dear, what I should have done is send a posy to Eva Braun, his mistress, together with a card saying *Touché*.
 (beat)

(MORE)

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

In actual fact I was quite touched by his gesture, it was shortly after that that I was invited to visit him in the 'Wolf's Den' as his little retreat is called, though the SS guards there call it the 'Wolf's Lair' whilst others call it the 'Eagles Nest'

(he chuckles)

He was most affable and told me I was a lucky man to be married to you.

Ströhm looks directly at Margery.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

Mind you Leibste, Eva was not in hearing at the time. He also invited me to join the National Socialist Party.

Marjory raises her hand and strokes the vivid scar on her husband's cheek.

MARGERY

I still don't understand why you had to duel to get that scar.

STRÖHM

I've told you - Heidelberg - in my student days as you know, we all duelled; a wound here
(touches his left
cheek)

was a mark of honour, a status symbol, it showed you were a Heidelberg man!

MARGERY

I love you dearly Egon, but sometimes I find it hard to understand your Teutonic ways.

Ströhm looks at his watch.

STRÖHM

I have to meet Karl Brunstein now.

He kisses her.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

See you at lunch, say, one o'clock sharp!

It is early evening and 17 year old JAKE is walking home back from his work at the mill. His clothes are shabby and he looks very tired. He turns up the path and goes into the house.

22 INT. WIGAN, HODGES STREET, MARGERY'S HOUSE - DAY 22

In the kitchen VERY YOUNG MARGERY aged 15 is pirouetting slowly around the kitchen. She is dressed in a cotton frock that has seen better days. As she waltzes around the room she is holding her frock out with both hands as though she's a ballerina.

All the time she dances around she is singing. As she does so her mother MRS BOOTH looks at her disapprovingly whilst busy preparing supper.

MRS BOOTH

For goodness sake girl - if you want to play act then go into the other room, or better still the garden. You're under my feet here.

She shakes her head disapprovingly.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)

I do wish you would get that singing nonsense out of your head.

The Front Door SLAMS CLOSED.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

But Mum, I want to be a singer...!!

MRS BOOTH

There's no money in singing.

(beat)

That'll be Jake now, wanting his supper!

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS announce Jake creaking up the stairs.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)

You need a proper job in this day and age, something steady, then we wouldn't have to take in lodgers like Jake.

Her mother picks up a towel and dries her hands.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)

He'll be down in a minute...

She sits down on a plain wooden chair and gently pulls Margery towards her, her attitude is soft and kindly.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)
 Listen, one day you will leave
 school and have to go out in the
 real world and get a proper job.

Jake comes in and flops into a chair. He just nods to both.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)
 Most of the work round here is in
 the mills, isn't that right Jake?

Not one for words, he nods again.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)
 And as long as there are sheep and
 wool, the mills will be here, so
 you can always rely on work, isn't
 that right Jake?

Another nod. Margery shakes her head.

JAKE
 Is that hotpot I can smell?

MRS BOOTH
 Yes Jake - your favourite.

Margery bursts into a couple of lines. Jake's expression turns to pain.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY
 Sorry Mum, but all the girls go
 into the mill. They're so dark
 and boring.

JAKE
 And VERY noisy. Could you sing
 VERY quietly...

VERY YOUNG MARGERY
 (ignoring Jake)
 I want to sing, Mum, go into the
 theatre.

JAKE
 Or in the garden maybe...?

VERY YOUNG MARGERY
 (ignoring the remark)
 I don't care if I'm just a chorus
 girl or in the back row of a
 singing troupe, but I want to sing
 Mum, I want to see the world - not
 just Wigan.

Her mother shrugs her shoulders resignedly.

MRS BOOTH

You'll find reality when you are older, you mark my words. You'll see.

Margery turns to leave, then suddenly turns around to her mother.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Mum - There's a local opera group in Wigan that meets once a week at a small hall there. Can I go please? My friend says they want young singers.

Jake's face lights up at the thought of Margery going out.

MRS BOOTH

Um - I'll think about it. Set the table for Jake. He's been working real hard.

The thought of supper emboldens Jake.

JAKE

She might enjoy that, Mrs Booth... Perhaps she should go...

They both look at him, surprised at his break in usual silence. Mrs Booth then looks at Margery.

MRS BOOTH

You really want to go? Well, it might not be a bad idea.

Jake's face is now a treat. Margery's is too...

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)

All right, yes, of course you can. Maybe it will help you face reality and get some of these stupid ideas out of your head once and for all.

Margery is thrilled. Her mother produces a purse from the folds of her apron and removes two coins.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)

Here's tuppence for your bus fares, but don't be late home.

Margery throws her arms around her mother gleefully.

MRS BOOTH (CONT'D)

And put your warm coat on - it may be chilly when you come home.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Thank you Mum. I will be alright.

JAKE

And here's a penny - buy yourself
a bun.

Margery beams.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Gosh - thanks Jake!

Margery rushes out.

MRS BOOTH

That was very thoughtful Jake, but
I expect you want a quiet evening
in.

(beat)

I just hope she'll be alright. No
doubt come home in tears...

23

INT. WIGAN, VILLAGE HALL - DAY

23

Young Margery is milling about with a small group of
others of similar age who have all just arrived.

The dimly lit village hall has seen better days.
WILLIAM, a small rotund man, is approaching the group
armed with a list of names. He looks quizzically at
young Margery.

WILLIAM

Hullo - Do I know you?

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

No Sir, I just heard about this
evening and thought I'd come
along. Am I too late?

WILLIAM

No, no - not at all. What is your
name?

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Margery Booth, Sir.

WILLIAM

Margery..Booth.

He glances down at a paper in his hand, fishes out his
pencil and adds her name.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Booth? Margery Booth. Done.

Margery speaks in a beautiful, lilting voice.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Aye sir, that's me.

WILLIAM

(disdainfully)

And you sing? what are you -
contralto, soprano, what?

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Don't know sir, I just sing.

In the background all the youngsters have gathered on the stage. GRETA, a very large woman with a huge bosom, is placing them in a specific order in front of the adult singers.

William calls up to Greta.

WILLIAM

Greta - We have a new arrival who
wants to join us.

He takes Margery up onto the stage then signals her to stop. Leaving her in the wings, he approaches Greta.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(aside to Greta)

Put her in the back row. See if
she's any good.

He glances back at Margery, he then whispers to Greta.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

She doesn't look too promising
with that accent. You can't make a
silk purse out of a sow's ear, but
give her a whirl anyway.

William turns to Margery.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(indifferently)

Come along then, Miss Booth.

Margery walks forward to Greta who puts a hand on her shoulder and almost roughly pushes her to the back. She hands her a piece of paper.

GRETA

(distainfully)

You will have to learn this by
heart, but in the meantime sing
the words in front of you. It's a
refrain from 'The Merry Widow' -
and do try to keep in time with
the others.

Greta then nods towards a skinny sour faced woman sitting at a piano, who starts to play.

Greta then beats time and after a short moment looks towards Margery whose voice is permeating the stage and hall, outshining all the others. When the piece finishes, she looks at Margery, astonished.

GRETA (CONT'D)

(now pleasantly)

Do come to the front please, Miss Booth. I'd like you to sing this extract - by yourself this time.

She selects another piece of paper from the sheaf in front of her.

GRETA (CONT'D)

This is 'My Name's Little Buttercup' from Gilbert and Sullivan's 'The Pirates of Penzance' - let us hear you sing this.

Greta nods towards the pianist again, who is now smiling.

Margery sings the song in a loud, clear voice.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

"My name's Little Buttercup, dear
Little Buttercup..."

When she has finished Greta is now positively beaming. She walks over to William.

GRETA

William, I think we have a find here. This scrawny little sparrow, it seems, can sing!

WILLIAM

So I see; a budding Mezzo-Soprano in the offing - great, who would have thought it? And I nearly turned her away.

The Hall door opens slowly. Mrs Booth peers through and looks anxiously around for Margery.

William, curious about this late arrival, goes over.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Good evening, can I help you?
We've nearly finished the session.

MRS BOOTH

(quietly apologetic)

So sorry - I was just looking for my daughter - Margery Booth. I... I was worried she'll be terribly upset. I did tell her not to come and bother you, but... I'm so sorry...

She's cut short as Greta, with razor-sharp ears, rushes over.

GRETA

Mrs Booth? You're Mrs Booth?

MRS BOOTH

Er yes - I was just saying...

GRETA

Well, you must be very proud!
With a daughter who can sing like
an angel! So delighted! Thank
you SO much for encouraging her to
come along...

By which time Margery joins them, beaming all over her face. Her mother, now completely astonished, manages a smile.

MRS BOOTH

(very flustered)

Oh - Margery - Well, I, er,
thought I'd better come along to
meet you. It's getting dark now,
so...

GRETA

Well, thank you again so very much
Margery. We would, of course,
like you to be in our next
production, wouldn't we William?

WILLIAM

Indeed we would. AND in the lead!
See you again on Thursday?

VERY YOUNG MARGERY

Really? In the Lead?? Oh yes
please! May I Mum?

MRS BOOTH

(now beaming)

Of course! Yes, of course!

(to herself)

Well I never...

Mrs Booth helps to button up Margery's coat and they depart, leaving a delighted William and Greta whilst the other children collect their coats, now buzzing with this new gossip.

WILLIAM

Oh Greta - what a find - what a
find! That young Margery will go
far!

MONTAGE SEQUENCE 2

24 INT/EXT. VARIOUS UK THEATRES - DAY

24

Bill boards outside the theatre: 'Today only, Concert soloist Miss Margery Booth performs'.

A resplendent stage. The curtain rises. 15 year old VERY YOUNG MARGERY enters. An awkward curtsey to the audience who are waiting silently. No reaction.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY
I'm Margery Booth.

Silence.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY (CONT'D)
- and I'm from Wigan.

There is a ripple of laughter from the audience as they warm to her. The orchestra strikes up and Very Young Margery bursts into song. As she finishes there is rapturous applause and she takes three standing ovations.

Margery is on another stage, dressed in a scintillating costume; there is warm applause from the audience.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY (CONT'D)
I'm Margery Booth - from Wigan.

Huge applause.

Another theatre - As Margery enters from the wings there is rapturous audience applause.

VERY YOUNG MARGERY (CONT'D)
(Waving)
Hello, I'm Margery Booth - from
Wigan.

The audience applauds with great affection.

TWO WOMEN in the wings are also ready to go on stage.

FIRST WOMAN
She used that catch phrase in her first ever stage appearance - now they expect it at every show.

SECOND WOMAN
Do you think if I emulate her and announce 'I'm Jenny Smith from Bermondsey,' I could become a star, too?

They both laugh.

25 INT. ANOTHER THEATRE - EVENING

25

Yet another theatre. 1926. MC is on stage; YOUNG MARGERY, now 21, is waiting in the wings.

MC

And now ladies and gentlemen, the moment you have all been waiting for. The star of our show tonight...

He turns to the wings, and announces with a wave of his hand.

MC (CONT'D)

Miss Margery Booth!

Young Margery enters lightly; the MC waves towards her and winks at the audience.

MC (CONT'D)

...from Wigan!

There is a well of applause and laughter from the audience. Young Margery stops and puts her hands on her hips and laughing humorously then shakes her fist at him as he exits.

The orchestra strikes up and Young Margery breaks into song.

On the final refrain there is continued applause and curtain calls.

CROWD

Encore! Encore!

Young Margery nods to the orchestra, which strikes up again.

Two smartly dressed men, MIKE and RALPH, are sitting in the second row of the theatre. At the curtain call they rise and leave their seats.

26

INT. VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, BAR - SAME

26

Mike and Ralph are sitting drinking from balloon glasses of brandy.

MIKE

She is certainly a find, Ralph; just like you said. If I can sign her up and groom her, I'll have her singing at Covent Garden within the year.

RALPH

Hold hard Mike, remember dear boy it was me who brought you here to see her tonight.

MIKE

Sorry Ralph, I got carried away, but she is absolutely magnificent - and undiscovered. An agent's dream! She is everything you said.

RALPH

Precisely, which is why I brought you here tonight. That young lady, Mike, is going places: she is absolutely unique.

MIKE

(looking puzzled)

Obviously you are going to try to sign her up Ralph, and as you have pointed out, she's your discovery - not mine.

RALPH

Mike - You and I have been friends for years and we have both toyed with the idea of a grand Operatic European tour - all the capitals and big cities of Europe: Paris, Berlin, Vienna - even Moscow.

Mike nods his head in assent.

MIKE

True, Ralph, but we have never been able to find a suitable star with a high enough profile on the operatic scene who'd be available for an extended tour.

RALPH

Right! You have hit the nail on the head, all the big names have been signed up for months, even years ahead - but with a new star... Follow?

MIKE

I'm way ahead of you, how old is she?

RALPH

Apparently she was born in 1905, so I guess that makes her twenty one by my reckoning, and...

He leans forward confidentially, then in a low whisper.

RALPH (CONT'D)

that means she's old enough to sign a contract! AND she has no agent!

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

She's a young Lancashire lass who has climbed the ladder of success on the amateur stage, a pure unadulterated find.

(adding discreetly)

And she is single, no commitments, no boyfriend, and outwardly available. Together, if we can secure her she will be a sensation. Once she is ready I can guarantee to get her into Covent Garden, then you negotiate a European Tour say after a year or so after her debut there. Deal?

MIKE

Deal!

They shake hands, repeating 'DEAL!' in unison.

RALPH

I'll make the first move tomorrow. She's staying at the Excelsior hotel in Bayswater.

(he winks)

Softly - softly, dear chap.

27 INT. LONDON, RALPH'S OFFICE IN SOHO - DAY

27

Young Margery Booth, Ralph and Mike are seated at a beautiful, highly polished table.

Margery is signing a contract. One paragraph catches her eye - her face is full of delight.

YOUNG MARGERY

This is more in a week than I have ever earned in a month or more.

RALPH

That's only for starters Miss Booth, with our management the world will be your oyster.

She gets up and gives them both a kiss on the cheek.

MIKE

Now grab your coat Margery - We're off to the Alhambra for a celebratory dinner and some champers!

28 MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF POSTERS AND NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

28

A brisk montage of posters, as though they're coming off the press, a momentary glimpse of each headline...

Paris: L'Opera Royal de Versailles - Margery Booth la premiere chanteuse dans le monde est ici aujourd'hui dans 'Lucia de Lammermoor'.

Hamburg: 'Ishe Straatsoper', Margery Booth Heute nacht- Margery Booth ist 'Isolde'.

Bruxelles, La Monnaie Opera House: Pour un Jour! Margery Booth est 'Madame Butterfly'.

Madrid: Teatro de la Zarzuela: Margery Booth - Bizet's 'Carmen'.

Stockholm Folk Opera: Margery Booth, 'The Beggars Opera'.

Grand Theatre de Geneve: Margery Booth in Johan Strauss' 'Die Fledermaus'.

Ukraine Dnipropetrovsk: Margery Booth in Richard Strauss' 'La Salome'.

Turkey, Ankara Opera House: Margery Booth in Wagner's 'Die Walkure'.

Portugal Porto Casa de Musica: Margery Booth in Puccini's 'La Boheme'.

Portugal, Lisbon: Teatro National de Sao: Margery Booth in Carlos Strauss: 'Die Rosenkavalier'.

Paris: Palais Garnier: Margery Booth in Mozart's 'Cosi Fan Tutte'.

Vienna: Neue Oper Wien, Margery Booth in Wagner's 'Tannhauser'.

Rome Teatro dell opera Diroma Franz Lehar: Margery Booth el 'The Merry Widow'.

Oslo Den Norske Opera: Margery Booth in Wagner's 'Das Rheingold'.

29 EXT. BERLIN, STATE OPERA HOUSE, FOYER - EVENING 29

A huge hoarding declares: Margery Booth in Hans Pfitzer's 'Die Herz'.

The word 'Heute' has been pasted across the poster.

30 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, AUDITORIUM - EVENING 30

MARGERY is waiting to go on stage, we see anticipation on faces in the audience, then the empty Royal Box.

Moments later, Adolf Hitler enters the Royal Box, well groomed and in immaculate evening dress.

With him are two ladies in evening gowns and three young men in evening dress. As he stops prior to sitting down, the audience rise as one and shouts of 'Heil Hitler' resound across the auditorium. All those with him in the Royal Box copy him in giving the Nazi salute in response.

31 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, WINGS - SAME 31

Margery is waiting to go on, she is clearly nervous, a stage hand speaks to her, quietly.

STAGEHAND

(disinterestedly)

It seems we are graced by the new master of Germany tonight, the Führer himself.

In the background, we hear a low voice.

ASM

Starting positions please. One minute to curtain up.

Margery walks on stage and takes her position, she is dressed in Bavarian National Costume, sitting by a water fountain dangling her fingers in the sparkling water.

The curtain rises; Margery sings the complete opening scene of 'Die Herz'.

To rapturous applause, the curtain then falls for the interval.

32 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, BACKSTAGE - SAME 32

Behind the safety curtain, there is frantic activity, stage hands are wheeling away furniture, replacing it with new exhibits for the next scene. At the back, a minor panic - the backdrop for the next scene is stuck half way.

Two stage hands rush on with a long ladder, and moments later the cloth reaches the floor.

As Margery is waiting to go on, Sylvie checks and adjusts her costume.

MARGERY

(quietly)

Thanks.

Also sensing her nervousness, one of the chorus girls speaks to Margery.

CHORUS GIRL

You could not see what we could,
but the Führer couldn't take his
eyes off you. He was completely
enraptured.

MARGERY

Oh my God - It's nerve wracking to
know he is watching me so closely,
I'm petrified of making a mistake
now.

At the side of the stage, an amber light flashes,
followed moments later by a red one. The stage is set and
everyone enters, taking up their positions.

The safety curtain rises, the curtains are rolled back
and the show is back on. Fascinated, Margery glances
towards the Royal Box... Hitler's and Margery's eyes
meet.

33 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, FRONT ROW - SAME 33

In the front row Egon Ströhm is watching closely; a vivid
duelling scar is visible on his left cheek; he polishes
his monocle and places it back on his eye.

Following her occasional eyeline towards the Royal Box
Ströhm starts to notice Hitler's interest. Ströhm's eyes
switch continuously from Margery to the Führer, noting
Hitler's facial expressions as Margery sings.

34 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, ROYAL BOX - SAME 34

Near demonical expressions on Hitler's face as he gazes
at Margery.

35 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, FRONT ROW - SAME 35

Ströhm's face, his displeasure is obvious; he turns to a
flaxen haired woman, HELGA, some 22 years old, on his
right.

STRÖHM

What do you think of her, dear
cousin? She has the voice of an
angel and looks to match.

HELGA

Follow your instincts, Egon and
remember, a faint heart never won
a fair lady - as they say.

Egon nods approvingly.

STRÖHM

True, dear Helga; I will make my
play right after the show.

36 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 36

The wall clock shows ten thirty five; there is a knock on
the door. The Manager GUSTAV looks up and calls out.

GUSTAV

Come in, and shut the door behind
you, it's cold.

The door opens and OTTO, a young bell boy in a button
suit and pill box hat, enters.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)

Otto, what brings you here?

OTTO

Herr Ströhm wishes to see you sir,
shall I bring him in?

GUSTAV

Ströhm indeed? Yes, Otto - send
him in straight away.

Moments later Ströhm enters, then Gustav rises to greet
him. They bow to each other, stiffly; Ströhm clicks his
heels together.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)

Egon, how nice to see you, please
take a seat.

He gestures towards a well stacked shelf of spirits and
liqueurs nearby.

GUSTAV (CONT'D)

May I offer you a drink?

STRÖHM

Knowing the quality of your
brandy, the answer is yes; an XO
please, Gustav.

Gustav rises and pours the drinks and returns to the
desk, proffering the Cognac to Egon.

GUSTAV

And to what do I owe this
pleasure?

STRÖHM

(with a twinkle in
his eye)

I am interested in your singer
Margery Booth, and you, dear
Gustav, could pave the way for me.

GUSTAV

Margery! Get in the queue Egon,
the whole world's in love with
that girl, including the Führer
himself, it is said.

STRÖHM

(laconically)
So I have noticed.

He produces and opens his wallet, removing a small silver case, from it he produces a beautifully engraved business card.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

I would be obliged if you could
see that this is safely delivered
to the lady in question, I wish to
invite her to dine with me.

He looks at Gustav.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

Should she have any qualms, then
tell her I am quite happy for my
dear cousin Helga to attend as
well.

Egon produces a gold fountain pen and scribbles on the reverse side of the card and then cracks its corner.

He rises, drains his glass, and shakes hands with Gustav.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

I know I can rely on you.

37

EXT. LONDON, HYDE PARK, SPEAKERS' CORNER - DAY

37

SUPER: "SPEAKERS' CORNER, LONDON 1936"

A few disinterested people listen idly to one of the speakers, others are gathered in larger groups, and some are engaged in ribaldry, heckling the speakers.

On one soap box a mature man with a clergyman's dog collar is holding a large bible, surrounded by a number of fixed placards reading, 'Jesus Loves You' 'God is Love' - and an extra large one reading, 'Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give thee rest.'

A burly man at the front, wearing a cloth cap and muffler is reading it. Looking up at the speaker he points to the placard.

BURLY MAN

Oi you, what's your boss paying an
hour for us to do nothing?

There is a ripple of laughter from the crowd.

Nearby, a gangly youth is addressing another small assembly.

YOUTH

I have received a message from a space ship that had just arrived to say they like the look of Earth, and they would like to start a small colony here, but wanted to make sure they would be welcomed.

He is wide eyed with a look of sheer fanaticism on his face.

YOUTH (CONT'D)

I want you to welcome them when they arrive. You will find them very friendly.

A woman in the crowd has a small child with her.

WOMAN IN CROWD

How will we recognise them when they arrive, mate?

YOUTH

They will be dressed in silver suits, and have what looks like a glass fishbowl on their heads.

There is a round of good humoured heckling and banter from the gathering.

Then a very large group are gathered around a small party of men who are on a small raised podium.

There are three men, all dressed in black, and above the podium a large banner proclaims 'National Union of British Fascists'.

A fourth man arrives, roughly pushes his way through the crowd, he's also dressed in black but sports riding breeches and boots; the three on the podium are wearing heavy black belts and trousers.

All four are wearing armbands - a scarlet square with a white thick circle enclosed, and inside the circle the background is bright blue with a lightning fork striking in the centre.

The three men on the podium start to clap as he mounts the stage. One of the men picks up a loud hailer.

MAN ON PODIUM

Men of England! May I present our glorious leader of the British Union of Fascists: Sir Oswald Mosley.

There is a mixed response from the crowd, many silent, and some low clapping.

JOHN BROWN on Mosley's right is well built and has very Germanic looks, with close cropped fair hair *en brosse* and a small neatly trimmed gingery moustache.

Mosley addresses the crowd.

MOSLEY

Tomorrow comrades, my men and I intend to march through the East End of London to let the Jewish fraternity who have established themselves there know that their days are numbered.

He raises his voice.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

They are in collusion with the left wing fraternity there. Coupled with reds and communists, undermining our beloved country.

Our slogan will be, 'Get out now while the going is good, for tomorrow is ours, and there will no room either here in London or Great Britain for the international Jewish rabble and communists!'

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Your lot are the bleedin' rabble, mate; You get out instead and march through the East End - you'll get a right hammering.

A number of voices raised in the crowd mostly sympathise with the heckler.

HECKLER #1

Yeah.

HECKLER #2

You tell him.

HECKLER #3

Right.

Mosley then moves to one side and JOHN BROWN addresses the crowd.

JOHN BROWN

My name is John Brown, I grew up in the East End, and almost all the commerce there is owned by Jews: butchers, hardware stores, grocery shops - you name it - they control it. I ask you straight, is this fair - Jewish fingers are into every pie?

HECKLER #1

Of course it is mate, they get off their backsides and work all hours, not spend all their money on fags, booze, and the dog track.

Someone in the crowd throws a tin can at Brown, who easily dodges it, the meeting breaks up in disorder, instantly Brown and the other men on the podium form a shield around Mosley.

The situation is getting ugly as a Jewish man wearing a Koppel tries to get at Mosley.

A 'bobby' arrives and instantly draws his truncheon; he stands between the onlookers and the Blackshirts, in his left hand he holds a whistle to his lips.

Sullenly, the crowd disperses.

POLICEMAN

(to the Jewish man)

Clear off mate, or I will have to nick you for a breach of the peace.

Behind him the Blackshirts start cat-calling the Jewish man.

Instantly, the policeman whirls onto them.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

You lot, I'll give you two minutes to scram, or I run you all in for creating a public disturbance and inciting riot - and that's just for starters - then its a breach of the peace and whatever I can think of... so move your butts...

(shouts)

NOW!

Mosley and the three men stand their ground.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

... Plus resisting arrest!

MOSLEY

(to his men)

Better move, these police are the
puppets of the Jewish hierarchy.

He looks at the policeman ominously.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

But their day will come.

The policeman glares at him and the fascists start to
withdraw.

38

INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

38

Margery is busily wiping off her make-up, a large pot of
Leichner cold cream is on the table as she performs her
ablutions.

Sylvie is sitting whilst she is sewing a sleeve on
another costume.

MARGERY

Oh Sylvie, I'm so glad you were
able to come. I'd go mad if you
weren't with me. You've more
familiar with all this Nazi stuff.

SYLVIE

Well I could hardly return to
France, and being your dresser is
ideal. You'll need all the help
you can get.

MARGERY

Were you able to see much from the
wings? We need to get some
details back to Q as soon as we
can.

SYLVIE

I spotted a few faces, so I'll do
a note later for the park.

There is a light knock on the door.

They go quiet for a moment.

MARGERY

(calling out)

Who is it?

OTTO

Otto, Miss Booth.

MARGERY

(quietly to Sylvie)

He's alright. All this talk has me
worried.

(MORE)

MARGERY (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Hello Otto, come in.

Margery pulls her silk dressing gown together at the breast and Sylvie goes to open the door.

Otto enters carrying a silver tray bearing a small card.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
 What is this you've got for me
 young man?

She picks up the card and reads it, her face puckering up as she does so.

MARGERY (CONT'D)
 Do you know who he is, Otto?

OTTO
 Oh yes miss, he is a regular
 visitor here, he comes to all the
 operas.
 (beat)
 And he's a good tipper too, his
 father owns one of the biggest
 beer companies in Bavaria.

MARGERY
 (querulously)
 What does he look like, and how
 old is he?

OTTO
 You know him Miss, he has his own
 box at the theatre, but sometimes
 sits in the front seats if he has
 a large party with him, he's a
 friend of Gustav, the manager. It
 was Gustav who gave me the card
 for you.

Margery turns the card over and reads it.

The card reads, "May I have the pleasure of your company on Sunday night, say 9pm at 'Am Rauchfang'? My chauffeur will pick you up from wherever you wish at say 8.30pm. Respects - Egon Ströhm."

Margery is silent awhile, pondering.

MARGERY
 You say he has his own box here
 Otto? Which one?

OTTO
 Right of stage miss; he's the tall
 man who always wears a monocle.

MARGERY

Him! Yes I know who you mean now,
and he was in the front row the
other evening. He has a duelling
scar on his cheek.

OTTO

Yes miss, he got that at
Heidelberg University they say,
they have a duelling club there,
it's very famous.

MARGERY

(disdainfully)

So I hear, barbaric though in my
opinion, but he seems an
interesting man, and you say he is
a friend of Gustav here.

OTTO

Yes.

Margery smiles, then opens a small drawer in the dressing
table and produces a pen and paper, she scrawls a note.

MARGERY

Take this to Gustav to give to
Herr Ströhm;

(writes on reverse of
card)

*"I accept, but your chauffeur can
pick me up at this address at 9,
not 8.30, and make dinner 9.30,
not 9."*

She hands the card back to Otto. Sylvie opens the door
for him to leave.

They both laugh.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

A lady must not be dictated to; I
must keep the reins in my hand.

SYLVIE

Absolument!

Mosley strikes! A large number of cars are arriving in
the park, followed by a charabanc. Men in black
trousers, shirts and Fascist armbands are pouring out of
them.

Sir Oswald Mosley is greeting them individually as they
arrive. John Brown is amongst them.

Mosley addresses a small group as they all stuff long batons down their trouser legs.

Moments later another Blackshirt arrives, straining with the weight of a case he is carrying. Arriving at the group, he opens it and distributes a number of iron knuckledusters. These are accepted, and stashed away in their pockets.

MOSLEY

(addressing the men)

Today you will be my storm troopers. I want you to lead the procession through the Old Kent Road, shouting out epithets to anyone who appears to be even remotely Jewish, look out for shops with typical Jewish names, and target anyone you see wearing a Koppel; make Rabbis a target if possible.

(he looks around at the assembly)

If you pick on Rabbis, it will inflame the Jews around them, so no violence at this stage - understand? Push any Jews around, Rabbis in particular, but remember the police will be watching us, so we must get the Jewish fraternity to start the violence, not us.

Some will probably form a cordon to stop the march, but remember the law is on our side, we are entitled to demonstrate, so lads we march right through them - heavily. You know - elbows in ribs - toe stamping - kicks - nothing that can be seen.

It will not be long before some Jewish roughneck throws a punch, so as soon as that happens we go in. Beat up anyone in our way, break windows and overturn every cart of produce you see. The Jews will get the blame from the stall holders for starting the riot.

If the mounted police are there, and they may well be, we throw 'jumping jack fireworks' under the horses. Edgar...

(he turns to a Blackshirt nearby)

I want you to put a jumper on, and a Koppel.

All the Blackshirts laugh openly at their comrade's discomfiture.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

You can take it off later and join in with us, but I want you to be seen to throw a thunder flash at the police horses, if the national press are around even better, so choose your moment. This will further incriminate the Jews.

Whatever happens, scarper fast. They will be looking for a man in a maroon checkered jumper, so lose it fast afterwards. Chuck it in the gutter and then rejoin us.

Mosley gestures towards the main body of the Fascists gathered under a tree nearby.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

All the Jews in the area will attack every one of us, so all those who are following us in the march will be involved as well. Anyone who is with us will be a target.

He glances at his watch.

MOSLEY (CONT'D)

Right, it's almost time; fall in, raise the banners, and let's get on with it.

As the Blackshirts gather, SOLOMON, a black-bearded Jewish man in a black homburg hat is watching them surreptitiously through a pair of binoculars.

Solomon puts the binoculars away, jumps on a bicycle then pedals away furiously until he is out of sight.

40

INT. LONDON, JEWS' SECRET MEETING PLACE - EVENING

40

A group of Jewish men and women are gathered together, clearly nervous. One Jew, ISAAC, addresses everyone.

ISAAC

If it is just a march, I think we should quietly ignore them, do nothing to provoke them, they will have made their point and then disperse; these are dangerous times for us.

Another man, ABRAHAM, joins in.

ABRAHAM

I am sorry but I do not agree, if they want a fight let's give it to them Why should we let them get away with it? This is a Jewish quarter and our home, they are the intruders - not us.

A third Jew, JACOB, says his bit.

JACOB

Let us wait until Solly returns, he is watching their gathering in the park and will report back soon on how many of them there are, and if possible, their mood.

All three turn to the Rabbi who is listening intently.

ABRAHAM

You are our Rabbi, Moishe, what is your advice?

RABBI MOISHE

All things are with God; whatever is His will, will be.

ISAAC

(in an aside to
Abraham)

It's always the same, whether in Schule or the Synagogue; you want advice, and you get religion.

He shrugs his shoulders and at that moment, Solomon arrives on his bicycle.

JACOB

It's Solly!

SOLOMON

(breathless)

There are about a hundred and fifty of them, about seventy to eighty Blackshirts, and about the same number of followers; but I saw Mosley talking to a small group of about fifteen separately. These are clearly looking for trouble as I saw some of them stuffing what looked like wooden clubs down their trousers.

(hesitates)

Then a man arrived with a small attaché case, and gave everyone there something out of it.

(apologetically)

I could not see what they were. More weapons perhaps...

ISAAC

Go to Hymie the Greengrocer, fast; get him to bring out his market stall as quickly as possible. Get him to fill it with oranges, potatoes and any rotten fruit he has. We need sacks of potatoes too. A whip around amongst the brethren will reimburse him, tell him.

ABRAHAM

(grinning)

And he'll admit to having any rotten fruit??

They all laugh as he hurries off.

ISAAC

If they want a close quarter fight we are no match for them, but we can improvise some weapons soon enough.

(laughs)

But oranges, apples and potatoes at long distance should give them the message if they're looking for trouble; and they will be.

SOLOMON

Everyone can join in, children and women included.

A Jewish woman, REBECCA adds:

REBECCA

I'll contribute two dozen eggs.

41 EXT. LONDON, EAST END STREET - EVENING

41

Oranges and large potatoes are visible in doorways, on window ledges and in the gutter.

From an upstairs window, a woman is waiting by an open window with a chamber pot.

Two policemen are patrolling the area casually and in a side street a police car is parked with a further four policemen inside.

Doorways, window ledges and other places are all stacked with the 'ammunition'.

In the distance a drum is beating out a marching tune, then moments later at the top of the street Oswald Mosley and his fascists appear.

To the fore two Blackshirts with cross belts are supporting a giant banner that stretches from one side of the road to the other proclaiming, 'British Union of Fascists'. At the side, four policemen are escorting them two abreast.

Just as they enter the market area, a Jewish boy with a hand cart slowly walks out in front of the marchers obstructing them. A Blackshirt at the front seizes the cart and roughly pushes the boy who falls to the ground. A policeman rushes forward to help the lad up, as the thug smashes the cart and contents against a wall.

The Jews present start to barrack the marchers.

JEW #1

Fascist thugs!

JEW #2

Cowards!

The boy is crying as the Fascists march by him.

JEWISH BOY

No...

He is in the centre of them. Suddenly one of them kicks him as he passes, then in seconds the whole area erupts into violence as the Blackshirts at the front draw their batons and knuckledusters, striking at all and sundry; young and old including women indiscriminately.

In the background a Jewish tailor's window is smashed by a Blackshirt. The signage 'Elisha Levi, Bespoke Tailor' is on the cracked window. Then the tailor appears in the doorway, covered in blood.

JEWISH TAILOR

Help... please...

One of the thugs starts to laugh.

BLACKSHIRT THUG

Jewish shit...

He moves towards the tailor, and at that moment, an old woman with a chamber pot above empties the contents of the pot over the thug.

OLD JEWISH WOMAN

No, *this* is Jewish shit.

Immediately there is pandemonium, as from every doorway a barrage of vegetables, comprising mainly of large, rotten potatoes, oranges, tomatoes, and eggs are thrown.

In moments the fascists are in full retreat, bloodied and beaten, whilst the English bobbies are vainly trying to disarm the Blackshirts who are carrying truncheons. Some policemen have already drawn their own batons.

In the side street the four policemen in the car have now left the vehicle to join in.

In the midst of the melee, Rabbi Moishe has been caught up in the fight. Suddenly a Fascist seizes him by the beard and punches him in the face, knocking him to the ground. Then all those around him continue to kick the old Rabbi as he lies on the ground, helpless.

RABBI MOISHE

Please... stop...

John Brown tries to intervene.

JOHN BROWN

(shouting)

He's an old man, let him be.

But Brown is pushed aside in the furore. They regroup and pull back and within minutes the march is over. Two Blackshirts are in custody, and one of the Jewish activists is also under arrest.

The Jews jeer at the Fascists as they leave, then they turn *en masse* on the two Blackshirts in custody.

A POLICE SERGEANT arrives on the scene and addresses the menacing crowd which is approaching the two Blackshirts, who are clearly terrified.

POLICE SERGEANT

Its all over lads. I'll order my officers to release your man, and no charges will be brought, and you let these two go, alright?

(smiles)

Looks like they've had a good going over, so let's call it a day.

Isaac nods in agreement, then calls to the crowd.

ISAAC

Let it be. It's more important to get Moishe to hospital. He's in a bad way.

Isaac looks down at Rabbi Moishe, and turns to the police sergeant.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Will you take him?

Police sergeant nods to the police car which drives up, and moments later the Rabbi is ensconced inside.

Sullenly the two Fascists are released, and leave the street, darting terrified glances to left and right as they walk under the hostile glare of the gathered Jews.

No one stops them. Isaac goes over to a small group of young men nearby, nearly all of whom are sporting injuries of some sort.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I see you're not Jewish, but thank you for your help today.

A young STUDENT, wearing a university scarf with blood pouring down his face shakes hands with Isaac.

STUDENT

We heard Mosley and his men were looking for a fight today, so we got a group together from the University to come and help you. We arrived just as it started - glad to be of help.

(laughs)

All of us - including men from our boxing club.

Street debris is scattered all around; blood intermingled with egg shells, squashed fruit and stones.

A broken briar pipe lies broken in two in the gutter and a piece of ripped, mud stained shirt flutters forlornly nearby in the breeze.

42

INT. LONDON, CITY CENTRE CAFE - DAY

42

John Brown sitting in a cafe drinking coffee, He has a swollen eye and a large bruise on his left cheek. The cafe door opens, and ANDREW, a fit man in his 30s, comes in and looks at Brown.

ANDREW

John! It looks like you have been in the wars!

(gestures towards a vacant chair opposite)

Mind if I join you?

JOHN BROWN

Be my guest Andrew, I would be glad of some company.

Andrew sits opposite him. Moments later, a WAITRESS arrives.

ANDREW

I'd like a coffee please - strong, no sugar.

The waitress jots on her pad, nods and leaves.

JOHN BROWN

Quite honestly, Andrew, I'm a disillusioned man. I joined Mosley and his bunch as I saw them as the only bulwark against the communists. I grew up in the East End and had lots of Jewish friends there but they did own most of the commerce.

Since that demonstration I've had second thoughts. Most of the Jews there are poor, and the prosperous ones are the hard workers. You can get a packet of fags at eleven o'clock at night there, or a couple of gills of milk when you need it because they're open all hours. They work. Why should we envy them?

ANDREW

I know how you feel, John, but the Fascists are becoming an army of thugs, and we will have to watch them. Being in the police, I know that.

(laughs)

Off duty, John, at the moment...

JOHN BROWN

Last week in Germany nearly a hundred Jews died in one night of riots; Jewish shops were looted, Synagogues burnt down, it was mayhem.

(Shakes his head)

Krystalnacht they called it; the night of broken glass. I did not join the Fascist Party to support that.

ANDREW

Then why not resign, get out?

JOHN BROWN

What, and become a marked man? Phil Kirby did that: Went to the press and gave an exposé - he ended up in the canal one night. 'Death by misadventure' they called it. That was the verdict but we all know poor old Phil was murdered, sure as eggs are eggs.

ANDREW

We knew about it too, but there was no proof and no witnesses.

JOHN BROWN

Frankly I'm in a dilemma. I hate all they stand for now. They're brutes.

Andrew leans forward confidentially.

ANDREW

Then why not stay in. We could do with someone on the inside.

JOHN BROWN

We? The police?

ANDREW

Well, sort of connected...

JOHN BROWN

You mean an intelligence unit?

ANDREW

Shhh. You'll find out later, but look, war with Germany is looming, we all know that. As long as that stupid Chamberlain keeps appeasing Hitler, Dear Adolf will keep taking more. Eventually we'll have to call a halt, and that will mean war...

Brown's eyes light up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

...and when that happens, Mosley and his crowd will be interned as subversives, mark my words, and that, regretfully, would include you too John, if you rise too far in the Party.

Instead, keep a low profile, refuse promotion, and when War breaks out you will be in one of the first batches to be called up. You're the right age for the first draft to be conscripted.

You will have no control over it and none of the Blackshirt crowd will suspect you. You will get your calling up papers with all the rest.

JOHN BROWN

Andrew, you're a pal - it's good advice.

ANDREW

Someone will contact you...

They shake hands, and Andrew leaves. Brown opens a packet of cigarettes, removes one and lights it with a match. He leans back in his chair, now deep in thought.

43 INT. LONDON, ANDREW'S SUBURBAN HOME - EVENING 43

Andrew is at home. He picks up his telephone receiver and flashes the operator.

ANDREW
Feefone 219 please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Yes sir!

He is put through immediately.

J4 VOICE
Hello - who's that?

ANDREW
Operative 29, D-Delta Section
here, give me J4.9

J4 VOICE (V.O.)
Come in 029. J4 here.

ANDREW
I think I have the right man in
the right place for you; I will
send his details to you at DLB 3.
(hesitates
momentarily)
I'll leave it to you to do the
rest.

He hangs up.

44 INT. LONDON, MI6 HEADQUARTERS - DAY 44

In a well furnished office, CLARENCE, a tall clean shaven man with a slight stoop is putting down the phone. As he does so, GEORGE, sporting a closely trimmed moustache looks up quizzically.

GEORGE
Who was that Clarence? Sounded
interestin'.

CLARENCE
It was Andrew, operative 29 in
Special Branch. Thinks he has
found the right man to keep MI5
informed on Mosley and his fascist
bunch of thugs. He will arrange to
leave his details at Dead Letter
Box 3 for one of our operatives to
pick up.

GEORGE

But that's just for MI5 then?
Where do we come in?

Clarence opens his desk, produces a small red leather bound book and looks up a number.

CLARENCE

I've got an idea. Call Richard or Roger at MI9, tell him George at MI6 has an interesting lead for him to follow up.

GEORGE

Right, but...?

CLARENCE

Suggest MI6 recruit and train him initially. Send him on an intelligence gathering and transmitter course. He can be finished with the SOE at Beaulieu.

GEORGE

And then?

CLARENCE

Simple, dear boy. See that he is then transferred across to MI9 as an operative. They'd love to have an E&E man on the inside.

George nods silently.

CLARENCE (CONT'D)

Then when war comes - as it will - We could end up with a Fascist defector in the German camp.

GEORGE

Oh my God, you don't mean...? Poor man.

CLARENCE

(grimly)

Yes - make sure he's in the British Expeditionary Force, They are standing by to aid France. War is only weeks away. Brown was a buyer for a number of big companies as a civilian, so fast track him to be an NCO. Once war breaks out see he is in the first draft out there.

(beat)

I think a Quarter Master Sergeant would be in order.

GEORGE

And then?

CLARENCE

(unsmiling)

Simple, dear fellow; I want him
captured by the Jerries.

45 INT. BERLIN, AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT - DAY

45

Margery and Egon Ströhm are dining together.

STRÖHM

I was wondering if you would
accept my invitation. I am so
glad you did.

MARGERY

I don't normally accept
invitations from anyone but I
don't know. I think it was
because Gustav vouched for you
that I accepted.

(toys with her fork)

Besides...

(shyly)

I was intrigued.

STRÖHM

(almost
challengingly)

Intrigued? By what?

MARGERY

How you used to watch me from your
theatre box...

STRÖHM

So does Hitler!

MARGERY

(blushes furiously)

I don't welcome his attention.

STRÖHM

Good. Let's forget him.

They continue eating, but Ströhm cannot take his eyes off
her. He is clearly enamoured.

46 INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY

46

Charles (Q) head of MI9, is sitting comfortably in his
chair puffing on an old briar pipe.

Opposite him is John Brown flanked by two men - one of
whom is Roger, who interviewed Margery.

Charles and the two men are listening intently.

JOHN BROWN

(finishing)

...and that was it; when we were told to target absolutely anyone who was in front of us, Jew or gentile, young or old, cripples, the infirm, no matter who - inwardly, I was appalled.

I think it was also the newsreels showing Röhm and his Brownshirts on the rampage that finally turned me. I hated communists. That was the main reason I joined. I suppose I was also influenced by my father who was very anti-Semitic.

Charles (Q) is listening intently.

CHARLES Q

Mosley is out of control, he's become a law unto himself, but plans are being put together to restrain him and all the top Fascist hierarchy if hostilities break out.

(ominously)

And they will.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

I'll be blunt John, we are worried about Mosley forming a Fifth Column here in Britain. The last thing we need are traitors and fifth columnists reporting troop movements, arms factory sites etc - back to the Third Reich.

(he leans forward)

Which is where you come in. MI5 needs someone like you to name whom you consider dangerous, and what is going on, so I'll leave what's happening in the UK to them.

JOHN BROWN

I'll do it. I'm completely and utterly disillusioned with Mosley and all he stands for.

I'll help you.

Charles (Q) turns to Roger.

CHARLES Q

London is laying the foundations of an undercover force to work in the occupied countries. That's where MI6 come in.

(MORE)

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

The general consensus of opinion is that France will fall, then the smaller countries such as Holland and Belgium will follow - like a domino effect.

(turns to Brown)

Churchill himself is determined we have the best intelligence in Europe, and tentatively this has been given the name Special Operations Executive, or the SOE. We will send you on this course at once. We will then transfer you to MI9.

JOHN BROWN

MI9? What's that?

CHARLES Q

They organise Escape and Evasion. An agent in France would be of great value to them.

(to Roger)

Brief Mr Brown on how we work, give him a safe DLB, his Code Name, and the code name of his Controller...

Charles (Q) rises and shakes John Brown's hand.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

...who, of course, you will never meet...

47

INT. ENGLAND, AN ORDINARY HOUSE - EVENING

47

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN and his slightly younger WIFE are listening intently at an old Bakelite wireless. THREE CHILDREN are with them: Two girls and a boy aged range from eight to fourteen.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

It's Chamberlain, the 'Peace in our Time' bloke.

Chamberlain's voice monotonously drones over the radio (use original wireless archives)

CHAMBERLAIN (V.O.)

(finishing)

...and I have to tell you now, that no such undertaking has been received, and that this country is now at war with Germany.

The speech is followed by martial music.

The Wife hugs her husband's arm tightly. Her eyes are moist and there is a tear sliding gently down her cheek.

She and her husband hug each other. Not a word is said.
The children are silent.

48 EXT. LONDON, STREET CORNER - DAY 48

A NEWSBOY is standing on a street corner brandishing his placard which proclaims **German Troops Invade Poland**.

He is then rushed off his feet as many people stop to pick up copies of the newspaper which blaers a single solitary word on the front page, **WAR!**

49 MONTAGE OF NEWSPAPER HEADLINES 49

Headlines include: 'Chamberlain Resigns', 'Winnie takes over' and 'Winston: Prime minister-leaves Admiralty to head Coalition'.

Another 'BEF leave for France' and archive footage of British troops embarking, against this a range of patriotic songs including, 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary'.

50 EXT. FRANCE, TOWN STREET CORNER - DAY 50

A group of British soldiers in a festive mood, waving wine bottles and singing.

SOLDIERS

'We're gonna hang out the washing
on the Siegfried Line...'

51 EXT. FRANCE, ANOTHER TOWN STREET CORNER - DAY 51

Wehrmacht soldiers in a buoyant mood, drinking beer and singing.

SOLDIERS

'We're Marching against England.'

52 INT/EXT. SEQUENCE - VARIOUS 52

Headline 1: 'French Surrender: BEF Retreat to Beaches.'

Headline 2: 'Dunkirk: Final Stand.'

Archive footage: Dunkirk, German planes attacking, flotillas of small ships evacuating troops.[Footage from Saving Private Ryan or Atonement?]

53 EXT. FRANCE, DUNKIRK BEACH, WATER'S EDGE - DAY 53

All is chaos as thousands of troops run into the water to crowd into the dozens of tiny boats.

Two FRENCH SOLDIERS, a FRENCH POLICEMAN and others try to clamber aboard a small boat.

FRENCH SOLDIER

The war's not over for us. We're coming with you to fight the Boche.

BRITISH BOAT OWNER

Good on you matey. Get onboard.

54 EXT. FRANCE, DUNKIRK BEACH, ARTILLERY UNIT - DAY 54

Beyond the beach at an artillery unit in the overlooking hills a sign post is limply hanging down, half severed and pierced by a number of bullet holes but still bearing the words "DUNKERQUE 8 KMS".

Continuing chaos is heard from the beach below, and heavy guns are heard in the near distance.

Light machine gun fire and the rumble of armoured vehicles is also heard much closer...

John Brown, now in the uniform of a Quarter Master Sergeant, is standing by a field howitzer with a large number of spent shell cases lying around.

A corporal rushes up to him and shouts over the noise.

CORPORAL

Looks like we'll have to fall back to the beach soon Sergeant. Jerry's coming up the road in front.

JOHN BROWN

What can you see over the brow?

CORPORAL

So far, just a scout car and a troop carrier - full of Wehrmacht, but they're moving quickly! Nothing to stop them.

JOHN BROWN

Aim for the troop carrier first. With no more backup the scout car I reckon will turn and beat a swift retreat. Then let's see if we can knock the scout car out before it turns.

In the background are TWO SOLDIERS feverishly turning over packing cases and shell boxes which turn out to be empty.

CORPORAL

We're out of ammunition, Sarge.

At that moment a Walkie Talkie crackles into life; a LANCE CORPORAL looks puzzled, and he answers it.

JOHN BROWN

What's the problem?

LANCE CORPORAL

I think you'd better take this call, Sarge. It's orders from above - one of our generals - we're being ordered to surrender!

Brown gives a sigh.

JOHN BROWN

Out of ammo - and we'd never make it to the beach on foot! Alright - give me a handkerchief - a white one. We can delay Fritz a while as they take us into custody - to coin a phrase.

The Corporal produces a handkerchief and ties it to a strut from a broken packing case. Brown takes it from him and walks in the middle of the road to the advancing German unit, holding the 'white flag' high.

The scout car stops and trains its gun on him menacingly, then the turret opens and a young Oberleutnant emerges from the waist up. Brown salutes him, and the German Officer returns the salute in the German military style.

OBERLEUTNANT

So - you have not been able to get back to your little boats, Ja?

John Brown shrugs.

OBERLEUTNANT (CONT'D)

Then it looks as though you will be spending the rest of the war with us!

JOHN BROWN

It looks that way - for the time being - but they'll be back!

OBERLEUTNANT

I think not.

He turns to the troops who have jumped out of the carrier.

OBERLEUTNANT (CONT'D)

March them back!

John Brown and his crew hand over their small arms, then hands raised, are led away.

FADE OUT.

55 INT. BERLIN, STRÖHMS' APARTMENT, SITTING ROOM - DAY 55

A large colour photograph, on a highly polished sideboard, is of the Ströhm's wedding day, showing Margery and Egon leaving the church.

Margery is in a stunning white dress, the train is being carried by two young blonde-haired bridesmaids. Egon is in full morning suit and top hat.

They are flanked by smartly dressed guests. Interspersed with them are two SS men in black uniforms and three Brownshirts.

The right hand corner shows the words, 'Our Wedding Day, 26th August 1936' in a neat Gothic hand.

Margery is approaching the sideboard. She picks up the photograph to look at it pensively.

Egon Ströhm slowly approaches her. He's holding a newspaper in his left hand. The headline reads in bold, Gothic script, 'KREIG-MIT ENGLAND!'

He puts his right hand on her shoulder and gives it a gentle squeeze.

MARGERY

When we married three years ago
Egon, we both prayed that this day
would never come. I'm an
Auschlander here now; do you think
they'll still accept me?

STRÖHM

(gently)

Of course. You're a great
favourite of our leader Adolf
Hitler. His influence alone will
protect you.

Margery puts the photograph back on the sideboard.

MARGERY

I do so hope so, dearest.

STRÖHM

Hitler has gone too far, the last
thing either he or his generals
want is a war on two fronts.
Mark my words, it won't last long;
Hitler and the generals will make
peace with England. There will be
a flurry of diplomatic moves on
both sides and an armistice will
be signed. There will not be any
hostilities between them while
this is happening.

Margery looking at her watch.

MARGERY

I have to go to the theatre, it's a fine day so I'll walk - I won't be long, dear. I forgot to give a costume to Sylvie to adjust for tomorrow.

She gives Egon a light peck on the cheek.

56 EXT. BERLIN, STREET NEAR MARGERY'S HOME - DAY 56

Margery exits the Rheine Ruhr Bank, closing her handbag. Suddenly her MI6 Contact KURT KOENIG bumps into her, and swiftly delivers a message.

KURT

(in a whisper)

Vulcan to Zeus; there is an important message for you at DLB two.

Raises his hat to her.

KURT (CONT'D)

(in a normal voice)

Entschuldigen Sie mich Fräulein, es tut mir leid.

He hurries off. Margery briefly acknowledges him, then continues walking.

57 INT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - DAY 57

Margery comes in as Sylvie is doing some sewing. She looks up and smiles.

MARGERY

Few - that was close! I had to get out as Kurt was waiting for me.

SYLVIE

Everything alright though?

MARGERY

Yes, fine. I had to pick up from DLB 2, as its best you're not seen in that area, but it now has to go on to be "parked" for the next pickup.

SYLVIE

No problem - I could do with a walk anyway, and a bit of fresh air. I'll go as soon as I've finished this.

She gives the thread a quick twist and bites off the cotton end.

SYLVIE (CONT'D)

There - done it.

MARGERY

Thanks. Here it is.

Margery produces a tiny packet and hands it over.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Must rush - I promised Egon I'd be straight back.

She blows a kiss and runs.

58 INT. STALAG 111D, KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

58

SUPER: "POW CAMP STALAG IIID"

OBERST RÖHNER is sitting at his desk with some papers which he is studying intently. By his side is MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT.

OBERST RÖHNER

I have received direct orders from the Führer.

He scrutinizes the papers in front of him.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

A most unusual request.

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT

(curiously)

Unusual? Herr Oberst. How?

OBERST RÖHNER

To say the least Wolfgang, Hitler wants us to form a British SS unit.

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT

(laughs out loud)

A forgery no doubt Herr Oberst, a British SS unit! Pass the letter on to the Gestapo.

OBERST RÖHNER

Regretfully not, Major; it was delivered here to me personally by none other than SS Gruppenführer Swartzkopf himself.

Wolfgang sits down.

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT

Swartzkopf!

OBERST RÖHNER

The unit is to be formed from British prisoners of war, and will be called the Britischer Freicorps. The idea, it seems, is to use it for propaganda purposes.

He studies the papers in front of him again.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Looking through the POWs' records we have on file, we may well have the ideal man to start this.

He reads intently then looks up.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Quarter Master Sergeant John Brown - Hut 14 - It seems he was a member of the Fascist Party in England under Sir Oswald Mosley, and he's right here in this camp, a prisoner of war.

He looks at Wolfgang.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

I need an excuse to bring him in. Not too obvious though, but with a little subtle manoeuvring have him picked up and brought here at the earliest opportunity.

59 EXT. BERLIN, A PUBLIC PARK - DAY

59

The park is deserted. It's approaching dusk.

Sylvie is sitting on a park bench feeding pigeons. Every now and then she discreetly glances around, particularly taking in an old statue just opposite her seat. A broken statue covered in verdigris and moss. A statue with a loose stone in its plinth...

Sylvie gets up from the bench and, taking the bag of seed with her, slowly approaches the statue.

Scattering more seed as the pigeons flutter around, masking her, she dislodges the loose stone in the plinth, removes a small package and walks off.

The path through the park ends at a small block house bearing the words 'DAMEN' and 'HERREN'. Sylvie enters the 'DAMEN' opening.

60 INT. BERLIN, PARK LAVATORY - DAY

60

Sylvie enters a cubicle where she opens the small package.

She studies the contents intently then meticulously tears them into minute pieces, dampens them with spittle and flushes them down the lavatory pan.

She waits until all is flushed away, then listens intently. FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD entering the lavatory.

Sylvie freezes. A small child is talking to its mother. Smiling to herself Sylvie now she gazes into the lavatory as a final check. It is clear. Sylvie pulls the chain a second time and gives a final glance until the flow of water ceases, then unlocks the cubicle door and exits.

61 EXT. STALAG 111D, PARADE GROUND - DAY 61

A group of 'TOMMYS' are chatting amongst themselves and a German sentry strolls unconcernedly nearby. As he passes the group, one of the men calls out.

POW TOMMY

Fritz!

The sentry looks around and the Tommy makes a puffing sound with his lips whilst putting his fingers to them.

POW TOMMY (CONT'D)

Cigarette, bitte?

The sentry looks furtively around then slips his hand into his pocket and removes a packet of cigarettes, takes one out and hands it to the Tommy.

Immediately he is besieged by the rest of the group cadging cigarettes.

The sentry takes the packet out again and throws it to them; putting his fingers to his lips.

GUARD

Ach - Zigaretten verboten! Nicht rauchen sie hier!

Then, smiling, he wanders off.

62 INT. STALAG 111D, KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY 62

The Kommandant is watching the whole scenario through binoculars.

OBERST RÖHNER

Perfect! Take a stroll Major, and bring Brown in.

63 EXT. STALAG 111D, PARADE GROUND - DAY

63

Moments later, Major Wolfgang Reinhardt strolls by the group, and Brown quickly throws the lit cigarette on the ground and puts his foot on it. The Major chastises him in bad English.

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT

Do you throwing litter on English
parade grounds? You will pick it
up immediately. There is the
waste bin (pointing) - Drüben!

Brown picks it up. The Major has noticed something odd...

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT (CONT'D)

Warten! Let me see...
(examines it)
That is a rather long cigarette
end to be thrown away...

JOHN BROWN

Come off it mate, I found it half
smoked...

The Major raises his eyebrows in disbelief.

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT

Verstehe Nichte. This I do not
believe. I have even known
prisoners to pick up stubs for the
tobacco to be re-rolled, but you
waste nearly a whole...

He shakes his head as he looks more closely.

MAJOR WOLFGANG REINHARDT (CONT'D)

(holding the stub)
Deutsche Zigaretten!
(hooks his finger at him)
Kommen sie mit!

He pushes Brown in front of him towards the Kommandant's Office and is subjected to a barrage of by cat calls and boos from the PoWs.

64 INT. STALAG 111D, KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

64

Major Wolfgang Reinhardt brings John Brown in.

OBERST RÖHNER

(affably)
Please, Sergeant - sit down, and
do accept my apologies for
bringing you here in this way.

Brown looks puzzled; Oberst Röhner looks at the papers in front of him.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

I see from our intelligence reports that you were a member of the British Union of Fascists before you were conscripted. According to my records, you are still a paid up member, is that correct?

JOHN BROWN

(suspiciously)

Correct.

The Oberst leans forward across his desk.

OBERST RÖHNER

I have direct orders from Hitler to form a British SS unit here at Stalag IIID then recruit from other PoW camps throughout Germany until it is at regiment strength.

(looks at Brown)

Do not be startled; let me explain. Such a unit would never be expected to fight against their own countrymen.

Now before I make a direct approach to you, let me tell you about the many benefits you would receive.

One: As an SS man you would get a higher rate of pay. My rank here is Oberst, in the British army that would be a Colonel. An SS man would be a Standartenführer, a kind of colonel but with much more influence.

Two: you'd be free to visit German towns and villages, visit night clubs, drink in bars etc

(hesitates, then smiles)

And girls of course...

There is a silence from John Brown, his face is emotionless.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Weigh it up, Sergeant - there is no way the English can win this war. Germany fully mechanised and has a fully trained army. They were baptised in the Spanish civil war.

(looks at Brown)

Furthermore, England is weak;

(MORE)

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

it would take countless months to manufacture everything they would need for a European war; the country is indefensible at the moment - Dunkirk where you were captured proves that. Plus they lost all their heavy armour there. England ist Kaput!

Röhner opens a drawer and, taking out an intact packet of cigarettes, tosses them to Brown, who accepts them.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Plus after the war, you would be in a high position here with the Third Reich...

John Brown slips the packet of cigarettes in his pocket.

JOHN BROWN

Deal! It will take me a while to learn the political leanings of the men here, so I will need time and possibly protection. I will not be the most favourite man here in some eyes. In the meantime I will just listen before approaching anyone.

Oberst Röhner turns to Major Reinhardt.

OBERST RÖHNER

Send a message via Gruppenführer Swartzkopf to the effect that the SS Britischer Freicorps will be formed and we have the very first recruit.

He shakes John Brown's hand.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Willkommen to the Third Reich!

He turns to Reinhardt.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Take Sergeant Brown back to the compound. Give him a warning in front of everyone that next time he will not get just a caution for desecrating the parade ground. However we appreciate that soldiers will always scrounge cigarettes from the guards, but do not litter the parade ground with the stubs.

Wolfgang grins.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Come along Sergeant, back to the pokey.

JOHN BROWN

Better learn English, Major;
that's an American expression.
Watched too many American films,
have you?

He turns to Oberst Röhner.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

Another packet of fags would help
to seal the deal.

Röhner opens the drawer and tosses another two packets over.

OBERST RÖHNER

Auf Wiedersehen, Sergeant.

65 INT. STALAG 111D, POWS' HUT - NIGHT

65

Thirty men are asleep. One bed near the entrance belongs to John Brown.

John Brown rises very, very slowly and looks at his watch. It is three thirty-five, and as he's about to exit, a sleepy voice from the next bed calls out to him.

POW

You OK, Sarge?

JOHN BROWN

Need the loo, that's all.

He creeps quietly to the door and silently exits.

66 EXT. STALAG 111D, BRICK OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

66

Brown makes his way to a small brick building nearby, and upon entering the toilet block, opens every cubicle door in turn.

JOHN BROWN

(quietly to himself)

Good - all empty.

He goes to the outside of the building and removes a small concrete cover, takes out a small wireless transmitter and pulls out the aerial whilst glancing furtively around the parade ground.

Moments later, the transmitter crackles quietly into life.

MI9 VOICE (V.O.)

Come in, Red Fox.

JOHN BROWN

Brown Red Fox to 'Q' - Operation
'Heavenly Bodies' is under way, in
haste, Cannot stop. Over and out.

MI9 VOICE (V.O.)

Message received. It will be on
his desk at dawn. Good hunting
Red Fox. Over and out.

67

INT. BERLIN, STRÖHMS' APARTMENT - EVENING

67

Egon is reading a book whilst lounging languidly on a sofa. In the background Margery is shadow dancing to the strains of the "Blue Danube" with lithe, supple movements: An evening gown clutched in her arms whilst humming to herself.

An intercom sounds in the background. Egon angrily looks up from his book.

STRÖHM

Who the hell is that at this hour?
(looks at his watch)
Ten thirty five!

He goes over to the intercom.

JANITOR (V.O.)

Its the Janitor, Herr Ströhm - you
have a visitor.

STRÖHM

It's late. Who is it?

JANITOR (V.O.)

Its important, Herr Ströhm. He's
from the Party.

Ströhm hangs up.

MARGERY

Who is it?

STRÖHM

A Party man - which is all we
know.

The lift approaches and stops. Its doors open and footsteps approach, followed by a loud knock on the door.

Egon opens it and a brown shirted Storm Trooper marches in, goes to the centre of the room, turns towards them, raises his right arm and shouts out 'Heil Hitler'.

Ströhm raises his right hand crooked at the elbow and mutters a faint 'Heil Hitler'.

The Storm Trooper produces a sealed envelope and presents it to Margery, who is now seated.

STORM TROOPER

(arrogantly)

My orders are to wait for an immediate reply.

Margery takes the envelope, opens it, and read the contents, then looks up to Egon.

MARGERY

It's from Adolf Hitler. He wants me to attend a gathering of Party chiefs at the Wolf's Den next week and sing for him. He adds

(reading)

'Transport for you will be provided there and back, and accommodation if required' in his own hand.

Egon is silent, his face showing strong displeasure.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

(to the Storm Trooper)

Please inform the Führer that my husband and I will be delighted to accept this most kind invitation.

STORM TROOPER

(stiffly)

The letter is an invitation to you personally, Frau Ströhm.

MARGERY

Let me repeat myself, so there's no misunderstanding; I said *my husband and I* will be delighted to accept this invitation from Herr Hitler.

The Storm Trooper raises his right hand again and barks out a loud 'Heil Hitler', turns on his heel, and leaves.

Egon shuts the door loudly behind him.

STRÖHM

Jack booted thugs, all of them...

He turns to Margery, a broad smile on his face.

STRÖHM (CONT'D)

Most beautifully handled, my dear; I could not have done better myself.

68 INT. LONDON, MI9 HEADQUARTERS, CHARLES' OFFICE - DAY 68

Charles (Q) arrives and hurries to sit at his desk.
Roger comes in holding two sheets of paper.

ROGER
(delightedly)
Two reports in, Sir; Red Fox and
Zeus, via Vulcan.

CHARLES Q
(his eyes light up)
Give me Vulcan's first.

Charles eagerly reads the first report, his face creasing
into a smile.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)
It's from Zeus, our dear Margery
Ströhm! Dear old Schickelgrüber
has invited her to the Wolf's Den
to sing for him, and...

Charles reads the report intently.

ROGER
And what, Sir?

CHARLES Q
It seems Himmler, Goebbels,
Goering, Borman, and Heydrich will
all be there, and we have a fluent
German speaker in our Margery
there amongst them to listen and
report back on all the tittle
tattle.

ROGER
Fantastic! Himmler hates Goering,
Goering can't stand either him or
Heydrich, and they all hate the
poison club-footed dwarf Goebbels!
Should be interesting, Sir.
(he looks at Q)
It was a great day's work when you
recruited her.

Q returns to the second paper.

CHARLES Q
Red Fox has been recruited to form
the SS Britischer Freicorps. He
has given us three names of
potential traitors and is in with
the German Hierarchy. He has also
corrupted some of them with a spot
of black marketing.

There's a clacking sound in the background.

A young SECRETARY is receiving streams of ticker-tape with its punched holes which she then feeds into another machine for decoding and re-printing.

Removing the finished paper she hurries in to Q's abode.

SECRETARY

Another message in from Red Fox.
It seems certain William Joyce has visited the camp and given them an anti-Churchill speech. Seems he was booted off the stage.

ROGER

Lord Haw-Haw, eh?

CHARLES Q

The day will come when Winnie himself will put a rope around that traitor's neck.

Q is continuing to read the dispatch from Red Fox.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

John Brown, our Red Fox, has got some very important documents he is anxious to get out to us - Things he cannot transmit: Micro dots, diagrams and sketches which are, of course, most important, apparently about some top secret German installations he has discovered.

ROGER

Hell's Bells! He's in a bloody prisoner of war camp. Stalag 111D. How on earth can we get somebody in and get them out again? It's damn nigh impossible.

SECRETARY

Excuse me Sir, if you'll forgive a suggestion...

Charles Q raises his eyebrows at this interruption.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

...but I have a list of all Zeus' appointments and schedules, and one of them is to sing at Stalag 111D in just over a fortnight's time.

CHARLES Q

Brilliant! Get a message to Zeus ASAP using DLB 1. A little more risky, but Zeus can get to it more easily.

ROGER

How shall we get it to her Sir - agent, or what?

CHARLES Q

Get Bacchus to put an advertisement in 'Die Zeitung'. The Ströhms take it daily and Zeus - Margery - checks the 'For Sale and Wanted' column every day for messages. Her suggestion to take Sylvie as her dresser was a brilliant one, as she can use her for drops if she can't get out of the theatre.

The Secretary starts taking notes.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

The copy - to be placed in the 'For Sale' section - should read 'Bicycle - needs renovating, plus two new tyres'. We'll use a genuine telephone number and Kurt has got an old bicycle as cover if anyone phones up for it.

As soon as Zeus sees it with that number she will proceed to DLB 1 and collect her instructions to recover the documents from Red Fox.

(beat)

Then inform Red Fox we will get an agent into the camp to whom he can pass on the documents.

ROGER

I hope to God it works to plan, Sir. We could lose two good agents if it goes wrong.

CHARLES Q

(nodding, sagely)

Red Fox has something very important for us - Goodness knows how he got it, but as an SS man now he can travel reasonably freely. There is a lot of talk of a secret weapon being developed by the Hun. He's also pin-pointed some very important targets for the RAF to bomb.

Q is silent a while.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Let us hope and pray, Margery can pull it off.

ROGER

God help her if she's caught.

69

INT. GERMANY, HAMBURG LISTENING POST - DAY

69

German wireless operator HELMUT is listening intently, continuously making notes on a large note pad at his side.

A HAUPTMANN walks over to him.

HAUPTMANN

Something interesting, Helmut?

HELMUT

Yes Sir. I picked up a signal from a short wave transmitter in the early hours of yesterday morning when I was on night duty so I decided to take a chance and hone in on the general direction of it at the same time as yesterday.

HAUPTMANN

And?

HELMUT

I got a direct fix on it.

He picks up the notepad and hands it to the Hauptmann.

HELMUT (CONT'D)

These are the co-ordinates.

A faint smile flickers across the Hauptmann's face.

HAUPTMANN

Good work, Obergefreiter; if this turns out to be a fixed point followed by an arrest then within a very short space of time, you will be an Unteroffizier.

The Hauptmann goes over to a large wall chart.

HAUPTMANN (CONT'D)

The trouble is, most spies keep moving so we can't track them. You never know where they will pop up.

He takes a ruler, and draws a number of lines on the wall chart. He takes a closer look at the map and is shocked by what he finds.

HAUPTMANN (CONT'D)

Are you absolutely certain these are the co-ordinates?

HELMUT

Absolutely, Sir - I have checked them two days running, but yesterday the transmission was not long enough to get a clear picture.

(beat)

Something interesting, sir?

HAUPTMANN

Yes indeed - very, very, interesting. Your co-ordinates show it to be in Stalag 111D, and it seems Oberst Röhner has a traitor there transmitting direct to London.

HELMUT

You mean a German soldier?

HAUPTMANN

Indeed I do. Get Oberst Röhner on the phone at once. Tell him of your findings, and that a member of his staff is a spy.

(beat)

Or one of the PoWs could be an agent....

70

INT. STALAG 111D, A LARGE HALL - DAY

70

The hall is packed with Prisoners of War. A German soldier stands at each entrance and exit but all are unarmed.

There is a large ramshackled stage at the front of the hall.

The front seats are occupied by all the senior camp staff with Oberst Röhner sitting in the middle. The second row is occupied by the German NCOs and civilian staff.

Two Gestapo men in black leather overcoats are also in the second row.

John Brown enters and sits in the third row. He's in plain clothes and is hissed as he takes his seat.

The show begins with a humorous drag act where three of the prisoners are dressed as tarts, followed by a baritone singer then a PoW dressed as Max Miller is welcomed with wild applause.

MAX MILLER

There was a little girl...

The audience snickers.

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)
 No truly. There was a little girl
 and she had a little curl...

He pulls out a note book and pretends to read it.

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)
 (grinning)
 Just checking to see whereabouts
 it was.

The audience is just loving this...

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)
 There was a little girl,
 and she had a little curl
 (beat)
 Right in the middle of her
 forehead,
 And when she was good, she was
 very, very, good
 And when was bad
 (beat)

He puts his notebook away.

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)
 She was ever so popular!

The audience is convulsed with laughter.

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)
 Jack and Jill went up the hill
 Just like two cock linnets
 (beat)
 Jill came down with half a crown
 (beat)
 She'd only been up two minutes!

The audience is now hysterical with laughter.

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)
 Now there's a funny thing...

The two Gestapo men look puzzled and clearly do not understand his humour.

GESTAPO MAN #1
 I think we should search him and
 get hold of that note book he
 brought out. It could be
 important. It may be a code.

MAX MILLER
 Mary had a little lamb
 With her it used to sleep
 Alas that lamb - It was a ram
 (beat)

He looks slyly at the audience.

MAX MILLER (CONT'D)

And Mary had a little lamb!
Goodnight folks.

There is rapturous applause from the audience, and especially from John Brown.

CAPTAIN JONES then comes onstage informally dressed in a rollneck.

CAPTAIN JONES

And now a couple of chappies you don't usually see on a stage - namely Warrant Officer O'Keefe your canteen wallah, and Jimmy Slade from admin - appearing before you today as the inimitable Laurel and Hardy.

"Laurel and Hardy" come on to a squeaky background of soft staccato music: "Dah-de, Dah-da-de Dah".

Arriving at centre stage "Ollie" sleighs a large pair of lady's frilly knickers out of Captain Jones' back pocket to huge applause from the audience, including the Germans, then as Captain Jones looks startled "Stan" produces another pair of lacy panties outwardly from his jumper whereupon Captain Jones protests to the audience.

CAPTAIN JONES (CONT'D)

They're not mine!

As he speaks "Ollie" removes Jones' peaked cap and produces a huge pair of ladies bloomers from it.

The audience rocks with laughter as does Captain Jones on stage.

The "Laurel and Hardy" act continues with a variety of antics.

Captain Jones then takes centre stage.

CAPTAIN JONES (CONT'D)

And now for the big moment - your star for evening - Frau Margery Ströhm.

There's a deadly silence and a ripple of discontent from the audience.

Margery enters onstage, gives a little curtsy, then announces.

MARGERY

I'm Margery Booth...

The audience stare in silence.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

...and I'm from Wigan - in
England!

The audience melts. Clapping and applauding as she breaks into "The White Cliffs of Dover" with the audience joining in.

Margery then goes over to the band leader and whispers to him.

The two Gestapo men exchange glances.

GESTAPO MAN #1

Why is she whispering to the orchestra leader? Suspicious. Have him apprehended as soon as this is over. Searched and questioned.

GESTAPO MAN #2

Oberst Röhner wants us to hold SS Storm Man Brown as well and check him as soon as the stage is cleared. He is certain he is genuine but there is a traitor somewhere here and we have no idea who. One of them - or one of us. We shall see, so keep looking.

Margery signals the band leader and announces in a delightful Lancashire accent.

MARGERY

(exaggerating her
accent)

Ee bar Goom. Ar 'oped you 'ave
all enjoyed tonight lads...

(then less of an
accent)

Sorry, I thought I was Gracie
Fields for a minute.

The PoWs in the audience convulse with laughter, leaving the Germans somewhat confused.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

And now to remind you all of home,
and hope.

The PoW orchestra strikes up 'Land of Hope and Glory' and the result is electric. The entire hall erupts into an ecstasy of emotion and then, on the line 'Britons never, never shall be slaves' all the PoWs rise as one and sing with her, repeating the refrain 'Rule Britannia'.

Oberst Röhner's face is not so happy. He turns to Wolfgang, sitting next to him.

OBERST RÖHNER

I think Adolf's little protégé is displaying where her feelings truly lie.

Margery blows a kiss to the audience, bows and exits to rapturous applause, then moments later enters the 'auditorium' from a side door to mingle with the audience.

John Brown starts to approach her and glances over his shoulder. The two Gestapo men are talking to a guard who looks in his direction.

Brown reaches Margery, then out of sight by one of the stanchions he stuffs some papers down her bosom whilst making out he is embracing her.

JOHN BROWN

(whispering)

Hide them quickly, I think they're on to me.

Margery stuffs the papers further down into her bra as though she's readjusting her dress, kisses him, and then turns to wave goodbye to the audience, swiftly exits, but upon doing so, sees Brown grabbed by the two Gestapo men and dragged into a side room.

71 INT. STALAG 111D, SIDE ROOM - SAME

71

Witnessed by Röchner, Wolfgang and a guard, Brown stands completely naked, his hands covering his nether regions. The two Gestapo men are systematically going through his clothes in minute detail.

GESTAPO MAN #1

(to his colleague)

Nothing... but have all the clothes taken to the Staatspolizei for analysis, tell them to look for papers which may be sewn in, in particular, and any cloth drawings; we have a good idea of what we're looking for.

(turns to Oberst Röchner)

It seems we were mistaken Oberst, sorry for the intrusion.

(turns to Brown)

And to you Storm Man Brown.

He raises his hand and shouts.

OBERST RÖHNER

Heil Hitler!

Brown does not move, all eyes are on him.

The two Gestapo men raise their arms again confronting Brown, then in unison shout again.

GESTAPO MAN #1

Heil Hitler!

GESTAPO MAN #2

(in unison)

Heil Hitler!

This time Brown responds, with his left hand still covering his privy parts, he raises his right hand.

JOHN BROWN

Heil Hitler!

Everyone laughs.

Oberst Röhner turns to the Guard.

OBERST RÖHNER

Get SS Storm Man Brown some warm clothes from the clothing store... Schnell.

The Gestapo men turn to Röhner.

GESTAPO MAN #2

As a precaution we have to search his hut so we will need as many guards as you have.

OBERST RÖHNER

What are you looking for?

GESTAPO MAN #1

A short wave radio, it shouldn't be too difficult to find.

OBERST RÖHNER

If it's there.

The guard breaks into the conversation at that point.

GUARD

(evil tone)

SS Storm Man Brown did speak to Frau Ströhm momentarily.

GESTAPO MAN #2

There was no chance to pass anything to her. I was watching all the time.

GESTAPO MAN #1

She could be a contact. Have her brought here and searched.

OBERST RÖHNER

You go too far, the Führer himself
vouches for her.

GESTAPO MAN #2

Do you think he would be impressed
if he had been here tonight and
heard her singing 'Land of Hope
and Glory'?

Röhner is silent awhile, then speaks to the Guard.

OBERST RÖHNER

Have her brought here.

(turns to Brown)

She will not want to see you naked
I am sure, so here - take my
overcoat and go to the guard room,
I'll have your change of clothes
delivered there.

72 INT. STALAG 111D, KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE, SMALL ROOM - SAME 72

Margery is sitting down. An Oberstgruppen Führer, Karl
Gustav von MÜLLER, comes in, a smirk on his face.

MÜLLER

Frau Ströhm. I am to escort you
to a temporary detention room. It
seems you are a suspect after that
little performance tonight, please
come with me.

MARGERY

Let me get my coat then.
(sarcastically)
I trust you have no objections.

MÜLLER

None at all.

Margery gets her coat, and as she puts it on she puts her
hand inside her bra and pushes the package Brown gave her
further down to a safer position on the inside her dress.

The package starts to bulge as she frantically tries to
rearrange the papers so they lie flat, then composed, she
picks up her handbag.

MARGERY

Shall we go?

73 INT. STALAG 111D, DETENTION ROOM - LATER THAT DAY 73

Röhner is with the two Gestapo men.

OBERST RÖHNER

I intend to remain here gentlemen while you conduct your search; I must ensure it's not as intrusive as John Brown's was.

GESTAPO MAN #1

We know our job, we will just pat her down. We do not want to upset our glorious leader Adolf Hitler, do we?

OBERST RÖHNER

No... and I will be watching you both closely and making a report - for the record.

Margery raises her hands and the two men run their hands skillfully over her. One probes her bosom and receives a glare from her. He retreats momentarily, then slides his hand under her skirt.

Margery screams at him.

MARGERY

How dare you!

He stops at once. Margery lowers her arms then places her hands on her hips arrogantly.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

(in a high voice)

ENOUGH! Satisfied?

OBERST RÖHNER

(to the two Gestapo men)

That's as far as is necessary - we are looking for quite a substantial package, it is quite clear it is not on her.

MARGERY

(to Röhner)

Thank you Kommandant for your courtesy. It is noted.

She turns to the two Gestapo men.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Your actions however will be brought to the attention of the Führer himself at the earliest opportunity.

The two Gestapo men, now concerned, look at her and then each other, take a step back and one has developed a nervous facial twitch. Simultaneously they snap to attention, click their heels, raise their right arms in the Nazi salute and shout 'Heil Hitler'.

With one accord they turn and leave. Upon reaching the door one man turns towards both Oberst Röhner and Margery.

GESTAPO MAN #2

I trust you will make in your own report on this incident Oberst, that our behaviour was exemplary.

He snaps to attention.

GESTAPO MAN #2 (CONT'D)

We were only doing our duty and obeying orders.

He bows stiffly from the waist towards Margery.

GESTAPO MAN #2 (CONT'D)

(to Margery)
My apologies Frau Ströhm.

They both leave, and as the door closes Margery turns to Röhner.

MARGERY

Thank you Herr Oberst for your intervention.

Röhner gestures to a chair.

OBERST RÖHNER

I think this calls for a little alcoholic refreshment - what will you have? Schnapps, Steinhager, or---?

He reaches under his desk and produces a bottle from there.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

... a little French brandy?

MARGERY

The brandy please. Neat.

They both laugh.

Röhner sits down facing her.

OBERST RÖHNER

Singing 'There will always be an England' and 'Land of Hope and Glory' was not exactly a wise move, my dear.

He raises a single eyebrow quizzically.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

I must admit I did find them quite rousing, my dear.

(MORE)

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

I spent quite a while in England
as a student there. I hate this
war with all my heart. et us hope
it will be over soon. We are not
all Nazis, you know.

74 EXT. STALAG 111D, KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY 74

Through the window seen from the outside they continue to
chat. Glasses are raised and there are smiles...

75 EXT. STALAG 111D, ROAD LEADING AWAY - DAY 75

Margery is leaving in a staff car, driven by HANS, a
young soldier. There is a darkened glass panel between
her and her driver, which she slides open.

MARGERY

We have a long journey ahead of us
so I will grab a little sleep.
Goodnight Hans.

HANS

Guten Nacht Frau Ströhm.

Margery shuts the panel and secures it.

Then with an almost exulted look leans back in the seat
and slides her hand beneath her skirt.

She gives an almighty tug and produces a substantial
bundle of papers from her knickers.

MARGERY

(under her breath)

Oh for the old fashioned bloomers
we wore at school with the elastic
bottoms. Carrying this little lot
would have been a cinch.

She places the bundle under the limousine's seat and
leans back.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Oh bliss, this is ecstasy.

She rubs the inside of her thighs through her skirt -
then smiling she closes her eyes.

76 EXT. THE WOLF'S DEN, HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY 76

On the large promenade with its fabulous mountain views
the top hierarchy of the Nazi Party are gathered
together.

BORMANN is in deep conversation with ADOLF HITLER. HEINRICH HIMMLER is lurking nearby, clearly trying to listen to every word spoken between them.

GOERING is at a well-stocked table of delicacies, eating continuously, punctuated only by the re-filling of his wine glass.

All this is under the baleful glare of HEYDRICH, who is watching with disgust on his face.

ALBERT SPEER is flirting with a pretty little Deutsche Mädchen.

GOEBBELS is flitting around trying to engage anyone in conversation, but is largely being ignored. All the while, EVA BRAUN is circulating merrily, clearly enjoying herself.

There is a large number of SS men from the Leibstandarten Adolf Hitler's brigade present, milling around.

On one side is a group of musicians are tuning their instruments, Margery and Egon Ströhm are with them. Margery is studying a sheet of music.

Eva Braun walks over to the parapet of the Wolf's Den and, prettily arranging herself on it, strikes a pose.

Seeing her, Goebbels produces a Leica camera, and starts to take photos of her. Eva strikes a number of poses, as he walks around snapping from different angles, capturing as he does so the magnificent panoply of the Alpine landscape with its deep forested valleys and the snow-topped Drachenfel mountains.

Margery has now broken away from the group, and is walking towards Hitler and his entourage. She approaches Hitler.

MARGERY

(with a little
curtsey)

Ready whenever you want...

HITLER

(delightedly)

And what is your performance for me, Mein Liebste?

MARGERY

'Die Herz'.

HITLER

'Die Herz'; Phantastische,
Wunderbar -Ich leibe 'Die Herz'.

MARGERY

It is what I was singing the very
first time you saw me.

She gives a little toss of her skirt and leaves.

Hitler, with a look of sheer joy on his face, cannot take his eyes off her as she strolls out of sight.

On the way back to the orchestra she sees Oberstgruppen Führer von Müller approaching her.

MÜLLER

Willkommen Frau Ströhm, I hope everything is going well for you.

MARGERY

(icily)

Very well thank you, Herr Oberst.

MÜLLER

I do hope you're not still upset with me about our last little encounter at Stalag 111D, I was only doing my duty.

(glances towards
Adolf Hitler)

Protecting our beloved leader. Is that not what we all want, Frau Ströhm?

He starts to walk away, his hands clasped behind his back, then stops and looks back at her.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

(ominously)

Agents come in all shapes and sizes, and get into very high places. But I'm sure you know that.

Margery ignores him, but her face shows she is troubled. She returns to the orchestra, and on cue starts to sing.

Hitler and his entourage all grab seats and sit to listen to her. The Führer's face is ecstatic.

Müller simply stands and watches her, and as she sings, produces a camera and takes a photograph of her.

As Margery finishes 'Die Herz' she and her husband mingle amongst the top Nazis, engaging them in small talk. A LUFTWAFFE OFFICER and a GENERAL FELDMARSCHALL are in deep conversation, Margery is hovering near them.

FELDMARSCHALL

Our problem is that it is impossible to influence the Führer. He sets the strategy, decides where to attack, and when. He never allows any of us to make a strategic withdrawal, many of us have tried but we are over ruled time and again.

LUFTWAFFE OFFICER

We have the same problem; had we been allowed to continue bombing the air fields then Operation Sea Lion could have succeeded, the British defences were at their lowest point then, our intelligence reports informed us that all British RAF personnel - particularly pilots - were at breaking point.

They were dead on their feet - no rest, no sleep - and the sirens going constantly.

I urged that fat bastard Meyer to intervene with the Führer to continue the bombing of the airfields. Even the runways one by one were being destroyed faster than they could now repair them but Goering was incensed at the RAF bombing Berlin, as was Hitler.

FELDMARSCHALL

Meyer - his nickname. God, how he must have regretted using those words "If the British ever bomb Berlin you can call me Meyer" - it was an open invitation to the British to bomb us.

LUFTWAFFE OFFICER

Did you know that the English launched a second raid a few days later, just a few incendiaries, and thousands of leaflets reading "Guten Tag Meyer"? The polizei were running ragged trying to pick them up. The SS promised to shoot anyone in possession of one and now he is known everywhere as Meyer.

They both laugh.

FELDMARSCHALL

Generals should run wars, not leaders. I'm afraid that if this war is lost it will be down 100% to the little corporal himself. Invading Russia will turn out to be the biggest mistake of his life - utter stupidity, mark my words. You cannot fight a war on two fronts.

Herr Ströhm is in conversation with a group of military men whilst nearby Margery is sitting down talking to two other officers. Looking up they see Adolf Hitler walking towards Margery, so leave as he approaches.

HITLER

(to Margery)

It has been a long time, Liebste, since I heard you sing, you were in fine voice today.

MARGERY

Thank you Adolf, you have always been most kind to me, it was good of you to invite me here today.

Hitler sits down by her.

HITLER

You are welcome here anytime; I will give you the telephone number that links directly to my Eerie here.

He gestures to a soldier nearby.

HITLER (CONT'D)

Pen and paper schnell!

The soldier hurries away and is back almost instantly with a notepad and both a fountain pen and pencil.

Hitler dismisses him with a wave of his hand then writes on the pad, tears the page out and passes it to Margery.

MARGERY

Thank you Adolf, I will come here one day and sing for you in private.

Hitler leans forward and nervously gives her a light kiss on her cheek, hesitant and ungainly in his overture.

Margery takes his hand, and kisses it.

Hitler beams then rises.

HITLER

I look forward to your call - Auf Wiedersehen mein Liebling.

In the background the whole incident has been observed by von Müller. He turns to an SS OFFICER nearby.

MÜLLER

I would give my back teeth to know what the Führer wrote on that note to her - I don't like it.

SS OFFICER

(sarcastically)

Probably a Rendez-vous where he could screw her out of sight of his mistress Eva Braun - why don't you just ask her?

MÜLLER

(venomously)

If you think she will tell you - I suggest you do it.

The SS Officer strides away angrily, leaving von Müller alone.

Margery meanwhile puts the note in her handbag.

MARGERY

(under her breath to herself)

The direct line number to the Wolf's Lair! What a scoop, this will be on its way to London by nightfall, plus all the tittle tattle I have heard. When the first RAF bomb hit Berlin it did far more damage than one could have foreseen for Mr Meyer, the fat fool.

Rising, she gives a little wave to von Müller - who just scowls.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Albert Speer seems to be chatting up every pretty young thing in sight. Lets see if the armaments minister will let anything of importance slip to me. Seems he has had quite a few drinks.

Albert Speer seems to be chatting up every pretty young thing in sight. Let's see if the armaments minister will let anything of importance slip to me. Seems he has had quite a few drinks.

77

INT. LONDON, M19 HEADQUARTERS - DAY

77

Charles (Q) is on the phone.

CHARLES Q

Tell Sharman that 'Operation Hit Man' is off; I've just had a report in from Zeus that Hitler is the best asset we have, so keep the little runt alive. He's a total disaster militarily according to many Nazi high ups. He'll win the war OK - for us!

Charles (Q) puts the phone down. As he does so a secretary approaches him.

SECRETARY

Communiqué from our agent in Barcelona, Sir. Brown's plans have arrived there and are now on their way here in a diplomatic bag. Sir Frederick Forsythe has them with him and ...

She glances down at her watch.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

... his plane is due to touch down in the Isle of Man in approximately forty minutes time. They will be in Liverpool within two hours and on their way here by courier at once.

CHARLES Q

Fantastic. Our agent in Castletown will microdot three copies of them as a back up before sending the originals on.

He turns to JONATHAN, a cipher clerk working at a desk nearby. Jonathan is wading through yards of ticker tape with its myriads of small holes. These he is carefully sorting and threading into a second machine which is printing out yet another cipher.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

(to Jonathan)

Come along Jay, I need an update.

JONATHAN

I've only one pair of hands Sir, and with Elsie off sick I have no one to thread these through. Messages are coming in faster than I can handle them. Sorry.

(beat)

The most important so far you already know: Zeus received them in the Stalag from Red Fox, and just for the record they have been copied in Barcelona, so the contents are well secure. Two agents have already infiltrated the site that Red Fox discovered, and a third has the site under observation.

Charles (Q) relaxes.

CHARLES Q

Thank you Jay. Sorry to be a touch edgy but this is of major importance. I will have Constance transferred to you to take Elsie's place until she returns. Clearly you need some help.

Roger saunters over to Charles (Q).

ROGER

Great initiative from our Margery. Apparently she was damn near strip searched at the camp by two goons, so she shoved the plans in her knickers and did her best to keep her legs closed.

Charles (Q) chortles.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So when one of the SS Wandering Hands Club gets a bit too close, she damn near screams 'Rape' and apparently this Gestapo goon backs off like a scalded cat - Then she mentions dear old Adolf's name - and that did it.

Charles (Q) nods.

CHARLES Q

It's this von Müller that is the one to be feared. He's a bastard, but a clever one.

Charles (Q) turns to Clarence, one of the operatives.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

If he gets too close put him on the hit list. We may have to eliminate him in an 'arranged' accident - but we don't want any reprisals taken.

Charles (Q) lights his pipe against the click clack of machines sending out streams of paper in the background.

78

MONTAGE SEQUENCE - VARIOUS

78

A kaleidoscope of newspaper headlines coming off the press in rapid succession.

The papers chart the war up to 1944. Headlines scream lines like 'Kiev Falls' 'German Tanks within sight of Moscow' 'Tunis Falls to Rommel' 'Russian Winter stalls Axis advance' 'Monty takes El Alamein' 'Second Front Opens' 'D-Day! Allies land in Normandy.'

Against these headlines are scenes of Margery singing in various scenarios, entertaining German troops, PoWs, and at private functions with high ranking officers including Hitler.

The Montage Sequence ends on one headline in particular, 'Italy Capitulates - Changes Sides!' followed by a sexy scene of Marlene Dietrich singing 'Lily Marlene', intercut with a group of Tommies in a liberated Italian town raucously singing 'Lily Marlene'.

79

INT. BERLIN, KRAWATTE CLUB - DAY

79

SUPER: "THE KRAWATTE CLUB, 1943"

A risqué cabaret is taking place onstage: Scantily clad girls, including GIA, dance to the music of a Girl Band. Everywhere is drunkenness and debauchery. SS men and Wehrmacht officers are fondling topless girls, A naked girl runs giggling from a drunken SS man who stumbles after her. All she is wearing is his SS peaked cap.

At that moment, Franz and Margery are being brought in by Emma who is wearing delicately creased evening trousers under a glittering evening jacket. She takes them to a "Reserved" table where a bucket of Champagne is already in place for them.

Margery has decided to enjoy the evening, wearing a little risqué finery herself and smiling at all the frolics. Franz is also suitably attired.

EMMA

Just enjoy the moment! There is a war on, and many of these men have to return to the front line tomorrow, so they need to enjoy today!

Margery laughs!

MARGERY

Ironically, it is the same in England! War is madness!

EMMA

Franz will look after you. I have to go onstage now so see you later!

On Emma's cue, the other girls start to leave the stage and Gia, and her way back to her table, passes close to Margery who recognises her. As Gia pauses by her, Margery's eyes start to widen and her lips open as though about to speak.

Gia puts a finger to her lips to silence Margery but covers herself by putting words to the action.

GIA

My lips - perhaps they are
smudged? You have a looking glass
I may borrow?

MARGERY

Of course - certainly.

Margery finds her compact mirror in her handbag and
passes it to Gia, who checks her lips.

GIA

Most kind. Sorry to have troubled
you. My lipstick should, perhaps,
be a little more "Hardy"?

Gia returns the compact to Margery, who, upon taking it,
notices that Gia has slipped a small piece of folded
paper inside, which she quickly snaps closed.

MARGERY

Thank you. You are most welcome.

Whereupon Gia returns to her table where a high ranking
officer awaits her.

Draped over the back of a chair at an adjacent table is
an SS jacket, and beneath the swastika armband another
reads 'Britischer Freicorps'. Varying degrees of
licentiousness are taking place in the club.

An SS Brigadeführer is slumped tieless, in a chair,
completely drunk and on his head he is wearing a pair of
white lacy knickers.

Another Wehrmacht officer is lying on his back and a
topless girl is pouring champagne over his face.

One girl wearing only a G-string is standing on a table
top wearing a SS Death's Head cap, and holding a small
piece of black material under her nose, imitating
Hitler's moustache.

She then does a number of sexy high kicks imitating the
Goose Step and everyone joins in the fun, shouting out,
'Heil Hitler' to her.

Suddenly the place starts to quieten as Emma walks on
stage. The moment they have been waiting for!

Emma's delicately creased evening dress trousers have
been discarded, together with her evening jacket to
reveal a pair of fine mesh tights and black suspenders
that reveal a tantalising amount of exposed thigh. She
is wearing a pair of highly polished jackboots and in her
right hand she is flourishing a whip. In her left hand
she has a glass of champagne.

Her audience are now silent. Her regulars know what is
coming!

Arrogantly she stands before the audience, her right hand with the whip on her right hip her arm crooked akimbo, the left hand is poised upwards in a toast. Then with a sudden movement she drains the glass and with one move throws it over her left shoulder where it lands with a crash of splintering glass behind her.

EMMA

Fur die Teufel mein freunds.
 (then in English)
 To the Devil!

Emma is greeted with rapturous applause.

With a very slow and measured step she starts to leave the stage. There is complete silence from the audience.

As she walks down the steps she is throwing looks that vary from evil to delight at the assembled men and women. Approaching one pretty young deutchmadchen she arches her back and hisses like a cat-her left hand holding her fingers outstretched. The girl recoils away from her.

Next she saunters over to an overweight SS man, swinging her hips provocatively. Reaching him she raises one leg up and places her booted foot in his groin, at the same time snatching his peaked black SS cap from his head and putting it on hers, then she stoops down and kisses the top of his balding head.

In response, the SS man, smiling, places his hand on her exposed thigh. With a swift movement Emma responds by cracking the whip which echoes like a gunshot in the nightclub. The startled SS man jumps and instantly removes his hand.

Emma then leaves him and sits on the lap of a handsome young Wehrmacht officer and starts to sing the song 'Lili Marlene' in beautiful German. The whole audience in the night club join in, swaying side to side as she does so.

Whilst singing, Emma leaves the Wehrmacht officer, discards the whip, and raunchily goes from table to table around the club as she sings:

EMMA (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Vor der Kaserne
 Vor dem großen Tor
 Stand eine Laterne
 Und steht sie noch davor
 So woll'n wir uns da wieder seh'n
 Bei der Laterne wollen wir steh'n
 Wie einst Lili Marleen.*

*Unsere beide Schatten
 Sah'n wie einer aus
 Daß wir so lieb uns hatten
 Das sah man gleich daraus*

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

*Und alle Leute soll'n es seh'n
Wenn wir bei der Laterne steh'n
Wie einst Lili Marleen.*

*Schon rief der Posten,
Sie blasen Zapfenstreich
Das kann drei Tage kosten
Kam'rad, ich komm sogleich
Da sagten wir auf Wiedersehen
Wie gerne wollt ich mit dir geh'n
Mit dir Lili Marleen.*

Emma returns to the stage for the final two verses, catches Margery's eye, and beckons her to join her on stage, which she does, to join in the singing.

*Deine Schritte kennt sie,
Deinen zieren Gang
Alle Abend brennt sie,
Doch mich vergaß sie lang
Und sollte mir ein Leids gescheh'n
Wer wird bei der Laterne stehen
Mit dir Lili Marleen*

*Aus dem stillen Raume,
Aus der Erde Grund
Hebt mich wie im Traume
Dein verliebter Mund
Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehn
Werd' ich bei der Laterne steh'n
Wie einst Lili Marleen.
Wie einst Lili Marleen.*

More rapturous applause as the audience rise to their feet and Margery returns to join Franz at their table.

In doing so she passes an SS man with neither hat nor tie, his shirt unbuttoned, sits with a topless girl on his lap running her fingers through his hair. Quieter than the others and never taking his eyes off Margery. It is John Brown...

It is a face she has seen before. A man she sat next to at the MI9 training lecture with Major Amies. What is he doing here?

Nearly everyone is intoxicated. A German newspaper lies crumpled on the floor. The headline is 'Stalingrad goes down fighting' and in a smaller line underneath is the legend 'Massive Russian losses as our heroic troops fight to the last man'.

A WEHRMACHT OFFICER #1 stoops down and picks it up, then looks at another WEHRMACHT OFFICER #2 nearby.

He places the newspaper on the table.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #1
Did we not predict this - and the
folly of invading Russia?

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #2

There will be a day of reckoning now. I fear we have sowed the wind and soon will reap the whirlwind.

They continue their drinking to the sound of a smashing glass as the revelry continues.

FADE OUT TO
THE SOUNDS OF
REVELRY

80

INT. STALAG 111D, KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

80

Oberst Röhner is sitting grim faced at his desk, to his side is Major Wolfgang Reinhardt. In front of him standing rigidly to attention is an SS STURMBANNFÜHRER.

STURMBANNFÜHRER

Reflect upon it Herr Oberst, it is four years since SS Storm Man, now Rottenführer Brown was commissioned to form a brigade of the Britischer Freicorps; a brigade, Herr Oberst - not a regiment!

(he thumps the desk -
raising his voice)

And in four years, what do we have? Not even a company in strength!

(Leans over the desk)

Twenty nine men in four years, five Stalags visited, God knows how many millions of Reich marks spent on prostitutes, drink, and equipment - and what do we have to show for it? Twenty nine men!

OBERST RÖHNER

(wearily)

The rumour is, the war is not going well for us; North Africa, Stalingrad, Italy turning traitor, the plot against the Führer makes the men wary of falling into American or British Army hands; as Freicorps men, they would be shot out-of-hand if captured - and remember, Herr Sturmbannführer, all these men have fought well on the Russian front.

STURMBANNFÜHRER

Do not be too negative Oberst, or you too could be relieved of your command here, and could well find yourself on the Russian front.

(MORE)

STURMBANNFÜHRER (CONT'D)

(adopts a more
conciliatory
attitude)

The Führer has a secret weapon in development that could end the war overnight, all setbacks are momentary. It is only the Americans coming to their aid that has saved them.

OBERST RÖHNER

I take it the purpose of your visit is to give me a lecture for Rottenführer Brown's poor performance?

STURMBANNFÜHRER

Not at all.

(throws a paper down)

This is a warrant for the arrest of Brown. I am to take him to Berlin today. Please have him arrested, handcuffed and placed in my car. You will find two SS Schutze men in the back. Sit him in between them.

OBERST RÖHNER

But... Why? What has happened?

STURMBANNFÜHRER

(barks)

Now, please - at once!

OBERST RÖHNER

(resignedly, to Major
Reinhardt)

Have Rottenführer Brown arrested and delivered to the car. I have work to do.

Whereupon he stands up, shoots his right arm up and shouts.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

Heil Hitler!

STURMBANNFÜHRER

(Snaps to attention)

Heil Hitler!

81 INT. BERLIN, STATE OPERA HOUSE, STAGE - NIGHT

81

Margery is onstage singing the final scene of 'Tannhauser'. The curtains close to rapturous applause. They open again as Margery and the entire company take a bow, the curtains close, open once more, and a further bow is taken.

82 INT. BERLIN, THEATRE MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME 82

The MANAGER, an elderly, somewhat portly man is very nervous, continuously fingering his shirt collar.

In front of him are two sinister Gestapo men in black leather coats and black homburg hats. Two SS officers are also present, and a SS Unterscharführer.

GESTAPO MAN #1

All her papers, please; work permit, travel documents, and the key to her locker... now!

The manager hurries to obey.

SS OFFICER

There will of course be no performance tomorrow, or in the future, from Frau Ströhm; I suggest you brief her understudy... if she has one.

(looks at his watch,
then listens)

That sounds like the final curtain... come.

83 INT. BERLIN, STATE OPERA HOUSE, STAGE - SAME 83

Margery is happy as she walks towards the wings where Sylvie is waiting with her dressing gown, but the Gestapo men are also waiting.

Behind them are the THREE SS MEN. As she nears the wings and sees them, her face takes on a nervousness expression.

Casually, she brushes past them, but a GESTAPO MAN grabs her shoulder.

GESTAPO MAN #1

Not so fast Frau Ströhm, we would like you to come with us.

MARGERY

Me? Why?

GESTAPO MAN #2

Because we say so, you are under arrest Frau Ströhm.

MARGERY

Why? Never mind. Let me get my things.

Margery uses her eyes to tell Sylvie to get back.

Sylvie nods understanding.

(MORE)

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Hitler himself will hear of this intrusion.

As Sylvie walks backwards, she knocks a PROP MAN, causing him to drop a heavily loaded basket. The resultant noise causes enough distraction which Margery uses to mouth "Tell Q" which Sylvie understands.

Seeing it is only a clumsy Prop Man, the Gestapo return their attention to Margery.

GESTAPO MAN #1

(maliciously)

We already have your things, but you will not be needing them I can assure you, nor will you be able to communicate with the Führer.

As she is dragged away, Margery manages to look back at Sylvie and again mouths "That's what they think!"

84 EXT. BERLIN STATE OPERA HOUSE, STAGE DOOR - DAY 84

Roughly, they haul her to a waiting black Mercedes and push her in. She loses a shoe...

85 INT. BERLIN, CAR INTERIOR - SAME 85

MARGERY

My shoe... please.

One of the SS men nods assent to the Unterscharführer, who picks it up and tosses it into the back of the car where she is sandwiched in the back seat between the two Gestapo agents. She is nervously playing with an embroidered handkerchief.

86 EXT. BERLIN, GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 86

SUPER: "TWO HOURS LATER"

The Mercedes draws up at a dark building. Margery is dragged out, and manhandled inside.

87 INT. BERLIN, GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 87

Margery looks up, and sees Oberstgruppen Führer Karl Gustav von Müller.

MÜLLER

So we meet again, Frau Ströhm. It seems we are going to spend quite a little time together this time.

MARGERY

(defiantly)

You never stop do you Müller? You have always been jealous of my friendship with the Führer, you are like a dog with a bone.

She walks arrogantly over to the desk, pulls a chair up and sits down; discreetly crossing her legs.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

Well fire away with your questions, but hear this Müller, I am going to make a mental note of everything and Hitler will be informed.

MÜLLER

I doubt it Frau Ströhm, even as we speak the Russians are in Berlin, and Hitler is besieged in his bunker there. It is all over, Frau Ströhm, bar the shouting - or should I say shooting? The war is in its last days.

Nonchalantly he lights a cigarette, then walks over to Margery, quietly affable.

MARGERY

That's good news, But then why this? Why aren't you running?

MÜLLER

Because, my dear, I wish to spend a little time with you first... A little quality time - for me, that is...

Margery starts to feel a little uncomfortable...

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

So now, my dear, the war now reaches its final days - as do you.

Then he hesitates. Then changes his tone.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

But tell me the truth, were you an agent? A spy, or what? You have nothing to lose now, and you could help me - maybe we could trade?

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

It's time for the truth now Margery.

Margery looks up at him.

MARGERY

I'm sorry Karl, but I have no idea
what you are talking about

She starts to rise.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

So now if you will excuse me, I
would like to be taken back to the
theatre.

Müller swings around, striking her with the flat of his
hand across the face, sending her sprawling on the floor.

MÜLLER

There is no theatre! A Russian
shell destroyed it less than an
hour ago, so it's no more mister
nice guy Frau Ströhm. We are now
going to spend some time together.
(with a half smile)
In fact, by bringing you here you
could say I saved your life!

He leans over her with his hand raised.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

So you should co-operate!

Margery instinctively raises a hand to protect herself,
blood is oozing from her nose.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

(venomously)
Quarter Master Sergeant - ex SS
Rottenführer John Brown - late of
the Britischer Freicorps, is under
interrogation even as we speak.
(laughs)
Or what is left of him!

88

INT. BERLIN, GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, BASEMENT - DAY

88

John Brown is strapped to a chair, he only has trousers
and a shirt on, his feet are bare and bloodied.

TWO TORTURERS are standing either side of him. One is
brandishing a rubber truncheon; he brings it down
viciously on Brown's kidneys. Brown screams in agony.

A third man, smartly dressed, leans forward, thrusting
his face to within inches of Brown's. He is the
interrogator - STANDARTENFÜHRER KÜMMEL.

KÜMMEL

Why endure this? It is so
unnecessary.

(MORE)

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

Tell us what we want to know and I personally will arrange for you to be returned to your unit. I will say you were blackmailed by Frau Ströhm, and regret your actions.

We found your transmitter. All we need now is the code so that we can let 'Q' - that is your contact, isn't it? - know that you are alive and well.

He nods to the man with the truncheon, who brings it down again on the same kidney area.

Again, Brown screams in pain, his face bruised and swollen. Perspiration oozes down his cheeks; one eye is completely closed.

His interrogator opens a silver cigarette case, takes out a cigarette, lights it, and places it in John Brown's lips.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

(gently)

Be sensible, John. Who is Margery's contact? We know his name is Vulcan. It is only a matter of time before we trace him, or her. End your agony, John. Trust me to intervene for you.

Brown tries to speak and his interrogator removes the cigarette from his mouth. His words come out disjointed, then in a faltering voice he speaks.

JOHN BROWN

I have nothing to say... go... to... Hell.

KÜMMEL

(gently)

Wrong answer, John.

He takes the cigarette and stubs it out on John Brown's nipple, there is an agonising scream and Brown slumps forward, unconscious.

The interrogator dismisses the two torturers with a wave of his hand.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

He's at breaking point. This time tomorrow he'll talk: They wake up and realise another day of agony lies ahead. At that point they break. They always do - eventually.

He points to a bowl containing bloodied toe nails and a pair of pincers.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

Get that disgusting mess out of my sight.

Kummel turns to leave, with a parting shot to his two accomplices.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

Same time tomorrow.

In the background is a huge explosion and the roar of artillery.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

The bastards are getting closer.
The Führer is cutting it bloody fine with the secret weapon.

The two interrogators drag John Brown out of the room.

89

INT. BERLIN, NAZI HEADQUARTERS BUNKER - DAY

89

Against a background of artillery thunder a number of secretaries are crouched together in a corner.

A particularly large explosion brings down a cloud of dust and plaster. Many of the secretaries start choking, whilst on a table nearby, FOUR OFFICERS are playing cards.

In another room, a WEHRMACHT OFFICER is putting a haversack on his back.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #1

Sod the Führer and sod the war,
the Russians will be swarming over us like ants within days, maybe even hours - I'm taking my chance.

Another WEHRMACHT OFFICER is standing nearby.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #2

Viel Glück, mein Freund. I would like to join you but I would be missed too soon. Are your papers in order? The Headhunters are stringing up deserters by the score.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #1

(ironically)

What's the difference between a Russian bullet, and a German one? If its meant to be, it will be.

They hug. His friend opens the door.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #2

If you get through, give my letter
to Heidi and tell her that I love
her.

(he chokes
emotionally)

Tell her I died for Deutschland
and the Führer.

The two officers shake hands.

WEHRMACHT OFFICER #1

Fuck the Führer, this is all down
to him and his Lebensraum.

Wehrmacht Officer #2 closes the door after his friend
leaves.

90 EXT. BERLIN, NAZI HEADQUARTERS, HITLER'S BUNKER - DAY 90

Hitler is shaking uncontrollably, eyes glassily staring
forward.

The rumble of Russian guns grows even louder.

Hitler slumps in a corner with his hands over his ears.

An SS OBERSTGRUPPENFÜHRER looks on contemptuously and
turns to a Wehrmacht GENERAL-OBERST.

OBERSTGRUPPENFÜHRER

Is this the man I have given
eleven years of my life to in
furtherance of the thousand year
Reich!

GENERAL-OBERST

(shaking his head)

I lost over six hundred thousand
men in Russia, because we were
ordered to fight to the last man -

(His face contorts
with anger)

No air support, no shells for the
artillery, and scarce a days
supply of ammunition to defend
ourselves. With luck I could have
broken out, but that miserable
coward snivelling there ordered us
to die at our posts.

(Resignedly)

Our ally Italy has abandoned us.
Now only death is our friend.

A huge explosion nearby makes both men jump.

OBERSTGRUPPENFÜHRER

Ever closer, within two days the
bunker will be within range of
their guns - and then?

Whilst slumped in a corner, Hitler is trembling uncontrollably.

91 INT. BERLIN, SS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

91

Margery is seated in a plush office. She is dishevelled, her hair uncombed, her lipstick smudged. Her blouse is open to the waist displaying a lacy brassiere. She's not tied up but her face is contorted with pain.

In front of her von Müller is standing looking at her and to the side of him we see two electrodes and a small machine.

MÜLLER

I can increase the electric shocks as I wish. They say an electrode on the genitals of men produces results; I wonder if the same goes for women. Shall we try, Margery?

MARGERY

Hitler will hear of this, believe me. You will live to regret it.

MÜLLER

I doubt that. Even as we speak the Russians are closing in on his bunker. Berlin is in ruins and the war will be over within weeks, maybe even days.

MARGERY

Then what have you to gain from this, you sadist? Any information I might have had will be useless now.

MÜLLER

Absolutely correct my dear, but shall we say it is a matter of pride to me to prove I was right in suspecting you?

(strolls casually
away)

Job satisfaction lady, and I am very good at what I do.

MARGERY

You are cold bloodied, not even human; believe me you will pay for this one day.

MÜLLER

I doubt it my dear. I will survive this, but you on the other hand will not. I personally will supervise the firing squad. Dead men tell no tales - or dead women.

(walks back to her)

Did you know that John Brown cracked? Took a while; mashed kidneys, beatings, and no sleep. Stout fellow. Do you know what did it eventually? Having his toe nails pulled out with pliers - like these.

He produces a pair of pliers, kneels in front of Margery and pulls her skirt up to the waist revealing her white panties and a black suspender belt to which her stockings are attached. Müller very slowly starts to unfasten them...one by one.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

I can equally give pleasure or pain - sometimes both.

(sinisterly, putting his hand on her thigh)

Often one after the other.

Her starts sensuously to stroke her inner thigh.

MARGERY

(contemptuously)

From you, I would prefer the pain.

At that moment sirens sound accompanied by the sound of bombs exploding nearby.

One of the soldiers in the room looks imploringly at von Müller.

SS SOLDIER

They are directly overhead, Sir.

MÜLLER

Stay here with her while I find a deeper bunker. There is one in the south wing. I'll get the keys and we'll carry on from there later.

Now suddenly nervous von Müller leaves hurriedly. There is a crescendo of sound and detonations very close by. Then suddenly there is a tremendous explosion which rips the roof off, hurling the soldier across the room.

Margery is blown over> Coming to a stop against a wall, she lies there a while, dazed. Then very, very slowly she gets up.

The soldier is lying, crumpled, bricks and timbers on him. He is obviously dead; blood oozing from his head.

Margery looks around and tries to walk, now very unsteady on her feet. Then she looks behind her where the entire wall has collapsed. Hobbling, she looks out through the huge gap where the wall once stood. In the street outside there are now piles of debris and buildings blaze around her.

She goes back to the dead soldier and removes his pistol from its holster. Then finding a handkerchief she fills it with 9mm pistol bullets and knots it. She then checks the action of the gun by pulling back the chamber and then easing it forward.

MARGERY

(to herself)

Thank you Q for making me learn this!

She continues to search the body hurriedly, eventually finding a wallet with some money.

She then tucks the pistol into her waistband.

MARGERY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

One up the spout - they will never take me alive, but oh for a handbag!

She adjusts her clothes and scrambles through the hole.

92 EXT. BERLIN, SS HEADQUARTERS, STREET OUTSIDE - SAME 92

Margery sits a moment to correct her stockings, which have started to crumple around her knees, then composed she picks her way gingerly over the rubble and walks down the street.

A sudden whoosh above her makes her take refuge in a shattered doorway, then a huge explosion shows that the SS Headquarters she has just left has taken a direct hit from a stick of bombs and the entire building disintegrates in a cloud of dust and fire.

MARGERY

(looking back)

Goodbye, you bastards - rot in hell.

93 INT. STALAG 111D, PARADE GROUND - DAY 93

A group of PoWs are swanning around chatting. Suddenly they hear the drone of an aircraft and scan the skies. Then one points upwards furiously.

POW

Look! Look! I don't believe it!
 (beat)
 And - that's one of ours - not a
 Jerry!

They all stare up, firstly in disbelief, then they all start to wave and cheer. The guards are non-plussed, but one runs into the Kommandant's Office.

POW TOMMY

And that - is a parachute!

They all - guards included - stare upwards as the parachute descends, seemingly for hours.

POW

And he's heading directly here!

Following his descent, they all start to run towards the football field. The baffled guards follow them, now followed by the Kommandant who has been disturbed from his afternoon nap so is hastily buttoning his tunic as he runs.

THUD! The PARACHUTIST makes a perfect landing whilst the guards, rifles raised, encircle him and attempt to hold back the PoWs who, by now, are more than excited.

Whilst the Parachutist gets to his feet and pulls in his cords, the Kommandant breaks through the guards' circle to confront the man.

OBERST RÖHNER

And who - are you?

The Parachutist MAJOR WORRALL jumps to attention and gives a smart salute, which the Kommandant instinctively returns.

MAJOR WORRALL

The name's Worrall - Major Philip Worrall. Special Allied Airbourne Reconnaissance Force.

For once, the Kommandant remains speechless.

MAJOR WORRALL (CONT'D)

I am here to inform you that our forces are but a few days away, so your surrender is imminent!

The Kommandant is still speechless but his jaw has dropped a few inches... The guards look at their Kommandant and then each other, not knowing what to do whilst the PoWs start to cheer.

MAJOR WORRALL (CONT'D)

And, Colonel, if you touch one hair of my head or allow the conditions of the prisoners to deteriorate you will be put on trial as a war criminal!

The PoWs' cheers turn into a roar and the Kommandant's mouth now slams shut. The guards regain their composure for a second, but panic starts to set in.

OBERST RÖHNER

Very well, Major. Yes - I know this to be true... I also have a wireless.

Now it is the turn of the guards' jaws to drop whilst the PoWs go wild.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

But you will, of course, on a technicality, remain a prisoner here with the others whilst I take further orders.

MAJOR WORRALL

(with a smart salute)
Of course Colonel!

OBERST RÖHNER

(returning a military salute)
Major!

The guards approach Worrall to take him into custody but before they can get anywhere near him he is hoisted shoulder high by the PoWs who whisk him off like a trophy!

94

EXT. STALAG 111D, PERIMETER FENCE - DAY

94

SUPER: "A FEW DAYS LATER"

A British tank tears into the barbed wire enclosure, behind it dozens of British troops pour in. All the camp guards throw their rifles down and raise their hands.

Oberst Röhner emerges from the Kommandant's Office in full dress uniform, walks down a flight of steps and approaches the British troops who are now stock piling the guards' guns together.

A British Army Officer MAJOR JOHNSON approaches him, and gives a smart salute.

Oberst Röhner reciprocates with the traditional German army salute.

MAJOR JOHNSON

Major Johnson sir, British tank regiment. If there are any men in possession of arms I would appreciate your ordering them to surrender at once.

OBERST RÖHNER

I have already ordered all personnel not to resist and to surrender their arms. I am Oberst Röhner, Camp Kommandant of Stalag 111D. Very pleased to see you Major.

All around them, British prisoners of war are running frantically around hugging their liberators, who are handing out cigarettes and chocolate.

MAJOR JOHNSON

(puzzled)

You are pleased to see us - the enemy?

OBERST RÖHNER

Yes Major, very, very pleased to see you. I received fresh orders this morning informing me that a new Kommandant had been appointed, and I was to report to Essen for immediate transfer to the Russian Front. It seems I am not in favour with the thousand year Reich and I would much prefer to surrender to an honourable British officer such as you rather than to a Russian!

Major Worrall joins them and salutes Major Johnson.

OBERST RÖHNER (CONT'D)

And Major Worrall here joined us a few days ago!

MAJOR JOHNSON

Good Show! Heard you'd been dropped. Treated you alright?

MAJOR WORRALL

Absolutely! Good to see you chaps!

CAPTAIN JONES, the BSO (British Senior Officer) of the PoWs, comes to join the group.

CAPTAIN JONES

Captain Jones, sir - Royal Engineers, and BSO here.

Captain Jones looks across at Major Worrall.

CAPTAIN JONES (CONT'D)

Well - until Major Worrall joined us here, of course!

Major Worrall makes a dismissive gesture.

CAPTAIN JONES (CONT'D)

Thought I'd wander over to let you know that Oberst Röhner is a pretty decent sort - for a Jerry.

MAJOR JOHNSON

Good show, Captain.

(turns to Röhner)

You will please give me your pistol and ammo Oberst, you can keep your holster and belt.

Röhner hands his pistol over to Major Johnson.

MAJOR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Wow - a Mauser no less; now that's what I call a souvenir.

OBERST RÖHNER

(to all three British officers)

If you care to attend my office and share a glass of Steinhager with me, I can add a Luger to your collection as well - although that really ought to go to Major Worrall. He was first here, actually.

Major Johnson turns to Röhner and Captain Jones.

MAJOR JOHNSON

One of the men I am here to arrest is one Quarter Master Sergeant John Brown, now Britischer Freicorps, and to take him into custody, whereabouts here is he?

OBERST RÖHNER

Brown was arrested by the Geheime Staatspolizei - the Gestapo - over two weeks ago. They are a law unto themselves and we have heard nothing of him since they took him away.

CAPTAIN JONES

(interrupting)

That's correct major. We too reckoned he was a traitor here but we may have been wrong.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN JONES (CONT'D)

The Gestapo took away a short wave transmitter that was found in the lavatory wall at the same time - as evidence. I believe he was actually an MI9 agent.

MAJOR JOHNSON

Damn!

MAJOR WORRALL

Brown? John Brown? Oh yes, he was actually working for us - special agent for MI9, don't you know. Got some stonking info for us!

For the third time that day, the Kommandant's jaw drops whilst Majors Johnson and Worrall and Capt Jones walk towards the Kommandant's Office.

95 INT. BERLIN, GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, CELL - DAY 95

Brown is lying on a bunk, tossing and turning. In the distance we hear the staccato sound of intermittent firing.

Laboriously he raises himself and sits on the edge of thebunk, shaking, but deep in thought. He then thumps on the door.

Moments later, a GESTAPO GUARD who has been watching unlocks the door and enters.

JOHN BROWN

(wearily)

Take me to Standartenführer Kümmel; I want to make a statement - at once.

The guard locks the door and leaves. Returning moments later, he opens the door and signals to Brown.

GESTAPO GUARD

(sharply)

Come.

96 INT. BERLIN, GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - DAY 96

Brown is shown into the presence of his interrogator, Standartenführer Kümmel.

KÜMMEL

(affably)

John. Please take a seat; I am so pleased you have come to your senses.

He puts his hands together in the 'prayer' position.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

I hate these interrogations, such a messy business, but I was only following orders, you understand don't you?

Brown nods.

JOHN BROWN

To begin, may I please have a pen and piece of writing paper?

KÜMMEL

Of course.

He passes over a pen and paper and Brown writes a brief note.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

Your confession?

Brown slides the paper across the desk. Kümmel sees what he has written:

"Please dismiss the guard as what I am going to disclose will be of great personal value to you after the war."

Greedily and with a half smile, he turns to the guard standing by the door.

KÜMMEL (CONT'D)

(to the guard)
You may go. I will call you when this prisoner needs to be returned to the cells.

The guard exits. Kümmel then questioningly raises his eyebrows to Brown.

JOHN BROWN

You understood? Good. Now - in return for my full co-operation you made certain promises, right?

KÜMMEL

Of course, you have my word as a German Officer.

JOHN BROWN

I can supply you with a great deal of information, far more than you could imagine - including the identity of Vulcan, who is one of your own.

Kümmel's eyes light up.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

I want your guarantees in writing first though.

(MORE)

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

I have decided it is not worth suffering like this, and for what? I was always a Fascist; I was corrupted by money and false promises from London.

Kümmel is clearly delighted and produces a fresh sheet of paper.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

No, on your official headed notepaper, and stamped - I want it official.

Kümmel produces an official sheet of Gestapo notepaper, and an ink stamp.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

First, my immediate release - write it and show it to me first.

Kümmel writes, signs the paper and stamps it.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

Separately, on another piece of paper, the following...
One: I'm returned to my unit with no recriminations. Two: I...I...
(his voice trails off)

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

(feebly)
I don't feel well...
do you have a drink... brandy...
schnapps... whisky?

Kümmel gets up and from his cabinet behind him produces a lead crystal decanter of brandy and two glasses; he pours out two small measures.

Brown reaches out, takes the decanter and fills his glass right up, then very carefully returns the stopper. Kümmel raises no objection.

Brown raises his glass and chinks it with Kümmel.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

Here's to you.

With one movement, Brown flings the brandy into Kümmel's face who, spluttering, recoils backwards, feverishly trying to open a drawer, and half opens it where inside lies a Luger automatic.

Brown picks up the almost still full decanter and crashes it on Kümmel's head, blood spurts everywhere as Brown strikes him again and again, viciously. Kümmel slumps back in his chair, clearly dead.

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

Pity about the waste of good
brandy!

Brown takes the Luger from the drawer, puts on Kümmel's SS overcoat and peaked Death's Head cap. Putting the collar up, his hand resting on the Luger in his pocket, he exits.

Brown passes the solitary guard at the end of the corridor who snaps to attention, staring straight ahead.

97 EXT. BERLIN, GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS, MAIN GATE - SAME 97

Brown strides straight through it, again the two guards snap to attention, eyes fixed ahead.

He continues to make his way down a succession of side streets as air raid sirens sound another allied attack.

98 EXT. BERLIN, SS HEADQUARTERS - DAY 98

A number of FIREMEN are removing rubble from the site; deep underneath, a faint knocking can be heard.

One FIREMAN points to a particular section.

FIREMAN

Over here.

Firemen remove bricks and timber, eventually reaching a caved-in door. Heaving it aside they find a dishevelled figure stumbling out, completely covered in white dust.

It is von Müller.

He is helped to a waiting ambulance. Reaching it he looks at the pile of débris.

MÜLLER

Any other survivors?

The Fireman points to a small row of corpses laid out under blankets and tarpaulins.

FIREMAN

None could have survived, some are charred beyond recognition; you cannot even tell the gender of some of them, guards or prisoners. You were lucky, Sir, being so deep underground.

Müller smiles and is helped into the nearby ambulance.

MÜLLER

(to himself)

All traces gone, now it's time to disappear as planned.

In the distance, we hear the crump of Russian artillery.

AMBULANCE MAN

Bloody Russians - that's their Stalin Organs getting closer.

A few moments later a MEDICAL ORDERLY climbs aboard, and the ambulance drives off.

99

INT. INSIDE AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

99

MEDICAL ORDERLY

Have you heard the latest news?

Müller shakes his head negatively.

MEDICAL ORDERLY (CONT'D)

The Führer is dead. It seems he shot himself in the bunker just over two hours ago. Himmler is attempting to secure an armistice through the back door and has been rebuffed and there are rumours that Admiral Doenitz is Hitler's successor though, and is in negotiation with the Allies to agree peace terms.

The Medical orderly glances back.

MEDICAL ORDERLY (CONT'D)

Let's put distance between us and the Soviets.

(shouts to the driver)

Head west.

The Ambulance swings around and heads west.

von Müller looks the medic over.

MÜLLER

How old are you?

MEDICAL ORDERLY

Forty one Sir - why?

MÜLLER

About my age, perfect.

Müller produces a small 9mm Gestapo gun, and shoots the medic in the head. As the shot rings out the driver brings the ambulance to a halt, exits the vehicle and rushes to open the back of the ambulance.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

What happened, sir?

MÜLLER

He got shot.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

(querulously)

Shot?

MÜLLER

Yes. Shot.

As he speaks he shoots the driver at point blank range, then rifles the man's pockets, removing every document he finds. Returning to the medic he does the same. Night has fallen and he looks furtively around him, then he drags the two dead bodies from the ambulance and rolls them into a ditch before pulling off his own jacket and putting on the Orderly's white coat.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The Russians will get the blame for this.

He climbs into the ambulance and heads towards the advancing British lines against a background of a red glare in the sky. Berlin is burning.

100 EXT. BERLIN, A BOMBED HOUSE - DAY

100

Margery is approaching the house cautiously, looking around as she enters. Smashed crockery is everywhere, doors are blown in, and a smouldering settee is exuding wisps of smoke.

Cautiously, she climbs the last few steps.

101 INT. BERLIN, A BOMBED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

101

Once inside, Margery cautiously mounts what remains of the staircase and finds a bedroom. She then rummages through the wardrobe and drawers, selecting various items of women's clothing, including a leather jacket with large pockets.

She discards her own clothes and is soon looking very much like a peasant girl. She also spots a large leather bag lying in the debris and puts some other belongings together with the handkerchief with bullets into it, Margery puts the pistol into one of the jacket pockets and, tying a headscarf around her head, leaves the building.

102 EXT. BERLIN, A BOMBED HOUSE - DAY 102

In the yard Margery sees an old wheelbarrow upside down, she stops and re-enters the house and emerges with an old attaché case and suitcases.

Piling these on the wheelbarrow she leaves the house and is soon following a steady stream of people pushing a variety of appliances with their belongings.

103 EXT. BERLIN, A STREET - DAY 103

The street is full of Berliners escaping from the advancing Russian tanks and interspersed amongst them are horse and carts, prams, and dog carts. Now shabby people with whatever possessions they can find.

Margery speaks to an OLD WOMAN pushing a pram.

MARGERY

Where are you going?

OLD WOMAN

Away from the Russians; they're already in the city centre, are raping every female they come across, even the old. The Americans are about forty kilometres away, and the British about sixty five. I'm heading for the British lines.

MARGERY

Why the British? The Americans are much closer.

OLD WOMAN

If you're German, the Americans shoot at anything moving, they are crazy with their guns; that's why we are all heading for the British lines. Anything except fall into the hands of the Russian Mongols.

MARGERY

Where are the Americans? I'll take my chances.

OLD WOMAN

Two kilometres down the road is Odersee, take the road to the right, we're going straight on.

104 EXT. REMAINS OF A VILLAGE - LATER 104

Margery is passing through, a sign lying in the grass at the roadside says 'Odersee'.

A burning tank lies on its side, across the front is a dead German soldier, whilst another body lies half out of the turret.

An OLD MAN mutters as they pass.

OLD MAN
Air strike...

105 EXT. ROAD TO ORDERSEE - EVENING

105

In the distance, Margery can see the American armour lined up, nearby is an AMERICAN MILITARY POLICEMAN.

Margery pushes the cart away, removes her headscarf, and calls out to the American.

MARGERY
Hey, Yank; I'm Margery - from Wigan.

The American military policeman trains his gun on her and shouts out.

AMERICAN MP
Stop there, now, and get your hands up lady.

Margery stops and raises her hands.

The American MP blows a whistle and soon THREE AMERICAN SOLDIERS approach her warily.

US SOLDIER #1
You say you're English, but you're dressed like a German peasant.

Margery exaggerates her Lancashire accent.

MARGERY
If tha' knows a German girl who talks like this then tell me.

US SOLDIER #2
Hey, I was stationed in Lancashire - that's a genuine accent OK. Sounds just like Gracie Fields! Say - where are you from, and what are you doing here?

MARGERY
I'm Margery Booth, and I'm from Wigan - and I'm going home, Yank.

US SOLDIER #2
We'll help you, lady. Come on.

And off they go.

106 EXT. THE BRITISH LINES - DAY

106

John Brown has reached the British lines. Approaching them, he throws away his German SS Officer's cap and joins a procession of assorted German soldiers who are walking forwards with their hands up.

Upon seeing his rank as he passes through them he is immediately pulled out of the procession by the British Military Police (REDCAPS) who hustle him to their REDCAP SERGEANT who calls out to a passing BRITISH MAJOR.

REDCAP SERGEANT

High ranker here Major - SS
bastard.

The British Major approaches Brown.

JOHN BROWN

I'm English - an agent of MI9 but
working undercover in the
Britischer Freicorps.

BRITISH MAJOR

Don't try that one with me Fritz!
You're the eighth one today trying
that line!

The Major signals to the MP Sergeant who stares at Brown, full of hate.

BRITISH MAJOR (CONT'D)

Sergeant - take charge of this man
and don't let him out of your
sight for a minute. Check him
over for a cyanide capsule - it
could be anywhere, and for any
concealed weapons.

The MP Sergeant approaches Brown and closely peers at him.

MP SERGEANT

It'll be a pleasure Sir!

BRITISH MAJOR

Keep him secure, Sergeant.
Separate and secure him. I want
him sent under escort back to
England in irons. They want every
Freicorps man we get handed over
for interrogation and it looks as
though we've got an important one,
so we want him in one piece.

The MP Sergeant grins evilly.

MP SERGEANT

Sir! I'll look after him alright.
And in one piece too.

(to himself)

Just...

(to the Major)

Although it looks as though he's
already been worked over.

BRITISH MAJOR

Tough! Probably self-inflicted:
deliberate to get sympathy.

John Brown tries to get up, but a couple of REDCAPS
manacle him as he looks resigned to his fate.

The MP Sergeant takes hold of Brown's shoulder and with a
Redcap leads him away. As they round the corner of a hut
he boots him on the bottom sending Brown sprawling on the
ground.

MP SERGEANT

Bleedin' traitor mate, you'll
swing! Now get in that hut there -
fast, and keep your hands up high!
And I mean high!

He hauls Brown to his feet, flings him into the room,
then starts to rough him up.

MP SERGEANT (CONT'D)

If I had my way I would put a rope
around your neck and string you up
myself. If there is one thing I
cannot stand it's a bleedin'
traitor.

Brown lowers his hands.

JOHN BROWN

(shouting)

I work for you undercover. I am
not a traitor.

MP SERGEANT

Yeah, with a bloody SS tattoo on
your arm.

He hits Brown again.

MP SERGEANT (CONT'D)

And I am Robert the Bleedin'
Bruce, you bastard!

Brown gets up slowly.

JOHN BROWN

Remember me Sergeant! I'll get
you for this!

The MP Sergeant gives a roar of anger. The Redcap delivers a resounding blow to Brown's midriff, doubling him up.

REDCAP

Fuckin' traitor.

The MP Sergeant grins, then together they march Brown away.

107 INT. THE BRITISH LINES, HUT - DAY

107

Brown is on a camp bed, shackled.

The door opens and the British Major and a LIEUTENANT enter together with a Recap.

LIEUTENANT

(sharply to the MP)

Undo him!

As the military policeman unlocks John Brown's handcuffs the Major intervenes.

BRITISH MAJOR

My apologies to you John, we have just received confirmation from London as to your identity, my orders are to get you back there immediately. I am sorry it's so early, but there is a plane on standby. MI9 needs you home.

The Lieutenant breaks in.

LIEUTENANT

I have a Lysander standing by. Group Captain Verity is flying it too! Came especially for you. You will be on the way home within the hour.

JOHN BROWN

Verity? Himself? Grief! They really do want me back!

BRITISH MAJOR

Indeed, and apparently Major Amies wants to meet you personally at Tangmere and take you directly back to Baker Street.

John Brown stretches his limbs.

JOHN BROWN

(with a mischievous grin)

Thank you Major.

(MORE)

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

I take it that I have the run of
the camp until then?

The Major and Lieutenant exchange puzzled glances.

MAJOR

I see no reason why not, was there
somewhere or someone you wanted to
see?

John Brown doesn't blink an eyelid.

JOHN BROWN

I would like to say goodbye to
your Sergeant. Just a soldier's
goodbye...

The Major, Lieutenant and MP give broad grins.

It's the Lieutenant who breaks the silence.

LIEUTENANT

He has a tent to himself.

He glanced at his watch.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

It is 5.30 at the moment.
Reveille is at 6.30.

He smiles.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

He will be fast asleep at the
moment - his boots will be just
outside his tent...

108 EXT. THE BRITISH LINES, OUTSIDE LATRINES - DAY 108

Brown is exiting the latrines holding a pair of boots
gingerly in his hand which he then carefully arranges
them outside the MP Sergeant's tent.

109 EXT. THE BRITISH LINES, AIRFIELD - DAY 109

The Jeep carrying Brown is arriving at the airfield.
GROUP CAPTAIN HUGH VERITY waves from the Lysander.

JOHN BROWN

(waving and shouting
joyously)

Hullo Verity! Tangmere here I
come!

110 EXT. THE BRITISH LINES, MP SERGEANT'S TENT - DAY 110

The MP Sergeant is standing outside his tent brimming with fury as he throws his boots away with a curse. They are spilling liquid...

MP SERGEANT

(bellowing)

If I ever catch up with that lily livered bloody Englishman, I will tear him limb from limb, and wear his balls as a necklace.

111 INT. LONDON, M19 HEADQUARTERS - DAY 111

SUPER: "LATE 1945"

Margery and John Brown are sipping tea. Charles 'Q' is with them together with Roger.

CHARLES Q

There were moments I can tell you when I thought I had lost you - right, Roger?

ROGER

We were frantic here. Communication was terrible and Berlin was in ruins. We never knew who was alive or dead.

'Q' Turns to John.

CHARLES Q

When your radio went dead we knew something was wrong, we were all keeping our fingers crossed, I can tell you.

(turns to Margery)

We were desperately trying to contact you to go to a safe house and keep low but we got wind that Jerry was on to you, and with Hitler banged up in the bunker we knew you could not get through to him for help.

ROGER

(to John Brown)

After the Gestapo, I gather you had a pretty bad time with our chaps?

JOHN BROWN

And how; no brutality, but believe me it was not pleasant, they found my SS number tattooed on my arm and that was it.

(MORE)

JOHN BROWN (CONT'D)

Next thing I know, I'm shipped to England as a traitor under special escort and a potential firing squad.

ROGER

And then we came to the rescue. They did check your story with us.

CHARLES Q

Anyway, it all turned out well in the end. What are your plans now, Margery?

MARGERY

Well personally, I'm starting divorce proceedings as soon as possible. My marriage was a big mistake and I want it behind me. I've had no contact with Egon since the war ended. Professionally I want to take up my singing career again.

Charles Q looks at John Brown.

CHARLES Q

And you, John?

JOHN BROWN

No definite plans at present, but I fancy taking up writing - the war, my experiences, that sort of thing, who knows.

CHARLES Q

Well you both know we will want you at the War Crimes Trials to be staged in Nuremburg. Most of the big names will be there and you will both be asked to testify against John Amery and William Joyce - Lord Haw-Haw.

(beat)

(turns to Margery)

However, I do have a little bit of news for you - and something with which you may be able to help.

Opening a drawer, he produces a photograph.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

We picked up this Johnny in a batch of prisoners from the Russian front. He was shaved and had close cropped hair, but a little bit overweight which made him stand out somewhat so MI19 passed him over to us.

(MORE)

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Not quite in quite the same category as the other half-starved wretches we had in the same bag.

He thrusts the photograph towards her.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

Anyway to cut a long story short, Special Investigation Branch pulled him out and guess what? His SS number and blood group had been surgically removed from his arm.

Charles (Q) leans back in his chair and lights up his pipe.

CHARLES Q (CONT'D)

We questioned him and he said it was a bullet wound - it seemed very suspicious... the SIB boys said that he told them it was shrapnel... But it was too neat. Anyway we're not happy and we've got him on ice, but from his description... Well - have a look.

Charles 'Q' looks quizzically at Margery. Her reaction is instantaneous as she picks up the photo.

MARGERY

That is Müller!

CHARLES Q

Müller?

MARGERY

Oberst Gruppenführer Karl Gustav von Müller - so he's alive? The bastard!

Charles 'Q' smiles contentedly.

CHARLES Q

Thank you, my dear. All we needed was your confirmation.

112 INT. LONDON, WEST END THEATRE, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY 112

SUPER: "WEST END THEATRE, 1947"

A variety of old theatrical posters adorn the walls, plus a large number of signed photographs from stars of yesteryear. A calendar on a wall shows April 1947.

Two men are sitting at a desk that has seen better days. There are ink stains on it. It is very untidy and covered with a large number of pieces of paper and torn envelopes.

A waste paper basket at the side is overflowing and there is a large ash tray on the desk full of cigar and cigarette stubs.

One of the two men sitting opposite each other to the sides of the desk is JOSEPH. He is grossly overweight. His suit is smart but he is bulging out of it. His tie is loose and not drawn up fully to the throat. He is smoking an enormous cigar with the band still on.

The second man is ANTON. He is dark and swarthy, and very Latin in appearance. His hair is sleeked back and shiny. He is wearing a striped suit.

Joseph stubs a chubby finger at a letter in front of him. By the side of it is a photograph of a head shot of Margery.

JOSEPH

I was with Beerbohm last night; it seems she is avidly seeking work as he also has received a letter from her. The trouble is the public are no longer in love with her now - she's yesterday's memory - kaput!

ANTON

(looking thoughtful)

It still doesn't alter the fact that 'ONE': She's a fantastic mezzo soprano, and 'TWO': Maria is now unreliable!

Joseph nods his head in agreement.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Our star is passé - she is continually ill with one thing after the other: Bronchitis - chest problems - pneumonia - colds.

Just think back as to how many times we have had to use her understudy, Yvonne, because Maria is unfit to perform.

JOSEPH

True. Every week is a crisis. All we need is Maria to give one of her perpetual colds to Yvonne we would be completely and utterly up the swanee without even the proverbial bleedin' paddle.

ANTON

Margery Ströhm on the other hand is in good health, a fantastic performer, has great stage presence, and furthermore she is available!

JOSEPH

But what about the public? How will they react to a woman who married a German and stayed the whole war in Germany - not to mention hobnobbing with the Nazi Hierarchy.

ANTON

The war finished two years ago. Currently there is talk of re-arming the Jerries to go to war with the Russian Bear again, together with Britain, Italy, and the USA.

JOSEPH

True - the Russkies are rattling the sabre and World War Three is on the horizon. The enemy of yesterday is the friend of today.

ANTON

And that is my guess as to how it will be with Margery Ströhm.

(beat)

Besides, I gather she is only being ostracised in Wigan - the local press is the main culprit always stirring up her past. To them it helps to sell the local paper, They're like dogs with a bone.

JOSEPH

(raising his voice)

Let's go for it. This is London, not bloody Wigan. It's not the sticks. Maria's contract expires in five weeks time so I suggest we let her go. She's Passé. Keep Yvonne on as the understudy and sign Margery Ströhm up at once.

ANTON

And bill Margery under her maiden name of Booth with a suitable slogan such as "Margery the Knicker Spy" who smuggled secrets to us hidden in her pants - come on Joseph - let's give the kid a break.

JOSEPH

Deal! So knowing how fickle the public are we announce it as a scoop. We have Margery Booth the international Mezzo-soprano - the girl who fooled the Führer.

ANTON

Like it - two 'F's - The girl who 'Fooled the Führer'.

And lay emphasise on her forthcoming divorce - we can exploit that as well.

The two men shake hands. Joseph stubs his cigar out and promptly lights a new one - with the band still on!

Anton picks up the phone and hands it to Joseph.

ANTON (CONT'D)

You call her.

JOSEPH

OK - I'll call her. You - you sack Maria!

113 INT. LONDON THEATRE - EVENING 113

SUPER "LONDON 1947"

Margery is on stage, singing a song from 'The Merry Widow' and the audience are thoroughly enjoying it.

Then Margery hits a particularly high note, and the reaction of the audience is electric.

114 INT. LONDON THEATRE, THE ROYAL BOX - SAME 114

An elegantly attired LADY and GENTLEMAN are sitting, their faces are ecstatic.

GENTLEMAN

Absolutely fantastic, what a performance.

LADY

Wonderful, wonderful... That's Margery Booth...

GENTLEMAN

... From Wigan!

FADE OUT

THE END