

Dark Forces

by

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FADE IN:

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Oxford, 1910

A rowdy party. Boys having a good time drinking, smoking, dancing to music. In a corner, four students are playing cards. Among them, OSWALD RAYNER, 22, youthful, handsome looking.

STUDENT #1

Your shout.

Rayner studies his cards: Seven of Diamonds, Eight of Diamonds, Ten of Spades, Ace of Diamonds, Seven of Clubs.

RAYNER

Diamonds.

STUDENT #1

All right, diamonds are trumps.  
Minimum stake three shillings,  
maximum stake --

STUDENT #2

The rights to your father's  
inheritance!

The boys all laugh as they put their stakes into the centre of the table.

STUDENT #1

Get on with it you cheeky sod.

Student #2 leads with a Jack of Spades. It is the highest card of the round.

Student #3 then leads with a Six of Clubs. Rayner beats it with his Seven of Clubs, but Student #1 beats it with a Ten of Diamonds.

STUDENT #3

That's a funny looking diamond.

Rayner says nothing, he leads the next hand with his Ace of Diamonds. Onlookers mutter judgmentally. Student #1 plays a Nine of Diamonds, Student #2 has no trumps, plays the Nine of Hearts. Student #3 plays the Queen of Diamonds.

RAYNER

Is that more to your liking?

Student #1 smirks confidently as he leads with a Queen of Spades. Student #2 beats it with a King of Spades. Student #3 plays the Jack of Hearts. Rayner cannot win, plays his Seven of Diamonds.

STUDENT #3

How about that? It is to my liking  
after all.

Rayner says nothing.

STUDENT #1

Last hand. Let's see if Oswald can  
win back some pride.

Student #2 leads with the Ten of Hearts. Student #3 beats it  
with the King of Hearts. Rayner, feeling confident, plays  
his Eight of Diamonds.

STUDENT #1

Oh Oswald, it pains me, it really  
does.

Student #1 plays the Jack of Diamonds. The onlookers mutter  
again, it's clear they think Rayner blew it.

STUDENT #1

So I think that makes Harry and me  
the winners. But when your opponent  
leads with an ace trump it was  
never in doubt.

Student #1 and Student #3 collect the winnings from the  
middle of the table.

STUDENT #3

Another game?

RAYNER

Not for me.

STUDENT #1

Smart thinking. Come on then  
Bowden, you can fill in for Rayner.

Rayner leaves the table. A student approaches him, this is  
FELIX YUSUPOV, 23, boyish looks. He is drunk.

YUSUPOV

Well Oswald that was the most  
tragic display of cards I have ever  
seen. What possessed you to play  
that hand?

RAYNER

It was a miscalculation. I thought  
the diamonds would see me through.  
I was wrong.

YUSUPOV

You play that game like a  
frightened child. You need some  
wine in you! Calm the nerves and  
make the bold moves!

RAYNER

Thank you Felix, but I would rather  
keep my inhibitions today.

YUSUPOV

Oh where's the fun in you? We are graduates of the finest university in the world. We are the pioneers, the greats. My friend we are the ones to make history.

Yusupov sloshes his drink over Rayner.

RAYNER

Right now Felix you are the one making a bloody mess.

YUSUPOV

Listen to me, Oswald. One day we will have a choice to become great men, or be the men who look up to the great men. But today, that choice is a long way away, so you might as well drink.

RAYNER

All right. Just one.

YUSUPOV

Ha ha!

(pours him a drink)

There you are my friend.

The two take a drink.

RAYNER

What will you do after this?

YUSUPOV

I will go back to Russia.

RAYNER

Have you got something prepared?

YUSUPOV

Ha! When I return I shall be the richest man in the empire! My brother, may God rest his soul, my brother's death was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. It is sad, yes, but it is my right to claim my family's fortune. So when I go home I do not need to prepare anything except a guest room for you. You must come to St Petersburg and stay with me. Promise me Oswald, promise me you'll stay.

RAYNER

Of course. But not right away. I intend to find work first.

YUSUPOV

Where is the fun in work?

RAYNER

I must work, Felix. Something in law perhaps.

YUSUPOV

Oh Oswald, you bore me!

RAYNER

I'm sorry Felix, but your vision of grandeur and greatness is not mine.

YUSUPOV

Then I will have to live the life for both of us!

(shouts to the room)

To everlasting grandeur!

The boys all cheer and toast the prospect. Yusupov puts his arm around Rayner.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - NIGHT

SUPER: 1916

A soldier peeks over the lip of a shell crater. This is JOHN SCALE, 34, boot polish on his face masks his striking, handsome features. Three more soldiers lie in wait in the crater.

Scale beckons his men to follow him as he crawls out of the crater. A flare goes up, the men freeze. When darkness returns they crawl to the wire maze guarding the German line.

SCALE

Wire cutters.

A soldier hands him a set of heavy pliers. Scale tentatively snips the wire, pausing after each cut, listening.

EXT. GERMAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Scale and his men drop silently into the trench. There is light from a dugout up ahead, and German voices coming from within.

Scale beckons his men to follow quietly. They line up outside the dugout. Scale gives his men a nod before taking out a grenade, pulling the pin, and after three seconds tossing it into the dugout.

The explosion is terrific, cries of wounded Germans pierce the night as Scale and a soldier storm inside.

INT. GERMAN DUGOUT - NIGHT

The dugout has been destroyed, bunks, food, ammunition, all sorts of supplies lie ruined about the place. Three Germans lie dead, another two are wounded.

SCALE

Collins!

The soldier lunges at one of the Germans. They wrestle. The other German tries to help but Scale beats him over the head with a spiked club. Scale then joins the struggle, forcing the German into submission.

SCALE

Time to go.

EXT. GERMAN TRENCH - NIGHT

Scale and the soldier emerge with the wounded German.

SCALE

Withdraw!

The soldiers haul the German over the parapet.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - NIGHT

Scale and his men run blindly through the night, the German being carried on one of the soldier's shoulders. A machine gun fires into the darkness. Scale ignores the hail of bullets zipping past them and powers towards the safety of the British trenches.

EXT. BRITISH WIRE - NIGHT

Scale and his men approach the British trench in complete darkness as the machine gun fire continues. Scale squints to see the silhouette of a British sentry.

SCALE

Private!

SENTRY

Major?!

SCALE

That'll do! No point bothering with the password!

(to raiding party)

On me.

As Scale and his men reach the British line, a flare goes up. The machine gun targets them. Instinctively, Scale and his men rush towards the British trench. As they jump to safety, British rifle fire covers them.

INT. BRITISH DUGOUT - NIGHT

The German is lowered into a chair. Scale stands before him.

SCALE

Search him.

A soldier removes the German's coat and searches through the pockets. He finds the German's paybook and hands it to Scale.

SCALE

36th Infantry Division?

The German nods frantically.

SCALE

Sprechen sie Englisch?

The German nods again.

SCALE

How long have you been in the line?

GERMAN

Two days.

SCALE

Where were you before?

GERMAN

Flers.

SCALE

In the line?

The German shakes his head.

GERMAN

Field camp.

SCALE

Message for Division. 36th Infantry Division moved into the line from Flers camp. Fully operational and well supplied with food and ammunition. Take him to the clearing station, get that leg seen to. Then see he's escorted to HQ for interrogation.

The soldiers carry the prisoner from the dugout. Scale lights a cigarette and collapses onto his bed, exhausted, but uncomfortable. He rolls over and finds a letter on his bed. Confused, he opens it and lies back, it reads, 'Maj. John Scale: Reassigned. Recommended for special duties.'

The letter is signed 'C', in green ink.

INT. BRITISH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The soldier relays the news to an officer.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE - BRITISH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A telegraph operator receives a note from the officer. He taps the message through the telegraph machine in code.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE, LONDON - DAY

A SUITED MAN collects a stack of documents and stows them in his briefcase. He exits the office.

EXT. 2 WHITEHALL COURT - DAY

The man enters the building. This is the headquarters of Milc. On the door there is a plaque reading '2 Whitehall Court'.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE - MILC LONDON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The suited man arrives in the office. Rows of telegraph machines and their operators are working. The man heads to one of the operators. Sets his briefcase down and pulls out the documents.

SUITED MAN  
Frontline reports as of this  
morning.

The operator takes the top report and starts tapping at his telegraph machine.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE - PETROGRAD - DAY

Almost identical to the London cypher offices, only the men are wearing Russian uniforms. One man is in a suit, Oswald Rayner, 28, dashing.

Rayner is handed a stack of encrypted messages. He takes the first one and begins decoding it on a piece of paper.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rayner is still decrypting messages. He pauses, rubs his bleary eyes, before starting on the next message.

The message reads, '36th Division. Fully fitted at Flers. Two days at the front.'

Rayner translates the message on his typewriter. When he finishes, he takes the sheet to a stern Russian Intelligence Officer sits. Rayner hands him the sheet.

RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER  
The 36th Division?



RAYNER

That's what the message said.

RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Sascha!

Another Russian comes over. They converse in hushed voices.

RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Thank you Sascha. Mr Rayner. The 36th Division was reported as being in action in the East eight days ago. It was destroyed. You expect me to believe it is now at full strength and as we speak holding the line in France?

RAYNER

That is the report I received. You know this is not the first time the Germans have pulled a trick like this.

RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Perhaps. But I will make a note of it all the same. Continue with your work.

Rayner heads back. He looks at his watch, then looks around, expectant.

As he sits down, a Russian soldier dumps another pile of messages on his desk.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

More for you, Mr Rayner.

RAYNER

Looks like it's going to be a late one then.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Where is Mr Alley? Is it not his shift?

RAYNER

Late. Again.

EXT. PETROGRAD BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A squalid alleyway, clearly a dodgy part of town. One man hovers in a doorway smoking a cigarette. Another man strides past, this man is STEPHEN ALLEY. 40, slick-backed black hair, moustache, courageous/determined looking face.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Alley hovers in the shadows at the end of the alleyway, alert to every movement and disturbance.

He looks around, checking behind him that he hasn't been followed.

On the other side of the road is a house. Alley checks his surroundings again before crossing the road towards it.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Alley climbs over a wall and drops silently into the garden. He looks up at the top window and sees a light is on.

He approaches the back door. He tries to open it but it's locked. Looking around the garden, he spots an axe next to chopped firewood. Seizing the axe, he wedges it into the gap between the door and the frame, leaning against it to force it in.

Alley looks up at the room for any sign of disturbance. All calm.

Alley steadies himself, then tugs the axe to wrench the door free. After a few attempts, a big enough wedge is created to loosen the door from the frame. As quietly as he can, Alley holds the door ajar and creeps inside.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Alley stealthily makes his way through the house. Upstairs, the sound of people in coitus can be heard, Alley looks up at the ceiling, unimpressed.

He pokes through belongings, he's clearly looking for something. Whatever it is, it's nowhere to be found.

He pulls out a revolver, checks it's loaded, and cocks it.

Slowly, he makes his way up to the second floor, carefully placing his feet on the stairs, sensitive of creaking floorboards.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Alley edges towards a closed door, light spills into the hall around the edges. A woman's laughter comes from the room.

Alley steels himself and bursts into the room, revolver poised.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He finds two interrupted lovers, shocked at his presence. Alley trains the gun on the man.

ALLEY  
(in Russian)  
Downstairs.

Alley pockets the revolver and walks out. The man jumps out of bed and hurriedly throws on garments, leaving the woman terrified and confused.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Alley stands in the living room. He lights a cigarette and watches the man every step of the way as he joins him.

ALLEY

She's new.

The man nods.

ALLEY

So?

The man says nothing.

ALLEY

You were supposed to check in Pavlov. Not make me slope halfway across the city to give you a dressing down.

Alley takes another look at the man.

ALLEY

So to speak.

Beat.

ALLEY

Where is it?

The man shuffles to a kitchen in the corner. He opens a cupboard which contains a strongbox. He pulls it out, sets it down and opens it.

Inside the strongbox there is seemingly nothing except a loaf of bread.

Pavlov lifts the bread, under it is a folded sheet of paper. He hands it to Alley.

Alley pulls out his lighter and waves it beneath the paper. Russian writing, written in invisible ink, is revealed. Alley studies it.

ALLEY

New arrival?

Pavlov nods.

ALLEY

Well, we'd better keep an eye on him. Any idea what he looks like?

Pavlov shakes his head.

ALLEY

I'm sure Fritz will put you two together. When you make contact let me know. And be sure to do it this time. I don't want to remind you again Pavlov. I'll not be impressed if I have to pay you another visit like this, nor I daresay will your lady upstairs.

Pavlov nods vigorously.

ALLEY

I'll see myself out.

Alley turns on his heel and heads out of the front door. Pavlov watches him leave. Intimidated, he hurries to the door and locks it. He turns to head back upstairs. As he does, he notices the damaged back door.

INT. MI1C HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DAWN

A hotel room. Rayner lies asleep beside a dying fire. Alley walks in, waking Rayner up.

RAYNER

Where were you last night?

ALLEY

Out.

RAYNER

I gathered. When I noticed you weren't in the office to relieve me I assumed you were out.

ALLEY

I was conducting a little disciplinary action.

RAYNER

And that took all night?

ALLEY

Of course not, but I other things to do as well. Anything new on the wires?

RAYNER

Same as usual. Russia has no men, no supplies, no hope.

ALLEY

As I thought. So it wasn't a wasted evening after all.

RAYNER

Not for you.

ALLEY

Did Sam ask after me?

RAYNER

He wasn't impressed that you didn't check in.

ALLEY

Of course he was. What did he say?

RAYNER

He said, quite rightly, it was improper of a British officer to be gallivanting around without informing his commander.

ALLEY

He calls it gallivanting, I call it carrying out C's orders.

RAYNER

C's orders were to assist and support Russian intelligence operations.

ALLEY

More than one way to skin a cat.

RAYNER

Clearly, though if you could take a shift on the cyphers today I'd be grateful.

ALLEY

Well it won't be this morning. I only came by to pick up some money. Got a contact who's playing hard ball, but their information is worth a pretty penny, or rather two hundred roubles.

Alley goes to a drawer, pulls out a wad of cash and takes a portion.

ALLEY

If Sam asks why I haven't provided a morning report, tell him it's because I'm technically still on the graveyard shift.

RAYNER

Very well. When do you think you'll be --

Alley has already left. Rayner slumps back in his chair.

EXT. 2 WHITEHALL COURT - DAY

Scale approaches the building, passing the plaque reading '2 Whitehall Court'.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

People bustle around as Scale sits reading a newspaper article about pro-British members of the Russian Duma being expelled by the Tsarina.

A SECRETARY comes up to him.

SECRETARY

Mr Scale?

SCALE

Yes?

SECRETARY

If you would like to follow me.

The Secretary heads off down a corridor, Scale follows.

INT. C'S OFFICE - DAY

A desk occupied by stacks of documents and a newspaper. The man at the desk is C, Head of MILC. Late 50s, clean shaven, wears a monocle. He is writing a letter, it reads 'My dear David, it is of great importance that we discuss the present situation in Russia.'

He signs it with a 'C' in green ink.

C writes the letter on top of another document, though only the top of the page is visible. It reads, 'New York. Stories of pro-German court spreading. Rasputin...'

There is a knock at the door.

C

Yes?

The Secretary enters with Scale.

C

Ah Joan, thank you.

(hands her the letter)

Could you see this is delivered to the War Office?

SECRETARY

Yes sir.

The Secretary leaves. Scale stands before C.

C

Hello again John. How have you been since I last saw you?

SCALE

Very well, thank you sir. Although if I'm honest, I'm a little surprised to be back here.

C

Oh?

SCALE

I got the impression I didn't fit the mould.

C smiles. He takes a paper knife and stabs himself in the leg, revealing that it is wooden. Scale does not react.

C

You didn't flinch in your interview either. That to me says you are suitable.

SCALE

Suitable? For what, sir?

C

Suitable for a specialist position. From now on you will be waging a very different war to your comrades at the front. You do not exist in their war, and they will never know of yours. Is that clear?

SCALE

Yes sir.

C

I'm sending you to Petrograd, attached to the office under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Hoare. You'll be responsible for decoding and interpreting military communications, and advising Colonel Hoare accordingly.

SCALE

I'm passing on my experience then sir?

C

If you want to put it like that.

Scale looks uneasy, C notices.

C

Something wrong?

SCALE

How long do you expect me to be performing these duties sir?

C

Why? Somewhere more important to be?

SCALE

Well, the front, sir.

C

I'm sure your attachment to your men is strong, but you are one of my officers now. You have skills which can be put to better use, for the time being, away from the action.

SCALE

Yes sir. It just might take a little while to adjust.

C

Of course. Though I'm sure your work will take your mind off it. As will this...

C pulls out a number of documents and hands them to Scale.

C

See these are delivered to the British Embassy in Petrograd. The ambassador will be expecting you.

C pulls out more documents. These are specially sealed with a 'Top Secret' label. Hands them to Scale.

C

For Colonel Hoare.

The phone rings. C answers.

C

Hello?... Yes?... When?...  
Excellent... I'll see him this afternoon. Thank you.

He hangs up.

C

Well, that's everything, report to the Quartermaster for equipment and travel documents.

SCALE

Yes sir.

Scale stands and heads for the door.

C

And John...



Scale turns.

C

Welcome to the new war.

INT. OFFICE OF SIR DAVID LLOYD GEORGE - DAY

A well furnished War Office room. C occupies an armchair. Stood by a drinks cabinet is DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. 50s, moustached, smartly dressed. After pouring out two glasses of whisky, he joins C in an armchair.

LLOYD GEORGE

So what is it you wished to discuss regarding Russia?

C pulls a telegram from his pocket.

C

I received this from the head of the Petrograd office yesterday.

He hands it to Lloyd George, who reads it.

LLOYD GEORGE

Russia will never fight through another winter?

C

The Tsar's decision to command the army has not had the desired effect, and it has not gone unnoticed by the people. They now hold him personally responsible for their losses. Their tolerance won't last forever.

LLOYD GEORGE

I am sure Russia's commitment to the war would remain strong were it not for the interference of... Certain individuals.

C

You've seen the papers then?

LLOYD GEORGE

The people may tire of the Tsar using bodies of men to block the road to Russia, but they resent the Tsarina's meddling in politics even more. If she pushes the Duma too far they will desert her, as will the citizens.

C

As I see it Russia faces a choice.  
It must choose to either accept the  
humiliation of defeat and attempt  
to restore its domestic policy...

LLOYD GEORGE

Or?

C

Or it struggles on and is engulfed  
in total annihilation. And therein  
lies the problem.

LLOYD GEORGE

Problem?

C

Yes problem. Specifically our  
problem.

LLOYD GEORGE

I'm afraid I don't follow.

C

The only reason Russia continues to  
fight is the will of the Romanovs.  
For now at least they have enough  
popular support to continue. But  
the way things are going it will  
not last. Then there is the  
complication of Rasputin.

LLOYD GEORGE

Ah yes, the ignominious mystic.

C

The puppetmaster. He has counselled  
the Tsar for years to pull out of  
the war. With the power he  
commands, and the situation as  
bleak as it is, he may finally  
succeed.

Lloyd George contemplates this.

C

We need Russia in this war,  
minister. The Somme campaign has  
been far more costly than we  
expected. Should Russia make peace  
with the Kaiser, we will be  
outnumbered, outgunned, and almost  
certainly overwhelmed.

LLOYD GEORGE

Good Lord.

C

Russia's situation is delicately poised. But that could change at any moment. We need to buy some time. We manage that, we may stand a chance.

LLOYD GEORGE

So what do you propose?

C

Seize the chance.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DAY

Starving civilians mass outside a bakery. The SHOPKEEPER is struggling to maintain order. Scale, who is walking by, observes the scene.

SHOPKEEPER

I am sorry! But I have nothing I can give you. The supply trains have been commandeered to move men to the front. Any bread I make is confiscated by military police and sent to the soldiers. All I have left is a few stale loaves to feed my family.

The crowd is growing unruly and aggressive.

Within the crowd, there is a MAN: young, black hair, athletic. He looks noticeably in better condition than those around him. He is moving from person to person, spreading rumours.

SHOPKEEPER

There is nothing here for you! I am sorry! Now please leave, you are scaring my children.

The crowd does not leave. The Man whispers something to a small group. They try and charge into the shop, but are wrestled back.

SHOPKEEPER

Stop! Stop! If you continue the police will remove you with force.

Within the crowd, the Man has attracted some attention.

MAN

Look at what the Tsar's war has done to you. He and his family live in splendour, gorging themselves whilst you starve and your husbands and sons die. And what do they die for? To protect the empire?

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)  
Or to satisfy the greed of Bloody  
Nicholas?

More people are paying attention now, even the shopkeeper.  
Scale hovers on the periphery.

MAN  
Peace, my friends, peace! That is  
what we all want. All except the  
Tsar. If we can restore peace then  
your loved ones can come home! The  
only way to succeed is to force the  
Tsar to accept peace, and that can  
only be achieved through disorder.  
On behalf of those at the front I  
beg you to loot, riot and protest!

The crowd doesn't know how to react.

MAN  
Do what you can to make the Tsar  
see that the war no longer serves a  
purpose! If we all stand together  
against his fruitless cause he  
cannot ignore us, and will be  
forced to end hostilities with  
Germany. If we succeed, we shall be  
gathering around the table to  
welcome our brave men home,  
toasting their safe return and  
savouring the food of a fine  
banquet that will mark the start of  
a new era of Russia. An era of  
peace and prosperity, where --

The police arrive, putting an end to the demonstration. The  
crowd scatters in panic. The Man seems to melt away. Scale  
navigates his way through the fleeing crowd.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

A functional yet elegant room. A RECEPTIONIST, 30s,  
attractive, sits behind the desk. Scale approaches.

RECEPTIONIST  
Yes?

SCALE  
The ambassador is expecting me.  
John Scale.

RECEPTIONIST  
Mr Scale... Yes, if you want to go  
straight through, the ambassador's  
office the first on the left.

SCALE  
Thank you.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Scale stands outside and reads the sign on the door: Sir George Buchanan.

Scale knocks.

BUCHANAN (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. GEORGE BUCHANAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sat at a desk is GEORGE BUCHANAN, the British Ambassador to Russia. Early 60s, slim, large moustache, receding hairline. Smartly dressed.

BUCHANAN

You must be the envoy from London.

SCALE

John Scale.

BUCHANAN

Yes, I have been told who you are.  
Please, sit down.

SCALE

Thank you. If you have been told  
who I am I assume you have also  
been told of the nature of my work?

BUCHANAN

Tea?

SCALE

If possible. I'm surprised you can  
get tea out here.

BUCHANAN

Well the British government  
recognises the need to maintain  
diplomatic relations with the  
Russians. Tea, therefore is of  
utmost importance in ensuring we  
are at our most politically astute.

SCALE

I see.

BUCHANAN

I believe you have something for  
me?

Scale hands him the Foreign Office documents. Buchanan  
inspects them.

BUCHANAN

Hmm... Everything looks in order.

Beat.

BUCHANAN

Mr Scale, I hope you are aware of the fragile nature of our presence here. We may be on the same side as the Russians, but recent events have placed great strain on our relationship. Since the Tsarina expelled our closest allies from the Duma I've been placed in an almost impossible position. In the past I've had good relations with the Tsar and his government, but now my efforts are devoted to upholding a productive and beneficial alliance with the Tsarina's stooges. My task, now that my suspicions have been confirmed, is to ensure Anglo-Russian relations continue to exist for the benefit of both nations against our common enemy. Therefore, I must impress upon you that if you get into trouble here, the embassy can only assist as far as our relationship with Russia allows. And that is far from an insurance policy.

SCALE

If you don't mind me saying, my presence here is merely routine. I am not looking to cause trouble, I daresay the same could be said for my colleagues. But if it will put your mind at rest, my job is not that different from yours. I serve for the mutual benefit of our superiors in London, and our Russian allies.

BUCHANAN

Even so, I do not know what your lot get up to, but I do know that if you and your colleagues cock this up, your lives may depend on me.

Scale gets to his feet.

SCALE

We'd better not cock it up then.

Scale picks up his briefcase and leaves.

BUCHANAN

Easier said than done, Mr Scale.  
Easier said than done.

INT. THE ASTORIA HOTEL RECEPTION - DUSK

A grand hotel reception. Staff, soldiers and dignitaries bustle about.

Scale stands at an empty desk and rings the bell. No one comes. He rings again, still nothing.

ALLEY (O.S.)

You can ring it all you like, none of the staff have much time to answer it these days.

Scale turns to see Alley approaching.

ALLEY

You must be C's man.

SCALE

Yes. John Scale. How did you know?

ALLEY

Man enters wearing a plain suit carrying a briefcase when every man in this building is in uniform, and every man outside is in rags. Wasn't too much of a leap.

SCALE

Well, when you put it like that...

ALLEY

Couldn't have timed it better actually. I was just coming down for a knocking off drink. Care to join me?

SCALE

I ought to report to Colonel Hoare, let him know I've arrived.

ALLEY

I wouldn't worry about reporting to Sam just yet. He's probably still locked in his office typing away. Got the Romanian delegation to thank for that.

Scale stares blankly at Alley, utterly bewildered.

ALLEY

Go and save those seats over there. I'll get us some drinks. I imagine you could use one after such a long trek.

INT. THE ASTORIA HOTEL RESTAURANT - DUSK

Scale and Alley sit at a table in the corner with their drinks. Meanwhile, hotel staff are putting the finishing touches to the room, it is set up for a grand occasion.

ALLEY

You know Romania has finally  
declared war on Germany?

SCALE

That'll make the Russians happy,  
some support at last.

ALLEY

Can't see what good it will do  
though. Germany's strength dwarfs  
Romania's, even when fighting on  
two fronts. Give it a few months  
and the Romanians will realise how  
blindly they walked into this war.  
But then the same could be said of  
everyone involved couldn't it?

SCALE

Could it?

ALLEY

You don't think so?

SCALE

I've seen the war, the real war. To  
say we walked blindly into such  
devastation seems rather insulting.

ALLEY

I don't mean to offend, but in this  
line of work you know more about  
the war than you do risking life  
and limb at the front. Say you want  
to know what the German 40th  
Division is up to. I could tell you  
where they are, where they've come  
from, their strength and their  
supply situation.

SCALE

So could I, but I ask them in  
person.

ALLEY

But you are limited to what you can  
see in front of you. We piece  
together the big picture. When you  
have access to information like  
that, believe me when I say Romania  
isn't ready for what it's got  
itself into.



Scale notices the room is filling with Russian officers.

SCALE

So what is happening tonight? Who are all these men milling about?

ALLEY

A few Cossacks, most of them are rear echelon types, General Staff and such. Some of them are in intelligence, you'll be seeing a lot of them in the cypher's office. But by the looks of it they've all got the evening off for tonight's event.

SCALE

Event?

ALLEY

A Romanian military mission arrives tonight, presumably for a celebration. That's why Sam's likely to be too preoccupied to meet you.

SCALE

Very different to the starving wretches I passed on my way over.

ALLEY

A regular occurrence around here. Funny, isn't it? Russia's empire is so vast it can't transport enough supplies to look after itself. And with the army commandeering so much food the civilians are left with practically nothing.

SCALE

No wonder they protest. There was a chap today, I watched him riling up the crowd. They seemed to like what he had to say.

ALLEY

What was he saying?

SCALE

He called for peace, though he seemed to be encouraging the people to riot. The police arrived before anything could escalate. He got away though.

ALLEY

What did he look like?

SCALE

Short and slight, dark hair cut neatly. Compared to the other men who look like they can't afford a shave he stood out a mile.

ALLEY

You'll need to be wary John. My network alerted me to a new arrival and he doesn't sound familiar.

SCALE

New arrival?

ALLEY

We hear a lot about German spies attempting to undermine the war effort by inciting dissent among civilians. If they can force public action, the Tsar will have to deal with the domestic situation. He can't fight his war if he's an enemy of the people.

SCALE

I see. So you have a network?

ALLEY

My eyes and ears within Jerry's walls. Plus it helps to have information on the general mood of the city.

SCALE

What is the general mood?

ALLEY

You passed it on your way here. Everyone is fed up of starving. They hate the war, they hate the Tsar, and most of all they hate Rasputin.

SCALE

Hmm.

ALLEY

The man is a maniac. But he wields unquestionable power, that is a dangerous combination.

SCALE

That bad?

ALLEY

More than you realise. You've seen the people, what their lives have become.

(MORE)

ALLEY (cont'd)

Compare that to Rasputin, a crazed Siberian peasant who now holds the Romanovs in the palm of his hand. People are convinced that he possesses devilish powers, and that his evil magic is the only explanation for their suffering. Why do you think he is the first man they blame whenever things go wrong?

SCALE

That is quite the indictment. But there is little in the way of hard evidence.

ALLEY

Exactly! And that's what makes Rasputin so clever. He has managed to cheat his way to the top of society, because his closest allies are the Romanovs. To go against Rasputin is to go against the Tsar and Tsarina.

SCALE

From what I saw today, I'd say some of them are quite happy to go against them.

ALLEY

Which is why it is so dangerous for power to lie with Rasputin. Every decision he makes, every time he sways the Tsarina's judgement, he drives the royal family and the subjects further apart. For now at least there is still enough fear to keep the Tsar in power. Notice how when the police show up they don't fight back, they run. But if things continue as they are, one day they won't run, they'll stand. And when that day comes...

Alley mimes having his throat slit.

ALLEY

Anyway, we don't really concern ourselves too much with the woes of the peasants, unless it yields anything useful. The royal court is our best source of information.

SCALE

How so?

ALLEY

Russians are sticklers for stature. We have men who come from the right backgrounds, move in the right circles. The courtiers are the ones to best gauge the general attitude of society. They don't like sharing their rulers with Rasputin.

SCALE

News from the front, opinions from within the court and out on the street --

ALLEY

Now you understand why I say we are better informed.

Alley looks around to see the room is filling with Russian officers.

ALLEY

Looks like the delegation's arriving, we ought to leave them to it. Hopefully we'll be able to prize Sam away from his desk, and Oswald should be finishing soon too.

SCALE

Oswald?

ALLEY

The other man in the office.

The officers stand to attention as a party of generals and Romanian officers and dignitaries arrive.

ALLEY

Come on, we'd better head upstairs before the vodka starts flowing.

As Scale and Alley depart, a general leads the room in a toast. There is a single salute to the Tsar.

INT. MILC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DUSK

Hotel rooms of the Astoria. Large, open plan, a table in one corner, armchairs and sofas surround a fireplace.

Doors leading to bedrooms in the corners. Rayner sits in one of the armchairs dozing when Alley and Scale enter.

ALLEY

That room is free.

SCALE

Thank you.

Scale heads to the room with his bags. Alley walks over to Rayner and nudges him.

ALLEY

Wake up. Oswald, wake up.

Rayner stirs.

RAYNER

Hmm?

ALLEY

C's new man is here.

RAYNER

Where?

Alley nods towards the room.

ALLEY

In there.

Scale emerges with his briefcase which he sets down on the table.

SCALE

Hello there, sorry if I woke you.

RAYNER

No, no, it's fine. Hello.

ALLEY

John Scale, Oswald Rayner.

Scale and Rayner shake hands.

ALLEY

Is Sam about?

RAYNER

Not yet.

ALLEY

We'll have to wait then.

(to Scale)

Oswald is our man in the court.

RAYNER

By a fluke of circumstance. Don't let Stephen exaggerate, I spend my waking hours at the cyphers.

ALLEY

And keep company with one of the richest men in Russia.

RAYNER

I suppose.

ALLEY  
Speaking of which, did you see him  
today?

RAYNER  
I managed to call at the palace  
before I had to be in the office.

ALLEY  
What did he say?

Rayner's about to say when in walks SAMUEL HOARE. Mid-30s,  
slim, stern face, neat black hair. A pompous figure.

Alley shakes his head at Rayner. He stands to greet Hoare.  
Scale and Rayner follow suit.

ALLEY  
Good evening, sir.

HOARE  
Good evening.

Hoare does not notice Scale, preoccupied with laying out  
documents taken from his briefcase.

ALLEY  
This is C's new man sir.

Scale steps forward.

SCALE  
John Scale, sir.

Hoare looks up and finally notices Scale.

HOARE  
Oh I'm sorry, hello Scale.

Scale and Hoare shake hands.

SCALE  
I hope my arrival hasn't  
inconvenienced you. You look rather  
busy.

HOARE  
Not to worry. It's often like this,  
I'm afraid. Always plenty to do.

Alley rolls his eyes behind Hoare. Scale pulls out the  
documents from his briefcase.

SCALE  
In that case sir, I don't know if  
you were made aware but these were  
to be delivered to you personally.

Hoare takes the documents and sits at the table, reading. Scale is left standing, taken aback. He looks to Alley and Rayner. Alley shrugs.

HOARE

Gentlemen, could you all gather round for a moment.

Alley, Rayner and Scale join Hoare at the table.

HOARE

We have new orders.

Hoare lays out a photo of Rasputin.

HOARE

Father Grigori Rasputin, advisor to the Tsarina and now a person of interest to Whitehall. From now on any discussion involving this POI will be done using the codename 'Dark Forces', is that clear?

The men all nod.

HOARE

Whitehall has grown increasingly concerned by Dark Forces' extensive political influence and outspoken stance against the war.

SCALE

A hazard to the Allied cause?

HOARE

Precisely. A few days ago our New York office sent reports of American newspapers claiming Dark Forces is conspiring with the Tsarina to pull Russia out of the war. They're suspected of liaising with German intelligence operatives here in Petrograd to enter into negotiations. Should they succeed, it wouldn't take long for all German units currently engaged in the east to be redeployed to France.

ALLEY

And our troops will be unable to repel them.

Scale gives Alley a disapproving look.

HOARE

Our primary objective is to investigate these stories and establish whether there is any credibility to these claims. We need to know if Dark Forces is acting on behalf of German agents or under the instruction of German handlers. Upon achieving that, secondary instructions are to identify potential targets for sabotage, and apprehend the POI.

ALLEY

I'll pass the word on.

HOARE

Any questions?

RAYNER

Have the Russians made any inquiries of their own?

HOARE

If the Okhrana are interested in Dark Forces they are keeping it to themselves.

ALLEY

Any orders regarding the Tsar or Tsarina?

HOARE

No, but if it is possible to investigate their relationship with Dark Forces then do so. Though any action must be taken with utmost care. Britain needs Russia in the war, and Mr Buchanan has made it clear to me on more than one occasion the difficulty of his position. If we are compromised, it would almost certainly prevent any political strategy if it came to negotiating to keep Russia in the fight.

ALLEY

Not to worry sir. Mr Buchanan's diplomacy is our veil. As long as he does his job, no reason why anyone should know about ours.

HOARE

I shall want constant updates on proceedings. C will expect regular reports.

Rayner and Scale nod, Alley just grins.



HOARE

Good. Alright thank you gentlemen.  
If you'll excuse me.

Hoare leaves them.

ALLEY

So Oswald, what happened at the  
palace? John...

Alley beckons Scale to sit with him and Rayner by the fire.

RAYNER

Felix seems frustrated --

SCALE

I'm sorry. Felix?

RAYNER

Felix Yusupov, an old friend.

SCALE

Right.

RAYNER

Felix reads the news. Like the rest  
of the court he is angered by the  
close bond between the Tsarina and  
Dark Forces.

ALLEY

We need to find out if he's heard  
the same rumours the Americans  
have. If he has, we might be able  
to find a source.

SCALE

You believe the rumours are  
genuine?

ALLEY

I do.

RAYNER

Felix leaves for the Crimea  
tomorrow for a month. But when he  
returns I'm sure there will be a  
moment to raise the topic in  
conversation.

ALLEY

Perfect. See what you can get out  
of him and we'll go from there.  
Until then we need to be on the  
alert for any suspicious activity.

Alley checks his watch.

ALLEY

I suggest we head back down to the restaurant. The formalities should have ceased by now, there's probably a few on the General Staff who have hit the madeira harder than they should. They may be persuaded to divulge more than they ought to.

SCALE

Doesn't sound very proper.

ALLEY

Not even slightly.

INT. THE ASTORIA HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Alley leads Rayner and Scale into the restaurant. Russian officers are milling about talking, smoking and drinking.

ALLEY

Split up. See what you can find out.

Alley heads off into the crowd. Rayner and Scale stick together.

SCALE

I'm not sure what we'll be able to get from this.

RAYNER

It's worth a try, I suppose.

Scale and Rayner start wandering through the crowd. Scale spots a figure in the corner with a pen and pad, taking notes. He is not dressed like the others.

SCALE

Is that?... I don't believe it.

RAYNER

What?

SCALE

Come with me.

Scale leads Rayner towards the man. He is ROBERT WILTON. Late 40s, moustached, short hair.

SCALE

Robert?

WILTON

John! What on earth are you doing here?

The two share a friendly handshake.

SCALE

Ah government business. What about you?

WILTON

Still with The Times. Tonight seemed a good chance for a rousing piece on the new alliance.

SCALE

Of course. Robert this is Oswald Rayner, a colleague of mine.

(to Rayner)

Robert and I briefly worked together in London.

WILTON

How do you do?

Rayner and Wilton shake hands.

RAYNER

Are you having a profitable evening?

WILTON

I suppose. The occasion is enough for the morning edition, but it is not exactly front page worthy. Nothing is around here.

SCALE

No?

WILTON

No, it seems all I send back to London these days is articles on the domestic unrest and military setbacks.

RAYNER

What do you say in these articles?

WILTON

Nothing that hasn't been said a thousand times before. Sometimes the discontent generates so much gossip the articles practically write themselves.

He checks his watch.

WILTON

But alas deadlines always seem to loom before one has the chance to write them. If you'll excuse me, I ought to be heading off. We must catch up properly John. I'll write to you to arrange something.

SCALE

I look forward to it. Goodnight  
Robert, good to see you again.

WILTON

And you John. Goodnight to you  
both.

Wilton leaves them.

RAYNER

I wonder if the gossip he mentioned  
has anything to do with Dark  
Forces.

SCALE

I'm sure it's a possibility. When  
he writes I'll ask to meet him  
somewhere and put it to him.

RAYNER

Stephen will be pleased.

SCALE

I'm sure.

Scale and Rayner head back through the crowd.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Scale sits on a park bench, waiting. People wander past  
until Wilton arrives. He sits beside Scale.

SCALE

Robert, thanks for coming.

WILTON

Not at all John. I just hope  
whatever you wanted to ask is worth  
braving the cold for.

SCALE

Hopefully it is. I wanted to ask  
about the gossip you talked about  
at the reception last week.

WILTON

Yes?

SCALE

I wondered if you could elaborate.

WILTON

There's not much to elaborate on,  
John. I'm sure you've seen enough  
by now to draw your own  
conclusions.

SCALE

Even so, I'm interested to hear it.

WILTON

For the most part it's nothing more than fantastic musings. Butchery conducted by the Tsar, the corruption in the Duma, scapegoats to blame for the lack of food. It's all the same.

SCALE

What about Rasputin?

WILTON

Plenty on him too. Hardly surprising.

SCALE

Come on Robert, you know what I mean. The stories of Rasputin and the Tsarina. Their pro-German court. A man in your profession must have heard about it.

WILTON

Of course. But they're just rumours. It's barely worth mentioning.

SCALE

If that were true, why are papers in America printing them as if they are genuine? Because if the rumours are true, The Times really dropped the ball on this one.

WILTON

I didn't dispatch anything on the matter because even if I did believe what I heard, I have no evidence to prove it. There is nothing as far as I can tell that confirms the story, just speculation. Clearly that seems good enough for American papers. But we conduct ourselves with rather more integrity than that!

SCALE

Can you think of anything that might suggest the rumours are genuine?

Wilton thinks for a moment.

WILTON

We covered a story last year, Lieutenant Colonel Sergei Miasoedov, accused of espionage on behalf of Germany. He was found guilty and executed. I wrote an article arguing Germany's military successes last winter were possible because of the information Miasoedov supplied. Harsh security measures were implemented in the wake of Miasoedov's execution, and his associates were suspected of being part of his network. Back in April, Vladimir Sukhomlinov was arrested.

SCALE

The Minister for War?

WILTON

The very same. He's been under scrutiny for years. Rightly so, he's a blundering fool when it comes to policy. But he was an affiliate of Miasoedov. The police investigation found he'd deposited millions into the Deutsche Bank in Berlin.

SCALE

I don't see what this has to do with --

WILTON

Two months ago, Sukhomlinov was released from prison and placed under house arrest. It was the Tsarina who granted his release. But what's interesting is that Sukhomlinov and his wife are close to Rasputin. You can bet he counselled the Tsarina to effect his friend's release.

SCALE

So Rasputin and the Tsarina intervene to pardon a friend who not only was an associate of a convicted spy, but has himself been imprisoned for espionage activities.

WILTON

Suspicious, isn't it?

SCALE

Very.

WILTON

The problem is there is nothing concrete proving Rasputin is involved in whatever Sukhomlinov and Miasoedov were. For all we know, Rasputin has done Sukhomlinov a favour and has probably enjoyed the sexual favours of his wife for his trouble. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if that was his motive in the first place.

SCALE

You're sure there is nothing more than just an old friendship?

WILTON

There might be. But I haven't found anything. If Rasputin is working for the Germans he's doing a good job of keeping his hands clean. As for Sukhomlinov, the shady company he kept ruined him, and in many ways it's put Russia's security at risk. I doubt you'll find much more of a link between them.

Scale ponders this.

WILTON

There is one more thing you might be interested in.

SCALE

What's that?

WILTON

Supposedly when Miasoedov was executed, he confessed to his crimes, saying only the triumph of Germany could save the autocracy of Russia. What's to stop others sharing that belief? In the time I've been in Petrograd I've seen the Tsar stand stubbornly in the way of reform. I've watched the Tsarina appoint ministers not fit to hold office, and we've all heard of Rasputin's doings. All three tarnish the dignity of the monarchy, and after years of war, it is becoming harder to be loyal to both the Tsar and Russia. For those still desperately loyal to the Tsar, perhaps betraying one's country is the only way to preserve its ruler. Or alternatively, perhaps betraying one's country is the only way to protect oneself?

SCALE

Of course! Rasputin needs the Romanovs and he knows that. Through his relationship with Sukhomlinov he can make contact with the right people to initiate a sabotage operation. With Russia out of the war, the Tsar can return to focusing on preserving his dynasty, ensuring the security of Rasputin's position alongside the royal family.

WILTON

It's a compelling theory John, but you still lack proof.

SCALE

But it's a start. Rasputin has a motive for spying for Germany, the connections to accused agents and the protection of the royal family. There must be some hard evidence proving he acted on those opportunities.

WILTON

If there is, be sure to tell me once you've cracked it. I'd like at least one scoop to my name before the war's over.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - DUSK

An extravagant room, furnished with all the luxuries that the wealthiest man in Russia would inherit. Sat on one of the sofas drinking madeira is Felix Yusupov, now 29 though still young looking.

The butler, BYZHINSKI, enters. Ageing, dignified and wearing an immaculate suit and tails.

BYZHINSKI

Mr Rayner to see you, Your Highness.

YUSUPOV

Show him in please, Byzhinski.

Byzhinski nods courteously and shows Rayner into the room. Yusupov stands as Rayner enters.

YUSUPOV

Oswald!

RAYNER

Hello again, Felix.

Yusupov pulls Rayner into a hug.



YUSUPOV

May I offer you a drink?

RAYNER

Something to keep out that winter cold wouldn't go amiss.

Byzhinski automatically starts pouring drinks.

YUSUPOV

So my friend, how have you been since I saw you last?

RAYNER

It's been a rather mundane month. We had a new man arrive in the office. He seems to have settled well. He came from the front.

YUSUPOV

A hero! I would like to meet him.

RAYNER

I thought you might. If your eagerness qualifies as an invitation I'm sure he would accompany me.

YUSUPOV

Has he told you much of the war in France?

RAYNER

The boys are making progress, but Fritz is making them pay for every yard of ground. Not that dissimilar to Russia's situation it would seem.

YUSUPOV

With Britain and France fighting hard in the west, and our gallant struggle in the east, the Germans are slowly crumbling under the pressure of our combined efforts. All we need now is the final blow.

RAYNER

We've been saying that for some time Felix. Perhaps a new strategy would work?

YUSUPOV

Nonsense. As I see it our strength lies in having the courage to break out and press the advantage we took during Brusilov's attacks in the summer.

(MORE)

YUSUPOV (cont'd)

If our men can break the line in the south, we can push through to Austria-Hungary with support from Romania. With them defeated we can encircle the Kaiser.

RAYNER

I admire your optimism, but if you'll forgive me I've heard conflicting stories of Russia's present situation.

YUSUPOV

That is just Bolshevik propaganda.

RAYNER

You're not worried that there may be some truth behind what they're saying?

YUSUPOV

Not at all. These radicals want only to turn the people against the Tsar for their own treacherous ambitions.

RAYNER

I'm sure the Bolsheviks would argue the Tsar is equally guilty of that.

YUSUPOV

The Tsar works tirelessly to serve the interests of his people and lead his army. If there is hostility towards him, it is Rasputin's meddling that has caused it. He is the guilty one.

Rayner opens his mouth to say something, but hesitates.

RAYNER

How's the hospital wing doing?

YUSUPOV

It has been well received. Everyday they bring in more wounded. I am sorry to say many are beyond help.

RAYNER

Better than nothing I suppose. And I'm sure they're being treated better than the civilians.

YUSUPOV

We have Protopopov to thank for that!

(MORE)

YUSUPOV (cont'd)  
My blood boils at the thought of  
that fool holding office only  
because of the dark company he  
keeps.

Byzhinski enters.

BYZHINSKI  
Excuse me, Your Highness, but the  
princess wishes to speak to you.

YUSUPOV  
Can it not wait?

RAYNER  
Oh no, please don't put her off on  
my account.

YUSUPOV  
Very well.

INT. MOIKA PALACE RECEPTION HALL - DUSK

Yusupov and Rayner stand at the door. Byzhinski brings  
Rayner's hat and coat.

RAYNER  
Thank you.

Rayner puts on his hat and coat.

RAYNER  
I'm sure I'll see you again soon  
Felix, and give my best to Irina.

YUSUPOV  
Of course.

The two shake hands. Rayner heads out into the courtyard.

EXT. MOIKA PALACE COURTYARD - DUSK

Rayner walks through the courtyard to the gates. He looks  
behind him to make sure the doors are closed before kicking  
the snow, frustrated at missing his opportunity.

INT. MIIC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DUSK

Rayner enters and throws his coat moodily onto one of the  
armchairs. He doesn't see Scale at the desk, writing.

SCALE  
Everything all right, Oswald?

Rayner jumps.

RAYNER

Oh, John, didn't see you there.  
Everything's fine, I just bottled  
the chance to quiz Felix tonight.

SCALE

Ah. Well never mind, there'll be  
other opportunities.

RAYNER

I suppose. What are you writing?

SCALE

Just a letter to an old friend at  
the front.

RAYNER

Want to know how your men are  
doing?

SCALE

Somehow I still feel I have a duty  
of care towards them. I need to  
know they're all right.

RAYNER

I understand. Are you on tonight?

SCALE

I'm going to finish this then head  
down to the office. Hopefully it  
will be quiet tonight.

Alley bursts in.

ALLEY

Come with me.

RAYNER

I'm sorry?

ALLEY

I need you to come with me now.

SCALE

I can't. I'm at the cyphers  
tonight.

ALLEY

Never mind that. I need you to  
come.

SCALE

I have orders.

ALLEY

And now I'm telling you this  
instead.

SCALE

I'm sorry Stephen. I won't  
spontaneously disregard my duties.

ALLEY

Fine. Oswald, get your coat.

Alley storms out of the room. Rayner hesitates for a moment,  
then picks up his coat and follows.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DUSK

Alley walks briskly. Rayner struggles to keep up.

ALLEY

How'd it go with Felix?

RAYNER

Not well.

ALLEY

Why not?

RAYNER

I had a chance to question him  
about the rumours, but for whatever  
reason I couldn't do it.

ALLEY

Well that's no good.

RAYNER

But I'll see him again soon, I will  
ask him then, I'm sure.

ALLEY

Hope so. You're no bloody use to  
anyone if you can't.

RAYNER

I know. Stephen, where are we  
going?

ALLEY

I have an appointment, but I need  
someone with me. I'll explain  
later.

Alley peels off the street into an alleyway. Rayner follows.

EXT. PETROGRAD BACK ALLEY - DUSK

Alley strides down the darkened alleyway, Rayner following  
nervously behind.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DUSK

Alley walks out onto the street. Rayner is about to  
follow...

ALLEY

Get back!

Alley turns around and bundles Rayner back into the alleyway. They hover in the shadows, looking across the street.

RAYNER

What is it?

ALLEY

Wait.

They watch Pavlov's house across the street. A car pulls up outside. The Man from the demonstration climbs out of the passenger seat. He is wearing a large trench coat with the collar pulled up. The car pulls away as the Man knocks on the door. Pavlov lets him in.

ALLEY

Looks like we have some time to kill. You stay here, keep an eye on that house.

RAYNER

Where are you going?

ALLEY

I'm going to the other end, stop people coming down here.

Alley heads off. Rayner stands in the shadows, his focus solely on the house.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Rayner continues to monitor the house. He rubs his tired eyes. He doesn't hear Alley approach behind him.

ALLEY

Anything?

Rayner jumps.

RAYNER

No, nothing.

ALLEY

It must be important if it's taking this long.

The front door opens and the Man steps out. Pavlov watches him leave as the Man starts up the street. As he walks, a car pulls up beside him. The Man climbs in and the car takes off.

ALLEY

Let's give it a minute.

Alley looks around to make sure the coast is clear.

ALLEY  
All right, let's go.

Alley emerges onto the street and crosses the road, Rayner follows.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Alley knocks at the door. Pavlov opens it immediately.

PAVLOV  
Come in.

Alley heads inside, followed by Rayner.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

A different woman to the one Alley burst in on, MAYA, is cooking in the corner.

PAVLOV  
Maya, go upstairs.

Maya exits.

PAVLOV  
Please...

Pavlov invites Alley and Rayner to sit at the dining table.

ALLEY  
You get through them fast Pavlov.  
Is it your aim to sleep with every  
woman in Petrograd before the war  
is over?

Pavlov says nothing.

ALLEY  
Who was that man earlier?

PAVLOV  
The new arrival. My handlers  
arranged the meeting.

ALLEY  
I couldn't catch a glimpse of him.  
What does he look like?

PAVLOV  
Black hair. Brown eyes. No older  
than twenty five. But he is  
confident. Unlike the other agents  
Germany sends into Petrograd he  
seems able to handle himself. He's  
already started building a network.

ALLEY

Did you get all that?

RAYNER

I think so.

ALLEY

Good.

(to Pavlov)

Did he tell you anything that suggests a mission or target?

PAVLOV

He issued me with orders to spread stories that would help damage morale.

RAYNER

What sort of stories?

PAVLOV

Anything to make people stop believing in the war.

ALLEY

Any reference to Dark Forces?

Pavlov shakes his head.

ALLEY

Damn. All right Pavlov, keep me updated as to his movements and any instructions he gives you. I'll get London to fabricate some stories for you. Contact me at the first mention of Dark Forces.

Pavlov nods. Alley gives him a stern look to ensure Pavlov's got the message. He then stands and heads for the door.

ALLEY

I'll be in touch soon Pavlov,  
goodnight.

Alley heads out of the front door. Rayner follows.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - NIGHT

Alley and Rayner walk through a deserted street.

ALLEY

Well that was both informative and annoying.

RAYNER

I'm sure, but why did you need me?



ALLEY

We're hunting spies Oswald. If he kills me you're the only one who's got an accurate description of him. Pavlov can't kill him without blowing his cover. Think of it as reinforcement.

Rayner doesn't respond, he just stares up the street. Alley sees he's uncomfortable.

ALLEY

It's all part of the job Oswald. That's why we all carry these.

Alley opens his coat to reveal a holstered Webley revolver.

ALLEY

Anyway, the Germans are remarkably lazy when it comes to their operatives. Poorly trained and poorly prepared. We should have no trouble taking down some youth who's armed with nothing more than a pathetic devotion to the Kaiser. Fancy a drink when we get in?

Alley strides on, leaving a daunted Rayner to hurry after him.

INT. MIIC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DAY

Hoare is sat writing a letter when Scale enters.

SCALE

Morning sir.

HOARE

Hello Scale. Are you just getting in?

SCALE

Yes sir. Busy night at the cyphers.

HOARE

Anything to report?

SCALE

We've reached the Ancre heights. Combat reports were coming in all night.

HOARE

Splendid. Is your old unit involved?

SCALE

I don't know sir. I haven't had any mail for some time.

HOARE

I see. What else?

SCALE

The Germans attacked in the east.  
The Romanians are falling back.

HOARE

Shame. They were doing so well.

SCALE

But they didn't anticipate a  
counteroffensive of such magnitude.

HOARE

I suppose not. What about your  
correspondence with Mr Wilton? Any  
progress?

SCALE

It's been months and we're no  
closer to a breakthrough than when  
I first arrived. We talk regularly,  
but now more in hope than  
expectation of new leads.

HOARE

Well we mustn't give up.

SCALE

Of course not sir.

Scale heads to his room. He puffs his cheeks and sighs  
deeply, tired of his seemingly futile routine.

EXT. MOIKA PALACE - DAY

Ordinary day outside the palace, people go about their  
business.

YUSUPOV (O.S.)

What?!

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

A heated argument. Rayner stands off against Yusupov.

RAYNER

You can't deny the thought has  
crossed your mind Felix.

YUSUPOV

Oswald I cannot believe you would  
even suggest such a thing!

RAYNER

Come on Felix! You read the papers,  
hear the rumours at court.

YUSUPOV

Lies propagated by her enemies!

RAYNER

Felix! Look me in the eye and tell me you don't believe the Tsarina is a traitor.

YUSUPOV

My Queen is a pawn of Rasputin! He is your traitor!

RAYNER

My thoughts exactly, but I need proof. I need to know the source of these rumours you've heard.

YUSUPOV

I don't know Oswald. Gossip plagues the court. It's always the same nonsense --

RAYNER

Like what?

YUSUPOV

You know. Scandalous affairs, money troubles --

RAYNER

Collaboration?

YUSUPOV

Enough!

RAYNER

Stories of a pro-German conspiracy within the court. You must have heard something Felix.

YUSUPOV

All right! Yes, I have heard of that. But I refuse to believe it.

RAYNER

Why not? It's plausible. Peace would alleviate radical pressure, restore domestic order. The Tsarina could protect her --

YUSUPOV

The Tsarina has nothing to do with it!

RAYNER

What does it matter to you if you don't believe it to be true?

YUSUPOV

I... It cannot be true. The Tsarina  
would never go against her country.

RAYNER

She is German.

YUSUPOV

And Empress of Russia!

RAYNER

Her closest friend wants peace.

YUSUPOV

By committing treason?!

RAYNER

Would you be surprised if Rasputin  
betrayed his country to save his  
skin?

YUSUPOV

Of course not. But still... It's  
outrageous.

RAYNER

Nevertheless. These stories must  
have a source. Think! Who could it  
have been?

YUSUPOV

I do not know.

RAYNER

Who?

YUSUPOV

Enough!

Rayner, surprised by this outburst, backs down.

YUSUPOV

I do not wish to defend myself in  
my own house, and do not wish to  
quarrel with a friend.

Byzhinski enters.

BYZHINSKI

Excuse me, Your Highness, Mr  
Purishkevich is on the telephone  
for you.

YUSUPOV

Very well.

Yusupov heads for the door.

YUSUPOV

Pour Mr Rayner another drink, then  
see him out.

Rayner and Yusupov stare at each other before Yusupov storms out. Byzhinski pours Rayner a drink, then departs.

Rayner wanders around the room, frustrated. He stops at Felix's desk. A letter sits on it. Curious, Rayner starts to read.

YUSUPOV (V.O.)

My dearest Nicholas. Since we last met I have thought hard about what you said, and I want to put your mind at rest. I know you have your suspicions, and I know they echo the rumours that abound the court, but I assure you that any suggestion of infatuation with Father Grigori is an exaggeration of our closeness. Our conversations are the result of the trust between us, and our meetings have been falsely judged as vulgar and obscene. Our talks are fascinating, Father Grigori is always willing to preach his revelations, though sometimes I confess I do not always share his outlook for Russia. You have always been good to me Nicholas, and now I seek your advice. I hope to see you soon to discuss these matters. Your friend, Felix.

Byzhinski enters with Rayner's hat and coat. His entrance startles Rayner.

RAYNER

Thank you.

Rayner hurriedly takes his hat and coat and departs. Byzhinski notices he has not touched his drink.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A raucous crowd has gathered to protest. Moving amongst them is the Man.

MAN

Millions of men dead already. How  
many more? How much longer?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Alley meets an Informant. Their conversation is inaudible. The informant points to the end of the alleyway and right. Alley hands him a package. The informant heads off.

Alley heads the way the informant pointed. He pulls out a revolver and checks it's loaded before pocketing it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The crowd is growing more passionate about the Man's speech.

MAN

A butcher rules the army, a whore  
rules the government, and the Devil  
rules us all!

The crowd hisses and jeers angrily as Alley emerges into the street, he clocks the Man.

MAN

Ever since that peasant took over,  
we have been led from bad to worse.  
And why? Because he is a traitor!  
Rasputin has been feeding secrets  
to the Germans for years! He must  
face the justice of the people. He  
must pay for his crimes!

Alley starts making his way through the baying crowd. His focus solely on the Man.

MAN

Germany is not the enemy anymore.  
The Tsar is your foe for as long as  
he stands in our way. He has had  
his chance. Now is the time to  
force him to listen to our demands  
for peace. And we shall riot until  
he listens.

Alley closes in on the Man. He reaches into his pocket...

MAN

Join me now, my friends! Show the  
Tsar what we can do and what we  
will continue to do until he  
listens!

The demonstration turns violent. Shop windows are smashed, effigies of the Tsar and Tsarina are brought forward. They are kicked, beaten and spat on by the crowd before being hanged in a mock execution. The dummies are then set alight.

Amidst the chaos, Alley reaches the Man, revolver drawn. The Man spots Alley and starts to barge through the crowd to flee. Alley gives chase.

The police arrive on horseback, but the rioters stand their ground. The Man is blocked by protesting civilians, Alley pounces on him. They grapple. The Man grabs the revolver.

ALLEY

You're coming with me.

MAN

You'll be mobbed the moment you  
try.

Alley struggles to release the revolver. As they fight, the gun goes off sending panic through the crowd, many of whom scarper.

The mounted police start to split up the crowd. In the chaos, Alley and the Man are knocked apart, Alley falls to the ground. Seizing the opportunity, the Man flees. He's long gone by the time Alley recovers. Alley curses his luck.

INT. MIIC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DUSK

Scale and Rayner sit by the fire playing chess. Scale is winning.

RAYNER

Clearly my Prussians are no match  
for the finest men of the Punjabi  
Regiment.

SCALE

Ah you underestimate yourself  
Kaiser. Although let's see how you  
react to... This.

Scale moves his Knight to check Rayner's King.

SCALE

Check.

Rayner ponders over the board.

RAYNER

Somewhere along the line I must  
have made a miscalculation.

SCALE

Like opening a second front.

The men chuckle.

RAYNER

Let's give that a go.

Rayner moves his Rook to cover the Knight.

SCALE

And now to close the trap.

Scale brings up his Queen, it's checkmate. Rayner grins.

RAYNER

Well played.

SCALE  
Thank you. Classic pincer movement,  
never fails.

Alley hurries in.

ALLEY  
(to Rayner)  
Come with me.

This time Rayner does not question it. He fetches his coat.

SCALE  
What's this?

ALLEY  
We've got an appointment.

Scale makes to join them.

ALLEY  
No, no. No need for you to come  
John, two of us is satisfactory.

SCALE  
I ought to come.

ALLEY  
It's not exactly official.

Scale stands.

SCALE  
I thought that was all part of the  
job?

ALLEY  
If you insist. Who knows, maybe  
you'll enjoy yourself.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Alley, Rayner and Scale head down a narrow street, clearly a rough part of town.

ALLEY  
This is it.

Alley leads them over to a row of houses. Approaching one, he knocks on the door. A large man opens the way for them. Alley enters, followed by Rayner and Scale.

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

There is a wild party with peasants laughing and drinking. Gypsy men play instruments and sing whilst women dance with abandon. Prostitutes linger around the bar. Some lead men through beaded curtains down a corridor in the corner of the room.



ALLEY  
Remember, we're here for  
information.

A Prostitute comes over to them.

PROSTITUTE  
You boys looking for some company?

Alley nominates Scale by placing his hand on Scale's  
shoulder.

ALLEY  
My friend here.

Scale looks uncertainly at Alley, who reciprocates with a  
nod. The Prostitute smiles seductively as she takes Scale's  
hand and leads him through the beads down the corridor.

RAYNER  
You have a very cruel sense of  
humour.

ALLEY  
What?

RAYNER  
I heard you, back at the Astoria,  
'you might even enjoy yourself'. I  
hope you have a good reason for  
this.

ALLEY  
So do I. Come on.

Alley and Rayner approach the bar. Sat on one of the  
barstools is ANNA: 20s, beautiful, wearing a cheap dress.

ALLEY  
(whispers in her ear)  
Time for a quick one?

Anna jumps with surprise.

ANNA  
I was starting to wonder if you'd  
forgotten me.

ALLEY  
Not a chance. I got held up.

Alley pulls Rayner forward.

ALLEY  
Anna this is a friend of mine,  
wondered if he could get in on the  
action.

Anna looks at Rayner, who stands grinning, trying to be confident.

ALLEY

Is there a room free?

Anna leads Alley and Rayner from the bar through the curtains.

INT. BROTHEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Anna leads Alley and Rayner towards her room. The sounds from behind closed doors ring in Rayner's ears. A door opens and a satisfied customer walks out and passes them, tightening his belt around his tunic.

Outside a door, Anna opens it and invites Alley and Rayner inside.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A simple room. Just a bed and a few candles on a table.

Anna sits on the bed. Alley stands beside her. Rayner hovers, uncertain, by the door.

ALLEY

Well?

ANNA

You know the rules. Pay first.

Alley takes out a wad of cash and hands it over.

ALLEY

So?

ANNA

We have new orders. The girls are to try and get close to officers on the staff. They have tried to recruit people to place inside the office but haven't found anyone yet.

ALLEY

Debriefs the same?

ANNA

My handler asks for reports, I tell him about supplies coming into the docks or which regiments are resting in the barracks. Would be good information if it wasn't all made up.

ALLEY

And the Germans haven't gotten suspicious?

ANNA

Why would they? All their agents report to you so we know what we have to feed them, and if all the reports sound the same there's no reason they would think we were lying.

Alley turns to Rayner.

ALLEY

Oswald? Anything you'd like to add?

RAYNER

Any mention of Dark Forces, Miss?

ANNA

Not that I know.

RAYNER

Not even an implication? Or a codename?

ANNA

The whole network works for the British. We know everyone that the Germans know. Anyone new that we report to, we know their handlers and their informers. The Germans have no secrets.

ALLEY

Blast. All right then. Oswald, could you wait outside. I have something to discuss with Anna privately.

Rayner nods and exits.

INT. BROTHEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Rayner steps into the corridor, carefully shutting the door behind him. Further up the corridor a door opens, and out walks a shadowed figure, RASPUTIN. Rayner stands, stunned. Rasputin heads up the corridor and out into the bar.

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Rayner emerges back into the party. He looks around for Rasputin, but the monk has vanished. Rayner spots Scale sat at the bar, he goes to join him.

SCALE

You know, when we were behind the lines in France we were told not to say anything because we couldn't know who we were talking to. I never thought I'd be the one to be wary of.

Beat.

SCALE

I suppose I ought to be thankful  
there's little chance of tonight  
being mentioned in dispatches.

Scale drinks heavily. Alley storms up behind them, visibly annoyed.

ALLEY

We're leaving.

Alley heads for the exit.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Alley marches up the street, Rayner and Scale in tow.

RAYNER

What's happened? Something wrong?

ALLEY

Our man's dead.

RAYNER

Pavlov?

ALLEY

No, the bloody German.

SCALE

That's good, one less to worry  
about.

ALLEY

And now we will never be able to  
question him on Dark Forces' link  
to his spymasters.

SCALE

Oh.

ALLEY

I had him. I bloody had him at the  
square.

RAYNER

Don't let it get to you. There's no  
guarantee he would have provided  
anything useful. You heard what  
that Anna girl said, Dark Forces  
hasn't been mentioned.

ALLEY

Another breakthrough to shout  
about. This damn investigation,  
it's just one dead end after  
another.

Alley charges up the street in a foul mood. Rayner and Scale keep their distance.

INT. MI1C HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - NIGHT

Hoare waits expectantly in the room as Alley bursts in. Rayner and Scale follow.

HOARE

Ah, gentlemen, I've been waiting for you. I want a progress report.

Alley snorts.

ALLEY

What progress?

HOARE

I would expect that after two months of enquiry you would have made some progress.

ALLEY

You would think.

HOARE

I do not care for your tone, Alley. I want to know how the investigation is going.

ALLEY

We have nothing. Everything we have tried has failed.

SCALE

It seems the rumours relating to Dark Forces are solely that. Evidence of credibility or a definite source has been untraceable.

HOARE

So what were you all doing tonight?

ALLEY

Wasting my time.

RAYNER

We were meeting a contact who might have provided information from within the German network. But it was unsuccessful.

HOARE

What about the court?

RAYNER

Felix has been most insistent on the matter. He does not know. Nor it seems does anyone.

HOARE

I see.

RAYNER

Although...

HOARE

Yes?

RAYNER

Felix has been seeking the advice of a friend on his relationship with Dark Forces. It seems they are closer than he originally let on.

HOARE

Is there a lead we can pursue?

RAYNER

I'm not sure. As I see it he has not been close with Dark Forces for some time, and he was so passionate in his denial that I think he is telling the truth.

HOARE

Very well gentlemen, I am sensing we are going around in circles. I will inform Whitehall in the morning and await their orders. In the meantime, I think it's best to increase monitoring of the cyphers and see if it yields anything. Goodnight all.

Hoare goes into his room. As does Scale, and Alley grumpily departs. Rayner is left alone. He sits by the fire, staring into the flames, thinking.

After a few moments, Rayner jumps out of the chair, goes to the table and starts writing a letter.

INT. THE ASTORIA HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Rayner walks into an empty reception hall. Only the CONCIERGE is present. Rayner approaches the desk clutching the letter.

CONCIERGE

Can I help you, sir?

RAYNER

Could you add this to the outgoing mail?

He hands it over.

CONCIERGE

Of course sir. I'll see it is sent  
with the morning post.

RAYNER

Thank you. Goodnight.

CONCIERGE

Goodnight sir.

Rayner heads back the way he entered the reception with a purposeful stride.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Alley, Rayner and Scale work away at the cyphers. Alley is clearly frustrated, Scale quietly goes about his work. Rayner is stuck in the middle.

ALLEY

This is ridiculous. Everyone's dug  
in for the winter, there is no  
traffic worth reporting.

SCALE

Any intelligence is useful  
intelligence, even if it is  
seemingly mundane.

ALLEY

Mundane or not nothing about German  
turnip shipments is going to lead  
us to Dark Forces' arrest.

SCALE

We've had our instructions, we just  
have to get on with it.

They carry on in silence.

INT. MI1C HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DUSK

Alley, Rayner and Scale trudge back into the office, worn out. There is a letter on the table. Alley picks it up.

ALLEY

Oswald. For you.

Alley hands Rayner the letter, he tears it open and reads.

RAYNER

It's from the palace, Felix is away  
until the start of December. Until  
then we've no other leads, so we'll  
be at the cyphers for at least  
another week.

ALLEY

Perfect.

Alley disappears into his room. Scale and Rayner collapse into the armchairs.

RAYNER

You know John I've been thinking.  
What if we could use the telegraph  
traffic to search for leads.

SCALE

How?

RAYNER

We receive reports from all fronts  
everyday. We also receive  
intelligence dossiers. What if we  
issued a directive to our networks  
in France and Belgium?

SCALE

I don't see what that would --

RAYNER

Every scrap of intelligence we  
gather is fed to our other  
agencies. It stands to reason the  
Germans do the same. If Dark Forces  
sent reports to any senior  
authority, those reports would be  
relayed to other staff. We could  
send instructions to our agents  
over there to search for leaks in  
France and Belgium and see if they  
can be traced back to Russia. If  
they can we might come up with a  
name, or better still conclusive  
proof of collusion.

SCALE

It's an interesting theory, if a  
little improbable.

RAYNER

But it's worth making the effort,  
surely?

SCALE

I think it's something you need to  
discuss with Sam.

INT. MI1C HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - NIGHT

Hoare is sat at the table writing. Rayner stands before him.

RAYNER

Would it be possible sir?



HOARE

I can make some enquiries to Whitehall, but it is unlikely they will pursue the matter.

RAYNER

Why not?

HOARE

They'll be all tied up taking stock of the Somme. I doubt they'll spare the time or manpower to chase a scheme that is fanciful at best.

RAYNER

But --

HOARE

That will be all, Rayner.

RAYNER

Sir.

Rayner leaves. Hoare gets back to his writing. It reads, 'After all the suffering that has befallen this nation, what is to be the end of it all?'

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Yusupov, Rayner, Scale and Alley sit on the sofas.

RAYNER

How was your trip?

YUSUPOV

Scenic. At Moscow station we saw fresh recruits boarding trains to replace the wounded who were being unloaded at the next platform. All of them disfigured. Seeing what men can do to each other, one is both inspired and revolted.

SCALE

Inspired? That's a curious choice of word.

YUSUPOV

Is it? The proof is everywhere. Look at the propaganda posters in the streets driving the factory workers to produce more shells. You can see it in the smiles of the recruits marching off to slaughter in the name of duty, it is even clear in the mangled wretches lying in my hospital beds.

SCALE

I don't understand.

YUSUPOV

The medical treatments keeping those men alive, the dressings on their wounds, the prosthetics allowing them to walk, you do not consider those acts of inspiration? War is a nasty business, but it drove a few gifted souls to pioneer practices that have spared many men a stretcher ride from my beds to the graveyard. So you see Mr Scale, inspiration. Although I suggest we move on to a more civilised topic of conversation. I seem to have offended you.

SCALE

No, please, I am not offended. Although it is hard to see the inspiration in war when you are fighting in the middle of it.

RAYNER

I don't suppose you have heard any more rumours since I saw you last?

YUSUPOV

I have. But I have nothing new to say on the matter. The talk in the Crimea is the same as the talk in Petrograd, and I daresay it is the same in Moscow. But being so far away the rumours are more vague and more wild, so naturally everyone believes them.

ALLEY

And you haven't heard a name? Someone who started the rumours?

YUSUPOV

I have already discussed this with Oswald.

Rayner shakes his head at Alley.

RAYNER

How is your wife? Did she have a pleasant trip?

YUSUPOV

She is well. Irina was pleased to escape Petrograd. It has been a trying time for her.

RAYNER

Oh?

YUSUPOV

Rasputin. He has taken a liking to her and she fears he wants to spend time with her... Privately.

SCALE

Good Lord, how vulgar.

YUSUPOV

It is a disgrace! He wants to take advantage of my wife the way he takes advantage of countless others who go to him for penance.

ALLEY

What do you mean by countless others? As in members of the court have sought his company... In that way?

YUSUPOV

We all hear about what he does for the Tsaraevich, some are convinced of his divinity so they seek his help. Rasputin obliges, but in return the individual must sacrifice themselves to him.

RAYNER

Like you did.

A moment of stunned silence.

YUSUPOV

What?

RAYNER

I saw your letter Felix, to Nicholas. I know you went south seeking his advice.

Yusupov looks at Rayner and gives him a wry smile. He knows he's snookered.

ALLEY

What is your relationship with Rasputin?

YUSUPOV

When he first came to Petrograd, he arrived with a reputation. Stories of how the Virgin Mary blessed him with his healing powers, it was like our saviour had revealed himself to us.

(MORE)

YUSUPOV (cont'd)

Crowds gathered to see him,  
besieging his house in wonder.  
Rasputin's power was a gateway to  
greatness. I was young and  
enthralled as much as any ambitious  
politician, disenchanted clergyman  
or unsatisfied wife.

RAYNER

What did you do?

YUSUPOV

We would meet. Talk as friends do.  
I visited his house often. There  
was a time when I went everyday. We  
became very close and he came to  
trust me, and I trusted him.

ALLEY

So where does this Nicholas fit in?  
Who is he?

YUSUPOV

Nicholas Mikhailovich, the Grand  
Duke. He's a good friend.

RAYNER

But he was suspicious of your  
relationship with Rasputin?

YUSUPOV

As I said, those who fraternise  
with Rasputin sacrifice themselves  
for the pleasure of his company.  
Nicholas, like many others,  
believed I was prostituting myself  
for nothing more than indulging the  
desires of a madman. As you saw in  
the letter, our relationship was  
nothing of the sort.

ALLEY

So why did you need his advice?

YUSUPOV

The more time I spent with  
Rasputin, the more I came to see  
him for what he really was: a  
brute, a beast who takes a perverse  
delight in his servitude to the  
devil. Others awoke from their  
stupor as well. Some wanted him  
exiled back to Siberia, but he had  
become too powerful. His enemies  
were imprisoned or exiled. With the  
Romanovs at his side there was no  
questioning his power.

(MORE)

YUSUPOV (cont'd)

Now after years of war, more and more people are seeing the threat Rasputin has posed all this time. But --

ALLEY

But no one is prepared to act.

RAYNER

The trouble is, Felix, none of this gets us closer to proving his connections to Germany.

YUSUPOV

That is no longer important. The rumours alone are enough to anger the people, whether or not they are true.

ALLEY

The British government still believes it to be important.

YUSUPOV

Rasputin has done too much damage to the empire. It has become clear that the only option is to remove him from power.

SCALE

He is too close to the Romanovs. Imprisonment or exile, you just said it.

YUSUPOV

Nevertheless, for the sake of Russia and its people it is what must be done. But I need help.

RAYNER

Why not ask Nicholas?

YUSUPOV

He is in exile, but I have his support, and I intend to reach out to others who I know have reached the same conclusion. I also reach out to you.

(to Rayner)

Oswald. You are one of my oldest friends. In war and peace we are allies, I ask you to honour that alliance.

Rayner shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

RAYNER

I understand what you are saying Felix, but this puts us in a very difficult situation. May you grant us some time to consider our position before we give you an answer?

YUSUPOV

Very well. I expected as much.

RAYNER

Thank you. We shall not keep you waiting long.

YUSUPOV

I hope not.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - NIGHT

Snow falls on the dimly lit street. Scale, Rayner and Alley wrap up to try and fight off the cold.

SCALE

I wasn't ready for that.

ALLEY

Never mind that now. Whatever Felix is planning could be critical for us. I'll send a telegram directly to C. He'll want to know all that we've heard tonight.

SCALE

What about Sam?

ALLEY

Sam's barely a field officer. It's best we keep him out of it. At any rate, with his connections to the aristocracy I'm sure he has already heard the news. No, for now it is best if we carry on as normal.

SCALE

Whatever that means.

INT. MILC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DAY

Hoare is sat at his table, writing. The letter reads, 'Each and every calamity or inconvenience, in the public's mind, is due to Dark Forces.'

INT. DUMA CHAMBER - DAY

Politicians sit listening to a passionate speech by VLADIMIR PURISHKEVICH, late 40s, bald, thick beard, wearing glasses. Well dressed.

He is mid-speech.

PURISHKEVICH

Evil comes from those dark forces  
and influences that have forced the  
accession to high posts of people  
incapable to occupy. From the  
influences that are headed by  
Rasputin.

INT. C'S OFFICE - DAY

Purishkevich's speech continues over the action.

C is reading a document intently. He calls for his  
secretary. He says something urgent to her. She leaves.

PURISHKEVICH (V.O.)

Over the years of the war I have  
assumed our domestic quarrels be  
forgotten. Now I have violated that  
prohibition in order to place at  
the feet of the throne the thoughts  
of the Russian masses. Then there  
is the bitter taste of resentment  
from the Russian front. One man is  
responsible for this.

INT. OFFICE OF SIR DAVID LLOYD GEORGE - DAY

C and Lloyd George are in deep discussion. Eventually, they  
seem to come to a conclusion.

PURISHKEVICH (V.O.)

Rasputin's influence is clear.  
Within these walls the Empress has  
been cajoled into conducting a  
ministerial leapfrog, leaving the  
country's government in disarray  
and the people's voice more  
suppressed than ever before.

INT. C'S OFFICE - DAY

C is sat, waiting. His secretary hurries in with a document.  
She presents it to C. C reads it closely before signing at  
the bottom of the page in green ink 'C'. The signature  
coincides with the end of Purishkevich's speech.

PURISHKEVICH (V.O.)

If you are truly loyal, then on  
your feet you ministers. Be off to  
Headquarters and throw yourselves  
at the feet of the Tsar. Have the  
courage to tell him the unbridled  
wrath of the mass horde grows, and  
a drunken fiend shall govern Russia  
no longer!

INT. DUMA CHAMBER - DAY

Members of the crowd roar and cheer. Mass applause. Watching in the background is Yusupov. As Purishkevich steps down, Yusupov approaches him. They talk in inaudible whispers.

INT. MILC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DAY

A welcomed break. Rayner and Scale are relaxing in armchairs.

RAYNER

So what was India like?

SCALE

Picturesque. When I was stationed with the Punjabis, we would venture into this little town for a drink when we were off duty. There was this fabulous place, I forget its name, but it was a favourite of most of the men. The drinks were exotic and the women were sprightly and if you sat outside you had the most tremendous view of the tea plantations, with the hills just beyond them. And in the evening when the sun starts setting over the peaks, everything is so serene. It is so peaceful I tell you even the animals stop to take in the view. I remember once, the locals challenged my platoon to a cricket match. England versus India. They had a fellow, terrific fast bowler, got both our openers out for a duck and took me for fourteen. Fortunately my second in command was quite the batsman. He had a superb innings which helped us steal a victory. We celebrated into the night with cigarettes and tea from the plantation.

RAYNER

Must feel like a lifetime ago now.

SCALE

Not quite. Although it's been some years since I was in India, life at the front makes it feel very recent. I have never felt time move more quickly than on the frontline.

RAYNER

Quickly?



SCALE

Time flies when you are that much  
closer to death.

As Rayner ponders this, Alley walks in. He's carrying two  
envelopes and a pamphlet.

RAYNER

Ah Stephen, John's been telling me  
about his time with the colonials.

ALLEY

Really? I've always toyed with the  
idea of visiting India, would've  
gone in '14, but the war somewhat  
scuppered those plans.

Scale spots what Alley is holding.

SCALE

What have you got there?

ALLEY

Well this...

Holds up the pamphlet.

ALLEY

Some chap thrust it into my hand in  
the street on my way back. I  
noticed others were doing the same.  
Hundreds of these flyers littered  
the ground, all saying the same  
thing.

RAYNER

Which was?

ALLEY

A quote. Actually no, a transcript  
of a speech given in the Duma.  
Quite strong stuff.

SCALE

What does it say?

ALLEY

Couple of venomous things about  
Dark Forces, unsurprising really.  
Although it sounds more credible,  
probably explains why people have  
taken to the streets to spread the  
word.

RAYNER

Do we know who delivered the  
speech?

Alley examines the pamphlet.

ALLEY

Doesn't say.

RAYNER

Whoever it is, I'm sure they've caught Felix's attention.

SCALE

What about those?

Scale points to the other letters.

ALLEY

An envoy from London delivered them to me. One for me, one for you.

Alley hands a letter to Scale, he opens it and reads.

SCALE

Good Lord!

RAYNER

What?

SCALE

Do you know Sir John Griffiths?

RAYNER

I can't say we're acquainted, but I've heard the name.

SCALE

He's a friend of mine, and he's written to say he's coming to Petrograd, apparently en route to Romania. He's invited me to meet him before he leaves.

ALLEY

Romania? Does he say what he's doing there?

SCALE

He calls it 'government business'.

ALLEY

I think we can infer from that.

RAYNER

(to Alley)

What does yours say?

Alley says nothing.

RAYNER

Stephen?

ALLEY

It's from London. New orders.

SCALE

Why haven't they passed through Sam?

ALLEY

It doesn't matter. Oswald, I need you to contact Felix immediately. We're finally getting somewhere.

INT. OFFICE OF VLADIMIR PURISHKEVICH - DAY

Purishkevich is working at his desk. His SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

There is a man outside asking to see you, Minister.

PURISHKEVICH

Am I expecting him?

SECRETARY

No sir. But he says it is urgent.

Purishkevich groans.

PURISHKEVICH

Very well. Show him in.

Hoare walks in. Purishkevich's attitude spins on a dime.

PURISHKEVICH

Sam! I did not realise it was you! Come in my friend, come in.

HOARE

Thank you, Vladimir.

PURISHKEVICH

Please, sit down.

The two sit at the desk.

HOARE

So, to what do I owe this pleasure my friend?

HOARE

I think you already know the reason for my visit.

PURISHKEVICH

I don't follow.

HOARE

Very well. A few days ago you delivered a speech to the Duma. You openly criticised Rasputin and his association with the royal family.

(MORE)

HOARE (cont'd)

I assume you're aware of the  
Tsarina's attitude towards such  
displays?

Hoare pulls a pamphlet from his pocket.

HOARE

This morning I picked this up from  
the ground on my way over. Your  
speech, printed and circulated  
around the city. Now, in many ways  
your words are no different to the  
posters or the reports in the  
newspapers. But seeing this  
suggests your bold statement of  
patriotism has been interpreted as  
a cry for revolution. I wonder what  
damage this will do for the  
monarchy, or even the aristocracy.

PURISHKEVICH

I intended to make my feelings  
clear. I have done so.

HOARE

At what cost? Surely you must be  
apprehensive of what happens next?

PURISHKEVICH

What happens next? I am not  
worried. I know what happens next.

HOARE

You do?

PURISHKEVICH

Yes. I will not see the work of  
Russia's great dynasties - who have  
built and maintained an empire  
through centuries of toil and  
sacrifice - be undone by some  
filthy peasant masquerading as a  
prophet. Understand this Sam, the  
men who die on the battlefield, the  
women and children who starve, the  
Bolsheviks baying for royal blood,  
Rasputin alone is responsible. That  
is why I said what I did in the  
Duma. People must understand that  
the Tsar is not their enemy.  
Rasputin is, and we cannot stand  
idle any longer.

HOARE

What are you talking about?

PURISHKEVICH

Surely you have heard the talk on the streets? Russia wants to see Rasputin liquidated.

Beat.

HOARE

Ah, and you plan to give the people what they want?

PURISHKEVICH

Not just me. I have been in contact with others for months.

HOARE

Who?

PURISHKEVICH

I cannot say. Not unless you are willing to pledge your support for our cause.

HOARE

Vladimir, I think that would be quite impossible. For one thing the British government cannot place itself in a position that would compromise the integrity of its political alliance with the Tsar. But also, and forgive me for saying it, this all sounds utterly preposterous.

PURISHKEVICH

What?

HOARE

I'm sorry Vladimir, but I have heard so many plots and mutterings of schemes to remove Rasputin that I consider myself numb to the possibility of someone actually going through with it.

PURISHKEVICH

You're mistaken.

HOARE

Oh really? Then let me ask you, how do you intend to do it?

PURISHKEVICH

We are still discussing ideas.

HOARE

I see. And have you considered the consequences of such an act?

(MORE)

HOARE (cont'd)

One could interpret it as treason.  
At the very least murdering the  
Tsarina's closest friend and  
advisor would have consequences  
that are swift and merciless, don't  
for a second think otherwise.

Purishkevich says nothing.

HOARE

As I thought. Now I really mustn't  
take up any more of your time. I'm  
sure you are extremely busy.

Hoare makes to leave.

PURISHKEVICH

I am aware of the consequences.

Hoare turns back.

HOARE

I'm sorry?

PURISHKEVICH

The consequences. I am aware of  
them, as I have been for the last  
ten years. Should this be permitted  
to go on, the consequences are  
clear. Russia will fall to the  
scourge of revolution, its people  
enslaved and its rulers thrown to  
the dogs. Remove Rasputin, and the  
darkness of our time dies with him.  
All of Russia agrees with me.

HOARE

Indeed. And that is why I doubt  
you.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Yusupov is relaxing on a sofa listening to music on a  
gramophone.

Byzhinski enters, accompanied by Rayner, Scale and Alley.

BYZHINSKI

Mr Rayner, Mr Scale and Mr Alley,  
Your Highness.

YUSUPOV

Thank you, Byzhinski.

Byzhinski nods and leaves them.

YUSUPOV

To what do I owe the pleasure,  
gentlemen?

RAYNER

We thought you'd be interested to  
know that we have considered our  
position, and you can be sure to  
count on our support.

YUSUPOV

That is good to hear. I will pass  
the news onto the others, they will  
be anxious to meet you.

ALLEY

Who are they?

YUSUPOV

Aristocrats, soldiers, politicians,  
all loyal to this cause.

Alley doesn't back down.

ALLEY

Who are they?

YUSUPOV

Dmitri Pavlovich.

RAYNER

The Tsar's cousin?

YUSUPOV

The same. There's also Lieutenant  
Sukhotin, he's a good friend and  
willing to help.

ALLEY

Anyone else?

Byzhinski enters carrying a platter with a letter on it.

BYZHINSKI

Telegram for you, Your Highness.

Yusupov takes the letter and tears it open. It is not good  
news.

SCALE

What is it?

YUSUPOV

Vladimir has failed to recruit Mr  
Hoare.

The mention of Hoare's name is a surprise to the officers.

ALLEY

Excuse me?

YUSUPOV

He says Mr Hoare will not be persuaded that our plan is real.

ALLEY

Then he must not think otherwise.

SCALE

But Stephen, now that we're involved we can prove to him that the plan is genuine.

ALLEY

If he is kept in the dark we can use it to our advantage.

SCALE

It is not common practice for officers to operate outside the authority of their commander.

ALLEY

Precisely, so we have the perfect alibi.

SCALE

We shouldn't, Stephen.

ALLEY

But if it absolves us then it makes sense to do so!

SCALE

This is wrong!

ALLEY

I thought you'd accepted it was all part of the job?

Scale is visibly unhappy about these developments.

RAYNER

Who is Vladimir, Felix?

YUSUPOV

Vladimir Purishkevich.

ALLEY

When can we meet him?

YUSUPOV

I shall arrange for you to meet everyone soon. I will write to Oswald with a date.



ALLEY

Very well, but make no mention of your true intentions in the letter in case Sam reads it. Just send an informal invitation.

YUSUPOV

Of course.

SCALE

If there is nothing else, I have a prior engagement.

RAYNER

I do think we ought to be going.

ALLEY

Yes. Hopefully we'll hear from you soon Felix.

Yusupov nods as Rayner, Scale and Alley leave. At the door Alley turns back.

ALLEY

Oh and Felix, understand that if word gets out about our involvement, then I will personally see that the consequences for you are far worse than anything the Tsarina could have in store.

Alley exits, leaving Felix angered at being threatened.

INT. PETROGRAD RESTAURANT - DAY

Scale enters. It is an expensive place, a world away from when Scale first arrived in the city. The MAITRE D' approaches.

MAITRE D'

Table for you sir?

SCALE

I'm dining with a friend, Sir John Griffiths. Is he here?

MAITRE D'

Not yet sir, but I can escort you to his table.

SCALE

Yes, thank you.

MAITRE D'

This way.

Scale is led to a table for two in the middle of the restaurant.

MAITRE D'  
Drink, sir?

SCALE  
Just water, thank you.

The Maitre D' departs. Scale sits awkwardly alone, surrounded by wealthy folk enjoying life.

GRIFFITHS (O.S.)  
Ah ha! There he is!

Scale looks towards the door to see SIR JOHN GRIFFITHS: 45, almost bald, bushy moustache, strong looking with fierce eyes. Scale stands to greet his friend.

SCALE  
Hello Sir John.

GRIFFITHS  
Oh please, we're just meeting for lunch, no need to be so formal John. Relax! We are heroes after all.

SCALE  
I'm not sure I could claim to be a hero.

Griffiths and John sit. The Maitre D' comes back over.

GRIFFITHS  
Nonsense! You just underestimate yourself.  
(to Maitre D')  
Champagne.

The Maitre D' bows and leaves.

SCALE  
So how are you?

GRIFFITHS  
Couldn't be better old boy, couldn't be better. This time last week, I was in London when this fellow approaches me and says 'Sir John, do you fancy a trip to Romania?' and I thought it was a splendid idea. Only trouble is I couldn't get the blasted Rolls Royce over. The Russian trains leave much to be desired.

SCALE  
I'm sure.

The Maitre D' returns with a bottle of champagne.

GRIFFITHS

But we've made good time.

Griffiths gestures to the Maitre D' to pour the champagne for the both of them. Scale puts his hand over his glass.

SCALE

None for me. I'm in the office after this, I'd rather not have a fuzzy head.

GRIFFITHS

Such a model officer, always putting work first. I have never held much belief in such customs. I mean damn it a man should enjoy a drink after several appalling days at sea.

Griffiths takes a swig of his champagne.

GRIFFITHS

And anyway, as long as we get there before the Hun then there's no harm in a little tippie before we start work.

SCALE

We?

GRIFFITHS

I have a few fellows with me. All good men, we served together in France.

SCALE

How's it going over there?

GRIFFITHS

Oh it's a bloody mess. Luckily the French do terrific wine and lots of it.

SCALE

I remember.

GRIFFITHS

Hmm?

SCALE

When we first landed in France, we were billeted in some lovely village. This woman came to the farmhouse we were lodging in, her and her daughter. They were carrying crates full of fantastic wine.

(MORE)

SCALE (cont'd)

Regrettably I forget its name, but we sat and drank merrily, our laughter and singing drowning out the sound of the guns. Everyone was happy because we knew we would be amongst it all very soon. We couldn't wait obviously, being as foolhardy as we were. I had a young private who did a drunken version of the Kaiser inspecting the Prussian Guard.

Beat.

SCALE

I wonder what's happening to him.

GRIFFITHS

What's your work like now?

Scale sighs.

SCALE

The only battles I engage in now are written on pieces of paper.

GRIFFITHS

Come, come now. As an officer you must be used to a bit of paperwork.

SCALE

It's not just that, John. It's the whole nature of the work. Somehow it lacks...

GRIFFITHS

Action?

SCALE

Clarity. All this veiled secrecy and underhandedness, it's not how I was trained to wage war.

GRIFFITHS

Sounds like this line of work doesn't agree with you. You should come with me.

SCALE

You know I'd be there in a shot if I could. Not that it matters, I'm needed here.

GRIFFITHS

Poppycock. I shall see to it.

SCALE

I appreciate your concern. But I have my orders.

GRIFFITHS

Spoken like a true soldier.

SCALE

I should hope so. Nice to know there's still a soldier in me.

GRIFFITHS

Indeed, and I'm sure you can still handle your drink like one.

Griffiths pours Scale a glass of champagne. Scale does not resist. Griffiths holds his glass aloft to toast.

GRIFFITHS

Here's to true soldiering.

Scale gives a weak smile as he clinks his glass against Griffiths'.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Yusupov stands with his fellow conspirators:

Purishkevich, along with GRAND DUKE DMITRI PAVLOVICH, mid 20s, short hair, clean shaven, well dressed. LIEUTENANT SERGEI SUKHOTIN, late 20s, uniformed, smart, and DR STANISLAUS DE LAZOVERT.

YUSUPOV

As soon as Mr Alley, Mr Scale and Mr Rayner arrive, we shall proceed.

PAVLOVICH

Who are these men Felix?

YUSUPOV

Diplomats.

PAVLOVICH

Yes, but who are they? We know nothing about them.

YUSUPOV

They are here to help us.

Pavlovich is unsatisfied. Byzhinski walks in.

BYZHINSKI

Mr Rayner, Mr Alley and Mr Scale, Your Highness.

Byzhinski shows Alley, Rayner and Scale in.

YUSUPOV

Welcome gentlemen. Allow me to introduce you to Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovich, Vladimir Purishkevich, Dr Stanislaus de Lazovert and Lieutenant Sergei Sukhotin.

The men exchange greetings, Pavlovich is visibly unimpressed.

PURISHKEVICH

Gentlemen, if we are to remove Rasputin there cannot be the slightest chance of failure. If he escapes...

Purishkevich cannot bring himself to finish, imagining the consequences.

ALLEY

We need a quiet removal. No fuss.

Purishkevich nods.

YUSUPOV

I've been thinking Vladimir, if there was a way to remove him without killing him?

The conspirators recoil at the proposal.

PAVLOVICH

Felix! What a suggestion!

YUSUPOV

If we kill him then we risk our lives.

PAVLOVICH

We risk our lives and the lives of millions if we do not kill him!

YUSUPOV

What if we were to offer a bribe? Perhaps I could persuade him to abandon the royal court and leave Petrograd forever.

PURISHKEVICH

Think Felix, how are you meant to do that?

Yusupov looks at Rayner.

YUSUPOV

I have had a close relationship with him in the past. He trusts me.

PAVLOVICH

It is out of the question.

YUSUPOV

I disagree. Why plot to kill when we can force him out without the risk of execution?

PAVLOVICH

Your plot sounds like you wouldn't force him out at all. So he leaves, what then? He'll come crawling back. Rats always return to where they are most comfortable.

ALLEY

The man has a point, Felix. Imagine you succeed in bribing him to leave. What's to stop him coming back? Clearly he's not a man of moral integrity. A quick and quiet kill is our best strategy.

PAVLOVICH

Yes!

RAYNER

So how do you intend to kill him quietly?

The conspirators ponder. Sukhotin draws out his combat knife.

SUKHOTIN

I seek an audience with him, and I take my knife. I cut his throat where he stands.

ALLEY

A soldier's plan, obviously. But no, too messy.

RAYNER

What about poison?

PURISHKEVICH

Yes. Yes that could work.

(to Lazovert)

What do you think?

LAZOVERT

A large dose of cyanide would be enough.

PURISHKEVICH

Perfect. Felix could offer him poisoned --

YUSUPOV

Me?

PURISHKEVICH

Yes. You just said you are close with him. He would never suspect.

Yusupov suddenly looks nervous.

ALLEY

Invite him here, for a party. He would never refuse a party.

PAVLOVICH

Yes!

PURISHKEVICH

Could you lace the refreshments?

LAZOVERT

A fatal dose in his food and wine. He would not be able to taste it.

ALLEY

Perfect.

The other conspirators nod in agreement.

SUKHOTIN

How soon could you get the poison?

LAZOVERT

I have a friend who helps treat the wounded from the front, he can get me all sorts. I'm sure he could supply a suitable quantity of cyanide. I will write to him tonight. We should be ready in a few weeks.

PURISHKEVICH

It's settled then. Gentlemen, I want to thank you. The loyalty you show the Tsar and your country does you credit. In times like this, let us pray to God to give us strength to stand up to this test, and have the courage to see it through.

Pavlovich raises his glass.

PAVLOVICH

The Tsar.

RUSSIAN CONSPIRATORS

The Tsar!



INT. MILC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DAY

Hoare is sat at the table, writing, when Scale enters.

SCALE

You wanted to see me, sir?

HOARE

John, yes, I wanted to talk with you privately about your new arrangements.

SCALE

Arrangements? Am I returning to the front?

HOARE

Not quite. I believe you are acquainted with Sir John Griffiths?

SCALE

I am. We know each other well.

HOARE

You saw him when he was bound for Romania, correct?

SCALE

Yes sir.

HOARE

Did he mention what he was doing out there?

SCALE

Just that it was to do with oil.

HOARE

That is the general gist of it. I have a letter here from London. You've been reassigned to Romania to support his work. Sabotage operations. Can't let the oil fields fall into German hands.

SCALE

Certainly not sir.

Hoare studies Scale.

HOARE

I admire your enthusiasm John, but try to maintain some level of dignity. It is still a military operation, not a boy scout's outing.

SCALE

Of course, apologies sir.

HOARE

You'd best get packing. You might  
as well travel light, you'll be  
back here before you know it.

SCALE

Yes sir.

Hoare stands before Scale.

HOARE

Good luck John.

The two shake hands.

SCALE

Thank you sir.

Scale heads for his room, unable to hide his eagerness.

INT. CYPHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Scale arrives in the office carrying a large bag. He heads  
over to Rayner who is working the cyphers.

RAYNER

Hello John. Is it your shift  
already?

SCALE

No.

Rayner sees Scale's bag.

RAYNER

Are you going somewhere?

SCALE

Romania. I'm off to blow up some  
oilfields.

RAYNER

Heavens. Sounds rather lively.

SCALE

More so than playing detective.

RAYNER

Excuse me?

SCALE

I'm a soldier, Oswald. I was posted  
here because I could speak Russian  
and had a head for tactics. But I  
am no sleuth, I've had enough of  
this secrecy. It's a relief to  
emerge from the shadows.

RAYNER

I envy you John. I'm not a soldier yet I'm not sure I belong in the shadows either. I'm here because I'm good at decrypting these messages.

SCALE

You follow orders Oswald, you do your duty. What matters is how you go about it. If you respect the notion of discipline and chain of command, you are a soldier.

Rayner nods understandingly.

SCALE

Duty is the sole concern of the soldier, Oswald. Duty to our comrades, duty to our mission, duty to our country. But we all have a responsibility to perform our duty in the right way. If you lose sight of that, you belong in the shadows.

Beat.

SCALE

Would you care to accompany me to the station?

RAYNER

I really ought to finish these.

SCALE

I understand. What about Stephen? Is he here?

RAYNER

He should be.

Rayner looks around. Alley is nowhere to be seen.

SCALE

Not to worry. Be sure to tell him where I've gone.

RAYNER

Of course.

SCALE

Goodbye Oswald. Good luck.

Rayner stands. The two shake hands.

RAYNER

Thank you John. Good luck to you.

Scale picks up his bag and exits, leaving Rayner standing by the cyphers.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DUSK

Alley and Rayner walk as snow starts to fall. People pass by going about their business.

ALLEY

Did he say when he'd be back?

RAYNER

He didn't. I imagine it would depend on however long it takes to do the job.

ALLEY

Shame.

RAYNER

I got the impression you didn't see eye to eye.

ALLEY

It was tiring, having to tolerate his objections to the nature of this job, but he was a good officer nonetheless. Anyway, what's this all about? What did Felix say to you?

RAYNER

Just that he wanted us to meet him at the palace.

They round a corner and head towards the Moika Palace.

EXT. MOIKA PALACE COURTYARD - DUSK

Alley and Rayner approach the palace doors. Byzhinski is waiting for them.

BYZHINSKI

They are waiting for you sirs.

ALLEY

They?

Byzhinski leads Alley and Rayner inside.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - DUSK

Alley and Rayner enter to find Yusupov, Purishkevich, Pavlovich, Lazovet and Sukhotin waiting for them.

YUSUPOV

Thank you for coming.

RAYNER

Not at all. What's this in aid of?

YUSUPOV

I'm sorry, but Dmitri insisted.

PAVLOVICH

Yes I did!

ALLEY

Is something wrong?

PAVLOVICH

You owe us an explanation.

ALLEY

Do we?

LAZOVERT

I was at the station. You know I work on one of the medical trains. I was awaiting the arrival of one where a colleague was going to supply me with the poisons we require. While I was there I spotted Mr Scale. He was carrying a large bag and wearing a warm coat. He was clearly dressed for a great journey.

PAVLOVICH

One that suggests he is not coming back.

ALLEY

So?

PAVLOVICH

So is there something you wish to say to explain why Mr Scale has suddenly deserted us?

ALLEY

It is no concern of yours.

PAVLOVICH

It is if it threatens the security of every man in this room!

PURISHKEVICH

Calm down Dmitri!

PAVLOVICH

How can we trust these men? We know nothing about them, they offer to support us and now that they know of our plans, one of them abandons us without any explanation of his intentions.

ALLEY

We serve the interests of the British government. That requires us to do as we're told. That should be enough of an explanation for you.

YUSUPOV

There you are Dmitri. Does it not seem as if Britain is as anxious to be rid of Rasputin as we are?

PAVLOVICH

It seems to me that if we do not find out the truth, there is every chance we could be betrayed.

RAYNER

Mr Pavlovich. I understand your concern, but allow me to reassure you that we have offered our support, as men and as ambassadors of Whitehall, and our interests mirror your own. You have no reason to doubt our commitment. Furthermore Felix is a close friend of mine and he can always rely on my support when he asks for it. I would hope if Felix can trust my word then you could too.

Pavlovich ponders this.

PAVLOVICH

Very well.

RAYNER

Thank you.

ALLEY

Is that it?

YUSUPOV

Not quite. We wanted you to be present to know that now that Dr Lazovert has the poison, everything is ready.

ALLEY

When?

PURISHKEVICH

A week from tonight.

YUSUPOV

Come by the palace at ten. Byzhinski will lead you in here.

Rayner and Alley acknowledge this.

YUSUPOV

Thank you. We will see you then.

Alley and Rayner head for the door. Alley and Pavlovich glare at each other.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DUSK

Alley and Rayner walk back up the street.

ALLEY

Bloody toff.

RAYNER

You can understand their concern.

ALLEY

But to openly accuse us of treachery.

RAYNER

But it is treachery, to an extent.

ALLEY

Not when it's conducive to the mission.

RAYNER

Like keeping Sam in the dark?

ALLEY

Exactly.

RAYNER

But Pavlovich isn't to know that.

ALLEY

I don't care what he ought to know or not know. It doesn't give him the right to stand us up against the wall.

They reach a crossroads.

ALLEY

I've got a meeting. See you back at the Astoria.

Alley marches off, clearly still in a mood. Rayner watches him go before continuing down the street.

INT. MILC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DUSK

Hoare is writing at the table. Rayner enters.

RAYNER

Good evening sir.

HOARE  
Hello Rayner.

RAYNER  
Message for London?

HOARE  
Yes just another dispatch. Anything  
to report that Whitehall ought to  
know?

Rayner hesitates.

RAYNER  
No sir.

Hoare studies him.

RAYNER  
Well, there was a little bit of  
news on the wires about German  
forces approaching the Romanian oil  
fields. But I daresay John has  
already made London aware.

HOARE  
Most likely.

INT. THE ASTORIA HOTEL RESTAURANT - DUSK

Russian officers are eating, drinking and enjoying their  
evening. Alley and Rayner are sat in a quiet corner.

Alley observes Lieutenant Sukhotin dining with his fellow  
officers. They share a glance.

RAYNER  
How do you rate their chances?

ALLEY  
Of success? I think they should be  
able to pull it off. Getting away  
with it on the other hand...

RAYNER  
You think they'll be caught?

ALLEY  
I think they want to be caught.  
Let's be realistic Oswald. The  
temptation to boast of being the  
one to silence Russia's great enemy  
will be too much for them. I will  
be amazed if any of them manage to  
hold their tongue.

RAYNER  
Does that not put us in a  
compromising position?



ALLEY

Possibly, but it's only worth considering the consequences after the action has been taken. If you fret over what ifs, the opportunity will be missed, and that can compromise a mission far more than any action you did take. For example, if I let myself get hung up on the fact that Felix is taking the lead, we'd never have got to this point.

RAYNER

What's wrong with Felix?

ALLEY

He declares his loyalty to the Tsar and vows to protect the autocracy. But he is not a soldier, he does not serve the Tsar in any special way, so what does his loyalty count for? I think he is using tonight as an opportunity to prove himself.

RAYNER

By committing murder? Some would even go as far as saying he's committing treason.

ALLEY

An act of treason if done for the right reason can be an act of patriotism.

RAYNER

I'll be sure to point that out if we get court-martialed for this.

Alley checks his watch.

ALLEY

Half an hour. I think we have time for one more drink.

The sound of a woman protesting is coming from the foyer. Alley looks over to see Pavlov's mistress, Maya, struggling with Russian guards. She is waving a letter

MAYA

Get out of the way! I must give this to --

RUSSIAN GUARD

Give it to me.

The Guard seizes the letter and inspects it.

RUSSIAN GUARD

Remove her.

The Guards manhandle Maya out of the reception. The Guard with the letter approaches Alley and hands it to him.

RAYNER

What on earth?

Alley takes the letter and reads.

ALLEY

Idiot!

RAYNER

What is it?

ALLEY

I've got to go.

RAYNER

What do you mean?

ALLEY

I've got to go right now.

RAYNER

What about tonight?

ALLEY

It's on you.

Alley hurries out of the restaurant.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DUSK

Alley sprints down the street.

ALLEY

Taxi! Taxi!

A taxi pulls over. Alley jumps in.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Rayner enters the room. Purishkevich and Pavlovich are already present.

RAYNER

Good evening.

Pavlovich merely nods stiffly.

PURISHKEVICH

Good evening Mr Rayner. May I offer you a drink?

RAYNER

Is it safe?

PURISHKEVICH

Stanislaus has already laced the drinks with poison downstairs. This bottle is far too good to waste on a dead man.

RAYNER

I see.

PURISHKEVICH

Please.

Purishkevich invites Rayner to sit. He pours a glass of wine and hands it to Rayner as he sits opposite Pavlovich.

RAYNER

Where is Felix?

PURISHKEVICH

He has already gone to collect Rasputin. As soon as Sergei arrives we shall put the music on.

PAVLOVICH

What about your friend?

RAYNER

Excuse me?

PAVLOVICH

Mr Alley? Is he not joining us?

RAYNER

Mr Alley is dealing with another matter which has come up unexpectedly. He apologises for his absence.

Pavlovich frowns at Rayner before throwing Purishkevich a look.

EXT. FACTORY DISTRICT - NIGHT

The taxi drives off. Alley marches down a road between warehouses and factories.

INT. MUNITIONS FACTORY - NIGHT

Long shadows camouflage Alley as he stealthily makes his way past production lines, completed shells, and various industrial products.

Alley climbs a series of stairs up to emerge on a catwalk high above the factory floor, one end leading towards an office. The other end leading to a viewing platform where a wooden podium stands. Alley spots a shadowed figure walking towards the viewing platform. He follows.

INT. VIEWING PLATFORM - MUNITIONS FACTORY - NIGHT

The shadowed figure stands on the platform, Alley approaches silently behind. He watches as the figure and pulls a wooden board off of the floor of the podium. He then takes out an envelope from his coat pocket.

ALLEY

I dislike defectors, Pavlov.

Pavlov spins around to see Alley emerge from the shadows.

ALLEY

Especially incompetent defectors.

Pavlov says nothing. He raises the board as if to attack Alley with it. Alley reveals his pistol.

ALLEY

Don't be silly.

Pavlov drops the board. Alley holds up the letter.

ALLEY

You recognise this?

Pavlov's eyes widen in horror.

PAVLOV

Where did you get that?

ALLEY

If you knew how to take care when covering your tracks Pavlov, you'd know not to leave incriminating evidence lying about.

PAVLOV

Where?!

ALLEY

Your mistress. By the looks of it she read it and guessed what you were up to. Such a shame I trusted you instead of her, clearly she is much more capable.

Pavlov doesn't say anything.

ALLEY

Are you meeting someone here?

Pavlov shakes his head. Alley draws his revolver.

ALLEY

Don't lie to me. We've established you're no good at it.

PAVLOV  
No one's coming.

ALLEY  
This is a drop off?

Pavlov says nothing. Alley sighs as he cocks the revolver and trains it on Pavlov's temple.

ALLEY  
I don't miss.

PAVLOV  
Yes. They wanted the names in writing. Their contact would collect them using the arrival of workers as cover.

ALLEY  
Who's the contact?

PAVLOV  
I don't know. I swear! They just gave me instructions to deposit the names.

ALLEY  
Which names?

PAVLOV  
Contacts. Associates.

Beat.

PAVLOV  
Handlers.

ALLEY  
A hit list.

Pavlov slowly nods, before bowing his head in shame.

ALLEY  
Why?

PAVLOV  
Our war is over. Except it's not. Because of you. I did what I thought was right by Russia.

ALLEY  
Give me the list.

PAVLOV  
I can't.

ALLEY  
You're a dead man either way.

Pavlov just stares at Alley.

ALLEY

There's no way out Pavlov. I cannot let you escape and risk all our lives. If somehow you manage to flee, the Okhrana will hunt you down. I'm giving you the chance to do the right thing on your own terms.

Pavlov is tearful. He places the envelope on the podium, then walks to the railing of the catwalk. Alley's gun follows him all the way.

Pavlov climbs over the railing, looks down, and falls over the edge. There is a sickening thud as he hits the ground.

Alley stands, unshaken. He puts his gun away and picks up the envelope. He opens it and reads the list before taking out a lighter and burning it.

Alley steps down and walks to the edge of the catwalk. He leans over the edge and sees the bloodied, broken corpse of Pavlov mangled on the production line.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Pavlovich and Rayner sit awkwardly opposite each other. Purishkevich stands by the window. Expectant.

Sukhotin enters.

PURISHKEVICH

Sergei. Good, we were hoping you'd get here soon. Dmitri, put the music on.

Pavlovich, still studying Rayner intensely, goes and puts on the gramophone.

PURISHKEVICH

Gentlemen, I want to say this now in case we are overheard. We are doing the Tsar a great service tonight. The fate of his dynasty and his empire rests with us. Russia is relying on us, and I'm relying on you.

Purishkevich raises his glass. As he goes to toast the room, there is the sound of a door opening, and the echoes of a jubilant Rasputin can be heard. Purishkevich sets his glass down and creeps to the door.

INT. MOIKA PALACE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Purishkevich opens the door to the lounge and quietly heads along the corridor.

He looks over the bannister to a flight of stairs leading to the basement.

Purishkevich watches Yusupov and Rasputin make their way downstairs. Rasputin is in high spirits. Yusupov follows him into the basement, closing the door behind him.

Purishkevich turns around and heads back to the lounge. He sees Pavlovich and Lazovert hovering at the door, apprehensive.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

The men return to their seats.

PURISHKEVICH  
Felix has taken him to his basement  
quarters. All we can do now is  
wait.

Lazovert checks his watch.

LAZOVERT  
If all goes well, he will be dead  
within half an hour.

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

The men are waiting impatiently. Something's not right.

PAVLOVICH  
It's been more than an hour! He  
must be dead by now.

PURISHKEVICH  
Then why has Felix not returned?

INT. MOIKA PALACE LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Pavlovich anxiously paces around the room. Purishkevich sits smoking, though his shaking hand shows he's worried. Rayner sits calmly.

PAVLOVICH  
This is not right! Why has Felix  
not returned?

PURISHKEVICH  
It's been nearly three hours!  
(to Lazovert)  
You assured us he'd be dead within  
half an hour.

LAZOVERT  
I am certain! I added lethal doses  
of cyanide to everything down  
there.

PAVLOVICH  
Then what's the delay?

SUKHOTIN  
All we can do is wait for --

Yusupov rushes in.

PURISHKEVICH  
Felix! At last! Is it done?

Yusupov is sweating and panicked.

YUSUPOV  
No. He's still alive.

PAVLOVICH  
What?

YUSUPOV  
I don't understand it.

LAZOVERT  
Did he eat the cakes?

YUSUPOV  
He refused. But he's drunk a great deal of madeira, and that was poisoned too. Glass after glass and still nothing. He is sprawling around downstairs, drunk but alive.

LAZOVERT  
Pure cyanide. How can this be? Perhaps he is holy?

PURISHKEVICH  
No! This must end tonight!

Purishkevich pulls out a gun and hands it to Yusupov, who after an uncertain pause takes the gun and departs.

LAZOVERT  
If he shoots him then it will clearly be murder!

PURISHKEVICH  
The poison isn't working and we need time and darkness to dispose of the body. This is the only option.

PAVLOVICH  
I agree. He cannot leave here alive.



SUKHOTIN

And what if Felix cannot do it? At first he was only going to give him poisoned cakes. Now he is to shoot him?

PURISHKEVICH

He will do it.

A shot rings out. The conspirators freeze before bundling out of the door. Rayner casually drains his wine glass before following.

INT. MOIKA PALACE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Rasputin lies, face down on the floor. Yusupov stands at one end of the room, the gun still aloft.

Purishkevich, Sukhotin, Pavlovich and Lazovert all rush in. Rayner calmly enters behind them.

PURISHKEVICH

Ha ha! Well done Felix!

LAZOVERT

Wait.

Lazovert bends down and checks Rasputin's pulse.

LAZOVERT

Dead.

PURISHKEVICH

Filthy mongrel.

Purishkevich begins to kick and beat Rasputin. Pavlovich and Sukhotin join in. Yusupov is still in shock. Rayner observes from the shadows.

YUSUPOV

Enough! Stop it!

Yusupov pulls the others away from Rasputin's body.

YUSUPOV

Get back upstairs! We still have work to do. Go!

They all file out. Yusupov stays behind. He rolls Rasputin onto his back and stares at him. He bends down to examine the body when Rasputin's eyes snap open. He is frothing at the mouth. He grabs Yusupov around the throat, roaring wildly.

A struggle. As Yusupov recovers, Rasputin seizes his chance to flee. He crawls up the basement stairs, through hallways to a door leading out to the courtyard.

YUSUPOV (O.S.)  
Stop him! He's escaping!

PURISHKEVICH (O.S.)  
Where?!

YUSUPOV (O.S.)  
The courtyard! He's headed for the  
courtyard!

EXT. MOIKA PALACE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Rasputin stumbles for the gates, pursued by Purishkevich and  
Yusupov.

PURISHKEVICH (O.S.)  
There! Shoot him! Shoot him!

Multiple gunshots from Yusupov. A fourth shot is fired by  
Purishkevich. Rasputin is hit and he collapses.

Purishkevich and Yusupov arrive on the scene and stand over  
the body. Rasputin lies on his side, bloodied and  
motionless.

PURISHKEVICH  
Come Felix.

Yusupov doesn't move.

PURISHKEVICH  
Come now! This has gone on too  
long. Come and help Sergei find  
something to wrap him in.

The two men rush off.

Rasputin starts to stir, he is still alive. As he tries to  
move, there is the sound of footsteps in the snow. A figure  
approaches Rasputin from the shadows. They push Rasputin  
onto his back with their foot.

Rasputin looks up at the figure, it is Rayner. He is quite  
composed.

Rayner aims his Webley revolver at Rasputin's forehead. He  
fires a single, fatal shot. He pockets the revolver and  
stands casually beside the body.

Purishkevich, Yusupov, Lazovert, Pavlovich and Sukhotin  
arrive with bundles of sheets. Lazovert and Sukhotin lift  
the body onto the sheets and wrap it up. They struggle,  
Purishkevich helps.

PURISHKEVICH  
Felix and I will get rid of the  
body.

RAYNER

He's heavy. I'll come too.

PURISHKEVICH

Dmitri, you, Stanislaus and Sergei need to remove any sign that we were here.

RAYNER

They need to leave now.

PURISHKEVICH

Excuse me?

RAYNER

There was a party, that is all that has transpired in the palace tonight. Mr Pavlovich, Dr Lazovert and Lieutenant Sukhotin need to make themselves scarce. Shots were fired, they ought not to be found here when police start showing up.

PURISHKEVICH

Very well. Quickly, help us with this, then go.

The conspirators load Rasputin's body into a waiting car. Rayner, Purishkevich and Yusupov climb in. Pavlovich, Lazovert and Sukhotin head for the gates.

As Sukhotin passes the spot where Rasputin was shot, he kicks the snow around to disperse the pool of blood.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The car pulls up. Rayner, Yusupov and Purishkevich climb out. They check the coast is clear before they pull out Rasputin's body. They lift it onto the parapet and push it into the river below. They stay to watch it fall and seemingly sink beneath the water.

PURISHKEVICH

Thank you gentlemen. We have done a great thing tonight.

Yusupov is visibly distressed by his actions, Rayner remains cool and calm.

RAYNER

You ought to be getting back to the palace.

YUSUPOV

You're not coming?

RAYNER

It's best if we split up. And for the sake of anonymity I ought not to return to the scene.

PURISHKEVICH

Yes of course.

Purishkevich shakes Rayner's hand.

PURISHKEVICH

Thank you sir, truly.

Rayner nods politely then turns to Yusupov.

RAYNER

I shall call when it is safe.

Yusupov nods frantically.

RAYNER

You should go.

Rayner helps Yusupov to the car. Purishkevich is already behind the wheel. Once Yusupov is in Purishkevich drives off. Rayner watches them leave. He sees Yusupov turn back to look at him.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

You there!

Rayner turns and sees a policeman coming towards him.

RAYNER

Evening.

POLICEMAN

What's going on here?

Rayner points to the car just as it disappears from view.

RAYNER

Just a bit of engine trouble, seems to be all right now.

POLICEMAN

And what are you doing out here?

RAYNER

I've been working late. I decided to take a walk to refresh myself from the tedium of paperwork. I'm on my way home now.

POLICEMAN

Very well.

RAYNER

Goodnight.

Rayner turns on his heel and strides off.

EXT. PETROGRAD STREET - DAY

Hoare walks through a crowded street. As he goes, people are raucous. Some are celebrating Rasputin's death, others are hanging effigies of Rasputin and setting it alight. A few Bolsheviks stand waving red flags and calling for the downfall of the Tsar.

INT. GEORGE BUCHANAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hoare is at the desk. Buchanan stares out of the window at the growing unrest.

BUCHANAN

I want the truth from you, Mr  
Hoare. Do not try and swindle me  
with falsities, am I clear?

HOARE

Perfectly.

BUCHANAN

Yesterday morning, as you know full  
well, police recovered the frozen  
corpse of Grigori Rasputin from the  
Melaya Nevka river.

HOARE

I am aware.

BUCHANAN

As I thought. And are you aware  
that I was summoned before the  
Tsar? Naturally he wishes to  
discover the perpetrators.

HOARE

Naturally. Although I do not  
understand why you feel the need to  
tell me this.

BUCHANAN

The Tsar suspects a British man  
might be involved, 'Yusupov's  
Oxford University friend' I believe  
is how he phrased it to me. Now I  
assured him no such thing could be  
further from the truth. I dismissed  
these accusations because to my  
knowledge there is no basis for  
them to be true. I am going to ask  
you once and once only. Was your  
officer involved?

HOARE

What an outrageous charge! I am responsible for my officers. They obey my commands and I gave no orders for such an operation to be carried out. Unless you are accusing my men of operating outside their brief? And quite frankly to suggest something of this sort I find incredible to the point of childishness!

BUCHANAN

But then why make the connection between Prince Yusupov and his Oxford friend?

HOARE

I expect the prince is attempting to deflect guilt away from himself. Where is he now?

BUCHANAN

Under house arrest.

HOARE

There you are then. In his desperation he's resorted to scapegoating.

BUCHANAN

But why would he assume a British  
--

HOARE

George, I have given you my answer. Your concern should be for what happens next.

Buchanan collapses into his chair.

BUCHANAN

You're right. Difficult times are ahead for me, Sam. How do I maintain a close relationship with the royal family if the Tsarina's closest ally is dead and her husband suspects we are responsible?

HOARE

If they have their priorities in order you should not need to worry too much. With Rasputin dead the Romanovs have nowhere to hide. I suspect difficult times are ahead for them too.

BUCHANAN

Indeed.

INT. MIIC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DAY

Alley sits in an armchair, reading. Rayner enters. Alley doesn't acknowledge him.

RAYNER

Felix is under house arrest.

Alley says nothing.

RAYNER

So are the others.

ALLEY

Doesn't matter. The job's done.

RAYNER

Not quite. Still a few matters to tie up.

ALLEY

All right, I'll get my coat.

Alley makes to get up.

RAYNER

No no, I'll see to it.

Alley gives him a look.

RAYNER

I need you to deal with Sam anyway.

Alley chuckles. Rayner heads to the drawer and pulls out a box of bullets. He pulls out his revolver and loads a single bullet into the only vacant chamber. He also takes a wad of cash.

RAYNER

Not sure how long I'll be.

ALLEY

Don't worry. I'll cover the cyphers.

RAYNER

Thank you.

Rayner leaves. Alley sits alone, a satisfied grin on his face.

INT. MIIC HEADQUARTERS - PETROGRAD - DUSK

Alley sits at the table, he's writing a letter. A roaring fire crackles in the fireplace. Hoare enters carrying a briefcase. He drops it by the fireplace, clearly exhausted.

HOARE

Hello Alley.

ALLEY

Evening sir. You look tired.

HOARE

Several hours of discussions with Mr Buchanan and the Russian General Staff. All utterly pointless at this stage. Without the autopsy report no one has the grounds to make any conclusions.

Hoare goes into his bedroom.

ALLEY

What were they saying?

HOARE (O.S.)

Accusations were flying everywhere.

ALLEY

What for? I thought they'd arrested those responsible.

HOARE (O.S.)

There is a suggestion that they may have had help.

ALLEY

Really? Anyone we know?

HOARE (O.S.)

That's just it. The accusations have been cast in our direction. Mr Buchanan even had the audacity to directly suggest my officers had gone rogue.

ALLEY

It's ironic. For as long as I've been here people have been vowing to rid the city of Dark Forces. Now he's dead everyone is anxious to point the finger.

HOARE (O.S.)

Yes. Anything to report?

ALLEY

No sir.

HOARE (O.S.)

What about Rayner? Not like him to not check in.



ALLEY  
I haven't seen him. He'll report in  
sooner or later.

Hoare emerges wearing an immaculate officer's uniform.

HOARE  
Very well. I'm dining out tonight  
so when he gets in tell him I want  
to see him first thing in the  
morning.

ALLEY  
Yes sir.

Hoare sees Alley writing.

HOARE  
What are you writing?

ALLEY  
Just a letter to a friend at the  
front. Wishing him a Happy New  
Year.

HOARE  
Good, good. Well I shall see you  
later Alley.

ALLEY  
Goodnight sir.

Hoare leaves. Alley waits a moment, listening, before  
composing his letter.

Voiceover delivered over the montage.

ALLEY (V.O.)  
Dear John, although matters have  
not proceeded entirely to plan, our  
objective has clearly been  
achieved. Reaction to the demise of  
Dark Forces has been well received  
by all, although a few awkward  
questions have already been asked  
about wider involvement. Rayner is  
attending to loose ends and will no  
doubt brief you on your return.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY. RAYNER MEETS BYZHINSKI. BYZHINSKI  
HANDS RAYNER A PACKAGE, RAYNER HANDS HIM A WAD OF CASH.

B) EXT. PAVLOV'S HOUSE - DUSK. RAYNER KNOCKS ON THE DOOR,  
MAYA ANSWERS AND RAYNER SEES HIMSELF IN.

C) INT. PAVLOV'S HOUSE - DUSK. RAYNER AND MAYA BURN THE CONTENTS OF THE PACKAGE, THE BLOOD-STAINED CLOTHES OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

D) INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT. RAYNER MEETS ANNA, HE HANDS HER MONEY, SHE ACCEPTS IT.

E) EXT. BACK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT. RAYNER EMERGES FROM THE PUBLIC HOUSE. HE PUTS ON HIS HAT, WRAPS HIMSELF IN HIS COAT AND STRIDES OFF UP THE ALLEYWAY. HE IS A NEW MAN.

FADE TO BLACK

END.