

TINKER TAILOR SOLDIER SPY

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by John le Carré

- 1 EXT. HUNGARY - BUDAPEST - 1973 - DAY 1
- Budapest skyline, looking towards the Parliament building. From here the world looks serene, peaceful. Then, as we begin to PULL BACK, we hear a faint whine, increasing in volume, until it's the roar of two MiG jet fighters, cutting across the skyline. The PULL BACK reveals a YOUNG BOY watching the jets, exclaiming excitedly in Hungarian.
- 2 EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - DAY 2
- LATERALLY TRACKING down a bustling street, as the jets scream by overhead. Pedestrians look up. All except one man who continues walking. This is JIM PRIDEAUX.
- ACROSS THE STREET: More pedestrians. We're not sure who we're supposed to be looking at - the short stocky man? The girl in the mini skirt? The man in the checked jacket?
- A car driving beside Prideaux accelerates out of the frame. Across the street the girl in the mini-skirt peels off into a shop. The stocky man turns and waves to us. But it isn't Prideaux he's greeting but another passerby, who walks over, shakes hands.
- Now we're left with Prideaux and the Magyar in the checked shirt, neither paying any attention to each other.
- Just as we are wondering if there is any connection, the two reach a corner and the Magyar, pausing to cross the road, collides with another passerby. He looks over and sees Prideaux has caught the moment of slight clumsiness and gives the smallest of rueful smiles. A tiny moment of contact between the two. Then both men walk on around the corner, just two strangers headed in the same direction...
- 3 EXT. SUBWAY EXIT - DAY 3
- Shooting up the steps of the exit to the imposing GALERIA building on the corner ahead. Prideaux and the Magyar walk up the steps, still paying no attention to each other, and head towards...
- 4 INT. BUDAPEST - GALERIA - DAY 4
- A formerly grand arcade. Many of the shops are now closed, the one's that are open don't have much to sell. A CAFE occupies the middle space under the high vaulted ceiling. A JAZZ ROCK band rehearses in one of the nearby disused shops, incongruous in the window, music muffled by the glass. Customers sit around tables playing chess, drinking coffee, a mother breast-feeding, the hum of chatter. The ordinary world.

We find Prideaux and the Magyar sitting at one of the tables.

MAGYAR  
(Hungarian, subtitled)  
And porkolts. You know porkolts?

JIM PRIDEAUX  
(Hungarian, subtitled)  
Yes, I've had it.

MAGYAR  
It's very good. Better than  
goulash. But you won't get it in  
Budapest now.

JIM PRIDEAUX  
Why's that?

MAGYAR  
All the pigs have gone to Moscow.

He gives a sly laugh. Prideaux smiles, draws on his cigarette, nonchalantly examining the people at the tables around them. A WAITER arrives, belly bulging out of his grubby shirt, hair plastered to his head. He puts two wizened-looking sandwiches in front of them.

PRIDEAUX'S P.O.V. - A DROP OF SWEAT trickles from the Waiter's face, drips onto the table top.

The Magyar catches Jim looking at the droplet and gives a wry smile - "nice service." Jim smiles back but a bell has begun to ring inside him.

JIM PRIDEAUX  
When do I get to meet your  
friend?

The Magyar chews on his sandwich, notices Prideaux is ignoring his.

MAGYAR  
I'll take you to him. Not eating?

Prideaux pushes his sandwich across the table, his manner still easy, but his eyes flick after the Waiter, who stands at the entrance to the coffee shop, arguing with another man. He looks around the Galeria again, looking low - checking the feet of the other customers? Then raising his gaze, he checks the windows of the apartments above which look down into the arcade.

PRIDEAUX'S P.O.V. - An OLD WOMAN stands in the shadows by a window above. She is watching him. Catching his gaze she shrinks back into the darkness and disappears.

Prideaux's expression doesn't change but he sets his coffee cup down and casually stands. The Magyar looks up in surprise.

JIM PRIDEAUX

Would you excuse me a moment?

He starts to walk towards the exit of the Galeria. Behind him his chair teeters for a moment, then slowly falls back and lands with a CRASH, sending pigeons fluttering up to the domed ceiling.

The WAITER starts, turns, sees Prideaux leaving. Panic flashes across his face, he draws a GUN from the back of his belt, aims after Prideaux and FIRES - the shot echoing in the cavernous space.

The shot misses, RICOCHETING off the tiled wall and Prideaux keeps walking, fighting down the impulse to run, as behind him, out of focus - an image from a surreal NIGHTMARE: the other CUSTOMERS stop what they are doing, like actors at the end of a scene, and begin to rise, some drawing guns. We hear a muffled voice shouting distantly in Russian.

KGB MAN

No firing!

Ahead of Prideaux more figures appear, blocking the exit. He looks over his shoulder just as another SHOT rings out - this one catching him above the shoulder blade and sending him flying out of frame.

From around a corner a tall, over-coated man - KGB - strides towards the scene, still bellowing in Russian.

KGB MAN (CONT'D)

Who told you to fire? Who told you to fucking fire?

THE JAZZ BAND have stopped playing and are staring at the ground, arms at their sides, anxious not to see anything.

In the TOP WINDOW - the OLD WOMAN slips back into sight.

HER P.O.V. - Prideaux lies face down in the arcade below. As we watch one of his arms slides out, leaving a slick of blood. Then he's still.

BELOW - The KGB Man has grabbed the Waiter and started to beat him.

KGB MAN (CONT'D)

Fucking Hungarian amateur! We wanted him alive!

Behind him we can see the breast-feeding MOTHER. She's dead, a bullet hole in the centre of her forehead from the ricochet. The baby continues to suckle on, undisturbed.

Through the cafe window we can see a MAN, partly obscured by the crowd in front of us, the only man still seated. He lights a cigarette.

CLOSE ON THE LIGHTER as he replaces it. We can make out an inscription: "To George, from Ann. All my love."

In the Galeria the KGB Man continues to bellow at the Waiter. The baby begins to WAIL.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

4A EXT. HQ OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE - "THE CIRCUS" - DAY 4A

A bird's eye view of the Circus.

4B INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR - - "MOTHERS" OFFICE - DAY 4B

A woman, CONNIE SACHS, a face that's seen it all, leans against a wall, smoking. A middle-aged woman, one of the secretaries or "MOTHERS" walks past, pushing a trolley of documents. She nods at Connie mournfully. Connie looks stricken. The Mother walks on into...

5 INT. CIRCUS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 5

A long conference table. We are looking at an ELDERLY MAN at the head of the table. He's sitting on a rather ornate carving chair - a little like a throne - and he looks ill. He is signing documents, his signature a simple "C," scrawled in GREEN INK, aware all eyes are on him. A cigarette burns away in an already loaded ashtray.

This is the head of the Circus - known as CONTROL.

Around him are four lieutenants - the inner circle of the intelligence service - PERCY ALLELINE, TOBY ESTERHASE, ROY BLAND and BILL HAYDON.

Beside him, his right-hand man - GEORGE SMILEY.

From the thick and embarrassed atmosphere we might guess we are at the end of a coup, the final ousting of a King. All we hear is the ticking of a loud clock and the scratch of the pen.

Smiley looks up to find Alleline's gaze fixed on him. Alleline quickly looks down at his hands.

CLOSE ON SMILEY - as he examines the others, gauging the SHIFT OF POWER occurring in the room.

- Bill Haydon - handsome, urbane, frowning with tension, pulls on his cigarette.

- Roy Bland - heavy set and moustached, flicking a guilty look up at Smiley and away.

- Toby Esterhase - immaculate hair and suit, eyes on Alleline, watching for a cue, like a dog told to 'stay'.

No-one will look at him.

ON SMILEY - realising there is no hope.

Control finishes, puts the pen back in his pocket. He hands the file to the MOTHER who, red-eyed, walks with it out of the room.

PERCY ALLELINE  
(Scottish accent)  
I wish I could have done more,  
Control.

CONTROL  
(Coolly)  
You did all you could, Percy.  
(Beat) Well, a man should know  
when to leave the party.

Beat. The clock suddenly gives a discordant chime as it sounds the hour. A hint of bitter amusement on Control's face, as though he's been waiting for this wrong little note to make his move. He grinds his cigarette out.

Toby can't wait any longer.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
What about Smiley?

Control looks at Smiley. His gaze impersonal...

ON SMILEY - the faintest flicker in his eyes as he tries to prepare himself for the shock of dismissal.

CONTROL  
Smiley is leaving with me.

6	OMITTED	6
7	INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY	7
	PUSHING Control and Smiley as they walk down the corridor.	

Alleline and the Lieutenants are waiting for them. A horribly awkward moment. Toby pulls open the cage lift doors for them, as if to hasten the eviction. Haydon looks at him with contempt.

BILL HAYDON  
You little prick Esterhase.

Control sweeps past them and the lift, determined to walk every step of the way. Smiley follows.

8 INT. CIRCUS - STAIRCASE - DAY 8

Control and Smiley, begin their descent through the rigid hierarchy of the Circus. As we TRACK with them, we see that each floor is its own WORLD. The two men walk past the fourth floor REGISTRY - the vast archive of intelligence, staffed by RESEARCHERS.

Smiley and Control pass down another flight and along the third floor - INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS - heads poking out of offices, amongst them JERRY WESTERBY.

Down to the second floor - SCALPHUNTERS - the muscle of the Circus. The boredom of an air-port lounge, a sunken sofa and pool-table. The Scalphunters watching them go in respectful silence.

On down to the first floor TYPING POOL - staffed by pretty young society girls - the DEBS - who watch open-mouthed, as their Chief passes them for the last time. And finally down to...

9 INT. CIRCUS - GROUND-FLOOR LOBBY - DAY 9

An ancient doorman - BRYANT - feeling the moment must be marked in some way - leaves his sentry box and opens the main door for Control. Control acknowledges the salute with a flick of his eyes and we push through the doors...

10 EXT. CIRCUS - ROOF OF THE CIRCUS - DAY 10

Alleline and Bland stand smoking, watching Control and Smiley emerge onto the pavement.

11 EXT. CIRCUS - DAY 11

CONTROL and SMILEY stand on the street. They stare at each other for a moment. This is goodbye. They shake hands. Perhaps there's a little reserve in Control's manner, a lack of warmth. From the expression on Smiley's face we see that he is pained by this.

Control puts his collar up and walks away. Smiley stands forlornly as Control disappears into the crowd.

TITLES OVER A MONTAGE

- 12 EXT. HAMPSTEAD POND - AUTUMN DAY 12
- THE WATER OF THE POND - still, glassy.
- A MAN'S head breaks the surface - Smiley swimming through his retirement.
- He takes a breath and submerges again. Beyond him we see a straggled diagonal line of elderly heads, bobbing through the water.
- 13 EXT. HAMPSTEAD POND - DAY 13
- Smiley dries himself under the trees, pink and raw in the cold fresh air. He smooths his hair down, feeling a little less ridiculous. He looks over to where a VERY ELDERLY SWIMMER is being helped into the water - little more than trembling bones.
- Is this his world now?
- 14 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR - DAY 14
- A MOTHER unloads a stack of files from a LIFT shaft and places them into her wheeled safe. A piece of CHRISTMAS TINSEL is wound along the trolley. We track with her through the HIVE-LIKE atmosphere of the fifth floor, behind her the conference room - a glimpse of Alleline in Control's chair, surrounded by his lieutenants - smoke and whiskey - engaged in the business of the world.
- She pushes on into Alleline's OFFICE - loads the new files into the LARGE SAFE there, locks and spins the combination.
- 15 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - WINTER DAY 15
- Smiley stands frying an egg in his small kitchen.
- 16 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 16
- Smiley sits eating his solitary lunch, reading a volume of Grimmelshausen. He turns a page, examines the illustration of a knight and a dragon - holds it at arms length, trying to focus on it.



- 16A INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 16A  
Smiley lies in the double bed, a conspicuous empty space next to him. He leans over and turns the light out.
- 17 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR - ALLELINE'S OFFICE - NIGHT 17  
A HAND removes files from the LARGE SAFE.  
ON A BRIEFCASE - as the files - marked TOP SECRET - are slipped inside.
- 18 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR - EVENING 18  
P.O.V. MYSTERY MAN  
... TRACKING through the near-empty offices. All the drawers of the desks are OPEN. BINS on the tables. A few mothers working late, illuminated by their desk lamps. One of them is applying lipstick, prior to leaving. She doesn't react as we track by.
- 19 EXT. OPTICIANS - SPRING DAY 19  
We are looking at large blurred LETTERS. A lens is slotted into our frame and the letters leap into BOLD.  
Smiley is in a chair, being fitted for spectacles.
- 20 INT. OPTICIANS - DAY 20  
Smiley is selecting frames from a display. He tries on a pair, watched by a bored shop assistant, used to the pedantic ways of the retired.
- 21 INT. CIRCUS - GROUND-FLOOR LOBBY - EVENING 21  
TRACKING with the BRIEFCASE as the mystery man walks towards the main entrance. The ELDERLY PORTER- BRYANT - nods respectfully.
- 22 INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND - EVENING 22  
A packed train - Businessmen in bowler hats, long-haired seventies youth - the old and the new bumping underneath the city. We track low level until we find our MYSTERY MAN, the BRIEFCASE clutched in his hand.

- 23 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - EVENING 23  
Tracking with the BRIEFCASE as it is carried towards the house...
- 24 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 24  
An elderly lady - MRS McCRAIG - stands at the sink. Through the window she catches a glimpse of the Mystery Man's legs passing, the briefcase in his hand as he walks up the steps towards the front door. Calmly she dries her hands as the doorbell rings and her DOG begins to bark furiously.
- 25 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 25  
Mrs McCraig opens the door and the figure passes her and the barking dog without a word and begins to walk up the stairs...
- 26 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 26  
Smiley adds a LETTER to a pile on the mantelpiece. We see the letters are all addressed to ANN SMILEY.  
He straightens up, finds himself staring at a PAINTING on the wall - a muddy abstract.
- 27 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 27  
The room is almost bare - two chairs at a small table on which stands two desk lamps and a CAMERA. The Mystery Man has crossed to the wall by the window and opens the GRILL on an AIR DUCT.
- 28 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 28  
From across the street a tall good-looking man - POLYAKOV - watches as the opened duct spills a star pattern of light out into the night air. He walks towards the house...
- 29 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 29  
The Mystery man settles at the table, sorting through the contents of the briefcase as, from down below, we hear the sound of the door bell, the dog barking and footsteps on the stairs. Polyakov walks into the room and joins the Mystery Man at the small table. He picks up the camera with a smile.

POLYAKOV  
(In Russian)  
Shall we begin?

END OF TITLES

30 EXT. LACON'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 30

Lights glowing in the early morning gloom, an ultra-modern cube of a building sits in rather traditional grounds. This is the unlikely home of Oliver Lacon, Permanent under-secretary.

30A INT./EXT. LACON'S HOUSE - MORNING 30A

As we watch a young girl - JACKIE LACON - appears at the living room window in her night-dress, playing with a toy. As we watch her we hear stealthy footsteps approach. Then a MAN steps into frame, his back to us, watching the girl through the window. He taps on the glass with one hand. Jackie looks up, surprised.

As we pull back a little we see the man has his other hand behind his back.

And in it is a long, bone-handled KNIFE.

Behind Jackie we see a string bean of a man, OLIVER LACON, tying his silk dressing gown as he cautiously approaches the window. On the other side, the intruder stands, smoking.

LACON  
(through glass)  
This is private property. Who are you?

He takes in the man before him - filthy and bearded, you could mistake him for a tramp. But beneath the grime he's tanned and his eyes have a dangerous, feral edge. This is RICKI TARR.

RICKI TARR  
Minister Lacon.

He smiles.

LACON  
What do you want?

RICKI TARR  
I want to talk to Control. And I want breakfast.

30B OMITTED 30B

30C OMITTED 30C

30D OMITTED 30D

31 OMITTED 31

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. CIRCUS - SCALPHUNTERS - DAY 33

PETER GUILLAM walks down a corridor. Handsome, boyish, bored. He hears a TRING behind him. It's Haydon, one foot up on his pedal, scootering along the corridor. Guillam waits for him. He likes this man.

PETER GUILLAM  
(of the bike)  
Has that been cleared?

BILL HAYDON  
I'm not bloody chaining it  
outside. Mind you, probably no  
safer in here, with you bunch of  
cut-throats.

They arrive at a half-paned office cubicle. Inside is a very pretty GIRL, a new DEB, being shown the ropes by an older woman.

HAYDON  
Thought I'd get a glimpse of the  
new girl. Before Bland gets to  
her. He seen her yet?

GUILLAM  
Oh yes. Down first thing.

GIRL'S P.O.V. -

... as Haydon and Guillam pass, staring in at her, cropped above the waist. Haydon appears to be gliding supernaturally by. He gives a little wave.

BACK ON HAYDON:

HAYDON  
You may fuck me, Belinda, but you  
still have to call me sir in the  
morning.

Guillam grins. Haydon glides off, hand raised in farewell as Guillam turns into the Scalphunters arena.

- 34 INT. CIRCUS - SCALPHUNTERS - GUILLAM'S OFFICE - DAY 34
- Guillam sits at his desk over a pile of paper-work, slowly falling asleep.
- BANG! A pool ball thwacks the window, cracking it. At the same moment the PHONE begins to ring. Guillam jerks upright, looks over at the pool players, too bored to be angry.
- POOL PLAYER (O.S.)  
Sorry Peter.
- Guillam answers the phone.
- PETER GUILLAM  
Peter Guillam...
- He listens to the voice on the other end. After a moment he turns away from his colleagues, his former drowsiness abruptly gone.
- 35 EXT. LONDON STREET - EVENING 35
- Smiley in his NEW GLASSES, towel rolled under his arm, walking down the street. He stops for a moment, feeling himself watched.
- 36 EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING 36
- Smiley on the steps to his home, stops, examines the door, removing a WEDGE from the top of the door frame.
- 37 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING 37
- Smiley walks into the hallway, stopping to pick up post.
- 38 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING 38
- Smiley places the wedge and the letters on the mantelpiece, where a BUNDLE of LETTERS already sits, addressed to ANN SMILEY. Unopened.
- 38A INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING 38A
- Smiley frying an egg.
- There's a knock at the door.
- 38B INT./EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING 38B
- Smiley opens the door to PETER GUILLAM.

SMILEY  
 (Surprised)  
 Hello, Peter.

They stare at each other. Smiley takes in his expression - this is not a social call.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 Have I time to change?

Guillam nods, following Smiley into the house. He glances at a painting on the wall - a muddy ABSTRACT. He crosses to examine it and then notices the bundle of Ann's unopened letters.

39 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING 39

Guillam enters the kitchen, notes the single place set for dinner. It dawns on him that he really has invaded Smiley's privacy.

Smiley appears in a coat behind him, taking in Guillam's awkwardness. He gives a thin smile.

SMILEY  
 Are we going far?

39A INT. GUILLAM'S CAR - EVENING 39A

Smiley and Guillam sit in silence, as Guillam drives through London. It's a Citroen DS, all sleek leather and mahogany interior.

40 OMITTED 40

40A INT. LACON'S HOUSE - EVENING 40A

CLOSE UP ON:

A half eaten bacon SANDWICH, sitting on a table.

We pan up and through the open window see an anxious Lacon is leading Guillam towards the house. Smiley follows, talking to Lacon's daughter.

LACON  
 How's your mother?

PETER GUILLAM  
 Very well.  
 (referring to the window)  
 Is this where he got out?

LACON

Mmm, I came back in and it was wide open.

(beat)

Do send her my love. Apologies for singling you out, but... very sensitive matter...

He gives an uncomfortable bark of laughter.

LACON (CONT'D)

If one can't trust one's own nephew... You know who he was?

PETER GUILLAM

Ricki Tarr, sir. One of my scalp-hunters. He's been on the wanted list for a year. Last job was Istanbul, bit of coat-trailing for a Russian convention.

LACON

Why is he on the wanted list?

PETER GUILLAM

(beat)

He killed our man in Istanbul. Cut his throat. Been on the run since then.

If possible, Lacon looks even more shaken.

LACON

My God. In my own home... my family... The bloody animals you people employ!

41 INT. LACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

41

PULLING OLIVER LACON as he leads Smiley and Guillam down the hall, gesturing for his WIFE to take Jackie away. He attempts some social niceties, but his tone is strained.

LACON

And how are you George? Missing one's work, one's buddies?

SMILEY

Oh, I think I manage pretty well, thank you.

They reach a large room, minimalist apart from a grand piano framed by vast glass windows. A tall, well built young man - FAWN - stands on guard. Lacon gestures to him and Fawn opens the french windows and he and Guillam walk out onto the terrace beyond.

Behind them, unnoticed, young JACKIE creeps back into the room and slips behind the sofa.

LACON  
Your wife, the lovely Ann? She's in the pink, and so on.

SMILEY  
Very well. (Beat) Very bonny...

Fawn closes the french doors behind him and Lacon is suddenly all business.

LACON  
Do you know this man Tarr?

SMILEY  
(Mildly)  
I recruited him actually. In Penang. Good with women. Likes to talk. What did he say to you?

LACON  
He said he had some intelligence for Control. Had no idea he was dead. The news obviously hadn't reached Wonga Wonga land. Then he said he would only tell it to someone outside the Circus. If he couldn't have a Minister, he would settle for the Under-secretary. Lucky me.

Lacon lights a cigarette, smokes a moment, building up to something. Smiley waits him out. The room has become very still.

LACON (CONT'D)  
He said there's a mole. Right at the top of the Circus. And that he's been there for years.

Smiley absorbs this. The moment is suddenly broken by a few stray notes from the piano. The two jump slightly and turn to where Jackie sits at the keyboard, smiling triumphantly.

42 OMITTED 42

43 EXT. LACON'S HOUSE - TERRACE - NIGHT 43

Smiley and Lacon stand on the terrace alone. Lacon glances anxiously at Smiley, trying to read him.

LACON  
I was sad to see you go, George. I thought it was shabby, very shabby.  
(MORE)



LACON (CONT'D)

But the Minister agreed with Sir Percy. New broom, clean sweep, wheat from the chaff and all that. And to be fair, Percy has had some marvellous results since you and Control left...

Realizing how this sounds, he glances at Smiley to see how much damage he's caused.

LACON (CONT'D)

Anyway, it does mean you're rather ideally placed to look into this matter for us now, doesn't it? Outside the family?

Smiley looks blandly back at him.

SMILEY

I am retired, Oliver.

Silence. Lacon looks uncomfortable, something he hasn't yet said.

LACON

Thing is, some time back, when Control was still alive, he came to me with a similar suggestion.

Smiley looks at him, surprised.

LACON (CONT'D)

He never mentioned his suspicions to you?

SMILEY

No.

LACON

I just thought... with you being "his man", so to speak.

SMILEY

What did you say to him?

LACON

(Beat)

I'm afraid I thought his paranoia had got the better of him and he was pulling his own house down. That does happen in your business. And that bloody mess in Budapest...

Smiley stares out over the rolling countryside, inscrutable.

LACON (CONT'D)

Damn it, George, this is your generation, your legacy!

(MORE)

LACON (CONT'D)  
 If there's any truth in this you'd  
 think you'd want to...

He controls himself.

SMILEY  
 (Beat)  
 I'll keep Peter Guillam. And  
 there's a retired special branch  
 man. Mendel. I'd like to have him.

Lacon exhales, his relief palpable.

LACON  
 Yes, yes. Do your own housekeeping.  
 Good man.

He glances back at Guillam and Lacon's daughter, picking out  
 a melody on the grand piano.

LACON (CONT'D)  
 Damn thing cost a fortune. Three  
 years of lessons and all I hear is  
 Edelweiss. You and Ann never had  
 children, did you?

SMILEY  
 No, we never did.

We hear the piano playing on as we...

44 EXT. LONDON - MENDEL STREET - MORNING 44

... driving through suburban DAGENHAM. We pull up in front  
 of a neat Tudor semi.

45 EXT. MENDEL'S GARDEN - DAY 45

CLOSE ON A COLONY OF BEES

GLOVED HANDS loading a COLONY OF BEES into a new HIVE.

An APIARIST, in protective hat and gloves, turns to examine  
 the MAN who has appeared in his back yard - GEORGE SMILEY.  
 Smiley raises a hand.

The Apiarist steps away from the hive and removes his hat  
 to reveal a long thin face, keen eyes - INSPECTOR MENDEL.

46 EXT. MENDEL'S HOUSE - DAY 46

Mendel, now in an overcoat and carrying a battered  
 briefcase, climbs into the back of the car with a nod to  
 Smiley and Guillam in the front. He begins to roll a  
 cigarette as Guillam drives away.

A stow-away BEE appears from somewhere and begins to buzz around the car. Guillam and Mendel swat at it clumsily. Smiley stares ahead in silence. He winds down the window and the bee flies to safety.

47 EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - DAY 47

A shabby rooming house, near Paddington station.

48 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - DAY 48

A large, faded floral monstrosity of a room. TWO single beds, a large leather CHAIR, a WIRELESS.

Smiley's new landlady MRS POPE GRAHAM is supervising a gormless teenager - NORMAN - who is struggling into the room with a rickety card table. Mendel and Guillam take it from him and set it into the room. From the next room comes the unmistakable sounds of someone having sex.

MRS POPE GRAHAM  
(re the table)  
It's Georgian, I shouldn't lend  
it to you but since Mister Mendel  
recommends you...

She gives the table a sentimental tap, raising her voice a little to drown out the excesses from the room next door.

MRS POPE GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
You will love it for me won't  
you? It belonged to Mister Pope-  
Graham.

She glances at Smiley who has his back to her looking out into the London street.

SMILEY'S P.O.V.

... looking out at rooftops opposite and a travel agents sign which reads THE WIDE WORLD.

MENDEL (O.S.)  
My friend just wants peace and  
quiet in order to work, Mrs Pope-  
Graham, no disturbances.

MRS POPE GRAHAM  
And that's what he shall have.  
You want anything you can ask  
Norman, can't he, Norman?

And they leave. A small silence...

MENDEL

Her real name is plain Graham.  
Added the Pope for a touch of  
class.

Guillam gives a grunt of amusement.

MENDEL (CONT'D)

Best informant I ever had.

LATER:

Smiley has turned his attention to the bed. He examines the stained sheets with distaste. As he speaks he strips off the soiled sheet and replaces it with a clean one from his bag.

SMILEY

Control lived with his sister  
didn't he?

He straightens up from the bed, smooths the pristine sheet.

Mendel flips his notebook back. He's already there.

MENDEL

Basingstoke. Not much of a paper-  
trail as you can imagine. His  
pension and she owns a block of  
bedsits in her own name in West  
London.

GUILLAM

We should...

Mendel flicks another page.

MENDEL

... Webb and Bryson are the  
letting agents. Properties in  
half of the west end judging by  
this list...

LATER:

Guillam is lying on the bed. Smiley stands at the window,  
Mendel slumped in an armchair.

SMILEY

We're only looking for short term  
rentals. Within the last year.

MENDEL

(Reading from the list)  
A Miss Hilliard. L. Cavaleri?  
D Weaver, M Crowley, M Cushing. F.  
Farling. G. Hiaasen.

(MORE)

MENDEL (CONT'D)  
 A Mrs Hawcombe. R. Kee. M. Kass. H  
 Staunton...

CLOSE on Smiley as his eyes flickers at the name.

MENDEL (CONT'D)  
 K. Menzies...

SMILEY  
 How long was H. Staunton a tenant?

MENDEL  
 (Consulting the list)  
 Still is. Been renting for a few  
 years now. Something?

SMILEY  
 (Musing)  
 Howard Staunton. Control used to  
 say he was England's greatest chess  
 master. Died in eighteen seventy-  
 four.

49 EXT. CONTROL'S FLAT - DAY 49

Guillam and Smiley approach outside a red-brick mansion  
 block of flats in West London.

50 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - HALLWAY - DAY 50

Smiley and Guillam reach a flat near the shadowy top of the  
 building. Smiley studies the door. He runs his fingers over  
 the door-frame and there it is - a little WEDGE at the top.

51 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - DAY 51

Guillam, followed by Smiley, pushes in against a mound of  
 dead mail.

They advance cautiously into the dirty flat, the windows  
 fogged out with Windowlene.

THEIR P.O.V. - TRACKING TOWARDS THE DOOR

Guillam has reached the DOOR and disappears into the room  
 beyond...

52 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - DAY 52

A green velvet armchair sits at the centre of a room.  
 Beside it an ashtray over-loaded with stubs.

The rest of the room is mounded with PILES AND PILES OF PAPERS - files, document boxes, maps and charts, something insane in the sprawl of it all.

Guillam stands with his back to us staring at a CHESS SET laid out before the chair, as if in mid-game. Four of the chess pieces have had PHOTOGRAPHS of FACES added to them - ROY BLAND. TOBY ESTERHASE. PERCY ALLELINE. BILL HAYDON - all wearing paper PARTY HATS. The effect is ridiculous and a little disturbing, like some Surrealist objet d'art.

Guillam hears Smiley and turns, almost guiltily, and as he moves we see there is a FIFTH PHOTOGRAPH on a piece - and it is of Smiley himself.

Smiley stares at his image.

53

INT. CIRCUS - TOBY ESTERHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

53

Toby Esterhase is on the telephone, speaking softly in Hungarian. A look crosses his face. He suddenly notices Haydon in the doorway, cup of tea in hand. Esterhase asks the caller to hold and places the handset on the desk.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
Help you with something Bill?

BILL HAYDON  
Looking for his Majesty.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
(sullenly)  
He's walking the battlements.

Toby's eyes flicker toward the handset.

BILL HAYDON  
(in Hungarian, subtitled)  
Much obliged.

Bill leaves, and Toby resumes the call.

54

EXT. ROOF OF THE CIRCUS - DAY

54

Alleline stands on the rooftop, staring out over the London skyline, his expression ambiguous - perhaps obscurely troubled to have found himself at the top. He becomes aware of Roy Bland standing behind him.

ALLELINE  
(Without turning)  
Roy.

BLAND  
It's the Yanks. They want to come  
in and talk.

Alleline continues to stare out over the world, but allows himself a small smile of triumph - and relief.

ALLELINE

Of course they do. We have Witchcraft. And they don't.

55 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - DAY

55

Mendel and Guillam carry in boxes, each overflowing with files and bundles of yellowing papers.

SMILEY

Thank you. Anywhere will do.

They dump the files and Smiley turns to survey his room. In his hand he is toying with a black chess piece labelled "KARLA".

The far wall is now stacked to the ceiling with the contents of Control's room - thousands of files and documents, piled in no logical order. The three survey the mountain of information in silence.

MENDEL

(Wryly)

That enough for you to be getting on with?

SMILEY

(Beat)

No. Peter, I need you to do something for me...

56 INT. CIRCUS - SCALPHUNTERS - DAY

56

The "Scalphunters" floor. Guillam is in his office, painted out panels below the waist, glass above. He sits, hands on the desk, steeling himself for what he has to do.

Abruptly he stands and walks out.

We TRACK with him as he walks through the Scalphunters "quad" area - a worn out sofa, the old pool table.

One of the Scalphunters - KASPAR - stands flirting with a pretty SECRETARY - BELINDA - the "Deb" we saw earlier. Guillam acknowledges them casually as he passes. The girl gives a little wave. She LIKES him.

Kaspar stares after Guillam. He doesn't.

We continue tracking with Guillam as he leaves the Scalphunters area, walks down the corridor, turns left into...

57 INT. CIRCUS - MEN'S ROOM - DAY 57

He stands at the basins, checking the room is clear. Examines his watch, then crosses to the door and opens it a crack, peering out.

GUILLAM'S P.O.V.

We're looking through a glass panelled door at the PERSONNEL OFFICE. A dapper little man in a club tie - FAWLEY - sits behind his desk, idly tapping a desk toy - a Newton's Cradle. He too checks his watch. Lunch time. Gets up and walks out of his office.

Guillam counts to ten under his breath and then abruptly, walks out of the men's room, across the corridor and into...

58 INT. CIRCUS - FAWLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 58

The Cradle is still swinging - steel balls clacking softly. Guillam is opening a safe, pulling out documents, photographing them with a SUBMINIATURE CAMERA.

Close on the documents as Guillam silently photographs them.

SMILEY (V.O.)

I want to see the records of staff recently retired. While you're there get the handbook on staff duties... and the diagram of the Circus's reorganization under Alleline...

Guillam hears a voice outside. He draws a SMALL KNIFE from his pocket.

59 INT. CIRCUS - FAWLEY'S OFFICE - DAY 59

Kaspar opens the door and walks in, finding... the office empty.

Then a faint noise. He works his way around the desk, finds Guillam crouched down, his back to him.

KASPAR

(Suspicious)

Sorry Peter, didn't know you were doing... whatever you were doing...?

Guillam straightens up to reveal his hand oozing blood from a cut.



PETER GUILLAM  
 Trying not to bleed to death.  
 Fawley's got a first aid kit in  
 one of his drawers. Get me a  
 plaster will you?

Kaspar busies himself with the first-aid. Eyes hard.

60 INT. CIRCUS - LIFTS - DAY

60

Guillam has just stepped into the lift. Roy Bland appears suddenly and steps in beside him.

Silence for a moment as they descend...

ROY BLAND  
 (without looking at him)  
 Heard you had an accident.

Guillam makes a mental note against Kaspar.

PETER GUILLAM  
 Cut it on a drawer handle.  
 (Beat) When are we going to get  
 some new furniture round here?

ROY BLAND  
 I'll have a word with Esterhase,  
 Peter. We'll make it a priority  
 on the top floor.

They arrive on the ground floor. Bland walks out ahead.  
 Guillam exhales with relief. Then...

ROY BLAND (CONT'D)  
 (as he walks away)  
 Where are you off to?

PETER GUILLAM  
 Lunch.

ROY BLAND  
 Want some company?

61 INT. PUB - DAY

61

The two men sit drinking at a table in a nearly deserted local bar.

ROY BLAND  
 Tell you the truth, I'm in no  
 hurry to get back up there...

PETER GUILLAM  
 Smothered by the Mothers.

ROY BLAND

Something like that. Those old birds, all pining for Control. Percy still can't get a decent cup of tea out of them. Still, I imagine it takes time.

PETER GUILLAM

What does?

ROY BLAND

Loyalty.

He takes a pull of his pint.

ROY BLAND (CONT'D)

If it was up to me, I'd replace them all with those 'naice' girls from registry. Like to hear a few high heels about the place.

He reaches suddenly for Guillam's coat, lying on the seat - his hand heading for the pocket that holds the SUBMINIATURE CAMERA.

ROY BLAND (CONT'D)

Scrounge a fag?

PETER GUILLAM

(Quickly)

Here.

He pushes his cigarettes into Bland's hand before he can fish in the coat. Bland smokes for a moment.

ROY BLAND

(Suddenly)

What do you think of Datsuns?

PETER GUILLAM

What?

ROY BLAND

Datsuns. Just got one. Wife made me. Hatchback. Caught sight of myself in it, driving past a shop window and I thought to myself "Who's that old fucker?"

He stares at Guillam with faint smile, but his eyes are cold and watchful.

ROY BLAND (CONT'D)

What are you driving?

PETER GUILLAM

Citroen.

ROY BLAND  
French? Ooh la la...

He continues to stare at Guillam with the faint smile, and Guillam feels a sickening wave of paranoia.

ROY BLAND (CONT'D)  
Drink up and I'll drop you back.  
You've probably got some girl  
waiting...

62 INT. GUILLAM'S FLAT - NIGHT 62

Guillam sits alone at the table reading a newspaper. After a moment, a man, his lover - RICHARD - a decade or so older - walks behind him, stroking his hair tenderly, and joins him at the table. Guillam automatically checks the window - the flat opposite, a lit window - could someone see them? He gets up and closes the curtains, settles back at the table, passing Richard a section of the paper. The two sit in domestic contentment, reading.

62A EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - NIGHT 62A

SMILEY'S P.O.V. - LOOKING DOWN FROM A WINDOW

A ministerial car pulls up and Lacon climbs out.

63 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT 63

The music - a CHARLIE RICH track - plays on a TRANSISTOR RADIO. Smiley sits at the window listening to the MUSIC.

Guillam dictates from a photograph of the documents he took at the circus.

Smiley becomes aware that the others are watching him. He turns away, tunes the radio into a DIFFERENT STATION, cutting the Charlie Rich tune.

PETER GUILLAM  
Jerry Westerby, dismissed  
December 4th. And... Connie  
Sachs, retired November 28th.  
That's just two weeks after you  
and Control were forced out.

Smiley considers this, turns back to the CHESS SET. He writes Connie's name on a slip of paper, pastes it to a chess piece.

There is a knock at the door. Mendel lets LACON into the room excluding a very excited MRS. POPE GRAHAM. Lacon's wearing a tux, looking extremely uncomfortable, almost offended at the role he finds himself playing.

SMILEY

I know that car.

LACON

On our way to La Bohème. The Minister wondered if there was anything to report?

SMILEY

Not much, I'm afraid. We were just discussing the departure of Connie Sachs. I wonder how Research manages without her.

PETER GUILLAM

Probably relieved. She always struck me as unhinged.

SMILEY

That was one of her talents.

LACON looks around him, dripping disdain.

LACON

(Indicating the chess set)

Looking a little unhinged yourself, George.

SMILEY

(Distracted)

Hmm?

He turns to him.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Yes, I suppose I am. Perhaps that's what we have to become? A little paranoid?

He turns back to the chess board.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

(To Lacon)

Your "clean sweep."  
What if the Mole was actually behind that sweep? What if each of us, whether we knew it or not, represented a threat to the Mole?

Lacon looks at a pile of files, distractedly picks one up. He starts to leaf through one...

LACON

(Unconvinced)

Control lost his position because of that fiasco in Budapest... that poor chap...?

He looks to Guillam for the name.

PETER GUILLAM  
Jim Prideaux.

Smiley nods thoughtfully.

SMILEY  
Yes. Yes, he did.

He writes PRIDEAUX on a slip of paper, pastes it to a chess piece. Lacon picks up another file, something catches his eye: a letter head of FLAMES. He looks up shocked.

LACON  
How did you get this? This is  
Witchcraft material.

He grabs the piece of paper, stuffing it in his pocket.

Smiley looks at him. Lacon reads something implacable in Smiley's gaze...

Smiley turns back to the chess set.

SMILEY  
Control was out. And Alleline was  
in. Thanks to...

He writes the name "WITCHCRAFT" and places it on a chess piece.

63A EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - NIGHT

63A

Lacon stalks out of the hotel.

SMILEY (V.O.)  
... Alleline's "special source."

LACON (V.O.)  
There is no connection.

He climbs into the waiting car. We catch a glimpse of the MINISTER in the back.

SMILEY (V.O.)  
Everything is connected.

The car drives away.

64 INT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

64

A third-rate English preparatory school. The string orchestra practice - rows of twelve-year old boys sawing away at their instruments. A teacher winces as he hacks at the air above their heads with a ruler.

Near the back of the class we find BILL ROACH. He's plump, asthmatic, the last to be chosen for everything. He looks out of the window.

65 EXT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - DAY 65

Roach stares out at us as the rain lashes against the window pane. As we watch an old blue Alvis, towing a battered, second hand CARAVAN, appears - reflected in the window - driving past.

Roach watches, thrilled to realise he is the sole witness of this MYSTERIOUS NEW ARRIVAL.

66 EXT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - PRIDEAUX'S CARAVAN - DAY 66

We're looking down into the dip, at the DRIVER of the blue Alvis, setting up his caravan on bricks, in the gloom and rain. He's wearing a waterproof cape and hood, obscuring his face, giving him something of an air of mystery and menace. There's something odd about the way he moves, something about his back, as if it's been knocked out of true...

The Driver rocks the caravan from side to side, loading bricks underneath, trying to get the thing level.

He senses something and turns to find Roach behind him. Roach instinctively takes a step back from the hooded figure. Then, gathering his courage, he holds out his hand.

In his palm, a MARBLE.

LATER:

Roach stands in the caravan, watching the MARBLE as it rolls backwards and forwards on the windowsill - an improvised spirit level. THE MARBLE comes to rest at the centre of the sill, a temporary equilibrium.

Roach turns excitedly to the camera, about to call to the Driver, but sees something that stops him in his tracks...

The Driver has stopped, his back to us, breathing hard, perhaps from the exercise or perhaps fighting down some pain. The wind catches at his cape and it flutters to one side, revealing the sweat-soaked shirt beneath. As we watch a DARK STAIN appears at his shoulder blade and begins to spread. It's BLOOD.

67 EXT. LONDON - OFF LICENSE - DAY 67

Through the window we see Smiley buying a bottle.

68 INT. LONDON - PADDINGTON TRAIN STATION - DAY 68

Smiley stands at a ticket kiosk.

SMILEY  
Return to Oxford please.

69 EXT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY 69

A large dilapidated Victorian house. We hear the faint sound of voices and pop music coming from the garden.

Smiley pushes open the gate, walks down the path, past overgrown shrubbery until he reaches the door with a bell marked "SACHS."

Glancing sideways he is caught, entranced, by the sight of a young couple kissing in the window. They turn, suddenly aware of his presence and Smiley, embarrassed, continues walking round the house.

SMILEY'S P.O.V.

A group of students in togas are rehearsing a musical version of *Lysistrata*. A young woman, holding her script, is miming to the song 'Don't' by Doris.

An older woman wearing rather too much make-up is carrying a prop. This is CONNIE SACHS - former Queen of Intelligence at the Circus. She examines Smiley for a moment, and then breaks into a charming smile.

ON SMILEY'S EXPRESSION

This is not a social call. Connie can't keep the disappointment from her face.

70 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DRAWING ROOM - DAY 70

Smiley sits in the cluttered drawing room, a plate of scones in front of him. Connie appears carrying a tray of tea.

SMILEY  
(Of the tea)  
Oh, I brought...

He takes the bottle of Scotch from his briefcase.

CONNIE SACHS  
(eyeing it hungrily)  
Not supposed to. Doctor's orders.

Smiley feigns surprise. Connie gives a little girl laugh.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
Wicked, wicked George.

She takes the teacup he pours with crooked arthritic fingers and drinks. They sit, both staring at the students in the garden, caught up in memories of their youth.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
I miss it all so much. All my lovely boys.

Smiley hesitates.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
I don't know about you, George but I feel seriously under-fucked.

They look at each other a moment. Connie's smile fades. She looks at him almost sorrowfully.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
She doesn't deserve you, George. Not one hair on your head, never did...

71 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

71

Smiley and Connie sit in a dirty, disordered room, Connie on her way to being drunk. As she finishes her glass Smiley fills it.

SMILEY  
You left the Circus shortly after I retired...

CONNIE SACHS  
I didn't leave. I was dismissed. Chucked out on the rubbish heap. (Beat) Like you.

SMILEY  
(Ignoring this)  
Why?

She shrugs, petulant, takes a drink.

CONNIE SACHS  
"Lost my sense of proportion."  
That's what that personnel cow said. Wouldn't let go of a bone.

SMILEY  
Which bone?

CONNIE SACHS  
Polyakov.



Smiley nods, a look of boredom settling on his face - A SURE SIGN OF INTEREST.

SMILEY

Polyakov.

CONNIE SACHS

Cultural Attaché Polyakov.

SMILEY

Stationed where?

CONNIE SACHS

Here. London. Turned up in sixty five. And I had a feeling, as soon as I laid eyes on him. But that little swine Toby Esterhase told me I was seeing Spies under the bed.

SMILEY

Esterhase said that?

CONNIE SACHS

He had him graded Persil. Whiter than white. And that was that.

SMILEY

But you disagreed?

CONNIE SACHS

Pretty Polly? Very military bearing for someone who's never supposed to have been in the army. But, he was good. Went to Embassy functions, lectures. I love a man who lives his cover. Never put a foot wrong.

SMILEY

(Beat)

Never?

She can't help but smile.

CONNIE SACHS

(As if summoning him)

Pretty Polly. Pretty Polly...

Connie is working late. She sits in front of a Steenbeck flatbed editing table, she's chain-smoking, unkempt, but completely focused on the moving images on the screen.

CONNIE SACHS (V.O.)  
 ... the busiest culture vulture  
 that Embassy ever had.

On the walls around her are framed STILLS from the footage she is watching: Russian Officials at ceremonies - each picture gridded, each official labelled as Connie manages to identify them.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
 For years we'd been hearing rumours  
 that Karla was building a private  
 army of his own, outside Moscow  
 Centre. We knew he had agents  
 scattered round the globe. I  
 started spending time with the  
 Moscow gazers combing Soviet  
 bulletins and any material I could  
 get.

ON SCREEN - Ancient SOVIET VETERANS stand in rows displaying  
 the medals on their chests.

CONNIE SACHS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Late one night in Research, I was  
 trawling through some footage of  
 May Day in Berlin, 1969. I saw  
 something, George.

Connie slows the images down, concentrating... OFFICIALS in  
 suits are walking into their designated places. We see  
 POLYAKOV amongst them.

One of the old SOVIET VETERANS, in dress uniform, a chest  
 full of medals, possibly a touch senile, LOOKS at him. Just  
 before he is obscured by another official we see what the old  
 veteran does.

He salutes Polyakov.

Connie's smile of triumph is reflected on the screen. She  
 lights a cigarette.

CONNIE SACHS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I saw it, George.

Connie rewinds the tape and we see the salute - backwards.  
 And again - forwards.

CONNIE SACHS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Why would a distinguished soldier,  
 four medals for gallantry, salute  
 our cultural attache Polly? Unless  
 Polly was a war veteran himself?  
 And if he was, why hide the fact?

FROM DOORWAY - Connie sits smoking her celebratory cigarette,  
 at the centre of her obsession.

72A INT. CIRCUS - RESEARCH - EVENING

72A

Connie is showing the footage to Alleline and Esterhase.

SMILEY (V.O.)  
What did you do?

CONNIE SACHS (V.O.)  
I went straight to Esterhase and Alleline. I said - "Polyakov is a Karla-trained Hood if ever I saw one. And if he's here it's because he's running a mole."

SMILEY (V.O.)  
What did they say?

Alleline switches off the image.

PERCY ALLELINE  
(Hard)  
You're to leave Polyakov alone.  
You're becoming obsessed with him.

He glances at Esterhase and then back to Connie, eyes cold.

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)  
You're losing your sense of proportion, Connie. Perhaps it's time you went out into the real world.

73 OMITTED

73

74 OMITTED

74

75 INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE - DAY - **PRESENT**

75

Connie sits on her bed, with Smiley, drunk now, eyes wet.

CONNIE SACHS  
Hate the real world. (Beat) What does it matter? Old Circus is gone anyway, apart from Bill Haydon. Better off out of it. (Beat) I know you never liked him.

SMILEY  
(Sharply)  
What nonsense. What on earth makes you say that?

CONNIE SACHS  
(Surprised)  
I don't know.

She turns to the shoe box beside her, takes out a PHOTOGRAPH.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
Here we are. The Nursery in our day.

She shows him the photograph - a young Connie in Wren uniform, young men in cricket whites on a mown lawn. More senior figures stand behind.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
There's Control himself, you behind him, as usual...

A younger bespectacled Smiley, lost amongst his more glamorous colleagues. She traces other faces with a crooked finger.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
(Fondly)  
Jim Prideaux... and Bill Haydon. Together of course. The Inseparables. All my boys. That was a good time, George.

SMILEY  
(Chiding)  
It was the war, Connie.

CONNIE SACHS  
A real war. Englishmen could be proud then.

She stares at the photograph with a sad smile.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
I was right, then? About Polyakov. There's a mole?

Smiley doesn't answer, stands up to go.

CONNIE SACHS (CONT'D)  
If it's bad, don't come back. I want to remember you all as you were.

76 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

76

The house we saw in the title sequence. The air duct opens on the front of the house, spilling out its star-shape of light.

After a moment Polyakov walks up to the door and knocks. We hear the dog barking...

77 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 77

Mrs McCraig opens the door for him and he passes her with a smile, heading upstairs.

We TRACK with Mrs McCraig as she walks back to her pantry, opens a cupboard to reveal a huge reel to reel TAPE RECORDER. With ancient fingers she presses down the clunky record button and the spools begin to revolve.

POLYAKOV (O.S.)  
(In Russian)  
... The Priest is surprised to  
see General Secretary  
Krushchev...

78 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 78

As we saw it in the titles. The Mystery Man sits at the table holding up pages of a document for Polyakov who is photographing them as he talks, the camera giving a satisfying CLICK and WHIR with each shot.

POLYAKOV  
... He says "Father, father, I've  
just had sex with two 17 year old  
girls." The Priest says "That's  
quite a sin, but you're an  
Atheist, General Secretary..."

HIGH ANGLE - the dusty candelabra above their heads, and the tint MICROPHONE, nestled beside one of the bulbs.

POLYAKOV (CONT'D)  
"... why are you telling me?"

79 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 79

... spools churning silently.

POLYAKOV (O.S.)  
... Krushchev says "I'm seventy-  
seven, I'm telling everyone."

We hear his chuckle and the continued CLICK WHIR of the camera.

80 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT 80

Smiley sits at his desk staring at the CHESS SET laid out before him. One of the pieces has had the photograph of POLYAKOV added to it.

He begins to register the faint noises around him...  
Pigeons on the ledge outside the window, the television  
mast creaking on the roof above him...

He hears footsteps approaching down the corridor and stop  
outside his room. He crosses to the door and opens it and  
finds CONTROL waiting for him.

CONTROL  
Step into my lair.

And in an instant we are in...

81

INT. CIRCUS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - **PAST**

81

Control is at the HEAD OF THE TABLE. Ranged against him are  
PERCY ALLELINE, ROY BLAND and TOBY ESTERHASE- all a little  
nervous. BILL HAYDON sits to the side, feet up. Smiley  
joins them without his spectacles. Control throws him a  
FILE.

CONTROL  
(To Smiley)  
Sit down and take a look at this  
nonsense.

Smiley sits down and begins to read.

CONTROL (CONT'D)  
Report by Soviet High Command on  
their recent naval exercises in  
the Black Sea. Just what the  
Admiralty have been begging us  
for some information on.

SMILEY  
(Engrossed)  
Where did you get it?

CONTROL  
I didn't. Percy and his little  
cabal walked in with it.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
(Protesting "cabal")  
Control...

CONTROL  
Shut up, Esterhase.

Control waves him down. Smiley considers the report  
dispassionately.

SMILEY  
If it's genuine it's gold-dust.  
(Beat) But its topicality makes  
it suspect.

Control turns to Alleline, with a mocking smile.

CONTROL  
Smiley is suspicious, Percy.  
Smells a fake.

SMILEY  
Where does it come from? What's  
the access?

CONTROL  
Percy doesn't feel like telling.

Percy packs his pipe, enjoys the moment - the young lion  
challenging the old.

PERCY ALLELINE  
A new secret source of mine.

SMILEY  
But how could he possibly have  
access to...?

PERCY ALLELINE  
He has access to the most  
sensitive levels of policy  
making.

Smiley stares at him, staggered. If it's true, this is the  
jackpot. Alleline enjoys his amazement, he leans over -  
points with bureaucratic pride to the FLAMES on the LETTER  
HEAD.

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)  
We have named the operation  
"Witchcraft."

SMILEY  
(Faintly)  
We?

CONTROL  
Percy and his pals have bypassed  
us, Smiley. Gone straight to the  
Minister. Everyone's very  
excited. Percy's to be allowed to  
keep the identity of his new  
friend top secret.

PERCY ALLELINE  
The Minister agrees with me that  
too many secrets are blown around  
here. Too much failure, too many  
scandals, too little solid  
intelligence!

Control is still smiling but only now do we realise he is  
almost shaking with fury.

CONTROL

Luckily Percy's cabal has come to  
save us.

PERCY ALLELINE

(Bulldozing on)

It's all office politics here.

ROY BLAND

Percy does have a point, Control.  
We should be fighting communism,  
not each other.

PERCY ALLELINE

Meanwhile we're losing our  
reputation, our partners...

CONTROL

Your bloody Yanks!

PERCY ALLELINE

(Shouting)

And we've had enough! There's  
going to be changes, Smiley!  
Changes.

Toby Esterhase finds his moment.

TOBY ESTERHASE

We need to decide if we're part  
of the past, or part of the  
future.

CONTROL

(Contemptuous)

I should have left you where I  
found you.

ROY BLAND

Control, if we could all just...

CONTROL

OUT! ALL OF YOU!

Alleline, Bland and Esterhase leave. For a moment it looks  
as if Haydon will stay, but then he stands up, shaking his  
head and saunters out.

SMILEY

(Cautiously)

If Witchcraft is genuine...

Now the others have left, Control seems to sag under the  
weight of some unnamed fear. He turns a haggard face to  
Smiley.

CONTROL

I don't trust miracles.



We hear a KNOCKING and find ourselves back in...

82 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - DAY - **PRESENT** 82

Mendel holds two mugs of tea in one hand, gives the agreed knock at Smiley's door again. After a moment a bleary Smiley opens the door and lets him in.

83 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - DAY 83

Mendel passes him the tea, takes in the desk piled high with papers.

MENDEL  
(Of the tea)  
Courtesy of Mrs P. You been up  
all night?

Smiley sits down wearily, sips his tea.

SMILEY  
Yes.

Mendel notices one SLIP OF PAPER, sitting alone on the opposite side of the desk.

MENDEL  
What's that?

SMILEY  
Request for a thousand pound's in  
cash from the reptile fund.

MENDEL  
What for?

SMILEY  
For a Mister Ellis.

MENDEL  
Who's Ellis?

Smiley leans back, rubs his tired eyes.

SMILEY  
It was one of Jim Prideaux's work  
names.

MENDEL  
What's so strange about that  
then?

SMILEY  
The date. Prideaux was killed in  
Hungary a year ago. October  
twenty first. So why was  
(MORE)

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 someone giving him a thousand  
 pounds two months later?

He takes another sip of tea, gazes at Mendel thoughtfully.

84 EXT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - PLAYING FIELDS - DAY 84

Prideaux is running around the track, pounding along with his odd, loping stride. A group of BOYS watch him pass. One - SPIKELEY - mimics the run to the amusement of the others.

85 INT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 85

A fire burns in the little grate.

ROACH sits near the back of the class. The BOY behind slaps the back of his neck with a ruler. Roach flinches but doesn't say anything. The Boy does it again.

Prideaux drops a pile of books onto the desk of a boy - SPIKELY.

PRIDEAUX  
 Hand those out.

He crosses to the board begins to write on it - JE M'APPELLE MONSIEUR ELL...

Behind him Spikely hands out the books, continuing to walk like a HUNCHBACK.

The class snigger. Prideaux hears but doesn't turn, continues writing.

Then from the CHIMNEY comes an unnerving SCRABBLING sound. A little soot falls...

The sniggering fades out as all eyes turn nervously to the fire... *what is that noise?*

Then, with a terrifying SCREECH, an OWL drops down into the grate, thrashes in the flames before flapping out into the class, its wings now ON FIRE, shrieking hideously, headed straight for Spikely who stands frozen in shock as the bird swoops towards his face.

Then...

... somehow, Prideaux is THERE and grabs the burning bird from the air and in a second has it folded in on itself, NECK SNAPPED, and strides out of the room with it.

The boys stare after their new teacher in SHOCKED SILENCE.

Roach is hiding, spying down on the caravan below, where Prideaux sits in the doorway, massaging his raised shoulder, and drinking something from a green beaker.

PRIDEAUX  
(After a moment)  
Come down here.

Frightened, Roach obeys, sliding down the dip to him. Prideaux examines him fiercely. Finally his face relaxes a little.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)  
(Identifying him)  
Boy with the marble.

ROACH  
Yes sir.

PRIDEAUX  
Gave me a turn up there, parked on the horizon. Thought you were a Juju man. What's your name?

BILL ROACH  
Sir, Roach, sir. Bill. I'm a new boy.

PRIDEAUX  
New arrival, eh? Middle of year? What's the story?

Roach hesitates.

BILL ROACH  
(Blushing)  
My mother and father... my father's left, so...

He doesn't know how to explain his misery any further. Prideaux pretends not to notice.

PRIDEAUX  
Bill? The unpaid Bill. Anyone ever call you that?

BILL ROACH  
No sir.

PRIDEAUX  
Known a lot of Bills. They've all been good 'uns. What you good at?

Roach tries desperately to think of something.

BILL ROACH  
Nothing sir.

The boy's eyes start to MIST UP. Prideaux looks down, busies himself with brushing at something on his shirt.

PRIDEAUX  
You're a good watcher though eh?  
Us loners always are. No one else spotted me when I turned up here. Best watcher in the unit, Bill Roach is, I'll bet. Long as he's got his specs on. Right?

BILL ROACH  
(Gratefully)  
Yes sir.

Prideaux finishes his drink, nods to Roach.

PRIDEAUX  
Free period, isn't it? Don't waste it down here.

Roach sets off up the dip. He looks back and sees Prideaux has walked into the caravan and stands with his back to him, rubbing his aching shoulder.

87 EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 87

Smiley walks up to the steps of his home, stops, examining the door, his absent-minded air hardening into something more ALERT. He scans the step and stoops to pick something up. A WEDGE.

88 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 88

Smiley walks into the hallway senses alert. He pads towards the drawing room, wipes sweat from his hands on his trousers, steels himself. Is it finally Them, come for him? He walks in and finds...

89 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 89

RICKI TARR sits smoking in the darkness, the knife on his lap.

RICKI TARR  
Hello Mister Smiley. You remember me.

SMILEY  
Hello, Ricki.

He tosses the wedge onto the table.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
You missed a wedge.

RICKI TARR  
Losing my touch.

Smiley watches him closely, very aware of the knife. Tarr rubs his beard.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)  
I know what I must look like. Rip Van Winkle. Feel like him. I could sleep for a year. Two years.

SMILEY  
Where've you been, Ricki?

RICKI TARR  
Here, there. Run out of places now. They're gonna kill me.

SMILEY  
Who is?

RICKI TARR  
Your lot. Or their lot. Whoever gets me first. I'm innocent, by the way. Within reason. (Beat) You going to find him then? The Mole?

Smiley crosses to another chair. As he does so he's scanning the room - automatically noting the changes - the remains of a meal on a table...

SMILEY  
I'm going to try. How long have you been here?

RICKI TARR  
Few days. Needed somewhere to hide.

Smiley notices the pile of letters for his wife Ann - they've been disturbed.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)  
(Following his gaze)  
Old habits.

Smiley fights down his anger.

SMILEY  
I wouldn't use my home as a safe house. There's every chance they're watching it.

RICKI TARR  
 Calculated risk Mister Smiley. I  
 wanted to see you, figured you'd  
 turn up here sooner or later.

SMILEY  
 What do you want Ricki?

RICKI TARR  
 There's a woman. I want you to  
 trade for her. Get her back from  
 Karla.

SMILEY  
 What woman?

Tarr finishes his cigarette, lights another.

RICKI TARR  
 Her name's Irina.

90 EXT. ISTANBUL - AIRPORT - DAY - **PAST** 90

Ricki Tarr emerges blinking into the white sunshine.  
 Groomed, smart, that same restless energy. A car pulls up  
 across the road TUFTY THESINGER - a boiled-looking British  
 spy, not over-bright, signals to him. Tarr pulls his shades  
 down and saunters over to his ride.

RICKI TARR (O.S.)  
 I met her in Istanbul. They'd  
 found some Russian trade  
 delegate, name of Boris. He was  
 spending high and wide in the  
 nightclubs and some idiot thought  
 we could turn him.

Tarr opens the back seat and gets in. Tufty's slightly  
 foolish smile slips a little.

90A INT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE LOBBY - DAY 90A

Tarr enters, followed by Tufty carrying one of his bags.

91 INT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 91

Nineteenth century European grandeur. But the apartment  
 we're in is deserted and in a state of disrepair. Tarr  
 stands at tripod mounted BINOCULARS set back from the  
 window, idly playing with a knife with a distinctive white  
 BONE handle.

92

EXT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - NIGHT

92

TARR'S P.O.V. - the HOTEL opposite - a Brutalist concrete slab, the rooms have floor to ceiling windows. In the bedroom a heavy set man - BORIS - is having sex with a MAID.

RICKI TARR (V.O.)

I took one look and saw that he was a hood, Moscow trained.

We TRACK to one side, and see the "drawing room" of the hotel suite, where Boris' two MINDERS, SERGEI and IVAN, wait, smirking at the sounds coming from the bedroom.

RICKI TARR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Probably coat trailing, trying to draw one of our men out into the open.

We TRACK further along again and see the CORRIDOR outside the hotel room, where a YOUNG WOMAN has just arrived. This is IRINA.

RICKI TARR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He had a wife with him. Common-law.

Irina opens the door and walks into the drawing room, where the Minders stare fixedly at the floor, trying not to laugh. She walks on past and into the bedroom. The Maid jumps out of the bed, grabs her clothes and flees. Boris lies, unconcerned, reaches for his cigarettes.

Irina walks past him and we track with her as she enters a BATHROOM. The glass window here is two-thirds frosted and we lose her as she bends over a basin.

Something about her has caught Tarr's attention and he leaves the binoculars, walking closer to the window.

Suddenly IRINA straightens up, her head above the frosted glass and stares straight at us...

93

EXT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

93

HER P.O.V. -

RICKI TARR standing at the window opposite, knowing he should turn away, but somehow snagged by that look.

A moment between the two. Then a car sweeps past on the road below and there's a flash of light behind Ricki's head - the headlights reflected in the lenses of the now visible BINOCULARS. Irina absorbs this. Above everything else, anger at her humiliation being observed.

94 EXT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - NIGHT 94  
 RICKI TARR'S P.O.V.

As Irina walks back out of the bathroom, picks up a vase and hurls it at Boris, just missing him. He stubs out his cigarette and calmly climbs out of the bed. As we watch he draws the curtains along the length of the room, obscuring our view. Seconds later the curtains billow as Irina is thrown against them. We watch as her shape is rolled along the window by the force of Boris' blows. Finally the billowing fabric settles. Moments later Boris opens the curtains again and starts to dress. Irina lies on the bed.

94A EXT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - NIGHT 94A  
 RICKI'S P.O.V.

Ricki watches the street below as Boris, Sergei and Ivan exit the hotel, head for a night out.

Tarr pulls on his own jacket, grabs his knife.

95 OMITTED 95

96 EXT. ISTANBUL - NIGHT 96  
 IRINA'S P.O.V. - Her husband and the Minders are heading for a row of gaudy nightclubs. And someway behind him, Ricki Tarr, trailing.

She exhales a breath on the glass.

96A EXT. ISTANBUL - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 96A  
 Tarr approaches the night club, glancing around quickly before slipping inside.

97 INT. ISTANBUL - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 97  
 Ricki Tarr enters. He scans the room for Boris, spotting Tufty Thesinger at a table. He crosses towards him, watching as Boris and the two minders are entertained by the clubs hostesses.

Boris calls for more drinks, clutching a bundle of currency.

TUFTY THESINGER  
 (grinning)  
 This is going to be a long night.



RICKI TARR  
You baby-sit this one.

Ricki walks towards us.

98 INT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - NIGHT 98

Irina answers the door and finds Ricki Tarr outside.

RICKI TARR  
Your bloke's a bit of a bastard.  
(Beat) Just wanted to check you  
were alright.

She stares at him.

RICKI TARR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There was something about her.

99 OMITTED 99

100 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY - **PRESENT** 100

Tarr exhales smoke. Smiley studies him.

SMILEY  
You were due to fly home the next  
day. What did you tell London?

RICKI TARR  
Nothing. Didn't have anything to  
tell yet. But... I could sense it  
in her.

SMILEY  
Sense what?

RICKI TARR  
A secret.

101 INT. ISTANBUL - GARAGE - DAY - **PAST** 101

Ricki Tarr is talking to a man. A sports car lies under a  
sheet. The deal concluded, the man pulls back the sheet to  
reveal the car.

102 EXT. ISTANBUL - DOCKS - DAY 102

Irina is driving, exhilarated, free. Ricki Tarr is on the  
back seat, sleeping.

103 INT. ISTANBUL - WORKERS CANTEEN - DAY

103

A workers canteen on the Bosphorus. Tarr and Irina sit drinking wine, talking.

RICKI TARR (V.O.)  
I played the businessman, Michael  
Trench. A Holiday Romance. Thought  
I'd take my time with it...

Tarr gently traces a bruise on Irina's arm.

RICKI TARR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But second date she made this open  
play...

We see a growing attraction between them.

Irina and Tarr laughing, flirting. They move closer to one another.

Tarr feels he is the master of this situation.

Suddenly Irina withdraws. She stares at him.

IRINA  
I know what you are.

A long beat. Tarr waits her out.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
I would like to talk to your boss  
Control. I have something to trade.  
Something big. I want a new life in  
the West.

Tarr desperately tries to stay looking calm.

IRINA (CONT'D)  
That is the deal. You tell them.

103A INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - EVENING - **PRESENT**

103A

Smiley sits with his hooded, bored look, examining everything carefully.

SMILEY  
What made you so sure she wasn't  
coat-trailing?

RICKI TARR  
We've all got our strengths. And  
weaknesses.

He flicks a look at the pile of Ann's letter, an insolent smile.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)  
 Me, I know women. She said she had  
 a secret. The mother of all  
 secrets. Said she'd only tell  
 Control. She wanted to trade. New  
 life for her and her kids.

SMILEY  
 She had children in Russia?

RICKI TARR  
 That's why they let her and Boris  
 out. So, I said I'd tell the  
 Circus.

SMILEY  
 (Beat)  
 But you didn't?

Tarr's smile fades.

104 OMITTED 104

105 INT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - DAY - **PAST** 105

Irina prowls the room.

RICKI TARR (V.O.)  
 Wanted to find out more first. So,  
 I waited her out.

Tarr lounges by a window, smoking.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)  
 (Shrugging)  
 You can't expect them to jump at  
 every offer of service.(Beat.  
 Carefully) If they had more  
 information...

Irina doesn't answer, paces. Tarr lets his face harden.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)  
 Well, if you won't tell me more,  
 there's nothing I can do.

She stares at him.

IRINA  
 If I tell you, I'm putting my  
 life in your hands. The lives of  
 my children? Do you understand?

She walks slowly towards him, bends over, begins to whisper  
 in his ear.

106 INT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 106

The two make love, passionate, Irina trying to bind him to her. Tarr responds, excited by her, now that she needs him. We intercut their intense love-making with...

107 INT. ISTANBUL - NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT 107

A drunk Boris groping a very young hostess on a dance floor, his shirt undone. He starts to strip the girl of her uniform, amused by her efforts to keep her clothes on. The two minders clap in time to the music, encouraging him. Boris grabs the girl by the hair, biting her neck, laughing, eyes glazed with drink, barely able to stand... The inane music blares on...

108 INT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 108

Silence. Tarr and Irina stare at each other. A long beat.

IRINA

(tenderly)

Promise me you'll be careful. No details to the Circus. Not until we're safe.

RICKI TARR

(genuine)

I promise.

109 EXT. ISTANBUL - DAY 109

Tarr threads his way through the crowds of evening shoppers and tourists, holding in his head the BIGGEST SECRET of his career. There's something new on his face - AMBITION.

110 EXT. ISTANBUL - IMPORT/EXPORT OFFICE - EVENING 110

We're gliding above the respectable front of a Business OFFICE, through the RECEPTION - which maintains the cover story of an Import/Export outfit...

...over a back-room and through a STEEL DOOR to the CYPHER ROOM beyond where we find a drunk TUFTY THESINGER watching Tarr send a CODED MESSAGE.

TUFTY THESINGER

You were supposed to have gone. London stations's been on to me. They want to know what the hell you're doing.

RICKI TARR  
 (without turning)  
 Fuck off.

111 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

111

Smiley takes off his glasses and wipes them.

SMILEY  
 And what did your message say,  
 Ricki?

RICKI TARR  
 Just that I had a Moscow Centre  
 trained hood wanting to defect.

SMILEY  
 What else?

Tarr looks at him. For the first time there's something  
 else behind his smile.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 I understand how you felt. You  
 wanted to do something.

RICKI TARR  
 I know what I am to the Circus.  
 One of the scalp-hunters. Someone  
 to give the dirty jobs to. I  
 wanted to bring this one in  
 myself.

SMILEY  
 Yes. I quite see that.

RICKI TARR  
 I said that she claimed to have  
 information crucial to the well-  
 being of the Circus.

SMILEY (O.S)  
 And what else?

RICKI TARR  
 That she had information  
 concerning a Double Agent.

He colours.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)  
 I was just trying to... to get  
 the proper attention. (Beat) And  
 I told them to tell Mister  
 Guillam that this was the reason  
 I hadn't come home, not because  
 I'd defected or anything.

SMILEY  
What happened next Ricki?

RICKI TARR  
I waited for a reply.

112 INT. ISTANBUL - IMPORT/EXPORT OFFICE - NIGHT - **PAST** 112

A tense Tarr sits waiting for a reply. It's dark outside. The singer is asleep at his desk. The TICKER MACHINE begins to rattle into life. Tarr jumps to it.

Tarr begins to decode the in-coming message on a one-time pad.

INSERT - "We read you"

RICKI TARR (V.O.)  
I waited hours but that was all they sent. It didn't make sense. Like they were stalling.

113 EXT. ISTANBUL - TARR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 113

Tarr stands staring across at Irina's hotel balcony with binoculars.

114 EXT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - NIGHT 114

BORIS stands looking straight at him. The hint of a mocking smile. Behind him we can just see SERGEI and IVAN sitting in the room.

115 INT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - NIGHT 115

Boris turns from the balcony, exhaling smoke from a cigarette, the faint smile still on his lips. He looks up, his expression CHANGING.

116 EXT. ISTANBUL - ALLEYWAY - DAWN 116

Tarr bolts down an alleyway.

117 INT. ISTANBUL - IMPORT/EXPORT OFFICE - DAY 117

The door is ajar... a radio is playing LOUD POP MUSIC. Tarr pauses on the threshold, senses alert. He takes out his KNIFE.

118 INT. ISTANBUL - IMPORT/EXPORT OFFICE - DAY 118

A fan stirs the dusty air. Tarr walks in and stops. Tufty lies on the floor, in a pool of blood. He's been tortured, one eye gouged out. The other manages to convey a rather touching amazement at the violence worked on him. His throat has been slit wide open. Tarr absorbs this, looks at the knife in his own hand, turns and runs.

119 INT. ISTANBUL - WORKERS CANTEEN - DAY 119

A desperate Tarr hurries towards a phone.

120 INT. ISTANBUL - IRINA'S HOTEL - DAY 120

P.O.V. - BATHROOM THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN DOOR -

Irina enters the hotel room. She stops a moment, afraid. Then she looks towards us.

BATHROOM

Irina is backing out of the room. We catch a glimpse of the BUTCHERED REMAINS of BORIS hanging from the shower rail, a garroting wire around his neck. He's been tortured, the shower curtain used to catch the pooling blood.

She BACKS AWAY across the room to the door, leaving a trail of bloody footprints on the pale carpet.

She turns to the door, looks out of the SPY HOLE.

Her P.O.V. - two men, TINY DISTORTED FIGURES walking down the corridor towards her.

The phone starts to RING. Irina glances at it, knowing it's too late for her.

SPY-HOLE - The TWO FIGURES loom closer.

121 INT. ISTANBUL - PORT AUTHORITY - DAY 121

P.O.V. - Crowds of people throng the busy port.

A paranoid Ricki watches from the back of the hall. He notices a child react to something - follows his gaze...

TARR'S P.O.V. - behind glass panels - a glimpse of three men wheeling a gurney - a bandaged figure upon it. Just before the figure disappears, a hand moves a little...

Tarr watches Irina's departure, sick with guilt.

122 OMITTED 122

123 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT 123

Tarr picks at a loose thread on his cuff, mind still back there.

RICKI TARR

They put her on a ship. That's all I know. I've done a lot of things Mister Smiley, but... I don't know why... I keep thinking about her. (Beat)

He smiles, almost bewildered by his own feelings.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)

She wasn't even my type. (Beat)  
I want to get her out. I owe her that.

He stands up abruptly, heading for the door.

SMILEY

Where are you going Ricki? You said yourself, Karla will be looking for you. I can take you somewhere. Keep you safe.

Tarr's face twists with mirth.

RICKI TARR

Who's going to keep you safe?

124 INT. CIRCUS - LIFT SHAFT - DAY 124

We are peering down the lift shaft as new secrets are winched towards us.

125 INT. CIRCUS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 125

Alleline sits in his baronial chair, alone in the room. He looks what he is. A man who knows he's OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

Across from him the SAFE stands, an almost malignant presence.

Alleline stares at it, a light film of sweat on his forehead.

126 INT. SQUASH CLUB - EVENING 126

A dark warren of corridors and glassed SQUASH COURTS somewhere under-ground.



Alleline walks along the courts, new racquet in hand, uncomfortable in his too-tight white shorts. He reaches a court. Inside LACON and the MINISTER are playing a furious game of squash.

127

INT. SQUASH CLUB - EVENING

127

The three men stand talking within the transparent cube of the court. Lacon and the Minister are still sweating from their game. The Minister is smoking.

OLIVER LACON

Percy has always resisted suggestions of wider exploitation of Witchcraft's intelligence.

MINISTER

Drop the bloody jargon, Lacon.

PERCY ALLELINE

I've refused to share Witchcraft with our allies, so far, Minister.

MINISTER

Greedy boy.

PERCY ALLELINE

My goal has been to establish his track record beyond all doubt. I think the time has come to approach our American brothers-in-arms.

The Minister considers this with some excitement, takes a drag on his cigarette.

MINISTER

You think they'll take us back into bed?

PERCY ALLELINE

I'm not interested in a one-off trade. I want on-going access to American intelligence.

This stops the Minister. He turns to face Alleline.

MINISTER

Do you think we can get it?

Alleline senses he has just risen several rungs. He slashes inexpertly with his racquet.

PERCY ALLELINE

With Witchcraft on our side, I  
think we can get anything we  
bloody-well want.

128 EXT. HAMPSTEAD PONDS - DAY 128

Smiley swims in the placid water. We hear music. The tinkle  
of glasses from a happy Christmas party...

CONTROL (O.S.)

(mock out-rage)

Percy?

129 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR PARTY - NIGHT - **PAST** 129

- And we are back in the Circus.

We find Control - arm outstretched, finger pointing.

CONTROL

Percy. Did you do this?

A Christmas Party of the past. Control, at the height of  
his powers, a punch glass in hand. Noise and music: the  
normally earnest atmosphere of the Circus released in an  
unexpectedly boisterous gathering.

CONTROL (CONT'D)

You penny pinching Scot. Can you  
not take a bloody order. No one  
is to tamper with the recipe.  
It's going to take us five hours  
to get drunk on this piss water.

Alleline tries to smile.

PERCY ALLELINE

I followed the recipe.

He glances nervously at his wife, a vivacious alcoholic,  
just beginning to make a show of herself. She puts a CROWN-  
SHAPED party hat from the cracker onto Alleline's head. He  
brushes it off, anxious not to appear the fool.

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)

(Muttering)

For God's sake Mary...

BILL HAYDON, wearing a crown from the cracker at a rakish  
angle, appears in the nick of time, leads Alleline's wife out  
for a dance, teasing the sullenness from her. They're good  
dancers. Alleline relieved, crisis averted.

129A INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR PARTY - NIGHT

129A

We find Smiley trapped in a conversation with an earnestly drunk deb. Control raises his arm above the melee. He's still at the punch bowl.

CONTROL

Smiley? Where's Ann? Get me a lady of taste? Ann will sort it out.

SMILEY

(grateful to get away from the deb)  
I'll go find her.

Smiley threads his way through the party, walking amongst his colleagues, enjoying himself... Jerry Westerby and Connie Sachs are arm in arm, singing along to a song - "The Second Worst Spy in the World." They link Smiley to them for a verse, others joining in around them. The song segues into the Russian National Anthem. The crowd sing lustily, many of them Russian-speaking, enjoying the chance to sing with vigour.

Smiley walks on. Behind him the song ends to be replaced by the CHARLIE RICH song we heard earlier.

His P.O.V. -

- One of the larger Mothers doubled up with laughter, pulling a cracker with a flushed TOBY ESTERHASE, hopelessly outweighed, but competitive to the finish.

- ROY BLAND with his plain wife, eyeing one of the pretty debs as she dances by. A mother takes Smiley by the hand and leads him briefly into the dance. Smiley takes a turn with her, and extricates himself. Still smiling...

130 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR PARTY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

130

... he walks down a dark corridor, the noise of the party fading away behind him.

He stops seeing something in the shadows of an office. For a moment he doesn't understand what he's seen.

REVERSE

Two shapes locked in an embrace.

Smiley stands, nakedly absorbing the body blow. Then he turns and walks back to the heat and noise of the party.

131 EXT. HAMPSTEAD PONDS - DAY - **PRESENT** 131

Smiley and Guillam sit on a bench. Smiley has his towel, hair wet from his swim.

PETER GUILLAM  
You look tired.

Smiley considers telling Guillam about Tarr's visit, but an instinct for secrecy wins out.

SMILEY  
Yes. I didn't sleep well. (Beat)  
I want you to get something for me, Peter. I need the duty officer's log book for last November. I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to send you up a floor, into the Lion's den. (Beat) If you have the slightest reservation...

PETER GUILLAM  
Is feeling sick to your stomach a slight reservation?

SMILEY  
If you're caught, Peter, you can't mention me. I'm sorry, but you're alone.

Guillam nods. He gets up and walks quickly away. After a moment a MAN rises from a nearby bench and saunters over. It's Mendel.

MENDEL  
You're clean. Nothing on your back. Nothing on your conscience.

132 EXT. CIRCUS - MORNING 132

A LORRY roars past, wiping frame and revealing Guillam arriving at the circus, carrying his briefcase. He springs up the four steps.

133 INT. CIRCUS - GROUND-FLOOR LOBBY - DAY 133

Guillam is at the security gate at the dingy lobby. The security guard, Bryant, steps from his box. Beyond him is the row of lifts.

BRYANT  
Mister Guillam? How's the family?

PETER GUILLAM  
 Fine, Bryant. Up to Registry  
 today.

BRYANT  
 Okay sir. Yellow one for the bag  
 sir.

Bryant stamps a PINK chit and hands it to Guillam, pulling open the lift cage. He gives him a yellow slip for the bag.

Guillam climbs inside and begins to ascend, rattlingly slowly. As Bryant's head disappears...

PETER GUILLAM  
 Time you oiled this thing, isn't  
 it?

BRYANT (O.S.)  
 We keep asking...

Guillam examines the chit. He wipes his hands. For the first time we realize how NERVOUS he is.

Polished shoes appear as they reach the floor, then the uniform trousers of a short man. A self-important JANITOR.

Guillam steps out and the Janitor checks Guillam's pink and yellow chit and motions him through a turnstile. Then he stops him short. He gestures for Guillam to raise his arms.

PETER GUILLAM  
 You're kidding?

JANITOR PETE  
 New rules.

Guillam is briskly frisked.

PETER GUILLAM  
 Mind the jewels.

JANITOR PETE  
 Pen and watch sir.

He holds up a box and Guillam hands him his fountain pen and watch.

The search over Guillam sets off down the corridor, unnerved by the task ahead - betraying his own kind.

BILL HAYDON (O.S.)  
 What the hell are you doing up  
 here?

Guillam freezes. Then he turns. It's Bill Haydon standing in a doorway, frowning at him over his spectacles. A moment.

PETER GUILLAM  
 You don't look pleased to see me,  
 Bill?

BILL HAYDON  
 Why would I be? You bloody  
 pariah.

Then Bill grins, the grin transforming his face. Guillam smiles back, relief mixing with real warmth.

BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)  
 We like the Scalp-hunters to know  
 their place. On the second floor.

PETER GUILLAM  
 Doing some research. Makes a  
 change from sitting on my arse.

BILL HAYDON  
 Heard it was quiet down there.

PETER GUILLAM  
 As the grave. When're you going  
 to give us something to do?

BILL HAYDON  
 Haven't you heard? Technology's  
 the future. No need for you apes  
 anymore. I can get you a posting  
 to Northern Ireland if that helps  
 get the blood racing.

PETER GUILLAM  
 Thanks anyway. Stick to sitting  
 on my arse.

They've reached the end of the corridor. Haydon peels away, a hand raised in farewell.

134 INT. CIRCUS - READING ROOM - DAY

134

Guillam arrives at a counter which serves to block entry to the vast archive of files beyond. A Janitor appears in the entrance. He pushes a book towards Guillam to sign.

JANITOR ALWYN  
 (re: Guillam's bag)  
 Want me to look after that for  
 you, Mister Guillam?

PETER GUILLAM  
 Thanks...

JANITOR ALWYN  
 Gotta give you a chit. The  
 Dolphin'll kill me if I don't.  
 New Rules.

PETER GUILLAM  
 So, chit me.

The Janitor grins, slaps a chit on the bag, raises the counter and Guillam enters.

135 INT. CIRCUS - READING ROOM - DAY 135

A few researchers sit amongst stacks of files. Guillam is filling out requisition slips. Behind the desk, a woman - SAL - watches him.

SAL  
 What you up to this weekend?

PETER GUILLAM  
 (rakish)  
 Visiting aunts.

SAL  
 I'll bet.

She takes the flimsy's from the back of the slips and posts them into her desk.

SAL (CONT'D)  
 Corridor D.

She hands him back the top copies.

SAL (CONT'D)  
 The two-eights are halfway on  
 your right, the three-ones are  
 next alcove down.

136 EXT. GARAGE - DAY 136

Mendel sits in his car, watching the garage fore-court. He looks at his watch.

137 INT. CIRCUS - ARCHIVE - DAY 137

The LIFT CAGE we saw earlier is being raised from the floor by a Janitor at the winch. Another janitor is removing files from it.

Radiating out from the lift cage are the shelves of files that make up the reading room.

We find Guillam moving along the shelves reading the fluorescent number cards. He takes a file out, leaving his green slip in the brackets provided by each file. Guillam looks across at his real objective...

A row of anonymous looking files on the next aisle - the archived DUTY OFFICER'S LOG-BOOKS, spines bearing the year and month they cover.

And in his way - a GIRL perched on a ladder, a MAN mending a radiator. The Man turns round and stares straight at Guillam. Suddenly he POINTS STRAIGHT AT HIM. For a moment Guillam freezes, unnerved. Then he glances over his shoulder and realises the Man is communicating with another WORKMAN behind him.

Abruptly, Guillam walks over to the file and swaps it, keeping the title close to his chest. He goes back to his desk, a light film of sweat on his forehead.

He sits, a pencil clamped between his teeth, waiting... From somewhere nearby comes the sound of a PHONE RINGING, then being answered. Moments later...

JANITOR ALWYN  
(To Guillam)  
Telephone sir.

PETER GUILLAM  
(as though distracted)  
Oh to hell, who is it?

JANITOR ALWYN  
Outside line, sir. Someone rough.  
The garage, I think, regarding  
your car.

Guillam walks over to the counter, the stolen file hugged to his chest.

A LOCKED BOX on a trolley is wheeled towards him and is opened to reveal the OUTSIDE LINE TELEPHONE.

PETER GUILLAM  
(into the phone)  
Hello? (Beat) Well, damn. Can't  
you do the bloody repair?

138 EXT. GARAGE - DAY

138

Mendel is using the office phone, an ELDERLY GERMAN MECHANIC, stands outside guarding the office door. In the background a POP TUNE is playing on the radio.

MENDEL  
Can't be done sir, you're going  
to need a new gear box.



139 INT. CIRCUS - READING ROOM - DAY 139  
 On Guillam...

PETER GUILLAM  
 At least get on to the main  
 dealers first...

140 INT. CIRCUS - MONITOR ROOM - DAY 140  
 One of the Mothers is listening routinely in on the call,  
 TAPE SPOOLS revolving, recording the conversation. The POP  
 TUNE plays, insidiously working its way into her head. She  
 idly taps her pen along to the tune.

PETER GUILLAM (O.S.)  
 Have you got the number?

141 INT. CIRCUS - READING ROOM - DAY 141  
 PETER GUILLAM  
 Well, hold on...

He cups his hand over the mouthpiece...

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)  
 ... Alwyn? Chuck me the bag a  
 minute, will you?

Alwyn gets Guillam's bag and brings it over to him.

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)  
 Thanks.

Alwyn goes back to his post. Guillam, still hugging the  
 phone, takes out a BEIGE file from his bag and switches it  
 with the one against his chest. He takes an address book  
 from the bag and finds a number.

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)  
 (Into phone)  
 946-0335. OK? Thanks.

He hangs up, hands the bag back to Alwyn and steps back  
 into...

142 INT. CIRCUS - READING ROOM - DAY 142  
 Guillam retraces his steps, placing his dummy file in the  
 pink stack, replacing the one he placed there in its  
 original shelf, remembering to take the green slip from the  
 bracket. It's done.

Guillam takes the green slip and hands it to Sal, who signs  
 it and puts it on its spike. Guillam turns.

TOBY ESTERHASE is standing in front of him. Unfriendly eyes.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
Could we see you Peter?

For a second Guillam can't speak.

TOBY ESTERHASE (CONT'D)  
Percy would like quite an urgent word with you. Can you come now to the fifth floor? That would be so kind.

PETER GUILLAM  
Of course.

Esterhase turns and Guillam, mind whirring, follows him back out through the counter.

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)  
(to Alwyn, inspired)  
You might just throw that into the lift for me, mark it for the second floor, save me filling out more bloody chits?

JANITOR ALWYN  
Will do sir.

143 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR - OUTSIDE ALLELINE'S OFFICE - DAY 13

The Mothers sit over their typewriters as Guillam and Esterhase walk through into the anteroom.

PERCY ALLELINE (O.S.)  
(shouting from the other room)  
Esterhase, I'll have no phone calls, tell them...

TOBY ESTERHASE  
The Chief will take no calls, please, ladies...

MOTHER  
(Muttering)  
We can hear.

Toby holds the door open for Guillam.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
We are having a conference.

144

INT. CIRCUS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

144

Alleline sits in the baronial chair, Bland at his left. Haydon on his right. Esterhase trots over to his seat. Guillam takes in the REPORT they all seem to have spread out in front of them.

PERCY ALLELINE  
(Reading)  
Well now young Peter Guillam, are you ready for me finally?

Guillam, affecting ease, leans against the wall.

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)  
What are you getting up to down there these days, apart from chasing our virgins...

Guillam catches a smirk from Esterhase - mocking him?

PETER GUILLAM  
Couple of Arab ploys look quite promising. Other than that, getting quite good at ping-pong.

PERCY ALLELINE  
Arabs... You can rent one but you can't buy one. Right Bill?

He looks up from the report. Here it comes...

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)  
How's Ricki Tarr these days?

PETER GUILLAM  
(Not missing a beat)  
Fine. We have tea at Fortnum's every afternoon.

PERCY ALLELINE  
I require the matter of your discussion with Tarr.

Guillam shrugs.

PETER GUILLAM  
I'll tell him. He'll be thrilled.

Alleline lets the silence build, rather like a bad actor. Everyone is staring at Guillam.

PERCY ALLELINE  
(Quietly)  
What's that shrug for?

He SLAMS a hand on the desk, tea-cups rattling, a sudden roar.

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)

I'm talking to you about a murderer. I'm talking to you about a defector from your own damn section! I'm accusing you of consorting with an enemy agent behind my back! Don't damn well shrug at me! How'd you like a term in prison?

Guillam's own temper comes to his rescue.

PETER GUILLAM

But I haven't been seeing him! So get your facts straight and get OFF MY BACK!

A moment, while the room digests this. A relaxation of the tension, as if he's passed some kind of test.

PERCY ALLELINE

So if I told you that Tarr had recently arrived in Paris would you be surprised?

PETER GUILLAM

Nothing would surprise me about Tarr.

PERCY ALLELINE

And if I told you we happen to know that thirty thousand pounds mysteriously appeared in his bank account last month, would that surprise you?

This DOES shock Guillam, but he manages to hold on to his sullen expression.

PERCY ALLELINE (CONT'D)

Your man's a defector, Guillam. Got turned by the opposition months ago and now they've sent him back to us!

PETER GUILLAM

What for?

PERCY ALLELINE

Never mind what for! To muddy the water, that's what for! Spread a whole lot of damn nonsense to get us chasing our tails! The point is this - he's heading for home. The first peep from him you come to the grown-ups, understood? Anyone you see at this table. But not another damn soul!

145 INT. CIRCUS - CORRIDOR - DAY 145

Guillam is walking to the lifts, we note he is now carrying his BAG. Behind him ROY BLAND is walking down the corridor. He peels off, turning left, humming a tune to himself - the same POP SONG that was playing at the garage in the background of Guillam's call. Guillam reacts as he keeps on walking, trying to work out if this MEANS SOMETHING. We track with him as his anger and PARANOIA grow.

146 EXT. GARAGE - DAY 146

Guillam drives down an alleyway full speed, screeches to a halt as he reaches a group of children playing, edges past them and on into the car body repair shop. He gets and strides past the elderly GERMAN MECHANIC we saw earlier.

MECHANIC  
(German, subtitled)  
He's waiting for you.

Guillam strides on, nerves at snapping point, to the other end of the workshop where a Vauxhall waits.

Behind him the Mechanic and his SON are already beginning to strip the plates off Guillam's car.

147 EXT. GARAGE - DAY 147

Mendel appears by Guillam's side as they walk towards another waiting car, Guillam simmering with rage.

MENDEL  
(A faint smile)  
All go smoothly did it? (Beat)  
Where we off to?

PETER GUILLAM  
The hotel. I have to see George.

MENDEL  
Mister Smiley isn't at the hotel,  
sir. Change of venue.

148 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - DAY 148

Tarr sits in Control's green velvet armchair watching TV. There's a large tape recorder on the table behind him. We hear the door to the flat opening.

PETER GUILLAM (O.S.)  
George?

Guillam hurries into the room, stops, seeing Tarr. Tarr gives his sunny grin but he's sweating, his eyes full of tension.

TARR

Hello, Mister Guillam, sorry I took so long to come back.

Guillam punches him in the face, drags him from the chair, the two struggling.

Behind them Smiley and Fawn appear. Smiley watches coolly for a moment then signals Fawn, who drags Guillam off Tarr, expertly pinning his arm.

FAWN

Excuse me, sir.

Guillam pulls free angrily.

SMILEY

Ricki's been helping us Peter. (Indicating TAPE DECK) He's been telling us all about his adventures.

PETER GUILLAM

(To Smiley)

He's a double, George! There is no Mole! The whole thing's a pack of lies thought up by Moscow. Karla's bought him for thirty thousand pounds!

He pulls the LOG BOOK out of his file.

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)

(To Tarr)

I stole that, because of you! I spied on my own. Do you know how that makes me feel?

Smiley holds out his hand for the log book.

SMILEY

As you did take the trouble to steal it...

Guillam hands him the book and Smiley leafs through the pages.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Ricki, you said you sent the Circus a telegram concerning Irina's information?

Tarr sits up, wiping blood from his mouth.

RICKI TARR  
 (Sullenly)  
 S'right.

SMILEY  
 What was the date?

Tarr hesitates, considering.

PETER GUILLAM  
 He doesn't know because there was  
 no telegram! The whole thing...

RICKI TARR  
 November 20th. It would have been  
 November 20th. Evening.

Smiley has found the right month. He flicks through the  
 dated pages - 18th November, 19th November...

He holds up the book - the next page has been cut out.

SMILEY  
 November 20th is missing. (Beat)  
 Someone is covering their tracks  
 Peter. Unless you think that's  
 just a coincidence?

Guillam looks thrown.

PETER GUILLAM  
 What about the money?

SMILEY  
 Thirty thousand isn't so much for  
 Karla to pay if it protects his  
 Mole. I'm afraid someone in the  
 Circus knows all about Mister  
 Tarr and is doing everything they  
 can to discredit him.

Guillam takes the log book from Smiley, runs a thumb down  
 the razored edge of the missing page. He notices some  
 writing on the next page.

PETER GUILLAM  
 (Reading)  
 "Enquiries to the fifth floor."

Smiley takes the book again, examines the note.

SMILEY  
 You recognize that handwriting?  
 (Beat) That's Toby Esterhase.

149 EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - EVENING

149

Smiley and Guillam pull up in front of the hotel. They sit, in weary silence, staring up at the unprepossessing building.

PETER GUILLAM

Why didn't you tell me? That you had Tarr?

Smiley looks at him. Guillam reads the look correctly.

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)

In case I didn't make it out of the Circus...

SMILEY

Secrecy is a habit.

Guillam rubs his eyes.

PETER GUILLAM

I should get some rest. And I suppose you should get your reading done.

Smiley nods. Doesn't move.

150 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

150

The two men are finishing off a bottle of Scotch. Unusually, Smiley is drunk - a result of the alcohol and the lack of sleep.

Guillam lies on one of the single beds, staring at the PHOTOGRAPHS of the four suspects Smiley has pinned on his chessmen.

PETER GUILLAM

I'm sorry.

SMILEY

What for?

PETER GUILLAM

I wanted to believe Tarr was lying. (Beat) All this time, thinking I'm fighting a war. It's a sham. Karla won years ago and we didn't even know it.

Smiley watches Guillam, estimating how badly all of this is affecting him.

SMILEY

(Beat)

I met him once. Karla.

(MORE)



SMILEY (CONT'D)

In fifty-five. Moscow Centre was in pieces. Purge after purge. Half their Agents were jumping ship and I travelled around signing them up. Hundreds of them.

Guillam raises himself up on an elbow, listening.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

One of them was calling himself Gerstmann. He was on his way back to Russia, and we were pretty sure he was going to be executed. Plane had a twenty-four lay over at Delhi, and that's how long I had to convince him to come over to us instead of going home to die.

Smiley stares at the room around, projecting his memory of the Delhi cell onto their present surroundings.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Little room...I'm sitting here...he's sitting there...

He points to an EMPTY CHAIR in front of him.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

The Americans have had him tortured.

He holds up his right hand.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

No fingernails. It's incredibly hot. I'm very tired and all I want to do is get this over with and get back home. Things weren't going well with Ann.

Guillam flinches a little, but Smiley doesn't notice, lost now in the past.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

I give him the usual pitch... Come to the West and we can give you a comfortable life. After questioning. Or you can catch your plane and fly home and be shot, like Bykov, Shur, Muranov...

He stares at the CHAIR as if expecting an answer, and slightly drunkenly Guillam finds himself turning to the CHAIR for a response.

PETER GUILLAM

(Beat)

What did he say?

Smiley doesn't answer - STARES AT THE CHAIR - the silence stretching - it's all becoming a little surreal.

SMILEY

(To the chair)

Think of your wife. You have a wife, don't you? I brought you some cigarettes, by the way.

He mimes placing cigarettes on an invisible table, between him and the chair.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Use my lighter.

He mimes placing the lighter beside the cigarettes.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

"We could arrange for her to join you, we have a lot of stock to trade. If you go back, she'll be ostracised. Think of her. Think about how much she..."

He breaks off in sudden impatience with himself.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Kept harping on about the damn wife! Telling him more about me, than... Should have walked out, of course, but for some reason... it seemed important to save this one. (Beat) So I go on. "Know you're a chain-smoker, help yourself," "We're not so very different you and I.."

He makes a vague "Etcetera" gesture, stares at...

THE EMPTY CHAIR

... something unsettling about it, as if somehow it is acquiring the GHOSTLY PRESENCE OF KARLA.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

(To the chair)

Look, we've both spent our lives looking for the weaknesses in one another's systems. Don't you think it's time to recognise there is as little worth on your side as there is on mine?

Silence. Smiley sits back, dropping the game.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Never said a word. Not one word. Next morning he got back on his plane, gave the pack of cigarettes back to me, untouched - this was a chain-smoker, mind - and flew off to what he presumed would be his death. He kept my lighter. It was a gift - "To George, from Ann. All my love."

Guillam is still staring at the chair, a little awe-struck.

PETER GUILLAM

That was Karla? And he flew back to die rather than give in?

SMILEY

Yes. (Beat) And that's how I know he can be beaten. Because he's a fanatic. And the fanatic is always concealing a secret doubt.

PETER GUILLAM

What did he look like?

SMILEY

That's the thing. (Beat) I can't remember.

He stands up, crosses to the window, embarrassed by what he has to say next.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

After today, Peter you have to assume they're watching you. If there's anything you need tidied up... now's the time.

Guillam stares at him, realising what he's talking about.

151 INT. GUILLAM'S FLAT - NIGHT

151

Guillam and his boyfriend RICHARD sit at the table, Richard working his way through a stack of essays. Guillam stares at him.

RICHARD

(without looking up)  
Nearly done.

He scores a red line down a piece of work.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 For Godsakes... I think they're  
 all sharing the same moronic  
 brain.

He notices the way Guillam is staring at him and his smile fades.

LATER:

RICHARD, bewildered and upset, is packing his belongings. He walks past Guillam, stops.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 (With dignity)  
 If there's someone else, you can  
 tell me. I'm a grown-up.

Guillam doesn't say anything. Richard puts the flat keys on the side table and leaves.

Guillam, stares after his one time lover, heart-broken.

152

EXT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - DAY

152

Prideaux's BLUE ALVIS bumps and jolts towards us across the playing fields, an exhilarated ROACH at the wheel.

ROACH  
 (Braking)  
 Time sir?

Prideaux and the rest of the class stand at the "finishing line," but Prideaux is staring down to a line of beech-trees, where a MAN is walking. It's MENDEL.

PRIDEAUX  
 (Quietly)  
 Got your specs on Jumbo?

ROACH  
 Yes, sir.

PRIDEAUX  
 Who's the fellow down there?

Roach stares at the stranger eagerly.

ROACH  
 (Disappointed)  
 Don't know sir.

PRIDEAUX  
 Who is he? Beggarman? Thief? Why  
 doesn't he look this way?  
 (MORE)

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you look if you saw a bunch of boys flogging a car around a field? Doesn't he like boys? Anyone sees him again, let me know. Don't hold with odd bods hanging about. Might steal the Alvis, which is...?

CLASS

(By rote)

Best car in England!

They dissolve into laughter, but Roach is still anxiously watching Prideaux, noting how his expression has darkened.

153 OMITTED 153

154 INT. CIRCUS - SCALPHUNTERS - POOL TABLE - DAY 154

Belinda, the deb we met earlier, is doing up her blouse. She's teary and also a little excited that men are fighting over her.

BELINDA

Stop it! Stop it!

KASPAR has Guillam pinned against the wall and is punching him. Guillam accepts the blows with a bloody grin. Something of the school yard fight about it, as the other Scalphunters gather around, ostensibly to break it, up but clearly enjoying the distraction. One of them is trying to pull Kaspar off and, caught by a blow, joins in - the fight escalating as others join in the struggle.

KASPAR

Keep your bloody hands off her!

He kicks at Guillam, who falls. Belinda gives a shriek of alarm.

SCALPHUNTER

Christ's sake, don't fight over a bit of skirt!

Guillam lies on the floor taking another kick, but his face, turned to us, registers only relief. Job done.

155 EXT. CASINO - DAY 155

Bright morning sunshine. Smiley and Guillam walk up concrete steps of a casino building - very modern, imposing.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Haven't seen many of the boys and  
 girls for a while, matter of  
 fact.

156 INT. CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - DAY

156

Smiley, Guillam and the genial JERRY WESTERBY are sat at a blackjack table. The casino is empty, a cleaner vacuums in the background.

JERRY WESTERBY  
 But that's the way it is, George,  
 isn't it? When you're out, you're  
 out. Too much of this stuff.

He points to a drink on the table before him.

JERRY WESTERBY (CONT'D)  
*(An old joke between them)*  
 Too much wampum not good for  
 braves. How.

SMILEY  
 (Obliging)  
 How. (Beat) I need to talk to you  
 about the night Jim Prideaux was  
 killed, Jerry. You were duty  
 officer, weren't you?

Westerby looks at them both.

JERRY WESTERBY  
 Yes. Control asked me to man the  
 phones that night. Said someone was  
 doing a special job for the  
 service. He wanted someone from  
 outside he could trust. If anything  
 came in, I was to tell him and only  
 him.

157 INT. CIRCUS - EVENING - **PAST**

157

Westerby walks down the corridor. We pass OFFICES - drawers pulled open, waste paper bins standing on desks - the end of day ritual.

158 INT. CIRCUS - DUTY OFFICERS ROOM - NIGHT

158

Westerby is following a horse race on the radio. A dirty plate in front of him. He drinks from a can of beer.

159 INT. CIRCUS - DUTY OFFICERS ROOM - NIGHT 159

Westerby is asleep. The Circus is deathly quiet, nothing stirring. Then...

A PHONE BEGINS TO RING.

160 INT. CIRCUS - CONTROL'S OFFICE - NIGHT 160

Control sits surrounded by files. A dim green lamp on his desk the only illumination. He looks ill, tense with waiting. Cigarette stubs piled in the ashtray.

He listens to the solitary PHONE below him in the building. Then it is joined by a SECOND. Then a THIRD...

Control listens, nerves stretched to their limit. From just outside - the sound of someone running up the wooden staircase. A knock.

JERRY WESTERBY

(Entering)

Been a bit of a panic, sir.

Control raises his head.

JERRY WESTERBY (CONT'D)

From the FO resident clerk... A Hungarian news bulletin, sir. (Reading) British spy, work-name Ellis, travelling with false Hungarian papers, has attempted to kidnap an unnamed Hungarian general in Budapest. He's been shot, other arrests imminent...

Control stares at him, stands unsteadily, begins to put on his coat.

JERRY WESTERBY (CONT'D)

Can I have a brief, please? Sir? Do you want me to deny it?

Control stares at him, lost.

JERRY WESTERBY (CONT'D)

I have to have a brief sir?

161 INT. CIRCUS - DUTY OFFICERS ROOM - NIGHT 161

Westerby is on the phone.

JERRY WESTERBY

Ann? I'm sorry to bother you. Is George back yet?

162 INT. CASINO - CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

162

Westerby and Smiley sit opposite each other.

SMILEY

You rang my house?

JERRY WESTERBY

Just on the off chance you were back from Berlin.

SMILEY

What did you say?

JERRY WESTERBY

Just that there'd been a bit of a crisis. She said you weren't back yet. That was it.

SMILEY

Go on.

JERRY WESTERBY

All hell broke loose - military yelling about Hungarian tank movements on the border, Lacon and the Minister baying at the door. Thank Christ Bill Haydon turned up when he did.

163 INT. CIRCUS - NIGHT - **PAST**

163

PUSHING BILL HAYDON as he walks up the corridor towards the duty room, cutting a swathe through the people gathered outside.

BILL HAYDON

Get out.

The room clears.

Bill sits down. He pulls out all the phone lines, decisive, taking charge. Kicks the door shut.

BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)

Tell me.

JERRY WESTERBY

I tried to get hold of you...

BILL HAYDON

I just picked up half a story on the ticker-tape at my club...  
Tell me.

JERRY WESTERBY

Jim Prideaux's been shot.



Haydon goes white.

HAYDON  
Get me the Hungarian Embassy.

JERRY WESTERBY  
(With relief)  
Yes sir...

LATER:

Haydon is on the phones.

BILL HAYDON  
You go and tell your Masters what  
will happen if one hair on Jim  
Prideaux's head is damaged...

He covers the receiver, turns to Westerby.

BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)  
Get Esterhase on the phone. Tell  
him to pull in the Hungarian  
agents, anyone we're onto. Tell him  
to get down to the London School of  
Economics, sandbag some bloody  
students and put them on ice at  
Sarratt.

LATER:

Westerby watches Haydon on the phone from the door. Haydon  
listens to a voice for a moment, then hangs up. He stands,  
his back to Westerby.

JERRY WESTERBY  
Any more news on him?

Haydon doesn't turn around, head bowed.

JERRY WESTERBY (CONT'D)  
Bill? (Beat) Oh God, is he...?

For a moment it looks like Haydon won't answer but then he  
seems to master his emotions.

BILL HAYDON  
We need to go to his flat. Clear  
out anything linked.

164 INT. PRIDEAUX'S FLAT - NIGHT

164

Haydon walks around the neat rooms. A bike up on the wall,  
a pair of muddy climbing boots on a newspaper, waiting to  
be cleaned. Haydon walks past a shelf - photographs and  
books. He stops, picks up an unframed black and white snap  
from the shelf. It's a picture of HIMSELF.

Haydon stands with his back to us, possibly crying. Westerby turns thoughtfully away.

165 OMITTED 165

166 OMITTED 166

167 INT. LONDON - WIMPY - NIGHT 167

Smiley and Guillam sit eating side by side at a bar, Smiley examining the hamburger - his first - doubtfully. Guillam is thinking about what he's just been told.

PETER GUILLAM

Haydon heard the news at his club?

Smiley is distant...

SMILEY

The Saville.

PETER GUILLAM

At one-thirty? The ticker-tape wouldn't be running.

Guillam sits, mind racing.

PETER GUILLAM (CONT'D)

So how did he know? Oh Jesus, George...

SMILEY

Peter...

PETER GUILLAM

Jesus Christ. Haydon? How could he have known?

SMILEY

It's not him, Peter.

PETER GUILLAM

Then how did he know?

SMILEY

(gently)

Because he was at my house that night. With Ann.

Guillam doesn't know what to say. They sit in a hideously awkward silence.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 (of the Hamburger)  
 I quite like this.

167A INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - **PAST** 167A

The phone on the nightstand starts to ring. A woman's hand reaches into frame and picks it up.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Hello?  
 (beat)  
 Oh hello Jerry. No I'm afraid  
 George isn't back yet.

In the bed beside her we see Bill Haydon.

168 EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT 168

A black Cab pulls up at the lights. Another black cab pulls alongside it. The two drivers acknowledge each other, chatting as the lights change to RED, but in no hurry to move.

An impatient woman passenger flicks a look at the passenger in the opposite cab, wanting to share this moment of passenger outrage.

We see ALLELINE'S profile staring stonily ahead.

We follow his cab as it peels off into a FAMILIAR street, driving towards the house where we met Polyakov.

169 EXT. HAMPSTEAD PONDS - DAY 169

Smiley slips into the water. It's late afternoon. Very still and calm. Very few swimmers. Smiley's head breaks the surface, dips in, breaks the surface...

170 EXT. HAMPSTEAD PONDS - DAY 170

Smiley sits on a platform with his back to us, drying off from his swim, looking out over the water. A MAN'S HEAD appears, swimming up to the platform through the reeds. An old QUEEN, his face almost purple with the cold. He clings to the edge of the platform for a moment.

OLD MAN  
 Just in case it's of interest,  
 dear. We are observed. Old Filth  
 in the bushes. Not very subtle  
 but there you are...

He swims away. The wind lifts up a little, rustling the trees and bushes around the pond. We stay on Smiley, watched and alone.

171 OMITTED 171

172 OMITTED 172

173 OMITTED 173

174 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 174

Smiley walks into his hallway, picks up the MAIL piled on the floor. He crosses to the drawing room, still looking at the mail.

The door is a little ajar and through the opening we catch a FLASH of movement in the room beyond - a COUPLE in a passionate embrace, glimpsed for a moment before they disappear out of sight. We can hear what may be their love-making. And a RECORD IS PLAYING. The same CHARLIE RICH track Smiley reacted to in the Islay Hotel.

Smiley stares at the mail in his hand as if unwilling to look up.

He pushes open the door and moves into...

175 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 175

... which is EMPTY. He sits in an armchair, starts opening some letters.

A FIGURE walks past Smiley abruptly. Smiley doesn't look up.

BILL HAYDON (O.S.)  
Good flight?

Smiley looks up.

BILL HAYDON sits in the armchair opposite in shirt and trousers, SOCKS, NO SHOES. He sips a cup of tea. No sense of having been caught in an act of adultery.

176 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY - **PAST** 176

BACK ON SMILEY

... who is now wearing a raincoat and we realise we are in fractured memories of...

THE PAST

SMILEY

Yes. Pleasant enough.

BILL HAYDON

I was just passing, thought I'd call in. Ann was in bed but she insisted on getting up. She said she'll be down in a minute.

Smiley glances at a half-wrapped oil painting lying against a chair.

BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)

That's what I'm dropping off.

177 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY

177

Smiley stands in front of the muddy-looking abstract painting we saw earlier. It's now on the wall.

BILL HAYDON (O.S.)

Awful daub really but Ann expressed a liking... What's keeping her?

We hold on Smiley but hear Haydon leave the room, a WHISPERED CONFERENCE in the hall between Haydon and Ann.

P.O.V. - FROM THE DOOR - George with his back to us, staring fixedly at the picture, listening to the whispers behind his back.

178 OMITTED

178

178A INT. PRIDEAUX'S CARAVAN - EVENING

178A

Prideaux lies on his bed. There is a tap at the door.

ROACH (O.S.)

Sir?

JIM PRIDEAUX

Come in, Roach.

Roach walks in.

JIM PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

Thought you were in sick bay? What are you...

He stops, seeing the anxiety on the boy's face.

JIM PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)  
 What is it, Jumbo?

ROACH  
 Sir there's a stranger parked down  
 on the road. He's just sitting  
 there.

He dissolves into tears. Prideaux crouches beside him.

PRIDEAUX  
 (Gently)  
 It's alright, old fella. Don't cry.  
 Nobody ever watched like you, did  
 they? Off you go, now.

ROACH  
 Are you going to have to leave?

Prideaux stares at him.

JIM PRIDEAUX  
 I'll be fine. You get back to bed.

Roach wipes his eyes and leaves. As soon as the door is closed Prideaux crawls under the little chest of drawers, grimacing with pain, working an arm further in...

There is a FAINT SOUND - SOMEONE ON THE STEPS OUTSIDE.

With a final effort Prideaux rips his RIFLE free from its hiding place, still trailing tape, and rolls to face the door, gun in hand. Silence. Then...

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Prideaux aims the gun...

The door opens...

179 OMITTED 179

180 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - NIGHT - **PAST** 180

... to reveal Control peering out at us. He steps aside and allows a PRE-INJURY Prideaux to enter.

181 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - NIGHT 181

The flat Smiley visited. Control leads Prideaux into the same room - the green armchair, surrounded by mounds of files and papers, over-flowing ashtrays, the detritus of an obsession. The FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS of FACES fixed to the CHESS PIECES before him.

Control, a walking corpse, lowers himself into the armchair, motions Prideaux to take another seat.

CONTROL  
You weren't followed?

Prideaux sits, presuming the question is rhetorical.

CONTROL (CONT'D)  
Trust no-one, Jim. Especially not  
in the main stream. What  
Hungarian identities do you still  
have running?

PRIDEAUX  
Andras Benedek, Hungarian  
journalist based in Paris.

Control nods thoughtfully. Then...

CONTROL  
If you're caught, you keep me out  
of it. You were acting alone, bit  
of Private Enterprise.  
Understood?

Prideaux watches him, very still.

CONTROL (CONT'D)  
I've had an offer of service. A  
Hungarian General. Wants to come  
over. I want you to meet him. He  
has information I need, Jim.

PRIDEAUX  
What information?

CONTROL  
Rocketry. Ballistics. Bit of  
politics.

Something in his manner alerts Prideaux.

PRIDEAUX  
What else?

CONTROL  
(Beat)  
Treasure. He has treasure. The  
name of the Mole Moscow Centre  
has planted at the top of the  
Circus.

Prideaux's face doesn't change, but he's wondering if the  
rumours could be true and Control really has gone mad.

CONTROL (CONT'D)  
There's a rotten apple Jim and we  
have to find it.

Laboriously he leans forward to the CHESS SET.

CONTROL (CONT'D)

I'm so close I can almost feel his heart beating. I know it's one of five men. All I want from you is one word.

He points to the PHOTOGRAPH of PERCY ALLELINE.

CONTROL (CONT'D)

Alleline - Tinker. (Points at the next photo) Haydon - Tailor. Bland - Soldier. We drop Sailor, it's too close to Tailor. (Pointing at next photo) Esterhase - Poorman.

182

INT. PRIDEAUX'S CARAVAN - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

182

Prideaux sits with his visitor - Smiley - recalling the meeting. He's drinking vodka.

SMILEY

Which means I was...?

PRIDEAUX

You were Beggarman.

Smiley nods. Just a flicker of the eyes shows us that this is painful for him to hear.

SMILEY

What did you make of it, Jim? Control's theory?

PRIDEAUX

(Stiff)

I thought it was madness. To think any one of you could have been a traitor... madness.

Smiley is watching him intently - sure he's hiding something.

SMILEY

But still you went? Risking your life for a mission you thought was absurd? Why?

Prideaux doesn't answer.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Perhaps some part of you wanted to know if Control was right? Wanted to know if there was a Mole, who it might be?

Prideaux shoots him a dangerous look.



## PRIDEAUX

(Hard)

I went because Control asked me to go. It's called doing one's duty.

183 INT. BUDAPEST - TRAIN STATION - DAY - **PAST** 183

Prideaux climbs off his train and walks down the platform towards us. He pauses for a moment, drawing a Hungarian newspaper from his pocket. As he does so he glances at the other passengers walking past him. TWO WOMEN and a MAN, all apparently travelling alone, the SHOES they're wearing - BROWN SUEDE BOOTS, FUR LINED BLACK PLASTIC BOOTS and the man - a pair of BLACK GALOSHES.

Prideaux walks on, tapping the paper against his leg.

184 INT. BUDAPEST - GALERIA - DAY 184

The scene from the opening of the film. The Waiter puts down Prideaux's plate, a drop of sweat from his forehead hitting the table. He looks at the droplet, fakes a smile for the Magyar, looks after the Waiter, scans the floor around him...

HIS P.O.V. - There it is - one of the women is wearing the BLACK PLASTIC BOOTS. Her coat is different and she's wearing a fur hat now - but the shoes are the one thing the surveillance agents don't have time to change.

Prideaux glances up at the apartment windows above, sees the old woman, starts to rise... as we CUT TO:

The SHOT -

... punching into his back, Prideaux falling forward... as we CUT TO:

PRIDEAUX'S P.O.V.

Those shoes again, stepping in the water and blood on the floor, passing us at eye-level. Grouping and regrouping as the operation comes to an end. The noise in the background comes to us muted and very faint. Faintly, a baby is crying, an ambulance siren is wailing.

Hands appear and we are rolled onto a stretcher and lifted up to chest level where we seem to FLOAT past the faces of the MAGYAR and the other Officers, smoking cigarettes by the doors, and out towards the open doors of a waiting ambulance.

185 INT. BUDAPEST - GALERIA - DAY 185

We are slid into the back of the ambulance as though into the drawers of a morgue. And snap to BLACK.

186 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON - CELL - DAY 186

We are looking at the back of Prideaux's head, hair damp with sweat, shoulders trembling.

We PULL OUT and find Prideaux, a filthy dressing covering the wound on his back. The cell he is in has filthy, heavily padded walls, like a straitjacket. From a speaker in the ceiling comes a maddening jagged drone. Lights blaze down...

SMILEY (V.O.)  
What did you tell them?

187 INT. LUBYANKA PRISON - CORRIDOR - DAY 187

Prideaux, in too much pain to walk, is being dragged down a brightly lit corridor towards an INTERROGATION ROOM at the far end.

He is taken inside, the door closed behind him.

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)  
Everything.

188 INT. THURSGOOD SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT - **PRESENT** 188

Smiley stands staring at the OWL Prideaux killed, which is now stuffed, keeping guard from the top of a bookshelf. Prideaux sits at a desk drinking the vodka.

PRIDEAUX  
I held on as long as I could, to give everyone else time to get the hell out of there. (Beat) Did they?

Smiley seems to have been thinking about something else, looks at him, puzzled.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)  
My networks in Hungary. Did they get out?

SMILEY  
(Beat)  
No. They were blown. The story is you blew them to save your own skin.

Prideaux nods, makes an odd gesture as if he's about to rise, but doesn't move. His expression hasn't changed, but inside him something has just been decided.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

What was your last line of defence?

PRIDEAUX

The Mole. Control's crazy theory. I was going to bury that so deep, they'd never get it out of me. Which was a joke.

SMILEY

Why?

PRIDEAUX

Because they already knew. They wanted to know how far Control had got in his investigation.

SMILEY

What else?

PRIDEAUX

Circus gossip. Was Percy's wife still drinking, who was Bland screwing in the office. That sort of thing.

SMILEY

Did they ask about me at all?

PRIDEAUX

One of them did.

Smiley becomes very still.

SMILEY

What did he say about me?

PRIDEAUX

He had a cigarette lighter. Kept flashing it round for me to see. Showed me the inscription. "To George, from Ann. All my love." He reckoned after Bill's fling with her, she might want to change the inscription.

Smiley doesn't flicker.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

(Still looking to the side)

I told him to go to hell.

(MORE)

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)  
 If they had one man like Bill  
 Haydon they could call it set and  
 match!

SMILEY  
 (Beat, quietly)  
 That was well said.

They sit in silence for a moment. Smiley buttons his coat,  
 finished here.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 Try and put it all behind you, Jim.

He makes to leave.

PRIDEAUX  
 He gave me a cigarette.

Prideaux looks down at his hands.

SMILEY  
 Jim?

Prideaux still doesn't look up.

PRIDEAUX  
 I thought it was my last one.

189	OMITTED	189
190	OMITTED	190
191	OMITTED	191
192	INT. LUBYANKA PRISON - CELL - DAY - <b>PAST</b>	192

A concrete bunker of a room. Prideaux is standing in a slab  
 of watery sunshine that falls from a sky-light above. He's  
 smoking, trying to control the tremble in his hand.

PRIDEAUX P.O.V. - The patch of sunshine only extends a few  
 yards in front of him. The rest of the room is in granite  
 shadow. The sense of other people watching from the  
 shadows. The sound of a door opening and someone being led  
 in.

A woman walks across the dark room and into the slab of  
 light, blinking as she does so.

It's IRINA.

Her hair is loose and dishevelled about her face. A man's  
 voice comes from further back in the darkness...

MAN'S VOICE  
 (Russian accent)  
 Do you know this woman?

Prideaux looks at her. Frowns. Another voice murmurs in Russian. Irina pins her hair up in the way we saw before.

PRIDEAUX  
 I don't know her.

She looks at Prideaux and gives a small polite smile, as though good manners are going to save her.

IRINA  
 I...

A GUARD steps out of the shadows and SHOOTs her in the head, the shot THUNDEROUS in the room. It's horribly unexpected, and Prideaux jerks backward, bewildered and appalled.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Tell Percy Alleline what we did.

193

EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - GUILLAM'S CAR - NIGHT - **PRESENT**

193

P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDSCREEN

... rain lashes down, obscuring our view.

PRIDEAUX (V.O.)  
 Do you know who she was?

SMILEY (V.O.)  
 (Cold)  
 Nobody you need concern yourself  
 with. An unfortunate...

REVERSE - we see Guillam and Smiley are sitting in the parked car in the rain.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
 He said when he got out, when he  
 was being debriefed at the  
 Nursery, he had a visitor.

PETER GUILLAM  
 Who?

SMILEY  
 Toby Esterhase.

194 EXT. SARRATT - DAY - PAST 194

... Prideaux stands watching a small, dapper figure crossing the grounds towards him - TOBY ESTERHASE. A man who's come up in the world.

195 EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - GUILLAM'S CAR - NIGHT - PRESENT 195

SMILEY

He gave him a thousand pounds.  
Told him he was dead now and  
couldn't come back. Had to become  
a Lotus Eater - forget everything  
that happened - Control's theory,  
Tinker, Tailor... all of it.

Guillam stares at him, ALERT.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Yes, that's what I thought. How  
on earth did Esterhase hear about  
"Tinker, Tailor?"

196 EXT. HOTEL ISLAY - NIGHT 196

Smiley gets out of the car, into the rain. Looks around him, uneasy.

PETER GUILLAM

You alright?

SMILEY

Will you watch my back, Peter?  
Look out for a solo. Just a  
feeling I've had.

PETER GUILLAM

Yes, George. I'll watch.

Guillam watches as Smiley heads off into the gloom.

197 INT. HOTEL ISLAY - SMILEY'S ROOM - NIGHT 197

Smiley stares at the CHESS BOARD - a complex pattern of related figures.

He turns back to the tape-deck, puts the headphones on, presses play:

SMILEY (O.S.)

(Over headphones)

What exactly did Irina say?

RICKI TARR

(Over headphones)

She said there was a General, work-name Polyakov who was stationed in London. And that Polyakov's real job was to service the mole. He meets him regularly and takes back information the Mole gives him for Karla.

Smiley presses STOP. He presses RE-WIND, watches the tape spool BACKWARDS. He goes too far, presses FAST-FORWARD, watches the tape REVERSE DIRECTION. And, at this moment, we can tell from his expression, a piece of the jig-saw falls into place.

198 OMITTED 198

199 INT. MINISTERIAL MEETING ROOM - DAY 199

Lacon and Smiley are meeting with the MINISTER.

MINISTER

This meeting is not taking place.  
Is that clear?

SMILEY

Perfectly, Minister. (Beat) There is a house, somewhere in this city, where Alleline and the others meet Witchcraft's London representative. I need the address of that house.

MINISTER

I don't know what you're talking about.

Smiley stares at him.

MINISTER (CONT'D (CONT'D)

I don't know the address. And I fail to see the... I thought Lacon had made it clear to you, keep your nose bloody-well out of Witchcraft's business!

SMILEY

(Calmly)

It's Lacon's advice I'm following. (To Lacon) You told me to follow in Control's footsteps.

MINISTER

(Snapping)

Well, I wouldn't consider that sound advice, after the bloody mess Control left us with. It's taken Alleline - and, if I may say so, myself - this long to get us back into the race.

SMILEY

I'm glad you take some of the credit.

Lacon glances sharply at Smiley - there's something different about him, his tone...

SMILEY (CONT'D)

The man Alleline and the others meet is called Polyakov. You believe his role is to bring information from Witchcraft to you. His real role is to receive information from the Mole to take back to Karla.

He has the Minister's full attention now. A long silence.

MINISTER

That's... that's not possible.

SMILEY

Made possible. By you. When he steals our secrets he does it under the very nose of the Circus, in the house which you persuaded the treasury to pay for. I'm sure you'll be able to take full credit for that.

MINISTER

(Appalled)

Witchcraft's intelligence is genuine! It's been gold!

SMILEY

Just enough glitter, amongst the chicken-feed. Control didn't believe in miracles and he didn't believe in Witchcraft. But you were lazy and you were greedy and so you hounded him out of the Circus and you let Karla in.

His voice is still calm, but it's clear what's different now. There's a quiet fury in him. The Minister is ashen.



MINISTER

Oh God... We can't be made to look like fucking fools again! Forget Europe, if we have the black men getting to hear about this on Walla-Wallah News! What if we find the Mole and we move him sideways, some department where he can't do any harm? Is the Kremlin likely to boast about this?

LACON

Not in their interests sir. They need the Enemy to look like a threat...

MINISTER

Well, tell them to play the game. We don't go crowing about their fuck-ups!

In their panic, both men are addressing each other, momentarily forgetting Smiley.

SMILEY

(Suddenly)

We are not the prize. We're the bait.

They turn to him.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

You've opened negotiations to exchange intelligence with the Americans. What they tell the Circus, they'll be telling the Kremlin. Witchcraft's information, the "gold" Karla let you have? It wasn't to lure you. It was to lure the Americans. Now, do you want to take credit for that?

Lacon and the Minister stare at Smiley.

MINISTER

What can we do?

SMILEY

We have one thing the Mole wants.

201 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - DAY 201

CLOSE on a belligerent Tarr, confidence regained.

RICKI TARR

If I go...

PETER GUILLAM

You'll go...

RICKI TARR

... I want your word you'll get  
Irina back. Don't care who you  
have to trade. I want a family.  
Don't wanna end up like you  
lot...

He looks at Smiley, then he gives Guillam a knowing look,  
as though deliberately provoking him.

Guillam absorbs the slur but his eyes are hard.

RICKI TARR (CONT'D)

We're gonna live in Paris out of  
your hair. You'll get her back?

Again a flash of the coldness in Smiley.

SMILEY

(Beat)

I'll do my utmost, Ricki.

202 INT./EXT. CIRCUS - DAY 202

ON LIFT DOORS:

The doors open to reveal TOBY ESTERHASE, chatting to a  
JANITOR.

ESTERHASE'S P.O.V.

Guillam, standing by his car - holding the door open.

203 EXT. LONDON STREETS - GUILLAM'S CAR - DAY 203

Guillam is driving. The radio is on. The car pulls up on  
the roadside and two people climb in the back. It's Smiley  
and Fawn. Guillam speeds off.

Nobody speaks. Esterhase sits stiff, mind-whirring,  
uncomfortably aware of Fawn's unsettling presence behind  
him.

204 EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY

204

TRACKING SHOT - PUSHING ESTERHASE

... as he stumbles through the muddy airfield. A vast, empty space all around. Toby starts to turn, but...

SMILEY (O.S.)  
Keep walking please.

Toby stumbles on.

SMILEY (CONT'D)  
I want to talk about loyalty  
Toby. Control recruited you when  
you were trying to escape from  
Hungary didn't he? A wanted man.  
Saved you from a KGB bullet,  
didn't he? And yet, when the time  
came, when it came to picking  
sides between him and Alleline,  
you didn't hesitate?  
Understandable perhaps, with your  
war experience. You've survived  
this long, I suppose, because of  
your ability to change sides,  
serve any Master?

Faintly we hear the low drone of an approaching engine. Esterhase scans the horizon, locks on the black speck in the sky - an aircraft flying towards them. Esterhase watches the approach with mounting anxiety.

TOBY ESTERHASE  
What... what's this about George?

SMILEY  
It's about which Master you've  
been serving, Toby.

205 INT. CIRCUS - DAY - **PAST**

205

A FILE is placed in a briefcase - we can see now that the hands in the frame belong to Esterhase. He checks the corridor is clear...

206 EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY - **PRESENT**

206

... as he and Guillam drive Esterhase on.

SMILEY  
Intelligence has been leaked,  
Toby. Someone's been taking files  
from the Circus...

- 207 INT. CIRCUS - GROUND-FLOOR LOBBY - DAY - **PAST** 207  
 Esterhase leaving the Circus, Bryant politely wishing him good night.
- 208 EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY - **PRESENT** 208  
 ... eyes fixed on the plane as it roars down towards them.
- TOBY ESTERHASE  
 This is a mistake George, this is all...
- SMILEY  
 The files were delivered to a Russian attache, weren't they?
- 209 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - EVENING - **PAST** 209  
 ... Esterhase holding up the documents for Polyakov to photograph. Whir... Click....
- 210 EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY - **PRESENT** 210  
 TOBY ESTERHASE  
 Yes. And yes, I delivered them.
- 211 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY - **PAST** 211  
 Alleline getting out of the cab by the railings... the dog barking from inside the house...  
 TOBY ESTERHASE (V.O.)  
 ... but so did Percy...
- 211A INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 211A  
 Haydon walking past Mrs McCraig and heading up the stairs to the empty room...  
 TOBY ESTERHASE  
 ... and Bill...
- 211B INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY 211B  
 Roy Bland sits in front of Polyakov, holding up the documents for Polyakov to photograph - Whir... Click....  
 TOBY ESTERHASE  
 And Roy...

212

EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY - **PRESENT**

212

Esterhase can't tear his eyes away from the propeller plane descending onto the runway ahead of them.

TOBY ESTERHASE

Things aren't always what they seem. You know that George. Moscow thinks Polyakov's working for them, so, every now and then we give him the odd file to take back to them, just chicken-feed, keep his bosses happy. But Polyakov's our Joe, part of a big operation...

SMILEY

Operation Witchcraft? Yes, I know.

Esterhase stops, turns to look at Smiley.

TOBY ESTERHASE

Why are we here? Why are we...?

Guillam gives him a sudden VIOLENT SHOVE in the back. Esterhase straightens himself, runs a palm through his hair, real fear on his face now.

TOBY ESTERHASE (CONT'D)

I don't... I don't deserve this. I don't deserve this George!

SMILEY

Who gave you the message for Jim to forget about Tinker Tailor?

TOBY ESTERHASE

Bland!

SMILEY

To get rid of Connie Sachs? Westerby?

TOBY ESTERHASE

Bland or Haydon. I don't remember. One of them. Maybe Percy. I don't know who.

SMILEY

You're just the messenger? Running between them all. Anything to serve Witchcraft?

Esterhase flinches again.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

I know all about your secret source. And I know something you don't. I know who he is. (Beat)  
He's Karla.

Esterhase turns to look at them in horror. Guillam pushes him again. The plane has taxied to a halt ahead of them. Unmarked. Something sinister about it.

213 OMITTED 213

214 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY - **PAST** 214

... in the London House, spools turning. We hear the familiar Click... Whir of Polyakov's camera...

215 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY 215

Polyakov is photographing... nothing. The table in front of him is empty, the shooting just a pantomime for the microphone above. As he continues to shoot we see the Mystery man sitting across the table from him. He takes out a canister of developed film and passes it to Polyakov.

SMILEY (V.O.)

One of you has been giving Polyakov the Crown Jewels.

216 EXT. ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY - **PRESENT** 216

... standing on the airfield.

TOBY ESTERHASE

I didn't know. I swear I...

SMILEY

Are you still a wanted man, Toby?

Toby looks back at the plane, almost hysterical.

TOBY ESTERHASE

George...!

SMILEY

You picked the wrong side, Toby.

TOBY ESTERHASE

(crying)

George, you've got to believe me. I would never... I'm loyal, George. I'm loyal!

Smiley watches him cry for a moment, his face impassive.

SMILEY

Give me the address. Where do you meet Polyakov?

217 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY 217

A terrace of flat-fronted nineteenth century houses one of them the house we have already visited.

A CAR draws up before one of them and Smiley, Fawn and Guillam get out and head for the front door.

218 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR 218

The men are fanning out, Fawn and Guillam heading into the kitchen. Smiley walks upstairs, dogged by the HOUSEKEEPER - MRS McCRAIG - not at all happy with the invasion.

SMILEY

What are the safety signals?

MRS MCCRAIG

There's an air duct. Open and all's well. Closed and you're not to enter.

219 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - DAY 219

They enter the EMPTY ROOM.

SMILEY

Where is the mike, Mrs McCraig?

She points at the candelabra.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

And what's the procedure?

MRS MCCRAIG

Whenever the gentlemen are meeting I record the session. The tapes are sent back to the Circus.

From downstairs come the crash of furniture being moved, rooms searched.

MRS MCCRAIG (CONT'D)

What are they doing? They shouldn't be moving things!

The authority in Smiley's voice stops her.

SMILEY

If you're at all worried you can  
call Lacon from the basement  
phone. Let's try the tape  
recorder shall we?

220 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

220

CLOSE ON TAPE RECORDER - SPOOLS SLOWLY REVOLVING

Over the RECORDER we can hear GUILLAM'S VOICE reciting  
something from childhood, from the room above.

PETER GUILLAM (O.S.)

The boy stood on the burning deck  
whence all but he had fled. The  
flame that lit the battles wreck,  
shone round him o'er the dead...

Smiley is listening.

PETER GUILLAM'S VOICE

... Yet beautiful and bright he  
stood...

221 EXT. PARIS - STREET - EVENING

221

Establishing shot of a street in Paris.

A squat Yorkshireman - MACKELVORE - walks out of a nearby  
restaurant and gets into a car.

Out of nowhere Tarr suddenly appears, climbing into the  
passenger side, ramming a gun into his side.

222 INT. PARIS - APARTMENT - PARIS RESIDENCY - NIGHT

222

Mackelvore leads Tarr into a grand but dilapidated  
apartment. An elderly FRENCHMAN - ex-Resistance - looks up  
from his evening meal as the two pass.

MACKLEVORE

(In French)

Guest from London Station, Monsieur  
Fourcade.

The Frenchman grunts a greeting, turns back to his supper.

MACKELVORE

(as they walk on)

The whole service is looking for  
you, Ricki. They'll skin you  
alive if they find you.



RICKI TARR  
 (mildly)  
 Maybe I want them to find me.

Mackelvore frowns. They reach a door which he opens to reveal a STEEL DOOR beyond. He presses a bell and a hatch in the door slides open and a young man's face appears. This is BEN. He slides open a bolt, a double lock, and lets them into a ...

223 INT. PARIS - CYPHER ROOM - NIGHT 223

MACKELVORE  
 You can go home now, Ben. Leave the books where they are and put the keys into the machines. I'll be talking to London presently under my own steam.

BEN  
 Okay boss.

Tarr takes out his gun.

RICKI TARR  
 (Flat)  
 Ben stays here.

224 INT. PARIS - CYPHER ROOM - NIGHT 224

Tarr stands over Mackelvore, who is sending a message to the Circus.

RICKI TARR  
 (dictating)  
 Ricki Tarr claims to have further information vital to the safeguarding of the Circus.

225 INT. LONDON - TAILOR'S SHOP NEAR CIRCUS - NIGHT 225

A dark workroom. WE TRACK through a crowd of TAILORS DUMMIES.

Some of the dummies are draped in clothes, some just shapes in the darkness. As though we are moving through A ROOM FULL OF SPIES.

By a great domed window, occasionally washed with yellow from the traffic outside, we find MENDEL, his back to us staring out.

MENDEL'S P.O.V. - THE CIRCUS ACROSS THE ROAD.

A taxi pulls up a few yards away from the circus doors. We see a man clamber out. It's Percy Alleline.

MENDEL  
(into phone)  
Tinker...

226 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LISTENING ROOM - NIGHT 226

Smiley sits on an armchair, lit by a harsh over-head light.

SMILEY  
(into phone)  
How's he look?

MENDEL (O.S.)  
Busy.

Smiley puts the receiver on the arm of the chair, takes off his shoes and in his stocking feet crosses the room. As he does so he spools out a WASHING LINE, tying it to the far door knob.

227 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - TOW PATH - NIGHT 227

Guillam, waits on the tow-path looking back at the house.

Someone, presumably Smiley, is moving through the house, turning the lights off until it is in complete darkness.

MENDEL (O.S.)  
Tailor...

A torch light flashes once from a downstairs window.

MENDEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Here comes Soldier...

228 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LISTENING ROOM - NIGHT 228

Smiley sits in the darkness holding the phone to his ear.

MENDEL (O.S.)  
Full house.

229 INT. PARIS - CYPHER ROOM - NIGHT 229

The three men stand over the silent cypher machine. Tarr's gun rammed into his belt. Tarr is almost glittering with nerves. Then the machine clatters into life.

RICKI TARR

Read it aloud.

Ben starts to read, his high, rather imperious schoolboy voice carries over the next few shots...

BEN

Personal for Tarr from  
Alleline...

230 INT. CIRCUS - ARCHIVE LIFT - NIGHT 230

A shot of the archive room, of the lift full of secrets slowly being lowered into the ground.

BEN (V.O.)

... require clarification before  
meeting your request...

ON THE DOOR OF THE WAR-ROOM resolutely closed, a slither of light burning beneath it.

231 INT. TAILORS SHOP - NIGHT 231

The tailors dummies standing to attention, as alert as Mendel watching from the window, phone to mouth.

BEN (O.S.)

... Quote information vital to  
safeguarding of the Circus  
unquote does not qualify...

232 INT. PARIS - CYPHER ROOM - NIGHT 232

Tarr has begun to laugh, gripped by a weird hilarity. Ben reads even faster.

BEN

... send further information.

RICKI TARR

That's the way Percy boy! You  
keep stalling. I better warn you  
Ben, there's some lousy people in  
this outfit. Don't trust a  
fucking one of them.

233 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LISTENING ROOM - NIGHT 233

Smiley sits in the BLACKNESS.

SMILEY'S P.O.V.

The washing line extends ahead of him, glowing faintly white in the darkness.

The tinny sound of Mendel's voice comes from the receiver beside him...

MENDEL (O.S.)  
Mister Smiley...

Smiley picks up the receiver.

SMILEY  
I'm here, Mendel.

MENDEL (O.S.)  
One's gone.

Smiley puts the receiver back on the armchair. He goes to the window in his stockinged feet.

234 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - TOW PATH - NIGHT 234

Guillam, nerves taut, sees three long flashes. The mole is coming.

235 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 235

A long silent look at the dark house. Then the star of light spilling into the darkness from the air vent.

236 INT. SAFE HOUSE - LISTENING ROOM - NIGHT 236

Smiley, calm and contained, hears the sound of a CAB drawing up outside.

A pair of footsteps on the path.

Scrape of a key in the door.

A pale rim of light appears around the kitchen door.

And outside the sound of a second cab drawing up.

Someone else enters the house. Movement in the kitchen. Two men's voices start to speak in Russian.

Smiley gets up, GUN in one hand, and guided by the line, makes his way through the darkness to the door of the kitchen, groping, rather like a blind man walking towards the light.

POLYAKOV (O.S.)  
 (In Russian)  
 What is your cover story in case  
 we are disturbed?

The sound of ANOTHER voice answering in Russian from  
 further back in the room.

ON Smiley inching across the room.

237 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 237

The tape recorder working...

POLYAKOV (O.S.)  
 (on tape, in Russian)  
 This can be salvaged. Tarr can be  
 found and liquidated.

238 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - TOW PATH - NIGHT 238

Guillam waits. He turns, his nerves taut, searching the  
 shadows for movement. For a moment he's certain he's being  
 WATCHED.

Then, from the house, the signal he's been waiting for.  
 Three long flashes. Guillam starts to run.

239 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - TOW PATH - NIGHT 239

A nervous Lacon is waiting on a corner, Guillam runs past.

PETER GUILLAM  
 He's here.

OLIVER LACON  
 I won't have bloodshed. I want  
 absolute calm!

A cab appears and Mendel jumps out. Mendel and Lacon hurry  
 towards the house, Guillam sprinting ahead.

240 INT. SAFE HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 240

CLOSE ON THE TAPE SPOOL - REVOLVING

... churning the SILENCE. The sounds of the house  
 amplified. No one talking. Perhaps the faintest of coughs.

241 EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT 241

GUILLAM'S P.O.V.

Racing towards the FRONT DOOR and bursting through, into the hallway and on up the stairs, taking them three at a time, bursting through into...

242 INT. SAFE HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT 242

An oddly formal scene. POLYAKOV stands pipe in hand.

Smiley sits in a chair, GUN in hand. Absurdly, still in his STOCKING FEET.

And opposite him sits BILL HAYDON.

They all turn to look at Guillam who stands panting in the doorway.

ON GUILLAM

... as his nerves and excitement and any hope he might have had of a sense of victory DRAINS AWAY, leaving him with just an odd sense of embarrassment and shame.

243 EXT. SARRATT - DAY 243

Nissan huts surround a cricket field. Two cadets run laps.

Smiley walks towards one of the huts, stops as Alleline walks out. Alleline, a broken man, can barely look at him. With a nod he walks on.

244 EXT. SARRATT - NISSAN HUT - DAY 244

An unshaven, exhausted Haydon stands outside the Sarratt building in a small fenced enclosure. We see Smiley walking towards him. He's brought a box of cigarettes.

245 INT. SARRATT - DAY 245

Haydon is weeping quietly but without emotion. Smiley offers Haydon the box of Cigarettes.

SMILEY

I was assured there would be no coercion.

Haydon waves it away. Smiley hands him a clean handkerchief.

BILL HAYDON

It's almost funny George. I know the Inquisitors little bag of tricks. I taught most of them. Don't mind the tears. Just a reaction. An over-reaction, if you like. Craddock says I'll be off in a few days. I keep thinking how I'm going to miss the cricket in Moscow.

He weeps again.

BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)

I rather hoped you would do a little light house-keeping for me.

SMILEY

If I can.

BILL HAYDON

There's a girl...Would you give her some money for me? Give her a good cover story. If it helps tell her I love her. It's all here.

SMILEY

Of course.

BILL HAYDON

There's a boy too. Bung him a few quid to shut him up. Take it out of the reptile fund.

SMILEY

I did have one or two questions. About Prideaux.

BILL HAYDON

Damn it! I got him back, didn't I?

SMILEY

Yes, yes you did. That was good of you. (Beat) I'm surprised Karla didn't shoot him. Or do you think he held back out of delicacy towards you?

No response. Smiley looks carefully at Haydon's profile.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Did Prideaux come and see you before he left on his Hungarian mission?

BILL HAYDON

Yes, as a matter of fact he did.

SMILEY

To say what?

Haydon stares at him. For the first time the tears seem real. Guilt and grief. He looks down. A long pause.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

(almost to himself)

To warn you. Because he knew,  
deep down, it was you all along.

BILL HAYDON

So did you.

Haydon stares out, lost in thought.

BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)

I had to pick a side George. It was  
an aesthetic choice as much as a  
moral one. The West has grown so  
very ugly, don't you think?

Smiley doesn't answer. A moment of silence.

SMILEY

Did Karla ever consider having you  
take over the Circus?

For a moment Haydon looks rattled.

BILL HAYDON

I'm not his bloody office boy.

SMILEY

What are you then?

Haydon turns to Smiley, a flash of hauteur.

BILL HAYDON

I'm someone who made his mark.

Smiley watches him, feeling him shrink in stature before his eyes. Haydon lights a cigarette.

SMILEY

(Quietly)

Is there anything you want me to  
pass on to Ann?

For a moment Haydon looks genuinely puzzled.

BILL HAYDON

Oh, that was nothing personal,  
George, I hope you understand that?  
Karla said you were good, the one  
we had to worry about. But you do  
have a blind spot.

(MORE)



BILL HAYDON (CONT'D)  
 He reckoned if I was known to be  
 Ann's lover you wouldn't be able  
 to see me straight. And he was  
 right, up to a point.

SMILEY  
 Up to a point.

246 INT. CONTROL'S FLAT - DAY 246

The flat is now empty, cleared of Control's possessions. Smiley looks around, places a CHESS PIECE on the piano. We see the piece bears the name HAYDON.

SMILEY  
 (Quietly)  
 "Tailor."

He walks away.

247 EXT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 247

George comes up his path, looking old and tired.

248 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - DAY 248

He stops still inside his doorway. The little figure on the console table is in the wrong position. Smiley puts his hand on it, but doesn't right it, listening to something from somewhere inside the house. A faint movement.

Through the HALF OPEN KITCHEN DOOR we catch a glimpse of a WOMAN beyond. ANN is back.

Smiley stands with his back to us, still in his coat, staring through the door at his wife beyond. Something of a Vermeer in the image.

He's absorbing the different atmosphere - home. Deciding whether to go in. Or not.

Suddenly we hear MUSIC - JULIO IGLESIAS, singing a disco version of LA MER - very seventies.

CUT TO:

249 INT. CIRCUS - FIFTH FLOOR PARTY - NIGHT - **PAST** 249

The same lively Christmas PARTY at the Circus we saw earlier. BILL HAYDON, a little drunk and happy, works his way through the packed room, dancing to the Iglesias' track, a drink in each hand, a little tongue-in-cheek, singing along.

HAYDON'S P.O.V.

... other members of the Circus glimpsed as we pass them -  
CONNIE SACHS, WESTERBY, BLAND, drunk, grinning at us. TOBY  
ESTERHASE talking to one of the SECRETARIES...

The MUSIC continues as we find...

CONTROL and SMILEY

...sitting a little apart, talking. Haydon is still working  
his way through the party...

We PASS PERCY ALLELINE and his DRUNK WIFE. Alleline looking  
fretful and hoping no-one is noticing the scene she is  
making...

Haydon grins at all his comrades, feeling fond of everyone,  
but heads on to his destination...

PRIDEAUX sits watching him come with a drink towards him,  
shakes his head, but can't help but smile fondly at the idiot  
Haydon is prepared to make of himself...

250	OMITTED	250
251	OMITTED	251
252	OMITTED	252
253	OMITTED	253
254	EXT. SARRATT - EVENING - <b><u>PRESENT</u></b>	254

The music continues as we see two cadets are running on the  
circuit, their white t-shirts only just visible in the  
dark.

Haydon sits on his bench, smoking, watching them flit by.  
He smiles to himself, remembering. He senses something,  
turns and looks back. Prideaux stands in the shadows behind  
him, some fifteen foot away. The two men stare at each  
other, then Haydon turns back to watch the runners.

We HOLD CLOSE on his face as Prideaux approaches, the only  
sound the soft wind and his hushed footsteps growing louder.

Finally...

BILL HAYDON  
(Of the runners)  
Just like us Jim. (Beat) Best  
days.

A rifle is placed on the side of his head - the same execution shot that we saw used on Irina - the force blowing him sideways out of the frame.

As the music continues we...

CUT TO:

255 EXT. SARRATT - DAWN 255

Frost on the grass. We find a CADET staring down at the corpse of Haydon leaning against the back of the bench, outlined in silver frost.

The music ends.

256 INT. PRIDEAUX'S CARAVAN - DAY 256

Prideaux sits on his bed. From outside - the sound of a football game. Someone taps on the door. Low. Taps again. Prideaux, coiled with grief and anger, suddenly gets up.

257 EXT. PRIDEAUX'S CARAVAN - DAY 257

Roach stands in the doorway, carrying a gift - a boot-scrape made in woodwork.

ROACH

I made you something.

Prideaux stares at the boot scrape.

PRIDEAUX

I don't want you hanging around here. Keep away from me from now on. Go and join the others.

Roach stands frozen.

PRIDEAUX (CONT'D)

Just bloody join in. Go and play damn you.

He watches Roach walk to the edge of the field and stand mutely at the side. A ball rolls towards him. Roach goes to kick it. Misses. He tries again, RUNNING OUT OF SHOT.

257aA EXT. PARIS DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING 257aA

Tarr is walking through a busy street. He stops to light a cigarette. A woman in a YELLOW dress appears, reflected in the glass. She's holding the hands of two children. For a moment it looks like Irina.

Tarr spins round, but the woman has disappeared. He stares after her, hoping to catch a glimpse of her again.

257A EXT./INT. CIRCUS - GROUND-FLOOR LOBBY - DAY 257A

Smiley walks back into the lobby, hesitates for a moment, then pushes on through the turnstile.

258 INT. CIRCUS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 258

George takes his place at the baronial chair. He examines the CHESS PIECE in his hand. We see it is labelled KARLA. He toys with it for a moment, then places it on the table in front of him, clears his throat.

SMILEY

Shall we begin?

Through the open door Smiley's new inner circle begin to enter and take their place at the table around him.