

## The Quiller Memorandum

*Exterior. Berlin Tiergarten. Summer night.*

*A long road. Derelict buildings at either side.*

*It is late at night.*

*In the distance, KENNETH LINDSAY JONES is walking towards the camera.*

*Silence.*

*The camera moves sideways to disclose a brightly lit telephone box. It is the one hard source of light.*

*His face, as he stops by a lamp post. He lights one cigarette from another, flips the first one away and glances up at the buildings and along the road behind him.*

*There is no one in sight.*

*He continues to walk towards the telephone box.*

*From the telephone box see him approach.*

*His footsteps echo. He walks slowly past the telephone box and stops. He glances up the street again. No one. He drops his cigarette.*

*He moves suddenly and enters the telephone box.*

*Interior. Telephone box. Night.*

*JONES inserts a coin, lifts receiver. He begins to dial. He dials one figure and a second figure.*

*A sudden report. Window smashes. Glass falls in. JONES hits interior of box with great force. He falls in a heap, his head cracking against telephone.*

*Exterior. Road. Night.*

*The telephone box, brightly lit. A shape on the floor. No movement or sound along the road.*

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*Interior. London club. Day.*

*A WAITER is serving potatoes to two gentlemen.*

RUSHINGTON. Thanks. That's . . . quite sufficient, thank you.

*The WAITER nods and goes.*

GIBBS. Salt?

RUSHINGTON. Oh, thanks.

*They salt their food and begin to eat.*

GIBBS. What exactly is he doing now?

RUSHINGTON. He's on leave, actually. On vacation.

GIBBS. Ah.

*They eat.*

Well, perhaps someone might get in touch with him.

RUSHINGTON. Oh yes, certainly. No difficulty about that.

GIBBS. Ask him if he'd mind popping over to Berlin.

RUSHINGTON. Mmmm. I think so.

GIBBS. Good.

*They eat.*

Shame about K.L.J.

RUSHINGTON. Mmmm.

GIBBS. How was he killed ?

RUSHINGTON. Shot.

GIBBS. What gun?

RUSHINGTON. Long shot in spine, actually. Nine point three. Same as Metzler.

GIBBS. Oh, really ?

*They eat.*

How's your lunch ?

RUSHINGTON. Rather good.

GIBBS. What is it?

RUSHINGTON. Pheasant.

GIBBS. Ah. Yes. that should be rather good. Is it ?

RUSHINGTON. It is rather, yes.

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