

THE IMITATION GAME

Written by
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Based on
"Alan Turing: The Enigma"
By Andrew Hodges

BLACK.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
Are you paying attention?

INT. ALAN TURING'S HOUSE - DAY - 1951

A HALF-DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS swarm the Manchester home of mathematics professor Alan Turing.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
Good. I am going to speak very quickly, because I prefer to speak quickly. Things will happen now, and they will happen more rapidly than you might like. If you are not listening carefully, you will miss things. Important things. You're writing some of this down? That's good.

INSIDE ALAN'S HOUSE: There's been a break-in, and the house is a mess - someone has given it a pretty thorough once-over.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But I will not pause for you to catch up. I will not repeat myself, and you will not interrupt me. I do not like to be interrupted. If you ask me a question, I will ignore it and continue speaking as I please. If you think me impolite, very well. You think that because you're sitting where you are, and I am sitting where I am, that you are in control of what is about to happen. You're mistaken. I am in control, because I know things that you do not know.

PAPERS inked black with mathematical symbols litter the floor. The test tubes and beakers of Turing's chemical work are shattered in the study, CYANIDE and POTASSIUM NITRATE DRIPPING ACROSS THE UGLY CARPET.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Everything that happens from this point forward will happen because I have decided that it should. Do you understand me? Nod if you understand me. Good.

It's an odd place for a robbery. Turing is clearly not wealthy. And nothing appears to be missing. The CONSTABLES EXCHANGE LOOKS: They're intrigued.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What I will need from you now is a commitment. You will commit to listen to what I choose to tell you, until I am finished. You will listen closely, and you will not judge me. When I am finished — when I have *told* you that I am finished — you are free to think whatever you like. But now I need your word that you will listen, and you will listen carefully, and even though things will be confusing sometimes, and even though this story will be hard for you to understand, you will trust that everything I'm saying I am saying for a reason.

A CONSTABLE PHONES IN the robbery to headquarters —

— At headquarters, a RADIO GIRL transmits the information to the detectives on duty —

— And in London, a RADIO OPERATOR in a dark room far below Victoria Street TAKES DOWN AN URGENT MESSAGE —

— ON THE MESSAGE: Random letters. Gibberish. It's ENCRYPTED.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And you can judge me when, and only when, I am finished. If you cannot commit to this, then please leave the room now. That's right, you're free to go. But if you choose to stay, if you choose to listen, remember this: If things happen that you do not like, you chose to be here.

The ENCRYPTED MESSAGE is handed to a CRYPTANALYST, who DECODES it —

— Before the MESSAGE is HANDED OFF and WHISKED through the dim hallways —

— Until it's finally deposited on the desk of STEWART MENZIES, the Director of MI-6. British Secret Intelligence Services.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You chose to hear these things. I
am telling this story, and you are
choosing to listen to it. What
happens from this moment forward is
not my responsibility: It's yours.

Menzies picks up the message: "Alan Turing has been robbed."

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This will go quite fast now.
(laughs)
And that is the *last* time I will
repeat myself. Pay attention.

EXT. ALAN TURNING'S HOUSE - MORNING

DETECTIVE ROBERT NOCK, 40s, athletic, more interested in
football than being a detective, hustles past a few double-
parked police cars and up the steps and into:

INT. ALAN TURNING'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Nock enters to find the same messy crime scene we
just saw. He's addressed by SARGEANT STAEHL.

SGT. STAEHL
Bit late, don't you think?

DETECTIVE NOCK
The baby. Up all night, hollering
and crying. June says it's collick.

SGT. STAEHL
Sounds wretched.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Price of starting a family. What's
all this, then?

SGT. STAEHL
Turing, Alan. Professor at King's.
Seems there's been a robbery.

DETECTIVE NOCK
What of?

SGT. STAEHL
That's just it. Nothing's missing,
really.

DETECTIVE NOCK
No, what's he a professor of?

SGT. STAEHL
(consulting notes)
Oh. Maths. Or, as he put it,
"ordinal logic, with a dose of
number theory."

DETECTIVE NOCK
What on earth does that mean?

SGT. STAEHL
I haven't the foggiest.

DETECTIVE NOCK
What's he doing in Manchester?

SGT. STAEHL
I can't tell.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Sorry?

SGT. STAEHL
Seems he's here on some sort of
project. At the NPL. Won't say what
it is, though.

DETECTIVE NOCK
He's a bit squirrely then, our
Professor Turing?

SGT. STAEHL
That's putting it mildly. The man
seems to like talking a lot more
than communicating, if you catch my
drift.

Sargeant Staehl motions to the next room, and he follows Nock
in...

... Where they find ALAN TURING, 38. He's the smartest man in
the room, and he knows it. But he doesn't really care if you
do.

Turing is VERY CAREFULLY sweeping up a pile of WHITE POWDER.

He's doing it with a PAINTBRUSH.

And he's totally oblivious to the detectives as they enter.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Professor Turing?
(beat)
Professor Turing? My name is
Detective Nock. Manchester Police.
Mr. Staehl here tells me you've had
a robbery last night.
(still nothing)
Professor Turing?

Detective Nock steps closer, peering over Turing's shoulder
at the white powder.

DETECTIVE NOCK (CONT'D)
Professor —

ALAN TURING
— I would step back, if I were you.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Pardon me?

ALAN TURING
Step back, and don't breathe so
much.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Breathe?

ALAN TURING
You're breathing heavily and you're
going to inhale this junk and
you're going to leave your collicky
daughter without a father.

Detective Nock stops, and steps back. What in the world?

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Sound carries in this house and I'm
very observant. Pity that you're
not.

DETECTIVE NOCK
What is that mess?

ALAN TURING
Cyanide. Undiluted. Wouldn't take
more than a thimbleful to kill you.

Turing finishes sweeping the cyanide into a jar, before
safely CAPPING IT.

Turing stands, and for the first time takes a look at Detective Nock. Sizes him up.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Oh. Disappointing.

Detective Knock and Sargeant Staehl exchange a look.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Pardon?

ALAN TURING
I'd hoped for a bit more.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Sargeant Staehl, is it just me, or do you get the sense that we're being insulted?

SGT. STAEHL
Awfully certain you're right, actually.

ALAN TURING
(to Nock)
You lied to your friend here about your son, which is just unseemly. Collick didn't keep you up all night. Drink did. You've bags under your eyes the size of strawberries. Your topcoat reeks of whiskey. You're short of breath after walking 30 paces into my home. And I believe Man United had a match yesterday, yes? I could hear the shouting about it from Simpson's on my way home.

DETECTIVE NOCK
(caught)
... We won by four. Would've been unseemly *not* to celebrate.

Sargeant Staehl SIGHS, embarrassed.

SGT. STAEHL
Professor. Someone broke into your home last night. He - or they - smashed the back window and left this place a wreck. Your neighbor, a Mr. Springborn, called to report the noise.

(MORE)

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)

The Constable says that he spoke to you earlier this morning, and that you've reported that nothing is missing. A bit odd, isn't it, to have a break-in where nothing is missing? Now. We'd like to find the bugger that did this. Would you mind helping us out?

ALAN TURING

Gentlemen, I don't think you could figure out who broke into my house if he walked up to you right now and spit in your bloated face. What I could really use at the moment is not a bobby but a good cleaning lady. So unless one of you has an apron in your car that you'd like to put on and lend me a hand, I'd suggest that you file your reports and leave me alone.

Staehl is about to say something – and probably something aggressive, by the look of his face – but Nock stops him.

DETECTIVE NOCK

... As you say, Professor Turing.
Best of luck with your cyanide.

EXT. ALAN TURNING'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Nock and Sargeant Staehl walk away from Turing's house.

SGT. STAEHL

I'll give you a bob if you can name me a more insufferable sod than Alan bloody Turing.

DETECTIVE NOCK

Curious, isn't he?

SGT. STAEHL

Oh, you've a soft spot for the bastard 'cause he called you on your drink? Which, while we're on the subject –

DETECTIVE NOCK

– Seemed a bit forced though, didn't it?

SGT. STAEHL
Don't know what you mean.

DETECTIVE NOCK
If you didn't want a pair of
bobbies digging around in your
personal affairs, well, that would
have been a stellar way to see that
they don't. Tell me you don't think
this is suspicious.

SGT. STAEHL
I don't think this is suspicious.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Alright then.

SGT. STAEHL
I think it's irritating, and I'd
like to devote my working hours to
pursuing criminals of slightly more
stature than thieves who can't
manage to actually steal anything.

DETECTIVE NOCK
What about mysterious professors
who won't admit that something was
stolen from their flats?

SGT. STAEHL
What're you suggesting?

DETECTIVE NOCK
I'm suggesting that Alan Turing is
hiding something.

CUT TO:

I/E. TRAIN - DAY - 1939

Alan Turing - 11 years younger - sits on train bound for
Bletchley Park. Riding with him are HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS of
SCHOOLCHILDREN.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Over 800,000 children are being
evacuated from London today as the
city braces for German aerial
bombing. London has been declared
officially "unsafe" for all but the
most able-bodied.
(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Additionally, government reports suggest that Britain will soon run out its food supply unless a method can be devised for getting American aid to the isle, past the German fleet. The Prime Minister's office denies this...

Alan watches a SMALL BOY pour over a PUZZLE BOOK. OLDER KIDS, loud and rowdy, TAUNT the Small Boy, who doesn't look up, he's so focused on his puzzles.

Alan watches. Maybe he smiles. Maybe he understands.

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - A FEW HOURS LATER

A cab drops Alan off outside the imposing front gates of Bletchley Park. An enormous Victorian mansion lies in the center of the grounds, surrounded by empty gardens, and tall iron fences.

If the fences won't keep out intruders, the NAVAL OFFICERS with MACHINE GUNS at the gates certainly will.

Alan enters the gates cautiously.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - COMMANDER DENNISTON'S OFFICE - LATER

A few minutes later, Alan sits alone in a cluttered office. He stares ahead blankly at the empty chair behind the desk. Waits.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (O.S.)
 The bloody hell are you?

Alan turns with a start.

ALAN TURING
 The girl told me to wait -

COMMANDER DENNISTON
 In my office? She tell you to help yourself to a cup of tea while you were here?

ALAN TURING
 No. She didn't.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
 She didn't tell you what a joke is then either, I gather.

ALAN TURING
Was she supposed to?

COMMANDER DENNISTON
For Christ's sake – who are you?

ALAN TURING
My name is Alan Turing.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
(looking at papers on his
desk)
Turing... Let me see... Oh, Turing.
The mathematician.

ALAN TURING
Correct.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
How ever could I have guessed?

ALAN TURING
You didn't. It was written on your
paper.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
... You're a professor. King's
College, Cambridge. Says here you
were a bit of a prodigy in the
maths department.

ALAN TURING
I'm not sure I can evaluate that,
Mr... ?

COMMANDER DENNISTON
How old are you, Mr. Turing?

ALAN TURING
27.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
How old were you when you became a
fellow at Cambridge?

ALAN TURING
24.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

And how old were you when you published this paper here, that has a title I can barely understand, which apparently got you this fellowship?

ALAN TURING

23.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

And you don't think that qualifies you as a certified prodigy?

ALAN TURING

Rather depends on how old my peers were when they did comparable work, doesn't it?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

And how old were they?

ALAN TURING

Newton discovered the binomial theorem at 22. Einstein published four papers that changed the world at 26. As far as I can tell I've barely made par.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

You're serious, aren't you?

ALAN TURING

Would you prefer I make a joke?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Not sure you know what those are.

ALAN TURING

It hardly seems fair that that would be a requirement for employment here, Mr...?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Commander Denniston, of the Royal Navy. All right, Mr. Turing, I'll bite. Why do you want to work for Her Majesty's government?

ALAN TURING

Oh, I don't, really.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
You're not a supporter of the war effort?

ALAN TURING
Sure.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
(suspicious)
Are you a bleeding pacifist, Turing?

ALAN TURING
I'm agnostic about violence.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
But you realize that 600 miles from London there's this nasty chap named Hitler who's looking to engulf Europe in tyranny?

ALAN TURING
Politics is not my area of expertise.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
I believe you've just set a record for the shortest job interview in British military history.

ALAN TURING
Mum says that I can be off-putting sometimes. On account of being the best mathematician in the world.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
You're the best mathematician in the world?

ALAN TURING
Oh. Yes. That's not on my CV?

COMMANDER DENNISTON
No, it's - Damn it, SIS always likes bringing me the difficult ones. Do you know how many people I've rejected for this program?

ALAN TURING
No.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

That's right. Because we're a top secret program. But I'll tell you, just because we're friends, that last week I rejected one of our great nation's top linguists, knows German better than Bertolt Brecht.

ALAN TURING

I don't speak German.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

What?

ALAN TURING

I don't. Speak German.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

How the bloody hell are you supposed to decrypt German communications if you don't, oh, I don't know, *speaking German*?

ALAN TURING

I'm quite excellent at crossword puzzles.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

(calling off)

MARGARET!

ALAN TURING

The German codes are a puzzle. A game. Just like any other game.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

MARGARET! Where are you?!

ALAN TURING

I'm very good at games. Puzzles. And I think this is the hardest puzzle in the world.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

MARGARET!?!
(beat)

For the love of... This is a joke, obviously.

ALAN TURING

I'm afraid I can't make jokes, Commander Denniston.

And for a split second, Denniston actually smiles.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Have a pleasant trip back to
Cambridge, Professor.

ALAN TURING
Enigma.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Excuse me?

ALAN TURING
That's what you're doing here. The
top secret program at Bletchley.
You're trying to break the German
Enigma machine.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
What makes you think that?

ALAN TURING
It's the greatest encryption device
in history, and the Germans use it
for all major communications. If
the Allies broke Enigma — well,
this would turn into a very short
war indeed. If I were running a top
secret code-breaking program,
Enigma wouldn't be my top priority.
It would be my only priority. Of
course you're working on it. But
you also haven't gotten anywhere
with it. If you had, you wouldn't
be hiring new cryptographers out of
university, and I wouldn't be
sitting here bickering with you.
Simply put, you need me a lot more
than I need you. You asked if I was
a supporter of the war, and I said
no, which is true. I don't care
about Britain, or the Germans, or
the French, or any of your
political squabbles. I'd just as
easily go work for the Germans,
frankly, but they simply don't have
anything this good to work on,
because our mathematicians aren't
as impressive as theirs. With one
significant exception. I like
solving problems, Commander. And
Enigma is the most difficult
problem in the world.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Enigma isn't difficult. It's
impossible.

ALAN TURING
Oh well that's even better.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
The Germans think the Enigma
machine is unbreakable. The
Americans think the Enigma machine
is unbreakable. So do the French,
the Russians, the Chinese. But our
dear Mr. Churchill had a piss-poor
secondary school education and
never learned the word "retreat."
But it can't be done.

ALAN TURING
Let me try and we'll know for sure.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Do you have any idea how this
works, Professor? If you join us,
you give up everything. No more
classes, no more students, no more
faculty meetings and late lunches
with the Dean. Your work will be
top secret. Your entire bloody *life*
will be classified. You'll have to
lie to your parents, to your
family, to your friends, to
everyone you ever meet about what
you do. There are fewer than a
dozen men in Britain who know about
this program, and if you become one
of them, you'll sacrifice your
life, your identity, for nothing.

ALAN TURING
Not for nothing. For something
impossible.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
I'm not going to hire you.

ALAN TURING
I'm not leaving this room until you
do.

The men stare at each other. Neither blinks.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAY - LATER

ANGLE ON: A machine. It looks like a typewriter that got left on the set of Blade Runner. Wires running all over it. Extra gears sticking out of the sides. Blinking lights that reveal German characters. Half electrical, half mechanical.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (O.S.)
Welcome to Enigma.

REVEAL: COMMANDER DENNISTON, 50s, is showing the ENIGMA MACHINE to the NEW RECRUITS.

They are:

HUGH ALEXANDER, 30s, Irish, loves women and chess in equal measure.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS, 30s, Scottish, not the prodigy his compatriots are and knows it.

PETER HILTON, 20s, a precocious undergrad from Oxford.

KEITH FURMAN and CHARLES RICHARDS, 40s, both stodgy linguists.

Stewart Menzies — head of MI-6, who we briefly glimpsed in the opening — stands in the corner, silent and observing. Charming and inscrutable, he didn't become the head of British Secret Intelligence Services by accident.

FINALLY REVEAL: ... Alan stands with them, staring at the machine like it's the Sistine Chapel.

ALAN TURING
It's beautiful.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
It's the crooked hand of death
itself.

Alan reaches out and touches it lovingly.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (CONT'D)
The German navy encodes every message they send with the Enigma machine. The details of every surprise attack, of every secret convoy, of every U-Boat in the bloody Atlantic go into that thing, and out comes... Gibberish.

Denniston shows Alan sheets of Enigma messages: PAGE AFTER PAGE OF RANDOM LETTERS.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (CONT'D)

Our WRENs intercept thousands of radio messages a day. But to the lovely young ladies of the Women's Royal Navy, they're nonsense. It's only when you feed them back into Enigma that they make sense.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

But you have an Enigma machine. It's right there.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Yes. Polish intelligence smuggled one out of Berlin.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

So what's the problem? Just put the intercepted messages back in to Enigma and —

ALAN TURING

— It's not that simple, is it? Just having an Enigma machine doesn't help you decode the messages.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Very good, Mr. Turing. To decode a message, you need to know the machine's settings. The Germans switch settings every day, promptly at midnight.

Alan looks at the machine carefully.

ALAN TURING

Five rotors. Six plugboard cables.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Yes.

ALAN TURING

That's...

HUGH ALEXANDER

Five —

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

— thousand million —

PETER HILTON

— No no it's — I've got it —

HUGH ALEXANDER

— Million, million —

KEITH FURMAN

— In the millions, obviously —

CHARLES RICHARDS

— Obviously —

ALAN TURING

— Over one hundred thousand million
million possible settings.

All eyes turn to Turing: Wow.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

... Very good.

HUGH ALEXANDER

One hundred fifty nine, if you'd
rather be exact about it.

Everyone looks at Hugh now.

HUGH ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

One five nine with eighteen zeroes
behind it. Possibilities. Every
single day.

Jesus Christ. Who is this guy?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Gentlemen, meet Hugh Alexander.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Didn't you...?

PETER HILTON

You mean the...?

ALAN TURING

(doesn't recognize the
name)

Who are you?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Mr. Alexander won Britain's
national chess championship.

ALAN TURING
Congratulations.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Twice.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
(to Alan)
Seems you're not the only one who's
good at games around here.

HUGH ALEXANDER
And you are?

ALAN TURING
Alan Turing. I'm a fellow at
King's.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Oh. You must know Professor Hardy!

ALAN TURING
We've met. He runs my program.

HUGH ALEXANDER
He's a dear friend. How is he these
days?

ALAN TURING
He and I don't... Get on well,
exactly.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Pity. He's the most accomplished
mathematician at Cambridge.

ALAN TURING
No he's not.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Who is?

ALAN TURING
(to Denniston)
Are we all to work together then? I
prefer to have my own office.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
You're a team, and you'll work as
one.

ALAN TURING

I don't have time to explain myself as I go along, and I'm afraid these men will only slow me down.

STEWART MENZIES

(piping up from the corner)

— If you can't play together, then I'm afraid we can't let you play at all.

They all stare at him.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Gentlemen, meet Stuart Menzies. MI-6.

The team ACKNOWLEDGES Menzies.

CHARLES RICHARDS

There are only five divisions of military intelligence. There is no "MI-6."

STEWART MENZIES

Exactly. That's the spirit.

(to Alan)

Mr. Turing. Do you know how many British servicemen have died because of Enigma?

ALAN TURING

I don't.

STEWART MENZIES

Three.

PETER HILTON

That doesn't sound like very many.

STEWART MENZIES

... *While we've been having this conversation.*

(checks his watch)

Oh look. That's four. Rather hope he didn't have a family.

(to Denniston)

Perhaps we should leave the children alone with their new toy?

Menzies and Commander Denniston LEAVE.

The team stands there. With Enigma.

ALAN TURING
(to Hugh Alexander)
Twice?

Hugh SHRUGS nonchalantly.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Well then. Let's play.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY - 1927

The stately manor of a British boys boarding school.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
The problem began, of course, with
the carrots.

INT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY

YOUNG ALAN TURING, 15, sits alone in the dining hall. Other BOYS joke and laugh and tell animated stories at nearby tables, but Alan sits alone, staring intently at his food.

ON ALAN'S PLATE: Boiled steak. Potatoes. Peas. And carrots.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
The carrots were mushy, which is
good, but they got all mixed up
with the peas. Carrots are orange.
Peas are green. I don't like it
when foods of different colors
touch, that's all.

Alan carefully tries to separate the carrots from the peas.
It's like he's performing brain surgery.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was only trying to fix it. I
wasn't paying attention.

BEHIND ALAN, a group of BIGGER BOYS approach quietly. One of
them holds a TRAY OF BOILED VEGETABLES -

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I wasn't being observant. Please,
if you listen to only one thing I
say, I cannot stress this enough:
Observation is very important.

— The Boys try to MUFFLE THEIR GIGGLES so Alan can't hear
them approach —

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It was a lesson I very much needed
to learn.

— The Boys DUMP THE TRAY OF VEGETABLES ALL OVER ALAN.

Alan SCREAMS.

The Boys LAUGH as Alan SCREAMS and SHAKES and tries to get
the peas and carrots and everything else off of him. He's in
hell.

Alan FALLS DOWN. Still shaking, still screaming.

YOUNG ALAN
Carrots are orange! Carrots are
orange! Carrots are orange!

BOY #1
What a bloody queer!

BOY #2
Poofter!

Alan CURLS UP INTO A BALL as he shivers.

BOY #1
Looks like a football, doesn't he?

The Boy playfully KICKS LIGHTLY at Alan's ribcage, just as a
joke.

Within a few seconds, they're all KICKING...

... Kicking, kicking, kicking, as Alan wails about peas and
carrots and the boys laugh and have no idea what he's talking
about...

INT. COFFIN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

... Alan is inside a coffin.

He's KICKING AT THE WOODEN BOARDS ABOVE and SCREAMING TO BE RELEASED.

It's not helping.

From above, we hear the familiar LAUGHTER OF THE SCHOOLBOYS.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
Nowadays I enjoy observing people.
I'm highly skilled at it, but I
wasn't always so. It took time. And
lots of practice.

REVEAL: The "coffin" is make-shift; the Boys have constructed it out of the broken floorboards of a half-finished class room. Alan is buried underground, and they're nailing him in.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Do you know why people like
violence? Because it *feels good*.

The THUMP THUMP of nails entering the boards.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Humans find violence deeply
satisfying. But remove the
satisfaction, and the act
becomes... Hollow.

FROM INSIDE THE COFFIN: Alan goes silent.

The Boys pound away, but the silence unnerves them.

BOY #1
Alan? Alan?

BOY #2
C'mon don't be such a kike about
it...

BOY #3
Leave him to bloody rot.

The Boys LEAVE.

There's still only SILENCE from inside Alan's coffin.

Alan breathes slowly. Quietly. Controls his shivering to barely a tremor. He waits.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
I didn't learn this on my own
though. I had help.

Suddenly, the boards above him CREAK. Then BEND. Then SNAP.

Then an ARM REACHES DOWN and PULLS Alan out of the coffin.

REVEAL: CHRISTOPHER MORCOM, 16, tall, pretty, and charming in ways that Alan will never, ever be.

CHRISTOPHER

Jesus Christ, Alan. They might have killed you.

YOUNG ALAN

It's not my fault. The carrots got in with the peas.

(off Christopher's look)

I'm sorry. I won't let them do it again.

CHRISTOPHER

And how're you planning on stopping them, exactly?

YOUNG ALAN

(thinking)

I'm smarter than they are.

CHRISTOPHER

Yes.

YOUNG ALAN

That's why they beat me up.

CHRISTOPHER

No, Alan. They don't beat you up because you're smarter. They beat you up because you're *different*.

Alan is confused.

YOUNG ALAN

So what do I do?

CHRISTOPHER

Don't be different.

YOUNG ALAN

But I am... I mean... I think sometimes... Mum says I'm just an odd duck.

CHRISTOPHER
Well then we'll have to make sure
that no one ever knows how odd you
really are, won't we?

Christopher holds Alan's hand, and together they leave the
deserted school room.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
Christopher helped.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT RECORDS OFFICE - DAY - 1951

Detective Nock and Sargeant Staehl exit the imposing
government records office.

They walk quickly.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Bloody *classified*. What sort of
maths professor has his military
records classified?

SGT. STAEHL
Can we go home now?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Alan Turing is a suspect in a
robbery and they won't share a
thing with the police?

SGT. STAEHL
"Suspect" is a rather stark way to
put it. I recall writing his name
next to the word "victim" on the
intake forms myself.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Will?

SGT. STAEHL
Yes?

DETECTIVE NOCK
I'm about to do something that
you're not going to like. And I
want you to know, from the bottom
of my heart, that I'm genuinely
sorry about it. But it can't be
helped.

SGT. STAEHL
What are you -

- Suddenly, Detective Nock PUNCHES Staehl across the jaw.

Staehl DOUBLES OVER in shock.

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)
Bob!? The bloody hell?!? Are you
drunk again -

- And Nock PUNCHES HIM again. Hard.

People on the street TURN and STARE.

Staehl angrily DIVES towards Nock but Nock DODGES and PUSHES
Staehl to the ground.

Nock reaches down and WHISKS AWAY Staehl's wallet -

- Before RUNNING back down the street.

Staehl starts SCREAMING AFTER HIM -

- And GIVES CHASE -

- They each DODGE PEDESTRIANS, who are all staring -

- Until Nock TRIPS and SLAMS INTO A PEDESTRIAN -

- They both TUMBLE TO THE GROUND.

SGT. STAEHL
Stop him! He has my wallet!

The Pedestrian and Nock SCRAMBLE on the ground.

PEDESTRIAN
Police! Police!

DETECTIVE NOCK
No need. The police are already
here.

Nock quickly shows the Pedestrian his BADGE.

The Pedestrian looks confused.

DETECTIVE NOCK (CONT'D)
I would move along if I were you.

The Pedestrian gets up, and slowly LEAVES.

Nock stands dusting himself off as Staehl catches up to him –
– And PUNCHES NOCK IN THE JAW.

DETECTIVE NOCK (CONT'D)
Oww! Would you stop it?

SGT. STAEHL
You punched me and stole my wallet.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Here, have it back.

Nock hands a WALLET back to Staehl, who looks down at it.

SGT. STAEHL
... This isn't my wallet.

DETECTIVE NOCK
You don't say. Whose is it?

Very confused, Staehl LOOKS THROUGH the wallet.

SGT. STAEHL
Benjamin Marc... Lives in London...
That man you knocked over! You
stole his wallet. He's – Bob?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Yes?

SGT. STAEHL
He's MI-6. Secret Intelligence
Services.

DETECTIVE NOCK
That's what I was worried about.

FEMALE PEDESTRIAN
(approaching them)
– Are you two all right?

SGT. STAEHL
(to Pedestrian)
Bugger off.

She LEAVES, offended.

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)
(back to Nock)
He was following us?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Yes. Since we left the station.

SGT. STAEHL
Why are we being followed by MI-6?

DETECTIVE NOCK
I think I might have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRALTY RECORDS OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Detective Nock walks up to a SECRETARY.

DETECTIVE NOCK
(to Secretary)
Pardon me. I'd like to see some
documents, if I may. Naval service
records of a Mr. Turing. Alan.

He FLASHES THE ID CARD HE JUST STOLE: It reads "Benjamin
Marc," and has the MI-6 logo at the bottom.

DETECTIVE NOCK (CONT'D)
I'm with the Intelligence Services.

Off of Nock's SMILE we

CUT TO:

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAY - 1940

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
The game was obviously a very
simple one.

On a small side street in Bletchley, we see a shop front:
"FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES" reads the sign above the glass.

It looks like it's been abandoned for years.

People pass by, never giving it a second look.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
One hundred and fifty nine million
million possible settings, every 24
hours. All we had to do was try
them all until we found the right
one. Every single day.

But INSIDE THE FRUIT SHOP:

It's far from abandoned. Turing and the team have set up here as their covert base for cryptographic analysis.

PAPERS COVERED IN LONG STRINGS OF LETTERS cover literally every surface in the shop.

John Cairncross, Hugh Alexander, Peter Hilton, Keith Furman and Charles Richards pore over the sheets. They men ARGUE, JOKE, DISAGREE, PASS EACH OTHER PAPERS, SHOW EACH OTHER IDEAS...

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

However, this presented certain practical problems. Namely, if we had 10 men checking one setting a minute, for 24 hours every day and seven days every week, it would take... Well, you tell me. How many days would it take to check all of the settings? ... Would you like a hint? It's not days. It's *years*. So we simply needed a way to check settings faster.

... But Alan is in the corner. He doesn't talk with his coworkers. He works quietly, and alone.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Oh dear, you still haven't worked it out, have you?

(beat)

It's *20 million* years. Pity you didn't pay more attention in school.

ON ALAN'S WORK: It's mechanical. He's playing with gears, wires, cables, while the others are looking into letters and words.

John Cairncross approaches Alan's desk.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

(to Alan)

The boys... We were going to get some lunch?

(Alan ignores him)

Alan?

ALAN TURING

Yes.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

I said we were going to get some lunch?

(Alan keeps ignoring him)

Alan?

ALAN TURING

Yes.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Can you hear me?

ALAN TURING

Yes.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

I said we're off to get some lunch.

(silence)

This is starting to get a bit repetitive.

ALAN TURING

What is?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

I had asked if you wanted to have lunch with us.

ALAN TURING

No you didn't. You told me you were getting lunch.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Have I offended you in some way?

ALAN TURING

Why would you think that?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Would you like to come to lunch with us?

ALAN TURING

When is lunchtime?

HUGH ALEXANDER

(calling out)

Jesus Christ, Alan, it's a bleeding sandwich.

ALAN TURING

What is?

HUGH ALEXANDER

Lunch.

ALAN TURING

I don't like sandwiches.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Nevermind.

HUGH ALEXANDER

John was trying to be nice.

ALAN TURING

How?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Let it go.

HUGH ALEXANDER

You know to pull off this
irascible genius routine, you
actually have to be a genius.

PETER HILTON

Who's hungry? Let's go.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Bye, Alan.

The guys gather their things and walk out...

ALAN TURING

I'm hungry.

... They turn.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

What?

ALAN TURING

Peter asked if anyone was hungry. I
am.

(they stare at him)

May I have some soup, please?

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - STEWART MENZIES' OFFICE - DAY

Unlike Commander Denniston's office, which was filled with
files and war mementos, MI-6 Director Stewart Menzies' office
is completely barren.

Menzies is on the phone when Alan enters.

STEWART MENZIES

(into phone)

Very well... Excuse me, I have a visitor... Yes, you know how I like receiving visitors... Toodles.

He hangs up.

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)

Alan Turing.

ALAN TURING

You should have seen me sooner, I've been requesting this meeting for weeks. I need something.

STEWART MENZIES

You're fired.

ALAN TURING

No, that's not what I needed.

STEWART MENZIES

According to Commander Denniston. He says there have been complaints.

ALAN TURING

So what? I need parts and equipment for my machine, so you need to approve the requisition.

STEWART MENZIES

Your fellow codebreakers are refusing to work with you.

ALAN TURING

Oh. Well then sack them and use their salaries to pay for my machine parts.

STEWART MENZIES

Shockingly, Denniston was thinking it might be easier to fire one mathematician rather than six.

ALAN TURING

My machine is based on the Polish "bombes", but more expansive.

STEWART MENZIES

Why are you building a machine?

ALAN TURING

It's highly technical. You wouldn't understand.

STEWART MENZIES

Try me.

ALAN TURING

... Enigma is a machine. A very well-designed machine. Maybe our problem is that we're trying to beat it with men. What if only a machine can understand another machine?

STEWART MENZIES

That's not so complicated.

ALAN TURING

I did a truly excellent job of explaining it.

STEWART MENZIES

Perhaps you should go back to Cambridge then, where you can explain things to your heart's content.

ALAN TURING

I demand to speak to your commanding officer. I'll have you sacked as well.

STEWART MENZIES

Very well.

Silence.

ALAN TURING

Where can I find him?

STEWART MENZIES

(extends his hand)

Stewart Menzies. Pleasure to meet you.

ALAN TURING

Damn.

STEWART MENZIES

Sadly, Mr. Turing, you cannot get to me, and I have absolutely no authority to help you in any way.

(MORE)

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)
 I don't work for the Navy.
 (starts writing something
 on a slip of paper)
 But Denniston does. And his
 commanding officer, well, perhaps
 there's a man who can help you keep
 your job and fund your gadget. You
 shouldn't have too much trouble
 finding his address.

Menzies hands Alan the PAPER.

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)
 Always nice to have a chap around
 who isn't spooked by chain of
 command.

ALAN TURING
 (suspicious)
 What's MI-6's role at Bletchley?

STEWART MENZIES
 Your job is to break Enigma.

ALAN TURING
 Correct.

STEWART MENZIES
 Well, my job is to make sure Enigma
 doesn't break you.

Alan turns and LEAVES.

Outside the door, Alan UNFOLDS THE PAPER IN HIS HAND.

On it is printed a name: "WINSTON CHURCHILL."

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - NIGHT

Alan works alone in the corner, while Hugh, John, Peter,
 Keith, and Charles work together across the room.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (O.S.)
 TURING!

Everyone turns: Commander Denniston is standing in the
 doorway. And he is *pissed*.

ALAN TURING
 Correct.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
 You won.

ALAN TURING
Excuse me?

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Boys, meet the new head of
cryptography at Bletchley Park.

He hands them a PAPER with the Prime Minister's new orders.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Wait wait, no, you're telling me
Churchill put *Alan in charge* -

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
- This is a terrible plan -

PETER HILTON
- No no no no no no -

ALAN TURING
- Really? I can give these men
orders now?

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Yes.

ALAN TURING
Fantastic.
(to Keith and Charles)
Keith and Charles. You're both
fired.

KEITH FURMAN
Excuse me?

CHARLES RICHARDS
What?

ALAN TURING
You're mediocre linguists and
positively poor codebreakers.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Alan, you can't just fire Keith and
Charles.

ALAN TURING
Relatively certain I can.

CHARLES RICHARDS
Go to hell.

Charles and Keith leave, pissed.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
This is inhuman. Even for you.

ALAN TURING
Remind me of that when I break
Enigma.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Sure, if any of us still work here.

ALAN TURING
Are you gonna quit, Hugh?
(pause; Hugh stays put)
I didn't think so.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Those were human beings. Not just
puzzle pieces in your little game.
They were your friends. Your fellow
soldiers.

ALAN TURING
I don't care.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
You want to do this alone? You want
to take on the Third Reich all by
yourself? You're smart, Turing, but
no one is that smart. You're a
sodding poof in an ivory tower of
numbers and you're going to get
good men killed.

ALAN TURING
Fuck you.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
My rank is unchanged, you know. And
I still run operations here. All
the support staff, the radio
stations, the WRENS, they're still
mine. You lot are on your own, and
you'll do as Alan tells you. But
when you need daily intercepts,
when you need translators, when you
need more bloody pencils, you'll
have to get them from me. And I
will make your life a living hell.
So that's "Fuck you, Sir."

They stare at each other. Nobody blinks.

ALAN TURING
Fuck you. Sir.

The tension is *brutal*.

Slowly, Denniston leaves.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Popular at school, were you?

ALAN TURING
No.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
So what do we do now?

PETER HILTON
We're short on staff.

ALAN TURING
We get more staff.

PETER HILTON
How?

Alan holds up a piece of paper: It's a CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

CUT TO:

BEGIN BRIEF SEQUENCE:

INT. FAMILY HOME - MORNING - 1940

A MAN opens up that morning's Daily Telegraph, and flipping through the paper, he sees an advertisement.

ON THE AD: It's Alan's crossword puzzle. Below it, the ad copy says - "If you can solve this puzzle in under ten minutes please call 646-2264 for an exciting career opportunity."

INT. OTHER LOCATIONS - SAME TIME

SERIES OF SHOTS: Other people - MEN, WOMEN, STUDENTS, RETIREES - open up their papers and see Alan's ad. They all try solving the puzzle.

It's really, really hard.

END BRIEF SEQUENCE.

EXT. MI-6 HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - DAY - 1940

Establishing shot of MI-6 headquarters.

INT. MI-6 HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - SAME TIME

Alan and Stewart Menzies talk in the hallway, outside a closed door.

STEWART MENZIES

Who are they?

ALAN TURING

All sorts, really. A school teacher. An engineer. A handful of students.

STEWART MENZIES

So no one in there is Britain's national chess champion, then?

ALAN TURING

No. They're just... Normal people. Smart people. Creative people.

STEWART MENZIES

Because they're good at crossword puzzles?

ALAN TURING

Well, they say they're good. Now I think we should probably find out.

Alan leads Menzies into:

INT. CLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alan and Stewart Menzies are in an MI-6 conference room. It's been set up like a class room: Rows of identical desks, at which sit a COLLECTION OF CROSSWORD ENTHUSIASTS. There are around 20, all men.

ALAN TURING

Good afternoon. You're all here because you've said you could solve the crossword in the Daily Telegraph in under ten minutes. I'd like to make certain that that's the case.

Just then, a WOMAN enters. Everyone turns to look...

Her name is JOAN CLARKE, 20s, a graduate student at Oxford who's trying to get as far away from her preacher father as possible, and she's about to become very important to this story.

MI-6 AGENT
Pardon, Ma'am, this room is
restricted.

JOAN CLARKE
Apologies for my tardiness - bus
caught a flat.

ALAN TURING
(irritated)
May I continue, please?

MI-6 AGENT
(to Joan)
You're not allowed in here, Ma'am.

JOAN CLARKE
I'm only a few minutes late. With
the bombing there's ten potholes to
each block.

MI-6 AGENT
No, ma'am, the secretaries are to
head upstairs. This room is for the
Bletchley candidates.

ALAN TURING
May I please get on with this?

JOAN CLARKE
I am a candidate.

MI-6 AGENT
For what position?

JOAN CLARKE
The letter did not say, precisely.

MI-6 AGENT
Yes, so, secretaries are to head
upstairs.

JOAN CLARKE
It said it was top secret.

ALAN TURING
(comes over to them)
What is going on here?

JOAN CLARKE
There was a crossword in the paper.
I solved it. I got a letter saying
I was a candidate for some
mysterious job. So here I am. My
name is Joan Clarke.

She hands the Agent the LETTER.

MI-6 AGENT
Miss, did you really solve this
puzzle yourself?

JOAN CLARKE
What makes you think I couldn't
have solved the puzzle myself? I am
quite -

MI-6 AGENT
- Ma'am I'll have to ask you -

ALAN TURING
- *Miss Clarke*. I find tardiness
unacceptable under any
circumstances. Now take a seat, so
we may continue.

Joan stares at Alan: Thank you.

JOAN CLARKE
Apologies again for being late.

As Joan SITS, the Agent stops Alan as he tries to TALK TO THE
GROUP.

MI-6 AGENT
(whispering)
- Sir, not to be rude, but she's...

ALAN TURING
She was only late but a minute.

MI-6 AGENT
No no, I mean, *she's*...

ALAN TURING
A pain in the ass, I'm aware.

MI-6 AGENT

Sir, she's... You know... Don't you think she's... A bit *feminine* for this position?

ALAN TURING

Agent, if you've something to say, please do so.

The Agent turns to Menzies - who's been silent thus far - for support. Menzies SHRUGS.

The Agent backs down.

Alan passes out NEW CROSSWORD PUZZLES.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

(to the group)

Now, finally, as I was saying, you are all here -

JOAN CLARKE

- Pardon, but before we start, can you tell me a bit about this position I'm qualifying for?

ALAN TURING

Oh for God's sake - No.

JOAN CLARKE

Don't you think that's a bit unfair?

ALAN TURING

No.

JOAN CLARKE

It's just that I've a pretty decent job at the University, and I'd rather not give it up for something less interesting.

ALAN TURING

Miss Clarke. You now have the distinct honor of having wasted more of my time than any other person in this room. Shut up. Follow my instructions. And soon enough I will be rid of you forever.

JOAN CLARKE
Must be some position to get you
all worked up.

ALAN TURING
Gentlemen. And lady. You have six
minutes. Begin.

SHOTS: EVERYONE FRANTICALLY TRIES TO FINISH THE NEW PUZZLE.

As they work:

STEWART MENZIES
(whispering to Alan)
Six minutes? Is that even possible?

ALAN TURING
No. It takes me eight. But this
test isn't about solving crosswords
— it's about handling the stress of
trying to do something you know is
impossible. Do you quit? Do you
panic? Do you —

— Suddenly, Joan sits up. She's finished. Early.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
You've finished?

JOAN CLARKE
Yes.

ALAN TURING
(checking watch)
... 5 minutes, 34 seconds.

JOAN CLARKE
You said to do it in under 6.

STEWART MENZIES
(to Alan)
Seems like some people deal with
the stress by simply doing the
impossible.

An EGG TIMER GOES OFF. Time's up.

ALAN TURING
Pencils down, please.

One CROSSWORD ENTHUSIAST keeps writing...

... Alan comes over to him, looks down at his unfinished puzzle.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
You're free to go.

The Enthusiast leaves, dejected.

Alan walks down the rows of desks, looking at everyone's puzzles, DISMISSING THOSE WHO COULDN'T FINISH.

THREE PEOPLE are left when he's done. Joan is one of them.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Gentlemen – and lady –
congratulations. You all now have
Top Secret security clearance. If
you speak a word of anything I'm
about to show you, you'll be hanged
for treason. False jobs – pay
stubs, bank accounts – will be
created for you. No one can know
what you really do.

JOAN CLARKE
And what is it that we're really
doing?

ALAN TURING
We're going to break an unbreakable
Nazi code and win the war.

JOAN CLARKE
... Well that does sound more
interesting than my university job.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERBOURNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY - 1927

Young Alan and Christopher sit under a tree, the school in the distance.

Alan is going through a crossword puzzle, Christopher is reading a book. Their legs are touching affectionately without either even knowing, like two people who are effortlessly comfortable with one another.

YOUNG ALAN
What's that you're reading?

Christopher shows him: "A Guide to Codes and Cyphers."

CHRISTOPHER
It's about cryptography.

YOUNG ALAN
What's cryptography?

CHRISTOPHER
It's complicated. You wouldn't understand.

YOUNG ALAN
I'm only fourteen months younger than you. Don't treat me like a kid.

CHRISTOPHER
Cryptography is the science of codes.

YOUNG ALAN
Like secret messages?

CHRISTOPHER
Not *secret*. That's the brilliant part. Messages that anyone can see, but no one knows what they mean, unless you have the key.

YOUNG ALAN
(confused)
How is that different from talking?

CHRISTOPHER
What?

YOUNG ALAN
When people talk to each other they never say what they mean. They say something else. And you're supposed to just know what they mean. Only, I never do. So how is that different?

CHRISTOPHER
(handing him the book)
Alan, I have a funny feeling that you're going to be very good at this.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - DAY - 1951

Detective Nock sits with his boss, SUPERINTENDANT SMITH.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
Two questions, really.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Shoot.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
What is this?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Alan Turing's classified military
file.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
And how did you get it?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Let's focus on the first question
for now.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
Very well.
(displays the file)
It's bloody empty.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Exactly.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
It's an empty manila envelope.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Yes.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
Well you've cracked the case wide
open then, haven't you?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Alan Turing's war records aren't
just classified. They're *non-*
existent.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
So?

DETECTIVE NOCK

That means someone got rid of them.
Erased them, burned them, what have
you.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH

And that person broke into his
house and stole... Nothing?

DETECTIVE NOCK

What if Turing wasn't just a math
professor?

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH

You think maybe he also teaches
English lit?

DETECTIVE NOCK

Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH

The Soviet spies?

DETECTIVE NOCK

Burgess and Maclean were
professors, like Turing. They
became radicalized at Cambridge,
joined the Communist Party, and
during the war took positions in
the Foreign Office so they could
leak information to Stalin.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH

This was in the papers, wasn't it?
They vanished a few months ago,
just as MI-5 was about to press
charges.

DETECTIVE NOCK

I spoke with MI-5. They think that
Burgess and Maclean weren't the
only professor/spies during the
war.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH

Turing was a professor, but he
wasn't in the Foreign Office.

DETECTIVE NOCK

Right. So where was he?

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
You think Alan Turing might be a
Soviet agent?

ON NOCK's FACE: It would explain a lot, wouldn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - DAY - 1941

CLOSE ON: A half-built machine. Flashing lights for letters all over it. It's bigger than Enigma, almost the size of a dining room table – or it would be, if Alan could finish it.

REVEAL: Alan is struggling to build his cryptography machine. He's underneath it, covered in grease, fumbling with a soldering iron.

HUGH ALEXANDER (O.S.)
Alan! Your new minions have
arrived.

Alan comes out from beneath his machine to see: The TWO NEW GUYS...

... But no Joan.

ALAN TURING
(displeased)
... Where's Miss Clarke?

CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - DAY

Alan sits across from Joan in the den while her MOTHER and FATHER – a local clergyman – putter nervously in the next room, just within earshot.

ALAN TURING
Why aren't you at Bletchley?

JOAN CLARKE
("My parents can hear us")
So kind of you to visit me in
London, Mr. Turing. Was your trip
pleasant?

ALAN TURING
Gather your things, pack a bag, and
let's go.

JOAN CLARKE
("They won't let me come
with you")
I'm sorry, Mr. Turing. I am unable
to accept your offer of employment.

ALAN TURING
And why not?

JOAN CLARKE
It is felt — we feel — that a dingy
radio factory in Bletchley is not a
place for a young lady.

ALAN TURING
That is the stupidest...

Alan looks in the direction of Joan's parents.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
(getting it)
... I see.

JOAN CLARKE
A maid of my age might better spend
her days looking for a good
husband, rather than digging about
amongst... Radio parts.

ALAN TURING
Indeed.

JOAN CLARKE
Perhaps someone in the church. Like
my father.

Alan thinks.

ALAN TURING
Miss Clarke, you earned a double
first in mathematics at university.

JOAN CLARKE
But sadly was not afforded the
opportunity to become a Fellow.

ALAN TURING
I was. A Fellow, I mean.

JOAN CLARKE
Congratulations.

ALAN TURING

So were many of the men in my employ at Bletchley. We've a collection of the most esteemed professors in Britain, who would all be delighted to meet a woman of substance.

JOAN CLARKE

I would be working among the men?

ALAN TURING

No no, of course not. Have you heard of the Women's Royal Navy? The WRENS, we call them for short. We have hundreds of young women who work for us tending to our clerical tasks. They even organize social events at St Martin's church, down the road.

On Joan's parents: This sounds more promising.

JOAN CLARKE

So I would be a clerk?

ALAN TURING

("No")

Yes.

JOAN CLARKE

("Okay, I'm in.")

Well. I will have to talk this over with my family.

As Joan's parents enter, we

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Joan walks Alan out of the front door, finally out of earshot from her parents for a few quick seconds.

JOAN CLARKE

Why are you helping me?

ALAN TURING

This is not going to be easy, and we have a lot to do. You won't have the proper security clearance, so we'll have to improvise a bit.

JOAN CLARKE
Why are you helping me?

ALAN TURING
There is only one thing that matters in this entire world, do you understand? Breaking Enigma. And if you think there is anything I won't do to accomplish that, any advantage I won't abuse, well, you'll learn soon enough.

JOAN CLARKE
Mr. Turing. Why are you helping me?

ALAN TURING
... It is the very people who no one else imagines anything of who do the things that no one else can imagine.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - WREN'S HUT - DAY - SEQUENCE

Joan enters an area of Bletchley we've never seen before: The compound of the Women's Royal Navy.

— She passes row after row of RADIO STATIONS, all operated by women —

— They wear HEAD PHONES, listening to the pitter-patter of MORSE CODE, taking down everything they hear —

— Joan TAKES HER SEAT, just one of the hundreds of women working behind the scenes to make Alan's elite unit function.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - NIGHT

Meanwhile, in the fruit shop, Alan and the team — Hugh, John, Peter, and the two NEW GUYS — work into the night.

The team works on fresh Enigma messages, while Alan is off in the corner, struggling to build his cryptography machine.

Suddenly, a BELL GOES OFF.

Everyone stops. Sighs.

HUGH ALEXANDER

There was a time in my life – I believe it was called “graduate school” – when I welcomed the stroke of midnight. Meant that the evening was just about to become fun.

NEW GUY

What does it mean now?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

It means that 11 seconds ago the day's Enigma settings changed over. All the work we did today is headed for the rubbish bin.

HUGH ALEXANDER

But have no fear: A new day awaits, with fresh settings to uncover. Or, more accurately, not uncover. But the day's first messages don't usually come in till around daybreak, so we've a bit of time to kill.

PETER HILTON

To the pub then?

HUGH ALEXANDER

The pub? Are you serious? God man, there's a war on. Every second counts. Who could drink at a time like this?

PETER HILTON

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry, I just thought... It might be fun... I mean...

HUGH ALEXANDER

... Christ, Peter, I was just taking the piss out of you. Let's go get bloody sloshed.

The guys LEAVE with a merry round of back-patting.

Alan waits silently until he's left alone...

... And then STEALS A PILE OF ENIGMA MESSAGES from Hugh's desk, and begins FOLDING THEM UP ONE BY ONE.

He STUFFS THE FOLDED SHEETS INTO HIS COAT POCKETS –

— INTO HIS PANTS —
— INTO HIS SHOES —
— ETC.

He runs out and locks the door, concealing enough top secret information on his body to have him hanged for treason ten times over.

EXT. JOAN'S FLAT - MINUTES LATER

Alan arrives outside of Joan's new flat.

Alan sees a light burning on the first floor.

He CHUCKS A SMALL ROCK at the second floor window...

... And Joan OPENS IT.

Noises from inside the house.

Joan mouths "BACK WINDOW" and points to its location.

Alan carefully sneaks around the house, and finds an OPEN BACK WINDOW —

— On the second floor.

Damn it.

He CLIMBS A NEARBY FENCE, and JUMPS FROM THE FENCE TO THE WINDOW —

— Where Joan GRABS HIM and HELPS HIM INSIDE:

INT. JOAN'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

It's dark inside...

JOAN CLARKE
(whispering)
Could you have made a bit more
noise, Alan? Not sure you woke up
my landlady.

ALAN TURING
Oww.

JOAN CLARKE

Oh don't be a baby. Aren't you supposed to be a bigshot spy?

ALAN TURING

I'm a mathematician.

JOAN CLARKE

I was under the impression that there wasn't much difference any longer.

ALAN TURING

Could you flip on a light or something?

Joan LIGHTS A CANDLE.

JOAN CLARKE

The best I can do. Single women aren't permitted to have gentlemen in their flats after dark, you know.

ALAN TURING

I gathered.

JOAN CLARKE

What'd you bring me?

Alan produces the Enigma messages from every available hiding place on his person.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

... Some men try flowers, you know.

ALAN TURING

(pulling papers from
inside his shirt)

These are actual decrypted Enigma messages, direct from Nazi high command.

JOAN CLARKE

Or chocolates. Girls like chocolate.

ALAN TURING

I had Hugh translate, because I don't speak Ger... Not the point.

JOAN CLARKE

How do we have decoded messages at all?

ALAN TURING

Even a broken clock is right twice a day. Every now and again we happen to stumble on the right settings by sheer blind, stupid luck. Doesn't happen often.

JOAN CLARKE

(reading)

"0600 hours. Weather today is clear. Rain in the evening. Hail Hitler." Well, clearly that vital information is going to win us the war.

ALAN TURING

It's the relationship between the encrypted and decrypted messages that interests me. Is there a hint there that we can build into Christopher to help him find the settings?

JOAN CLARKE

Who's "Christopher"?

ALAN TURING

Oh. He's my machine.

JOAN CLARKE

You named him?

ALAN TURING

Is that a bad name?

JOAN CLARKE

Nevermind.

(thinking)

But no. What you're asking is a logical tautology. The "relationship" between the encrypted and decrypted messages *is* the very setting you're trying to find. It's like saying, "yesterday I saw clouds in the sky and then it rained."

(MORE)

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

I wonder if there's a relationship between seeing clouds and rain." *Of course* there's a relationship between clouds and rain, but you still haven't a clue about whether or not it'll rain next Thursday.

ALAN TURING

We live in Britain. It's always raining.

JOAN CLARKE

You made a joke! They told me you couldn't do that.

Alan smiles, proud of himself.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

It wasn't that funny, calm down.

(beat)

Look, I have to tell you something. I misled you.

ALAN TURING

What?

JOAN CLARKE

I knew who you were the moment I walked into the crossword test. I read your paper in school. The Universal Machine.

ALAN TURING

They're teaching it already? Good.

JOAN CLARKE

My professor was a bit of a crank. But you theorize a machine that can solve any problem. A machine that doesn't just do one thing: It does everything. The machine isn't only programmable, it's re-programmable. It can be whatever you want it to be.

ALAN TURING

And they're teaching it well.

JOAN CLARKE

Is that part of the idea behind your — ahem — Christopher?

ALAN TURING

Yes. Human beings can compute large sums of numbers very quickly. Even Hugh can do that. I want Christopher to be... Smarter. An *electrical* computer. That can compute anything.

JOAN CLARKE

(trying out the words on her tongue)

An "electrical computer?" Hmm.

ALAN TURING

Here, let me show you –

– Alan TURNS, and KNOCKS OVER THE CANDLE...

... Which LIGHTS THE ENIGMA MESSAGES ON FIRE.

Alan and Joan SCRAMBLE TO PUT OUT THE FIRE.

They make a lot of NOISE in the process, though they do manage not to burn down Joan's flat.

JOAN CLARKE

Jesus.

ALAN TURING

Are you alright?

JOAN CLARKE

Yes.

ALAN TURING

I'm so sorry.

They hear more noise from downstairs.

JOAN CLARKE

My landlady. You need to leave.

ALAN TURING

Right.

Alan moves to the front door –

JOAN CLARKE

– No. The window. She's coming.

ALAN TURING

(staring at window)

Really?

JOAN CLARKE

Go.

Alan AWKWARDLY CLIMBS OUT THE WINDOW, TRYING NOT TO FALL...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - THE NEXT DAY

REVEAL: Alan has a BIG BRUISE ON HIS FACE.

(Climbing is not Alan's strong suit.)

Alan walks through the grounds into:

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Alan enters the fruit shop to find a bunch of MILITARY POLICE looking over his desk.

The team watches silently.

ALAN TURING

That's my desk.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (O.S.)

Thank goodness. Be a pity if we were searching the wrong one.

Alan turns to find Denniston directing the search.

ALAN TURING

What are you doing?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

There's a spy at Bletchley Park.

ALAN TURING

There are at least six of them in this room, if I'm not mistaken.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

A *Soviet* spy, you stupid prick.

ALAN TURING

I don't understand.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Did everyone hear that? Alan is in fact capable of speaking those words.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

The Navy thinks there's a double-agent at the Park, Alan.

ALAN TURING

Why?

COMMANDER DENNISTON

I don't have to tell you that. But let's just say we have evidence that someone here — most likely in this shop — is sending secret communiqués to Moscow. So what I was thinking was, we'd arrest that person, and then we'd hang him for treason. Sound good?

ALAN TURING

Sure. Who is it?

Alan looks at the team. And they look back at him.

He glances at the MP's rifling through his desk.

Oh fuck.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

I'm not a double agent.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Double agents tend to be isolated loners, with few attachments to friends or family. Arrogant. They think they're smart enough to get away with anything. Don't believe they owe anything to anybody, only care about themselves.

(beat)

Remind you of anyone?

ALAN TURING

I'm not... isolated.

(looks to the team)

Fellows?

ON THE TEAM: Silence.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Someone may have taken papers from my desk. Decrypts. Nothing of any value, mind you, that's the odd part.

PETER HILTON
We all went to the pub last night,
Alan. Where did you go?

The papers are burning a whole in Alan's pocket right now.

ALAN TURING
... Here. And then home.

MILITARY POLICEMAN
(to Denniston)
Nothing out of the ordinary, Sir.

COMMANDER DENNISTON
Well then. We'll be around to check
up on you again, Alan. I certainly
hope you don't have anything to
hide.
(to the team)
Any of you.

Denniston and his men LEAVE.

HUGH ALEXANDER
(to the New Guys)
Aren't you glad you joined up just
in time?

ALAN TURING
(to the team)
Come on, you gents know me. You
know I wouldn't do something like
this. All right, I'm not friendly
sometimes, or funny, and I know I
can be difficult to work with
because I'm such a brilliant
mathematician, but I'm also a good
person.

ON THE TEAM: More silence.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
Maybe you should take the afternoon
off, Alan. Get some rest. We'll be
fine here.

INT. BLETCHLEY PUB - NIGHT

Alan sits with Joan at a local bar. They can be a bit more
relaxed here than at Joan's flat.

JOAN CLARKE

Well no wonder they think you're a spy. You're a bloody creep.

ALAN TURING

I was hoping for somewhat more sympathy than that.

JOAN CLARKE

Why? You don't deserve it.

ALAN TURING

There are more important things in life than being liked.

JOAN CLARKE

Breaking Enigma?

ALAN TURING

Yes.

JOAN CLARKE

What's the point of breaking Enigma if you've no one to share it with?

ALAN TURING

That's a stupid question. I will have *broken Enigma*.

JOAN CLARKE

Not if you get hanged first.

Just then, Hugh, John, and Peter enter the bar...

ALAN TURING

(seeing the boys)

This is not going to help.

JOAN CLARKE

Is that your team? Let's say hi.

ALAN TURING

No.

JOAN CLARKE

(to the boys)

Over here!

They see Joan...

ALAN TURING

I believe I told you not to do that.

JOAN CLARKE
I believe you did.

... And they approach.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Alan. Didn't even know you drank.

ALAN TURING
Hello.

JOAN CLARKE
He doesn't, really, he just sort of
sips at the foam.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Tell you a secret, Miss...

JOAN CLARKE
... Clarke.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Miss Clarke.

JOAN CLARKE
Please.

HUGH ALEXANDER
The foam's my favorite part too.

JOAN CLARKE
Well then, I'll show you a trick.
(to Bartender)
Alex! Mind if I take a whirl?

Joan hops behind the bar and the BARTENDER lets her take over
pouring a pint.

Hugh, John, Peter and Alan all watch.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Alan, are you... On a date?

ALAN TURING
What? No. Of course not.

HUGH ALEXANDER
Great. Mind if I get her number
then?

ALAN TURING
I'm not a double agent.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Sure. She's a WREN, right? They've got those badges. And those little hats. God, I love the little hats.

ALAN TURING

You have to believe me.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

We do, Alan.

PETER HILTON

Sort of.

HUGH ALEXANDER

I take it all back: The stroke of midnight is about to get a *lot* more fun.

ALAN TURING

Hugh.

HUGH ALEXANDER

What?

ALAN TURING

I'm not a spy.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Oh, Alan, of course you're not a spy. Or, if you are, it's Denniston's problem, there's nothing I can do about it one way or another. But I know you stole the papers from my desk, so will you please just ask next time? Thank you.

ALAN TURING

What?

HUGH ALEXANDER

You stole the decrypts because you're secretly working with our sexy little Miss Clarke here on your machine.

ALAN TURING

How did you —

HUGH ALEXANDER

Because I asked around, all right, and I put it together.

(MORE)

HUGH ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Just because you're so terribly smart doesn't mean we're stupid. And what you're doing is highly illegal, so you didn't tell us, which contradicts the "terribly smart" hypothesis. Let me make this very clear to you: You are an irritating boil on my ass and I despise every minute I am forced to be in your presence. But if you think I'd let my personal distaste for you get in the way of breaking Enigma, then you're even dumber than we've established. So unless you're *actually* a bloody double agent, don't get caught. If you get fired we might lose this war, and if she gets fired I might not get laid.

ALAN TURING

... Oh. Hugh. I feel I should -

HUGH ALEXANDER

- Shut up.

From the bar, Joan produces PINTS OF GUINNESS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE TEAM.

JOAN CLARKE

Do you see how the bubbles of nitrogen in a pint of Guinness travel *downwards*, as opposed to upwards in any other carbonated drink? Ever wonder why? It's because the pint glass creates drag on the rising bubbles along the side; but the bubbles in the center are free to sprint towards the foam at the top. This creates a current of rising nitrogen in the middle, which further pushes down on the side bubbles. And voila: Guinness. The official drink of mathematicians everywhere.

ON THE PINTS: Joan has etched pi symbols into the foam.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Brilliant!

HUGH ALEXANDER

And she has brains, to boot. Be
still my beating heart. Come join
us for a drink.

ALAN TURING

We're working.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Fine, Alan can come to.

ALAN TURING

Thank you.

JOAN CLARKE

Hugh was being sarcastic.

ALAN TURING

Really?

HUGH ALEXANDER

He's a lost cause, I promise. It
just occurs to me, Miss Clarke,
that I outrank you. And as your
commanding officer, I insist that
you have a drink with us before the
night is out.

JOAN CLARKE

An order is an order. See you in a
bit.

Joan smiles at Hugh and the team as they head to a separate
booth across the pub.

ALAN TURING

... They like you.

JOAN CLARKE

Yes.

ALAN TURING

You got them to like you.

JOAN CLARKE

Yes.

ALAN TURING

Why?

JOAN CLARKE

Because I'm a woman in a man's job.
I have one strike against me
already, and if I don't smile and
bat my eyelashes and take a pint
with the boys how far do you think
I'll get? If they don't like me,
I'm a frigid bitch. If they don't
like you, you're a tortured genius.
Women don't have the luxury of
being assholes.

(beat)

And you know what? Neither do you.
Maybe they wouldn't think you were
a Soviet agent if they actually got
to know you. Are you so committed
to being alone that you're willing
to let it stop you from breaking
Enigma?

Alan thinks.

ALAN TURING

... How do you get people to like
you?

CUT TO:

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - DAY

Alan enters Hut 8 to find his team hard at work.

He's carrying a BAG OF APPLES.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Pardon, Alan. We had to move some
bits of Christopher so we could get
a seat. His arms are over there,
his legs - I honestly can't
remember.

(sees apples)

What're those?

ALAN TURING

Apples.

HUGH ALEXANDER

No.

ALAN TURING

No, they really are... I... Joan told me it'd be nice to bring you all apples.

Alan takes the apple bag around the room, handing each man an apple.

They take them. It's really awkward.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Thanks?

PETER HILTON

I like apples.

HUGH ALEXANDER

My best to Miss Clarke.

ALAN TURING

... There are two fellows in the woods. And they run into a bear. The first fellow, he kneels down and starts to pray. But the second one, he begins lacing up his boots. The first one says, "my friend, what're you doing? You can't outrun a bear." And the second one responds, "I don't have to. I only have to outrun you."

Ba dum bum.

Awkward silence.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

I'll be with Christopher if anyone needs me.

Alan goes to the corner and CRAWLS UNDER HIS MACHINE.

HUGH ALEXANDER

(to the team)

... Is it just me, or is Alan being even weirder than usual?

CUT TO:

INT. SHERBOURNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY - 1927

Young Alan and Christopher are in math class.

The TEACHER drones on as the students pretend to pay attention.

Young Alan and Christopher PASS NOTES –

– Dropping them by each other's desks –

– And snapping them up quickly.

TEACHER

Mr. Turing! Passing notes, are we?

ALAN TURING

No, Sir.

The Teacher comes over, and grabs the note from his hand.

ON THE NOTE: "FDFH RG TU HSD PDXT PEJND QERDZX."

It's encrypted.

TEACHER

(holding it up for
everyone)

Only Mr. Turing would pass notes
written in gibberish.

The other students LAUGH as the Teacher drops the note in the trash.

Alan stews. But he's safe.

The BELL RINGS. Class is over. EVERYONE SHUFFLES OUT.

Alan waits... And grabs the note from the trash.

Alone, Alan DECRYPTS THE MESSAGE.

The letters become intelligible, one at a time.

ON THE NOTE: "MEET ME IN THE PARK AFTER SCHOOL."

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - DAY - 1951

Detective Nock confers with Superintendant Smith when Sargaent Staehl strides into the room.

SGT. STAEHL
The man who broke into Alan
Turing's house is named Arnold
Murray.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
What makes you say that?

SGT. STAEHL
Because Murray's in the
interrogation room right now.

DETECTIVE NOCK
And?

SGT. STAEHL
I interrogated him. That's why we
call the room that.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
He confessed?

SGT. STAEHL
He did.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Why?

SGT. STAEHL
Because I have him cold on
something much worse. I agreed not
to prosecute him for the robbery,
if he would testify against Turing.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
Testify against Turing for what
charge?

SGT. STAEHL
They're bloody poofers.

DETECTIVE NOCK
What?

SGT. STAEHL
You heard me. The kid admitted it.
Bit of a hustler. Hangs around this
pub, men pay him for a go. Turing
is one of the men who paid. Only,
Mr. Murray got the bright idea to
rob Turing's house after. That's
what Turing was hiding: He's a
poof, not a spy.

DETECTIVE NOCK
And you want to charge him?

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
This is good, Sargent. This is very good.

DETECTIVE NOCK
No, it's not. I thought we were going after Turing for something serious. Not for getting his jollies with some bloke.

SGT. STAEHL
We can charge a Cambridge don with indecency, Bob.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
It's a lot more exciting than robbery. Do it. Arrest Turing.

DETECTIVE NOCK
No. No. This is bloody rubbish. There is something actually important happening here, and this is not it.

SGT. STAEHL
He committed a crime. He broke the law. And with a *bloke*, Jesus, it's bloody disgusting.

DETECTIVE NOCK
I don't care if it's disgusting. This is not what I signed on for.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
If enforcing the law isn't something you'd like to do with your life, Bob, then I suggest you leave the CID. ... No? Alright then.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Let me do the interrogation.

SGT. STAEHL
I already did. He confessed. Here.

Staehl throws the typed confession at Nock.

DETECTIVE NOCK
No. Of Turing. Let me interrogate
Turing. Alone.

SGT. STAEHL
Why?

DETECTIVE NOCK
Please.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH
Fine. Now will someone go see a
judge and get a warrant for the
arrest of Alan Turing?

CUT TO:

INT. BULL & BUTCHER PUB - NIGHT - 1941

Joan and Alan are back at their pub, the Bull & Butcher.

JOAN CLARKE
I'm leaving.

ALAN TURING
We just got here.

JOAN CLARKE
No. Bletchley.

ALAN TURING
Denniston won't figure us out, I
promise. I've been sloppy. Lazy.
It's inexcusable. But I'll do
better. I have to.

JOAN CLARKE
It's my parents, Alan. My time with
the government hasn't produced the
fiancé they were hoping for.

ALAN TURING
That's ridiculous.

JOAN CLARKE
That's my parents.

ALAN TURING
The day I met you, you practically
bit the head off of that awful
guard. Then you practically bit my
head off for good measure.

(MORE)

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

You refuse to let anyone tell you who you are, or what you're capable of. Except your bloody parents.

JOAN CLARKE

It's different.

ALAN TURING

You're a coward.

JOAN CLARKE

"I'll miss you." That's what a normal person might say in this situation.

ALAN TURING

Damn normal. And damn you. This is Bletchley. This is important.

JOAN CLARKE

"I'll write." That'd work too.

ALAN TURING

You're a coward and a fool.

JOAN CLARKE

What am I supposed to do, Alan?

ALAN TURING

Whatever it takes to break Enigma.

JOAN CLARKE

It's impossible! Everyone else in the world thinks Enigma is impossible, except for you. Have you talked to John? Or Hugh? Or Peter? No, you haven't, have you, because you're too much of an ass to actually have a conversation with the only other people in Britain who know what you're going through. They *laugh*, Alan. They do their jobs to perfection every day, and then they drink themselves to sleep every night and laugh because they know, deep down, that it's all useless. Sorry you're lonely. But Enigma isn't going to save you.

(MORE)

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

And I'm not giving up my life —
some of us have those, you know,
full of friends and family who
genuinely care about us — my *actual*
life so that you can tinker all day
with wires and pretend you're not
miserable. Can you decypher that,
you fragile narcissist? Can you
break this code? Or do you need me
to fetch your precious Christopher
for help?

Silence.

Alan looks like she just slapped him across the face. Which
she basically did.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

Oh God, you're not going to cry,
are you?

ALAN TURING

I don't cry.

JOAN CLARKE

Good.

ALAN TURING

I'm sorry.

JOAN CLARKE

I know.

ALAN TURING

I mean it.

JOAN CLARKE

I know.

ALAN TURING

Let's fix this.

JOAN CLARKE

You're sorry, I'm sorry, done.

ALAN TURING

I want you to stay because I like
you.

JOAN CLARKE

I know.

ALAN TURING

I like talking to you.

JOAN CLARKE
I like talking to you, too, Alan.

ALAN TURING
So if you need a husband to stay at
Bletchley, let's get you a husband.

JOAN CLARKE
Ha! You have one in mind?

ALAN TURING
I do.

JOAN CLARKE
Hugh is terribly attractive, I'll
give you that, but he's really not
the marrying type.

ALAN TURING
I wasn't referring to Hugh.

JOAN CLARKE
Peter? He's so quiet...

Alan stares at Joan. She stares back.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)
(getting it)
Oh dear Lord.

ALAN TURING
This makes sense.

JOAN CLARKE
Did you just propose to me?

ALAN TURING
We'd have to keep it a secret, of
course. Romantic relationships
between cryptographers are against
military law.

JOAN CLARKE
Too bad we don't have any
experience breaking military laws -
Alan, what the hell?

ALAN TURING
We don't have to do it for real.

JOAN CLARKE
This is ridiculous.

ALAN TURING
This is your parents.

Joan tries to process all this.

JOAN CLARKE
I cannot believe this is happening.

Alan fishes a piece of ELECTRICAL WIRE from his pocket...

ALAN TURING
Joan Ca... Wait, is your middle
name Caroline or Catherine?

JOAN CLARKE
Elizabeth.

ALAN TURING
Joan Elizabeth Clarke, will you
marry me?

... And then FASHIONS IT INTO A RING.

ON JOAN'S FACE: What's she going to do?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CLARKE HOUSE - DAY

A BANNER in Joan's parents' den reads "CONGRATULATIONS!"

Alan and Joan stand in the middle of a genteel ENGAGEMENT PARTY.

Amongst Joan's parents and their FRIENDS we find Hugh, John, and Peter sipping champagne.

HUGH ALEXANDER
(grumpy, re: Alan)
It's like he makes it his mission
in life to ruin *everything*.

EXT. CLARKE HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Alan drinks champagne alone in the backyard.

John looks from inside: Alan is WOBBLING FROM THE ALCOHOL.

John comes out and joins him.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

If you need someone to give a toast
at the wedding, I recommend Hugh.
It'd be priceless.

ALAN TURING

... Is this a terribly stupid idea?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Probably.

ALAN TURING

What should I do?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

The south of France would make a
lovely spot for a honeymoon if it
wasn't under Nazi occupation.

Alan BURPS, and wobbles again.

ALAN TURING

Am I drunk?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Yes.

ALAN TURING

How can you tell?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Alan, you look like you could use a
friend right now.

ALAN TURING

Correct.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Would you like me to be your
friend?

ALAN TURING

I have a secret and I want to tell
someone.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Someone who's not your fiancée, I
take it?

ALAN TURING

Correct.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

I'm relatively certain that's one of the things they make friends for.

ALAN TURING

You won't tell anyone?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Cross my heart and hope to die.

ALAN TURING

... I'm a hom... I'm... In my personal life, you see... I have certain tendencies... I'm not... Attracted to Joan.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Because you're a homosexual?

ALAN TURING

... Correct.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

I suspected. You're not quite as much of an enigma as you think you are. Or as much as Enigma is. Ha! That's a good one. I have to write that down.

ALAN TURING

I've had affairs with other men.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

So has half the Royal Navy. They're just quite good at hiding it.

ALAN TURING

Should I tell Joan?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

You know, in my admittedly limited experience, women tend to be a bit touchy about accidentally marrying homosexuals. It's a fake engagement anyway, yes? So perhaps it's a little more fake than Joan realizes, but that doesn't change the gist of the thing.

ALAN TURING

It's illegal. The things I've done. With other men.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
So let's add this to the
increasingly long list of crimes
you've committed about which no one
ever needs to find out.

INT. STEWART MENZIES' OFFICE - DAY - 1942

Alan enters Stewart Menzies' office.

STEWART MENZIES
Do you get sea sick?

ALAN TURING
You're sending me somewhere.

STEWART MENZIES
Well there aren't any boats in
Bletchley, Alan, be reasonable.

ALAN TURING
I don't have time for this.

STEWART MENZIES
Ever heard of the OSS?

ALAN TURING
No.

STEWART MENZIES
Right. So, do you know what I do
for the British government?

ALAN TURING
To be honest, not exactly.

STEWART MENZIES
Well, the OSS do the same thing for
the Americans.

ALAN TURING
Oh.

STEWART MENZIES
American intelligence wants to know
where we are with Enigma.

ALAN TURING
So you're sending me.

STEWART MENZIES
 Congratulations, Mr. Turing. You
 are the new Chief British Technical
 Liaison to United States Military
 Intelligence.

(beat)
 I should come up with a better
 acronym for that.

ALAN TURING
 Why me?

On Menzies' face: Take a good guess.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
 ... You don't want me to tell the
 Americans what I'm working on, do
 you?

(beat)
 You want me to lie.

STEWART MENZIES
 You don't think I had Denniston
 hire you because of your
 mathematical abilities, do you?

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Joan answers the phone in her flat.

JOAN CLARKE
 Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NEW YORK HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Alan phones Joan from a hotel in New York.

ALAN TURING
 (bad American accent)
 "Hello, my dear."

JOAN CLARKE
 Ha! That's the worst accent I've
 ever heard.

ALAN TURING
You have no idea. Americans really
do speak that way.

JOAN CLARKE
Tell me about America. Tell me
everything.

ALSO INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT - EARLIER

Alan roams the streets of New York, watching people.

ALAN TURING
It's such a strange place. Everyone
is shockingly rude. They're deathly
afraid of silences, did you know
that? If Americans have nothing to
say, rather than simply stay quiet
with their thoughts for a moment
they'll make these funny little
noises. "Hmm," "well now," "huh."
It's frightful.

Alan walks downtown to the rumored and just-forming gay mecca
that is Greenwich Village.

JOAN CLARKE
Is it everything they say? Decadent
and dirty and beautiful?

ALAN TURING
I went exploring a bit. Down to the
Village. It was frightening.

He sees MEN FLIRTING on the streets, TOUCHING EACH OTHER'S
HANDS.

JOAN CLARKE
Do tell.

ALAN TURING
I went into a pub.

Alan approaches the Julius Bar. MEN are smoking outside in
small packs.

JOAN CLARKE
You did? I can barely get you to go
to the Bull & Butcher back home.

ALAN TURING
I wanted to see for myself what
they'd be like. In America.

Inside, Alan stands awkwardly at the bar, trying to order a drink. Around him, MERRIMENT IS KING.

A few men even KISS in the corner.

JOAN CLARKE
And?

ALAN TURING
The people were dressed in garish costumes. Everyone was loud. And they laughed. Laughed at everything that came out of their mouths, but I didn't understand any of it.

JOAN CLARKE
Aww, did you try to make friends with the locals?

A YOUNG MAN starts hitting on Alan. Flirting.

ALAN TURING
I did.

JOAN CLARKE
Without too much success, it seems?

Alan tries to flirt back, but it doesn't really work. This place, these people, feel horribly foreign and strange to him.

ALAN TURING
Their chattering, the conversation... It was completely inane. It was as if nothing was truly important to any of them. As if nothing mattered in the world.

JOAN CLARKE
You tried to talk about math, didn't you?

ALAN TURING
Well what else was I supposed to talk about?

Upset, Alan leaves the bar.

Outside the bar, he holds his coat tight against the cold.

JOAN CLARKE
And this is why I love you, Alan.
Wherever you go, you're always you.

END INTERCUTTING.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERBOURNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - PARK - EVENING - 1927

Holding Christopher's now un-encrypted note, Young Alan waits in the park after school.

The hours drag on.

Christopher never shows.

Despondent and confused, Young Alan finally gives up...

... When he runs into the PACK OF BOYS who beat him up earlier.

BOY #1
Well look. Mr. Turing is all alone.

Young Alan stands frozen as they come at him, and we

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - 1951

Detective Nock enters the interrogation room to find Alan Turing seated...

... With his eyes closed.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Cup of tea?

ALAN TURING
(eyes closed)
Thanks, no.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Am I disturbing you?

ALAN TURING
Yes.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Pardon.

ALAN TURING

I have a lot of work to do,
Detective. And my work involves
careful thinking.

DETECTIVE NOCK

Mr. Turing, may I tell you a
secret?

ALAN TURING

I'm quite good with those.

DETECTIVE NOCK

I'm here to help you.

Suddenly, Alan opens his eyes.

ALAN TURING

(re: being in jail)
Clearly.

DETECTIVE NOCK

I have to inform you that you're
under no legal obligation to speak
to me.

ALAN TURING

I am well aware of my obligations,
legal and otherwise. And I assure
you that what I choose to tell or
not to tell you will be entirely up
to me.

DETECTIVE NOCK

(changing tacks)
Can machines think?

ALAN TURING

Oh! You've read my published work.

DETECTIVE NOCK

What makes you say that?

ALAN TURING

Because I'm sitting in a police
station, accused of entreating a
young man to touch my penis, and
you're asking me whether machines
can think.

DETECTIVE NOCK

Can they? Could machines ever think
as human beings do?

ALAN TURING

Most people say no.

DETECTIVE NOCK

You're not most people.

ALAN TURING

The problem is that you're asking a stupid question.

DETECTIVE NOCK

I am?

ALAN TURING

Of course machines can't think "as human beings do." A machine is different from a human being; hence, it would think differently. The interesting question is, just because something thinks differently from you, does that mean it's not thinking? Most people believe that machines are inherently inferior to human beings. But what if they're not inferior? What if they're simply... Different? We allow that humans have such divergences from one another. You like strawberries. I hate ice-skating. You cry at sad films. I'm allergic to pollen. What does it mean to have different tastes – different preferences – other than to say that our brains work differently? That we think differently from one another? And if we can say that about each another, why can't we say the same for brains made of copper and steel? Why are we so bloody narrow-minded about who we consider alive?

DETECTIVE NOCK

That's... This paper you wrote... "The Imitation Game." That's what it's about?

ALAN TURING

Yes. The Imitation Game is a test, of sorts. For determining the difference between a human and a machine. Would you like to play?

DETECTIVE NOCK

Play?

ALAN TURING

There's an interrogator. And a subject. How would you like to be the interrogator?

DETECTIVE NOCK

Alright.

Nock readies his pen and paper.

ALAN TURING

... Are you paying attention?

INT. BULL & BUTCHER PUB - NIGHT - 1942

A crowded, late night at the pub.

Alan is drinking with Hugh, John, and Peter.

Meanwhile, Joan is drinking with her friend HELEN - a fellow WREN - across the bar.

ON JOAN AND HELEN:

HELEN

Who's Alan's friend?

JOAN CLARKE

Hugh? Bit of a cad, actually.

HELEN

So my type then?

JOAN CLARKE

Here, I'll introduce you.

HELEN

No! Jesus, engaged for a fortnight and you've already forgotten how to do this? He'll come over.

JOAN CLARKE

Are you sure?

HELEN

Yes. I smiled at him fifteen minutes ago and haven't looked at him since.

ON HUGH, ALAN, JOHN, AND PETER:

Hugh is looking at the girls.

HUGH ALEXANDER
(re: Helen)
Who's that, then?

ALAN TURING
Helen? Works with Joan in the
WREN's hut.

PETER HILTON
You do have a point about the
little hats.

HUGH ALEXANDER
She wants me to come over.

ALAN TURING
How can you possibly know that?

HUGH ALEXANDER
She smiled at me awhile back and
hasn't looked again since.

ON JOAN AND HELEN:

HELEN
(re: Hugh's glances)
And... Got him.

JOAN CLARKE
Is it odd that when I was single
this game felt tedious, but now it
seems just dreadfully fun?

ON THE BOYS:

HUGH ALEXANDER
(re: Helen's glances)
And... Brilliant. She's in. Alan,
introduce me.

ALAN TURING
Why me?

HUGH ALEXANDER

Because you're her friend's fiancé,
and there's nothing like the
engagement of a co-worker to make a
woman want to do something she will
later regret with said fiancé's
better-looking friend.

ALAN TURING

This is harder than cryptography.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Well if you intend to break Enigma,
you should probably practice
breaking the Bull & Butcher first.
Up we go.

Hugh drags Alan across the pub to Helen and Joan.

ON JOHN AND PETER:

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Half crown says Alan bullockses
this entirely.

PETER HILTON

No bet.

ON HUGH, ALAN, JOAN, AND HELEN:

HUGH ALEXANDER

(to the ladies)

Alan Turing has a theory.

JOAN CLARKE

He has many.

HUGH ALEXANDER

He believes that the regulations
against men and women working side-
by-side are sound, because such
proximity will necessarily lead to
romance between the genders.

ALAN TURING

No I don't -

Hugh KICKS Alan, who shuts up.

HUGH ALEXANDER

- However, I disagree.

HELEN

You do?

HUGH ALEXANDER

I think that if I were working
beside a woman all day long, I
could manage to appreciate her
abilities and intellect without
needing to take her to bed.

(to Helen)

Pardon, have we met?

HELEN

I don't recall. But let's assume we
haven't.

Hugh looks at Alan for an introduction: Alan is silent.

Joan picks up the slack:

JOAN CLARKE

Helen Stewart, Hugh Alexander.

HUGH ALEXANDER

So who do you agree with? Alan or
myself?

HELEN

Well, Alan, of course.

ALAN TURING

I'm flattered, but this is not
actually -

Now Joan KICKS Alan, who is still very confused.

HUGH ALEXANDER

- Rubbish.

HELEN

I work beside a man every day, and
I can't help but have developed a
bit of a crush on him.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Well who is this man, so I can kick
his arse?

HELEN

Oh, it's been chaste, you've no
need to worry. We've never even
met. He's a German.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Now I really want to kill him.

ALAN TURING

How is it that you work alongside a German?

HELEN

In my hut, each girl intercepts messages from a specific German radio tower. So each of us has a counterpart on the other side, who's tip-tapping out the messages. Everybody types Morse code a touch differently; you get to know the voice of your counterpart. It's strangely intimate. I feel as if we know each other so well. Pity he has a girlfriend... But that's why I disagree with you, Mr. Alexander. I'm in love with a co-worker, of sorts, even if we've never met.

HUGH ALEXANDER

May I tell you why you're wrong over another pint?

HELEN

Please do.

Helen and Hugh walk away...

JOAN CLARKE

(to Alan)

That's what flirting looks like. In case you were curious.

But Alan is lost in thought...

Something is wrong...

ALAN TURING

(screaming)

HELEN!!!

Everyone in the room turns and stares at him.

JOAN CLARKE

(sighing)

He's with me.

Helen and Hugh come back over.

HELEN

Yes, Alan?

HUGH ALEXANDER

Really, man? You can't manage one time where you don't fuck this up?

ALAN TURING

Why do you think your German counterpart has a girlfriend?

HELEN

Oh, it's a stupid joke, don't worry about it.

JOAN CLARKE

Alan doesn't understand those. Answer his question.

HELEN

Each one of his messages begins with the same five letters. C-I-L-L-Y. So I figure Cilly must be the name of his amore.

ALAN TURING

That's impossible. The Germans are instructed to choose five letters at random to start every message. It makes them much harder to decrypt if they begin with randomness.

HELEN

Well, this bloke doesn't.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Love'll make a man do strange things, I suppose. Anyhow -

ALAN TURING

- In this case, love just lost the Germans the whole bloody war.

Alan BOLTS out of the bar -

- SPILLING BEER ALL OVER HELEN -

- Who CRIES OUT, and ANGRILY RUNS TO THE RESTROOM -

- While Joan HEADS OFF after Alan -

- Leaving Hugh alone, equal parts confused and pissed.

HUGH ALEXANDER
 (to John and Peter)
One. Bloody. Time.

ON JOHN AND PETER:

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
 Half crown.

PETER HILTON
 I said no bet!

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - CONTINUOUS - SEQUENCE

Joan CHASES ALAN across Bletchley Park -

ALAN TURING (V.O.)
 I exaggerated slightly, of course.
 The existence of poor Cilly - and
 her immensely stupid boyfriend -
 did not single-handedly allow me to
 break Enigma. But it made clear how
 it could be done.

- SECURITY GUARDS try to STOP THEM, CHECK BADGES, but Alan
 and Joan just KEEP RUNNING -

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's all quite obvious from this
 point forward. I assume you see how
 I did it.

- Guards yell after them as they barrel into the fruit shop -

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Really? You don't get it yet? Very
 well. I'll explain.

- They start TAPING UP INTERCEPTS to the walls -

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Imagine a machine. It's checking
 all of those 189 million million
 possible Enigma settings, trying to
 find the correct one. But how does
 it know that it's found the right
 one? Someone has to look at the
 text produced by each setting and
 see if it's readable German, if it
 makes sense as a message.

— ON CHRISTOPHER: Alan and Joan TEAR OUT PARTS, REPLACE THEM with others, improving it, refining it —

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But now imagine that this machine knew what it was looking for. It knew what the decrypted message was supposed to say. It didn't have to try every possible setting — it only had to try the ones that produced the exact text it knew it had to find. Like, say, the word "cilly" at the start of every message.

— The rest of the team (Hugh, John, Peter) go over the intercepts with Alan and Joan —

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The number of possible settings would go down by a factor of *one hundred million*.

— They're finding REPEATED WORDS in already decrypted messages —

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And if there was one radio operator dumb enough to make mistakes, there would be others.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - NIGHT

The entire team stands in front of Christopher as he HUMS, processing Enigma intercepts.

They're nervous.

JOAN CLARKE

(reading same decrypt she had earlier)

"0600 hours. Weather today is clear. Rain in the evening. Hail Hitler."

ALAN TURING

They send a weather report at 6AM. Every day. That means three repeated words that we know have to be there, every day. "Weather," obviously. And —

HUGH ALEXANDER
 – “Hail bloody Hitler.”

ALAN TURING
 Hail bloody Hitler. Turns out
 that’s the only German you need to
 know to break Enigma.

PETER HILTON
 It looks like Enigma wasn’t perfect
 after all, then.

ALAN TURING
 No, don’t you see? It is. That’s
 the whole point. All this time
 we’ve been trying to beat the
 machine; but we should have been
 trying to beat the people who use
 the machine. Enigma *is* perfect.
 It’s human beings who are flawed.

The team stares at Christopher, anxiously awaiting his
 calculations...

... Finally, Christopher PRODUCES a STRING OF PUNCHCARDS.

The team looks at them: It’s all in BINARY. 1010111001100010,
 etc.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
 Can you read that?

ALAN TURING
 “KMS Jaguar moving to coordinates
 plus 56-42, minus 12-81. Hail
 Hitler.”

The team EXPLODES WITH JOY.

LAUGHING, HOOTING, SCREAMING, JUMPING, HUGGING.

This is the happiest moment of their lives.

John even starts to TEAR UP, and TRIES TO HUG ALAN –

– Who just STANDS THERE, limp.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
 (re: Alan)
 Not a hugger. Probably could have
 guessed that.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - DAWN

Dawn rises over Bletchley, and the team has been there all night.

Joan and Peter are asleep on separate desks.

Alan feeds every intercept they have into Christopher, while Hugh and John have created a BIG MAP ON THE WALL:

ON THE MAP: It's the Atlantic Ocean. Blue pins represent the Allied ships, red ones represent the Axis ships.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

There are five people in the world who know where every ship in the entire war is located. They're all in this room.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Mate in six.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

What?

HUGH ALEXANDER

There's a point in every game of chess where a player has won, but the other player doesn't realize it yet. It's just a matter of time. Checkmate in 5 moves. Checkmate in 6.

(to Alan)

You did it.

ALAN TURING

Correct.

HUGH ALEXANDER

God help me, but you did it. How does it feel?

ALAN TURING

I don't know what you mean.

HUGH ALEXANDER

You just defeated Nazism with a crossword puzzle. Damn it, Alan, I want to know what it feels like to do the impossible.

ON ALAN'S FACE: How does it feel? He can't tell.

Something is bothering him, but he can't figure out what.

Joan STIRS, and looks at the big map.

JOAN CLARKE
Holy mother of God.

HUGH ALEXANDER
I don't think even God, or his holy mother, has the power that we do right now.

JOAN CLARKE
(getting closer to map)
There's going to be an attack on a British passenger convoy. There.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
You're right. Those U-Boats are only twenty or thirty minutes away.

JOAN CLARKE
Civilians. Hundreds of them. We can save their lives.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
And knock out a whole German fleet in the process.

HUGH ALEXANDER
I'll call Denniston. Have him radio his admirals immediately.

Hugh picks up the phone —

ALAN TURING
(figuring something out)
No.

JOAN CLARKE
Is there enough time to save them?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
Should be. If we can get a message to the passenger convoy, she can turn —

Hugh DIALS —

ALAN TURING
(louder)
No. No.

HUGH ALEXANDER
 (into phone)
 – Commander Denniston's office –

ALAN TURING
 NO.

HUGH ALEXANDER
 (into phone)
 – This is urgent, top priority –

ALAN TURING
 NO!!!

Alan LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM and GRABS THE PHONE FROM HUGH.

HUGH ALEXANDER
 What the bloody hell?

Hugh tries to grab the phone back –

– But Alan pulls away sharply.

Everyone STOPS. Turns. Looks at Alan. Even Peter gets up.

HUGH ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Are you mad?

ALAN TURING
 No. No. You can't call Denniston.
 You can't tell him about the
 attack.

JOAN CLARKE
 Alan, are you all right? What's
 going on?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
 We can have air support over the
 passenger convoy in *ten minutes*.

ALAN TURING
 No. Let the U-Boats sink the
 convoy.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
 Look, this has been a big day,
 maybe you're going through a bit of
 shock –

HUGH ALEXANDER
 – There's no time for this.

Hugh tries to GRAB THE PHONE from Alan –

– but Alan PULLS it away and SMASHES THE PHONE AGAINST THE GROUND.

JOAN CLARKE

Alan!

HUGH ALEXANDER

You are actually insane.

Hugh can't take it anymore –

– He TAKES A SWING AT ALAN –

– Who CRUMPLES AT THE BLOW ON HIS JAW –

– Hugh stares down at Alan, who's bleeding on the floor –

– Hugh WINDS UP FOR ANOTHER PUNCH –

– When his arm is CAUGHT MID-AIR –

– By Joan.

Hugh is shocked –

– He SWINGS WITH THE OTHER ARM AT JOAN –

– WHO DEFLECTS AND SENDS HUGH'S FACE INTO A TABLE.

Hugh and Alan are both bleeding on the floor now.

Joan stands above them.

JOAN CLARKE

(to Hugh)

I had two older brothers, but the one my dad really liked to use his belt on was me. If you hurt him, you will just barely live to regret it.

Silence. Just the sounds of panting.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Everyone stop. Please. Calm down.

PETER HILTON

The attack is in minutes. We don't have time to calm down.

ALAN TURING

Do you know why people like violence, Hugh? Because it *feels* good.

(wipes blood from his nose)

It would feel good to blow those U-Boats out of the Atlantic. But sometimes we can't do what feels good. We have to do what's logical.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

What's logical?

ALAN TURING

The hardest time to lie is when the other person is expecting to be lied to.

JOAN CLARKE

(getting it)

Oh my God.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

What?

ALAN TURING

If they're waiting for a lie, you can't just give them one.

JOAN CLARKE

Oh my God. *Fuck*. Alan's right.

PETER HILTON

What?!?

ALAN TURING

What will the Germans think if we destroy those U-Boats?

PETER HILTON

Nothing. They'll be dead.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

(getting it)

No. No. You can't be right.

PETER HILTON

Am I the only one who's still not getting this?

ALAN TURING

Suddenly our convoy veers off course and a fleet of RAF bombers magically descends on the location of a pack of U-Boats? What will the Germans think?

PETER HILTON

Hugh?

HUGH ALEXANDER

... The Germans will know we broke Enigma.

JOAN CLARKE

They'll put a halt on radio communication by noon. And they'll have the design of Enigma changed by the weekend.

ALAN TURING

Two years of work. Everything we've done here. It'll all be for nothing.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

There are 500 people in that convoy. Civilians. Women. Children. We're about to let them die.

ALAN TURING

Our job wasn't to save one passenger convoy. It was to win the war.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Our job was to break Enigma.

ALAN TURING

Done. Now for the hard part: Keeping it a secret. Forever.

Peter looks at the map...

PETER HILTON

It's the Carlisle.

They all look at him.

JOAN CLARKE

What?

PETER HILTON

The convoy you're about to...
It's... The HMS Carlisle is one of
the ships.

ALAN TURING

The Carlisle is a light cruiser,
Peter. It's not very important.

PETER HILTON

We can't act on every piece of
intelligence? Fine. We won't. Just
this one. The Germans won't find us
out if we stop one attack.

JOAN CLARKE

What's gotten into you, Peter?

PETER HILTON

... My brother. Phillip. He's on
the Carlisle. Gunnery ensign.

Silence. Fuck.

ALAN TURING

I didn't know you had a brother.

PETER HILTON

I *HAVE* A BROTHER. And in a few
minutes I won't anymore if you
don't pick up that bloody radio and
save his life.

ALAN TURING

I'm sorry.

PETER HILTON

Who the hell do you think you are?
This is my brother. My big brother.
He was the only one – Look, he was
there after my mum – He's my big
brother, alright, and you have a
few minutes to call off his murder.

ALAN TURING

It's not my fault.

Peter DIVES for Alan –

– But John stops him.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Alan is right. We can't.

PETER HILTON
AND WHY THE BLOODY HELL NOT?

JOAN CLARKE
The Royal Navy will get suspicious.
They'll know.

PETER HILTON
THEY'RE THE BRITISH ROYAL NAVY I
THINK WE CAN TRUST THEM WITH OUR
CODE -

ALAN TURING
- No, no, we can't. We can't trust
anyone. It's just us, Peter. It's
us. The people in this room. We
make the decisions. We figure out
who lives and who dies. We're the
only ones who can. And we keep the
secret. Whatever else we do, we
keep the secret.

PETER HILTON
Is your secret more important to
you than my big brother Phillip's
life?

ALAN TURING
Yes.

PETER HILTON
You're a monster.

ALAN TURING
I'm sorry.

PETER HILTON
I am begging you. Alan. Joan. Hugh.
John. Please. I am *begging* you.
Just this once. Just one time. The
Germans won't get suspicious just
because we stopped one attack. It's
one time. No one will know. I'm
asking you. As your friend. If I
mean anything to you. Please.

Silence. This is the hardest thing anyone in this room has
ever had to do.

ALAN TURING
No.

PETER HILTON
You're not God, Alan. You don't get
to decide who lives and who dies.

ALAN TURING
Yes, I do.

PETER HILTON
Why? Why you?

ALAN TURING
Because no one else can.

Everyone is quiet.

Christopher WHIRS and Hugh picks up the decrypts he produces.

Alan walks to the map and takes down the BLUE PIN marked
"CARLISLE."

He crumbles it up, and throws it on the floor.

INT. STEWART MENZIES OFFICE - DAY

Alan and Joan speak to Stewart Menzies in his office.

STEWART MENZIES
... Why are you telling me this?

ALAN TURING
Because when you want to keep a
secret, you don't go to an amateur.
You go to a professional. We need
your help to keep this from
Denniston. The Admiralty. Army.
RAF.

STEWART MENZIES
That's going to be very difficult.

ALAN TURING
We'll keep decoding messages. Every
day. We'll develop a system for
determining which intelligence to
act on. Which attacks to stop,
which to let through. Statistical
analysis. We can even use
Christopher to run the numbers.
(MORE)

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

We'll figure out the minimum number of actions it'll take to win, but the maximum number we're able to take before the Germans get suspicious.

JOAN CLARKE

You're going to trust this all to statistics? To math?

ALAN TURING

Correct. And then MI-6 can come up with lies to tell the rest of the military. We'll need a plausible alternate explanation for every movement we want them to make. Can you do that?

STEWART MENZIES

Maintain a conspiracy of lies through the highest levels of our government? Yes, that sounds right up my alley.

ALAN TURING

Excellent. So we're settled.

STEWART MENZIES

(beaming)

Alan, I so rarely have cause to say this in my life. But you are exactly the man I always hoped you would be.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - FRUIT SHOP - DAY

As the John, Hugh, and Peter work silently at their desks, Alan hands each member a COLORED FOLDER.

ALAN TURING

I've sectioned you off into theatres. Red is continental ground forces, green is Luftwaffe, orange is Africa, blue is the Atlantic. It'll make tracking movements easier.

Silence. No one wants to talk to Alan.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

Alright?

BUZZ. The alarm indicating that it's midnight goes off.

No one moves.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Does anyone... We can go to the
Bull & Butcher... It's okay... If
anyone wants a pint?

The just stare at him. No one wants to go.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - CAFETERIA - DAY

Joan finds Alan alone in the Bletchley mess hall.

JOAN CLARKE
You're avoiding me.

ALAN TURING
If so, it would appear I'm not
doing a very good job of it.

JOAN CLARKE
You're trying to keep something
from me.

ALAN TURING
Such as?

JOAN CLARKE
I don't know. It hasn't exactly
been an easy week.

ALAN TURING
I'm sorry, would you like me to
cry? Would that make you feel
better?

JOAN CLARKE
When was the last time you slept?

ALAN TURING
That depends on what day it is.
(thinking)
What day is it?

JOAN CLARKE
Go home. Rest. I'll manage Hugh and
John, and you can patch things up
with Peter when he gets back.

ALAN TURING
This is not a time to - Gets back?
From where?

JOAN CLARKE
He's visiting his brother in the hospital.

ALAN TURING
What?

JOAN CLARKE
You didn't hear? The California was escorting lend-lease supplies to Murmansk when the Soviets redirected it to the wreckage of the Carlisle. Amazing coincidence. The survivors, including Hilton, are at some godforsaken Soviet monstrosity of a hospital as we speak.

ALAN TURING
... How did the Soviets know about the Carlisle?

JOAN CLARKE
They didn't have to know. Happy accident.

Alan's brain is going faster than one of his machines...

ALAN TURING
... Denniston was right. There's a double-agent...

... He DROPS HIS TRAY...

JOAN CLARKE
Alan!

ALAN TURING
... And I know who it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - LATER

Alan stands on the steps outside the main building.
He tries to smoke a cigarette, but his hands shake too much.
Finally, John Cairncross comes down the steps.

ALAN TURING
You're a Soviet spy.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Excuse me?

ALAN TURING

You leaked the location of Peter's brother to Moscow.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

I think the stress is addling your brain.

ALAN TURING

(holds up blue folder)

Look familiar?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

That's my folder of decrypted — Oh my God, Alan, you're *brilliant*.

ALAN TURING

How much are the Soviets paying you?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

You gave us each different folders with different messages in them. The Soviets acted on intelligence derived from the blue folder. Intelligence that only I had.

ALAN TURING

It was better than that, actually.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

... You faked the intelligence! You included randomized fake data into each folder, and waited to see which one the Soviets would act on.

ALAN TURING

The Soviets came at the Carlisle from the south. Why? Because they were avoiding a wolf pack to the north. Only —

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

— No wolf pack. The only reason they would have come from the south is because you handed me a fake intercept yesterday about a fictitious German fleet.

ALAN TURING

Correct.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Wait, all of us got bogus data?
Even Joan?

ALAN TURING

Everyone.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Don't trust anybody, do you?

ALAN TURING

How much are the Soviets paying
you?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Christ, they're not *paying* me,
Alan. I'm doing this for us. For
Britain.

ALAN TURING

You're killing your own countrymen.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

How can you be so smart about maths
and be so daft about politics?
Helping the Soviets against the
Germans is *good for Britain*.
Churchill hates Stalin too much to
share intelligence with him, and
it's harming the war effort.

ALAN TURING

That's not your decision to make.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Oh, you're one to lecture me about
who's allowed to make what
decisions. It's just us, remember?
There's no one else.

ALAN TURING

And you decided you might as well
help Peter while you were at it?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

He's our *friend*. Just like the
Soviets are our friends. You're
supposed to help your friends. And
you wouldn't do anything for him,
so I had to.

ALAN TURING
I'm telling Menzies.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
No you're not. I'm going to get away with it, and you know exactly why: If you tell anyone who I am, and I'll tell everyone who you are. Your "tendencies." Mutually assured destruction. All right?

ALAN TURING
... God damn you.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
I think what's pissing you off is that I'm a better person than you are, and I'm a bloody double agent.

John walks away.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (CONT'D)
Comrade.

REVEAL: SOMEONE — a man, 40s — has been watching this exchange from far away. Alan is being followed.

INT. JOAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Alan enters Joan's flat — through the front door this time.

ALAN TURING
One nice thing about being engaged is that I'm finally allowed to —

It's dark. He FLICKS ON THE LIGHT...

REVEAL: The room has been ransacked.

Clothes, books, papers scattered everywhere.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
— Joan?!?

He quickly moves through the flat: What happened here?

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Joan, are you okay? Where are you?

Runs to the back bedroom, where he finds...

... Stewart Menzies. Calmly looking over some papers.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)
Where's Joan?

STEWART MENZIES
Military prison.

ALAN TURING
What have you done?

STEWART MENZIES
(holding up papers)
Decoded Enigma intercepts. A stack
of them under her nightstand.

ON ALAN: Fuck.

ALAN TURING
I gave those to her. A year ago.
When she was with the WRENS I was
giving her decrypts so she could —

STEWART MENZIES
— Yes yes yes, I'm sure you did.
That's terrific. But Denniston has
been looking for a Soviet spy, and
he's been looking for one inside
the GCCS, and he just found a
cryptographer, recent hire, no
military background, with a stack
of decrypts in her flat that she
didn't have permission to see, let
alone remove from the premises. So
Joan Clarke is going to jail.

ALAN TURING
No. You can't.

STEWART MENZIES
What do you want me to do? She's
the double agent. She's going to
jail, and then she's probably going
to be hanged.

They stare at each other: Is Alan going to tell him about
John Cairncross?

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)
Or shot. Did you see they've
brought back the firing squad for
treason?

ALAN TURING
No.

STEWART MENZIES

Beheading is still on the books as well. Haven't used it in a bit, but it's legal. If the crown prosecutor wants to make an example of Ms. Clarke -

ALAN TURING

- John Cairncross is the spy. He's been feeding information to the Soviets for years. And I can prove it.

Menzies SMILES.

STEWART MENZIES

Well why didn't you say so before?

ALAN TURING

Because Cairncross knows something about me too. He knows that I'm a homosexual. And he threatened to tell everyone about me, if I told about him.

STEWART MENZIES

All right, Professor. That's all I needed to know. Thank you.

Menzies starts to leave, quite pleased.

ALAN TURING

What are you doing?

STEWART MENZIES

I have everything I need from this conversation, Alan. Thanks for your time.

ALAN TURING

WHAT THE HELL?

STEWART MENZIES

Oh for God's sake, are you having trouble following along? Of course Cairncross was the bloody spy. I've known Cairncross was a Soviet agent since before he got to Bletchley. Why do you think I had him placed here, Alan? You said yourself he was a piss-poor mathematician.

ALAN TURING

You placed a Soviet agent at Bletchley?

STEWART MENZIES

Well, yes. It's quite useful to be able to leak whatever we like to Stalin. It started out with us feeding him false things, things we wanted Stalin to believe. But then, after awhile, we realized that leaking true things to Stalin could be just as useful. Things Churchill was too paranoid to disclose.

ALAN TURING

I can't imagine why Churchill was so paranoid about his intelligence services.

STEWART MENZIES

Cairncross had no idea we knew, of course. Like you said, not the brightest bulb.

ALAN TURING

And then you launched a fake hunt for the double-agent, even though you knew it was John the whole time. He would have expected a witch-hunt, so you gave him one.

STEWART MENZIES

God, I wish you had been the Soviet agent, rather than Cairncross. You're so much better at this than he is.

ALAN TURING

So you arrested Joan to see if I knew. And if I did, to see what John had on me.

STEWART MENZIES

I must admit, I'd been curious about what you were hiding for awhile. So now I know, and obviously, the same rules apply: You breathe a word of this to anyone, I have you arrested for being a homosexual, etcetera etcetera. Deal?

ALAN TURING

... Deal.

STEWART MENZIES

Wonderful. I'll Ms. Clarke released right away.

ALAN TURING

What do I do with her? Now?

STEWART MENZIES

Oh, right, your secret engagement! I always forget about that. Seems so silly, doesn't it? Do what you like. It's not my concern. But as your friend, I'll tell you: You're mine now. And you're never getting out. So if you value her safety, and her precious "innocent" little conscious, I would keep her as far away from you as possible.

And with that, Menzies leaves.

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - JOAN'S FLAT - DAY

Alan and Joan sit in her flat.

JOAN CLARKE

Why are you doing this?

ALAN TURING

We can't be engaged anymore, Joan.

JOAN CLARKE

My parents... I'll have to leave Bletchley.

ALAN TURING

You'll work it out.

JOAN CLARKE

Why are you doing this?

ALAN TURING

I have... Homosexual feelings.

JOAN CLARKE

Alright.

ALAN TURING

For men, Joan. Instead of women.

JOAN CLARKE

Alright.

ALAN TURING

Do you understand? I'm sorry.

JOAN CLARKE

So what?

ALAN TURING

I just said...

JOAN CLARKE

Oh Alan, you have homosexual tendencies? So? I'll bet so do half the blokes here, they're just not honest with themselves about it.

ALAN TURING

I've acted on these tendencies. In the past.

JOAN CLARKE

I know it wasn't a real engagement, but we care for each other don't we? I care for you. A lot.

ALAN TURING

... I've been having affairs. With other men. Here, and in America while I was there. I'll never be true to you, Joan. And I can't pretend any longer.

JOAN CLARKE

After all this time, I mean so bloody little to you?

ALAN TURING

I don't care about you. I never did. I needed you to help me break Enigma, and now I've done that. Thank you.

JOAN CLARKE

They were right. John. Hugh. Peter. You really are a monster.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - 1927

Young Alan enters the HEADMASTER'S OFFICE.

YOUNG ALAN
You wanted to see me, Sir?

HEADMASTER
Master Turing. Sit down.

YOUNG ALAN
Is something the matter?

HEADMASTER
You and Christopher Morcom are quite close.

YOUNG ALAN
I wouldn't say that.

HEADMASTER
No?

YOUNG ALAN
We're friendly.

HEADMASTER
Your mathematics professor says you two are positively inseparable.

YOUNG ALAN
We're the best students in the class.

HEADMASTER
He caught you passing notes the other day.

YOUNG ALAN
Cryptography. To pass the time. The class is too simple.

HEADMASTER
You and your friend solve math problems during math class because math class is too dull?

YOUNG ALAN
He's not my friend.

HEADMASTER
I've been told he's your only
friend.

YOUNG ALAN
Who said that?

HEADMASTER
Alan, I want you to trust me.

YOUNG ALAN
Of course.

HEADMASTER
Something has come up. About Mr.
Morcom.

YOUNG ALAN
Why am I here?

HEADMASTER
Christopher is dead.

YOUNG ALAN
... I don't understand.

HEADMASTER
His mother sent word this morning.
The family was on holiday, you see.

YOUNG ALAN
I don't understand.

HEADMASTER
He had bovine tuberculosis, as I'm
sure he told you. This mustn't be a
shock, but all the same, I'm sorry.

YOUNG ALAN
You're mistaken.

HEADMASTER
Did he not tell you? He's been sick
for a long time. Knew this was
coming soon, but he had a stiff
upper lip about it. Good lad.

ON ALAN'S FACE: Christopher never told him.

HEADMASTER (CONT'D)
Are you all right, Mr. Turing?

YOUNG ALAN

Yes. Of course. As I said, I didn't know him well.

HEADMASTER

Ah. Very well then.

YOUNG ALAN

May I leave, Headmaster?

HEADMASTER

Of course. Oh, but Mr. Turing?

YOUNG ALAN

Yes, Sir?

HEADMASTER

Do pay more attention in math class, will you?

CUT TO:

INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - 1943 - SEQUENCE

A SERIES OF SHOTS: Alan, Joan, John, Hugh, and Peter all work together decrypting messages. Moving pins on the big map. Radioing instructions to MI-6.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

The war dragged on for another two solitary years. Every day we stood there, pressed shoulder to shoulder as we performed our blood-soaked calculus. We held our secrets tight, from the world and from each other.

From their demeanor, you'd never tell that Alan and Joan had been engaged. Or that John was a spy, and Alan knew.

They do their jobs politely and distantly, as if nothing ever happened.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Joan barely spoke to me. Peter never did. John pretended that he liked me. Hugh was too tired to be mean.

Alan makes improvements to Christopher. His machine.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Every day we decided who lived and
 who died. And every day we led the
 Allied armies to victory without
 anyone knowing. Stalingrad? The
 Ardennes? Normandy? We were there.
 None of those victories would have
 been possible without the
 intelligence we produced.

Years pass.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 People talk about the war as this
 epic battle between civilizations.
 Good versus evil, liberty versus
 tyranny. Armies of millions
 bleeding into the mud, fleets of
 ships that weighed down the oceans,
 packs of airplanes that dropped
 bombs until they blotted out the
 sun itself. But it wasn't.

V-E Day: REAL FOOTAGE of Churchill speaking to millions from
 a balcony in Whitehall. REAL FOOTAGE of Truman dedicating the
 victory to Roosevelt as Times Square erupts in drunken
 cheers.

The whole world kisses. The whole world cries.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The war was really just a half-
 dozen crossword enthusiasts in a
 tiny village in the south of
 England. Was I God? No. Because God
 didn't win the war. I did.

CUT TO:

INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - 1951

Alan Turing finishes telling his story to Detective Nock.

DETECTIVE NOCK
 That's... Unbelievable.

ALAN TURING
 That's the Imitation Game.

DETECTIVE NOCK
 I don't know what to do now.

ALAN TURING

Now, Detective, you get to judge. That's how the game works. I answered your questions. You know my story. That's the point of the game. We are all pretending to be something. Imitating something. Someone. And we are no more, and no less, than what we can convince other people that we are. So tell me: What am I? Am I a real person, like you? Or am I...

DETECTIVE NOCK

I can't judge you.

ALAN TURING

Well then you're no help to me at all.

DETECTIVE NOCK

I'm sorry.

ALAN TURING

Sorry?

DETECTIVE NOCK

I thought I could save your life.

ALAN TURING

Oh. I didn't.

DETECTIVE NOCK

When you walk out of this room, Sargeant Staehl is going to lead you into a cell. You're going to be indicted for gross indecency. It's going to be a short trial. We have testimony against you, and you're a professor — you're a steward of Britain's impressionable youth. You're going to be convicted, and you're going to be given the maximum sentence. Two years in prison.

ALAN TURING

Detective, I knew all of that from the moment you came into my house four days ago. I knew we'd end up here from the second I laid eyes on you.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Why didn't you stop it?

ALAN TURING
Because none of this matters.
Arrest me. Convict me. I have my
work. I have Christopher.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Can we get someone to testify for
you? Friends? Family? Anyone you're
close to?

CUT TO:

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 3 - NIGHT - 1945

The cryptography team is assembled before Stewart Menzies.

STEWART MENZIES
On May 8th, the Allied governments
saw fit to accept Germany's
unconditional surrender.
Congratulations on a job
exceedingly well done.

Nobody looks like they want to celebrate much.

HUGH ALEXANDER
What happens now? Back to the
university for us? Back to real
life?

STEWART MENZIES
Yes. You've only one thing left to
do before your service to your
government is concluded.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS
What's that?

STEWART MENZIES
Burn everything.

HUGH ALEXANDER
What?

STEWART MENZIES
We told you when you started that
this was a top secret program. Did
you think we were kidding?

HUGH ALEXANDER
But the war is over.

ALAN TURING
This war is over. But there will be more. And we know how to break a code that everyone else thinks is unbreakable. Why would MI-6 let anyone else in on the secret?

STEWART MENZIES
A step ahead as always, Alan. Alright. Tear it down, light it up, sweep away the ashes. None of you have ever met before. None of you have ever even heard the word Enigma. Have a safe trip home. Behave, and with a bit of luck none of you will ever see me — or one another — again in your lives.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - 1951

Joan sits at a formal Sunday tea with her HUSBAND, MOTHER-IN-LAW, and FATHER-IN-LAW.

MOTHER-IN-LAW
Well the new house is just lovely.

JOAN CLARKE
Thank you. I think the room in the back will make a good home-office.

FATHER-IN-LAW
Office?

HUSBAND
Yes, Father. Joan likes to take her maths home, on the weekends.

FATHER-IN-LAW
You intend to continue working, then?

HUSBAND
Please.

JOAN CLARKE
Jim. It's fine.
(to the parents)
(MORE)

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

I like my work, and I'm going to continue with it. The government is always in need of good mathematicians, and I'm one of them.

MOTHER-IN-LAW

It's just that the light back there, it'd be a shame to waste it on some dusty old books.

JOAN CLARKE

You'd prefer I turn it into a greenhouse, then?

HUSBAND

More tea, anyone?

Joan's Husband pours tea for the group, and deposits NEWSPAPERS on a coffee table.

Something on one of the newspapers catches Joan's eye...

... She picks it up, stunned.

ON THE NEWSPAPER: "CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR SENTENCED FOR INDECENCY"

Joan shivers. Drops her tea cup.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

Joan?

JOAN CLARKE

... Excuse me.

She races out of the room without a word of explanation.

INT. ALAN TURNING'S HOUSE - DAY - 1951

Joan enters Alan's house to find him hunched over his machine.

JOAN CLARKE

You never wrote.

ALAN TURING

Did you have a pleasant trip to Manchester?

JOAN CLARKE

You never called.

ALAN TURING

The trains have been a mess of late.

JOAN CLARKE

I had to find out in the papers.

ALAN TURING

Cup of tea?

JOAN CLARKE

Bloody stop it, Alan. I would have come. I would have testified.

ALAN TURING

And what would you have told them? That I *wasn't* a homosexual?

JOAN CLARKE

I would have said anything you wanted me to say. Anything that would have stopped this from happening.

ALAN TURING

How would your husband have felt about that?

JOAN CLARKE

Jim would understand.

Alan twitches. His hands shake as he tries to focus on the machine.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

Are you all right? What's happening? What's wrong?

ALAN TURING

I have chamomile. Earl grey.

JOAN CLARKE

You're twitching.

ALAN TURING

(twitching)

No I'm not.

JOAN CLARKE

Alan, tell me what's going on this very second so I can help you.

ALAN TURING
It's probably just the injections.

JOAN CLARKE
Injections?

ALAN TURING
I have to go in for weekly estrogen injections. At the hospital. There's a lovely young nurse who administers them.

JOAN CLARKE
What are they doing to you?

ALAN TURING
They gave me a choice. Two years in prison. Or chemical castration.

JOAN CLARKE
Oh my god.

ALAN TURING
Of course I chose the castration. It was an easy decision.

JOAN CLARKE
Oh my god, Alan, oh my god, you chose chemical castration over prison so you could work on your machine.

ALAN TURING
Well I couldn't build him from jail, now could I?

JOAN CLARKE
Oh my god. All right. This is what we're going to do. I'm going with you to the hospital. I'm going to speak to your doctors. We're going to figure out a way out of this.

ALAN TURING
You seem awfully concerned for my well-being now that there isn't a Nazi code to break.

JOAN CLARKE
That's not fair.

ALAN TURING

What precisely would constitute
"fair" at this point? A St Steven's
day parade? My own Channel Island?

JOAN CLARKE

You're still the misunderstood
genius then? This is the part you
still want to play?

ALAN TURING

Misunderstood? Christopher grows
smarter and smarter by the minute.
I'm not naive. I know that he's a
machine. I know that he's not a
person. But that didn't make him
any less real. Because I understand
Christopher. And he understands me.
When people — like you — when
people say that machines can't
think, don't they really mean that
we can't understand how machines
think? Don't they really just mean
that people only understand other
people? And only machines can
understand machines?

JOAN CLARKE

You're a human being, Alan. You're
allowed to live like one.

ALAN TURING

Funny. It was my impression that
both you and Her Majesty's
government felt otherwise.

JOAN CLARKE

You're angry. Very well. Take your
anger out on me if it helps. But I
didn't do this to you.

ALAN TURING

No one "did this."

JOAN CLARKE

I don't want you to be alone.

ALAN TURING

But that's the whole point. I never
have been.

He looks lovingly at Christopher.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

What are you offering me right now? Forgiveness? Pity? Bullshit. You can keep your privileged sympathy. You want my regrets, don't you? You want me to say that I'm sorry, and you want to absolve me with your easy tears. Well how about this: I have *no* regrets. Do you like the dress you're wearing? Do you like your life? Your caring family, your challenging career, your sleepy Sunday coffee? They're mine. I gave them to you. And I would do it all again. So don't tell me you're sorry. Tell me, "thank you."

JOAN CLARKE

And you saved a million lives, you miserable bastard. The world needs people like you, Alan. But dear god do I never want to be you.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALAN TURING'S HOUSE - DAY - 1954

A familiar scene: A HALF-DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS swarm the Manchester home of (former) mathematics professor Alan Turing.

Detective Nock passes the double-parked police cars and ascends the front steps of Alan's house.

Remembers the first time he was here.

INT. ALAN TURING'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE NOCK

Hello?

CONSTABLE

Detective. Morning.

DETECTIVE NOCK

What's this, then?

CONSTABLE

Suicide, pretty clean. Upstairs.

The Constable leads Detective Nock upstairs into Alan's bedroom.

ON THE BED: Alan Turing is dead.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)
Half-eaten apple next to the bed.
Some sort of white powder all over
it.

DETECTIVE NOCK
Cyanide.

CONSTABLE
How can you be sure?

DETECTIVE NOCK
You'll find a tub of it downstairs.

CONSTABLE
How do you know that?

Detective Nock approaches the bed, and stares into the lifeless face of Alan Turing.

Even Nock couldn't describe what he's feeling right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY - 1927

Young Alan stands before the grave of his only friend. The stone reads "CHRISTOPHER MORCOM."

Wipes his tears. Girds himself up. He will never cry again in his life.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - NIGHT - 1945

Alan and the team BUILD A BONFIRE in the center of the Park.

Every document, every slip of scratch paper, every piece of evidence that they were ever there is BURNT UP IN THE MASSIVE BONFIRE.

TITLE: Alan Turing committed suicide in 1954.

TITLE: His machine was never perfected, though it generated a whole field of research into what became nicknamed "Turing Machines." Today, we call them "computers."

The smoke from the fire rises to the stars.

TITLE: In 2009, Prime Minister Gordon Brown officially apologized on behalf of the British government for Turing's treatment. "We're sorry," concluded the Prime Minister's statement. "You deserved so much better."

TITLE: The logo of Apple Computer - an apple with a bite taken out of it - has long been rumored to be a silent tribute to Alan Turing. These rumors have never been confirmed.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

Well then.

ON ALAN'S FACE: He watches the flames.

ALAN TURING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Any questions?

BLACK.