

**THE IMITATION GAME**

Written by  
Graham Moore

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. This is going to go very quickly now. 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.)  
I will not pause, I will not repeat myself, and you will not interrupt me. If you ask me a question, I will ignore it. 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.)  
What I will need from you now is a commitment. You will listen closely, and you will not judge me.

And, in the corner: A MACHINE. It's the size of a dresser, tall, sprouting VACUUM TUBES and WIRES. It looks anachronistic here, too futuristic for its time.

The CONSTABLES LOOK AT THE MACHINE, CONFUSED: What is that thing?

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
 When I am finished — when I have  
*told you* that I am finished — you  
 are free to think whatever you  
 like. But until then, you will  
 trust that while this story will be  
 hard for you to understand,  
 everything I am saying I am saying  
 for a reason.

A CONSTABLE PHONES IN the robbery to police headquarters —

**INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

— At headquarters, a RADIO GIRL RECEIVES the information and  
 passes it to an assistant for delivery to the detectives on  
 duty —

**INT. MI-6 - RADIO OPERATORS' ROOM/HALLWAYS - DAY**

— While in London, a RADIO OPERATOR in a dark room far below  
 Victoria Street INTERCEPTS THE MESSAGE —

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
 If you cannot commit to this, then  
 please leave the room. That's  
 right, you're the one who's 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 MESSAGE is HANDED OFF and WHISKED through the dim  
 hallways —

**INT. MI-6 - MENZIES OFFICE - DAY**

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

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
 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.)  
 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 SERGEANT STAEHL.

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

DETECTIVE NOCK  
The baby. Up all night, hollering  
and crying. June says it's collick.  
(re: the mess)  
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)  
Maths. Or, as he put it, "ordinal  
logic, with a dose of number  
theory."

ON NOCK: What on earth does that mean?

Staehl shrugs.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
What's he doing in Manchester?

Sergeant Staehl shows Nock the MACHINE in the corner.

ON NOCK: What the hell is that?

SGT. STAEHL  
Something with machines. Project at  
the NPL, I checked, but he won't  
say what it's on.

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

SGT. STAEHL  
That's putting it mildly.

Sergeant 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, his mouth covered in a  
scarf.

He's totally oblivious to the detectives as they enter.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Professor Turing?  
(beat)  
Professor Turing? My name is  
Detective Nock. Manchester Police.  
Sergeant 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  
son without a father.

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

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
Sound carries in this house.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
What is all that?

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, removes his scarf, and for the first time  
takes a look at Detective Nock. Sizes him up.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
Oh. Disappointing.

Detective Knock and Sergeant Staehl exchange a look.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Pardon?

ALAN TURING  
I'd hoped for a bit more.

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

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. And I believe  
Manchester United had a match  
yesterday, yes? I could hear the  
shouting from Simpson's on my way  
home.

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

Sergeant Staehl SIGHS, embarrassed.

SGT. STAEHL

You had a break in last night. Your neighbor, a Mr. Springborn, called to report the noise. Only you say there's nothing missing. Odd. So how about it - You tell us what happened, and we find the chap who did this.

ALAN TURING

Gentlemen, I don't think you could figure out who broke into my house if he walked up and spat in your 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, 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 Sergeant Staehl walk away from Turing's house.

SGT. STAEHL

I'll give you a bob if you can name me a more insufferable sod.

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

A mysterious professor who won't admit he's had something stolen from his flat?

SGT. STAEHL

What're you suggesting?

DETECTIVE NOCK

I'm suggesting that Alan Turing is hiding something.

CUT TO:

**INT. EUSTON STATION - LONDON - DAY - 1939**

Alan Turing — 11 years younger — HURRIES through Euston Station on the day that Britain declares war on Germany.

The station is preparing for war:

PAPERBOYS SCREAM the headlines: "800,000 CHILDREN EVACUATED!" "GERMAN BOMBS COMING!" "FOOD SUPPLIES RATIONED!"

MILITARY PERSONNEL herd PACKS OF CHILDREN like cattle onto rumbling trains.

The children, born with stiff upper lips, hold back their tears. A FATHER shakes the hand of his 8-YEAR-OLD SON goodbye, almost business-like. Neither knows if they'll ever see one another again.

Alan moves through this determinedly, methodically, and unemotionally — it's like he doesn't even notice anyone is there.

**INT/EXT. TRAIN - DAY - LATER**

Alan Turing walks down the aisle of a train bound for Bletchley Park — his is the only adult face amidst the sea of children.



He 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 VILLAGE - STREET - A FEW HOURS LATER**

Alan walks through the small village of Bletchley. He passes a sign that reads "BLETCHLEY RADIO MANUFACTURING" as he heads to

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - AN HOUR LATER**

Alan arrives at 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.

As Alan approaches, two NAVAL OFFICERS with MACHINE GUNS step out from behind the BARRICADES.

Whatever this place is, it's housing something very secret inside.

**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.)  
- What are you doing here?

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  
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  
... 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 His Majesty's government?

ALAN TURING

Oh, I don't, really.

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

Mother 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.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

... 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.

At the mention of this word Denniston looks suddenly serious.

SECRETARY ("MARGARET")  
 (popping head in)  
 You called for me?

He WAVES HER AWAY, entirely focused on what Alan just said.

ALAN TURING  
 (after she leaves)  
 ... 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.  
 (MORE)

## ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

If the Allies broke Enigma – well, this would turn into a very short war indeed. Of course you're working on it. But you also haven't got anywhere. If you had, you wouldn't be hiring cryptographers out of University. You need me a lot more than I need you. I'd just as easily go work for the Germans, frankly, but they simply don't have anything this good to work on. 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. The Americans. The French. The Russians. The *Germans*. Everyone thinks Enigma is unbreakable.

## ALAN TURING

Goody! Let me try and we'll know for sure.

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.

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

They are:

HUGH ALEXANDER, 30s, 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.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (CONT'D)

The German navy encodes every message they send using 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.

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

He reaches out and touches it lovingly.

ALAN TURING

It's beautiful.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

It's the crooked hand of death itself.

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 we have an Enigma machine.

COMMANDER DENNISTON

Yes. Polish intelligence smuggled this 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. We usually intercept our first message around 6am. Which gives you exactly 18 hours every day to crack the code before it changes, and you start again.

Alan looks at the machine carefully.

ALAN TURING  
 Five rotors. Six plugboard cables. That's...

CHARLES RICHARDS  
 Five -

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
 - thousand million -

PETER HILTON  
 - No no it's - I've got it -

CHARLES RICHARDS  
 - Million, million -

KEITH FURMAN  
 - In the millions, obviously -

CHARLES RICHARDS  
 - Obviously -

ALAN TURING  
 - Over one hundred and fifty million 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.  
I've personally selected him to run  
this unit.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
Didn't you...?

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Mr. Alexander won Britain's  
national chess championship.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Twice.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
(extending a hand to Hugh)  
John Cairncross.

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

ALAN TURING  
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  
This is 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.

They all stare at Menzies: That doesn't sound like very many.

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)  
*... While we've been having this  
 conversation.*  
 (checks his watch)  
 Oh look. There's another. Rather  
 hope he didn't have a family. This  
 war that Commander Denniston's been  
 going on about? We're not winning  
 it. Break the code and at least we  
 might have a chance.  
 (to Denniston)  
 Shall we leave the children alone  
 with their new toy?

Menzies and Commander Denniston LEAVE.

The team stands there. With Enigma.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
 Alright boys. Let's play.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY - 1927**

TEENAGE BOYS play cricket in the green front gardens of a  
 boys boarding school. Behind them looms the school's stately  
 central manor house.

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.)  
Carrots are orange. Peas are green.  
They mustn't touch.

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

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

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

- 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!  
orange! Carrots are orange!

BOY #1  
What a bloody weirdo!

Alan CURLS UP INTO A BALL as he shivers.

CUT TO:

**INT. COFFIN - A FEW MINUTES LATER**

... Alan is now 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.

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

The THUMP THUMP of nails entering the boards.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
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  
Christ, I thought they were going  
to kill you.

Christopher PULLS Alan from the floorboard coffin and they -

**EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - SECONDS LATER**

Walking away from the half-finished school room, Christopher  
helps Alan as he hobbles.

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

They're getting worse.

YOUNG ALAN

They only beat me up because I'm  
smarter than they are.

CHRISTOPHER

No. They beat you up because you're  
*different*. So you'll have to try a  
little harder to blend in.

YOUNG ALAN

Mother says I'm just an odd duck.

CHRISTOPHER

And she's right.

Alan STUMBLES and Christopher grabs his hand, steadying him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

But you know, sometimes it is the  
very people who no one imagines  
anything of who do the things that  
no one can imagine.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

Christopher helped.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - MANCHESTER - DAY - 1951**

Detective Nock sits at his desk, yelling incredulously into  
his telephone.

DETECTIVE NOCK

... What do you mean, "classified"?  
(beat)

... Yes, I am aware of the literal  
meaning of the word "classified,"  
what I'm asking is why would a  
maths professor have his military  
records classified?

(beat)

... Well then I will come down  
there and...

Nock HANGS UP, frustrated.

He notices Sergeant Staehl walking past.

DETECTIVE NOCK (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

**EXT. MANCHESTER STREETS - LATER**

Detective Nock and Sergeant Staehl walk through Manchester, away from the police station.

SGT. STAEHL  
... So are you going to catch this  
mysterious thief who hasn't  
actually stolen anything?

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

SGT. STAEHL  
"Suspect"? I distinctly recall  
writing his name next to the word  
"victim."

Nock looks around, paying no attention to Staehl. He sees something (which we don't) in the reflection of a shop window.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Will?

SGT. STAEHL  
Yes?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
I'm terribly sorry about this.

Suddenly, Nock PUSHES Staehl, hard.

Staehl, reeling, is very, very confused.

SGT. STAEHL  
What?

Nock responds by PUNCHING Staehl across the jaw, sending him to the ground.

People on the street TURN and STARE.

Nock RUNS away down the street -

Staehl starts CHASING AFTER HIM -

- They each DODGE PASSERSBY, who are all staring -

- Until Nock suddenly CHANGES DIRECTIONS and SLAMS INTO A PEDESTRIAN -

- The Pedestrian and Nock TUMBLE TO THE GROUND.

The two SCRAMBLE, and then exchange a look: The Pedestrian is... Concerned.

The Pedestrian STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET and RUNS OFF.

Nock stands dusting himself off as Staehl catches up to him -

- And PUNCHES NOCK IN THE JAW.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Oww! Would you stop it?

SGT. STAEHL  
What is wrong with you?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Here.

Nock hands a BILLFOLD back to Staehl.

SGT. STAEHL  
... Whose is this?

Very confused, Staehl LOOKS THROUGH the billfold.

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)  
... That man you knocked over! You stole his billfold.

Nock shrugs.

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)  
... Oh. Bob?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Yes?

SGT. STAEHL  
There's a photograph of you.

Staehl shows Nock the billfold's contents: A PHOTO OF NOCK, PAPERS WITH NOCK'S ADDRESS, PERSONAL DATA.

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)  
That man was following you.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Has been for awhile now.

SGT. STAEHL  
Good God... Your home address, your  
district, your... Bob, there is a  
letter here from the Foreign  
Office.

Staehl shows him: The letter, stamped with the Foreign Office  
seal, instructs that the bearer be granted access to all  
records concerning one "ROBERT NOCK".

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

SGT. STAEHL  
(to Pedestrian)  
Bugger off.

She LEAVES, offended.

SGT. STAEHL (CONT'D)  
Why are you being followed? We have  
to call this in.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
(looking at the letter)  
I think I might have a better idea.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - MANCHESTER - LATER**

QUICK SHOTS: Nock PAINTS TIPP-EX over his own name on the  
letter he just stole, and TYPES IN A NEW ONE - "ALAN TURING"

**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. Service  
records of a Mr. Turing. Alan.

He FLASHES THE FORGED LETTER.

DETECTIVE NOCK (CONT'D)  
Foreign Office sent me.



Off of Nock's SMILE we

CUT TO:

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - GERMAN PLANE - DAY - 1940**

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

The game was quite a simple one.

ON THE ATLANTIC:

— A GERMAN SPYPLANE spots a BRITISH CONVOY travelling across the ocean, far away. We hear the BEEP BEEP of Morse Code as the SPYPLANE SENDS OUT AN ENCRYPTED MESSAGE and we cut to —

**EXT. BRITISH SHIP - ON DECK - DAY**

— The DECK of one of the British ships. A SEAMAN smokes a cigarette as waves crash against the side. He's approached by two FRIENDS. He looks: He's only got one smoke left. In a kind gesture, he SNAPS his cigarette in half, sharing it —

**INT/EXT. GERMAN SUBMARINE - DAY**

— As underwater, a GERMAN SUBMARINE receives the BEEP BEEP of the Morse message about the convoy's location. The sub CHANGES COURSE —

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

Every single German message. Every surprise attack. Every bombing run. Every imminent U-boat assault. They were all floating through the air, radio signals that any schoolboy with an AM kit could intercept.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 14 - DAY**

AT BLETCHLEY PARK:

— Inside HUT 14: ROW after ROW of RADIO STATIONS, all staffed by the smartly dressed young ladies of the Women's Royal Navy. One WREN, listening to Morse code on her headphones, intercepts the very same BEEP BEEP of the MESSAGE —

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

The trick was that they were encrypted.

— She takes it down by hand: It's GIBBERISH. Encrypted. She places the messages in a PILE —

– A FEMALE ASSISTANT picks up the pile of encrypted messages–

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 14 - DAY**

– And carries it through Bletchley –

– The grounds surrounding the mansion at Bletchley Park are now littered with 18 WOODEN "HUTS" – hastily constructed structures that contain all of Britain's top secret cryptography operations –

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

One hundred and fifty nine million  
million million possible Enigma  
settings. All we had to do was try  
each one.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

– The Female Assistant hurries past ARMED GUARDS and SECURITY CHECKPOINTS into –

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

– HUT 8: Where the Enigma cryptanalysis team does their work.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

But 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 each of the settings?

– John Cairncross, Peter Hilton, Keith Furman, and Charles Richards use PERFORATED SHEETS to analyze Enigma messages as the Female Assistant deposits the pile onto Hugh Alexander's desk.

All around Hut 8, we see STACK after STACK of encrypted messages, just like the one that was just delivered.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

... Would you like a hint? It's not  
days. It's *years*.

The team does their best to decrypt these stacks of messages, but they're getting nowhere. There are thousands of messages, and only four cryptographers.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

(sighs)

Oh dear, you still haven't worked it out, have you? Pity you didn't pay more attention in school.

(beat)

It's 20 million years.

MOVE IN on the urgent message about the attack, which is untouched as -

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - BRITISH SHIP - DECK - DAY**

BACK IN THE ATLANTIC:

- The deck of the British ship. The sailors SMOKE as we -

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

To stop a coming attack, we would have to check 20 million years worth of settings... In 20 minutes.

- Move DOWN INTO THE WATER to see that the German submarine has arrived. It FIRES A TORPEDO at the helpless convoy and we cut-

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

BACK TO HUT 8:

The team is still buried in pile after pile of undecrypted messages. Another convoy has been lost because they couldn't move fast enough, and they're so far behind they don't even know it yet.

PETER HILTON

... I'm famished.

Hugh stretches, staring out the window, where he sees a WREN passing by.

HUGH ALEXANDER

(re: the WREN)

Good God, what is it with women in little hats?

John, Peter, Keith and Charles all look as well - there is in fact something strangely sexy about women in little hats.

John Cairncross gets up and walks into the next room, where he finds Alan, working alone.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
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)  
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, one has to actually be a genius. Yet we're the ones making progress here, aren't we?

ALAN TURING  
You have?

HUGH ALEXANDER  
We've decrypted a number of German messages by analyzing the frequency of letter distribution.

ALAN TURING  
Oh. Even a broken clock is right twice a day. That's not progress at all, that's just blind luck. I'm designing a machine that will allow us to break every message, every day, instantly.

We see his work: ELECTRICAL SCHEMATICS. He's designing a STRANGE NEW MACHINE.

ON THE TEAM: A machine? That's ridiculous.

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?

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - MOMENTS LATER**

Hugh, John, Peter, Keith and Charles all exit Hut 8, shaking their heads and laughing at what an impossible weirdo Alan is.

In the window, we see Alan's face, alone with his work.

ON ALAN: He looks out at the team, a slight longing to be among them, and yet the resolution that he never can be.

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BLETCHLEY - DAY - SEQUENCE**

Alan runs for miles and miles along the outskirts of Bletchley.

He thinks when he runs. It focuses him. He looks intent, deeply concentrating as he presses his legs as hard as they'll go.

INTERCUT WITH:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY - SEQUENCE**

Alan obsessively works on something in Hut 8, filling sheet after sheet of paper with his designs. He's drawing SCHEMATICS... As it fills out, we see what it is:

It's a HUGE MACHINE.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAY**

Alan walks through the camp brandishing a PIECE OF PAPER. He's a fish out of water amidst all of the MILITARY MEN moving supplies around him.

He finds what he's looking for:

Commander Denniston stands before a SUPPLY TRUCK, checking the manifest as supplies are UNLOADED.

ALAN TURING  
This is unacceptable.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Turing. If you'd like to discuss the complaint, I'd suggest making a proper appointment with my office.

ALAN TURING  
Complaint? Hugh Alexander has denied my requisition. Parts and equipment, to build the machine I've designed.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Your fellow codebreakers are refusing to work with you. They've filed a *formal* complaint.

ALAN TURING  
It's inspired by an old Polish code machine, only infinitely more advanced.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
If you don't respond to the complaint, I'll have to take it up with the Home Office.

ALAN TURING  
Fine. My response is, they are all idiots. Fire them and use the savings to fund my machine. I'll only need about a hundred thousand pounds.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
A hundred thousand - Why are you building a machine?

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

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
I suggest you make an effort to try.

ALAN TURING  
... Enigma is a machine. A very well-designed machine. Our problem is that we're trying to beat it with men. What if only a machine can defeat another machine?

Denniston stares at him.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
... Hugh Alexander is in charge of your unit and if he's said no, that's that.

ALAN TURING  
I do not have time for this -

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
- Have you ever won a war before, Turing? I have. Do you know how it's done? Order. Discipline. Chain of command. You're not at University any longer. You are a very small cog in a very large system and you'll do as your commanding officer instructs.

ALAN TURING  
Who is your commanding officer?

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Winston Churchill. 10 Downing Street, London. You have a problem with my decision you can take it up with him.

And with that, Denniston walks away, furious.

ON ALAN: Well alright, if you say so...

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - MAIN GATE - LATER**

Stewart Menzies walks out of the Bletchley's MAIN GATE, through security, when's he's approached by:

ALAN TURING  
Mr. Menzies! You're headed back to London, yes?

STEWART MENZIES  
Possibly.



ALAN TURING  
Will you deliver a letter for me?

Alan hands Menzies a letter:

It's addressed to "WINSTON CHURCHILL. 10 DOWNING ST. LONDON."

ON MENZIES: Well, this should be interesting...

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DENNISTON'S OFFICE - DAY**

The team — Alan, Hugh, John, Peter, Keith, and Charles — are assembled in Commander Denniston's office for a meeting. Stewart Menzies watches quietly from the corner, as is his way.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
You must be joking. Churchill put  
*Alan in charge?!?!?!?*

KEITH FURMAN  
— 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  
Though I hate to say it... 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  
He just said I could.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
(furious)  
I did no such thing.

STEWART MENZIES  
But Churchill did.

Denniston looks at Menzies, stewing, but Menzies just shrugs back: "What would you have me do?"

CHARLES RICHARDS  
(to Alan)  
Go to hell.

Charles and Keith leave, pissed.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
This is inhuman. Even for you.

ON DENNISTON: He looks at Alan with a withering, simmering glare.

ON ALAN: He doesn't budge an inch, or feel the slightest need to explain himself.

As everyone stares at him, angry, the tension is brutal.

STEWART MENZIES  
(to Alan)  
... Popular at school, were you?

CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - MINUTES LATER**

Alan, Hugh, John and Peter walk back into Hut 8 after the meeting - resigned, unhappily, to their fate.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
... So what do we do now?

PETER HILTON  
We're short on staff.

ALAN TURING  
We get more staff.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
And how are you going to do that?

Alan takes a paper from his desk and TACKS IT UP ON THE WALL.

ON THE PAPER: It's a CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

**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 a crossword puzzle. Below it, the ad copy says - "If you can solve this puzzle in under ten minutes please call STO-6264 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.

**INT. FAMILY HOME - SAME TIME**

Back in the first house, the Man is trying to complete the puzzle when -

- The AIR RAID SIREN goes off.

Quickly, the Man gathers his FAMILY and they rush down into

**INT. BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS**

The Man and his WIFE light candles in the safety of their underground BOMB SHELTER.

As BOMBS EXPLODE on the street above them, the Man passes TOYS and GAMES to his children, to keep them distracted during the assault.

He returns to Alan's crossword puzzle, trying to solve it as just a few yards above him a city burnt to rubble.

**INT. TUBE STATION - LONDON - SAME TIME**

CIVILIANS run down into an old TUBE TUNNEL to get away from the bombing.

Inside the tightly crowded station, some people read books, some play games, some lay on the train tracks to sleep as dust POOFS UP from the shaking ground.

Normal life goes on as the LIGHTS FLICKER from the shelling above.

By the dim flickering, we see OTHER PEOPLE trying their hand at Alan's puzzle.

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

Alan bicycles through London, passing a group of GASMASKED SCHOOLCHILDREN being led calmly on a DRILL by their TEACHER.

As a MILKMAN crosses a BOMBED OUT BUILDING to deliver his wares, Alan comes to a stop beside a MARRIED COUPLE who are digging through the RUBBLE. The husband digs while the wife rests, sipping tea as if her house was other than a war zone.

While FIREMEN tend to a nearby smoldering mess, Alan locks up his bike and enters MI-6 HEADQUARTERS.

END SEQUENCE

**INT. MI-6 HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - MOMENTS LATER**

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

And you think they're qualified for Bletchley because they're good at crossword puzzles?

ALAN TURING

Well, they say they're good. Now 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

... You'll have six minutes to  
complete the puzzle, at which  
point—

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

Her name is JOAN CLARKE, 20s, a graduate student at Cambridge  
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 tire.

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 road.

MI-6 AGENT

No, ma'am, the secretaries are to  
head upstairs. This room is for the  
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  
circumstance. 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 turns to Menzies - who's been  
silently observing Alan thus far - for support.

Menzies SHRUGS.

The Agent backs down.

Alan passes out NEW CROSSWORD PUZZLES.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)  
- 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

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. Quiet. 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 crosswords - it's about how you approach solving an impossible problem. Do you take the whole thing at once? Do you divide it into smaller -

- 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.

ON ALAN: The smartest man in the room is surprised for the first time in a very long time by someone who might be even smarter.

STEWART MENZIES

(to Alan)

Seems like some people approach it by simply doing the impossible.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLASS ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

Minutes later, TWO PEOPLE have survived the crossword test.  
Joan is one of them.

STEWART MENZIES

Congratulations, and my warmest  
welcome to His Majesty's service.  
If you speak a word of anything I'm  
about to show you, you'll be  
executed for High Treason. You will  
lie to your friends, your family,  
everyone you meet about what it is  
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. SHERBORNE 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 child.

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

Talking?

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.

**EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DORMITORY - EVENING**

Christopher walks Young Alan back to his dormitory. They're happy after a long day together.

CHRISTOPHER

Goodnight, Alan.

Christopher touches Alan's shoulder, and the two share a sweet moment.

ALAN TURING

Goodnight.

Alan watches Christopher go; his heart is blooming, in love.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - DAY - 1951**

A crowded POLICE STATION.

Detective Nock approaches his boss, SUPERINTENDANT SMITH, as the latter walks through the station dropping PAPERS onto various DESKS and checking the work of other POLICE OFFICERS.

Nock hands Superintendant Smith a MANILA ENVELOPE.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
What is this?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Alan Turing's classified military file.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
(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*. That means someone got rid of them. Erased them, burned them.

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 spies? From the papers?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
The Soviet spies. But first, they  
were professors, weren't they?  
Newspapers say they became  
radicalized at Cambridge. Then they  
joined the Communist Party, took  
positions in the Foreign Office and  
leaked information to Stalin during  
the war. Now, can you think of  
anyone else we know who was at  
Cambridge, then took up something  
murky and top secret when the war  
broke out?

Smith gives him a look.

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

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

ON SUPERINTENDANT SMITH: He's considering...

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Something very serious is  
happening, right here under our  
noses. Wouldn't you like to find  
out what it is?

Smith thinks, and then hands the folder back to Nock.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
No. I wouldn't. I like my job. Now  
as to yours: Those lads have been  
causing a ruckus down by Whitworth  
Park again. Will you give them a  
talking to? Thank you.

And with that, Smith leaves.

ON NOCK: Damn it.

He walks back across the station to find Sergeant Staehl  
waiting beside his desk.

SERGEANT STAEHL  
Well? What'd he say?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
He said alright. Let's do it. Let's follow Turing. You'll take the first shift. Turing won't have a secret left by the time we're through with him.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - DAY - 1941**

CLOSE ON: A GIANT, HALF-BUILT MACHINE. The size of a dining room table, but taller than it is wide, its guts are composed of SPINNING GEARS and a seemingly endless stream of LONG RED WIRES.

REVEAL: TECHNICIANS work on putting the machine together, SOLDERING THE WIRES, while Alan FUSSES.

ALAN TURING  
Careful! Damn it, will you - It's not a toy.

Alan tries to protect his precious creation when he's interrupted by:

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Alan! Your new minion has arrived.

Alan turns to see: His new recruit, JACK GOOD.

... But no Joan.

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

CUT TO:

**INT. CLARKE HOUSE - LONDON - DAY**

Joan returns home from the market when she hears a familiar VOICE from the sitting room.

ALAN TURING (O.S.)  
- Well it's a very *important* radio factory you see. It's not really - I mean along the spectrum of radio factories this one is particularly-

Joan follows the voices to find:

Alan sitting across from her MOTHER and FATHER, arguing.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
(seeing Joan)  
Hello.

Joan makes the sort of face any young woman would make if she found Alan Turing sitting to tea with her parents.

CUT TO:

**INT. CLARKE HOUSE - LONDON - MINUTES LATER**

In the KITCHEN: Joan's MOTHER hands her a TEA TRAY. The two share a look.

As Joan's Mother and Father pretend to putter in the kitchen, listening in on the conversation in the next room, Joan takes the tray to the LIVING ROOM, where she begins to serve tea.

ALAN TURING  
... Why aren't you at Bletchley?

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

ALAN TURING  
Gather your things and let's go.

JOAN CLARKE  
I'm sorry. I am unable to accept  
your offer.

ALAN TURING  
And why not?

JOAN CLARKE  
As my father told you, it is felt -  
well we feel - that such a position  
would hardly be appropriate.

ALAN TURING  
You earned a double-first in  
mathematics.

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

ALAN TURING  
You belong at Bletchley.

JOAN CLARKE

I'm sorry, but for someone in my position to work - to live - amongst all of your men, so far from home... It would be indecorous.

ALAN TURING

What in the world does that even -

JOAN CLARKE

("I told you they're listening!")

- One lump or two?

ON ALAN: Are you fucking serious?

ON JOAN: Yes. I'm fucking serious.

ON ALAN: He tries to think of a solution...

ALAN TURING

... We have a group of young women who tend to our clerical tasks. Assistants, translators. They live together in town. Would that be a more suitable environment?

ON JOAN'S PARENTS: This sounds more promising.

JOAN CLARKE

So I would be working amongst these women?

ALAN TURING

("Not actually")

Yes.

ON JOAN: "Go on."

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

... Wonderful ladies, they even organize social events at St Martin's church, down the road. The whole thing is really quite... Decorous.

ON JOAN'S PARENTS: That's much better.

JOAN CLARKE

("Good job.")

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.

ALAN TURING  
You won't have the proper 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.

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

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

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAY**

Joan and a few OTHER WRENS exit a BUS that's deposited them in front of the Park's central mansion.

Looking up at it, she sees Alan walking across the way.

He gives her a small wave, which she returns with a small wave back.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - NIGHT**

Later in Hut 8, the team (w/o Alan) - Hugh, John, Peter, and the new guy, Jack - work frantically into the night.

The team uses their PERFORATED SHEETS to find linguistic patterns in the Enigma messages, everyone working as hard and as fast as they possibly can until -

- Suddenly a BELL GOES OFF.

Everyone stops their work, frustrated.

Angry, Hugh KICKS his desk.

JACK GOOD  
... What just happened?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
Midnight. All the work we did today  
is useless. But don't worry: We've  
a few hours before tomorrow's  
messages start pouring in. And we  
start all over again.

PETER HILTON  
From scratch.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
I am sick of this. Sick. He made me  
waste four hours this morning re-  
wiring his plugboard matrix. Three  
hours yesterday on rotor positions.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
Don't go over there.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
No. If our job was not impossible  
before it bloody well is now.

Hugh stands and heads to the door -

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
- Hugh, don't -

- But Hugh is already gone to

CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - MOMENTS LATER**

Alan stands alone with his machine, tinkering, comparing the  
assembly to his SCHEMATICS.

Hugh BURSTS in -

HUGH ALEXANDER  
- Damn you and damn your useless  
machine.

ALAN TURING  
(not even looking)  
My machine is how we're going to  
win.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
This machine?



Hugh grabs a GLASS from the table and SMASHES IT AGAINST ALAN'S MACHINE.

ALAN TURING  
(turning around, shocked)  
Stop.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
This is the bloody machine you're  
talking about?

He grabs a WRENCH -

- Alan moves to protect Christopher, standing between Hugh  
and the machine -

ALAN TURING  
No no don't -

- When the team enters behind Hugh -

- GRABBING HIM and HOLDING HIM BACK.

Alan stands between the team and his machine as Hugh STEAMS.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
... You could help us. You could  
make this go faster. But you won't.

PETER HILTON  
Hugh is right, Alan. There are  
actual soldiers out there trying to  
win an actual war - my brother, my  
cousins, all my friends, they are  
all making a difference, while we  
wile away our days producing  
nothing. Because of you.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Because of you...

Hugh PUSHES towards Alan again -

- but John HOLDS HIM BACK.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
(to Hugh, calming)  
... What's the use?

ALAN TURING  
My machine will work.

Hugh stares Alan, then at John.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
.... I'm going to the pub.

Hugh leaves, and the team FOLLOWS.

ALAN TURING  
... It'll work.

ON ALAN: Alone. Rattled from the violence. Scared.

And yet... Resolved.

He makes a fateful decision and runs off to

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - MINUTES LATER**

Alan goes back into Hut 8, which is now empty.

He goes to a far STORAGE CABINET, from which he removes a  
STACK OF ENIGMA MESSAGES.

Alan FOLDS THE SHEETS, STUFFING THEM INTO HIS COAT POCKETS -

- INTO HIS PANTS -

- INTO HIS SHOES -

- ETC.

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

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DIRT PATH - MINUTES LATER**

Alan walks his bicycle through the CHECK POINT, showing his  
ID to the GUARDS.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS**

At the Gate, ARMED GUARDS stop him as he passes, and as is  
protocol, Alan opens up his BRIEFCASE for the men to see:

Nothing is inside.

Concealing the documents in his coat/pants/shoes/etc., Alan  
hops on his bike and heads off to:

**EXT. JOAN'S FLAT - LATER**

Alan bicycles to the outside of Joan's new flat.

The windows are BOARDED UP at night - city regulations, so  
that the Germans flying overhead can't see any lights from  
the town.

Alan CHUCKS A SMALL rock at Joan's boarded window -  
 - Then carefully sneaks around in back of the house-  
 - Finding an OPEN BACK WINDOW -  
 - On the second floor.

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  
 Sorry.

Joan turns on a SMALL LAMP and then lights some CANDLES.

JOAN CLARKE  
 The best I can do. No male visitors  
 after dark.

She watches Alan remove papers from his pockets.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)  
 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 starts PLACING THE MESSAGES down on a table, but there isn't room, so he starts LAYING THEM OUT ON THE FLOOR.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

(reading a message)

"0600 hours. Weather today is clear. Rain in the evening. Heil 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 clue there that we can build into Christopher?

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...

(looks over the messages)

Are you trying to build your Universal Machine?

Alan looks at her: How do you know what that is?

Joan smiles.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

I read your paper at university.

ALAN TURING

They're teaching it already?

JOAN CLARKE

Oh God no, but I was precocious. You theorized a machine that can solve any problem. It doesn't just do one thing: It does everything. The machine isn't only programmable, it's re-programmable.

ON ALAN: She understands what he's been writing about.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)  
Is that part of the idea behind  
your Christopher?

ALAN TURING  
Human beings can compute large sums  
very quickly. Even Hugh can do  
that. I want Christopher to be...  
Smarter. To make a calculation, and  
then to determine what to do next.  
Like a person does. Think of it: An  
electrical brain. A digital  
computer.

JOAN CLARKE  
(trying out the words on  
her tongue)  
A "digital computer?" Hmm.

ALAN TURING  
I'll 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.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry.

They hear more noise from downstairs: "Joan?!? HELLO?!?"

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 been injured in his fall.

(Climbing is not his strong suit.)

Alan walks through the grounds into:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - CONTINUOUS**

Alan enters Hut 8 to find his team watching silently as a bunch of MILITARY POLICE RIFLE THROUGH HIS DESK -

- MANHANDLING his papers, his machine parts, making a mess.

ALAN TURING  
(re: parts of Christopher)  
Hey! Don't touch that!

The RMP'S TRAIN GUNS ON HIM.

MILITARY POLICEMAN  
Don't move!

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.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
The Navy thinks one of us is a  
Soviet double-agent, Alan.

ALAN TURING  
Why?

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
 Our boys intercepted this on its  
 way to Moscow. Look familiar?

Denniston hands Alan a TELEGRAM — it's a LONG STRING OF  
 LETTERS, running down the entire page.

ALAN TURING  
 (looking at the telegram)  
 ... This is a Beale Cypher. It's  
 encrypted with a key phrase, from a  
 book or a poem or...  
 (re: the team)  
 Which one of them did this?

As Alan stares at the team, they stare back at him.  
 He glances at the RMP's rifling through his desk.  
 Oh fuck.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
 I'm not a double agent.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
 Double agents are such bastards.  
 Isolated loners. No attachments to  
 friends or family. Arrogant. Think  
 they're smart enough to get away  
 with anything. Do you know anyone  
 like that?

ALAN TURING  
 I know you don't like me... But you  
 don't think I could actually be a  
 spy, do you?

ON THE TEAM: They won't look him in the eye.

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

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
 Well then. Next time, you will make  
 a mistake. And then, I don't even  
 need to bother firing you — I can  
 simply hang you for treason.

Denniston and his men LEAVE.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
 (to Jack)  
 ... Aren't you glad you joined up  
 just in time?

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - MINUTES LATER**

In the machine Hut next door, Alan touches his precious machine for comfort.

Whenever he feels lonely, misunderstood, isolated — he has his machine.

There's a KNOCK on the door and...

... Joan enters.

JOAN CLARKE

I heard about what happened... I have an idea of what might cheer you up.

CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - BEER HUT - LATER**

Alan and Joan sip from beer bottles in the "beer hut" — Among the military commissaries, it's so named because, well, it's the one that serves beer.

They can be a bit more relaxed here than at Joan's flat.

They're surrounded by NAPKINS full of MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS, which they're studying, debating, etc.

JOAN CLARKE

... So because no letter can be encoded as itself, you've already a handful of settings that can be rejected at the outset. If you —

Just then, Hugh, John, and Peter enter the Beer Hut...

... Alan looks up, seeing them.

Joan notices.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

Is that your team? Let's say hello.

ALAN TURING

No.

JOAN CLARKE

(to the boys)

Over here!

They see Joan...



ALAN TURING  
I told you not to do that.

JOAN CLARKE  
Correct.

... Hugh, John and Peter 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! We're in need of supplies.

Joan hops behind the bar and the BARTENDER helps her to  
BOTTLES OF GUINNESS.

Hugh, Alan, John and Peter watch.

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

ALAN TURING  
What? No. Of course not.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Mind if I have a crack?

ALAN TURING  
I'm not a Soviet spy.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Do love a proper blonde.

ALAN TURING  
Hugh. I swear. I'm not a spy.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Oh for God's sake, Alan, of course  
you're not a spy.

ALAN TURING  
What?

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Denniston gave me the Beale Cypher.  
And guess what? I broke it. "Ask  
and it shall be given you; seek and  
ye shall find." Matthew 7:7. That  
was the key. Far too simple for  
you. Pity Denniston disagrees.

Returning, Joan POURS PINTS OF GUINNESS FOR THE TEAM.

JOAN CLARKE  
Did you ever notice that the  
bubbles in a pint of Guinness  
travel *downwards*, as opposed to  
upwards in any other beer? Ever  
wonder why? It's because the pint  
glass creates drag on the bubbles  
along the side; but the center  
bubbles are free to sprint upwards.  
Then the rising current in the  
middle pushes down on the side  
bubbles and... And voila: Guinness.  
The official beer of  
mathematicians.

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

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Be still my beating heart. Come  
join us for a drink.

ALAN TURING  
She's assisting me with some  
calculations.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Fine, Alan can come too.

ALAN TURING  
Thank you.

JOAN CLARKE  
Hugh was being sarcastic.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
He's a lost cause, I promise.

JOAN CLARKE  
We'll be there in a moment.

Joan smiles at Hugh as he joins John and Peter at a separate table.

ALAN TURING  
... He likes you.

JOAN CLARKE  
Yes.

ALAN TURING  
You got him to like you.

JOAN CLARKE  
Yes.

ALAN TURING  
Why?

JOAN CLARKE  
Because I'm a woman in a man's job  
and I don't have the luxury of  
being an ass.  
(beat)  
Alan, it doesn't matter how smart  
you are. Enigma is smarter. If you  
really want to beat it - if you  
really want to solve your puzzle -  
you're going to need all the help  
you can get. And they are not going  
to help you if they do not like  
you.

Alan thinks. The next sentence is incredibly hard for him to say out loud.

ALAN TURING  
... How should I get them to like me?

CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

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

He's carrying a BAG OF APPLES.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
(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 something.

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 walks off to the adjacent Hut.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHERBORNE 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 isn't bothered by the laughter - he's safe in his private world with Christopher.

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

TEACHER (CONT'D)  
Alright you lot, do not forget your  
calculus over break. Have a  
pleasant holiday and we'll resume  
your integrals when you return.

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

**EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - CLOISTERS - MINUTES LATER**

Now alone, Alan DECRYPTS THE MESSAGE. One at a time, the letters become intelligible.

ON THE NOTE: "SEE YOU IN TWO LONG WEEKS, DEAREST FRIEND."

ON ALAN: Christopher called him his dearest friend.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - OUTSIDE HUT 8 - DAY - 1941**

Alan and Joan eat a PICNIC LUNCH in a wooded area behind Hut 8.

Alan finishes writing an EQUATION, then hands his NOTEBOOK to Joan.

She looks at the equation, then instantly starts CROSSING THINGS OUT and REWRITING. Alan laughs. There aren't many people who would cross out his work so brazenly.

Joan sees his laughter, looks up: "What'd I do?"

But before Alan can respond they both see: Hugh approaching.

Alan is nervous.

But Hugh simply HANDS ALAN A SHEET OF PAPER.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Look at this.

As Alan and Joan stare at SCHEMATICS on the paper, Hugh SWIPES A SANDWICH from their picnic and begins to chew.

HUGH ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
If you run the wires across the  
plugboard matrix *diagonally*, you'll  
eliminate rotor positions 500 times  
faster.

ALAN TURING  
... This is actually not an  
entirely terrible idea.

JOAN CLARKE  
That's Alan for "thank you."

ALAN TURING  
(looking up)  
That's my sandwich.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
You don't like sandwiches.

And with that, Hugh takes another bite, gives Joan a wink, and walks off.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - DAY**

Alan and the team (Hugh, John, Peter) stand in a half-circle around the now-completed Christopher.

An ELECTRICAL ASSISTANT feeds fresh Enigma messages into one end of the machine.

The men look at each other, feeling the importance of the moment.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
(to Alan)  
You nervous?

Alan takes a gulp and CONNECTS the final bit of electrical wiring...

... AND THE VERY FIRST "DIGITAL COMPUTER" IN HISTORY COMES TO LIFE.

ON THE MACHINE: GEARS ARE SPINNING, CURRENT IS RACING THROUGH THE WIRES.

The CLACKING SOUND it makes is UNBELIEVABLY LOUD.

PETER HILTON  
(yelling over the machine)  
Christ!! What happens now?!

ALAN TURING  
It should tell us the day's Enigma settings!!

HUGH ALEXANDER  
How long?!?

ON ALAN: He's not sure...

The team shares a look: Is this really going to work?

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAWN**

Dawn rises over Bletchley Park.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DENNISTON'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Commander Denniston receives a visit from the Electrical Assistant who'd been helping Alan in the previous scene.

ELECTRICAL ASSISTANT  
The gears just keep spinning and spinning. It's endless.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
And there's no result in sight?

The Assistant NODS. Denniston SMILES: Got him.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - EARLY MORNING**

As the machine CLACKS away, Alan is frantically going over his papers. He's unshaven, wearing yesterday's clothes. He hasn't gotten a wink of sleep.

ON ALAN'S FRANTIC PACING: Why isn't it working? Why?!

Alan rubs his eyes, exhausted, and as he does so he looks out the window to see...

... Commander Denniston walking towards the Machine Hut, accompanied by a HOME OFFICE MAN and TWO RMPs.

Alan quickly runs to the door and BOLTS it -

- Just as Denniston and the men get to it from the outside.

OUTSIDE:

Denniston tries the door. It won't open.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Turing! Open the bloody door!

INSIDE:

ALAN TURING  
No!!!

OUTSIDE:

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Open the door or we will break it  
down!!

INSIDE:

ALAN TURING  
I cannot let you in!! I cannot let  
you interfere!!!

OUTSIDE:

Denniston turns to the RMPs: Break it down.

The RMPs KICK DOWN THE DOOR -

- And the men BURST INTO THE ROOM as Alan FALLS BACK.



COMMANDER DENNISTON  
(re: the horrible noise)  
Turn that thing off.

An RMP walks over to Christopher -

- Alan tries to stop him but they POINT GUNS AT HIM -

- And so Alan watches in absolute horror as they TURN OFF THE MACHINE.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (CONT'D)  
Well then. It seems your great big  
expensive machine doesn't work.

ALAN TURING  
It does.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Wonderful. So you've broken Enigma  
then?

ALAN TURING  
It works... It was just... Still  
working.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
This is my associate from the Home  
Office. A hundred thousand pounds  
is quite a lot of money. He's here  
to see what you have to show for  
it.

ALAN TURING  
You will never understand the  
importance of what I've created  
here.

Commander Denniston exchanges a look with the men: See what I  
mean?

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Have you decrypted any German  
messages? A single one? Can you  
point to anything at all that  
you've achieved?

ON ALAN: He can't.

COMMANDER DENNISTON (CONT'D)  
Your funding is up, and our  
patience has expired. It is with  
such great pleasure that I finally  
get to say this: Alan Turing,  
you're fired.

ON ALAN: What can he do? This is it...

COMMANDER DENNISTON (CONT'D)  
Please escort Mr. Turing from the  
premises.

HUGH ALEXANDER (O.S.)  
No.

Everyone turns to see Hugh, John, and Peter at the door,  
wearing fresh clothes.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
Pardon?

HUGH ALEXANDER  
God help me... If you fire Alan,  
you'll have to fire me too.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
What on earth are you saying?

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Trust me, no one wants to say this  
less than I do, but Alan's right.  
His machine can work. At least it's  
the best chance we've got.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
You must be joking.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
If you fire them, you'll have to  
fire me too.

PETER HILTON  
And me.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
We're the best cryptographic minds  
in Britain. Are you going to fire  
us all?

Denniston looks to the Home Office Man, who NODS: Hugh is  
right.

HUGH ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
At least give us more time. Six  
more months, and if the machine  
doesn't produce results we'll go  
back to doing things the old way.

COMMANDER DENNISTON  
... One month. And then so help me  
God you are all gone.

Denniston and his men LEAVE.

The team breathes a sigh of relief: They've been given a temporary reprieve.

ALAN TURING  
... Thank you.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
This machine better bloody work.

CUT TO:

**INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - DAY - 1951**

Sergeant Staehl walks eagerly through the police station.

He comes to an office marked "SUPERINTENDANT SMITH", where he OPENS the door to find

**INT. MANCHESTER POLICE STATION - SMITH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Superintendent Smith and Detective Nock are in the middle of a genial conversation.

The Superintendent turns to Staehl.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
Can I help you?

SERGEANT STAEHL  
Sirs, I think I've got him.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
Got who?

SERGEANT STAEHL  
Turing.

Detective Nock looks at Staehl - "Shhhh!"

The Superintendent looks at Nock - "You didn't..."

SERGEANT STAEHL (CONT'D)  
I trailed Turing to a pub last night, where he met a bloke. They exchanged an envelope. So I followed the guy, picked him up, gave him a good shake... Here, I'll show you.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
(to Nock, angry)  
You and I will discuss this later.  
(to Staehl)  
Sergeant.

They follow Staehl out to...

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

As Nock and Smith stands outside the INTERROGATION ROOM,  
Sergeant Staehl points through the window in the door:

Inside is ARNOLD MURRAY, 20s, nervous.

SERGEANT STAEHL  
He's a bloody poofter. He  
confessed.

Staehl shows Nock and Smith a SIGNED STATEMENT.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
What?

SERGEANT STAEHL  
The man admitted it. Arnold Murray.  
Bit of a hustler. Hangs around that  
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, with a  
friend. That's what Turing was  
hiding: He's a poof, not a spy.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
No.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
This is good work, Sergeant. Quite  
good.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
No, it's not.

SERGEANT STAEHL  
What's the matter? We can charge a  
university professor with  
indecentcy.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
No. No. This is bloody rubbish.  
Turing is up to something  
important, not getting his jollies  
in some pub.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
He committed a crime. He broke the law. And with a *bloke*, Christ, it's bloody disgusting.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
I don't care if it's disgusting. This is not the investigation I was conducting.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
Clearly.  
(to Staehl)  
Bring him in.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Wait. Let me interrogate him.

SUPERINTENDANT SMITH  
You're asking me for a favour right now?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Please. I know him. I know he's hiding something and I know I can get him to talk... Give me half an hour alone and then I swear to you I will spend the next month running errands on as many rubbish cases as you like.

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

CUT TO:

**INT. JOAN'S FLAT - DAY - 1941**

Joan comes home to her flat. She looks sad as she puts her key in the lock and opens the door.

She enters to find:

HUNDREDS OF MATHEMATICAL PAPERS ARE SCATTERED ALL OVER HER LIVING ROOM.

She sighs.

JOAN CLARKE  
Alan?

At the sound of her voice, Alan comes out of the wash room, wiping the shaving cream from his face. He's moving and talking a mile a minute.

ALAN TURING  
Christopher is simply not moving  
fast enough.

JOAN CLARKE  
We should talk.

Joan sits down, sadly.

ALAN TURING  
(totally oblivious)  
Even with the diagonal board he's  
not eliminating settings as quickly  
as -

JOAN CLARKE  
Alan, I'm leaving.

ALAN TURING  
You just walked in.

JOAN CLARKE  
No. Bletchley.

ALAN TURING  
What?

JOAN CLARKE  
It's my parents... I am twenty-five  
and I am unmarried and I am living  
alone... And they want me home.

ALAN TURING  
That's ridiculous.

JOAN CLARKE  
That's my parents.

ALAN TURING  
You cannot leave. I won't let you.

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

ALAN TURING  
I don't care what's normal.

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

ALAN TURING

No. This is unacceptable. You are not leaving and that is that.

JOAN CLARKE

What am I supposed to do, Alan? I will not give up my parents. The world is burning to ash and they are my family and they want me home.

ALAN TURING

You have the opportunity here to make some actual use of your life -

JOAN CLARKE

- And end up like you? No thanks. I'm sorry you're lonely. I'm sorry no one likes you. But Enigma will not save you. Can you decypher that, you fragile narcissist? 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)

... I'm sorry.

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

What if you weren't living alone... If you had a husband?

JOAN CLARKE

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  
It's the logical thing to do.

JOAN CLARKE  
This is ridiculous.

ALAN TURING  
This is your parents.

JOAN CLARKE  
(trying to process)  
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. BLETCHLEY PARK - BEER HUT - NIGHT**

An impromptu ENGAGEMENT PARTY in the Beer Hut that night:

— A BANNER made from PUNCH CARDS reads: "CONGRATULATIONS!"

— Music plays as DANCERS TWIRL in the center of the Hut.

— Joan LAUGHS with her WREN FRIENDS in one corner, while in another Alan drinks beer with his team.

ON JOAN AND THE GIRLS: She shows off her makeshift wire engagement ring:

JOAN'S FRIEND  
(trying her best)  
... It's... beautiful?

Joan LAUGHS. She understands.

JOAN CLARKE  
I know it's not an ordinary ring...

She looks over at Alan warmly.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)  
... But who ever loved ordinary?

ON ALAN AND THE BOYS: They're are all a bit drunk, TELLING DIRTY STORIES:

HUGH ALEXANDER  
... So she's got it in her hands,  
right, and she looks up at me and  
says, "I'm to put it in my mouth?"  
And I say, "yes, you know. The  
French way." So she pops it in,  
closes her lips around the thing...  
And then she starts humming the  
bloody Marseillaise!

The men BURST INTO LAUGHTER.

Except for Alan, who looks a bit confused.

PETER HILTON  
(to Alan)  
What about you and Joan? Does she  
do it the French way?

Alan looks away, uncomfortable.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
Soon enough, you lucky bastard.

Just then, Joan comes over and throws an affectionate arm around Alan.

JOAN CLARKE

Care for a dance?

HUGH ALEXANDER

No no, your fiancé can dance with you anytime he likes. Now it's my turn.

Hugh takes Joan's hand, and leads her across the room. They begin to DANCE, while Peter follows, dancing with one of Joan's friends.

Alan and John are left alone at the table.

Alan looks worried.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

What's the matter?

ALAN TURING

... What if I don't fancy... being with Joan in that way?

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

Because you're a homosexual?

Alan looks at him, surprised.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (CONT'D)

I suspected. You're not quite as much of an enigma as you think you are. Or as much as Enigma is.

ALAN TURING

Should I tell Joan? I've had affairs. With other men.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

You know, in my admittedly limited experience, women tend to be a bit touchy about accidentally marrying homosexuals. I think perhaps not spreading this information around might be in your best interest.

ALAN TURING

Having children, a family... I want that with her. I do. I just don't know if I can... Pretend...

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
 You can't tell anyone, Alan. It's  
 illegal. And Denniston is looking  
 for any excuse he can get to put  
 you away.

ALAN TURING  
 ... I know.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
 This has to stay a secret, or trust  
 me, they'll kill you for it.

ON ALAN: He knows John is right.

As Alan thinks, Joan comes back over and offers him her hand.

JOAN CLARKE  
 Come on, now it's your turn.

She leads him to the dance floor.

As they START TO DANCE, chastely, sweetly, WE

CUT TO:

**INT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - ALAN'S ROOM - DAY - 1927**

CLOSE ON A LETTER: "I LOVE YOU" is written on the paper.

REVEAL: Young Alan sits in his dormitory room, ENCRYPTING his  
 love letter to Christopher.

Slowly, letter by letter, Alan transforms "I LOVE YOU" into  
 code...

Hearing a commotion, Alan LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW:

BOYS are being unloaded from a BUS at the gates, dropped off  
 to begin the new spring term.

Alan sees them all, excited: Christopher is coming back!

He STUFFS HIS ENCRYPTED LETTER IN AN ENVELOPE and RUNS OFF to

**EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - FRONT GATES - MINUTES LATER**

Alan waits eagerly by the main gate as BOYS STREAM PAST -

- Joking, horsing around -

- Alan waits patiently, looking for Christopher's face among  
 the rowdy schoolboys -

– Until: They're all gone.

Christopher never shows.

Alan looks at his undelivered note, then at the empty yard before him.

Where is Christopher?

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**

Alan Turing sits alone in the interrogation room with his eyes closed.

Detective Nock enters.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Cup of tea?

ALAN TURING  
(eyes closed)  
Thanks, no.

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  
(changing tacks)  
... Can machines think?

ALAN TURING  
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? 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?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
That's... This big paper you wrote... What's it called?

ALAN TURING  
 "The Imitation Game."

DETECTIVE NOCK  
 Right. That's what it's about?

ALAN TURING  
 (thinking)  
 ... Would you like to play?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
 Play?

ALAN TURING  
 The game. It's a test, of sorts.  
 For determining whether something  
 is a machine, or a human being.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
 How do we play?

ALAN TURING  
 There's a judge, and a subject. The  
 judge asks questions, and based on  
 the subject's answers, he  
 determines: Who is he speaking  
 with? *What* is he speaking with? All  
 you have to do is ask me a  
 question.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
 ... What did you do during the war?

ALAN TURING  
 I worked in a radio factory.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
 What did you *really* do during the  
 war?

Alan smiles — Detective Nock is smarter than he looks.

ALAN TURING  
 ... Are you paying attention?

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - NIGHT - 1942**

Alan and his team — Hugh, John, Peter — anxiously stand  
 before Alan's huge machine as it CLACK CLACK CLACKS,  
 ferociously loud.

The gears are spinning, current is flowing through the wires,  
 and the team stares at it, taking turns compulsively checking  
 their watches.

ON ALAN: This is going to work. This has to work.

Suddenly...

... DING. The chime announces the stroke of midnight.

HUGH ALEXANDER

Damn it!

Everyone is pissed, frustrated.

Alan looks as if he's about to rip his own hair out: Why won't this damned thing work?

As the machine CLACKS on, oblivious, they all walk outside:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - NEAR HUT 11 - CONTINUOUS**

The team walks across Bletchley together, moving as one through the most highly secret war zone in the world.

MORE SECURITY has been added throughout the park, including along the path from Hut 11 - ARMED GUARDS check IDs, which the team hands over absentmindedly.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

We're soon out of time. Our month...

PETER HILTON

So that's it then. We lost.

HUGH ALEXANDER

It does not matter how much we improve on it, that machine will never be able to check 159 million million possibilities in time.

ALAN TURING

It's searching... It's just... It doesn't know what it's searching for... If only we knew what the messages were going to say...

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

If we knew what the messages were going to say, we wouldn't have to decrypt them at all.

ON ALAN: Maybe it was always impossible after all.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - BEER HUT - LATER**

It's crowded in the beer hut, even this late at night.

On one side of the room, Alan, Hugh, John, and Peter are drinking. Commiserating about their fate.

On the other side, Joan is drinking with her friend HELEN - a fellow WREN.

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! Lord, 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 there is nothing like a  
friend's engagement to make a woman  
want to do something she will later  
regret with the fiancé's better-  
looking chum.

Hugh drags Alan across the pub to Helen and Joan.

ON JOHN AND PETER:

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
Half crown says Alan bollockses  
this up 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.

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 do you mean you work alongside  
a German?

HELEN

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

HUGH ALEXANDER

I'll require another pint to tell  
you why you're wrong.

HELEN

Let's.

Helen and Hugh walk away to the bar...

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 winces.

Helen and Hugh come back over.

HELEN

Yes, Alan?

ALAN TURING

Why do you think your German counterpart has a girlfriend?

HELEN

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

ALAN TURING

Tell me.

HELEN

Each one of his messages begins with the same five letters. C-I-L-L-Y. So I suspect 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.

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 OFF -

- Leaving Hugh and Joan standing there, confused.

They share a look: What's gotten into Alan?

Joan quickly RUNS OFF after Alan -

- Hugh follows suit -

— And John and Peter, seeing this across the room, take off after Hugh —

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - CONTINUOUS - SEQUENCE**

Everyone chases Alan across Bletchley Park —

— GUARDS YELL at Alan as he bypasses security checkpoints —

— Guards are screaming at them, drawing guns as he and Joan barrel into Hut 8 —

— Hugh and John show their IDs to the Guards, yelling back at them —

— Hugh and John finally get rid of the guards and enter:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - CONTINUOUS**

— Joan runs into the Hut to find that Alan has grabbed a BOX OF PREVIOUSLY DECRYPTED MESSAGES —

— Alan POURS those messages out all over the floor —

JOAN CLARKE

Alan?

— Hugh, John, and Peter enter as Alan spreads the messages out on the floor. (Just like he did in Joan's flat!)

ALAN TURING

What if Christopher doesn't have to search through all the settings?  
What if he only had to search the ones that produce the words we already know will be in the message?

HUGH ALEXANDER

Repeated words! Predictable words...

— They all search the messages with Alan —

— Joan holds up a DECRYPT: It's the same one she read earlier.

JOAN CLARKE

Like this?

(reading aloud)

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

ALAN TURING

Yes! That's it!

(looking at message)

They send a weather report at 6AM.  
Every day. That means there are  
three words we already know will be  
in the 6am message. "Weather,"  
obviously, and -

HUGH ALEXANDER

- "Heil bloody Hitler."

ALAN TURING

Heil bloody Hitler.

Joan searches through a PILE, finding:

JOAN CLARKE

Here's the 6 o'clock message from  
this morning.

Joan holds the message as they all run out to:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - CONTINUOUS**

Alan runs from Hut 8 to Hut 11, the team chasing behind him.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - CONTINUOUS**

Alan, Joan, John, Peter and Hugh burst in -

ALAN TURING

Hugh - the right hand letter-rings.  
Set them to -

HUGH ALEXANDER

- I know, I know. "Veter."  
"Hitler."

- Hugh turns the rings while -

ALAN TURING

- Peter, John - Run voltage from  
those rings through the back  
scramblers -

- John and Peter go around back -

JOHN CAIRNCROSS

- So we'll use the loops?

ALAN TURING

— Yes. Joan, what's the last 6am message?

Joan reads aloud to Alan as he enters it in:

JOAN CLARKE

L - H - W - A - U - Q - X - K...

They all stand back as Alan TURNS ON the machine.

They watch the CLACK CLACK CLACK of Christopher as he processes the message...

— They're nervous, fretting, anxiously awaiting his calculations...

... Finally, Christopher STOPS.

Silence, as a SERIES OF ROTORS on the side of Christopher snap into place, displaying a SET OF LETTERS.

PETER HILTON

What happened? Did it work?

Alan SCRIBBLES down the letters ("EXBAO...") and they all run back to —

#### **INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - CONTINUOUS**

Where Alan takes a DUMMY ENIGMA MACHINE, turns the machine's rotors to the setting he wrote down ("EXBAO...") —

ALAN TURING

Give me a fresh message. The last one we intercepted.

Peter hands Alan one from a nearby folder —

— Alan starts typing one of today's gibberish encrypted messages into Enigma —

— As John TAKES DOWN the decoded German letters —

— Hugh looks at what John is writing and TRANSLATES the German into English —

HUGH ALEXANDER

"KMS Jaguar... Is auf punkt — is directed — 53 degrees, 24 minutes north... And auf punkt 1 degree west..."

HUGH ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 "... Heil Hitler."

ALAN TURING  
 "... Heil Hitler."

Alan and Hugh look at each other: Oh my god.

ALAN TURING  
 Turns out that's the only German  
 you need to know to break Enigma.

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.

#### **EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAWN**

Dawn rises over Bletchley Park.

#### **INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAWN**

The team has been there working all through the night.

There's a flurry of activity: Decoding messages, translating the decrypts, reading the information contained within.

Hugh steps back for a moment to look at the product of their work: 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.

HUGH ALEXANDER  
 You did it.  
 (turns to Alan)  
 Bloody hell, you did it. You just  
 defeated Nazism with a crossword  
 puzzle. What does it feel like to  
 do the impossible?

ON ALAN'S FACE: He's not sure. Something is bothering him, but he can't figure out what.

John steps back from his work to join Hugh.



JOHN CAIRNCROSS

There are five people in the world  
who know the position of every ship  
in the Atlantic. They are all in  
this room.

Now Joan joins Hugh and John in seeing the full map for the  
first time.

JOAN CLARKE

Oh my good God.

HUGH ALEXANDER

I don't think even He 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.

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 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 Joan CATCHES HIS ARM mid-swing -

- Surprised, Hugh instinctively SWINGS AT HER -

- Smacking Joan hard across the face.

- He's stunned by what he's done as she responds by PUSHING HIM INTO A TABLE -

- And Hugh falls to the floor, next to Alan.

Joan stands above them.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

(to Hugh)

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. *Damn it.* 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.  
(MORE)

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

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

So?

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'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? 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

I'm so sorry.

PETER HILTON

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

ALAN TURING

Yes, we do.

PETER HILTON

Why? Why?

ALAN TURING

Because no one else can.

**INT. TRAIN - DAY**

Alan and Joan ride the train from Bletchley into London.  
They know what they have to do.

**EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY**

Alan and Joan exit the train and walk down the platform.

**INT. TEA SHOP - LONDON - DAY**

In a quiet TEA SHOP, Alan, Joan, and Stewart Menzies sip their Twinings. Outside the GLASS WINDOWS, NURSES help WOUNDED SOLDIERS out of an AMBULANCE and into a local HOSPITAL.

STEWART MENZIES

... Why are you telling me this?

ALAN TURING

We need your help to keep this from the Admiralty. Army. RAF. No one can know we broke Enigma, not even Denniston.

STEWART MENZIES

Who is in the process of having you fired.

JOAN CLARKE

You'll take care of that.

ALAN TURING

While we develop a system for determining how much intelligence to act on. Which attacks to stop, which to let through. Statistical analysis. The minimum number of actions it'll take to win the war, but the maximum number we're able to take before the Germans get suspicious.

STEWART MENZIES

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

ALAN TURING

Correct.

JOAN CLARKE

And then MI-6 can come up with the lies we'll tell everyone else.

ALAN TURING

We'll require a believable  
alternate source for each piece of  
information we use.

JOAN CLARKE

A false story that explains how we  
got that information, that has  
nothing to do with Enigma. And then  
you'll need to leak those stories  
to the Germans.

ALAN TURING

And the rest of our military.

JOAN CLARKE

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.

ON ALAN AND JOAN: Okay. Let's do it.

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)

(smiling)

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

#### **INT. TRAIN - DAY**

Alan and Joan ride the train back to Bletchley.

She reaches out and puts her hand in his. They're in this so  
deep now... But at least they're in it together.

#### **EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - LAWNS - SEQUENCE**

At 6am, dawn is threatening to break across the Park.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

They codenamed it "Ultra."

#### **INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - WREN'S HUT - SEQUENCE**

But in the WREN'S HUT, the women eagerly await the coming of  
the day's first messages -



— And a sudden BEEP BEEP BEEP announces that they have. The WRENS quickly take down the first messages —

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
And it quickly became the largest  
store of military intelligence in  
the history of the world.

A WREN removes the first few dozen from a pile —

— And hands it over to another WREN —

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 11 - SEQUENCE**

— In Hut 11, the WREN gives the day's first messages to Hugh, who enters them into Christopher —

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
It was like having a tap on  
Himmler's intercom.

— Christopher HUMS —

— And Hugh, after a few minutes, reads the day's Enigma settings on the machine's read-out: "FSOQR"

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

Jack turns his Enigma machine to the day's setting — "FSOQR" — and one by one types in the newly intercepted messages, recording the now decrypted results in a BOOKLET. On the cover, the booklet is marked: "ULTRA."

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
Secrecy became the primary concern.  
And for some reason they trusted  
me.

Alan organizes stacks of similar ULTRA booklets when he has trouble finding one of them — He looks up to see Peter walking nearby.

ALAN TURING  
Peter, do you have the 9:30  
decrypts —

But instead of answering, Peter BUMPS HARD against Alan's shoulder, scattering Alan's papers to the floor.

Jack looks over. Peter keeps on walking.

No one helps Alan as he bends down to clean up his papers. Peter LEAVES Hut 8 without speaking a single word.

ON ALAN: He's kneeling down in front of John's MESSY DESK, picking up papers from the floor, when his eyes come level with something on the desk...

... It's a BOOK. Buried underneath CRYPTOGRAPHIC PAPERS.

Alan stares at it strangely. Something about its shape and colour look familiar... He UNCOVERS it...

IT'S A BIBLE.

Holy shit.

There's a page dog-eared. Alan opens to the page - it's Matthew 7:7. "Seek and ye shall find..."

ON ALAN: JOHN CAIRNCROSS IS THE SOVIET SPY.

Suddenly:

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (O.S.)  
Peter will come around eventually.

Alan turns and stands - there's John, right behind him.

ON JOHN: He sees something on Alan's face. Something is wrong. He looks down at the desk... AND SEES THE UNCOVERED BIBLE.

What's John going to do? Alan is terrified...

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (CONT'D)  
... Jack, could you give Alan and I  
a moment?

Across the room, Jack looks over. Whatever is going on between Alan and John, he wants no part of it.

Jack leaves.

Alan is now alone with John, the Soviet spy.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (CONT'D)  
... The Soviets and us, we're all  
on the same side. What I'm doing  
will help Britain.

ALAN TURING  
I'll tell Denniston.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS  
No you won't. Because if you tell  
him my secret, I'll tell him yours.

ON ALAN: Oh God, John was the one person he trusted.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (CONT'D)  
Do you know what they do to  
homosexuals? You'll never be able  
to work again. Never be able to  
teach. Your precious machine -  
doubt you'll ever see him again.

ON ALAN: Looks down. He's beaten.

He puts an understanding hand on Alan's shoulder.

JOHN CAIRNCROSS (CONT'D)  
Until the history books are ready  
to call you a hero, sometimes you  
have to play the villain.

And with that, John takes his bible and leaves.

ON ALAN: What's he going to do?

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - CENTRAL MANSION - DAY**

Alan borrows a phone in the central mansion.

ALAN TURING  
(into phone)  
I need to speak to Menzies...

... But frustrated by the response he hears, Alan HANGS UP.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - JOAN'S FLAT - DAY**

Alan bursts into Joan's flat to tell her what he's found.

ALAN TURING  
Joan! Joan! Are you there?

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 clerks I was--

STEWART MENZIES

-- Yes yes yes, I'm sure. But Denniston has been looking for a Soviet spy, and he's been looking for one inside Hut 8.

ALAN TURING

I know who the Soviet agent is. It's not Joan.

Menzies looks at Alan: Who is it if not her?

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

... I found the bible... The spy is John Cairncross.

Menzies SMILES. As if he's impressed.

STEWART MENZIES

... God, how I wish you'd been the spy. You're so much better at this than he is.

ALAN TURING

You knew Cairncross was the spy?

STEWART MENZIES

Well of course Cairncross was the bloody spy.

(MORE)

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)  
I've known that since before he got  
to Bletchley. Why do you think I  
had him placed here?

QUICK CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Flash to the first scene where Alan met his new team after arriving at Bletchley. Commander Denniston explains how Enigma works, while Menzies stands in the corner, observing.

Menzies keeps a special eye on Cairncross as Alan and Hugh compete over who knows more about cryptography.

STEWART MENZIES (V.O.)  
You said yourself he was a piss-  
poor mathematician.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - JOAN'S FLAT - CONTINUED**

ALAN TURING  
You placed a Soviet agent at  
Bletchley?

STEWART MENZIES  
It's quite useful to be able to  
leak whatever we like to Stalin.

QUICK CUT TO:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - MAIN GATE - DUSK - FLASHBACK**

A year earlier, John Cairncross exits the Main Gate of Bletchley carrying a SUITCASE -

STEWART MENZIES (V.O.)  
Churchill is too damned paranoid.  
He won't share a shred of  
intelligence with the Soviets.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY VILLAGE - STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Cairncross walks through the village with the suitcase -

STEWART MENZIES (V.O.)  
Even information that will help  
them against the Germans. So much  
secrecy...

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY VILLAGE - STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Cairncross comes to a MAILBOX, where under cover of night he  
OPENS HIS CASE -

- Removing A FOLDER OF COPIED ENIGMA INTERCEPTS -
- Which he then places in the mailbox.

STEWART MENZIES (V.O.)  
Cairncross has no idea we know, of  
course. Really not the brightest  
bulb.

Cairncross WALKS AWAY into the night.

After he leaves, two MI-6 AGENTS come and UNLOCK THE MAILBOX-

- Removing his FOLDER -
- The Agents take SOME MESSAGES OUT, and put other NEW ONES  
BACK IN -
- Before re-sealing the folder and putting it back in the  
mailbox -
- And RE-LOCKING the mailbox lid.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - JOAN'S FLAT - CONTINUED**

STEWART MENZIES  
That's why I'll need your help now  
to work out what to leak to John.  
What to feed the Soviets, as well  
as the British.

ON ALAN: Flustered. Terrified.

ALAN TURING  
I'm not a spy. I'm just a  
mathematician.

STEWART MENZIES

I know a lot of spies, Alan. You're holding on to more secrets than the best of them.

Menzies holds up the stolen decrypts. The threat is palpable.

ALAN TURING

You must promise to get Joan out of prison.

STEWART MENZIES

She's at the market. She'll be back in an hour. I lied.

(puts the decrypts into his pocket)

I'd better hold on to these. If anyone finds out about them, prison will be the least of her worries.

ON ALAN: What choice does he have? He looks down.

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)

Oh Alan. We're going to have such a wonderful war together.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - PATHWAY NEAR HUT 8 - DAY**

Joan walks towards Hut 8, showing her ID to the new GUARDS who are closely monitoring entry to the Huts.

In front of Hut 8, Alan watches her. Steeling himself up for what he has to do.

As she approaches, she sees Alan waiting for her. She smiles at him, but he doesn't return it. Something is wrong.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - BEHIND HUT 8 - MOMENTS LATER**

Alan and Joan talk behind Hut 8.

ALAN TURING

... I need you to leave Bletchley.

JOAN CLARKE

(annoyed)

What?

ALAN TURING

Menzies. I don't trust...

ON ALAN: He wants to tell her, but he can't. It's too dangerous.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
... I don't think it's safe here.

JOAN CLARKE  
You think it's safe somewhere else?

ALAN TURING  
You need to leave, and you need to  
get very far away from me.

JOAN CLARKE  
Alan. What's happened?

ON ALAN: This isn't working. He's going to have to try a  
different approach.

ALAN TURING  
... We can't be engaged anymore.  
Your parents will have to take you  
back and find you a husband  
elsewhere.

JOAN CLARKE  
What is wrong with you?

ALAN TURING  
... There's something I have to  
tell you. I'm... I'm a homosexual.

JOAN CLARKE  
Alright.

ON ALAN: What?

ALAN TURING  
Men, Joan. Not women.

JOAN CLARKE  
So what?

ALAN TURING  
I just said -

JOAN CLARKE  
- So what? I had my suspicions. I  
always did. But we're not like  
other people. We love each other in  
our own way, and we can still live  
the life together that we want. You  
won't be the perfect husband? I can  
promise you I harboured no  
intention of being the perfect  
wife. I'll not be fixing your lamb  
all day awaiting your return from  
the office, will I? I'll work.  
(MORE)



JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

You'll work. We'll have each other's company. We'll have each other's minds. Sounds like a better marriage than most. Because I care for you. And you care for me. And we understand one another more than anyone else ever has.

ON ALAN: He needs to get rid of her, to save her, and she is making this impossible.

ALAN TURING

I don't.

JOAN CLARKE

What?

ALAN TURING

Care for you. I never did. I only needed you to break Enigma. And now I've done it, so you can leave.

She SLAPS HIM.

JOAN CLARKE

I am not going anywhere. I have spent entirely too much of my life worried about what you think of me, or what my parents think of me, or what the boys in Hut 8 or the girls in Hut 3 think, and you know I am done with it. This work is the most important thing I will ever do in my life. And no one will stop me. Least of all you.

Joan turns to walk away, and then, angry, she turns back.

She TOSSES HER WIRE ENGAGEMENT RING AT ALAN.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)

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

Alan watches her walk away, struggling to maintain his facade of icy indifference.

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  
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  
Your mathematics teacher 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 maths problems during maths class because maths 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  
Something has come up. About 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, 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 Turing?

YOUNG ALAN  
Yes, Sir?

HEADMASTER  
Do pay more attention in maths  
class, will you?

CUT TO:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - 1943-5 - SEQUENCE**

Alan, Joan, John, Hugh, and Peter decrypt messages together  
for another two exhausting years.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
The war dragged on for another two  
solitary years.

Alan spends two years pressed shoulder-to-shoulder with the woman whose heart he broke. With the man whose dark secret he uncovered. With the man whose brother he allowed to die.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
Every day we performed our blood-soaked calculus. Every day we decided who lived and who died. And every day we guided the Allied armies to victory without anyone knowing.

**EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - SICILY (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY**

INTERCUT WITH ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: The FRONTLINE BATTLES whose outcomes, good and bad, are determined by the work of Hut 8. The MEDITERRANEAN FLEET is RAVAGED outside Sicily... 6,000 SHIPS launch for the surprise attack on Normandy...

ALAN TURING (V.O.)  
Stalingrad? The Ardennes? Normandy?  
None of those victories would have  
been possible without the  
intelligence we produced.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

IN HUT 8: Peter and Hugh each decrypt a message, placing TWO BLUE PINS on the board, and then one RED. They look to Alan: Two British ships, and they can only save one of them.

Alan runs a statistical analysis of their options. We see KEY WORDS: "LIKELIHOOD OF DETECTION," "CASUALTIES," "MATERIAL LOSSES" interspersed with mathematical equations. Alan places his results into a GREEN FOLDER. A MESSENGER comes in and takes the folder to -

**INT. MI-6 - WAR ROOM - DAY**

AN MI-6 WAR ROOM: The Messenger delivers the Green Folder to Menzies and a TEAM OF MI-6 AGENTS. They look over Alan's analysis and decide what military actions to take. The Agents TELEPHONE Churchill's office in London.

**EXT. NORTH OF ALGIERS (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY**

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: We see the impact of Hut 8's work as a dozen British ships are BLOWN OUT OF THE OCEAN just north of Algiers, sacrificed for the greater good in Operation Torch.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - DAY**

BACK IN HUT 8: The team learns of the outcome as they decode more German messages. Peter takes the BLUE PIN down from the map, tossing it angrily in the trash. He looks at Alan, who looks away - another ship they could not save.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY VILLAGE/ ENVIRONS - NIGHT**

OUTSIDE BLETCHLEY VILLAGE: Alan RUNS at night on a dirt path along the outskirts of Bletchley. He runs for miles, sweating, panting, until his legs almost give way.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

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.

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - HUT 8 - NIGHT**

QUIET MOMENTS IN HUT 8: Hugh lays a folded-up coat under a sleeping Peter's head as a pillow. John makes tea for Joan.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

The war was really just a half-dozen crossword enthusiasts in a tiny village in the south of England.

**EXT. WHITEHALL (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE) - DAY**

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE: On V-E Day, Churchill speaks to millions from a balcony in Whitehall. Truman dedicates the victory to Roosevelt as Times Square erupts into drunken cheers.

The whole world kisses. The whole world cries.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

Was I God? No. Because God didn't win the war. I did.

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - DAY - 1945**

All of Bletchley Park is celebrating the end of the war.  
 Flags are being waved, people are dancing, cheering.  
 But inside the central mansion:

**INT. BLETCHLEY PARK - CENTRAL MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Alan and his team are assembled before Stewart Menzies.

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

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 joking?

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.

STEWART MENZIES  
 (with a smile at 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.  
 (MORE)

STEWART MENZIES (CONT'D)  
Behave, and with a bit of luck none  
of you will ever see me — or one  
another — again in your lives.

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 person? Am I  
a machine? Am I a war hero? Am I a  
criminal?

DETECTIVE NOCK  
I can't judge you.

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

ON ALAN: Turning away. He's done with Nock.

CUT TO:

**INT. POLICE STATION - MANCHESTER - DAY - 6 MONTHS LATER**

A PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER walks through the police station,  
carrying a NEWSPAPER under his arm.

He makes his way to —

— Detective Nock's desk.

PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER  
 Congratulations, Sir.

The Officer drops the newspaper in front of Nock.

The headline reads: "CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR SENTENCED FOR INDECENCY", above a photo of Alan.

ON NOCK: This should make him happy. But instead he feels only empty and sick.

**INT. ALAN TURING'S HOUSE - DAY**

We find Alan in his study. He's gained weight since last we saw him - he's grown paler as well. Haggard. And the place is a horrible mess.

He compares his half-built NEW MACHINE to the plans on his desk - his work progresses. Slowly.

(This is the machine we saw in the opening scene, which appears different but related to the Bletchley machine - like a newer model of the same basic concept.)

The doorbell RINGS. Alan ignores it, focused on his work.

It RINGS again. Irritated, he gets up and shuffles through his house -

- He's walking with an odd limp, like it's hard for him to move his legs normally -

- And as the bell keeps RINGING insistently he reaches the front door, opening it to find:

JOAN CLARKE  
 I had to find out from the bloody newspapers.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALAN TURING'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Joan takes a seat while Alan fusses, embarrassed at the state of the place and trying to clean up for her.

JOAN CLARKE  
 ... You never responded to my letters.  
 (silence from Alan)  
 I would have come. I would have testified.



ALAN TURING

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

JOAN CLARKE

I would have said something. This  
is serious. They could send you to  
jail —

Alan tries to move a glass of water...

... Which he DROPS, shattering it.

ALAN TURING

Damn it...

JOAN CLARKE

Your hands... You're twitching.

ALAN TURING

No I'm not.

He is.

JOAN CLARKE

Alan.

ALAN TURING

... It's the medication.

JOAN CLARKE

The medication?

ALAN TURING

I have to go in for weekly  
oestrogen treatments. At the  
hospital.

JOAN CLARKE

What are you talking about?

ALAN TURING

The judge gave me a choice. Prison.  
Or "hormonal therapy."

JOAN CLARKE

Oh my god. Oh my god. That's —

ALAN TURING

— Chemical castration. Yes. To cure  
my homosexual predilections. Of  
course I chose that. I wouldn't be  
able to work from prison.

Joan is HORRIFIED.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

Well how would I even have got parts in jail? It just makes no sense.

JOAN CLARKE

All right. This is what we're going to do. I'm going to speak to your doctors. I'm going to speak to your lawyer. We're going to find a way out of this.

ALAN TURING

No.

JOAN CLARKE

You are not thinking clearly. There are a million chemicals flowing through your brain. This treatment-

ALAN TURING

- I'm fine.

JOAN CLARKE

Please let me help you.

ALAN TURING

I don't need your help.

JOAN CLARKE

You do not have to do this all alone.

ALAN TURING

Alone? I'm not alone. I never have been.

He looks lovingly at his machine - at Christopher.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

... Christopher has got so smart. If I stop the treatment, they'll take him away from me. You can't let them do that. You can't. Don't let them leave me alone.

Joan looks at Alan. And at Christopher. His true love.

Looking at his machine, Alan starts to have a small PANIC ATTACK - he's getting more emotional, twitching more, getting teary - the hormones are flowing through him.

JOAN CLARKE

(re: Alan's freak out)

Here, it's alright. It's alright. Sit down.

She sits him in a chair, trying to contain his hyperventilating.

Alan, embarrassed at this uncontrollable display, tries to play it off, but of course he can't stop it.

With her hand on his shoulder, he notices her WEDDING RING.

ALAN TURING  
(trying to seem normal)  
... It's a much nicer ring than the  
one I got you.

JOAN CLARKE  
His name is Jock. We work together  
in Eastcote. He's gotten me into  
coin collecting. Can you believe  
it?

Joan looks around the room for a tea cup, a glass of water, anything that isn't mouldy she can have him sip from.

She sees the newspaper she brought in, grabs it.

JOAN CLARKE (CONT'D)  
Do you want to do a crossword? For  
old times' sake. It'll only take  
five minutes. Or in your case, six.

She tries to get him to smile at her joke.

Joan opens the paper to a PUZZLE.

Alan looks down at it.

His fingers twitch. He stares at the puzzle, confused. He doesn't know how to do it.

Alan moves his hand away from the puzzle.

ALAN TURING  
... Perhaps later.

The treatment has wrecked his brain so badly that he can't do crossword puzzles anymore.

Joan watches and her heart utterly breaks.

ON JOAN: He's gone forever. And she knows it.

Alan sees her sadness. He's embarrassed, angry, bitter.

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)  
... At least it worked out for one  
of us.

(MORE)

ALAN TURING (CONT'D)

You got what you wanted, didn't you? Work. A husband. A normal life.

She looks at him quietly for a moment.

JOAN CLARKE

But no one normal could have done this.

(gestures to Christopher)

This morning I took a train through a city that would not exist if it wasn't for you. I bought a ticket from a man who would likely be dead if it wasn't for you. I read up on my work, a whole field of scientific inquiry that only exists because of you. If you wish you could have been 'normal', I can promise you, I do not. The world is an infinitely better place precisely because you weren't.

ALAN TURING

Is that what you think?

JOAN CLARKE

... I think that sometimes it is the very people who no one imagines anything of who do the things that no one can imagine.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SHERBORNE SCHOOL FOR BOYS - DAY - 1927**

Young Alan sits under the tree where Christopher first taught him about cryptography. He's holding the book that Christopher gave him.

He starts to cry. He's alone now, and he will be for a very long time.

CUT TO:

**INT. ALAN TURING'S HOUSE - DAY - 1954**

Alan sits at his desk, going over papers. He closes a book. Gets up. Walks past Christopher, giving him a look. He turns off the light, walking away down the dim hallway.

**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**

A CONSTABLE leads Detective Nock upstairs, gesturing into the open BEDROOM door.

In the doorway, we see a team of COPS tending to something on the bed. There's an APPLE on the nightstand.

CONSTABLE  
Suicide, looks like. Half-eaten  
apple next to the bed. Some sort of  
white powder all over it.

DETECTIVE NOCK  
Cyanide.  
(off the Constable's look)  
You'll find a tub of it downstairs.

The Constable makes a curious face: How can you know that?

Nock approaches the bed, and stares into the lifeless face of Alan Turing.

ON NOCK: Alan Turing made the world a better place... And Nock killed him for it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BLETCHLEY PARK - NIGHT - 1945**

Alan, Joan, Hugh, John, and Peter stand before the MASSIVE BONFIRE that's been built in the center of the Park.

**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."**

Hugh comes over and puts one arm around Alan, another around Joan. They have a moment: They did it. They won the war.

John throws a stack of Enigma messages high into the air -

– They watch as the papers flutter down into the fire.

They laugh, and one by one they all join in:

They FROLIC and PLAY as they throw every document, every slip of scratch paper, every bit of evidence they were there into the fire.

**TITLE:** In 1990, John Cairncross publicly confessed to having been a Soviet agent. He was never prosecuted.

**TITLE:** In 2013, Turing was granted an official pardon by the government. Approximately 49,000 other gay men were convicted and punished under the same code between 1885 and 1967.

**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 Turing. These rumors have never been confirmed.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

Well then.

ON ALAN AND THE TEAM: Hugging and playing as everything they did is burnt to a crisp.

ALAN TURING (V.O.)

Any questions?

BLACK.