

The Honourable Woman

by

Hugo Blick

One: "The Empty Chair"

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18TH July 2013 SHOOTING SCRIPT

We start close on a bread tray. Empty.

*

And a pair of sleek tongs.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
(A woman's voice)
Who do you trust?

Then we see a WAITER standing by the kitchen's serving hatch where the bread tray is also placed.

The waiter, Arabic and anonymous in appearance is laughing with the SOUS-CHEFS.

Otherwise muted of sound, all we can hear is a kitchen timer, ticking down the seconds.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
(A woman's voice
throughout)
How do you know? By what they say?
How they appear?

We watch the waiter telling a joke. He is clearly an amiable, jokey person.

The Sous-Chefs laugh at the waiter's joke.

The timer runs out - "BING"

Now just the sound of humming.

The CHEF, takes the warmed bread buns out of the oven and walks over to the waiter where he pours the buns onto the plate.

The chef doesn't like the joke.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
What they do? How?

The waiter snaps to - he has a job to do.

He picks up the tray and we follow him along the corridor towards the service door.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
We all have secrets.

At the closed service door the waiter pauses.

We are behind him.

We see him bow his head, as if gathering himself.

1 CONTINUED: 1

He adjusts the tongs on the tray, lifts his head, takes a steadying deep breath, then he opens the door and steps through to -

2 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY 2

A very upmarket restaurant possibly the London Ritz.

Full of diners.

We watch the waiter making his way through the room.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)

And we all tell lies. Just to keep them. From each other...

Smiling, the waiter approaches a table at which a family is sat:

ELI STEIN, the father, mid fifties, patriarchal but loving - the kippah, Jewish.

EPHRA STEIN, the eldest child, ten. He is blowing fizzy drink through his straw at -

NESSA STEIN, the younger daughter, eight, wiping the drink splatters off her face.

The waiter is now at the table. With easy deference to the child, he offers Ephra Stein the bread tray. He reaches for a bun, but the waiter intercepts this movement by picking up the roll and placing it on a side plate with the use of his elegant tongs.

Eli Stein surveys his children.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)

...And from ourselves.

A serene scene - we may have noticed he has no wife.

But we'll definitely notice the humming we can hear growing louder.

The waiter comes to Eli Stein, who points at his choice of roll.

As Ephra begins to make dough ball of his bread, we watch the waiter place Eli's choice on the side plate.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)

But sometimes, rarely, something can happen which leaves you no choice...

The humming stops as -

The waiter drops the bread tray.

Bread rolls everywhere over dark pink carpet -

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
But to reveal it.

The waiter's face turns into a terrifying scream as -

We're close on Nessa Stein's nine year old eyes as she watches -

The waiter spin the tongs he's holding in his hand, those elegant, scalpel like tongs -

And now as a dagger he -

Sticks them deep into Eli Stein's neck.

Blood spurts, geyser like across the salmon pink table cloth.

As the waiter now uses his body weight to drag the tongs all the way across Eli Stein's throat.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
To let the world see who you really
are.

There is pandemonium.

The dining room is in chaos.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
Your secret self.

All remains MUTE to us as -

Two men in dark suits, clearly body guards are running towards the table.

As the waiter now turns and chants a triumphant cry.

Eli Stein is dying, slumping to the floor.

Ephra, is still seated, still holding the straw with which he was about to blow bread pellets, a silent scream forming. This is heart wrenching to view.

Now amongst the chaos, we see one of the bodyguards aim his automatic and fire.

And we see the bullet enter the waiter's neck. He goes to clasp it as the next bullet shatters his skull.

And we are finally close on Nessa Stein as the waiter's blood splatters across her face.

She instinctively reflexes but otherwise remains seated with an implacable expression.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
 But mostly, we tell lies. We hide
 our secrets. From each other. From
 ourselves. And the easiest way to
 do this is to not even know that we
 are.

The scene now in tableau:

Eli Stein dead on one side of the table.

His murderer on the other.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
 So when you think about it like
 that...

Nessa Stein in between.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
 It's a wonder we trust anyone at
 all.

CLOSE on the FACE of Nessa Stein.

The final BLINK of her EYES brings -

TITLES

We are extremely CLOSE on a stream of numerals moving in
 sequence across our screen. This movement is accompanied by
 the SOUND of a wavelength being listened to at very SLOW
 speed.

Throughout the course of the TITLES this process should SPEED
 UP so that the numbers become faster and faster and the sound
 pitch, higher and higher.

Until -

We finally see that this sequence is the DIGITIZATION of a
 human voice.

And, finally, this is what we hear, somewhat MUFFLED -

The sound of a telephone being picked up.

MALE VOICE #1
 (Arabic, subtitled)
 Yes?

MALE VOICE #2
 (Arabic, subtitled)
 She has agreed.

MALE VOICE #1
 (Arabic, subtitled)
 Repeat.

3 CONTINUED:

3

MALE VOICE #2
 (Arabic, subtitled)
 She. Has. Agreed.

The sound of the phone line being DISCONNECTED.

The sound of a button being pressed, a FULLER sound - as if we have been listening in on the telephone call.

And then screen goes BLACK.

End **TITLES**

4 **MONTAGE: INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY** 4

We begin to build up a picture of ABSTRACTS of -
 HANDS placing CLOTHES on a WOMAN'S BODY as we -

5 **MONTAGE: INT. TAXI CAB, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY** 5

HANDS are taking CLOTHES OFF a WOMAN'S BODY -
 A SHIRT coming off corresponding to -

6 **MONTAGE: INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 6

A JACKET going on.

7 **MONTAGE: INT. TAXI CAB, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS** 7

Buttons being UNDONE.

8 **MONTAGE: INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 8

Buttons being FASTENED UP.

9 **MONTAGE: INT. TAXI CAB, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS** 9

As this UNDRESSING continues we begin to get a SENSE of TWO PEOPLE, a MAN and a WOMAN, MAKING LOVE in the back of the taxi as we -

10 **MONTAGE: INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 10

Begin to get a picture that ATTENDANTS are dressing a WOMAN in the INVESTITURE ROBES of the HOUSE OF LORDS.

Red. Black. Ermine.

11 **MONTAGE: INT. TAXI CAB, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS** 11

Skin. Brown. Lace.

Until the LOVERS CLIMAX and we show -

- 12 **MONTAGE: INT. ROBINING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 12
 The face of NESSA STEIN - in her INVESTITURE ROBES.
- 13 **MONTAGE: INT. TAXI CAB, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS** 13
 The face of NESSA STEIN - having just sexually climaxed with her lover.
- 14 **MOVED TO 15B** 14
- 15 **MONTAGE: EXT. TAXI CAB, UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY** 15
 We watch Nessa step out of the BACK of a BLACK CAB.
 She readjusts her clothing before walking away as -
 PING we watch the orange "FOR HIRE" light switch on.
- 15a **MOVED TO 15C** 15a
- 15aa **MONTAGE: INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY** 15aa
 We move in towards the SILHOUETTE of Nessa Stein's back as she waits for the underground car park grille to lift.
 As we approach we -
- 15b **MONTAGE: INT. ROBINING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 15b
 Are now CLOSE on Nessa Stein's face. Composed.
 Then we PULL BACK, further and further so we can see Nessa standing as ELIZABETH I might look in our popular imagination, surrounded by ATTENDANTS.
 Until one of them CLOSES the door on us.
- 15c **INT. GARTER OFFICE - DAY** 15c
 We are within the very heart of establishment. This is the Garter Office where individuals about to be appointed to the House of Lords must come to first choose a title - as we'll see...
GARTER, is as desiccated and English as a man who spends his life staring at coats of arms should be.
 Nessa, dressed in the SAME OUTFIT she left the taxi in, is seated opposite.
- GARTER
 (looking out of the
 window)
 Have you given any thought to your
 title?

NESSA STEIN
Umm... Baroness Nessa Stein...

GARTER
(pained interruption)
...Oh, no, I must stop you there! I
never allow Christian names.

NESSA STEIN
I'm not... a Christian.

This draws Garter's eyes into the room.

GARTER
(Exhausted social ennui)
Oh, yes...
(Beat)
Well, either way no first names.
And no counties; counties are for
earls...

Garter imperiously returns his gaze to the window before
flicking his fingers to indicate she should continue.

NESSA STEIN
Baroness Stein of Tilbury.

Pause.

GARTER
Til-bury... In Es-sex?...

NESSA STEIN
(Aware of the
condescension)
The Docks.

GARTER
(Withering at the
horror)
The... docks...

NESSA STEIN
Where my father landed as a child.

GARTER
Oh... my...

Pause. He sits forward referring to his questionnaire.

GARTER (CONT'D)
And have you any special
stipulations for your coat of arms?

NESSA STEIN
Stipulations...

GARTER
 Something representative of your
 family perhaps...

NESSA STEIN
 It's just me and my brother.

GARTER
 (reacting like he's
 hearing confession on
 Oprah)
 But something you may have
 inherited... Beyond arriving on
 a... Boat.

Nessa's silence lasts uncomfortable seconds until -

GARTER (CONT'D)
 When are you taking the oath?

NESSA STEIN
 Next week.

Then Garter picks up his pen and as if to strike something
 out on his check list he says -

GARTER
 Then we'll leave it as blank then,
 shall we?

And we are macro CLOSE on Garter's pen as he strikes a LINE
 through the space where an answer should be.

GARTER (O.S) (CONT'D)
 For now.

Before we JUMP OUT to see -

GARTER (CONT'D)
 Til...bury... Imagine.

And he looks back out of the window as -

We go CLOSE into Nessa's face as we then -

15d **INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY**

15d

We are CLOSE on Nessa, fully robed as we JUMP OUT to see -

A CHAMBER ATTENDANT present her with a piece of paper.

NESSA STEIN
 (Taking the paper)
 Thank you.
 (She begins to read)
 I, Nessa...

15d CONTINUED: 15d

16 OMITTED 16

17 OMITTED 17

18 OMITTED 18

19 **EXT. UPMARKET LONDON STREET - DAY** 19

We see a Maybach type CAR draw to a halt outside a smart block of apartments.

20 **INT. CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN CAR - CONTINUOUS** 20

SAMIR MESHAL, Palestinian, late 60s, clearly extremely wealthy, is seated in the back of his car.

SAMIR MESHAL
(to his driver)
Wait here.

21 **EXT. UPMARKET LONDON STREET - CONTINUOUS** 21

We watch Meshal step out of his car and head towards the apartments' ENTRANCE.

22 **OMITTED** 22

23 **INT. SAMIR MESHAL'S PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - DAY** 23

BOOM.

The front door is closed.

We watch Meshal enter his living room.

Total SILENCE.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
...Baroness Stein of Tilbury...

A perfectly designed interior, completely EMPTY of life.

Taking off his TIE we watch Meshal head for his bedroom.

24 **OMITTED** 24

24a **INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - DAY** 24a

We are CLOSE on the face of Nessa Stein as she begins to intone -

NESSA STEIN
...in the county of Essex...

As soon as she has said this we begin to hear a distant ALARM, beeping like a clock - which takes us to:

28 **OMITTED** 28
 28a **INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 28a

NESSA STEIN
 ...and bear true allegiance...

29 **EXT. SAMIR MESHAL'S PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM, TERRACE - CONTINUOUS**

We start on a PALESTINIAN FLAG, mounted on a flag pole hanging diagonally from hitherto terrace, as the wind cracks its cloth?

As we hear - another small alarm clock, exactly the same as the first, has been placed on a garden table.

Beeping.

And beside it, a letter, neatly folded in three.

We are close on the letter as Meshal's hand picks it up, unfolds it and begins to read its content.

From the glimpse we catch of it, it appears to be a print out of the same letter previously seen on the computer screen.

30 **INT. SAMIR MESHAL'S PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 30

We pull back away from the window as the muslin falls back to obscure our view of Meshal.

NESSA STEIN (V.O.)
 ...to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth,
 her heirs and successors...

31 **OMITTED** 31

31a **INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS** 31a

NESSA STEIN
 ...according to law."

32 **INT. CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN CAR - DAY** 32

We are extremely close on a mobile phone version of Space Invaders.

The invaders are getting very close.

The Samir Meshal's chauffeur is playing, as he waits in the driver's seat.

He hears a splattering sound and looks up to see a bird has crapped on his wind screen. He uses his wipers and screen wash to try and clean it off before -

- 32 CONTINUED: 32
Returning to his game.
- 33 OMITTED 33
- 33a INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS 33a
Now in the WIDE we watch Nessa hand the piece of paper back to one of the CHAMBER ATTENDANTS, dressed in mourning suit.
- NESSA STEIN
Was that alright?
- 34 INT. CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN CAR - CONTINUOUS 34
The space invaders game is becoming faster still as -
We hear another splattering sound but this time as the chauffeur looks up he sees -
Blood, dropping onto his windscreen.
We begin to hear the sound of a gathering WIND and then -
- 35 EXT. UPMARKET LONDON STREET - MOMENTS LATER 35
The chauffeur steps out of the car and looks up to see -
Samir Meshal hanging from the flag pole rope from his terrace.
And when we go CLOSE on his face we see he has bitten his tongue and is very much dead.
- 36 OMITTED 36
- 36a INT. ROBING ROOM, HOUSE OF LORDS - CONTINUOUS 36a
One of her NOMINEES, dressed in ERMINE, whispers -
- LORD -
You're ready.
- CLOSE on Nessa.
Her SMILE is equivocal.
- 37 INT. SAMIR MESHAL'S PENTHOUSE HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 37
We move across an empty apartment towards a table upon which a letter, placed in an envelope, has been neatly placed.
The alarm clocks have gone.
We get closer and closer to this letter as we hear -
The distant sound of a cello being played as we -

37 CONTINUED:

37

Move across this letter to see another - perhaps a utility bill with the name -

"**Samir Meshal**" printed on it.

It's upon this name that we focus as the sound of the cello gets louder and we -

38 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

38

We start CLOSE on a place name at a formal table. The place name says -

"**Samir Meshal**" the chair is empty - exaggerated by the fact that the rest of the table is full of FORMAL DINERS as if they are attending a function.

When we establish the room we see a number of things:

The cello music is being played live by a CELLIST on a podium in front of a room full of formal tables and GUESTS. This is a well heeled occasion and clearly with a middle eastern influence.

Some of the men are wearing Jewish kippahs but there is also a smattering of men wearing Arabic headdresses.

The other thing this establishing shot is CAREFUL to indicate is -

That this is the same dining room in which we saw Eli Stein murdered in the first scene.

As the cellist finishes his recital we rest on EPHRA STEIN, Nessa's brother, seated at one of the tables, with RACHEL, his wife and his two children, HANNAH nine and MAZEL, eight.

As they all applaud, Ephra takes the moment to draw heavily on a glass of wine, he has a nervous disposition, as he casts his eyes to the spot where his father was killed.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Well, the girls aren't going to manage any of this.

Rachel is staring at the preset menu. The girls are seated beside her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Atika, the girls won't eat any of this; it's got gluten in it. Would you be a sweetheart and ask someone if they could have something simpler. Wheat free?

ATIKA

Of course, Mrs. Stein.

ATIKA HALABI, late 30s, Arabic (Palestinian), with the dignified beauty of a world-weary witness, stands to leave the table.

Previously seated between the Stein children, it should be immediately apparent she is some kind of nanny.

Before she goes she leans down to KASIM HALABI, 6 years old, clearly of a similar ethnicity as Atika.

ATIKA (CONT'D)
(to Kasim)
Stay still...

She kisses Kasim on the head before she's gone leaving Rachel to say -

RACHEL
(to Ephra)
Why does she always do that?

EPHRA
Hmm?

RACHEL
Use my surname; it makes me look bad.

Suddenly a man is ruffling Ephra's hair. This is SHLOMO ZAHARY, late 60s, bullet headed, as wide as he is tall, with a mouth to match the width.

SHLOMO ZAHARY
(still ruffling Ephra's hair)
Is that a bald spot I see? In this way, at least, you are not your father's son!
(he lets go)
And your sister, a Lady! Who'd've thought! Big day, big day! Give old Shlomo a hug!

They embrace until Shlomo looks Ephra penetratingly in the eye.

SHLOMO ZAHARY (CONT'D)
So, have I got it?

Ephra demurs.

EPHRA
I don't know and even if I did I couldn't tell you.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

You could give me a hint because I have seen the shit in your nappies!

EPHRA

Nessa runs the business, Shlomo...

SHLOMO ZAHARY

...Now, yes... but there was a time...

EPHRA

I just run the foundation! If you're looking for a job as a professor, then maybe I could help you out!

SHLOMO ZAHARY

Ha! Professor! I got three ways I spell my own name!

(eyes narrowed)

Do I need to find a new job?

EPHRA

Shlomo! I don't know! All you got to do is wait a couple more minutes; She's going to announce it in her speech!

SHLOMO ZAHARY

Why so theatrical?

EPHRA

You can't leak these things; it wouldn't be fair.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

And you always got to be fair, right?

EPHRA

It's how we survive.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

Is that why that Palestinian bastard Samir Meshal's been invited?

EPHRA

Everyone who's put in a tender has been invited.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

(looking towards

Meshal's empty chair)

Hasn't turned up yet I see.

(MORE)

SHLOMO ZAHARY (CONT'D)

Waiting to make some big fucking
entrance on some big fucking camel
just to prove he's such a big
fucking Arab! I tell you he wins
that contract and I get my hands on
his neck - fuck the Six Day War,
it'll be over in seconds!

There's a Jewish ebullience to Shlomo that suggests you don't
have to take him too seriously.

They both notice a change in atmosphere as -

From a distance we see Nessa Stein enter the room.

EPHRA

(to Shlomo)

Best of luck.

As Shlomo heads for his table.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

So now I need luck!?

We follow Shlomo until we hear the popping of a microphone
before seeing -

Nessa Stein, standing at a podium on the platform where the
cellist was previously playing.

The feedback whines for a moment.

NESSA STEIN

Hello... well, what a day!

Ephra stands to his feet and begins to clap. The rest of the
room follows suit.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how heavy that
robe is!

Nessa smiles, accepts the applause, then demurely intimates
for everyone to sit down.

Finally, they do.

And we see Shlomo sit at his table. He casts his eyes across
to Samir Meshal's seating place - still empty.

NESSA STEIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I do have an announcement to
make...

This snaps Shlomo's attention immediately back to Nessa
Stein.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

But first I just want to say a couple of things. The cellist here today is Mustapha Shamar. He's a virtuoso, he's a graduate of the Stein Music Centre in Ramallah and this Saturday he's playing at the Royal College of Music!

There is applause for the young cellist over which -

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

I can't think of a better example of what we're trying to achieve here!

Finally the applause subsides.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

And I'm certain he wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for one man: My brother, Ephra Stein.

We see Ephra, slightly tensing at the mention of his name.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

Unlike his sister, he doesn't court the limelight - probably because he's an awful lot cleverer than me. But as President of the Stein Foundation it's his educational programmes that make sense of everything else I try to do. So make no mistake, as this is my hand...

(she holds up her right hand)

That is his!

(she holds up her left hand)

Thank you, Ephra.

To applause, we see an embarrassed Ephra, first make a small nod of recognition, then take a sip of wine.

As Atika returns to the table.

ATIKA

(to Rachel)

They're going to do a tomato pasta.

She notices that Kasim's chair is empty.

ATIKA (CONT'D)

Where's Kasim?

We return to Nessa's speech.

NESSA STEIN

So... These aliens decide to invade earth... And to show they mean business what they do is first they destroy London and New York and then they land. Right on the Green Line between Israel and the West Bank. And they decide to call a meeting between the Palestinian Authority and Israel. And their message is simple: "Resistance is useless! Lay down your arms!"... And I can't really tell you the detail of what happened next but basically by the end of it all - your sympathy was with the aliens...

This gets a huge laugh.

As Nessa waits for it to subside, she puts on a pair of reading spectacles. This is a tool she uses.

She is a confident public orator and the speech that follows is expertly timed and delivered.

From her POV we then see Atika, clearly looking for someone, leaving the room.

Nessa notes this before continuing.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

Twenty nine years ago my father, Eli Stein, was murdered here in this room.

There is an obvious change in atmosphere.

Rachel takes Ephra's hand as they listen with a certain discomfort.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

He was a wonderful father to my brother and me. But first and foremost I think it's fair to say, he was a great son of Israel.

An elderly man, starts a smattering of spontaneous applause amongst the audience.

We watch Kasim walk along a corridor using his SPY WRISTWATCH to guide him in his imaginary game.

As he does so, Nessa's speech can be heard echoing down the corridor.

NESSA STEIN (O.S.)
 He arrived here in Britain in 1939.
 A refugee and an orphan. This
 country took him in and the
 protection it offered became the
 defining experience of his life.

40 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

40

NESSA STEIN
 Eli Stein believed that no home
 could thrive unless it was
 surrounded by strong walls. So yes,
 it's true; his company name, my
family name, was stamped on the
side of mortar shells, and rifles,
 and tanks. Because that's what my
 father offered Israel; strong walls
 for a fledgling nation. And that's
 what cost him his life. Here in
 this room. Twenty Nine years ago.

The audience listen with a strange stillness.

41 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

41

Atika enters the corridor.

ATIKA
 Kasim!

The corridor is empty except for the sound of Nessa's echoing
 speech.

NESSA STEIN (O.S.)
 Last year, Israel's gross domestic
 product exceeded Two Hundred and
 Twenty Billion dollars. I know my
 father would be very proud of that
 figure. A fledgling state no more,
 I think you'll agree, but one
 that's thriving, within strong
 walls.

42 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

42

A small smattering of applause.

NESSA STEIN
 Last year, the combined domestic
 product of the Palestinian
 territories barely touched Four
 Billion dollars. Four. What a
 difference a wall makes.

Stillness.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

I believe in Israel and I believe I can say this with heartfelt intent. Because like Her I am also an orphan; I lost most of my extended family to the Holocaust; my father, here in this room; and my mother to childbirth - delivering me. So my brother and I know what it means to have to forge an existence alone, without family. And how precious... no, necessary... it is to feel secure after such loss.

We momentarily focus on Ephra for his reaction. He resolutely stares at his feet.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

But when Ephra and I took over this company, almost a decade ago now, we decided on a fundamental change. In our view amongst the greatest threats to Israel is Palestinian poverty. Terror thrives in poverty, it dies in wealth. So we decided that instead of mines, we'd lay cables. Millions of miles of cables. For telephones. For the internet. Millions of miles of communication. Because we believe the strongest wall we can help Israel maintain, is the one through which equality of opportunity can pass!

There is a smattering of applause.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

And empty corridor.

Then looking the other way we see -

A child.

Kasim.

Then reversing around again we see -

A WAITER - given the episode's first scene, the implication of danger is implicit.

WAITER

Are you lost?

Kasim is pointing his spy watch at the waiter.

43 CONTINUED:

43

NESSA STEIN (O.S.)
 So today, after months of
 negotiation with both the
 Palestinian Authority and the
 Israeli government, I am truly
 delighted to be able to announce
 that the Phase Three roll out of
 broadband internet throughout the
 West Bank has been agreed.

44 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

Immediately Shlomo Zahary sits forward.

NESSA STEIN
 Fibre optic! Linking every
 university, every hospital, every
 school to high speed internet!
 Universities we've helped fund to
 give hospitals we've helped build,
 the graduates they need.
 (beat)
 As you know the Stein Group always
 looks to make partnerships and I
 know competition for this
 particular contract has been
 fierce. But I am now in a position
 to say that the winner of the Phase
 Three contract is... Samir Meshal
 of Qassim Communications!

Shlomo is shocked to hear his defeat.

He stiffens, sits back, and casts a deadly eye towards Samir
 Meshal's still empty seat.

Beside this empty seat the room stands up to applaud.

45 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

45

ATIKA (O.S.)
 Kasim!

Atika is walking down the corridor where we last saw Kasim
 with the waiter.

No one is there.

ATIKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Kasim!

46 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

46

Kasim is being held in the Waiter's arms, surrounded by other
WAITERS.

46

CONTINUED:

46

Every one is LAUGHING as he puts on a chef's hat. It is a completely innocent although the ANGLES CHOSEN replicate the last moments before the Waiter killed Eli Stein decades before.

The danger to Kasim should be implicit before -

Atika enters.

ATIKA

Kasim...

47

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

47

We are heading along the same corridor we last saw Eli Stein's murderer travel.

KASIM

He was nice.

ATIKA

He was a stranger! And what do strangers do? They steal little boys who don't tell their mothers where they're going!

48

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

48

Nessa is being interviewed via a live RADIO LINK.

She is wearing headphones.

FRANCES PIRSIG is seated beside her also in headphones.

RADIO JOURNALIST

(via radio link
throughout)

What's it finally feel like to be a Lady?

NESSA STEIN

(avoiding the innuendo)

A great honour.

She makes conspiratorial eyes at Frances.

RADIO JOURNALIST

Why'd you accept?

NESSA STEIN

I hope it's a reflection of the UK's continuing commitment to the Middle East and to progressive ways of thinking about it.

RADIO JOURNALIST

Controversial appointment.

NESSA STEIN

No controversy. I was interviewed extensively; I will serve as an independent cross-bencher with absolutely no party affiliation whatsoever. None.

RADIO JOURNALIST

But you're an Israeli, right?

Frances begins to frantically SCRIBBLE DOWN NOTES for Nessa to read.

Close on Nessa's hand as she calms her assistant's writing. She's capable of answering this unaided.

NESSA STEIN

I was born and raised in the UK, my companies are based here, the Stein Group is based here, we employ over 3,000 people here with annual exports of over 350 million on which we pay UK tax, personal and corporate...

(smiling)

I think that makes me a UK citizen...

RADIO JOURNALIST

You also hold an Israeli passport.

NESSA STEIN

Anyone with direct Jewish ancestry has that right.

RADIO JOURNALIST

You certainly qualify on that! Eli Stein, "The Sword of Israel!" Your father, Baroness Stein. That's quite an inheritance.

NESSA STEIN

And I hope you'll recognise it's precisely because of what we've chosen to do with it, that I'm standing here today.

RADIO JOURNALIST

Do you have close protection, Baroness Stein?

Through the glass door, the SILHOUETTE of a man.

NESSA STEIN

Yes I do.

RADIO JOURNALIST

Why?

NESSA STEIN

It's an unfortunate necessity.

RADIO JOURNALIST

But you're everyone's friend,
aren't you?

NESSA STEIN

Unfortunately, there are militant
factions on all sides and so
realistically, of course...

RADIO JOURNALIST

(interrupting)

...I'm sorry... but are you a
"realist", Baroness Stein? Because
I had you down as an "idealist" -
and as one of those I would
completely understand why you'd
need a body guard... Because when
it comes to the entire history of
the Middle East, for "idealists" -
it never ends well.

Close on Nessa Stein.

RADIO JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

Does it.

INT. HOTEL SIDE ROOM - DAY

We start CLOSE on Shlomo Zahary, a face creased in anger.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

The FUCK do you think you've done?!

Shlomo is pacing the room to reveal -

Nessa Stein seated with -

Ephra Stein standing near an open window, smoking nervously.

FRANCES PIRSIG, Nessa's attache is standing behind her.

NESSA STEIN

I'm sorry, Shlomo.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

I rolled out Phase One and Phase
Two and now this! Samir-fucking-
Meshal! That guy's so mired in
Palestinian politics, he opens his
eyes they're still covered in shit!

NESSA STEIN

He's clean, Shlomo. We checked.
Like we have to check on everyone
who wants to work with us.

She indicates to FRANCES to get something. FRANCES pulls out a piece of paper from her case.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

Like we had to check on you.

FRANCES holds this piece of paper out to Shlomo.

Shlomo stops pacing and stares at the proffered paper.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

What's that?

FRANCES

In October 2009 you received a contract for 287 million dollars from a Lebanese French private bank to supply computer systems which were then shipped to a West African state. The proceeds of their resale were then returned to a Lebanese holding account where they were then layered through a number of further shell companies until the laundered funds finally arrived back to their original source.

NESSA STEIN

(Pause)

Hezbollah.

This has shocked Shlomo. He marches forward and whips the page out of Nessa's hand to stare at it.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

This is bullshit!

NESSA STEIN

I'm sure your initial sale was perfectly legal and that you were unaware of what followed.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

No, I wasn't!

NESSA STEIN

But unfortunately, we have to be.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

Where'd you get this?
(the paper)

Nessa says nothing.

SHLOMO ZAHARY (CONT'D)
 (desperately looking at
 the paper)
 It's not true! It's not!

NESSA STEIN
 We cannot carry secrets, Shlomo.
 Ever.

SHLOMO ZAHARY
 This isn't one of them! Whoever
 gave you this is lying.

NESSA STEIN
 I'm sorry.

SHLOMO ZAHARY
 Ephra! Pull your sister in line.

EPHRA
 Like I said, Shlomo, she runs the
 business.

SHLOMO ZAHARY
 Then what a fucking fuck up she's
 making of it!

Nessa begins to stand, the meeting's clearly over.

As Shlomo stares at her, aghast with shock.

SHLOMO ZAHARY (CONT'D)
 Are you mad? Are you fucking mad?
 You're getting rid of me. I've been
 loyal to your family longer than
 you've been alive! You keep picking
 and choosing and dropping and
 fucking up... pretty soon you end
 up on your own! And out there...
 (he points to the door)
 ...you can't be alone!

Nessa stares at him for a moment before -

NESSA STEIN
 (quietly)
 I'm not.

SHLOMO ZAHARY
 (nodding as he suddenly
 gets something)
 You think a red robe is going to
 protect you?! Is that what this is -
 some massive father thing?

(MORE)

SHLOMO ZAHARY (CONT'D)

You think that place is going to protect you because he can't?!

Nessa blinks - there maybe some truth to his surmise.

SHLOMO ZAHARY (CONT'D)

The only thing they want to do is keep you so close you can't escape when they decide to knife you!

(suddenly calm)

Nessa, you've enemies enough already.

NESSA STEIN

It's the Middle East, Shlomo, enemies is what you make.

SHLOMO ZAHARY

So all the more reason - to keep your friends!

We are close on the face of MONICA CHATWIN.

MONICA CHATWIN

Monica Chatwin. Foreign Office.

Chatwin, similar in age and structure to Nessa but somehow "opposite", extends her hand to Nessa Stein, who flanked by Nathaniel Bloom, is amongst LEAVING guests.

NESSA STEIN

Hello.

MONICA CHATWIN

Foreign Office. Washington bureau.

NESSA STEIN

Ah...

These approaches are familiar to Nessa.

MONICA CHATWIN

Although I'm due to return here soon. I have a particular interest in the Middle East.

NESSA STEIN

I see.

Nessa intimates she is about to move on.

MONICA CHATWIN

And I just wanted to say "hello" so you could put a face to the name.

50 CONTINUED:

50

NESSA STEIN
Well, now you have. Thank you.

Nessa begins to move on.

51 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

51

Hannah, Ephra Stein's eldest, drops her ice cream on the PLUSH CARPET.

A foot comes into shot and efficiently rubs it in.

EPHRA
Don't worry about it.

He's about to lead her by the hand when something catches his eye.

He is watching Nessa talking to Monica Chatwin.

Ephra puts his daughter down, as if he's just seen a ghost.

EPHRA (CONT'D)
Go to mummy now.

52 **INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

52

Back close with Nessa and Chatwin as Nessa continues her descent down the stairs followed by Chatwin.

NATHANIEL BLOOM, her close protection officer, follows.

MONICA CHATWIN
From now on I hope you'll feel you have all the support you deserve.

NESSA STEIN
From who?

MONICA CHATWIN
The British Government.

NESSA STEIN
Support but not influence...

MONICA CHATWIN
Of course not! It's simply recognition of the UK's historic responsibility to the Middle East.

NESSA STEIN
I hope so.

MONICA CHATWIN
Oh, I know so; I heard it from the Prime Minister's lips!

Nessa STOPS and regards Monica with care before -

NESSA STEIN

Exactly what job are you about to
take on, Mrs...

MONICA CHATWIN

...Monica...

NESSA STEIN

...Chatwin...?

MONICA CHATWIN

(answering the question)

Oh, shhh...

(guilelessly)

But I'm sure you'll be asking your
security...

(Bloom)

...the moment I've turned my back.

Chatwin extends her hand again, which Nessa takes.

MONICA CHATWIN (CONT'D)

Congratulations! It really is a
wonderful day.

With that she spins on her heels and walks towards the
entrance watched by Nessa until she turns to Bloom

NATHANIEL BLOOM

MI6. Julia Walsh is bringing her
back to run the Middle East desk.

This comes as a surprise to Nessa.

NESSA STEIN

I thought Hayden-Hoyle was in
charge of that?

NATHANIEL BLOOM

So does he...

Inside an old fashioned mesh caged lift traveling slowly
downward are -

SIR HUGH HAYDEN-HOYLE, lean, sharp, if a little weary.

DAVID THURBER, the epitome of a British civil-servant (as any
old 20th Century spy should look.)

Hoyle hands a letter back to Thurber.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

They're all good names.

Thurber carefully replaces the paper in his inside pocket.

THURBER

And who might be your choice for
successor?

"Squeak" go the old lift wheels.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Julia knows my choice; he's been my
deputy for three years.

THURBER

And if it wasn't him?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Then it wouldn't be my choice.

Thurber says nothing - the implication obvious.

HAYDEN-HOYLE (CONT'D)

It's not my choice.

The lift stops and a JANITOR looks to enter - that he is
clearly ARABIC is only a suggestion of the Establishment's
endemic cultural imperialism...

THURBER

(to the janitor)

Next one please!

The button is pressed, down they go, momentarily watched by
the janitor before -

HAYDEN-HOYLE

When?

THURBER

Obviously, we'd like you to finish
up on whatever's outstanding.

Bang.

Thurber pulls BACK the gates.

THURBER (CONT'D)

And then you'll be free.

Hoyle heads for the exit - which we feel in his SILHOUETTE
before -

THURBER

You haven't asked me who it's going
to be.

Hoyle pauses to just regards him patiently.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Is it you?

THURBER

Oh, no; I'm not a...actually, what are you?

THURBER (CONT'D)

Son of a lord?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Baronet...

THURBER

Baronet. From Ireland... Now there's a conflict.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(Pleasantly)

Maybe that's why they gave me the Middle East.

THURBER

(Scoff) It's a dangerous kind of spy, Sir Hugh, who even lies to himself.

Suddenly, slightly bizarrely, Hoyle is taking off his shoes, (hand made Jermyn Street Oxfords) before holding them up to Thurber.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

You really want these so much?

Thurber looks at the shoes before looking around him to take in the incongruity of the gesture.

THURBER

...And this is just so perfect.

(looking at the shoes)

Because we all know that's how you really got the job...

Confused Hoyle allows his eyes to go to his shoes before looking back at Thurber for an explanation.

THURBER (CONT'D)

Well, I don't suppose you fucked Dame Julia with them on...

And Thurber heads for the exit leaving -

Hoyle alone, holding his shoes, as the club **DOORMAN** passes.

54 CONTINUED:

54

DOORMAN

Sir, Hugh.

55 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

55

We watch Monica Chatwin walking down a corridor until we hear

EPHRA (O.S.)

Why are you here?

Ephra has followed her and is now standing at the head of the corridor.

Chatwin stops and turns.

MONICA CHATWIN

To congratulate your sister.

EPHRA

Leave her alone.

MONICA CHATWIN

I just offered her my help.

EPHRA

She doesn't need it.

MONICA CHATWIN

She has before... And I think she might again.

EPHRA

Stay away from my sister.

MONICA CHATWIN

It's my job, Ephra, keeping secrets. So what are you worrying about - yours is perfectly safe.

She turns away from a nervous looking Ephra who then, peculiarly, rubs his hands into his face. This is a man under immense pressure.

56 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

56

We start CLOSE on Nessa Stein.

Bloom, her protection officer, is listening to information through his earpiece before turning to Nessa.

NATHANIEL BLOOM

A couple of minutes.

Nessa looks back towards the dining room.

Ephra's wife, Rachel, seven months pregnant is walking towards us holding the hand of one of her children, Hannah -

But our focus is on Atika, the Arabic nanny, who is carrying the younger of Ephra Stein's children, Mazel, whilst holding the hand of Kasim, her son.

We watch Ephra return and take Mazel off Atika.

RACHEL

Where have you been?

EPHRA

(as if it was pleasant)

Someone I haven't seen in years.

The family draws up to Nessa, who's waiting.

RACHEL

Ohhh... Nessa, what they...

(pointing at Ephra but
meaning "men" in
general)

...do to our bodies, you would
never believe!

Immediately, Nessa looks at Atika - there is a strange, indiscernible moment between them.

NESSA STEIN

(tight)

Hello.

Atika nods a tight "hello" back.

Nessa looks down at Kasim who is pointing his "Spy-watch" at her.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

That's a big watch.

Kasim presses a button -

MAN

(via spy-watch playback
he plays the waiter's
voice)

"Are you lost?"

NESSA STEIN

(responding)

Let's hope not...

NATHANIEL BLOOM

(interrupting)

They're ready.

We introduce SCORE as -

56 CONTINUED: 56

With a last glance at Kasim, Nessa steps towards the entrance.

57 **EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER** 57

We watch Nessa Stein being whisked into her security car.

58 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PROTECTION CAR - CONTINUOUS** 58

We watch Nessa Stein settle in the back seat, joined by her press secretary, FRANCES, as Nathaniel Bloom sits in the front passenger seat.

Nessa looks out of the window towards the hotel entrance.

59 **OMITTED** 59

60 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PROTECTION CAR - MOMENTS LATER** 60

To SCORE we watch Nessa Stein being driven through the streets.

Then she looks inside the car to -

Catch a glimpse of Nathaniel Bloom looking at her in the rear view mirror.

61 **INT. HOYLE'S PROTECTION CAR - DAY** 61

The SCORE continues as -

We watch Hoyle being driven through the streets.

He is looking out of the window.

Then he looks inside the car to -

Catch a glimpse of his protection officer looking at him in the rear view mirror.

62 **EXT. VAUXHALL BRIDGE - DAY** 62

We watch Hoyle's protection car go over the bridge -

The MI6 building in front of us.

63 **EXT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE - DAY** 63

A large, Holland Park mansion, ex embassy.

To SCORE we watch Nessa Stein's protection car draw past the security gates.

On a new angle, we see the car dip into an underground carpark.

Her life style carries serious wealth and security.

64 **INT. MI6 UNDERGROUND CARPARK - DAY** 64

We watch Hoyle's car come to a halt.

Hoyle steps out.

65 **INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK - DAY** 65

Bloom holds the door open for Nessa as she steps out.

66 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE - DAY** 66

We follow Nessa up the stairs and into -

67 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE, LOBBY - DAY** 67

Although designed as a domestic residence, the house is the Stein Corporation's headquarters. (Think 10 Downing Street)

To SCORE we watch as Nessa enters the lobby she to be greeted by her OFFICE STAFF, all of whom burst into spontaneous applause.

Which Nessa accepts.

A whirlwind, with Nessa at its centre.

And in the detail of her expression, exhaustion.

She sees a SECURITY OFFICER talking with Bloom.

They both look over towards her.

Something is wrong.

68 **OMITTED** 68

69 **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HOYLES'S OFFICE - DAY** 69

A photograph of Samir Meshal.

BOORMAN (O.S.)
Samir Meshal.

The photo is being looked at by Hoyle, seated at his desk.

BOORMAN, a senior intelligence analyst, carrying a clutch of A4 pages is standing in front of him.

BOORMAN (CONT'D)
Palestinian. Multi-millionaire.
Telecommunications.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
I know him.

BOORMAN
(pause)
He's dead.

(CONTINUED)

This is an evident surprise.

BOORMAN (CONT'D)
Suicide. Approximately two o'clock
this afternoon.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
How?

BOORMAN
Hung himself from a flagpole
wrapped in his national flag.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
How very patriotic.

INT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE, PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nessa has received similar information.

Bloom, FRANCES and the security officer are in the room with
her.

Nessa sits down.

NESSA STEIN
You're sure it's suicide?

NATHANIEL BLOOM
From what I can gather he left a
note.

INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HOYLES'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

BOORMAN
This...

Boorman puts down an evidence photograph of the letter Meshal
picked up before his death.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Definitely from him?

BOORMAN
Those are his finger prints.

The photograph shows that the original letter has been dusted
down to reveal Meshal's finger prints.

BOORMAN (CONT'D)
It's addressed to his wife.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(reading the letter)
Do you think if I'd learnt to read
Arabic, it'd have made my job a
whole lot easier?...

BOORMAN
(corrected)

Sir.

Finally, he looks up.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
So why's it come to us?

Boorman passes Hoyle another photograph - which we DON'T see.

BOORMAN
This.

Hoyle studies it a moment - this unseen information changes things.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
We'll need to speak to the
Israelis.

BOORMAN
I'll set up a meeting.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
For a formal response, you go right
ahead but for a truthful one, or at
least the chance of it, leave it
with me.

BOORMAN
Sir.

Boorman gathers the photocopies before leaving.

Now alone in his office, Hoyle takes out his wallet and we see him remove a SIM-CARD from it.

He then opens his own mobile phone, takes out the battery before swapping the sim-cards and replacing the battery.

Once the phone is restarted begins to type a text.

"20:45. Tonight. My move I think."

He sends it, then re-swaps the sim-cards before replacing the new one back in his wallet.

We leave him alone in his office.

Nessa and Nathaniel Bloom are now alone.

NESSA STEIN
Someone about to win a multimillion
contract just decides to go and put
a rope round his neck?

NATHANIEL BLOOM
 Maybe he couldn't stand the wait.

Clearly agitated, she doesn't smile.

NATHANIEL BLOOM (CONT'D)
 You think he's been killed.

NESSA STEIN
 You don't?

NATHANIEL BLOOM
 It's odd, I agree.

NESSA STEIN
 (weary)
 Someone gets cancer, I think
 they've been given it.

NATHANIEL BLOOM
 I'll look into it.

She agrees before looking at her watch.

NESSA STEIN
 Five twenty five... I was so happy
 this morning... it didn't even make
 the day.

INT. HOYLES'S MANSION FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A light comes on.

We are close on a cd player as Hoyle puts on a CD.

Radiohead's "How To Disappear Completely."

Hoyle leaves the room.

The track becomes SCORE as -

We watch Hayden-Hoyle head towards a window, phone to his ear.

His POV from the window shows a city street about six floors below.

We favour a parked car as -

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 (into the phone)
 I won't be going out again tonight.

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH CAR - DAY

Two SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICERS are waiting in a stationary car.

74 CONTINUED:

74

One of them is on the phone.

SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICER
(into the phone)
We'll be here, sir.

From his POV we see Hoyle's home is a flat in a MANSION BLOCK. The interior lighting suggests Hoyle's is on the top floor.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(down the line)
You can go home.

SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICER
Just in case.

75 INT. HOYLE'S MANSION FLAT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

75

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(into the phone)
And that's supposed to make me feel better?...

SPECIAL BRANCH OFFICER
(down the line)
Good night, sir.

Hoyle switches the phone off before turning from the window.

76 INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING 76

We start on grainy family footage of the FAMILY STEIN. All at the age they were just before Eli Stein's murder.

They are standing around a GRAVE.

Eli Stein is saying prayers, watched by Nessa.

The inscription is in Hebrew but translated says:

JUDITH STEIN: 5707 - 5737 Beloved Wife, Mother and Daughter

Having read this we find Nessa, staring at the grave.

She then steps forward and places a STONE on top of the flat-stone.

And as she turns towards the camera the image freezes.

And we then JUMP OUT of the footage to see -

Nessa seated on a sofa, looking at the image of herself.

Even then, before her father's murder, a troubled little girl.

76 CONTINUED: 76

She is in an expansive apartment which we see - as she gets up.

77 **INT. HOYLE'S MANSION FLAT, KITCHEN - EVENING** 77

To SCORE we watch Hoyle place a meal in the microwave.

And he watches it spinning round -

Alone.

78 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING** 78

To SCORE we watch Nessa sit with a microwave meal on her knee.

79 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, KITCHEN - EVENING** 79

To SCORE we are again looking SUPER-EIGHT family footage of:

Eli Stein in a large dining room. Three places are laid, of a possible twelve, and Eli at the head is carving a spring chicken beside the round bread and menu of Rosh Hashanah.

This is being filmed, we suppose, by Ephra who then spins his camera to find:

A WALL of PHOTOS - all of family members, adults and children, lost to the Holocaust. We can only guess at this because of the contemporaneous clothing of each person.

Finally the camera rests on a photo of JUDITH STEIN. This is taken in the early 70s of an attractive woman in her early thirties.

Then we find Nessa, 9, staring at the photo before -

Eli Stein burst into frame and the camera watches him jokingly chase Nessa around the dining table before -

Lifting her in the air like a great bear.

The frame is frozen with Eli having tossed Nessa into midair - Nessa squealing in delight.

We JUMP OUT of this to see Nessa staring at the freeze frame while absently eating her meal directly out of the tin foil.

Then she switches the TV off.

Looks at the meal-for-one.

And drops her fork into it, defeated.

80 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - EVENING** 80

To SCORE we see Nessa standing by her bed on the telephone.

80 CONTINUED: 80

NESSA STEIN
(into phone)
I'm going out.

81 **INT. HOYLE'S MANSION FLAT, KITCHEN - EVENING** 81

To SCORE, we watch Hoyle pull down a folding ladder from his attic.

He begins to climb the steps.

82 **OMITTED** 82

83 **OMITTED** 83

84 **EXT. HOYLE'S MANSION BLOCK, FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS** 84 *

Keeping low Hoyle walks along the rear roof line, unseen from the front, until he reaches the fire escape stairs.

He jumps onto them.

85 **EXT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE - EVENING** 85

We watch the gates to Nessa Stein's house open and her protection car pass through.

86 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PROTECTION CAR - EVENING** 86

Nessa is seated in the back.

87 **EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING** 87

We watch Hoyle walk along a street and hail a taxi.

Unwatched.

Hoyle gets in it and the taxi draws away.

88 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, CITY - EVENING** 88

We watch Nessa step out of her protection car.

Her DRIVER watches her ring a doorbell to a residential house.

The door is opened by FRIEND #1

Nessa makes a display of hugging him.

She then enters the house.

And the door is shut.

89 **OMITTED** 89

90 **OMITTED** 90

99 CONTINUED: 99

Is this an assignation - as we saw in the first montage?
No. Nessa breaks eye contact.

100 **EXT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING** 100

We watch a taxi draw up to a halt outside a community hall, a fairly down at heel working man's club type.
We watch Hoyle step out.

101 **EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING** 101

A taxi draws to a halt on a busy night street.
We're close to see Nessa step out of the taxi

102 **INT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING** 102

We are close on the signing-in book as a signature is written:
George Cumming
We see that it's Hoyle who is signing in under a false name.

103 **INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING** 103

We watch Nessa as she is led to a table for TWO in a very BUSY restaurant.

104 **INT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING** 104

The hall has been laid out with many small tables at which couples are sat opposite each other.
Playing chess.
It's a chess club.
Hoyle is sat alone at one table, away from the others, and is laying out the chess pieces as per a notebook he is using for reference.
This is clearly an ongoing game.

105 **INT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING** 105

Another signature being written in the signing-in book:
Eli Cohen
We do not see who's signed it.

106 **INT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING** 106

From this person's POV we move towards Hoyle's table.

NESSA STEIN

They might...

ATIKA

Nessa...

Atika takes Nessa's hand.

ATIKA (CONT'D)

They will never find out. I
promise.

Atika's eyes are unwavering.

ATIKA (CONT'D)

Never.

110 **INT. COMMUNITY HALL - EVENING**

110

Regarding the game, Hoyle and Ben-Shahar talk quietly.

BEN-SHAHAR

The Israeli government has had no
hand in this.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(recognising the formal
response)

Yes, Judah, I understand.

BEN-SHAHAR

From what I hear, it was a suicide.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Because of the note.

BEN-SHAHAR

Is what I hear.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

They found fingerprints on the
letter.

BEN-SHAHAR

Is what I hear.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(he now looks directly
at Ben-Shahar)

But not on the envelope, Judah.

Ben-Shahar now looks up. They both allow the import of this
to settle.

HAYDEN-HOYLE (CONT'D)

And yet that's where we found the
letter; inside the envelope.

(MORE)

HAYDEN-HOYLE (CONT'D)

Now how is that possible? The last time I saw that trick, it was David Nixon and Ali-baba...

BEN-SHAHAR

I don't know them.

Silence.

BEN-SHAHAR (CONT'D)

It wasn't us.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

The Mossad?

BEN-SHAHAR

No.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Kidron?

BEN-SHAHAR

No.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Was he on your graph?

BEN-SHAHAR

No.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

What are your people up to?

BEN-SHAHAR

We're not.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Someone's pissing on my turf.

BEN-SHAHAR

Not us.

Silence.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

I'm about to be retired.

BEN-SHAHAR

Oh?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Hmm. So this will probably be my last case. And like every good spy, when I leave a case I like to leave it...

110 CONTINUED:

110

Now for the first time we recognise the deadly intent that has seen Hoyle rise to the top of his profession.

HAYDEN-HOYLE (CONT'D)

Empty.

111 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

111

The front door closes on a dark house.

Atika makes her way towards the stairs.

EPHRA (O.S.)

Atika!

Ephra is at a doorway.

EPHRA (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

ATIKA

She needed to see me.

Ephra knows immediately who she means.

EPHRA

Is she okay?

ATIKA

She'll be fine.

EPHRA

What's wrong?

Atika now looks at Ephra with a level stare that suggests an inversion of the expected power structure.

ATIKA

She'll be fine, Ephra...
(using his given name)
Trust me.

She holds eye contact before heading towards the stairs.

ATIKA (CONT'D)

Good night.

Ephra just watches her go.

112 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, KASIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

112

We are looking down at Kasim, asleep.

Atika gently strokes his hair and adjusts his bed sheets as -
She sings him an ARABIC LULLABY.

- 113 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 113
 To Atika's protective ARABIC LULLABY sung over we -
 Watch Nessa standing in her just her UNDERWEAR in an EMPTY
 apartment.
 We are CLOSE on her face before -
- 114 **FLASHBACK: INT. SECURITY CAR, CITY STREET, GAZA - DAY** 114
 Still with the ARABIC LULLABY over -
 We are close on Nessa seated in the back of a security car
 travelling at speed along a Gaza city street.
- 115 **FLASHBACK: EXT. CITY STREET, GAZA - CONTINUOUS** 115
 We watch a three car motorcade progress at speed past us.
- 116 **FLASHBACK: INT. SECURITY CAR, CITY STREET, GAZA - CONTINUOUS** 116
 Nessa looks across to the person sitting beside her in the
 car -
 It is Atika - who gives Nessa a small nod of comfort.
- 117 **FLASHBACK: EXT. CITY STREET, GAZA - CONTINUOUS** 117
 Still with the ARABIC LULLABY over -
 At a street corner we watch the lead vehicle turn around the
 corner and come to a sudden halt.
 A truck is blocking the road ahead.
- 118 **FLASHBACK: INT. SECURITY CAR, CITY STREET, GAZA - CONTINUOUS** 118
 Nessa looks nervously around her as her car STOPS.
- 119 **FLASHBACK: EXT. CITY STREET, GAZA - CONTINUOUS** 119
 Behind Nessa's vehicle ANOTHER TRUCK is rolled out of a
 passage way to block their reverse as -
 Armed, Arabic militia suddenly stream towards Nessa's
 vehicle.
- 120 **FLASHBACK: INT. SECURITY CAR, CITY STREET, GAZA - CONTINUOUS** 120
 Still with the ARABIC LULLABY over -
 Atika takes Nessa's hand. Though mute of sound we can see her
 mouthing "It's alright, it'll be alright" to Nessa.
 Bang! We see the REMNANTS of the driver's assassination
 strewn across the dashboard.

120 CONTINUED: 120

As the blood splatters onto Nessa she begins to SCREAM UNCONTROLLABLY - nothing like the poise we have seen her display up until now.

Atika grabs Nessa's face in her hands - and locks her eyes on Nessa - to calm her down as -

The side window behind Nessa explodes.

121 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 121

Still with the ARABIC LULLABY over -

Back in the present, we are CLOSE as Nessa touches a fingerprint lock on the living room wall.

This opens a -

122 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Still to the LULLABY over we watch -

Nessa step into a PANIC ROOM.

Sparsely furnished. Really just a mattress, duvet and telephone.

123 **FLASHBACK EXT. CITY STREET, GAZA - DAY** 123

We watch the militiamen run both Nessa and Atika along the street towards -

A large waiting CAR, it's boot lid open.

124 **FLASHBACK: I/E - KIDNAP CAR BOOT - CONTINUOUS** 124

Looking up out of the boot as -

Nessa and Atika are forced to step into it.

And lie together as -

The boot lid is snapped shut.

125 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

We watch from the living room as the panic room's door closes leaving her apartment -

Empty.

We watch the lights automatically go out in the -

Living room.

Kitchen.

125 CONTINUED:

125

Bedroom. Bed neatly made.

It's as if no one has ever been there.

As Atika's LULLABY comes to an end.

126 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, KASIM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

126

Atika stops singing the lullaby as -

She takes the spy watch off Kasim's sleeping wrist.

MAN

(via spy-watch playback
he plays the waiter's
voice)

"Are you lost?"

Atika looks at the watch for a moment before placing it on the side table.

And leaving the room.

Dark.

We begin to hear "Bach, Prelude, Cello Suite No5" being played by an unaccompanied cellist.

127 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE, PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY**

127

We begin on MURAJI the Palestinian representative to the UK. -

MURAJI

We think the Israelis killed him.

Nessa is seated opposite.

NESSA STEIN

And who is it that's actually thinking that? The entire Palestinian Authority or just you?

MURAJI

I speak on behalf of my country, Baroness Stein, for whom Samir Meshal has become a martyr.

NESSA STEIN

We don't know that.

MURAJI

They don't want you to choose a Palestinian; they want an Israeli.

NESSA STEIN

It doesn't matter what anyone wants, Mr. Muraji.

MURAJI

We want you to choose a
Palestinian.

NESSA STEIN

I will choose whoever best protects
the aims and ideals of this company
and nothing you or anyone else
"wants" will effect that decision.

MURAJI

You cannot choose an Israeli - not
after this.

Nessa stands, polite but steely.

NESSA STEIN

I'll choose exactly who I want.

Muraji stands.

MURAJI

Then you'll have made a mistake.

NESSA STEIN

And if I do at least it will be
mine.

128 **THE STAGE, THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC - EVENING** 128

We watch the stage being set as we hear a cello PRACTICING.

129 **OMITTED** 129

130 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - EVENING** 130

We start CLOSE on Kasim looking nervous.

ATIKA (O.S.)

Don't be afraid.

Atika has leant down to comfort him.

ATIKA (CONT'D)

Everything will be alright.

Ephra is standing by the open door with Hannah and Mazel, all
ready to go out.

EPHRA

It's going to be more than that;
it'll be great.

CLOSE on Atika as she kisses Kasim goodbye.

131 **EXT. THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC - EVENING**

131

Establishing the entrance.

There is a notable gathering of protestors both Israeli supporters and Palestinian.

Their banners and flags in clear opposition.

As are their chants.

Peaceful but cordoned and separated by police.

When we come closer we can hear opposing chants as the first of the GUESTS begin to arrive.

132 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PROTECTION CAR - EVENING**

132

The car is STATIONARY as Bloom takes instruction through his ear piece.

Nessa is sitting with FRANCES to one side and Bloom in the front passenger seat.

FRANCES

Once you're inside, we've agreed to a short interview. Obviously they'll probably want a comment on whatever's going on outside.

NESSA STEIN

I don't want to be drawn...

FRANCES

Then don't be... the message is the music.

Bloom has just come off the phone.

NATHANIEL BLOOM

It's vocal but contained. You're set up to go in the main entrance but there is an alternative.

NESSA STEIN

Which is?

NATHANIEL BLOOM

Rear loading bay - it's an easy drive in.

NESSA STEIN

(after a moment's thought)

No. Main entrance. It's supposed to be a celebration, not a run for a bunker...

132 CONTINUED:

132

NATHANIEL BLOOM
 Alright, but straight in.

133 OMITTED

133

134 OMITTED

134

134A EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC - EVENING

134A

In our world now we watch Nessa enter through the screaming
 protestors.

*

135 INT. ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, MAIN LOBBY, STAIRCASE - MOMENTS
LATER 35

Ephra Stein, holding Mazel with Hannah and Kasim standing
 beside him.

EPHRA
 You alright?

NESSA STEIN
 (clearly slightly
 rattled)
 Yeah, yeah...
 (finding composure)
 Where's Rachel?

EPHRA
 Her ankles, they're a bit swollen.

NESSA STEIN
 Atika?

EPHRA
 Well, no, she thought it best if
 she stayed behind also.... I
 mean...
 (aware of Mazel)
 ...It's fine. Really Nessa, it's
 fine... I'm quite capable of
 looking after my own kids...
 (to Mazel)
 Aren't I?

Nessa is staring at Kasim, who looks nervous without his
 mother.

FRANCES
 (to Nessa)
 They need you off stage.

But Nessa just stares at Kasim.

NESSA STEIN
 Are you okay?

135 CONTINUED:

135

The little boy nods.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)
 (to FRANCES)
 Who's looking after them?
 (Ephra's family)

FRANCES
 This man's going take them to their
 box.

An USHER is standing with the group.

It's clear Nessa's been rattled by her recent confrontation.

NESSA STEIN
 (sharp)
 Are you cleared?

The usher doesn't know how to answer.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)
 Is he cleared?

NATHANIEL BLOOM
 (soothing)
 Yes, he is. It's okay...

FRANCES
 You should go on in.

Led by the usher, Ephra and the children begin to follow.

Nessa watches them go.

136 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, MAIN AUDITORIUM - EVENING**

136

Looking up into the DRESS CIRCLE from the main auditorium, we watch Ephra's family settle into their seats.

Mazel on Ephra's knee, Hannah seated one side, Kasim the other.

Kasim looks over the balcony.

It's quite a scene.

Full of people.

We hard cut onto the face of a **MAN**.

Standing, staring - straight at Kasim.

137 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, OFF STAGE CORRIDOR - EVENING**

137

Led by an **USHER** and flanked by Bloom, Nessa makes her way towards the stage.

138 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, MAIN AUDITORIUM - EVENING** 138

EPHRA
(to Mazel on his knee)
Okay? Fingers crossed for the Star Wars theme!

When we look back down into the auditorium we notice -
The man seen previously has gone.
The auditorium begins to applaud.

139 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, SIDE STAGE - CONTINUOUS** 139

As Nessa approaches the podium, Bloom is watching the audience -

NESSA STEIN
(through the microphone)
Welcome to this unique and historical event!

Now closer on Nessa.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)
(through the microphone)
I've been asked to say a few words and that's literally all I'm going to do - tonight I really think the music should speak for itself... But obviously, you'll have been aware of what's going on outside... And you know, I don't pretend we've got an all-encompassing solution here because, clearly, we don't. But I do believe, with all my heart, that with what we're trying to do... at least we're no longer part of the problem! Thank you.

140 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, OFF STAGE CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER** 140

We can hear the echo of applause as -
Bloom walks into the corridor followed by Nessa.

141 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, MAIN AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS** 141

We watch the principal players take to the stage.
Including Mustapha Shamar with his cello.
He shakes hands with the conductor and then sits at his place.
The applause continues.

- 141 CONTINUED: 141
FRANCES, clapping, is standing to the side of the stage watching.
- 142 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, OFF STAGE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS** 142
We can hear the muffled applause as Nessa and Bloom are lead along the corridor.
Suddenly, the lights flicker.
- 143 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, MAIN AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS** 143
Ephra looks up at the flickering lights.
From the stage we see that the lights in the whole auditorium are flickering -
And then -
The lights go out.
Completely.
Dark.
- 144 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, OFF STAGE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS** 144
We watch the "Fire Exit" sign also flicker.
And then die.
Total dark.
Total silence.
Then Bloom's phone torch lights up.
- 145 **INT. ROYAL COLLEGE, MAIN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT** 145
It is pitch black.
Imagine a room of that size with that many people in the pitch black.
- EPHRA
(into the dark)
It's alright, everything's fine. We just sit here.
- We can HEAR the growing mumble of fear.
And then -
Suddenly a CLAXON SOUNDS like a fire alarm.

153

EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE, LOADING BAY - NIGHT

153

Led by the Usher, Bloom and Nessa crash through the fire exit door.

Where they see -

A VAN its rear doors OPEN.

Its exhaust belching fumes - as it waits.

Bloom, frowns, recognizing the threat.

NATHANIEL BLOOM

Wait here.

Bloom approaches the van and begins to shimmy along its side towards the driver's door. *

As he approaches the door we begin to incorporate a view of the driver, **MICHAEL GATZ**, who is looking into his side mirror before - *

He opens the door and springs out at Gatz aiming a GUN. *

Bloom reflexively also springs forward. *

A fight ensues which - *

Nessa watches, powerless. She turns to the Usher but he - *

Has turned his torch beam towards the exit from which they just stepped. They're caught in the beam is - *

A man carrying Kasim.

NESSA STEIN

Kasim...

A momentary pause as the man and Kasim look at Nessa.

It is the man we previously saw in the auditorium.

He turns and runs away.

Nessa runs after them as -

154

OMITTED

154

154A

EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE, EXTERIOR CORRIDOR

154A

Kasim and his assailant run down the corridor.

Followed by Nessa.

155

OMITTED

155

156	OMITTED	156	
157	OMITTED	157	
157B	EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE, EXTERIOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT	157B	*
	We watch the Assailant PUSH OPEN the gates leading to -		
157C	EXT. PRINCE CONSORT ROAD - CONTINUOUS	157C	
	The Assailant and Kasim run out into a street full of GUESTS having left the building.		
	The Assailant picks Kasim up and runs with him.		
157D	EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE, EXTERIOR STAIRWELL - NIGHT	157D	
	We watch Nessa run through the gates to -		
157E	EXT. PRINCE CONSORT ROAD - CONTINUOUS	157E	
	Nessa joins the road and the CROWD.		
	CLOSE on her as she pushes through the crowd to see -		
	The Assailant in the distance running.		
	WIDER NOW as we watch Nessa leave the crowd in pursuit.		
158	OMITTED	158	
158A	EXT. ROYAL COLLEGE, LOADING BAY - NIGHT	158A	
	The fight between Bloom and Gatz concludes with -		
	Bloom SHOOTING Gatz with a single shot.		
	He then turns to see the Usher, watching in horror as Bloom notices he's alone.		
	NATHANIEL BLOOM Where'd she go?		
	Weakly the usher points towards the corridor.		
159	OMITTED	159	
160	OMITTED	160	
161	OMITTED	161	
162	OMITTED	162	
163	OMITTED	163	
164	OMITTED	164	

And takes aim at Nessa.

Her fundamental miscalculation, revealed.

She is too exhausted to move.

Equally exhausted, he is finding it hard to steady his hand.

Bang!

A bullet strikes the man in the chest.

Bang!

The next takes him down.

Silence.

Until -

Nathaniel Bloom lowers his aim.

He has been crouched on one knee to shoot.

Now he stands.

And then there's the sound of something going pop.

A weird, disturbing sound.

For a moment neither Nessa nor Bloom can locate the source.

Until -

Bloom lifts his jacket.

Damp now from the blood soaking through his shirt.

He looks up at Nessa as she stares at him.

And in that moment they both know -

He's hit.

Pop - as the second bullet strikes him and he falls first to his knees, then onto his back as -

We simultaneously hear the rev of a "scrambler" motorbike beyond us, its LIGHTS suddenly on as it SCREAMS towards the back of the Statue.

Nessa begins to run.

The bike disappears behind the statue as -

166B **EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS, STATUE REAR - CONTINUOUS** 166B

Nessa rounds the statue to find -

The pillion rider sweeping Kasim onto the bike like a rag doll.

Aiming his gun directly at her.

Before the bike screams away.

Defeated -

Nessa Stein lets out a terrible anguished cry.

167 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT** 167

Atika is seated at a low lit kitchen table, studying when suddenly -

She looks up.

Intuitively aware that -

Something terrible has happened.

168 **EXT. KENSINGTON GARDENS - NIGHT** 168

We leave Nessa Stein as we found her at the episode's start -

Flanked by two shot men.

Alone.

In the dark.

END OF EPISODE