

The Honourable Woman

by

Hugo Blick

Two: "The Faithful Husband"

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1 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE, ELEVATOR - NIGHT** 1

Bang!

NESSA STEIN'S head bangs against the steel elevator wall as she -

Is being passionately kissed by **GREENE**, a handsome man in his mid twenties.

This is full on stuff.

They roll along the wall.

She pushes back with equal sexual intensity.

Bang!

2 **FLASHBACK: INT. GAZA STRIP, CELL - DAY** 2

Thwack!

Nessa falls onto the cell floor, having been thrown.

She is wearing the same clothes as she was in the last episode when we saw her being kidnapped.

We see the door being slammed shut.

3 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S HOUSE, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS** 3

Nessa's fingers press the elevator button.

She is still passionately kissing Greene as -

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

The elevator doors sweep open.

The room is dark.

Only the light from the elevator pours in like a search light.

5 **FLASHBACK: INT. GAZA STRIP, CELL - CONTINUOUS** 5

A shaft of sunlight jets through a gap in the boarded windows.

Motes of dust before we see -

A glimpse of a soiled mattress.

NESSA STEIN

Stop!

GREENE

What?!

She struggles to push him off - to which he awkwardly relents.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Why?

She's already grappling for the REMOTE CONTROL as the image of her FATHER bears down on the scene.

She is about to press the stop button but pauses as -

Eli Stein breaks out into a LOVING SMILE straight at the camera.

GREENE (CONT'D)

Fuck, who's that?!

She switches it OFF.

Dark.

For a moment they are both just SILHOUETTES against the windows.

NESSA STEIN

(dismissive)

Really?

She stands, smoothing out her clothes.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

I was willing to have the sex but afterwards you and I, we were always going to have a straight talk...

GREENE

What?

NESSA STEIN

You know exactly who that was! In fact, I bet there's not much about me you don't know and doing this... this was just a way to help fill in the gaps.

Finishing re-dressing her shirt.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

So who do you work for?

GREENE

You!

NESSA STEIN

Bullshit! Real bodyguards, they know to keep their distance. So what are you, MI6?

Greene says nothing but certainly looks exposed.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

Hayden-Hoyle, he your boss? Well, whoever it is - tell them to tighten up the training.

She smiles coldly, turns and we watch her walk away towards her bedroom.

GREENE

(suddenly sharp from being needled)

Oh, baby, trust me I got more than I need...

He starts to gather up his stuff as she stops and turns.

NESSA STEIN

And what's that?

GREENE

(putting on his shirt with an angry snap)

It's no wonder you're so easy with your body...

(he levels a cold stare at her)

When you're that dead behind the eyes...

She pauses, and we expect her to be struck by the insight but instead when she turns to him she is shaking her head with incredulity -

NESSA STEIN

Don't even fucking start...

And she turns away.

TITLES

Like the titles to the previous episode - 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 processes 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.

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**

We can hear the sound of panting.

Then we find ATIKA HALABI having just been thrown into this cell.

She hears the PANICKED SCREAMS of NESSA STEIN coming from a cell some distance away.

Slowly Atika begins to control her own breathing; making it slow, rhythmic, deep.

Whilst this breathing begins to DOMINATE what we hear -

Nessa's screams distort and turn into -

18 CONTINUED: 18

RACHEL STEIN, on her side, turned away from her husband, her eyes OPEN and pensive.

19 **INT. ATIKA HALABI'S BEDROOM - DAY** 19

Atika stands from her bed, a woman on auto pilot.

20 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS 20 LATER**

We watch the panic room swing open and Nessa step out.

Close on the finger print pad as she allows her index finger to be scanned.

Then wide as we see the empty living as the panic door compresses shut once again.

We see the spot in the living room where she made love to Greene. Her clothes are still strewn there.

21 **INT. NESSA STEIN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT, DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS 1 LATER**

We start on a dresser's DUMMY - on which Nessa's Outfit of The Day has been neatly placed. Perhaps the colour of the outfit, or its cut, something, should subtly remind us of Jackie Kennedy's outfit the day her husband was shot.

Placed on this dummy, it should also suggest ARMOUR - Nessa's defence against the day. This feeling is enhanced by the last shot which should place the dummy one side of frame and Nessa, vulnerable in her underwear, on the other.

22 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY** 22

We start on a CHILD'S HAIRBRUSH.

Then we see Atika staring at it.

A world of pain that attends an a lost child.

Finally, for an indeterminate reason, Atika picks up the brush and places it in her DRESSING GOWN POCKET.

23 **INT. KASIM HALABI'S BEDROOM - DAY** 23

We are under the bed as -

A VACUUM CLEANER HEAD sweeps past our vision.

A new angle reveals Atika hovering the room.

Until she switches the hoover off and as she turns towards the door she sees -

Ephra. In his dressing gown.

ATIKA

I'm sorry, did I wake you?

EPHRA

No, no.

Ephra smiles, a sympathetic gesture, before he sees -
The dusters, spray polish etc.

EPHRA (CONT'D)

You did this yesterday.

ATIKA

And everyday.

Ephra takes this in before turning away.

24 INT. MI6 HQ - HAYDEN HOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

24

We start on the CLOSED EYES of SIR HUGH HAYDEN-HOYLE, late 50s, lean, sharp, if a little weary, as he presses the bridge of his nose, before opening his eyes again to reveal -

Greene, the agent Nessa fired, standing somewhat defiantly in Hoyle's office.

GREENE

I don't trust her.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Because she caught you with your pants down? Literally...

GREENE

That was my job, sir...

BOORMAN

...nice work if you can get it...

GREENE

...it wasn't hers.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

So what do you want me to do - commend you for the effort or sack you for the result?

Hoyle dismisses the agent with a weary hand.

HAYDEN-HOYLE (CONT'D)

Go on... get lost before the boss sees you.

BOORMAN (O.S.)

Too late.

BOORMAN, Hoyle's assistant, looks through the glass towards -
DAME JULIA WALSH, Director General of the Secret Intelligence
 Service walking towards Hoyle's office.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Shit...

BOORMAN

(from the rhyme)

"And here comes a chopper to chop
 off..."

HAYDEN-HOYLE

...my dick...

Walsh enters the office - all pleasant.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Hugh.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(smiling)

"C".

DAME JULIA WALSH

Where are you on Samir Meshal?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

About to interview his wife.

DAME JULIA WALSH

And the Stein kidnap?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

The police are handling that.

DAME JULIA WALSH

(leaving)

You really think?...

EXT. THE PALESTINIAN MISSION, LONDON - DAY

Establishing the Palestinian mission as -

INT. THE PALESTINIAN MISSION, LONDON - CONTINUOUS

We start on **MURAJI** the Palestinian spokesman.

MURAJI

Are you suggesting we took the
 child?

COMMANDER GARRETT, uniformed police is sat opposite.

COMMANDER GARRETT
No, of course not - but I am aware
of the visit made by you to Nessa
Stein before his disappearance.

MURAJI
I went to warn her.

COMMANDER GARRETT
Of what?

MURAJI
The Israelis.

COMMANDER GARRETT
Why?

27 **EXT. THE ISRAELI EMBASSY - DAY** 27

Establishing the embassy as -

28 **INT. THE ISRAELI EMBASSY - CONTINUOUS** 28

We start of the DANIEL BORGORAZ as Commander Garrett asks -

COMMANDER GARRETT
It's been suggested your country
had Samir Meshal assassinated.

DANIEL BORGORAZ
He committed suicide.

COMMANDER GARRETT
There are some anomalies.

DANIEL BORGORAZ
Ah, yes the finger prints. This
isn't Agatha Christie...

COMMANDER GARRETT
You read Agatha Christie...

DANIEL BORGORAZ
"Cat Amongst the Pigeons"? A great
favorite... but we both know
forensics are rarely so reliable.

COMMANDER GARRETT
But it's conceivable your country
had the most to gain.

DANIEL BORGORAZ
How?

COMMANDER GARRETT

Perhaps to replace him with a more pro-Israeli influence on the Steins.

DANIEL BORGORAZ

We have never tried to influence Nessa Stein and we never will.

COMMANDER GARRETT

So you don't have any idea who may have abducted the child?

DANIEL BORGORAZ

Because the Palestinians think it was us... Your informant is all too transparent, Commander.

COMMANDER GARRETT

It's not beyond your history.

DANIEL BORGORAZ

(contemptuous)

And what do you know about our history?

(controlled)

Be very careful; the story you've just stepped into, it stretches back thousands of years.

COMMANDER GARRETT

All I rely on is what I can see with my own eyes.

DANIEL BORGORAZ

Then I hope you read Braille.

Having stepped out of the meeting, Garrett pauses and SIGHS at his mountainous task before his mobile phone begins to ring.

COMMANDER GARRETT

(into phone)

Yes?

He listens then, suddenly electrified, drops the phone away as he speaks to his waiting **ASSISTANT**

COMMANDER GARRETT (CONT'D)

The kidnap driver. He's awake.

MICHAEL GATZ is lying in bed when -

A **NURSE** enters.

She walks up to the bed, looks at his monitors, then, after one swift check that they are alone, she produces a mobile from her pocket.

NURSE
(handing the phone over)
Press one. There's an answerphone message. Listen to it. Then delete it.

MICHAEL GATZ
Who are you?

Michael Gatz follows the instructions.

As he listens to the message, his face begins to crumple into tears.

He finally lifts the phone away from his ear.

NURSE
Delete it.

Confused, he does so.

Then the Nurse, takes the phone, pockets it and LEAVES.

Alone again, Michael Gatz becomes very agitated and fearful until finally -

He turns his head to see -

A discarded syringe.

We start CLOSE on a DRIP TUBE as it uncoils - as if being pulled.

We follow it as if lifts through the air to become -

STRETCHED TIGHT.

Then we drop back to reveal Michael Gatz standing in the room, ATTACHED to a number of wires that are pulling at him like brambles as he -

REACHES OUT towards the kidney box that holds the large empty syringe.

Between the syringe and his stretched finger tips we emphasis this tense gap.

31 **OMITTED**

31

32 **OMITTED**

32

36 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

36

HOSPITAL STAFF burst into the room to see -

Michael Gatz in some sort of appalling HEART SEIZURE.

We then focus in on Garrett standing in the doorway, watching the chaos.

We are CLOSE on the discarded syringe before it is accidentally kicked and spins away.

37 INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

37

We start CLOSE on Garrett, again his efforts have come to nothing.

EPHRA

You lost him.

COMMANDER GARRETT

We did everything we could.

EPHRA

Except keep him alive.

Silence.

We then see the living room. It is a beautiful space of clear wealth.

Garrett is seated opposite -

Nessa Stein, dressed in the outfit we'd previously seen on the dummy, is seated on the sofa with Atika Halabi.

Ephra is standing behind the sofa.

ATIKA

Who was he?

COMMANDER GARRETT

His name was Michael Gatz. He was ex Intelligence Corps. So was the man your...

(he indicates Nessa)

...security officer killed.

EPHRA

Wait... you're suggesting this was an official... (operation)

COMMANDER GARRETT

Oh, no! They left four years ago and functionally disappeared. Until now.

EPHRA

Too late...

COMMANDER GARRETT

Clearly, they're a team that leaves no trace. At all.

Silence.

EPHRA

So where next?

COMMANDER GARRETT

Given what's happened, I have to suggest the possibility that our most likely point of first contact - will be when Kasim's kidnappers choose to make it with us.

EPHRA

So the long arm of the law has just come up short, is that what you're telling us?

Garrett is the uncomfortable recipient of this truth which the barest of nods recognises.

EPHRA (CONT'D)

And how do you expect us to react to that?

ATIKA

He doesn't. He expects us to wait.

38 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, LOBBY - DAY**

38

Looking down into the lobby we ESTABLISH TWO UNIFORMED POLICE and TWO CLOSE PROTECTION OFFICERS are standing, waiting.

On the REVERSE we find Rachel looking down at the scene with OPEN DISTASTE until we see -

Nessa and Commander Garret pause by the front door-

COMMANDER GARRETT

I understand you suffered an... impropriety from your protection officer.

NESSA STEIN

Impropriety? You mean we had sex.

Garrett is stung by her honesty.

COMMANDER GARRETT

(weak)

...Yes...

NESSA STEIN

It wasn't immoral, Commander. But
it was a mistake.

COMMANDER GARRETT

It won't happen again.

Nessa looks across towards her new UNBECOMING PROTECTION OFFICER before looking back at Garrett.

NESSA STEIN

No, it won't.

She smiles sweetly.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

Thank you for everything you're
doing.

COMMANDER GARRETT

You must believe that we are.

NESSA STEIN

I do.

COMMANDER GARRETT

(forlorn)

It's just a... very complex
situation.

NESSA STEIN

Isn't it...

INT. NESSA'S PROTECTION CAR - DAY

*

Nessa is walking towards her car with FRANCES PIRSIG, her
press assistant.

*

*

FRANCES

The Palestinian funding debate...
do you still want to speak?

*

*

*

NESSA STEIN

Yes. But no questions on this...
(situation)

*

*

*

FRANCES

There won't be any; there's a
complete blackout.

*

*

*

NESSA STEIN

You're sure?

*

*

Frances turns to her with a quizzical look.

*

FRANCES

It's a kidnapping, Nessa; the outside world is always the last to hear. In Fact, mostly, they're never even told.

*
*
*
*
*

Frances gets into the waiting car as Nessa pauses a moment.

*

INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, DAME JULIA WALSH'S OFFICE - DAY

Dame Julia is sitting opposite **MONICA CHATWIN**, the agent Nessa met previously - visually the flip side of the same coin.

DAME JULIA WALSH

That's why Number 10 want her out.

MONICA CHATWIN

They've only just put her in.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Kidnap, shooting, suicide... I think they were hoping for an insight to the Middle East not a practical demonstration...

MONICA CHATWIN

Which only goes to show just how much she needs our support.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Or the mistake we've made by making it so public.

MONICA CHATWIN

I still think it was the right thing to do... is the right thing.

DAME JULIA WALSH

And you are?

MONICA CHATWIN

The best person to advise this government on Anglo-American relations with the Middle East. I've been there eight years, Julia; I know when the president farts.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Speaking of unpleasant odours... I had General Berkoff sitting right where you are now... two hours ago.

MONICA CHATWIN

And he told you he wanted her to remain in the House of Lords.

DAME JULIA WALSH

I'll admit it was a surprise to hear an American give such wholehearted support to a non elected chamber...

(levelling with a stare)

Be careful, Monica, just because you think you've got the protection of the playground bully doesn't mean people wont wait for you on the way home.

MONICA CHATWIN

The only person I think needs protecting is Nessa Stein.

Walsh breaks her stare to look out of the window before -

DAME JULIA WALSH

Samir Meshal. His suicide note - no finger prints on the envelope.

MONICA CHATWIN

It's about to be discounted.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Why?

MONICA CHATWIN

Finger prints wouldn't necessarily have been carried onto it.

DAME JULIA WALSH

But a suicide? Right at that moment.

MONICA CHATWIN

He had a mistress in Washington. She broke up with him the evening before he flew back. In the note he apologises to his wife.

Walsh accepts this. The meeting appears to be over until -

DAME JULIA WALSH

I'm letting Hayden-Hoyle take a look.

Silence before -

MONICA CHATWIN

Let's not forget the long ball here, Julia.

DAME JULIA WALSH

The long ball - isn't that an Americanism?

MONICA CHATWIN

It's what it's always been and what we all want: Peace in the Middle East.

DAME JULIA WALSH

And you think Hoyle's standing in the way of that?

MONICA CHATWIN

Actually, yes I do. Otherwise I wouldn't have asked you to get rid of him.

DAME JULIA WALSH

So you can fill his shoes.

MONICA CHATWIN

I doubt he wears stilettos...

INT. SAMIR MESHAL'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DAY

We start on ALIMA MESHAL, Samir Meshal's widow. A woman in her 50s of elegance and integrity.

She is reading her husband's SUICIDE NOTE before -

ALIMA MESHAL

I don't believe it.

She hands it back to Hayden-Hoyle who is seated opposite her.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Why?

ALIMA MESHAL

(simply)

Because he didn't have a mistress.

Pause.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

His autopsy revealed he was gravely ill. Did you know that?

ALIMA MESHAL

Yes. Secondary lung cancer. But he didn't want anyone to know so...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

He kept it a secret.

ALIMA MESHAL

Not from me.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Sometimes, *ah-say-yeeda*...

ALIMA MESHAL
...the wife is last to know?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Yes.

ALIMA MESHAL
Was yours?

Pause. The silence suggests that she is right.

ALIMA MESHAL (CONT'D)
And you think everyone is like you.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Not everyone.

ALIMA MESHAL
But my husband.

Pause before her certainty makes Hoyle smile sympathetically before -

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Let me take another look.

ALIMA MESHAL
Please. And look hard because I
want everyone to know that my
husband did not have a mistress and
he did not write that note.

We leave the scene on a copy of Samir Meshal's suicide note
that sits on the table between them.

Nessa and Frances are walking along a hospital corridor.

FRANCES
We need to discuss the Meshal
contract.

NESSA STEIN
I know.

FRANCES
It has to be reassigned.

NESSA STEIN
I know.

FRANCES
Shlomo Zahary.

NESSA STEIN
We can't.

FRANCES
He insists he's innocent.

NESSA STEIN
We have it on paper he's not.

FRANCES
What if that's wrong?

This brings Nessa to a halt near a door GUARDED by a **UNIFORMED OFFICER.**

NESSA STEIN
(pointing at the door)
Then that would be his fault! And
he's just taken two bullets for me -
so do you think I should trust him?

FRANCES
Of course...

NESSA STEIN
So do I!

43 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

43

We start on Nathaniel Bloom, Nessa Stein's security officer,
as he lies in a coma.

Then we see Nessa Stein standing at the end of his bed.
She lays a hand on his chest.

NESSA STEIN
Thank you.

44 **EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

44

The front door to a pleasant Islington-ish town house is
opened by **ANJELICA HAYDEN-HOYLE**, 59, elegant.

Hayden-Hoyle is standing on the stoop to say -

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Lady Hoyle!

She's a little cold eyed with him.

ANJELICA
I tore that name up with our credit
cards, Hugh; it's just one of many
things I've left behind.

He stares at her for a moment.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
I like your hair.

ANJELICA

Is that the line you always use
because I'm surprised it's ever
worked.

He takes the hit by nodding a little and looking away.

ANJELICA (CONT'D)

What do you want?

Hoyle stares at the street before turning back to Anjelica to suddenly say.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

If I'd told you the truth, would
you have stayed?

ANJELICA

(the sudden exhaustion
of long term pain)
I'm too tired... (for this)

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(urgent)
...I only lied because I didn't
want to hurt you.

ANJELICA

Hugh...
(a measured coup de
grace)
Most people get fucked by their job
not for it...

He takes this his too.

ANJELICA (CONT'D)

Still...

She looks across to his waiting PROTECTION VEHICLE.

Hoyle follows her stare.

ANJELICA (CONT'D)

...At least you got a nice car.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Not sure for how long.

ANJELICA

Oh, Hugh, is that sulphur I can
smell?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

I'm not a devil, Anji.

44 CONTINUED:

44

ANJELICA

Didn't say you were but I'm sure
you made a deal with one.

45 INT. KASIM HALABI'S BEDROOM - DAY

45

We watch Atika, seated on Kasim's bed, silent.

46 INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, EPHRA'S OFFICE - DAY

46

We start on Ephra as he replaces a telephone receiver back
onto its cradle.

Before -

His office door bursts open and Rachel strides in.

RACHEL

How long do I have to put up with
these monkeys in my house?

EPHRA

Hmm?

RACHEL

There is urine all over the floor
in the cloakroom. If they aim like
they piss, someone tries to kill
us, we're done for anyway!

EPHRA

We have to have them.

RACHEL

Why?

EPHRA

You know why...

Silence.

Ephra reaches for his coat hung on his chair back.

EPHRA (CONT'D)

So, are you coming to this lunch?

RACHEL

(acute)

Are you getting something out of
this?

EPHRA

What?

RACHEL

We go to that lunch, we'll be
turning up in a fucking motorcade!
Is that something you want?

EPHRA

I'm an educational fund-raiser,
Rachel. I have been for seven years
now.

RACHEL

But are you missing it?

EPHRA

No.

RACHEL

There's a big streak of vanity
running through your family, Ephra,
and it appears to be growing: First
your father wants to save Israel,
now your sister's trying to save
the Middle East! What's your plan
for my daughters? Is Kryptonite
involved?!

EPHRA

It's NOT MY FAULT! I GAVE IT ALL
UP!

RACHEL

It was YOU INSISTED ON TAKING THEM
TO THAT FUCKING CONCERT!!!

EPHRA

You're blaming me?

RACHEL

I think you wanted to present my
Jewish daughters with Atika's
Palestinian son - just so the world
could see the "United Colours of
Stein!"

EPHRA

That's not... I...

RACHEL

It was a vanity! It's ALL vanity.
And having men with guns pissing
all over my cloakroom is NOT a
price I'm going to pay!

Atika hears the BANG of a door before she stands and -

47 CONTINUED:

47

Carefully smooths Kasim's bed.

48 INT. NESSA STEIN'S PROTECTION CAR - DAY

48

Nessa is seated in the back with Frances as they are driven through London streets.

Frances hands Nessa a sheaf of notes.

FRANCES

How's Atika?

NESSA STEIN

She's okay.

FRANCES

Is she... sedated?

NESSA STEIN

I don't know, I don't think so.
Why?

FRANCES

If it was me, I'm not sure I'd be
so calm.

NESSA STEIN

(needled)

What like she's not behaving as you
would expect?...

FRANCES

Well, nothing's happening here like
I'd expect, I mean where's the
father?

NESSA STEIN

Dead, Frances! In a car crash eight
years ago.

FRANCES

(genuinely surprised)

Right... well, I didn't know that.

NESSA STEIN

No. It was before your time. He
worked for us in Gaza as a driver -
so after it happened we decided to
bring Atika home with the baby.

FRANCES

Okay... so, if I'd known...

NESSA STEIN

But it's okay with you, eh? Her
reaction... Now that you do!

(MORE)

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

Why is it when something like this happens people always expect you to act in a certain way - and when you don't everyone gets suspicious?

FRANCES

I'm not suspicious.

NESSA STEIN

Good...

Uncomfortable silence as Frances tries to dispel the atmosphere by going through the FILE in her lap and bringing out a piece of paper

FRANCES

So these are the potential bullet points for the debate, but obviously which way it goes really depends on who dominates: On the one side you've got Margaret Andrews who's rabidly pro-Israeli.

NESSA STEIN

...refreshingly unfashionable...

FRANCES

And on the other you've got Angela Roberts...

NESSA STEIN

...who's only a couple of steps short of a Holocaust denier.

FRANCES

Right.

(beat)

That's why, with everything that's going on right now...

NESSA STEIN

No, I'm still going.

FRANCES

Do you really think that's the best choice?

NESSA STEIN

And now you're suspicious of me?

FRANCES

I'm just mindful of avoiding and overtly flammable situation.

NESSA STEIN

And you think I'm not? What do you expect me to be doing Frances?

Frances takes this as a prompt to say what's really on her mind. *

FRANCES
Everything we can to get that boy back. *

NESSA STEIN
Isn't that the job of the police? *

FRANCES
The British bobby against the Middle East... *

NESSA STEIN
So you think we should be doing it for them? *

FRANCES
It's your world, Nessa, no one knows it better than you. *

NESSA STEIN
And where does corruption start, Frances? *

FRANCES
In the boot of a car if that's where we find him. *

NESSA STEIN
You don't think I want to tear this place apart? Pull in every fucking favour I've ever been offered? OF COURSE I DO! But I CAN'T! That's probably why he's been taken; to make me react in exactly the way people like you expect! *

FRANCES
(stung)
I'm not people, Nessa, I'm your advisor, I have been for six years.... *

NESSA STEIN
Then don't tell me to start curve balling around the police! Nothing can change because of this. Nothing! *

FRANCES
(with frank simplicity)
Except it has! It's changed everything. *

To which Nessa has no answer. *

| | | | |
|-----|---|-----|---|
| 49 | OMITTED | 49 | * |
| 50 | EXT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE - DAY | 50 | |
| | We watch Rachel step out of the DARK of her house and approach a car as - | | |
| | A PROTECTION OFFICER opens a rear door for her. | | |
| | This makes Rachel bristle - the officer steps away from the door allowing Rachel to get in of her own accord. | | |
| 51 | INT. THE STEIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS | 51 | |
| | Inside Ephra looks nervously at his wife who stares blankly forward as - | | |
| | The protection officer gets into the front passenger seat beside the DRIVER and slams the door. | | |
| 52 | OMITTED | 52 | |
| 52A | INT HOUSE OF LORDS, LADIES LAVATORY - DAY | 52A | * |
| | Here we find TWO WOMEN attending to their make-up. | | * |
| | LADY ANDREWS, and LADY ROBERTS. | | * |
| | As they attend to their make up, they speak to each other almost as if they are in rehearsal. | | * |
| | LADY ROBERTS | | * |
| | Frankly, Lady Andrews, I can't even | | * |
| | see into the West Bank for the | | * |
| | fucking Great Wall your friends | | * |
| | have built. | | * |
| | LADY ANDREWS | | * |
| | Maybe if you'd seen a bus bomb in | | * |
| | Tel Aviv you'd take a different | | * |
| | view. | | * |
| 53 | EXT. LONDON HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY | 53 | |
| | We watch the Stein car sweep to a halt outside. | | |
| | The close protection officer gets out and opens the rear door. | | |
| | Rachel and Ephra emerge and begin to walk into the hotel entrance. | | |
| 54 | OMITTED | 54 | |
| 54A | INT. HOUSE OF LORDS, LADIES LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS | 54A | * |
| | Nessa enters the lavatory, unseen by the two battling peers. | | * |

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED:

54A

LADY ROBERTS

Settlements. As long as there's
settlements you haven't got a leg
to stand on.

*
*
*
*

LADY ANDREWS (O.S.)

Sameria - as long as it was
established by the Israelites
almost three thousand years ago -
I'm happy to stand by that.

*
*
*
*
*

Nessa pauses.

*

55 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

55

We watch a **SPEAKER** stood at a podium finish his speech and
walk through the many tables back to his seat.

His body wipes across to reveal - Ephra and Rachel, sat at he
group table, clapping.

Rachel is clearly uncomfortable with the whole scenario.

56 OMITTED

56

56A INT. HOUSE OF LORDS, LADIES LAVTORY - CONTINUOUS

56A

We focus in on Nessa, listening.

*
*
*

LADY ROBERTS (O.S.)

So does that now give the residents
of Normandy the right to repatriate
Kent?

*
*
*
*

57 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

57

Under the **SCORE**, we watch a **SPEAKER** at the podium. Although
mute of sound, we can gather he is working up to introducing
the next speaker.

His arm gesture indicates towards -

A **MAN**, seated at a table across the room.

The seated man takes a sip of water before standing.

As he begins to walk towards the podium, we are careful to
note he is wearing a KIPPAH - clearly an observant Jew.

58 OMITTED

58

58A INT. HOUSE OF LORDS, LADIES LAVTORY - CONTINUOUS

58A

From Nessa's POV we watch -

*

LADY ANDREWS

Would you really use that joke if
in fact rocket bombs were raining
down on Dover!

*
*
*
*

LADY ROBERTS

Oh, for God's sake, Margaret, I
don't make jokes, not while Israel
uses phosphorous.

*
*
*
*

Suddenly, it is as if Nessa sees something in her mind's eye - *
a vision of - *

59 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

59

The MAN walks past the tables towards the podium.

Ephra's protection officer notices a door open across the
room.

A **WAITER** steps into the room and walks towards Ephra's table.

The protection officer watches him carefully.

The MAN and the waiter are on a collision course until -

The gap between tables makes it impossible for both to pass
each other.

The man pauses.

This obscures the protection officer's view of the waiter.

The officer moves to improve his line of sight, the man
waiting for the waiter raises his hand to his mouth to cough -

As he makes this gesture -

His other hand reaches inside his jacket.

Then the waiter stops and REACTS as he is the first to see -

The man produces some kind of bag, a blood bag, which he then -
Throws with huge force, into the centre of Ephra's table.

The bag bursts.

"Blood" everywhere.

Ephra is frozen in shock.

Rachel has stood up to scream.

The other guests have reacted with similar shock before -

59 CONTINUED: 59

The man is bundled to the floor by Ephra's protection officer.

Ephra is now out of his seat and comforting his hysterical wife as we -

60 OMITTED 60

60A INT. HOUSE OF LORDS, LADIES LAVATORY - CONTINUOUS 60A *

The two peers have finished. *

As they turn to leave they see Nessa. *

LADY ANDREWS *
 (nonchalantly) *
 Oh, hello... We were just talking *
 about you... *

They begin to walk past Nessa. *

LADY ROBERTS *
 See you in the Chamber. *

And they leave. *

61 INT. HOUSE OF LORDS, LAVATORY - MOMENTS LATER 61 *

Nessa is VOMITING into a toilet bowl. *

She then goes to the basin to wash and for a moment stares at herself in the mirror. *

62 INT. HOUSE OF LORDS, CORRIDOR - DAY 62 *

Recovered, Nessa steps out into the dark corridor and begins walking down it when suddenly - *

She is knocked into by a man who passes her something. *

MAN *
 Take this. *

And he keeps walking on as Nessa looks into her hand. *

She has been passed a GPS STYLE MOBILE PHONE. *

When she looks back up. *

He Man has gone. *

And Nessa is alone in a cold, dark corridor of power. *

*

We start on Atika's shocked face.

ATIKA

Oh, my God!

Ephra and Rachel have just entered the house SURROUNDED BY POLICE.

Ephra is covered in the fake blood as Rachel is spattered with it.

It is a scene of chaos - strangely feeling as if by coming in through the front door they've just come off stage.

EPHRA

We're fine, it's okay.

RACHEL

Don't let her see this!

MAZEL, 8, the Steins' daughter, is standing beside Atika in frightened gulps of tears as -

Ephra sees Mazel and heads for her.

EPHRA

It's alright, darling, it was just a game. Just a silly game.

He reaches his daughter but awkwardly realises he can't pick her up or the dye will go onto Mazel.

EPHRA (CONT'D)

Daddy just needs to clean it all off.

Rachel looks at her own "blood" spattered clothing like she's Lady Macbeth.

RACHEL

Atika, take her away!

Atika doesn't move, possibly in shock herself.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

ATIKA! TAKE MY CHILD OUT OF THIS ROOM! NOW!

EPHRA

Rachel!

RACHEL

This is MY house! Not his father's!
(pointing at Ephra)
Not anymore! Mine!

She begins to silently weep as -
Ephra walks towards her.

EPHRA

It's alright. Everything will be
alright.

As he tries to embrace his wife, she explodes.

RACHEL

No, it's not. It's NOT!

As she stares at him she sees his eyes shift focus over her
shoulder. She then follows his stare by turning to see -

Nessa, standing in the front doorway, having just arrived.

There is a moment between the two women before -

NESSA STEIN

I'm so, sorry.

Rachel then walks right up to Nessa, her blood splattered
outfit all the more obvious.

Rachel eyes Nessa with a sudden, deadly calm.

RACHEL

What does that mean? You're sorry
for what?

NESSA STEIN

What you've just been through.

RACHEL

(cold)

And you understand that, do you -
what I'm going through?

Nessa doesn't answer.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You've got a big message, Nessa;
you want the world to hear.

(regarding Nessa very
carefully)

What's that worth? Is it worth a
child?

NESSA STEIN

(quiet)

Of course not.

RACHEL

How do you know - when you don't
have one?

NESSA STEIN

That's not fair.

RACHEL

Really? You know what the police think? They think they took the wrong one.

NESSA STEIN

(sympathetic)

They don't know...

RACHEL

...That they weren't looking for Kasim, that they were looking for one of mine. My child. Mine. Just to get to you.

(beat)

How could you possibly understand how that makes me feel?

Then Rachel, still spattered in "blood", turns walks across the room to Mazel, takes her hand then the pair of them slowly begin to walk back up the stairs.

Leaving Ephra to look towards -

Atika, who is staring at Nessa.

Who LOOKS to the floor.

POLICE INTERVIEW TAPE

We are looking at the pixelated images of a Police interview with REBECCA LANTHAM, a high maintenance East Coast American beauty of about 40. *

We are close on her face.

REBECCA LANTHAM

Samir Meshal came to my house and suddenly we were in this massive row. And I told him how I felt and that I'd been feeling it for sometime and that it'd been great while it lasted but... you know... and he was just devastated but what can you do?

POLICE (O.S.)

And when did you last see him?

REBECCA LANTHAM

In the end I had to ask him to leave.

(sighing with
discomfort)

(MORE)

64

CONTINUED:

64

REBECCA LANTHAM (CONT'D)
I mean if I'd known he'd do what he
did I... I...

She breaks eye contact with her off-screen interviewer and in that moment we FREEZE FRAME on her face - favouring her EYES.

65

INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS - HAYDEN-HOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

65

Hoyle is seated in front of a TV with **BOORMAN**.

*

The freeze frame image of Rebecca Latham is on the screen.

BOORMAN
You don't believe her?

Hoyle picks up the file on Rebecca Latham.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(scanning the file)
Single child, parents deceased,
unmarried, free lance,
international.

Hoyle looks up at Boorman.

BOORMAN
(interpreting the facts)
Lonely, disorientated jet setter
makes disastrous romantic choice by
trying replace lost parents with
Palestinian sugar daddy.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(considering the answer)
Could be, could really be.

BOORMAN
But could be not...

HAYDEN-HOYLE
If I was going to construct a
background that was hard to check
up on, that's a good one to choose.

BOORMAN
You think it's a legend...

HAYDEN-HOYLE
How come she's in the country?

BOORMAN
She flew yesterday.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Because of Meshal's death?

65 CONTINUED:

65

BOORMAN

I don't know...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Let's find out.

66 OMITTED

66

66A INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS - HAYDEN HOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

66A

Rebecca Lantham is sat opposite Hoyle.

REBECCA LANTHAM

Well, you know, when all's said and done, we were still good friends - and business colleagues.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

And how did that work?

REBECCA LANTHAM

I was able to make a few introductions to help his business... that sort thing.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Do you mind me asking what you got in return?

REBECCA LANTHAM

Two percent of gross of whatever came out of it?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

And what came out of it?

REBECCA LANTHAM

(coy)

Less than was expected, actually...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Okay. That's fine Ms. Latham. Thank you.

REBECCA LANTHAM

What a lovely view you have here...

(Flirting)

You must be a man worth knowing.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(as he's writing)

Do you mind if I ask you a... personal question?

REBECCA LANTHAM
(after the slightest eye
blink)
Absolutely...

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(still writing)
Did you love Samir Meshal?

Then Hoyle looks up.

REBECCA LANTHAM
I was very fond of him.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
That's not my question.

REBECCA LANTHAM
(slightly irritated)
Well, I ended the relationship so
obviously maybe I didn't.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
And do you think he loved you?

REBECCA LANTHAM
What is this - "Love Boat?"

HAYDEN-HOYLE
(ignoring the quip)
Did he?

REBECCA LANTHAM
(suddenly still)
He wanted more from the
relationship than I was willing to
offer.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
And what were you willing to offer,
exactly?

REBECCA LANTHAM
(showing her needle)
What do you think?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
I don't know - that's why I'm
asking.

REBECCA LANTHAM
Two lonely people meeting in hotel
lobbies all over the world?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
Sex.

REBECCA LANTHAM
 (dismissive)
 And they call your line of work
 "intelligence"...?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 And this was full sex? We're not
 just talking holding hands?

REBECCA LANTHAM
 "Full sex"! Like do you mean, "did
 we fuck?"

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 Yes.

REBECCA LANTHAM
 Then yes, we fucked. A lot.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 How often?

REBECCA LANTHAM
 Wait a second, do you get off on
 this?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 (continuing)
 Did you have sex every time you
 met?

REBECCA LANTHAM
 What because he was an old man??

The sudden inference on Hoyle's age.

REBECCA LANTHAM (CONT'D)
 Don't do yourself down! You'd be
 surprised what you could do... with
 the right woman.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 And were you the right woman for
 Samir Meshal?

REBECCA LANTHAM
 (cold)
 We fucked like rabbits. You need a
 tissue now?

Hoyle breaks eye contact to make a note.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 Did you know he was dying?

REBECCA LANTHAM
 Excuse me?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

It was a secret. No one knew.
Except his wife, so I thought maybe
you did too.

Pause.

REBECCA LANTHAM

I had no idea. None. So he
obviously didn't share his secrets.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

No. Secondary lung cancer.

REBECCA LANTHAM

Oh...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

But you were still having sex -
right til the end?

REBECCA LANTHAM

Not the last time; he was too busy
pitching glass at me.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Then when was the last time?

REBECCA LANTHAM

Couple of weeks ago, maybe a month.
You know, I forgot to keep a diary.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

But that recent?

REBECCA LANTHAM

He came to my house in DC. We
fucked three times in an hour!
Maybe that was when he knew he was
running out of time...

Then Hayden-Hoyle looks up.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Ms. Latham... why are you lying to
me?

REBECCA LANTHAM

Oh, honey, trust me: I can get any
man to do that...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Not this one...

Hoyle holds up a printed report.

HAYDEN-HOYLE (CONT'D)
 Samir Meshal's primary cancer was prostate. He had a radical prostatectomy four years ago which rendered him clinically impotent. It was impossible for you to have sex with Samir Meshal.

Silence.

REBECCA LANTHAM
 (very tight)
 Are we done here?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 The truth is I don't believe you've even met Samir Meshal and I don't believe your name's Rebecca Lantham.

She stands.

REBECCA LANTHAM
 We're ending this now.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 Do you think that's wise?

REBECCA LANTHAM
 Are you holding me?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 Of course not. But I think you should let us.

REBECCA LANTHAM
 Why?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 Now that your life's in danger.

66B **EXT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY**

66B

Lantham steps out on to the street, a free woman but clearly rattled.

66C **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HAYDEN HOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY**

66C

Boorman enters the room.

BOORMAN
 Why did you say that?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 Because it's true.

66C CONTINUED:

66C

BOORMAN
Her life's in danger?

HAYDEN-HOYLE
I think so. The moment she tells
her handlers she's been burnt.

66D **EXT. HOLIDAY INN - DAY**

66D

Rebecca is on the phone.

REBECCA LANTHAM
I've been holding for five
minutes... I need to speak with her
now!

MALE VOICE
(down telephone)
Designation.

REBECCA LANTHAM
Topaz. 48427.

MALE VOICE
Are you using a company cell,
Topaz?

REBECCA LANTHAM
Yes.

MALE VOICE
Are you alone?

REBECCA LANTHAM
Yes.

MALE VOICE
Are you secure?

REBECCA LANTHAM
(after a pause)
...I'm not sure.

MALE VOICE
One moment.

We wait until -

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)
Go to your agreed rest point. Wait
for further instruction.

66E **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HAYDEN HOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY**

66E

BOORMAN
Then why did you let her go?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

She'll only talk to us once she knows for herself.

BOORMAN

What if we don't get to her in time?

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Then I'll still have been proved right.

BOORMAN

You'll have played a life to find out.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

If I'm right, Samir Meshal's life's been played already.

BOORMAN

You're right on the edge there, sir.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

Hmm... isn't that exactly where we're supposed to be?

67-71 **OMITTED**

67-71

72 **INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM - NIGHT**

72

We start CLOSE on a HAND GUN, in its holster lying on a BED.

As we HEAR THE FOLLOWING we continue to SCAN across an array of IDENTIFICATION PAPERS that have been taken out of a POUCH now lying beside an OPENED weekend bag.

We REST on one card: an FBI IDENTIFICATION CARD - with a photo of "Rebecca Latham" beside the name TRACY VORNAN.

FEMALE VOICE

(warm, friendly -
AMERICAN - NB for
production purposes,
this is KATE LARSON)

Tracy?

TRACY VORNAN

Yes.

FEMALE VOICE

It's Kate.

TRACY VERNON

Oh, thank God; I've been on this phone for ages.

FEMALE VOICE

Are you alright?

TRACY VORNAN

I got burned. British Intelligence.

FEMALE VOICE

What do they know?

TRACY VORNAN

I'm not sure... but they know
"Rebecca Lantham" is a cover.

FEMALE VOICE

Why are you calling?

TRACY VORNAN

Because of something he said.

FEMALE VOICE

What?

Tracy pauses.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

What did he say, Tracy?

The atmosphere we create now suggests Tracy is afraid to say anything more.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Are you at your rest point?

TRACY VORNAN

(tense)

Yes.

FEMALE VOICE

Do you think your life is in
imminent danger?

TRACY VORNAN

What?

FEMALE VOICE

(calm but definite)

Is your life in danger, Tracy?

TRACY VORNAN

I... I don't know. Why would it be?

FEMALE VOICE

Sit tight. Call no one. Someone
will be with you shortly. And
Tracy...?

TRACY VORNAN

Yes?...

FEMALE VOICE

We graduated together and we both had the hots for Rick Carver, remember?

TRACY VORNAN

Yes...

FEMALE VOICE

So trust me. I'm you're friend, okay?

TRACY VORNAN

Okay.

FEMALE VOICE

Sit tight.

The phone disconnects leaving Tracy alone once more.

72A

EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

72A

We watch a TRANSIT VAN come to a halt with a MAN seated at the driving wheel.

He looks towards the hotel.

73

INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM - NIGHT

73

Beside the "Rebecca Lantham" ID, a mobile phone begins to ring.

Tracy Vernon stares at it a moment before -

She picks it up.

TRACY VORNAN

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE

(down the phone)

Rebecca Lantham.

The voice is female, authoritative and British. (NB for production purposes, this is Monica Chatwin)

TRACY VORNAN

(nervous)

Who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'm a member of the British Secret Service. You spoke to my colleague in interview earlier today.

(MORE)

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

We have reason to believe your life is in danger.

TRACY VORNAN

This phone is not secure.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I know. But I need you to leave your room. Right now please.

TRACY VORNAN

I can't do that.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Rebecca I know you're an FBI agent. Unfortunately what you don't know is that your operation is off book and now your cover has been blown they're going to cut the trail.

TRACY VORNAN

How do you know this?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Go to your window.

Tracy goes to the window, parts the blinds and looks down onto the street.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Do you see a silver transit van?

We can see the TRANSIT VAN parked opposite.

TRACY VORNAN

Yes.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I don't have to tell you what that's for, do I?... They're here to clean up. You.

TRACY VORNAN

(a little defiant)

But you could be the one doing it.

WOMAN'S VOICE

And that's why we're not sending anyone to you. We want you to leave the hotel, get a cab, go to a public place, where we'll meet. Rebecca, what you need is time, time to make your own choices and that's what I'm offering - but right now it's running out. Believe me when I tell you, you're life's in immediate danger.

73 CONTINUED: 73
 74 OMITTED 74
 74A EXT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT 74A

We watch the Man get out of the transit van and walk towards the hotel.

75 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM - CONTINUOUS 75

From Tracy's POV we see the Man walking across the street.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You've got to leave the room,
 Rebecca.

TRACY VORNAN

It's against my training.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's the people that trained you
 who are coming to get you.

Suddenly the hotel phone begins to ring making Tracy jump.

76 INT. HOLIDAY INN, RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS 76

The RECEPTIONIST checks her list.

RECEPTIONIST

No, sir, Miss Lantham is room 420 -
 and she's not there.

The Man, flips his official ID closed before leaving the reception.

He now has the room number.

77 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ELEVATOR - NIGHT 77

We watch the Agent enter the lift amongst other GUESTS

The doors close.

And then we watch the FLOOR NUMBERS CHANGE and with each FLASH we -

CROSS CUT onto a little RED LIGHT attached to the Agent's belt underneath his jacket as it too FLASHES ominously.

BING!

78 INT. HOLIDAY INN, CORRIDOR - NIGHT 78

An empty corridor until -

The Agent steps out of the lift.

78 CONTINUED: 78
 He looks one way then the other before walking towards us.

79 OMITTED 79

80 OMITTED 80

80A INT. HOLIDAY INN, CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ROOM 420 - NIGHT 80A
 The Agent is knocking on the door.
 No answer.

81 INT. HOLIDAY INN, ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 81
 The Agent runs into the room, a ROOM MAID glimpsed behind him with a key.

AGENT
 Rebecca Lantham!

He is speaking with a BRITISH ACCENT.

AGENT (CONT'D)
 I'm with British Security.

He moves through the room as the Maid can be heard BANGING on the door.

He goes into the bathroom.

AGENT (CONT'D)
 Rebecca!

Nothing.

Finally, the Agent pulls his SERVICE CELL PHONE from his waistband.

82 OMITTED 82

83 OMITTED 83

84 INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT 84
 Hayden-Hoyle, Boorman, and a number of other OPERATIVES are seated as they hear.

AGENT
 (via speakers)
 She's flown.

Hoyle sits back in his chair, this is not good news.

Boorman stares at Hoyle - the full impact of her absence understood..

85 OMITTED 85

88C INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

88C

CABBIE

So where are you from?

TRACY VERNON

Why'd you want to know?

CABBIE

Because I'm willing to bet you and
I have a lot more in common than
our accent.

Suddenly Vernon eyes him with suspicion.

TRACY VERNON

How long til we're there?

CABBIE

Five minutes.

Tracy's hand secretly reaches into her bag for her gun.

| | | |
|------|------------------------------|------|
| 89 | OMITTED | 89 |
| 90 | OMITTED | 90 |
| 91 | OMITTED | 91 |
| 92 | OMITTED | 92 |
| 93 | OMITTED | 93 |
| 94 | OMITTED | 94 |
| 95 | OMITTED | 95 |
| 96 | OMITTED | 96 |
| 97 | OMITTED | 97 |
| 98 | OMITTED | 98 |
| 99 | OMITTED | 99 |
| 100 | OMITTED | 100 |
| 101 | OMITTED | 101 |
| 102 | OMITTED | 102 |
| 102A | EXT. COPPERHILL ROAD - NIGHT | 102A |

Establishing the EMPTY scrub land road before -
Tracy's Taxi pulls to a stop.

103

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

103

Through the windscreen, we can see the DEAD END ahead.

Then the ROAR of an AIRPLANE coming into LAND immediately overhead.

It's LANDING and TAIL lights ILLUMINATE the cab's interior.

CABBIE
(to Tracy)
So here it is!

TRACY VERNON
(into the phone)
What's here?

CABBIE
You tell me.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Pay the cab and let him go.

TRACY VERNON
I'm not getting out here!

CABBIE
My thoughts exactly...

TRACY VORNAN
(to both her phone and
the Cabbie)
This isn't right.

CABBIE
No, it isn't.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Everything's fine. Pay the cab.

CABBIE
There was a time I was just like
you. I thought whatever I did over
here, and I mean whatever, would
never get found out back there. But
it did. It always does. And there's
only ever one thing to do about it!

TRACY VORNAN
(To the cabbie)
Shut up!

CABBIE
Put the phone down, Lady; I'm about
to give you the only answer you
need.

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(CONTINUED)

TRACY VORNAN
(to the Cabbie)

What?

He reaches towards his glove compartment.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Let him go, Tracy.

TRACY VORNAN
(back to the phone)
What? What did you just call me?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Tracy. It is Tracy, isn't it? Tracy
Vernon. Designation: Topaz. 48427.

The cabbie, rummaging in his glove compartment, now brings
out -

A Bible.

CABBIE
I don't mind telling you, I've
stepped into the House of the Lord
and I truly believe now's the time
for you to hail a cab in the same
direction!

TRACY VORNAN
(suddenly still, her
attention on the phone)
How do you know that?

WOMAN'S VOICE
Because we're on the same side,
Tracy.

CABBIE
(blithely answering her
question)
If Saint Peter can turn round, so
can you!

WOMAN'S VOICE
I'm not from British Intelligence.
We had to get you away from them.

TRACY VORNAN
(into the phone)
Why?

CABBIE
(answering the question)
He'd lost his way.

WOMAN'S VOICE
It's not safe.

CABBIE

But it was on the road to Damascus that he rediscovered it. So this may only be the B2044 - but turn round now and your destination is eternal!

TRACY VORNAN

Who are you?

CABBIE

Just a humble servant.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'm Section 8.

TRACY VORNAN

(Into the phone)

I've never heard of you!

CABBIE

Why would you?

(starting to build on his evangelism)

But it's God's hand that's brought you to this desolate place, that's for sure!

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ANOTHER plane ROARS overhead, it's landing lights illuminating the scene.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Tracy, this is an issue of national security: Let the cab go.

TRACY VORNAN

No way! I'm not getting out here!

CABBIE

Lady, I've just told you, there's no need. All you've got to do now turn your whole life around now.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Tracy, let the cab go.

TRACY VORNAN

(to the Cabbie)

Get me out of here!

CABBIE

Hallelujah! We're on our way!

He turns to start up the car.

*

WOMAN'S VOICE

Let him go... It's not fair on him.

TRACY VORNAN
 (into the phone)
 What?

CABBIE
 "Onward, Christian soldiers!..."

WOMAN'S VOICE
 (answering Tracy)
 He shouldn't have to die too.

On this we PUSH IN dramatically on Tracy Vernon before -

She pulls out her SERVICE PISTOL which she pushes into the
 Cabbie's vision. *

CABBIE
 The fuck??!!!

TRACY VORNAN
 DRIVE!!

And just as she's said it -

Her window explodes as her head is FATALLY struck by a SINGLE
 BULLET.

CABBIE
 Oh, Lord...

Then the same thing happens to the cabbie as -

ANOTHER plane ROARS overhead, it's landing lights
 illuminating the scene.

Both occupants are dead.

104 **OMITTED**

104

105 **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY**

105

The room is packing up but Hoyle doesn't move as Boorman
 approaches.

BOORMAN
 At least we can tell Mrs. Meshal
 that she was right.

HAYDEN-HOYLE
 She had a faithful husband.
 (coming out of his
 brood)
 No, John, I don't think we'll be
 doing that.

BOORMAN
 Why not?

Defence Attache BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF, huge in uniform, is seated.

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF

It was a robbery went wrong. The taxi driver was employed by a gang to bring her to a spot where she could be mugged, things got messy, it all lit up...

DAME JULIA WALSH

Mostly because one of your nationals was carrying an automatic, Harlan. On British Sovereign territory.

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF

What can I say? First you took our Big Macs...

DAME JULIA WALSH

And now we get your gun crime.

He holds his hands up in agreement.

DAME JULIA WALSH (CONT'D)

And none of it's good for our health.

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF

In fairness, I believe we remain the world leaders in the export of cranberry juice.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Along with the policies of Neoconservatism.

Silence as Berkoff steeples his fingers.

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF

Julia, I need to leave this room knowing that this situation has been contained... Completely contained.

*

DAME JULIA WALSH

And I would like to agree to that.

*

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF

Good.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Except...

Berkoff resettles himself uncomfortably.

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF
Except what?

DAME JULIA WALSH
Well, if I don't know what not to
look at, how can I tell other
people not to look there?

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF
I think events have made that
perfectly clear. Don't you.

DAME JULIA WALSH
No, right now, General, I'm doing
that thing where you have to pin
the tail on the end of the donkey
but I'm worried because if you
don't cut me a hole in the
blindfold I may end up sticking it
on your bollocks.

Silence before Berkoff blinks and -

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF
Look away from Samir Meshal.

DAME JULIA WALSH
Which bit?

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF
All of it.

DAME JULIA WALSH
That's it?

BRIG GEN HARLAN BERKOFF
That's it.

Her eyes go to black pebbles before -

DAME JULIA WALSH
Agreed.

*

She smiles.

We start on a photo of SAMIR MESHAL pinned to the wall.

Then Hoyle walks in to see -

Walsh staring at the photo.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(staring at his door)

I suppose there's simply no point using locks in a place like this.

DAME JULIA WALSH

(without looking at him)

There was a time you had the key to my front door.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

And it cost me my marriage.

She regards him for a second.

DAME JULIA WALSH

If that was really true, Hugh, I think you'd have tried a little harder to keep a hold of it.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

I didn't have you as a "woman scorned", Julia.

DAME JULIA WALSH

I'm not sure you "had me" with any feelings at all...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

And is that why you're looking to let me go?

DAME JULIA WALSH

Seeing as you no longer want to get your feet under my table.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

And there was me thinking "C" stood for Cummings.

DAME JULIA WALSH

(returning to professional mode)

Tch... If you'd been in the meeting I've just had with "Brigadier General Berkoff"...

She now turns to him.

DAME JULIA WALSH (CONT'D)

...You'd know I just saved you from having your balls cut off...

HAYDEN-HOYLE

And what's the going rate for an aging penis these days?

She turns back to the picture of Samir Meshal and pulls it off the wall.

DAME JULIA WALSH

...Yes, they did...

She rips the photo in two and tosses it in the bin.

DAME JULIA WALSH (CONT'D)

(interrupting him before
he can speak)

...No, you can't ...but yes, you
should.

As she approaches him, there is definitely a sexual charge.

DAME JULIA WALSH (CONT'D)

See? I can read your mind.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

So what's the answer to my next
question?

DAME JULIA WALSH

That's easy...

Close on Walsh for -

DAME JULIA WALSH (CONT'D)

...Nessa Stein.

HAYDEN-HOYLE

(looking at the file)

Ah... not quite the woman she
appears to be.

DAME JULIA WALSH

Is any woman, Hugh? Police haven't
got a clue - and they're not likely
to get one either. Such a masculine
institution...

Suddenly, Walsh throws a file onto Hoyle's table.

It is marked TOP SECRET.

As she heads for the door.

DAME JULIA WALSH (CONT'D)

There's only one set of eyes seen
that file... yours are the second.

(as the door swings shut
behind her)

I'll be back in half an hour to
pick it up.

She's gone as Hoyle reaches to pick the file up.

110 CONTINUED:

110

ATIKA

We don't know it will; we don't know anything! And until we do we say nothing. For Nessa, for me. Please. Say nothing.

111 **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HAYDEN-HOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 111

We begin to hear the French NURSERY SONG, "Le Roi et L'Oiseau" playing distantly as -

Hayden-Hoyle opens the Top Secret file and begins to read.

112 **INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT** 112

The Nursery Song continues as -

It's an after dinner speech.

The room is full.

Nessa has just come to the podium.

NESSA STEIN

So... These aliens decide to invade earth...

113 **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HAYDEN-HOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 113

The Nursery Song continues as -

We see a flash of a PHOTOGRAPH.

Nessa Stein, thin, dishevelled, down trodden.

Rescued.

Before Hayden-Hoyle turns the photo over.

114 **INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT** 114

The Nursery Song continues as -

NESSA STEIN

And to show they mean business what they do is first they destroy London and New York and Paris... And then they make landfall. Right on the Green Line between Israel and the West Bank.

115 **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HAYDEN-HOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 115

The Nursery Song continues as -

Another PHOTOGRAPH. This time of Atika. Similarly dishevelled.

- 120 CONTINUED: 120
- Another PHOTOGRAPH this one a little BLURRING so it takes sometime for Hoyle and us to notice -
- The BABY cradled in Atika's arms.
- 121 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT** 121
- The Nursery Song continues as -
- Ephra and Atika are making love standing up against the kitchen work tops as -
- 122 **INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT** 122
- The Nursery Song continues as -
- NESSA STEIN
And I can't really tell you the details of what happened next but basically by the end of it all - your sympathy was with the aliens...
- The audience LAUGH as -
- 123 **INT. EPHRA STEIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT** 123
- Ephra climaxes.
- They quickly re-dress.
- 124 **INT. MI6 HEADQUARTERS, HAYDEN-HOYLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT** 124
- The Nursery song comes to an end as -
- Hoyle sits back in his chair.
- In silence.
- 125 **INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT** 125
- The laughter subsides as Nessa turns a page of her speech when -
- A phone starts to RING.
- It continues.
- People start looking around.
- No one answers it.

NESSA STEIN
Would someone mind telling their deaf partner their phone's ringing... Unless, of course it's mine.

125 CONTINUED:

125

We suddenly look towards an EMPTY SPACE at a table.

A CLASP BAG on the table top.

The phone inside is ringing.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

It is mine...

A smattering of laughter as -

Nessa heads through the room for her bag watched by -

Frances.

Finally, she picks up her bag and takes out the GPS style phone the Strange Man gave her in the House of Lords.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

If this is a wrong number...

Laughter.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Hello.

The VOICE we are about to hear is ARABIC accented and very OLD.

MALE VOICE

(down the phone only
audible to her NB for
production purpose this
is Saleh al-Zahid)

We know your secret, Nessa Stein.

A huge moment of private stillness.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

(down the phone only
audible to her)

And we know you will do anything we
say - just to keep it.

126 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

126

Nessa crashes through the doors running out of the dining room with the same athletic determination she had at the end of Episode 1.

127 INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

127

Frances, following Nessa, leaves the shocked room with -

FRANCES

I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen...

135 CONTINUED:

135

ATIKA
What's wrong?

FRANCES
I don't know, she won't say.

136 **INT. HOTEL LADIES RESTROOM - NIGHT**

136

Atika enters.

Nessa is standing at the far end.

NESSA STEIN
(finally)
He's alive.

ATIKA
Thank God! Where is he?

Then Nessa picks up a manilla package and from it she withdraws -

Kasim's SPY-WATCH, the one we saw used in Episode 1.

Nessa presses the button that plays it.

KASIM
(via the spy-watch)
Hello...
(beat)
I'm safe.

Silence until -

NESSA STEIN
They know.

Her face begins to crease with tears.

NESSA STEIN (CONT'D)
They know.

END OF EPISODE