

THE NIGHT MANAGER

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Based on the novel by

John Le Carré

Episode 2

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The beautiful mirrored bathroom of a luxury yacht's main cabin.

A young woman lies in the bubble-strewn, gold-tapped bath.

She carefully shaves her legs in the hot water.

She washes her hair.

She rinses her hair clean with the gold shower head.

She climbs out of the bath.

She takes a bath-robe, dons it, walks into the cabin bedroom.

Through the port-hole the sea is azure blue.

She sits at a make-up table and starts her make-up.

Mascara.

Eye-liner.

Rouge.

She removes the bath-robe.

She moisturises her skin.

She chooses her underwear for the night.

White so as not to show?

Or black so as to?

She chooses white.

Her phone rings, buzzes on the side table. The name on the phone says MOTHER.

She stares at it.

She stares at herself in the mirror.

She is JED.

Deep breath.

She answers.

JED

Hello?

Silence on the phone.

JED (CONT'D)

Mum?

JED'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)

I didn't think you'd pick up.

JED

Is there something wrong?

JED'S MOTHER

Does there have to be something wrong to talk to you?

JED

No of course not. I haven't got long though. I have to be on deck.

JED'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)

Where are you?

JED

Somewhere in the Aegean.

JED'S MOTHER

I bet the weather's lovely.

JED stares out the port-hole. The weather is stunning.

JED

It's all right.

JED'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)

It's pissing down here.

JED

Mum I have to go, we're having dinner on shore.

JED'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)

You've got it all haven't you darling? You sold your pearl to the highest bidder and now the world's your oyster.

MOTHER's breath is heavy, slightly slurred but no less deadly for that.

JED

Mum I don't want to talk to you when you're like this. I'm going to put the phone down. OK?

But she doesn't.

JED'S MOTHER

Just remember one thing darling. You're nothing but a dirty whore. And whores are like eggs.

(MORE)

JED'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
There's a time comes when they
start to stink...

JED hangs up the phone. Switches it off.

She is shaking.

Makes a sudden grab for a bottle of pills in a bottom drawer.
But the bottle is empty.

JED
Shit.

Stares at herself in the mirror.

Gathers herself. Her eye make-up is slightly smudged. She
corrects it carefully. Steady hand.

Suddenly on impulse removes the white underwear, replaces it
with black.

A knock at the door. She quickly checks - no sign of tears.

JED (CONT'D)
Is that you darling? Come in.

The door opens. It's a seven year old boy. DANIEL. He blushes
to see her in her underwear.

JED (CONT'D)
Danny I'm sorry I thought it was
your father.

DANIEL
Dad says we're almost at the
island.

JED
I know, I'm just coming.

She slips on her summer dress, grabs some shoes, checks
herself in the mirror. Yes the underwear shows through just a
little. Turns. That smile.

JED (CONT'D)
How do I look?

DANIEL
Why do women wear make-up?

JED
Why do knights wear shining armour?
Come on.

She takes his hand, and out of the door they go.

2

EXT. DECK OF THE PASHA.

2

A stunning sunset over the sea.

RICHARD ROPER is dressed in an impeccable linen suit. He stands on the deck, accompanied by several guests, all ready for the night's dinner on shore.

The huge yacht is anchoring up a few hundred yards of an idyllic Greek island.

ROPER is talking to SANDY LANGBOURNE while Sandy's wife and young NANNY wait with the kids and a group of other guests including CORKORAN, FRISKY and TABBY.

JED appears with DANIEL, still holding his hand. She looks ravishing.

ROPER

Ah there you are. I thought you'd drowned in that bath.

JED

Sorry darling. But I'm afraid I've got something to tell you. I've a new date for tonight. He's young and he's terribly handsome.

She holds DANIEL'S hand. DANIEL blushes. Loves it but then steps back, slightly scared of his father's reaction.

ROPER

Well I wouldn't put it past him. Now come on I'm bloody starving.

3

EXT. THE BAY AT SANTORINI

3

The motor boat speeds in from the yacht towards the waiting shoreline. Remote, but with one remarkable restaurant awaiting them on the cliff above the sand.

ROPER drives the boat himself. SANDY LANGBOURNE drives the other boat, that speeds alongside, they mimic a kind of race, ROPER loving the competition. CORKY in his boat along with the two SUITS. SANDY'S wife and kids in the other boat plus five other FRIENDS.

The sun is sinking over the horizon as JED lets her hair fly behind her in the breeze and DANIEL smiles as the boat rides the crests of the waves.

ROPER looks at JED'S body. She notices, bends her body in the wind, loves his look, needs it right now. It makes her know she exists.

4

EXT. GREEK ISLAND OLIVE GROVE. EVENING.

4

They walk the pine strewn path up to the restaurant that sits above them. The cicadas chirrup in the evening heat.

ROPER and DANIEL lead the way. Father and son.

CORKORAN and JED behind. She snuggles up to him, breasts against his side, as you only can do to a gay man.

JED

Corky. You couldn't get me some more of those pills could you?

CORKORAN

Mother's little helper?

JED

Be a love.

CORKORAN

You don't want love, you want a walking pharmacy. Are you all right chicken?

JED

Just can't sleep. That's all. I think it's the heat.

He smiles. Trusty man. No further questions asked.

The restaurant approaches.

JED (CONT'D)

I might get drunk tonight. Would Roper mind?

CORKORAN

I think he'd love it darling.

5

INT. CLIFF-TOP RESTAURANT. SANTORINI.

5

And in they come. Greeted by remarkable smart and stylish waiters and waitresses, all in white and black, the place a fabulous mix of the formal and informal, open air to the sea, a tree growing in the middle of the restaurant providing shade, modernism and Hellenism combined. And costing the earth.

Other DINERS are already eating but the Roper table is the main event. It is fourteen-strong, one giant white tablecloth with the main view of the bay.

Champagne is already waiting in buckets. A babble of chat and welcome as they arrive, seat themselves.

HEAD WAITER

Mr Roper sir.

ROPER

My dear Giorgos it's been far too long. How is everyone?

HEAD WAITER

You heard about Mrs Gavras of course?

ROPER

Yes, very sad, you got my flowers?

HEAD WAITER

It was much appreciated.

ROPER

You still do the shellfish soup I hope?

HEAD WAITER

Of course sir. The recipe lives on.

ROPER

Good, we will all have that to start. And then the meat dishes and the lobster and octopus, no need for menus, just give us the selection. And as much salad as you can throw at us. Keeps us young. Danny. You sit next to Jed since she's so hot for you.

CORKORAN

Boss you want to do the honours?

ROPER

Go ahead Corky if it gives you such a thrill.

CORKY uncorks the first bottle of champagne. Cheers on all sides. ROPER smiles at JED looking stunning as the sun sets behind her.

CUT TO LATER:

We are in the meat course. The table is awash with conversation. The night has come on fast, the mosquito candles are out, the cicadas are going crazy, it's still warm and DANIEL's eyes sparkle in the lamp-light.

SANDY

No listen. The whole Chipping set are just an invention. A total media invention.

CORKORAN

I'm an invention and I do all
right.

He smiles at the Greek waiter.

CAROLINE LANGBOURNE

Sandy's a snob. Three generations
of Eton or you're not on the map.

ROPER'S ears hear this, they prick slightly.

ROPER

I'm not even one generation. What
does that make me?

An alpha male challenge here, coded in wit. LANGBOURNE'S too
smart not to notice it.

SANDY

You're paying the bill Richard.
That gets you into any club in the
world.

He raises a glass. They all toast ROPER.

SANDY (CONT'D)

To Richard!

JED is a little drunk, gets up, and whispers into ROPER'S
ear. He laughs.

JED

What do you think? All this chat is
terribly boring. I'm on a Greek
island. I want to let my hair down.

ROPER

Well go on then.

JED

Do you think I'm terribly low?

ROPER

I think you're as common as muck.
That's why I love you.

She smiles deliciously, sashays over to the waiter, whispers,
and he disappears.

JED waits, the conversation is still at full pelt.

Then the music begins. Greek music, pop-traditional fusion,
and asking to be danced to.

JED obliges. Takes DANIEL'S hand and start to dance amidst
the tables.

Others join, CORKY dancing alone in a joyous abandon, camp as hell, SANDY and WIFE reliving the grand old days of the 70s, ROPER alone sitting smiling, smoking a lovely cigarette.

Staring at his empire.

Behind him a boat speeds across the bay towards the shore.

The music heightens in pace, JED leaps on to the table and dances for ROPER, the crowd whistle and applaud, she is playing out the whore her mother claimed her to be. And how.

Wild clapping, roaring of encouragement, ROPER both inviting and censuring, Daniel is here after all... but he needs to learn.

JED's body is alive, released, her hair wild in the evening light.

An euphoria.

When suddenly the music stops.

JED turns, looks round.

And her face goes white in horror.

Two MEN, ALBANIAN, are staring at the party, guns in hand.

And one of them has DANIEL in his arms. DANIEL is silent. Pure terror.

Somehow, inevitably, it is ROPER who speaks first. Utterly sober, utterly calm.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Everyone stay still. No one do anything silly.

The ALBANIANS, sweating, wave the gun to the waiter.

ALBANIAN

Get all the staff out front now!
GO!

The WAITER gets the other staff out from the kitchens.

ROPER

All right listen very carefully. We're going to give you all the money we have, all the jewelry. The restaurant will give you everything in the till. And then you'll leave. All right?

ALBANIAN

How much is in the till? No fucking games.

ROPER
Go and get the man his money.

Another WAITER runs to the till.

ALBANIAN
No alarms. NO ALARMS!

ROPER
Turn off the alarm Giorgos. Do what he says. I'll reimburse you.

Turns to stare at the ALBANIAN. The WAITER takes money from the till. A few hundred Euros.

ALBANIAN
Is this all? That's shit man!
Where's the rest?

WAITER
People pay by card here.

Meanwhile ALBANIAN 2 walks down the table, grabbing women's bracelets, necklaces. He reaches JED. Gestures to her necklace.

ALBANIAN 2
Give it to me.

She stares at him with contempt. Takes it off, hands it to him. He stares at her with a kind of lust. She returns his gaze unflinchingly.

ALBANIAN 2 (CONT'D)
Ear-rings. NOW!

She takes them off. Left one. Right one.

ALBANIAN 2 (CONT'D)
Wallet.

ROPER slowly gets out his wallet. Hands them the wallet. ALBANIAN 1 grabs it.

ALBANIAN
It's not enough! Where's the money?!

He stares at ROPER.

ROPER
If it's money you want, there's more on the boat. Hundred thousand. Just let the boy go.

But the ALBANIAN is beginning to drag DANIEL back down the path.

ALBANIAN

We contact you. You bring money to us. We give you the boy.

ROPER

No. Wait. You don't need to do that.

But the ALBANIANS are dragging DANIEL away down the path.

JED

Let him go! Take me instead.

No response.

JED (CONT'D)

Bring him back you bastards!

FRISKY goes for his gun in his pocket. ROPER snarls.

ROPER

Don't be so fucking stupid!

FRISKY puts it back. The ALBANIANS are dragging DANIEL down the pine-needed path.

When they turn and see a small outhouse below the restaurant. A dark window. Something about it.

ALBANIAN

What is it? WHAT IS IT?

HEAD WAITER

It's the wash-house.

And there's just a flicker of movement from inside.

ALBANIAN

There's someone in there. Who's in there?

HEAD WAITER

I don't know.

ALBANIAN

I told you to get everyone out!

WAITER

Maybe it's Thomas.

ALBANIAN

Who? Who the fuck is Thomas?

WAITER

He's the new sous-chef. From England.

The ALBANIAN raises his gun, stares at the dark window. Walks towards it.

ALBANIAN
Come out! Hands up! NOW!

But no one comes out.

The ALBANIAN approaches.

And we zoom into the darkness. Into the window.

Into a human eye that is staring out. Calmly.

And the eye belongs to JONATHAN PINE.

6 **INT. ZURICH RESTAURANT. DAY.**

6

BURR
You're not going to be a pudding
traitor are you?

ANGELA BURR stares across at JONATHAN PINE as the main course dishes are cleared away, the Alpine snow stretching behind them through the window of this very different, rather sober restaurant. The restaurant from the end of Episode 1.

PINE smiles. Is this 45 year old woman flirting with him?

PINE
Good lord no.

BURR turns to the waiter.

BURR
We'll have the puree of chestnut.
Two spoons. And coffee. Strong. Two
sugars in mine...

PINE
No sugar for me.

BURR
Now why doesn't that surprise me?

She smiles. The WAITER nods and leaves.

BURR (CONT'D)
So... we've discussed the weather,
the skiing conditions, the decline
of old European money. Now tell me
this. Why does Jonathan Pine, the
reclusive hotelier risk his career
snitching on his guests?.

PINE
I don't know.

BURR

First Cairo, now here in Zurich.
It's not an accident.

PINE

I suppose something stirred.

BURR

Half the middle east's a war zone,
people are dying in their thousands
and here's an English crook selling
missiles of grief to the highest
bidder. Is that what stirred?

PINE

Maybe.

BURR

You were a soldier yourself.

PINE

Afghanistan. Two tours.

BURR

You know what those weapons can do
to a body.

PINE

Yes.

BURR

And then of course there's Sophie
Alekan.

She looks at him. The pudding arrives.

BURR (CONT'D)

Tuck in. (beat)

PINE eats a small amount.

BURR (CONT'D)

You clearly weren't brought up in a
big family. In my family that would
have gone in ten seconds flat.

PINE

I'm an only child. As you know.

BURR

Your father was a soldier too
wasn't he?

PINE

He was an Officer. Died in service.

BURR

And your mother...

PINE
Died when I was three.

Beat.

BURR
Let's get out of here. Shall we?

7 **EXT. GARDENS OF ZURICH.**

7

BURR and PINE walk in the quiet, snow-covered gardens of Zurich.

BURR
Mr Burr always wanted to come to the Swiss lakes. Likes the piece and quiet does Mr Burr.

PINE
You don't?

BURR
All this snow and silence? Makes me want to scream.

PINE
How long have you been together?

BURR
Twenty years.

PINE
Happily?

BURR
It's marriage Jonathan. It's not about a state of bliss.

Beat.

BURR (CONT'D)
Tell me about your Sophie.

PINE
She wasn't my Sophie.

BURR
But you were in love with her.

She smiles equably. PINE does not.

8 **EXT. LAKESIDE ZURICH. DAY.**

8

They walk on. Alone, deep in conversation. They reach the end of the pier. Just the water beyond.

BURR

That morning in Cairo. When you took Sophie away from the hotel. Did anyone see you?

PINE

Like who?

BURR

Freddie Hamid? You think he might have put two and two together? That you were involved?

PINE

No.

BURR

You sure?

PINE

Yes. Ogilvey's the only one who knew.

BURR

Ogilvey's a small-time pen-pusher. I can deal with Ogilvey.

PINE

Yes I imagine you can.

Beat.

BURR

So you're clean.

PINE

What do you mean?

Beat. BURR turns to look at the Meisters Hotel on the hillside overlooking the lake.

BURR

Do you handle cash at that hotel of yours?

PINE

Sometimes. Some clients still prefer to pay in ready money.

BURR

And that money goes in the safe?

PINE

Yes until the end of the month.

BURR

Suppose you stole it? Would anyone notice?

PINE
If I was clever. No. They wouldn't.

BURR
And then at the end of the month,
all hell would break loose. Yes?

PINE
Where is this going?

BURR
It's getting parky. Let's go back
to yours.

She turns and walks back towards the town.

9

INT. PINE'S APARTMENT. ZURICH.

9

They enter PINE's apartment. BURR takes off her coat. Stares
at the small, sparsely decorated room. Goes to the bookcase.

BURR
You like Hardy?

PINE
Yes. My shot at nostalgia I
suppose.

BURR
Mr Burr teaches Hardy.

PINE
Does he like him?

BURR
No he can't stand him. Man as mouse
and god as uncaring bastard, that's
what he says.

She sees another book.

BURR (CONT'D)
TE Lawrence. Of Arabia. The lonely
genius who wished only to be a
number.

She takes the book.

PINE
Would you put that back please.

BURR
Whose initials are these?

PINE
My father's actually. Will you put
it back please. It's private.

PINE grabs the book.

BURR
I'm sorry. I didn't know how much
it mattered to you.

PINE
Yes you did.

BURR
Your father was undercover wasn't
he?

PINE
Yes.

BURR
I read they had to put his uniform
back on before they buried him.

The book taken firmly and replaced on the shelf.

Beat. BURR stares at PINE.

BURR (CONT'D)
Sit down Jonathan.

Beat.

BURR (CONT'D)
I think Richard Roper's planning a
major arms deal. Bigger than the
one you stopped in Cairo. I think
it's his last throw of the dice,
it'll be worth millions and then
he'll retire to a life of luxury
that he does not deserve. Which
means we have one last chance to
nail him.

PINE
We?

BURR
Suppose you trash your whole life
right now. You work for me.
Afterwards when it's over, I'll
look after you. Resettlement, new
name, new identity, money. What
would you say?

PINE
What do I have to do?

BURR
Become the man Richard Roper needs
most in the world. I can't get
close without you.

(MORE)

BURR (CONT'D)

I have microphones up his arse, I have GCHQ tapping into every bloody email, overflying him with a thousand satellites, and listening to every phone call he makes. I can send Michael Corkoran to jail for five hundred years but that's no good to me. I can't touch Roper. And why?

PINE

Because he's got people protecting him.

BURR

From the inside. Why else did he go cold on the Freddie Hamid deal? He knew we knew. Someone made sure he knew. But they don't know about you. No one knows about you. Except me and Ogilvey. And..

PINE

You can deal with Ogilvey.

Beat.

BURR

I'll give you a legend thicker than your arm. I'll send you in so deep inside this operation, you won't feel like you'll ever get out. You'll be feeding the rat three meals a day, hanging on by your finger-nails in force ten gales, there's not a scrap of you won't be used, not an hour you won't be scared stiff. But you'll nail him. You'll nail him for Sophie Alekan. You'll nail him for your country. And you'll nail him for the man that owned that book.

BURR stares at the bookcase. Then turns back. Smiles.

BURR (CONT'D)

Or you can go back to Herr Meister and the hotel of non-existence. It's up to you.

10

INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.

10

JONATHAN PINE is standing at the night desk of the Meisters hotel. The small hours, sleepy atmosphere, no one around.

The same world. The same people. Nothing changes.

PINE walks into the office and stares at the safe.

He quietly closes the door of the office and pulls down the blind.

He does the combination. Opens the safe.

Inside is a significant amount of cash.

He stares at it.

One last look through the blinds at the sleepy hotel he is leaving forever.

Then puts his hand in and takes the cash.

11 **EXT. STREET IN ATHENS. GREECE. DAY.**

11

A small but extravagant fifty year old Greek man, PAUL APOSTOLL gets out of a taxi in a humming street in Athens in Greece.

He enters a restaurant.

We stay outside, POV of someone watching as APOSTOLL walks to the back, sits and meets Roper's smooth-as-silk lawyer, SANDY LANGBOURNE. They shake hands and begin to talk.

As they do, we hear the click click of a digital camera taking shot after shot of the two men as they begin their conversation.

The man taking the photo is tall, solid, African-American, 45 years old and likeable. We have never seen him before.

He is JOEL STEADMAN.

12 **EXT. LONDON. THE MALL.**

12

REX MAYHEW walks a at a clip along Pall Mall. ANGELA BURR joins him.

BURR

Our boy's left Switzerland. We want to press the green light on the west country frolics.

MAYHEW

All right. What do you need from me?

BURR

I'll need you to get the Home Office on board. Full clearance to use their staff to launder my file requests.

(MORE)

BURR (CONT'D)

I'll need the registrar to lie through his teeth for me. And I need you to take at least three senior police officers for lunch so they play the game.

REX MAYHEW

What game?

BURR

Theft, narcotics and murder.

REX MAYHEW

So long as no one gets hurt.

He smiles. Then, as they approach the club's entrance, she stops him.

BURR

And Rex. Not a word to the River Boys. Not a word to Darker. You understand. As far as they are concerned, Pine does not exist.

REX MAYHEW

I understand. Ah here we are.

They have reached his club.

REX MAYHEW (CONT'D)

I would ask you in Angela. But...

BURR

Don't tell me. Members rules...

REX MAYHEW

Good luck.

He nods, walks in to the club. BURR watches him go and says after, but mainly for herself.

BURR

I hear the food's rubbish anyway.

As MAYHEW disappears behind glass doors.

13

EXT. CORNISH ROAD. DAY.

13

It's spring. A motorbike batters its way through wind and light rain along a remote Cornish country lane, the smell of the sea in the air, a flatness of land all around. It seems we may be at the end of the earth.

14 **INT. OFFICES OF I.E.A VICTORIA STREET.** 14

BURR and ROOK are looking across at PINE whose face we do not see.

BURR

Dig yourself in. Keep yourself to yourself. You're a thief, you're on the run from the law, you're hotter than a baked spud, you're not going to be friendly. All right?

ROOK

If you can find a girl to leave dangling, that could be useful.

BURR

We want debris. We want traces left for Roper to find.

15 **INT. POST OFFICE. TOWN IN CORNWALL.** 15

MRS TRETHERWAY sits behind the counter of the small post office and general store. There is a patter of rain outside.

She is packaging mail into a sack ready for the daily pick-up. She is fifty-five, tall, sharp.

16 **EXT. CORNISH ROAD. DAY.** 16

The motorbike flies round a corner and turns down a side road leading to the coastal town.

17 **INT. OFFICES OF I.E.A VICTORIA STREET.** 17

BURR, smoking, and ROOK, are looking at files and staring across at PINE whose face we do not see.

BURR

Make a few mistakes. Wear the wrong shoes, say the wrong thing. Get them interested.

ROOK

Don't expect us to make many visits. I'm afraid we'd be noticed a mile off.

BURR

Besides we need to know you can cope alone. If we're going to do this, we need to be sure you can take the heat.

18 **EXT. CORNISH LANE. DAY.** 18

The motorbike tears down the lane.

19 **INT. POST OFFICE. MULLION. CORNWALL.** 19

MRS TRETHERWAY looks up, hears a motorbike approaching.

MRS TRETHERWAY
Whose is that bike?

Voice from upstairs. Female, younger.

MARILYN
That's Pete Pengelly's.

MRS TRETHERWAY
No his is a higher sound. This one
is a 750 I'm sure.

She's right. The bike approaches. Stops outside the post
office. MRS TRETHERWAY peeps a look between the curtains of
the post office.

A man in leathers and helmet. He takes off the helmet. PINE.

MRS TRETHERWAY (CONT'D)
Yes 750. Just like my Jim's.

He approaches.

20 **INT. OFFICES OF I.E.A. VICTORIA STREET.** 20

ANGELA BURR approaches the camera (Pine). Stares down it.

BURR
One last thing. Any ideas for a
name?

21 **INT. POST OFFICE. MULLION. CORNWALL.** 21

The door opens. PINE enters.

PINE
My name's Jack Linden. I hope I'm
in the right place.

She stares at him. At his smart city shoes. Wrong shoes for a
biker.

MRS TRETHERWAY
Well that would depend on where you
wanted to be wouldn't it?

PINE

I've taken the cottage on the Lanyon.

MRS TRETHERWAY

Oh yes. Jenny Colter's place.

PINE

Yes. I'll just get a few things if I may.

He walks round the shop, gathering more and more stuff in his arms.

MRS TRETHERWAY

We have baskets you know.

PINE

Sorry.

MRS TRETHERWAY

What goes on in men's brains? They walk in thinking they're to buy one thing, never bother with a basket, and end up with the Harvest Festival in their arms.

PINE smiles, puts it all in a basket.

He senses that someone is watching him from the back room. A spy.

He says nothing.

PINE

Well I think that should do me.

MRS TRETHERWAY

You're from up country?

PINE

Yes I'm afraid I am.

MRS TRETHERWAY

There's no need to be afraid my darling. Where you from?

PINE

Nowhere really.

MRS TRETHERWAY

No one can be from nowhere my robin.

PINE

Well I was abroad.

MRS TRETHERWAY

And which part of abroad would that be?

PINE

Oh a few places.

MRS TRETHERWAY

And what are you doing down here? If I may ask?

PINE

Just having some time to myself.

That's when he hears it. A baby's cry. From upstairs.

PINE (CONT'D)

Someone's hungry.

MRS TRETHERWAY

My grand-daughter.

PINE

Congratulations.

MRS TRETHERWAY

Sympathy's what I need. The father's done a runner. No money. Just when I thought they'd all fled the coop. She's back.

PINE

May I leave the rent here for Mrs Colter? She said I should.

She stares at him like a hawk. He pays the notes, in cash. New notes. She notices.

PINE (CONT'D)

That's three months. Is that all right?

MRS TRETHERWAY

What was the name again?

PINE

Jack Linden. With an I.

He gathers his provisions and walks out the door.

She walks to the back of the shop. Calls up the stairs.

MRS TRETHERWAY

Did you see him?

Up the stairs a young Cornish woman, with a baby. MARILYN. Woolly jumper. Jeans. Boots. Depressed.

She is staring out the window. Directly at Jonathan Pine who is walking towards his motorbike and loading up the panniers.

MARILYN

No. I didn't see him.

She stares right through the window at him.

MRS TRETHERWAY (DOWNSTAIRS)

More money than the Bank of
England. Did you see his shoes?
He's no biker is our Mr Linden.

MARILYN watches him get on the bike.

22

EXT. MULLION HIGH STREET. CORNWALL.

22

PINE sits on the bike. He feels her gaze through the window, a set of eyes from the top window above the post office. Another set through the post office window.

He sees a face, just for a moment, but then it is gone.

He walks to his bike. He sees a man clipping a hedge also looking at him.

He sees two more men walking up the street towards the pub, also clocking him. The stranger.

PINE starts up his bike.

23

EXT. TRACK TO THE LANYON. DAY.

23

PINE rides his bike down the lane. Turns into the track that leads over the cliffs to a deserted cottage right on the edge of the cliff.

It's a fine breezy spring afternoon now.

He gets off the bike, grabs his panniers, and walks towards the cottage.

Then he turns, hearing something.

He goes round the cottage.

In the grass beyond the cottage, between it and the sea, a young couple are in flagrante, her on top. This is JACOB PENGELLY and his girl. Naked and having a wonderful time.

PINE stares.

She sees him, pauses, stands up, grabs her dress to her, grins.

GIRL

Jacob.

JACOB turns, gets up.

JACOB

What the bloody hell you doing here?

PINE

I'm going to live here.

JACOB

No one's lived here for six months!

PINE

Well I am now. Sorry.

Beat.

JACOB

Come on then. Get your clothes on girl.

He storms off. The GIRL, grinning, finding it all hilarious, trips after, not that bothered to cover herself up.

PINE watches them walk off over the brow, reaches under the mat, finds the key, and turns to enter his cottage.

24 **INT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL.**

24

PINE walks in, tries the light, it does not work, finds a meter, puts in coins, it lights up.

Shabby, small, dusty. Perfect.

He takes the stove-top kettle, puts it on. The sound of the kettle, the sea. The old crockery.

PINE feels strangely, wonderfully at home.

25 **INT. HOME OFFICE. MEETING ROOM. DAY.**

25

CIVIL SERVANT

And so let me introduce the chief officer at the US federal agency for the Prevention of illegal arms trafficking, Joel Steadman.

JOEL STEADMAN is 45, African-American, leather jacket and a metaphorical gun always in the holster. He stares at a room of English Intelligence and Enforcement Services. GEOFFREY DARKER sits surrounded by Intelligence mandarins. REX MAYHEW also there.

STEADMAN

Firstly gentlemen... and lady...

This a nod to the ANGELA BURR, who is hurriedly walking into the back of the room just packed full of suited men. A moment's look between them.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you folks for inviting me to London to share a little of what I know about the global arms trade in the 21st century and how to fight it. There's about three thousand years of wisdom in this room and I represent about six weeks of it. But hell those kind of odds never stopped an American before.

Laughter in the room, polite, slightly cool. GEOFFREY DARKER stares straight ahead.

26

INT. WHITEHALL CORRIDOR. EVENING.

26

JOEL STEADMAN is walking through the corridors of Whitehall.

He looks up to see a figure waiting in a corner. ANGELA BURR. Alone. She smiles. So does he.

ANGELA

Hello Joel.

STEADMAN

Angela.

Nothing more said but we know there's some history here.

27

INT. WHITEHALL PUB. EVENING.

27

STEADMAN and BURR sit with pints in an English pub. STEADMAN tastes it.

BURR

What do you think of the ale?

STEADMAN

Jury's out. You're not drinking?

BURR

Not for seven years.

STEADMAN

Probably for the best.

BURR
No probably about it. You didn't
tell me you were flying in.

STEADMAN
No I didn't.

The tone raises spectres of the past, intensely personal.
BURR quietens her tone.

BURR
I'm here about work.

Beat. He sips his beer.

BURR (CONT'D)
Is it true you're conducting
surveillance on Richard Roper?

STEADMAN
How d'you know that?

BURR
I make it my business. What have
you got?

STEADMAN
Jesus you've got some nerve.

BURR
Please Joel. It's important.

STEADMAN
We've been watching a Greek lawyer
who's about as dirty as a whore's
teeth.

BURR
Yes thank you I get the picture.

STEADMAN
He's been meeting Roper's people.
We think there's some kind of deal
in the pipeline.

BURR
I know there is.

BURR puts an envelope on the side of the table. STEADMAN
opens the envelope. Reads. It's Pine's documents.

STEADMAN
Where d'you get this?

BURR
A boy in Cairo. Got them a few
years ago but Roper was warned and
shut it down.

(MORE)

BURR (CONT'D)

I've recruited the boy. I want to try to get him in on the inside.

STEADMAN

River House know?

BURR

What do you think? I'm keeping the whole thing dead quiet. But I need money. I need tech support. And most of all I need a friend.

They share a look. There's a whole heap of history in that gaze.

28

EXT. CORNISH BAY.

28

PAT HOSKEN and his brother DARREN are at sea, lifting lobster pots at dawn from their small motor boat. Autumn winds.

DARREN

Pete. Who's that?

He looks across at the cliff to see JONATHAN PINE running fast along the cliff path. A large ruc-sac on his shoulders.

PAT HOSKIN

It's the new one at the Lanyon.

DARREN

What's he doing that for?

29

EXT. PETROL STATION.

29

PINE rides fast on his motor-bike into the petrol station on the edge of the town. Fills up.

PETE PENGELLY watches him as he pays and zooms off into the distance.

Walks in to buy his paper from MIKE TREGANNON.

PETE PENGELLY

He fills up often enough.

MIKE

Making a journey or two, no doubt about it. Says he's going to Falmouth.

PETE PENGELLY

What's he want doing in Falmouth?

TREVAIL

Fuck you.

PINE hits TREVAIL hard.

TREVAIL (CONT'D)

How do I know I can trust a word
you say?

PINE releases him on the sofa. Nods to HARLOW who takes out a
stash from his pocket.

PINE

Try it.

TREVAIL stares at him.

He takes out the powder. He burns it on a pipe. Inhales.
Stares at PINE.

33

INT. THAMES HOUSE. DAY.

33

BURR and STRELSKI enter the corridor of Thames House.
Maximum security.

BURR

You sure you know your lines?

STEADMAN

Sure. We sound as dull as
ditchwater. An operation that's
going nowhere fast.

BURR

Think you can do that?

She smiles mischievously. Is she flirting?

34

INT. MEETING ROOM. THAMES HOUSE.

34

GEOFFREY DARKER smiles, holds out his hand to STEADMAN. GALT
and PALFREY are there. DARKER shakes STEADMAN's hand.

DARKER

I thoroughly enjoyed your speech
Joel.

STEADMAN

Thank you.

DARKER

Angela. Good to have you back in
the building.

He shakes her hand coolly.

DARKER (CONT'D)

You remember Raymond Galt, Harry Palfrey.

GALT

How is Victoria Street?

BURR

Still where it was, last time I looked.

She stares bluntly. They sit. Coffee and biscuits.

DARKER

So tell me all about it.

STEADMAN

I have an ongoing Operation in Washington. It's called Limpet. We're going after Richard Roper. Director of Ironbrand. Businessman in mineral ores, metals, and we believe, heavy-grade military hardware.

DARKER

I know of him of course.

STEADMAN

I came here was to discuss the possibility of a combined US/UK anti-arms Operation and to see if there are opportunities for mutual collaboration and intelligence-sharing. Angela is happy to sign up, I want to see if you will do the same.

This is all written down.

DARKER

Where are you at the moment?

STEADMAN

Well I think it's going very well. Wouldn't you say Angela?

BURR nods apologetically.

BURR

Very well.

STEADMAN

We... uh... We have photographs of a lunch that took in place in Athens one month ago between Roper's lawyer Sandy Langbourne and a Greek called Paul Apostolis.

(MORE)

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

It's possible that they were discussing a possible arms deal in the near future.

Photos of the lunch between Langbourne and Aposotoll are distributed.

GALT

You get any audio on that?

STEADMAN

Unfortunately it wasn't possible.

DARKER

So for all you know they could have been discussing their children's Christmas party.

Embarrassed smile.

DARKER (CONT'D)

And that's it?

PALFREY

What about humint? Have you got anyone close to Roper on the ground?

Beat. BURR and STEADMAN do a carefully rehearsed embarrassed look.

STEADMAN

Not yet.

GALT

And no one in development?

BURR

Not at the moment. But it's a long game.

STEADMAN

What we'd love from you would be support of two kinds...

DARKER

Let me stop you right there Mr Steadman. Ms Burr can do what she likes with her money but I'm not wasting my intelligence budget and my people's energy on an operation whose current status appears to be moribund approaching catatonic.

STEADMAN

Well that's disappointing.

DARKER

Life's disappointing Joel, just ask Angela. Come back when you've got more, our door is always open. All right?

35 **EXT. STREET. LONDON.**

35

BURR and STEADMAN leave a secret exit of the River House. They walk along the street.

BURR

Joel may I say what a great performance that was. I never knew an American could sound so much like a total bloody loser.

They walk round the corner. They check. Traffic loud. They talk quietly.

STEADMAN

How's your man doing?

BURR

Coming along nicely.

STEADMAN

When's he cut loose?

BURR

End of the month. God and Whitehall willing. I'm just creating him a nice little personal history.

STEADMAN

And you're sure he's the right choice?

BURR

I'm never sure about anything Joel. You know that. What I like about him is nor is he.

36 **INT. THE SNUG. NIGHT.**

36

Two men sit over beer in the corner. PETE PENGELLY and his mate TOBY SHEPHERD.

The door opens. MARILYN enters.

She walks past them. Orders a rum and coke. Sits alone in a corner.

They whisper about her.

SHEPHERD

Drinking on her own again. Every bloody night. I don't know why her mother puts up with it.

PENGELLY

It's all gone tits up for the poor girl hasn't it.

The door opens. PINE enters. A dozen eyes turn to stare.

Only MARILYN doesn't.

PINE approaches the bar.

PINE

Pint of Rambler please.

He takes his drink. Stares at the room. Smiles at the room.

PINE (CONT'D)

Evening.

MARILYN studiously ignores him.

PENGELLY

You went down Falmouth again today did you?

PINE

Yes. How did you know?

PENGELLY

You got business down there?

PINE

Yes.

PENGELLY

What kind of business?

PINE

A boat business.

He eyes MARILYN who continues to ignore him.

PENGELLY

We don't like people who do funny business round here. Just so we're clear.

PINE

I think we're very clear. Excuse me.

He walks to the back of the bar. MARILYN follows him with her gaze. Can't resist a smile at PINE's wonderful offhand dismissal of the locals.

PENGELLY
Is that right?

Threat. Animosity. PINE stands coolly.

PINE
Yes so if you wouldn't mind heading
home, and no hard feelings.

JACOB PENGELLY
To hell with your feelings.

They go to walk on together. PINE stands in their way.

PENGELLY
Get out of our way Mr Linden.

He takes a hold of the gun under his arm.

But before he can even do anything with it, PINE has levelled him with one blow and PETE PENGELLY is on his back in the bracken, PINE has the gun in his hand and is emptying the cartridges.

JACOB instantly turns on PINE.

JACOB
You bastard!

He is about to make a move.

PENGELLY
Don't touch him boy. Don't bloody
go near him. Back to the car.

PINE
Empty your guns first please.

Beat. They do so. Snarling violence but no actual resistance. They turn and make their way back, helping PETE PENGELLY as he stumbles his way, JACOB protesting too much as they retreat.

JACOB
I'd have bloody killed him dad. I'd
have cracked his skull.

PENGELLY
No you wouldn't handsome. He'd have
broken yours for sure.

PINE watches them go.

PINE motors his small motor-boat out from the beach below the Lanyon. He stares back at the land.

He starts to fish.

He looks out at the silver sea, grey skies, flashes of blue.
He breathes deep.

40

INT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL. DAY.

40

PINE is cooking his fish. A fine day, views across the bay.

Then he sees it. A dark transit van. Parked a few hundred yards away. Dark windows. PINE stares at it.

Then he hears footsteps.

And walking down the track is MARILYN. 20 years old, strapping, made a mess of life and she knows it. She is carrying six bottles of mineral water.

MARILYN

My mother says you want mineral water.

PINE

I don't think so.

MARILYN

Oh. Well I've brought them now.

PINE

Let me take them.

But she already has it in her arms and is walking into the front door.

She stands there, all woolly jumper and long legs in jeans. Waiting.

MARILYN

You cooking?

PINE

Yes. Would you like a coffee?

MARILYN

Wouldn't say no.

He makes coffee. He sees the transit van still waiting a few hundred yards away. Eyes it carefully.

And sees it slowly start up and drive away over the hill.

PINE turns back.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

So you like it here do you? All on your own? What do you do all day?

PINE
I read. Walk a bit. Bit of
painting.

MARILYN
These yours?

Two canvases that rest on the side.

PINE
Yes.

MARILYN
I can paint. I was good. Won
prizes.

PINE
Why don't you do it any more?

MARILYN
Because I married a fucking loser,
had a brat, and screwed up my life
that's why.

Beat.

PINE
You're not with the father?

MARILYN
He hasn't been Billy's father since
he was three days old. Came into
the hospital with a box of Cadbury
milk chocolates, and tuckered all
the nice ones. Couldn't wait to
flee.

PINE
Where did he go?

MARILYN
Don't ask me.

PINE
Has he gone abroad?

MARILYN
Tom Quince? He never had a passport
in his life. Probably somewhere
round Bude smoking a ton of pot and
trying to sleep with the weekend
talent.

Beat. PINE just adjusts the tablecloth. An idea in his mind.

PINE
More coffee?

He smiles and pours.

41 **INT. THE COTTAGE. LANYON. DAY.** 41

The rain is battering the window.

MARILYN and PINE are fucking on his bed, highly physical. Her on top. No-nonsense morning sex.

42 **INT. THE COTTAGE. LANYON. DAY.** 42

MARILYN and JONATHAN PINE are in bed together. Naked. Asleep.

Or she is. That's what he wanted.

Pine rises, goes to her handbag. Looks through it.

Finds what he was looking for. A photo of her and Tom Quince. In the bottom of her bag. He takes it, puts it in a drawer, goes back to bed.

Kisses her ear. She wakes.

PINE
Won't your mother be missing you?

MARILYN
I said I might be a while.

He smiles.

PINE
Did you? That was rather presumptuous of you.

MARILYN
Confidence not arrogance. That's what they say isn't it?

Beat. She gets up. He watches her naked back as she dresses. Thinks of SOPHIE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Well that was as fun a morning as I've had in a while. May I come again?

43 **EXT. FALMOUTH HARBOUR. DAY.** 43

PINE and HARLOW are sailing in the yacht into the harbour. PINE at the wheel. Expert sailor. HARLOW knocking back the beer.

On the shore, JASON SPARROW watches.

44 **EXT. ESTATE OUTSIDE CORNISH TOWN.**

44

PINE drives up to the estate houses. Knocks on the door.
CHARLES TREVAIL opens.

PINE
Stuff's coming Tuesday night. I'll
be here Wednesday at ten. Make sure
you're in. You got the money? Cash?

TREVAIL nods.

PINE (CONT'D)
Good. And tell no one. You clear?

TREVAIL
Who the bloody hell are you? You
have any idea what you're doing?

PINE
Just get the money. You try to
cross me, I'll kill you.

PINE walks away.

Then PINE senses something. As the door shuts and he returns
to the bike he sees the Transit Van with dark windows once
again on the crest of the hill.

PINE stares at it then gets on the bike and rides off back
towards the town.

45 **EXT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL.**

45

PINE rides the bike back to the cottage and dismounts.

He walks into the cottage. HARLOW is there.

HARLOW
Everything all right?

PINE
Not sure.

He looks through the window. No transit van in sight.

HARLOW puts on tea. HARLOW speaks in pure London.

PINE (CONT'D)
Do a lot of this sort of thing do
you Jumbo?

HARLOW
Afraid so. Not the first time I've
died for the cause. I still expect
a decent funeral mind.

PINE

I'm afraid that won't be down to me.

HARLOW

Orders are to kip here tonight, and make a bit of a noise on my way out. All right with you guv?

PINE

Be my guest. There's the couch. I'll get some blankets.

PINE stares out the window. The transit van is back. On the crest of the hill.

HARLOW

Funny old gig this one. Of course you can't tell me what it's all about. Quite understand. Don't really want to know, tell the truth. Funny gig. I don't even know your name.

PINE brings blankets. HARLOW swigs his beer, lies on the couch.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

Oh by the way they're coming down tomorrow. Late. I suspect we must be approaching our denouement.

He smiles. PINE turns away. And watches the van through the window.

46

INT. VICTORIA STREET OFFICES. LONDON. NIGHT.

46

BURR and ROOK are working late.

BURR

You have the car ready for tomorrow?

ROOK

Yes.

BURR

Well it's an early start. You should head home. I'll lock up.

ROOK

Are you getting rid of me?

BURR

Course not.

ROOK
Well then I'll leave when I'm
ready.

Beat.

BURR
Oh by the way. I'm bringing someone
on to help us.

ROOK
Who?

BURR
Joel Steadman. Remeber him?

ROOK stares at her.

There is a buzz at the intercom.

BURR (CONT'D)
That'll be him now.

She gets up, goes to the intercom.

BURR (CONT'D)
Come in. Sorry, the lift is still
out of order.

She puts down he intercom, stares at ROOK.

ROOK
Angela...

The sound of heavy feet on the stairs. JOEL STEADMAN enters.

BURR
Welcome to our empire.

STEADMAN, a huge man, stares at the office in disdain.

STEADMAN
Is this it? You're not serious.

BURR
Rob and I are always serious.

STEADMAN
You guys really work out of this
dump? I can't even stand straight.

ROOK
You'll get used to it. Apparently.

Beat. STEADMAN flashes that winning smile.

STEADMAN
How are you Rook?

ROOK
Very well thank you Joel. Long
time.

BURR
I thought I'd just show Joel the
ropes.

ROOK
Good. Well I'll be heading home.
I'll pick you up at 8 Angela.

BURR nods. ROOK walks out the door. BURR looks at STRELSKI.
It's awkward. They both feel it.

BURR
Where shall we begin?

47 **INT. MORNING. DAY.**

47

HARLOW lies sleeping. Six cans of beer next to him.

PINE is still sitting on the armchair. He seems to have been
there all night. He is watching the van that is still parked
outside.

PINE nudges him awake.

PINE
Time to make your noise.

HARLOW
You're still in your clothes old
boy.

PINE
Couldn't sleep.

HARLOW
Anxious?

HARLOW is checking on him.

PINE
No. Just saying goodbye to a few
things in my mind.

48 **EXT. ROAD TO LANYON. DAY.**

48

HARLOW rides his bike at full pelt up the track into he
village, making a hell of a racket.

PINE watches him go, then turns to watch the van. He is about
to go and confront them.

Then sees MARILYN walking down the track towards him.

A watercolour painting in her hand.

49

INT. THE KITCHEN. THE LANYON.

49

PINE expertly cuts and guts mackerel. She watches. He washes them, fries them in butter.

MARILYN

You've done that before.

PINE

The key is not to overcook them.
Just a bit of char on the outside.

MARILYN

People round here burn the hell
right out of them. Taste like
shoes.

He smiles. Fries the mackerel in the pan.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'm not the first girl you've
cooked for am I Mr Linden?

He looks away. Sophie suddenly in his mind. The house in Luxor.

"You'll burn the beans".

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I Googled you.

PINE

Oh yes? What did you find?

MARILYN

Nothing.

PINE

Nothing at all?

MARILYN

No. Nothing at all.

She stares at him.

PINE

Well I don't do Facebook if that's
what you mean.

MARILYN

That's not what I mean.

He continues to cook.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Ah screw it. Let's have a fuck,
whoever you are.

50

EXT. THE LANYON. DAY.

50

PINE runs, ruc-sac on back, along the cliffs. Training hard.
Too hard?

He reaches the top of the cliff. Stops. Almost retches.

He looks back at the village. This little community nestled
behind the cliffs. He stares at the hawks on the wind, the
sea-birds flirting with the cliffs. The fleets of small boats
on the bay below.

He lies down on the ground, buries his head in the grass.
Breathes deep.

Breathes deep this world of peace that he knows he is about
to leave.

Breathes deep the soil of England.

Then he looks up.

And sees it. The transit van. And two men stepping out of it
and walking towards the cottage.

PINE starts to track them, slowly, keeping low.

The two men approach the cottage. They have large petrol cans
in their hands.

They start to pour petrol.

Then PINE starts to run. Fast.

And attacks the first. It's deadly, he smashes his fist on to
the back of the first, then grabs his neck.

PINE

Who are you?

A voice from behind him. The other MAN. KNife in hand.

MAN

You doing business with Charles
Trevail.

PINE

What if I am?

The MAN takes the knife. Holds it to PINE's face.

PINE (CONT'D)
Had to ride one handed to Truro to
get it done up.

PENGELLY laughs. PINE hands them their pints.

PINE (CONT'D)
About what happened? No hard
feelings then?

PENGELLY
No hard feelings.

PINE nods and takes his pint to the back, sits.

SHEPHERD
What was all that about?

They stare at him.

53 **EXT. LANYON COTTAGE. NIGHT.**

53

PINE sits up alone.

Then he hears the car. No headlights.

He walks out, watches the car roll across the grass to a stop
outside the cottage.

Two figures get out. ANGELA BURR and ROOK.

They approach him.

ROOK
Well this is quite a spot.

PINE
I'm sorry you can't see the view.
It's rather picturesque on a
moonlit night.

BURR
I don't like sea air. Let's go in,
we don't have long.

54 **INT. THE COTTAGE. LANYON. NIGHT.**

54

PINE's small kitchen. PINE has the kettle on. They are
seated.

BURR
So how've you been? You fit?

PINE
Yes I think I am.

BURR

And you've made yourself known?

PINE thinks of the threat from the two men in the van.

PINE

Yes I think so.

BURR

Good. How's the hand?

PINE

It doesn't hurt.

BURR

Stitched it up yourself? I could have got someone...

PINE

I thought it might look more authentic.

She stares at him. Then flicks back to the job at hand.

BURR

Well then. Here's the piece of paper. You're to sign it with me and Rook as witnesses.

PINE

What is it?

BURR

It's our insurance. We didn't push you, you'll never sue us, you have no case against the government for neglect, malfeasance or rabies. Whatever happens, it's all your fault.

She smiles. Beat. She pushes it across.

BURR (CONT'D)

Last chance to flee.

PINE stares. And signs.

PINE

I had a thought. I'd need a new identity after what happened here.

ROOK

Yes we have one ready for you.

PINE

Wouldn't it be better if it was one I found here?

PINE goes to the drawer, takes out the photo of MARILYN and TOM QUINCE.

PINE (CONT'D)

His name's Tom Quince, he doesn't have a passport. I thought if I applied for one in his name, you might help smooth the waters. And it would look more natural if Roper was to check.

BURR smiles at him.

BURR

How did you find out about him?

PINE

A girl.

BURR

A nice girl?

PINE

You asked me to leave traces.

BURR smiles. She takes the photo.

BURR

Well then Tom Quince. I think we're done.

A moment between them.

BURR (CONT'D)

Good luck. I may not be seeing you again for quite a while.

PINE

Thank you.

BURR

Jonathan. Don't under-estimate him. You hear me? There's a reason Richard Roper's as rich as he is.

PINE nods. They shake hands. It's curiously intimate moment.

ROOK

I like this one. Is it yours?

He is staring at MARILYN's painting.

ROOK and BURR are starting the car. PINE stands under the porch-light.

He and ANGELA BURR's eyes meet as ROOK reverses the car back.
And out down the lane.

PINE turns to look at the dark bay. The sea hurtling on to
the shore.

The night birds swooping. Bats across the porch-light.
Then he walks in and shuts the door.

56

EXT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL. MORNING.

56

Bright early morning. MARILYN walks down the lane and
approaches the cottage. She knocks. No reply.

She looks round. No motorbike.

She pushes the door open.

And enters.

There is a kind of chaos to the room. Drawers flung open.
Plates smashed.

Chairs knocked over.

Curtains torn down.

Signs of a fight.

She walks through to the bedroom.

Deserted.

And she knows, she just knows he has gone.

Her painting is left in the kitchen.

Then she sees something else. On the floor by the door.

Blood.

57

EXT. FALMOUTH. BOATYARD. DAY.

57

JASON SPARROW has seen something. Or rather he has NOT seen
something.

He is staring at the Sea Pony boat-yard.

And no one is there.

He walks closer.

And finds a suitcase, flung open, and filled with money.

58 **EXT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL. DAY.**

58

Police cordons are up. POLICE everywhere. LOCAL PEOPLE are held back but are all watching. PENGELLY among them. TOM SHEPHERD. PETE HOSKINS.

POLICE down at the beach are looking at the boat.

More blood. HARLOW's bloodied hat and top.

The POLICEMAN stares out to sea.

In the background CHARLES TREVAIL can be seen cycling up close, seeing what has happened and then turning tail.

59 **INT. POST OFFICE/ THE SNUG/ LOCAL LIVING ROOMS/ STREET.**

59

A series of close-up faces. The LOCAL PEOPLE giving testimony. Most keen and enthusiastic in their gossip. Only MARILYN holding back.

MRS TRETHERWAY

Called himself Linden. Jack Linden.
With an I.

PENGELLY

Came in with a bandage on his hand.
Said he was cutting glass in the
shed.

MRS TRETHERWAY

He had money on him. Proper money.
Cash.

JASON SPARROW

It was in a suitcase. Must have
been ten grand. Just lying there.

CHARLES TREVAIL

Nah I never met him. No he never
came to my place. Who told you
that?

MARILYN

The kitchen was a mess... there was
blood on the floor...

JASON SPARROW

Big chap he was. Beard. Harlow was
his name.

PENGELLY

Large fellow. He had a dark beard.

JASON

Why? Did Linden kill him?

PENGELLY

Linden killed him didn't he?

CHARLES TREVAIL

I said I don't know him. Or his friend. Can I go now?

MAN FROM THE VAN

No mate. Never seen him in my life.

JASON

Good sailor.

MRS TRETHERWAY

Handsome? Yes I suppose he was. He painted pictures my daughter said.

MARILYN

Yes he painted pictures.

Beat.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Handsome? I didn't notice.

Beat. New cut.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I saw him in the pub. That was all.

Beat. New cut.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I went down once or twice. Yes to deliver for my mother.

Beat. New cut.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Yes that's my painting. I gave it to him. For the house.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

No I don't know where he's gone.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Linden yes. Isn't that his real name?

MARILYN (CONT'D)

Switzerland? He never mentioned Switzerland.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

No he didn't tell me anything about that.

Pause.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
No. He didn't say he was leaving.

Beat.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Jonathan Pine? Never heard of him.
No he never said that was his name.
He never said that.

Beat.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I don't really know who he was.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
I don't know who he was.

60 **EXT. FERRY TO THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI. DAY.** 60

The sun is shining. PINE is on a small passenger ferry to the Greek islands. He is tanned, he is bearded, he looks quite different.

We are quite clearly several weeks later.

61 **INT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL.** 61

Back in the kitchen in Cornwall. ROOK and BURR are staring right at PINE who is the camera.

BURR
The boat leaves from Plymouth at 3 tomorrow. Make sure you're on it. It arrives Santander 24 hours later, by which time all hell will have broken loose and you'll be a wanted man. There are regular trains to Madrid. When you get there book yourself on a flight to Athens, there's one a day. The island is called Santorini.

62 **EXT. FERRY TO THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI. DAY.** 62

PINE stares out at the island that beckons him.

BURR
The place is called Kaminake. It's a Roper favourite, on the South side of the island, you can only get there by foot or boat. They'll be expecting you.

63 **EXT. FERRY TO THE ISLAND OF SANTORINI. DAY.** 63

PINE holds his face to the sun as the ferry docks. He takes out his passport, stares at it.

He is Thomas Zachary Quince. Born Truro 1986.

PINE stares at himself as the island approaches.

Focus in on PINE's face.

64 **INT. THE LANYON. CORNWALL.** 64

BURR

Oh by the way. You can cook can't you?

She smiles.

65 **INT. WASH-HOUSE. RESTAURANT. SANTORINI.** 65

JONATHAN PINE stares out of the window at the ALBANIAN who is holding DANIEL ROPER in his arms.

We are back where it all began.

The ALBANIAN is approaching, gun to DANIEL's head.

ALBANIAN

Come out now!

PINE does not move.

He sees a kitchen knife in the drying rack. He grabs it.

Waits.

The ALBANIAN walks into the wash-room, DANIEL in his arms. DANIEL terrified. Sobbing.

PINE stares at DANIEL in terror.

And moves.

PINE suddenly smashes his arm down on the ALBANIAN's shoulder. The ALBANIAN crashes to the ground, releasing DANIEL. The gun flies across the floor.

DANIEL stares at PINE.

PINE looks at the ALBANIAN.

The ALBANIAN looks at PINE. As if secretly to say, do it. The next bit.

PINE
Go back to your mother kid. Go this
way.

But DANIEL is not moving. Still scared. Unable to move.

PINE takes his arm.

PINE.
Go. Go!

But DANIEL can't move. He stands there shaking.

ALBANIAN 2 comes through the door.

PINE turns.

ALBANIAN 2 surprised to see DANIEL still there. Not in the script.

But PINE acts fast, runs across grabs his arm, twists it, breaks it, smashes him to the ground, kicks him again and again.

DANIEL suddenly released into action, runs out the back way and back up towards the restaurant.

PINE stares at the ALBANIAN 2, squirming in broken-armed agony on the floor.

ALBANIAN 1 gets up.

ALBANIAN
You mother-fucker. You were
supposed not to hurt him!

PINE.
It needed to look real.

The ALBANIAN suddenly punches PINE hard in the stomach.

ALBANIAN
You want it fucking real? I'll give
you real! I'll give you fucking
real!

PINE does not resist as the ALBANIAN smashes his fist again into PINE's stomach. PINE collapses. The ALBANIAN kicks him in the head, once, twice, three times.

ALBANIAN (CONT'D)
I'll show you real.

And then a hard-bastard kick in the groin. Then he grabs ALBANIAN 2 who is in utter agony and they pile out of the wash-house, leaving PINE bloodied and beaten on the ground, his face smashed, blood pouring from his nose.

Silence in the wash-house.

PINE looks round.

He looks through the window at the dark trees.

He feels his own blood.

He looks round and hears voices.

He hears a boat skimming away across the bay.

He hears voices coming closer.

He sees two MEN storm into the wash-house.

FRISKY and the other BODYGUARD.

They look round.

FRISKY

Jesus Christ. You all right?

But it doesn't sound right to PINE. The voice is distorted, his ears have been kicked in and he is hearing humming and whining.

Then they pick him up, gently.

FRISKY (CONT'D)

Careful now. Hold his head.

66

EXT/INT. RESTAURANT SANTORINI. NIGHT. CONT.

66

He is being carried now, three men, his eyes up to the dark starry sky, tree-shadows and moon.

It's all a blur, but he is being carried up to the restaurant itself to a basket sofa that sits in the reception area, and he is placed down.

Voices all this while.

FRISKY

Put him here.

CORKORAN

Someone call the police, get them to send a boat.

LANGBOURNE

Who is he?

HEAD WAITER

He is our seasonal sous-chef. From England.

DANIEL

He punched him daddy. He saved me.

Faces above PINE staring at him. LANGBOURNE, CORKORAN.

LANGBOURNE

Good god. They gave him a right
going over.

CORKORAN

Chief he needs medical attention.

And then the face that he has been waiting for, appears,
looming over him. Quiet. Calm.

ROPER.

The two men stare at each other. ROPER down at PINE. PINE up
at ROPER.

ROPER

I know him. What's his name?

HEAD WAITER

Thomas Quince. He is from Cornwall
in England.

ROPER

No he's bloody not.

He stares again, trying to fix him beneath the blood and
broken nose.

ROPER (CONT'D)

You're Pine. From Zurich.

PINE stares up.

ROPER (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

PINE gestures ROPER to come closer. Then whispers.

PINE

No police.

Beat. Then again, imploringly.

PINE (CONT'D)

No police.

ROPER looks at him. Smiles. Then turns.

ROPER

Giorgos don't call the police. I
have a better idea. I'll put him in
the chopper we'll fly him to Tel
Aviv. I'll send Corky with him.

He turns back.

ROPER (CONT'D)
How's his pulse Tabby?

A hand on his wrist.

TABBY
Quite sporting chief, all things considered.

ROPER
You hearing me Pine? We'll fix you up old boy. We're going to get you out of here. You talking to the boat Corky?

CORKORAN
Setting it up now chief.

ROPER
Then call the hospital. Our one, not the death trap on the main drag. Make sure they're ready. We might need that Israeli surgeon. Get him to fly in from whatever Russian party he's currently at.

A man dashes up. FRISKY.

FRISKY
They left the money in the wash-house chief. All of it.

ROPER turns to PINE.

ROPER
You must have given them the scare of their lives.

Beat. Their eyes meet.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Right let's get him to the boat.

A stretcher has arrived. They put him on to it.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Giorgos let's keep this to ourselves shall we?

HEAD WAITER
Of course Mr Roper.

ROPER
I'll pay for any damage done. Corky will sort the bill.

CORKORAN
Doing it now chief.

PINE is carried down the long path, under the trees, to the shore.

Glimpses of ROPER as he goes.

67

EXT. ROPER'S SPEED BOATS. AEGEAN BAY.

67

He is taken on to the speed boat.

ROPER
Slowly now.

PINE settles in the boat.

And then another voice. Female.

JED
Be careful. He should move as
little as possible.

PINE looks up. JED is there. She is looking down at him.

JED (CONT'D)
It's going to be OK.

She takes his head. Holds it gently. Strokes his hair.

The boat slowly leaves the shore and makes its way across the bay. PINE feels the rock of the waves beneath him.

He feels her hand on his hair.

He sees her eyes bent on him. Gratitude and kindness. She whispers.

JED (CONT'D)
Thank you. You saved his life.

He turns his eyes to DANIEL sitting on the side of the boat, still in shock. ROPER's arm around him. Framed against the night sky.

68

EXT. THE PASHA YACHT. AEGEAN SEA. NIGHT.

68

The boat ties up and the men lift him on to the yacht. Set him down on the deck. The night sky glitters above him.

The chopper is at the back of the yacht. On the heli-pad. It is being prepared.

ROPER looks down at him.

ROPER
 We'll see you soon old boy. Don't
 worry you'll be looked after by the
 best there is.

PINE nods.

PINE
 Thank you sir.

ROPER
 Anyone we should call? Married?
 Family?

PINE looks up at ROPER. Shakes his head.

ROPER (CONT'D)
 No one at all eh?

Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D)
 Well we'll look after you.

He smiles. An idea in his mind. Just what was intended.

PINE stares into his eyes. Then he watches JED and ROPER walk
 away with DANIEL between them.

JED turns back. Her eyes meet PINE's.

Then she disappears.

PINE is picked up and carefully placed in the chopper.

The chopper starts up, and rises up above the Pasha, above
 the Aegean.

And PINE looks down on the figures of RICHARD ROPER and JED
 and DANIEL watching him as he is whisked away across the
 water.

ROPER turns to watch him go.

69

INT. VICTORIA STREET OFFICES. LONDON.

69

ANGELA BURR sits in Victoria. STEADMAN is there too. ROOK is
 on the phone. BURR is waiting.

ROOK puts the phone down.

BURR
 Well?

ROOK
 Something went wrong. He broke one
 of our guy's arms in three places.

STEADMAN

What was he playing at?

ROOK

Apparently he said he wanted it
real. So they made it real.

BURR

What do you mean?

ROOK

They hurt him. Badly.

Beat. BURR's face can't hide the utter fear and
responsibility she feels.

STEADMAN

If he's flown off in a helicopter,
it'll be too low for us to track on
radar.

ROOK

And they never called the police.
We seem to have lost him.

ANGELA BURR sits and assimilates the potential collapse of
everything she has planned.

END