

THE NIGHT MANAGER

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Episode 4

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DICKY ROPER's face is staring right at camera.

ROPER

Want to know how it works?

PINE's face. Close-up. He smiles. Nods.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Fig lead operation. You're the fig leaf. Straw man the Germans called it. Andrew Birch. Director of Tradepath Holdings. 32 years old. Merchant venturer, decent record in commerce, no skeletons, no murky history. Maybe we've done deals before, maybe we haven't, let them guess. I go to the clowns - the brokers, the venture boys, flexible banks and I say "Got a very smart cookie here, brilliant plan, quick profits, needs backing, my gift to you. He's young, he's handsome, he's got the connections, he's good with the right people, didn't want you missing out. It's called Tradepath. Double your money in four months max." It's trust Dicky time. Very tight circle, few chaps as possible. We register the company here, in Cyprus, no questions asked, no accounts to be filed or prepared. You're my lead actor, you're my main man, you're my star. Then I take you to the money, you shine like a new coin, you dazzle, they sign up, we make the deal, no one knows what we're really buying, no one wants to know, no one gives a fuck, they just want money, they don't want to know what's really at stake, they wouldn't sleep at night, they wouldn't wake up with their perfect wives in their perfect beds and make breakfast for their perfect little children, perfect little eggs in little china cups, they mustn't know, no one must know Andrew. Just you and me. We know. Our eyes are OPEN.

Beat

ROPER (CONT'D)

And then. When the deal's done, the company ceases trading, disappears off the face of the earth. Something happened. No one knows what. Except us. We know.

PINE

And what did happen?

ROPER smiles. A door opens. ROPER swivels fast.

It's JED.

JED

I've got the Del Oros on the line. They want to know if you want to join them on their yacht for mahjong.

Beat. She stares at PINE and ROPER who are standing side by side.

JED (CONT'D)

What's going on?

ROPER

It's a fucking business meeting that's what. I thought I told you.

JED

A business meeting with Thomas?

ROPER

Yes. Thomas is coming aboard.

He stares at her defiantly. A coolness apparent.

JED

Congratulations Thomas. Just don't do anything you don't want to do. Roper can be so terribly persuasive. Please can I say yes to mahjong? Maria doesn't take no for an answer.

She smiles coldly and walks back the way she came. ROPER and PINE watch her go.

ROPER

She's angry with me.

PINE

Why?

ROPER

That Langbourne bitch has been sowing seeds of discontent. Cheer her up while I'm away would you?

PINE

Away?

ROPER

Monaco, just for a few days. Last trip without you, easier to build you up in absentia. After that. It's over to you. You'll be running it from then on.

He touches his arm gently.

ROPER (CONT'D)

No regrets?

PINE

No regrets.

ROPER smiles.

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2

EXT. LONDON STREETS.

2

REX MAYHEW is cycling. Rush hour, busy traffic. But he has taken this road many times before.

He turns into the two-lane road that takes him from Swiss Cottage down to St John's Wood.

A grey van comes up behind him. MAYHEW eases into the middle to let it pass on his left.

But it does not.

MAYHEW looks back, he can't see who is driving.

Then the van accelerates alongside on his left.

MAYHEW continues to cycle.

Then another van comes up on his right, both vans drive at exactly the same speed on either side of MAYHEW.

He accelerates. They accelerate.

He brakes.

Only to see another van right up behind him. Grubby windscreen, impossible to look into.

Now he knows.

The vans start to move close together. Squeezing him.

MAYHEW sees a traffic light ahead. It's green.

He prays. Please go red. Please go red.

The light goes red. MAYHEW starts to slow, the vans follow suit.

Then suddenly MAYHEW accelerates! Breaks the red light, is almost killed by a Mercedes that is coming from the right to join the road, a furious blaring of horns, shouts of rage from the Merc, but MAYHEW doesn't care, he is cycling for his life, full pelt towards the centre of London.

3 **INT. MAYHEW'S OFFICE. FOREIGN OFFICE. DAY.**

3

MAYHEW sits at his desk. His hands are shaking. He is pale, in shock, numb with realisation.

His SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Here's the diary. The ten o'clock
pow-wow has been pushed to ten
thirty.

He nods vacantly.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Rex? Everything all right?

REX MAYHEW

Everything's fine thanks Gloria.

SECRETARY

You might want to take those off
before you see the Foreign
Secretary.

MAYHEW looks down. He is still wearing his fluorescent cycling clips.

4 **EXT. OLIVE GROVE. PENINSULAR IN CYPRUS. DAY.**

4

JONATHAN PINE is running along the beach. Fitter and fitter.

PINE checks behind him, then cuts away from the beach and walks towards the olive grove that sits on a small cliff at the very remote edge of the Akamos peninsular. Once there he unearths the radio. And rings.

5

INT. VILLA ON ANAFI. DAY.

5

ANGELA BURR dashes across the Greek Island villa that has been turned into a kind of small surveillance HQ. Screens showing camera positions outside Roper's estate, satellite imagery, email intercepts etc.

BURR reaches the satellite phone.

BURR

You're two days late. Where've you been?

PINE

Yes sorry.

BURR

So? What's happened? Does he trust you?

PINE pauses, looks over the bay towards the luxury villa.

PINE

I think so.

BURR

You think so or you know so?

PINE

I think so.

BURR taps the desk in frustration.

BURR

Give me something precise. Is Corkoran being marginalised?

PINE

Yes. I think he's preferring me to be his front man.

ANGELA BURR smiles.

BURR

All right keep reeling him in. I want to know how he's getting the arms, and who he's selling them to. I need names. But no risks. No acts of lone heroism. You hear me?

PINE

One other thing. I think the girl has an old flame in the US. Someone she's sending money to. Any idea who that might be?

BURR

I can try to find out.

PINE
Thanks. It might be useful.

BURR
Jonathan...

PINE
Got to go now.

He clicks off.

BURR stands in the villa looking at JOEL STRELSKI.

BURR
The boy's hiding something.

6 **EXT. AEGEAN SEA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. CYPRUS. EVENING.** 6

PINE buries the phone. Stares out over the bay. The sun setting.

Sees the OLD FISHERMAN distant on the beach. Staring at him.

7 **EXT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. MORNING.** 7

ROPER, LANGBOURNE, FRISKY are getting in a car to take them out of the complex and to the private airfield. Small suitcases being packed into the SUV.

PINE watches. CORKORAN eases up alongside. There's a menace in his eyes. PINE smiles and walks away as the cars tear out of the complex through security.

PINE sees JED in the pool area. She is staring at the cars.

Then she turns to stare at him.

8 **INT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR.** 8

PINE enters the house. He walks up the stairs, pauses at the first floor landing, looks in again at the Roper bedroom.

Roper's small personal office door is still closed.

BURR (O.S.)
No acts of private heroism. All right?

9 **INT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.** 9

JEDS
Thomas will you come?

It's evening. PINE is sitting in a wicker chair. JED is playing with DANIEL, some board game and she is bored.

PINE
Come where?

JEDS
Daniel and I want to take the horses out tomorrow along the cliffs to the south side. Corky won't come because he's afraid he'll fall off.

CORKY
I told you sweets, I would LOVE to go riding but I have a very dull meeting in Limasol. I won't be here all day.

PINE hears that, it registers.

JEDS
So that only leaves you Thomas. It's so beautiful on the south side, and no one's there, you can swim on empty beaches for miles.

She smiles at him. Intention clear.

PINE
I'm afraid I have some work to do for Roper.

JEDS
Oh I see. This would be the new company.

CORKY's ears prick. PINE doesn't mind a bit.

PINE
Yes. He's asked me to read the paperwork and be fully versed by the time he returns.

CORKY stares at him.

DANIEL
Jed you're not concentrating. You never concentrate. Now I can take all your pieces.

JED
Sorry Danny.

She returns to the game. CORKY wanders over.

CORKORAN

Right in the belly of the beast,
aren't we old boy?

He smiles.

10 **INT. HOUSE ON THE PENINSULAR** 10

PINE wakes in his bed, the dawn sun rises in the sky.

He gets up.

He reaches into a drawer. Takes out the camera-phone, and lock-pick tool-kit he dug up with the phone.

11 **EXT. BEACH ON THE PENINSULAR. DAY.** 11

PINE is crouched on the beach watching JED and DAN plus two servants and accompanied by the dogs, ride past along the water, heading for the cliffs in the distance.

He turns and walks towards the villa.

12 **EXT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. SECURITY.** 12

PINE walks up to SECURITY. He is carrying a bunch of wild flowers he has picked.

PINE
Morning Costas.

SECURITY
Morning Mr Thomas. Are you in love?

PINE
No they're something for Dan to cheer him up. Major Corkoran in? I wanted to ask him something.

SECURITY
No sir he's in Limasol all day. By the way sir there will be an alarm check at 11am today like every Tuesday. Please don't be surprised.

PINE
Thank you. Yes I know.

It's what PINE wanted to hear. He walks in to the complex and across the front lawn.

13

INT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR.

13

PINE walks in through the empty living room to the kitchens. Three cooks and maids are working. He is still carrying the flowers.

PINE

I need a vase for these. They're for Daniel.

MAID

Of course Mr Thomas.

PINE

It's very empty today.

COOK

No one here sir. You want something for lunch on your own?

PINE

Yes a sandwich. I'll take it on the terrace at one. What time do the chamber-maids do the rooms? I wanted to ask them if they found my watch.

COOK

They come at 12 sir.

PINE nods, checks the clock. It's ten thirty.

MAID

There you are sir.

PINE

Thank you.

PINE takes the vase of flowers, and walks back down a corridor, checking all rooms.

Then he turns and walks up the stairs.

He reaches the doors to the Roper private apartments.

He pauses, looks round, feels the almost eerie silence.

And enters closing the door behind him.

14

INT. BEDROOM. ROPER'S AEGEAN VILLA. DAY.

14

PINE enters the bedroom. It's unkempt, it has not been tidied by the maids yet. Jed's nightdress lies abandoned on the bed, there is a strong sense of both her and Roper having slept there, having made love there.

PINE puts the vase of flowers on the side table, stares at the sheets. At the Forbes Magazine, at the Grazia magazine, at yesterday's swimsuit hanging on the hook, the coffee table books, and a language-learning book in Italian. At photographs on her side of the bed. Of her and Roper.

PINE thinks, checks the drawers in her cabinet. Delves deep amongst underwear and letters.

And finds a photo of a young man. Smiling but with a melancholy. PINE stares at it, photographs the face with the camera-phone, then carefully replaces it in the drawer.

PINE looks one more time at the imprint of Jed's body on the sheets.

PINE moves close, smells the sheets. Breathes deep.

Then he walks up to the office door.

Tries it. It's locked.

PINE checks his watch. 10.50am.

He gets out the lock-pick and starts slowly to pick the lock.

He works slowly, steadily.

He hears crunches on the gravel. Sounds of chat. He checks the window, it's just a GARDENER chatting to SECURITY.

He works on. Slow, steady. He checks the clock. 10.58.

Sweat on his brow.

He works on.

The lock gives.

He stops, waits.

The clock hits 11 am. The alarms in the house go off as they always do for the drill.

Instantly PINE is opening the office door, he slides the door open. Sees the alarm going off but it's fine, the drill covers it.

Walks into the office, closes the door behind him, flies to the office desk, opens it, rustles in drawers, finds what he is looking for, a spare key, turns, relocks the office door from the inside.

The SECURITY, as per the drill, check the house, turning off alarms as they go.

They reach the bedroom, check the office door is locked and return the way they came.

16

INT. ROPER'S PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY.

16

PINE breathes hard on the other side of the office door. The alarm that flickers right by his head resets to off.

PINE looks round. A simple room. A soldier's simplicity. A plain Rexine-topped office desk. No computer, but wires for a laptop.

And on the desk, a rather modest set of filing trays with papers in.

The quiet centre of the Roper Empire.

PINE quietly moves to the desk. Sits.

His eye checks the exact location of everything.

Then he gets to work.

He takes each paper from the tray, and photographs them, then replaces them precisely.

We get glimpses. Names and numbers. Names on the left, numbers on the right.

He begins to think, to look deeper, to stare at the list. But disciplines himself, just photographs.

He puts the last one back. Breathes.

Then he sees it.

On the desk.

A long blonde hair. A woman's.

He carefully picks it up. Stares at it.

That's when he hears the noises from the courtyard outside. The sound of horses hooves, dogs' barks, then at last, human voices.

JEDS (O.S)

Just take the bloody animal.

GREEK SERVANT (O.S.)

What happened?

He goes to the window. In the courtyard below:

JEDS

Daniel became an insufferable little brat, that's what.

DANIEL

I did not! I had one moan and she lost the plot!

JEDS

One moan? You didn't stop from the minute we started!

DANIEL

I never wanted to go riding in the first place! It was your idea! You were the one! And then you got in a funk because...

JEDS

Because what?

Quietly:

DANIEL

Because no one else came.

Beat. She knows he's right. And hates it.

JEDS

Oh for christ's sake. I'm going to change.

Furious, she starts to walk towards the house. Inside the office, PINE stiffens. Acts entirely calmly.

Slowly rearranges everything perfectly, checks, yes everything fine.

He takes the hair, wraps it in a handkerchief, puts it in his pocket.

He checks the room one more time.

Then he unlocks the door, replaces the keys in the desk, walks out, closes the door. Gets out the lock pick. And slowly, carefully, even as he can hear her coming up the stairs, he repicks the lock.

His hand is steady. It seems to take an eternity. And he can already hear her on the stairs.

17

INT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR.

17

JED is walking up the stairs. In a stop. She shouts back down.

JEDS

And tell the kid to stop being so bloody spoilt!

And approaches the private apartments of her and Roper.

18

INT. BEDROOM. ROPER'S AEGEAN VILLA. DAY.

18

JEDS walks into the bedroom.

To see JONATHAN PINE standing over the vase of flowers arranging them on her side table.

There is absolute silence.

JEDS

What the hell are you doing in here?

She is flushes, furious.

PINE

I brought you some wild flowers from near my house.

He stares at her.

JEDS

Why didn't you give them to the maids?

PINE

I wanted to arrange them myself.

DANIEL is still crying down below and the maids are bringing him up the stairs. PINE stares at her.

JEDS

Will he never shut up!

PINE

Is it him you're angry with?

He stares at her.

JEDS

How dare you? In fact how dare you even be in here?

PINE

If you're that upset, call Security. Frisky's not here but Tabby's available I'm sure. And the Greek boys have got good muscle on them. Just pick up the house phone, say the word, and I'll end up leaving in the same state I arrived.

A challenge.

JEDS

Get out.

PINE

Daniel's being a pain because his father ignores him, he doesn't want to go back to London, and now even you, the one person he thought he could trust, are not enjoying being with him on his own.

JED

What are you talking about?

PINE

Close the door.

She closes the door.

PINE (CONT'D)

You didn't want to go with him to the beach. You wanted to go with me.

As she turns back, he is already on to her, kissing her, passionately, she fights him off, but they stay close. It's deadly, dangerous. She speaks quietly.

JED

What are you doing? You can't...

PINE

I'm obsessed by you, I can't get you out of my head.

JED

You're fucking crazy. They'll come in!

PINE

Then it's your fault. For nursing me so bloody well. I fell in love with you before I could speak.

She stares at him.

JED

Thomas this is our bedroom. This is where I sleep with him.

PINE

But how much longer can you bear it? You know he's a crook, he's not a freelance buccaneer, a modern-day Robin Hood or however you decided to cast him in your mind. He's a criminal, an arms crook and a murderer.

Beat.

PINE (CONT'D)

That's why you broke into his office and spied on his papers. You couldn't figure out what they meant, all those names, all those numbers. But I bet you know it's not bingo, it's not the gee-gees.

JED

How did you...

He takes out the handkerchief, holds her up the hair.

PINE

I found it on the desk top. It's too golden to be his. He'd kill you for that, wouldn't he?

Beat.

PINE (CONT'D)

I'll go to talk to Daniel. Calm him down. Enjoy the flowers.

He walks towards the door. She suddenly, impulsively, shoves the door open.

Then he walks through and out of the room.

19

EXT. HOTEL IN MONACO.

19

ROPER, LANGBOURNE and FRISKY are climbing out of a limo on the Monaco riviera.

They walk into a high-class international hotel.

FRISKY approaches the Maitre D, whispers to him, and they are whisked through the foyer into the champagne bar.

A figure sits at the back of the bar in an alcove.

They approach and sit.

It is GALT. One of Darker's accolytes.

GALT

Safe trip?

ROPER

Yes. Why was it necessary?

GALT

Darker's not keen on intermediaries right now.

ROPER

Why?

GALT
Remember a woman called Angela
Burr?

He slips ROPER a photo of ANGELA BURR. ROPER stares.

ROPER
Cairo - she got too close for
comfort on a deal with Freddie
Hamid and we cleared out.

GALT
Yes. Well she's back with a US
enforcement cowboy called Joel
Strelski. They're doing their best
to sound like they have no idea
what they're doing but we're not
convinced. We have a feeling the
flies are circling once again. You
need to be careful. Double check
all your people. Something's not
right.

ROPER
I already had some intelligence of
my own. We're changing the guard.

GALT
Oh yes?

ROPER
New front man. Squeaky clean.

GALT
Good. Well here's what you came
for.

He passes an envelope across to ROPER. ROPER shakes his head.

ROPER
I don't touch that shit. Give it to
my lawyer when I'm not here.

He walks away into the bar. Flicks a look back. GALT is
passing the envelope to LANGBOURNE.

LANGBOURNE opens the envelope. It's a shipping order from
seven MOD certified arms companies.

LANGBOURNE smiles.

20

INT. HOTEL IN MONACO. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

20

ROPER, in dressing gown, walks out of the bathroom, drink in
hand, stares out at the sea.

21

INT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. LIVING ROOM.

21

PINE and JED are together with CORKORAN. They are drinking coffee and in Corkoran's case, whiskey after dinner.

A HOUSE SERVANT enters.

HOUSE SERVANT

Phone call for you Madam. Mr Roper.

JED stares at PINE.

JED

I'll take it in the bedroom.

She gets up and walks out.

CORKY rises.

CORKORAN

Think I'll turn in myself old fruit.

PINE

Good night.

CORKORAN

Don't let the bed bugs bite.

He waltzes out. PINE stands, walks towards the front door to head home. Sees the stairs. He can hear JED on the phone the floor above. He steps up a few stairs, listens.

He can hear her conversation.

JED

No everything's fine. Except I was a bitch to Dan when we went riding. No he's fine now, But Thomas was a sweetheart and made him feel a lot better. And he did this painting of some flowers, I think he wants to give it to you.

PINE walks up the stairs. Glances through the door. JED can see him.

JED (CONT'D)

No nothing else really important. Just a lazy day.

She stares at PINE.

JED (CONT'D)

I miss you too darling. I'm in bed now. Thinking of you.

She stares at PINE.

22

EXT. BEACH ON THE PENINSULAR. NIGHT.

22

PINE walks back along the beach.

Then suddenly something catches his eye.

A flicker of movement on the olive grove far above him.

A man.

PINE stares.

And then, suddenly the soldier, PINE begins to move.

He cuts fast through long grass and small trees, inland, moves round the grove, athletic, fast, to the other side of the little hill.

Watches.

Yes, it's the OLD FISHERMAN.

JONATHAN PINE walks right up behind him.

The FISHERMAN turns.

And only does PINE see that he is blind. His dark eyes stare sightlessly out.

FISHERMAN (IN GREEK)
Who is it? What are you doing here?

PINE quietly walks away into the darkness.

FISHERMAN (CONT'D)
Who are you?

The blind old man stands on the shore as the sea rolls in.

23

INT. PINE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

23

PINE enters the little cottage, and closes the shutters to keep snooping gazes at bay.

He takes out the camera. Looks through the images he has taken.

He sees the image of the young man he saw in the drawer of Jed's room.

He deletes that one.

Then he starts to send the images.

24

INT. GREEK VILLA. ANAFI ISLAND. NIGHT.

24

It's quiet, night-time. ANGELA BURR stares at her laptop. STRELSKI is dozing on the chair.

Then suddenly ANGELA BURR sees a message coming in.

But BURR's eyes are wide as she sees in encrypted form a series of photographs from PINE's camera-phone, coming into her computer. Names, numbers.

She jabs STRELSKI.

BURR
Wake up sleepyhead.

STRELSKI wakes, gazes at the names.

BURR (CONT'D)
The boy's done us proud.

STRELSKI
Who are they?

BURR
My guess? Roper's investors.

STRELSKI
How the hell did he get them?

BURR
I have no idea.

She looks in depth. The list of names.

BURR (CONT'D)
It's all coded. Joel you can look after here all right?

STRELSKI
Sure.

BURR
Good. Get me a car first thing in the morning. I'm going to Athens.

25

INT. PINE'S HOUSE ON PENINSULAR. NIGHT.

25

PINE lies back, deep in the night. Apparently sleeping.

Then his eyes open.

He instantly grabs the phone, lifts a floorboard, places it beneath.

Grabs a knife from the drawer of his desk.

Walks quietly out and into the living room.

He opens the front door.

Walks fast to confront the figure who is in the small alley beside the house.

Grabs the figure.

Then pauses in shock.

It is JED.

26

INT. PINE'S HOUSE ON PENINSULAR. NIGHT.

26

JED sits on a small wooden stool. PINE is boiling a kettle. Controlling his nerves.

PINE
That wasn't very clever of you.

JED
No one saw me.

PINE
You saw no one see you. That's not the same thing.

He hands her a drink.

PINE (CONT'D)
You want milk?

JED
Just sugar.

PINE
Why are you here?

Beat.

JED
If I've made a mistake I'm sorry.

A challenge. PINE flicks a look out the window. Beat. She sips her coffee.

JED (CONT'D)
Did you mean what you said - in the bedroom?

PINE
Yes.

They are close. Heat between them. But:

JED
Why were you in there?

PINE
I was arranging flowers.

JED
That's bullshit. What aren't you
telling me?

Beat. He speaks quietly.

PINE
I'm a British intelligence officer
working undercover.

He stares at her. Silence.

JED
I don't believe you.

PINE produces his camera. Shows her the photographs.

PINE
Roper's not in Limasol to sell farm
machinery. He's arranging an arms
deal to the Russian who was at your
party.

Beat.

JED
Why are you telling me this?

PINE
Because you need to know who you're
sleeping with.

JED
I don't understand. You saved
Danny's life.

PINE
A set-up.

JED
You robbed Meisters. You killed
someone.

PINE
All lies to make Roper believe me.

JED
Why? Why would you do that?

Beat.

PINE

Who was the boy you called on the phone in your room?

JED

What?

PINE

You have his photograph in your bottom drawer. He's handsome.

JED

How did you know that?

PINE

Who is he?

JED

None of your business.

PINE

Why do you send him money? Why do you tell him you love him on the phone?

JED

Jesus Christ who the hell are you?

PINE

Do you love him?

JED

Yes I do. I love him with all my heart.

PINE

More than Roper?

JED

Yes more than Roper. More than anyone.

PINE turns.

JED (CONT'D)

Henry's my brother. OK? He's a recovering heroin addict, he nearly OD'd in Miami two years ago, so now I send him money so he doesn't have to work, doesn't have to anything except keep off the smack, and so he won't fuck up again. That's who I'm calling on the fucking phone you fucking spy.

PINE

Why keep it a secret?

JED

Why? Because if Roper found out I was sending his money to a loser like Henry, he'd smack me across my sentimental mouth. If I was a good person I'd be with Henry all the time, I'd be his fucking nurse, but I'm not a good person. So this is what I do. This is my good deed.

She stands furious. About to go.

JED (CONT'D)

You were right. I shouldn't have come.

PINE

Are you going to tell him what I told you?

Beat. She does not move.

JED

I don't know.

PINE

You know what will happen if you do.

He moves towards her. He takes her arm.

He guides her upstairs.

He opens the door. His bedroom. Small double bed.

PINE (CONT'D)

Sleep here tonight. It'll be safer. Leave at dawn. Say you went for a morning stroll.

She looks at him, surprised.

He closes the door.

27

EXT. ATHENS STREET. DAY.

27

PAUL APOSTOLIS is hurrying along, reaching the door to his home, busy man, busy walk.

He opens the door to be greeted by a HOUSEKEEPER, female, Greek, fifty years old.

APOSTOLIS

Good evening Maria.

HOUSE SERVANT

Good evening sir.

APOSTOLIS

Did the courier arrive with my ticket?

HOUSE SERVANT

Yes sir. And sir. There is a lady to see you. She says she is an old friend from the Church.

APOSTOLIS pauses.

28

INT. APOSTOLIS HOUSE. ATHENS. STUDY.

28

APOSTOLIS walks into his office to see ANGELA BURR sitting at his desk.

APOSTOLIS

What the hell do you want?

BURR

You off somewhere Mr Apostolis?

ANGELA BURR smiles. She holds up the letter that has been couriered.

APOSTOLIS

Get out of my house before I call the police.

BURR smiles.

BURR

I need your help.

APOSTOLIS

Listen I did what you asked. You have nothing on me.

BURR

I think we both know that isn't true. I am however prepared to swear solemnly that this will be my last visit. If you will help me with this.

She takes out the printouts of Pine's photographs from Roper's office. Hands them to APOSTOLIS. Who stares at them with evident ill-ease.

BURR (CONT'D)

So I have code names and numbers. I have pages that cross-refer, I have money calculations. And I have a very strong sense in my tummy that I'm looking at the details of a sale of British and American arms to an illegal foreign buyer.

(MORE)

BURR (CONT'D)

Stop at the station. I need to drop
a message to the boatman.

32 **INT. PO BOX. VICTORIA STATION.** 32

BURR walks up to a PO Box, opens it. Drops a letter inside.
Walks back to ROOK's car which is waiting.

33 **INT. OFFICE OF IEA. VICTORIA STREET. LONDON** 33

ANGELA BURR walks in. Surveys the old room. A moment alone,
her little empire.

She takes from his briefcase the envelope of Pine's
photographs. She opens them. Stares at a series of
annotations made by Apostolis.

He has decoded the names.

ROOK puts his head round the corner.

ROOK

Don't settle in. Mayhew wants us.
He is on the war path.

34 **INT. OLD FOREIGN OFFICE BUILDING. LONDON. DAY.** 34

MAYHEW is walking fast through a huge abandoned office space.

MAYHEW

It's a scandal Angela. This is a
battle to the death. A Whitehall
knife-fight like you've never seen.
Unmarked fucking vans Angela! On
Swiss Cottage Road. OK maybe they
were just trying to scare me. I
don't know. But they have made a
big mistake. Through here.

BURR

What is this place?

MAYHEW

It's the good old FCO before we
became shiny and new in our
extortionately expensive new
building. I earned my spurs in this
place. It's been unused for three
years while Whitehall central
office wrings its hands over what
to do and tries to avoid a media
orgy on wasted resources. And
now... it's your home.

BURR

Rex slow down.

MAYHEW

You slow down they run you over
Angela. Your budget is tripled,
Don't ask me where I got it from,
best you don't know. How many more
people do you want to nail this
bastard?

BURR

I could do with six. I need sigint
and intelligence gathering and
analysis of some names I've come
across. And I need people I can
trust.

MAYHEW

You choose them. You choose
everything. We'll sweep the place
in the morning, I'll use a new
company. We're going to beat those
River bastards. Marjoram. Darker.
The whole lot of them. This is war.

He smiles. ANGELA BURR isn't quite sure whether to join him.

35

EXT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. SECURITY.

35

A pair of sparkling SUV's swing through security gates.

The ROPER entourage are returning. ROPER leaps out, carries
his briefcase into his office complex.

PINE is there to greet him.

PINE

Welcome back sir.

ROPER

It's not for long. We leave in the
morning. Taking Danny to the
airport all together.

He ushers him quietly aside.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Then we'll have a little farewell
supper in Limasol and then you and
I and Sandy have a trip to make.

PINE

Where are we going?

ROPER

To meet the money behind Tradepath.

He smiles, pats him in the shoulder.

JED approaches, ROPER grabs her and kisses her deeply. She responds, great actress. PINE watches.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Where's Danny?

JED
Here he is. And with something for you.

DANIEL appears carrying a picture of some flowers. Not just any flowers. The flowers PINE put in the room.

ROPER
My god I think the boy's got talent.

DANIEL blushes.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Come on Danny. Let's have a big supper to celebrate your last night. You too Pine.

They all rush into the house. PINE holds back. He sees CORKORAN smiling at him. CORKORAN is clearly already a little drunk.

CORKORAN
So we ship out at dawn. Send the kid back to mummy in London and off to work you go.

He whistles like the seven dwarves.

PINE
Where am I going?

CORKORAN
I'll tell you where. You're going IN MY PLACE.

He smiles at him.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)
Thanks to some very classy footwork by some queens unfriendly to the cause.

PINE
Corky what the fuck are you talking about?

CORKORAN eyes him like a dagger.

CORKORAN

You see the chief, though he'll deny it, is an incurable romantic. Believes in the light at the end of the pier. Along with the fucking moth. Whereas Corky here, is a sceptic. Dyed in the wool. And my professional and personal view is, you are poison.

He smiles. Talks almost in a baby voice.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

But you saved his little boy's life. So you're Mr Untouchable...

He tickles PINE's chin. PINE moves his hand away.

PINE

I think one is becoming a tad deranged Corky.

CORKORAN

And then of course there's the case of the night-time frolics while Roper was away. Barefoot she went along the beach, my spies tell me. All the way to the old cottage where the hero awaits. Well if that isn't an airport novel waiting to be written. Stayed with you til dawn they say. Hanky Panky.

PINE

Nothing happened.

CORKORAN

Ooh you're too much. I'd love to peach on you boy. Nothing would please me more. But..

His face grows curiously solemn.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

What would happen to her? I can't do it to her. Love her too much. And you do know what he would do to her don't you? If he found out.

He smiles sadly and walks away. PINE watches in frozen alarm.

36

INT. ROPER VILLA. AKAMAS PENINSULAR. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 36

The final dinner, ROPER smiling, laughing, JED, the perfect actress, charming and serene, all over ROPER, hands on his chest, his arm lazily stroking her legs.

DANIEL's face aglow with prescient nostalgia for what is already ending, PINE watching, smiling, putting on his best face as CORKORAN downs the wine and stares at him with barely concealed rage.

37 **EXT. GREEK ISLAND ROAD. DAY.**

37

And they are off. Two SUV's in convoy. PINE in one with ROPER and DANIEL. The other with JED, LANGBOURNE and CORKORAN. FRISKY drives one. TABBY the other.

PINE stares at the passing landscape. The same landmarks he saw in his battered state on arrival at the Roper complex.

38 **EXT. LIMASOL AIRPORT.**

38

The farewell to DANIEL. ROPER hugging him, JED squeezing the life out of him, laughter and tears.

ROPER
Don't suffocate the poor kid.

JED
But what am I going to do without him?

ROPER
Come on you're going to miss the bloody plane.

DANIEL
I want to miss it.

He looks suddenly sad.

ROPER
Enough of that. Your mum's at the other end.

JED
You'll see us all again soon.

DANIEL
When?

ROPER
I'll talk about it with your mother. Off you go. Be a man now.

DANIEL stares suddenly bereft, then grabs his little case and runs through security, with a FLIGHT ATTENDANT following him as they must do for minors.

ROPER stares, watches him go. PINE sees the sudden emptiness in his eyes. The deepest loss.

FRISKY and TABBY in attendance. A couple of the Ironbrand young Turks are there too.

JEDS
There's Corky.

ROPER takes a call on his mobile phone.

ROPER
What is it?

He listens, seems a little perturbed, moves away. PINE and JED greet CORKORAN.

JEDS
Half a bottle in already?

CORKORAN
Had to check it wasn't poisoned for the princess.

He is already drunk. PINE notices it. Meanwhile ROPER has hung up. His face changes. Hides his concern.

ROPER
Jed sit next to me.

They sit and ROPER raises a glass.

ROPER (CONT'D)
So this is farewell to my love, and to Corky here who will be returning to the villa while we continue on our business trip with our latest friend and colleague.

He raises his glass.

ROPER (CONT'D)
To Andrew Birch.

ALL
To Andrew Birch!

PINE raises his glass. Smiles.

WAITER
Sir would you like to order?

ROPER
Just get us the seafood platter. Oysters and octopus and some of the mixed shellfish.

JED
And I'd like a lobster salad.

WAITER

I'm afraid we have no more lobster madam.

CORKORAN

No more bloody lobster?

WAITER

I'm sorry sir.

CORKORAN

So you bloody should be. You see that? That's the sea. This is a seafood restaurant.

ROPER

Corky shut the fuck up.

CORKORAN retreats for now.

JED

It's fine I'll have the fish.

The WAITER nods. CORKORAN raises his glass.

CORKORAN

I'd like to make a toast. To the lovers.

Beat. PINE says nothing. Then CORKORAN raises his glass to ROPER and JED.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

Perfect pairing. Beauty and elegance entwined. Let no man tear them asunder.

Almost an emotion in his voice. PINE sensing the danger. JED sensing something with ROPER, who is checking a text on his phone.

JED

What's wrong darling?

ROPER

Nothing. Just preoccupied.

JED

Business?

She says it innocently.

ROPER

Of course it's bloody business.

JED

Will you miss me?

ROPER
Yes of course.

JED
Maybe I should come.

This is out of the comfort zone. ROPER senses it. PINE knows it. Her real reason. Him.

ROPER
Don't be stupid. Ah here comes our food.

It comes. PINE watches. ROPER is definitely preoccupied.

And then suddenly it happens. CORKORAN explodes from his chair, and grabs with incredible violence a passing waiter who is carrying a tray... of lobster.

CORKORAN
What the fuck is this?

WAITER
What you doing? Get your hands off me!

CORKORAN
What is this? WHAT IS THIS?

ROPER
Corky sit down.

CORKORAN
I'll tell you what it fucking is, my little greaseball. This is a lobster salad!

WAITER
Yes!

CORKORAN
Then why the fuck did your ugly little friend over there tell me that my lady here could not have a lobster fucking salad! WHY?

He grabs the salad.

WAITER
Sir it is for another table.

CORKORAN
No it's bloody not.

WQAITER
They pre-ordered this morning sir. Only the lobster salad for pre-orders!

CORKORAN
GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF ME.

JED
Corky stop it!

But CORKORAN hurls the waiter into an adjoining table and starts to beat him.

PINE stands. IN a second he has CORKORAN in a hold, and is hurling him off the waiter and hard on to the floor. Then he turns, unflappable.

PINE
Time to go chief I think.

He speaks calmly to the other table. With utter authority.

PINE (CONT'D)
Andrew Birch, pleasure to meet you.
I'm so sorry about my friend. He
got a little intimate with the
retsina. Please feel free to re-
order and the entire evening will
be taken care. With a bottle of the
best champagne on me. I do hope
that's all right.

GUESTS
Of course.

The GUESTS nod, utterly charmed.

HEAD WAITER
Is there a problem here?

PINE
Just a misunderstanding. All sorted
now but we have to leave. Can I
take the bill please? I'll pay by
card.

ROPER looks on admiringly. PINE turns and smiles at CORKY who slumps back, knowing he has lost, lost utterly and totally. CORKY raises his glass.

CORKORAN
To the victor.

Then he takes wild lunge at PINE, PINE expertly dodges, defends, and CORKORAN misses completely, smashes into tables and to the ground.

ROPER and PINE walk with LANGBOURNE and JED behind.

ROPER

We fly tomorrow at seven. Private jet from the airfield. So get good sleep.

He talks quietly.

ROPER (CONT'D)

I have to talk to Langbourne. Buy her a quick drink would you? Make her feel special.

PINE

Of course.

ROPER

I'll only be half an hour.

PINE smiles. ROPER pats him.

ROPER (CONT'D)

You're a handsome man Andrew. What would I give to look like you.

PINE not sure what to say.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Mind you. Might not have made my millions might I?

He smiles and grabs SANDY LANGBOURNE.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Darling the old men need to talk. Young Pine here is offering to buy you a drink on the terrace. Accept quick, I see there might be other takers.

He gestures around the bar to the women who are all eyeing PINE greedily.

ROPER and LANGBOURNE walk into a corner.

LANGBOURNE

What's the problem Richard?

ROPER

Call from the River. They're worried about a man called Mayhew. Think he might be up to some tricks. Call the hill fort, tell them we're moving it forward.

LANGBOURNE nods, stares at ROPER who broods quietly.

44

EXT. TERRACE OF HOTEL IN LIMASOL.

44

JED and PINE are sitting as a waiter brings cocktails.

JED
Expense suits you.

PINE
Thank you.

JED
Doesn't it bother you? Taking his
money, and then screwing him over?

She looks through the window at ROPER in conversation with
LANGBOURNE.

JED (CONT'D)
He loves you. You know that?

PINE
Maybe.

JED
Oh he does. He's taken a real
shine.

PINE stares at ROPER. He knows it's true. And maybe he has
too.

JED (CONT'D)
So my question is - are you
seducing me just to get close to
him?

He stares at her. She returns his gaze. Desire fills them
both.

PINE
And if I was? Would it work?

Heat rising between them. Betrayal and truth. The heat of
lies.

JED
When will you be back?

PINE
I don't know. I don't know if I'll
be back at all.

She stands.

JED
Follow me.

PINE
What if he sees us?

JED
I'm feeling faint. You're helping
the damsel in distress.

She walks out of the terrace.

45 **INT. CORRIDOR IN HOTEL IN LIMAOSL.**

45

She is walking fast down the corridor. He is with her.

JED
Which one is yours?

PINE
This one.

JED
Open it.

He gets the room key, opens up. She pushes him inside.

46 **INT. PINE'S HOTEL BEDROOM IN LIMASOL. CONT.**

46

Inside and already she is grabbing him, pure lust, they are
pulling clothes off, kissing, grabbing.

JED
Don't tear anything. I have to put
it back on. And don't use the bed.
He might see you to your door.

She is naked now. She is kissing his stomach. He pulls her to
him.

She undresses him, she takes his cock in her hands, then in
her mouth, her hands on his waist, his hands in her hair.

She moves her mouth up his body to his lips.

He pushes her hard against the dressing table. Grabs her
breasts, enters her.

She gasps in audible pleasure. Her eyes bore into his.

47 **EXT. TERRACE OF HOTEL IN LIMASOL.**

47

Twenty minutes later. JED and PINE, both impeccably dressed,
walk on to the terrace. Not a hair out of place.

ROPER is there waiting.

ROPER
Thought you'd eloped.

JED

With Thomas looking so dishy it was tempting. No I got a headache. My gallant found me a Nurofen.

ROPER

Well I want to go to bed. After all, I'm not going to see you for a while.

He kisses her. PINE watches, not a glimmer.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Good night then Andrew. See you in the morning.

JED

I won't wake to see you off Andrew. Best of luck.

She smiles at him. Impeccably.

Then ROPER takes her by the arm and leads her to his bed for the night of farewell.

PINE watches them go.

48

INT. BURR'S OFFICES. OLD FCO BUILDING. LONDON.

48

What a change. The place is up and running now. Computer surveillance, phone taps, intelligence gathering and analysis.

MAYHEW watches, slightly manic smile.

MAYHEW

No one even knows you're here.

BURR stares at him.

BURR

You sleeping all right Rex?

MAYHEW

Absolutely fine.

BURR takes out some the photographs PINE gave him.

BURR

You should see this.

MAYHEW

What is it?

BURR

It's from our friend on the inside. Roper's handwriting.

(MORE)

BURR (CONT'D)

He coded the names but I used another source in Athens to verify and decipher.

MAYHEW

What are they?

BURR

Prospective funders of a company called Tradepath. Look at the names Rex. Every major finance house in the City. The big players. They're all involved. Roper's using British investment banks to buy arms from our own MOD on false certificates. Then he sells them on at double the price to God knows who to do God knows what. And everyone makes millions.

MAYHEW stares.

MAYHEW

Can I have a copy of this?

BURR

Only if you swear on God's name to show no one. I mean it Rex. If I'm to follow the trail on this, we have to be absolutely water-tight.

MAYHEW

Angela, please don't teach me to suck eggs.

BURR

And not a mention of our friend on the inside. Not even to Celia. You understand me? We can't trust anyone. Not even those we love.

49

EXT. LONDON PARK.

49

BURR sits on a bench in a London park.

He sees HARRY PALFREY come to another bench, newspaper in hand.

PALFREY

They're changing security procedures. This might be the last time I can do this.

He sits for a while, and then, as we all do, he leaves, leaving the paper behind.

BURR walks up, quietly takes the paper and walks away.

50

EXT. LONDON STREETS.

50

Group meeting. BURR leads it, others report. He takes out what PALFREY gave to him.

BURR

Ok the boatman has passed me seven new MOD sales deals in the last month, all certificate registered, all certified for fast-track by the River. Companies are: DRE holdings, Gardener-Fisher, Lessing, RM Aviation, Severance Technology, Oregon Systems, and Pureweather. Officially the sales of all arms are to the governments of Bulgaria, Israel and Morocco. Export license granted, they can ship any time.

ROOK

Do we have spec lists?

BURR

The Boatman couldn't get me that. All right so the toys are in transit. Roper's set up a front company to buy the arms. The question is where are they going and how the hell are they getting there?

ROOK

We're focusing on three ships.

He shows pictures.

ROOK (CONT'D)

The Nemesis. The Marquis. And the Leila Jane. Two came out of London via Amsterdam and one out of Liverpool via Marseilles.

BURR

Why these three?

ROOK

All three are registered in Cyprus.

BURR

Let me see that.

ROOK

Company name for all three ships is Farrago Holdings. It's a front company impossible to trace the directors, all searches lead nowhere.

Beat. BURR stares at the registration.

BURR
What cargo?

ROOK
Officially? Cereal crops, farm machinery. Mining equipment. Auto parts. All three ships already have gone off their bearings.

BURR smiles.

BURR
Good work Rob. Very good work. OK so the toys are on their way. What about Roper? Miriam?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER 2
He's currently in Limasol. We have confirmation of a private-jet set to leave Limasol in three hours. The plane is private, registered to Trademark Holdings. Director is one Andrew Birch.

BURR
Birch? Who's he?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER 2
We've run searches on him, nothing's come back. It's got to be a front name. It's as if he doesn't exist.

BURR
Who's on the plane?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER 2
Birch, Langbourne and Richard Roper.

BURR
Where's it going?

SURVEILLANCE OFFICER 2
Istanbul.

BURR stops at that. A flicker of thought. Turns to ROOK.

BURR
Get to Istanbul now. Track them.

ROOK
What am I looking for?

BURR

A familiar face. I have funny feeling that Andrew Birch might be someone closer than we think.

51 **INT. PRIVATE JET FLYING FROM LIMASOL. DAY.**

51

ROPER sits back, sipping champagne. LANGBOURNE is there snoozing. PINE, dressed in a fabulous new suit, as ANDREW BIRCH, new haircut, new life, sits drinking a juice. FRISKY and TABBY are there as ever.

PINE sits. ROPER stares at him. He opens his briefcase. Hands him an envelope.

PINE

What's this?

ROPER

It's what you're buying.

PINE opens it. It's seven arms sales certificates from the MOD. River House authorisation.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Of course we don't tell the investors that.

Pine stares at the list.

ROPER (CONT'D)

It's time for you to shine Andrew.

ROPER stares at him. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT approaches.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir we'll be approaching Istanbul in around ten minutes.

ROPER nods. Smiles at PINE as the plane descends.

52 **INT. FOREIGN OFFICE. LONDON. DAY.**

52

The FOREIGN SECRETARY is in his office. MAYHEW enters.

FOREIGN SECRETARY

Rex how are you?

REX MAYHEW

Very well thank you foreign secretary.

FOREIGN SECRETARY

Listen about this whole Limpet business with the River and Langley.

(MORE)

FOREIGN SECRETARY (CONT'D)
I don't want you to feel
threatened. We're all on the same
side.

MAYHEW smiles.

REX MAYHEW
Thank you sir.

FOREIGN SECRETARY
This woman Angela Burr. You know
her personally?

REX MAYHEW
A little, yes.

FOREIGN SECRETARY
She's been ruffling an awful lot of
feathers. I was just wondering if
one way to appease the River Boys
was to appoint a new head of
Limpet, still under your
jurisdiction. I have some suitable
candidates.

He shows some papers on his desk.

REX MAYHEW
Are you serious?

FOREIGN SECRETARY
It seems to me Burr's sowing seeds
of discontent everywhere she goes.

REX MAYHEW
Angela Burr is closer than anyone's
ever been to cracking Richard
Roper's off-shore operation.

FOREIGN SECRETARY
Do you really believe that?

REX MAYHEW
I know it. I've seen it with my own
eyes.

Beat.

FOREIGN SECRETARY
What do you mean?

And now MAYHEW knows he has made a mistake.

FOREIGN SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Rex is there something you're not
telling me? I sincerely hope not.

Beat.

REX MAYHEW

All right if I show you this, it
has to be For your eyes only.

He stares at the FOREIGN SECRETARY with intensity.

FOREIGN SECRETARY

Of course.

MAYHEW takes out the list of Tradepath names. Hands them
over. Silence as the FOREIGN SECRETARY looks at the list.

FOREIGN SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Thank you Rex. You're right. This
changes everything.

REX MAYHEW smiles.

53 **EXT. ISTANBUL HOTEL. DAY.**

53

ROPER and PINE's limo arrives at a five star hotel in the
heart of the European quarter of Istanbul.

ROPER and PINE, followed by LANGBOURNE and the boys jump out
and head into the hotel foyer.

54 **INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL. DAY.**

54

PINE and ROPER cross the foyer to the reception. PINE does
the exact job CORKORAN used to do.

PINE

My name is Andrew Birch, I have
three suites booked in my name.

RECEPTION

Yes sir. Do you have a card I can
put the rooms on?

PINE

Of course.

He hands over the credit card.

PINE (CONT'D)

We also have a the Ataturk
conference room booked for
Tradepath Holdings for tonight at
6pm.

RECEPTION

Yes sir it will be all ready for
you.

He hands him keys. PINE walks over to ROPER who stands apart.

He is staring at the names of the buyers on the lists.
 A knock at the door.
 He answers. It's ROPER. He enters without being asked.

ROPER
 Ready?

59 **INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL. CORRIDOR. DAY.**

59

PINE and ROPER on the move.

ROPER
 I don't think we'll have any
 problems. Apo will know you of
 course, from the party on the
 peninsular but he'll keep quiet and
 anyway he's really representing the
 other side.

PINE
 The other side?

Beat.

ROPER
 The people we're selling to. We're
 not planning to keep the toys you
 know.

PINE
 And who are they?

ROPER smiles and walks on.

60 **INT. ATATURK CONFERENCE ROOM. ISTANBUL.**

60

It's a packed room of the European business elites. Bankers,
 investment funds, private equity, millionaire's reps, all
 drinking and eating, as PINE enters, ahead of everyone else,
 FRISKY and TABBY at his heels like his own bodyguards, ROPER
 quietly in the background like a linen Svengali, LANGBOURNE
 at his side.

PINE
 Mr Gupta I've heard such a great
 deal about you.

GUPTA
 The portfolio makes the undertaking
 seem interesting. My client would
 love to know - how do you imagine
 realising the potential inside
 nation states?

PINE

Well we think we're embedded in all five continents, but you know it's much more about the between than the inside. Tradepath's a global company, it sits unapologetically within the gaps between national boundaries.

He's moved on. Another chat. Another smile.

BOND-SELLER

You have expertise at all Andrew? Engineer? Surveyor?

PINE

Boats are my thing. Sixty foot yachts especially.

BOND-SELLER

Well you're in with the right people here.

They laugh.

At one side LANGBOURNE and ROPER catch each other just for a moment.

LANGBOURNE

The boy's doing well.

ROPER

Where's Apostolis? He should be here by now.

LANGBOURNE

I've tried calling him. No answer. My people are checking the airport now.

Across the room PINE is in full flow.

VENTURE CAPITAL GUY

You take my card. When you're next in New York, you have to call me. We can do more together.

Another smile.

PINE

I was in Zurich a few weeks ago, and the reality seems to be that the accountants will always keep ahead of the revenue hounds.

INVESTMENT BANKER

Long may it continue to be so.

A clink of glasses and PINE's smile stretches as WOMEN and MEN laugh and coo, seduced entirely by the charm of Andrew Birch.

As laughs stretch and rise, PINE smiles, stares around his empire and alight a gleaming incandescent gaze upon the face of RICHARD ROPER.

61

INT. LATE NIGHT BAR. HOTEL.

61

ROPER and PINE sit together. Quiet bar. Semi-lit. Luxurious and plush. High-class whores at the bar.

ROPER

You surpassed expectations.

PINE

It helps when none of your investors want to know too much about you.

ROPER

When the establishment wants a sale to happen, then it finds ways of oiling the wheels.

ROPER laughs.

PINE

Where was Apo by the way? I didn't see him.

ROPER

Fucking his tart somewhere no doubt. Don't worry, we can go ahead without him. Lawyers are two a penny.

He eyes him.

ROPER (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure about you, you know.

PINE

Why?

ROPER

Corkoran's jealousy is infectious.

PINE

Is that why you insist on keeping my passport?

ROPER

Of course really Corky's jealousy is lust. What he would give to fuck you.

He smiles. Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D)

What about you Andrew? What's your
tipple? Men? Women? Young? Old?
Black? White? We can get you
anything here.

PINE

I'm fine thanks.

ROPER

Not sure I trust a man who can't
let his hair down.

PINE

You'll have to trust this one.

ROPER stares at him.

ROPER

I've been nervous of very few men
in my life. But something about you
unsettles me. And I don't know what
it is.

PINE

I do. You watched me in that room
and you saw yourself twenty years
ago. You saw the future. And it
wasn't you.

ROPER

Oh I wouldn't bet on that yet.

He stands.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Well I'm taking one of those whores
even if you won't.

He looks back at PINE.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Don't look at me as if you
disapprove.

PINE

I didn't say a word.

ROPER smiles at him.

ROPER

Oh you bloody did. You and your
father and that whole goddamned
tradition of Puritan decency.

A challenge. PINE does not rise even for a moment.

PINE

I'm just interested in the money.

ROPER

Well here's to that. Good job
tonight.

He smiles. Pats PINE gently. He walks away. PINE sits back and sips his whisky. And sees ROB ROOK sitting at the other end of the bar, drinking a nice glass of dry white wine.

62 **INT. PINE'S BEDROOM. HOTEL IN ISTANBUL.** 62

PINE is emptying his pockets. Business card after business card.

He stares at them.

He turns to look in the mirror at his new self.

63 **INT. ROPER'S BEDROOM SUITE. ISTANBUL. NIGHT.** 63

ROPER lies in bed. The WHORE is dressing. The phone rings. He picks it up.

ROPER

Yes?

LANGBOURNE

Bad news. Apo never left Greece. He missed his plane.

ROPER

Why?

LANGBOURNE

We don't know. Tried his home. No reply.

ROPER's face narrows in deep concern.

64 **INT. PINE'S BEDROOM. HOTEL IN ISTANBUL.** 64

It's morning. FRISKY is in the room with him.

FRISKY

You ready?

PINE

Yes nearly.

Then the phone rings.

He answers. Stares at FRISKY.

PINE (CONT'D)

Hello.

It's ROOK on the other line.

ROOK

Hi Simon, message from Mandy, she's on her way up.

PINE

I'm sorry, you must have the wrong room number.

ROOK

Isn't that Simon Birch?

PINE

No this is Andrew Birch. They must have given you the wrong room.

ROOK

I'm so sorry.

The line goes dead. PINE walks over to last night's suit, stares at it, goes back to the phone. Dials.

PINE

Is that laundry? Yes listen I have a suit I want done. Pick it up now would you?

He hangs up, grabs the suit, walks into the bathroom, takes the shirt from the floor, and without FRISKY noticing, he slides all the business cards that have been carefully wrapped, inside the shirt.

Then he casually hands it to FRISKY.

PINE (CONT'D)

Pop that outside the door would you?

FRISKY stares at him, more furious at PINE's new status, that suspicious. He opens the door and almost hurls the suit and shirt on to the floor outside. Then slams the door.

PINE smiles at him.

PINE (CONT'D)

Get enough sleep old boy?

PEARL, Rook and Burr's marvellous PA, walks along the hotel corridor, pauses outside PINE's room, grabs the suit and shirt, and walks off fast down the corridor.

66 **INT. ROOK'S ROOM. ISTANBUL HOTEL.**

66

ROOK is unwrapping the cards. Another OPERATIVE is at a laptop.

 ROOK
 Better get that suit done Pearl.
 Tell them to leave it outside
 Pine's room.

She gets on the phone. ROOK stares at the cards.

 ROOK (CONT'D)
 Input all these, get them back to
 Burr would you?

He hands the OPERATIVE the cards. Then ROOK looks in concern. Pine has written on the back of one card.

NO APOSTOLIS.

ROOK walks over fast and grabs the hotel phone off Pearl and calls.

67 **EXT. NORTH LONDON STREET.**

67

HARRY PALFREY is walking fast, pale-faced along a London street.

68 **INT. CINEMA CAFE. NORTH LONDON.**

68

HARRY PALFREY enters the cafe. Looks around confused. Breathes deep. Then a voice comes.

 BURR
 What's wrong Harry? Why the flare?

 PALFREY
 Darker's got the information about
 the Tradepath buyers.

 BURR
 How the hell did he get it?

 PALFREY
 He didn't say.

Silence. BURR'S heart is tight.

 BURR
 What do they know?

PALFREY

They know it came from you. And they've identified the blue handwriting on the notes as belonging to Paul Apostolis.

BURR

They think Apostolis was the snitch?

PALFREY nods.

BURR realises the import of this. BURR calls STRELSKI who is still leading the team in the Greek villa monitoring the Cyprus peninsular house.

BURR (CONT'D)

Joel listen to me. Get a message to the Greek. He needs to take measures to protect himself. Now.

STRELSKI

Will do.

She hangs up. PALFREY looks shattered and nervous.

PALFREY

I can't do this any more Angela. It's too risky.

BURR

Who gave the list to Darker? Did it come via Galt? Marjoram?

PALFREY

It came straight to Darker. From above I think.

And BURR thinks and realises exactly how. She gets up and walks out the cinema.

And walks down the street in a rage.

69

INT. MAYHEW'S OFFICE. DAY.

69

BURR is on the warpath.

BURR

What the fuck were you thinking? I said no one Rex! I said not a fucking soul must see those papers!

MAYHEW

I was defending your position! He was going to get rid of you Angela. I had to show him.

BURR

How much of a faceless mandarin are you? I thought we were fighting a war. I thought it was the angels against the forces of darkness!

Beat.

MAYHEW

What happens now?

BURR

Apo's in Istanbul. I have a man there, we get Apo out quick-time, fly him here, put it all on him, protect Pine, make Apo seem like the only mole in the operation. We might just be OK.

But now her phone rings. It's STRELSKI on the Greek island.

BURR (CONT'D)

Joel? What is it?

STRELSKI

We can't get the Greek on the phone. His cell's not answering. And his office has no idea where he is.

BURR's face goes pale. MAYHEW watches.

BURR

Get to Athens now. Just find him.

He hangs up. Stares at MAYHEW.

70

INT. LIMOUSINE. EVENING. ISTANBUL. DAY.

70

PINE and ROPER are travelling together through the city's business centre. FRISKY driving. LANGBOURNE and TABBY also in the car.

ROPER turns to FRISKY.

ROPER

It's just here.

71

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICES. ISTANBUL.

71

In a very swanky lawyer's meeting room, there are stes of papers on the desk. Notaries from the company Farrago Holdings, and those of Tradepath. ROPER and PINE and LANGBOURNE on one side.

A TURKISH LAWYER, looking confused on the other. A SWISS BANKER sits between them. Unruffled, calm.

TURKISH LAWYER

I have not had time to look at the documents. It is a very complicated process of sale, the origin of the machinery is unclear, I am not even sure when the transfer of good will take place.

TABBY

You don't worry about that.

TURKISH LAWYER

But I was brought on just today!

TABBY

You don't worry about that.

FRISKY hands him a briefcase. The TURKISH LAWYER opens it. It's full of money.

He stares. Looks up. Is frightened, slightly seduced.

ROPER leans forward.

ROPER

Tradepath is buying farm machinery from Farrago Holdings. What could be simpler than that?

ROPER smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)

We were told you were the right man for the job.

PINE looks on. The TURKISH LAWYER nods.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Well then let's get this signed. Mr Birch is a busy man.

PINE walks forward, makes the signature where shown. LANGBOURNE shows him.

SWISS BANKER

Mr Ergun will sign as representative of Farrago Holdings, full jurisdiction. Mr Langbourne informs me that Mr Birch will sign for himself as director of Tradepath Limited

PINE stares at ROPER who nods at him.

SWISS BANKER (CONT'D)
 Here, here and here. This is just
 the bank authorisation for our
 records in Geneva. And one more
 thing.

He produces a digital recording device. Holds it out.

SWISS BANKER (CONT'D)
 To authorise the transfer of funds
 from the Tradepath account, Mr
 Birch will need to give an auditory
 signature on proof of purchase
 tonight. To set that up I need you
 to read something for me.

PINE walks forward.

SWISS BANKER (CONT'D)
 Just read this.

PINE reads. The SWISS BANKER records.

PINE
 This is your friend George speaking
 to you. Thanks for staying awake
 tonight.

SWISS BANKER
 You want to do it again. More
 relaxed maybe?

PINE
 No I think that's fine. But while
 we're here may I see a current bank
 statement?

Beat. The SWISS BANKER looks across nervously.

ROPER
 Go on, show him, it's his company.

The SWISS BANKER goes on his laptop and brings up the
 statement.

PINE stares at it. The company currently has a bank credit of
 one hundred million dollars.

PINE
 Thank you very much.

He smiles.

Now we are a very different part of town. Down by the docks.
 Dark, rough, poor. The Bosphorus spreading out before them.

Two cars drive down through warehouses, past old ships, new ships, rotten carcasses of ships and cranes.

FRISKY drives one. PINE and ROPER there. Behind them in another car - TABBY and LANGBOURNE.

PINE watches as the car turns a corner and slows.

There are six men at the gate, dark shadows, threatening.

FRISKY pulls up, unwinds the window.

FRISKY

Andrew Birch's party. Here to see
the farm machinery.

He hands them passports. PINE's. The man checks the face, then shines a torch in PINE's eyes.

The MAN nods, waves them through.

ROPER flicks a calm look to PINE as the car moves on and approaches the water.

ROPER

Ok let's go.

73

EXT. HARBOURSIDE. ISTANBUL. NIGHT.

73

They get out of the car.

A small ship stands before them. Old. The Leila Jane.

PINE stares at it.

FRISKY

Single file. Hands clear and
visible.

They walk slowly towards the ship.

In front of them are three men. All young. They look Eastern European. They are in fact Latvian. He also sees that two of them have guns. Hecklers. The LEADER approaches.

LATVIAN LEADER

Mr Langbourne, welcome.

LANGBOURNE

Long trip.

LATVIAN LEADER

Yes of course. We got a little
lost.

He laughs. Then stops.

LATVIAN LEADER (CONT'D)
Who is Mr Birch?

PINE nods, walks forward.

PINE
That's me.

LATVIAN LEADER
You are a great enthusiast for
tractors and agricultural material?

He smiles. Good English.

PINE
That's correct.

LATVIAN LEADER
You want to feed the world? Like
Bono?

LANGBOURNE
Let's just get the fuck on with it
shall we?

The LATVIAN LEADER smiles and gestures them on to the ship.

LATVIAN LEADER
This way.

PINE walks past and on to the ship. He sees on the lashing
straps a medley of transfer points the boat has passed
through. Amsterdam, Lisbon, Oran. Naples.

74

INT. HOLD OF THE LEYLA JANE. DAY.

74

PINE stands in the huge belly of the ship - the hold - full
of containers large and small.

They approach one large container.

LATVIAN LEADER
This is called the Saudi box. So
the Saudi customs can get inside
and check for booze.

His men hack into a side opening in the container. Steel pins
are hacked off by cutters.

LATVIAN LEADER (CONT'D)
Don't worry we have more. Tomorrow
morning everything look fine.

He smiles. The work is almost done.

The side of the container lowers.

It is stacked full of guns. AMG's. State of the art weaponry. All with British MOD certificates.

The next container is already being lowered. Anti-tank missiles. Rocket launchers.

PINE watches.

The next container. Careful handling here. A cigar-shaped missile extracted from a jar. Shown to the assembled audience. Missile after missile.

The next container: Steel canisters from Manchester. Radios. Field gear. Huge huge number of automatic ammo and bullets.

It goes on. Container after container. A war's worth of gear in one ship.

ROPER

Likee?

PINE nods.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Well then. Signing time.

He smiles. PINE is led over. On a clipboard LANGBOURNE has a signed receipt for turbines, tractor parts and heavy machinery. Certified to be in good order by Andrew Birch, Director of Tradepath Ltd.

PINE reads. He signs the receipt and initials the schedule.

Then LANGBOURNE passes him a satellite phone.

FRISKY holds up the number.

PINE reads and dials.

A voice on the other end. The SWISS BANKER.

SWISS BANKER

Who is it?

PINE

This is your friend George speaking to you. Thank you for staying awake tonight.

SWISS BANKER

Please put Jan on the line please. I would like to confirm some nice news for him.

PINE holds out the phone to the LATVIAN LEADER.

PINE
You are Jan?

The LATVIAN LEADER nods and takes the phone. He waits.

And then he breaks into the most wonderful smile.

EXT. HARBOURSIDE. ISTANBUL. NIGHT.

Seven trucks are being loaded with the weapons. ROPER and PINE watch as the unloading is completed and the trucks move out.

PINE
Where are they going?

ROPER
To the hill fort. We'll fly out,
meet them there tomorrow.

He turns to FRISKY

ROPER (CONT'D)
Let's go.

75 **INT. CAR IN ISTANBUL. NIGHT.**

75

They are returning home. PINE is staring out the window. ROPER is watching him.

ROPER
For 24 hours you own enough
weaponry to start a major war all
on your own. What does it feel
like?

PINE turns. Smiles at ROPER.

PINE
Feels good.

ROPER
I think you're getting a taste.

He smiles.

PINE
Tonight. I might have the whore
after all.

ROPER grins. He knew he would.

ROPER
Sleep long tomorrow. And then we
move out.

PINE
To the hill fort?

ROPER
That's right.

He leans in and whispers.

ROPER (CONT'D)
You see this... is when the fun
really begins.

76 **INT. PINE'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.**

76

The WHORE is in the room. Fully dressed. PINE is handing her money. She is looking confused.

PINE
We fucked. I was rough, I pinned
you to the bed, you asked me to
stop, you had to ask twice. I gave
you a big tip and asked you to be
silent. Understood?

She nods, and he shows her to the door.

77 **INT. PINE'S HOTEL ROOM. ISTANBUL. NIGHT.**

77

PINE lies in bed.

His phone suddenly rings.

He picks up.

PINE
Andrew Birch. Who is this?

Pause on the line. Then a voice. Female. JED.

JED
Jonathan.

He can hear her breathing. She is in her bedroom in the Roper apartments on the peninsular.

PINE
Get off the line. Go to bed.

He should hang up. But he can't. He can't quite put the phone down.

JED
Don't go Jonathan. I need you. I
just need to know you're there.
Jonathan. Jonathan?

In on PINE's face. Knowing what this means.

END