# THE NIGHT MANAGER

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Based on the novel by John le Carré

Epi sode 1 PRE- SHCOTI NG SCRI PT

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THE INK FACTORY Developed in association with BBC/AMC

## I/E ZERMATT. PINE'S APARTMENT. EVENING.

Looking out the window of a small monk's cell of a Swiss mountain-top apartment building: the snow is falling thick and soft.

Inside the apartment, in the snow-filled silence of early evening, a MAN, whose face we do not see, is meticulously clipping his fingernails, one by one. First the left hand, then the right.

He is wet-shaving, oiling his skin for a smooth finish.

Now he is dressing in a crisp, perfectly ironed white shirt. The collar is starched and firm

A dark tie is perfectly tied.

A single breasted dark dinner suit is taken from the hanger in the closet where another identical suit sits in place.

The buttons of the single breasted suit are polished.

The suit is put on. Shirt tucked in.

The tie placed.

1

A pair of navy blue socks is placed on to a pair of pale feet.

A pair of fine black patent-leather shoes are carefully placed in a small plastic bag for transportation.

A pair of light weight walking shoes are taken from the drying rack by the door. And put on over the navy blue socks.

They look incongruous below the dinner suit.

A winter anorak is taken from the hook by the door.

The door is opened. The snow is falling.

## 1a I/E. ZERMATT. TRAIN. EVENING.

The sun is just disappearing behind the solitary peak of the Matterhorn as THE MAN takes the little train down the mountain.

We do not see his face.

## 2 EXT. ZERMATT. HILLSIDE STREAM. MEISTERS HOTEL. EVENING. 2

The lone figure, distant amidst the Alpine winter landscape, makes the walk from the station to the glinting evening lights of a high-class Swiss hotel that overlooks the luxury resort of Zermatt.

1a

#### INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. EVENING. 3

From the comfort of the concierge's office, FRAULEIN VIPP, 60, Austrian, seriously old-school receptionist, looks up to see a figure walk out from the staff changing-rooms.

It is our MAN. He is now wearing the black leather shoes. The hair is oiled, short. Everything is in its place.

The face that we see now for the first time is composed. Thirty three years old. A secret to all men. And to himself. JONATHAN PINE.

> PINE Guten abend, Fraulein Vipp.

FRAULEI N VI PP Guten abend, Herr Pine.

JONATHAN PINE smiles.

INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT

As PINE goes about his nightly duties:

He locks a door with a hefty set of keys.

He sets the NIGHT ALARM

He heaves a crate of beer down into the cellar.

He paces a corridor, trying a door handle here, a window latch there.

He surveys the contents of the HOTEL SAFE - jots a note on a clipboard, closes the safe and spins the tumbler.

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT. 4

The clock Swiss-ly chimes eleven.

It's dark outside now and JONATHAN PINE sits in the office behind reception typing on the hotel computer.

A voice, female, interrupts his reverie.

SYBI LLE Aren't you going you to say good eveni na?

He looks up. She is 18, pretty, dressed in strangely formal clothes, one of the moneyed French. SYBILLE. Dines out on pouting melancholy.

3a

PINE Bonsoir mademoiselle. Quest votre mere?

PINE (CONT'D)

She's asleep in our room I sneaked out.

She sounds the second syllable - sneaked. And eyes PINE, with pouting intent.

PINE (CONT'D) Well, I think it would probably be best if you snea<u>ked</u> back in.

She ignores him

SYBILLE What do you do every night? Just sit here. Nothing happens. No one comes. I'd kill myself.

She is seeking a reaction. Doomed to failure. He continues to type. She takes a small mini-bar bottle of vodka from her pocket, downs it. He does not react.

She looks at him Leans in.

SYBILLE (CONT'D) Je te degoute? Non?

PINE

Not at all.

SYBILLE I disgust myself too. Sometimes I want to cut myself just to feel the pain.

PINE Does Mademoiselle require a knife to be sent to her room?

She fingers an ornate PAPER KNIFE on the reception desk.

PINE (CONT'D) You won't have much luck with that, I'm afraid.

He looks at her coolly.

SYBI LLE

I hat e you.

She turns on her heel and sashays across the parquet floor.

The snow falls outside. PINE opens a French window. Walks out into the cold.

3.

PINE gets up. He savours the quiet. Just one MI anese couple having a tryst in the dining room. Nothing else.

Yes. Nothing happens. No one comes. The perfect retreat from a cruel world.

Then he sees a light on in an office window. He pauses, curious.

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL, OFFICES. NIGHT.

5

# PINE (IN GERMAN)

You should have gone by now.

An office off the main reception area. The manager of Meisters Hotel - HERR STRIPPLI, 50 years old, punctilious and slightly vain, is finishing his paperwork. PINE's head round the door.

> HERR STRI PPLI A late booking came in. I had to arrange their requirements.

Because of course, no one el se can.

PINE Nationality?

# HERR STRIPPLI One of yours.

HERR STRIPPLI (CONT'D) Private jet, landing at Lindesheim in two hours. A large party. He wants the Tower Suite.

PINE frowns.

5

PINE How can they land at Lindesheim? That's military.

HERR STRIPPLI

And this is Switzerland, Jonathan. For the right price, he could have landed in the breakfast room l'm sending the helicopter to pick them up.

HERR STRIPPLI hands over the booking form

PINE stares at it. His face flickers. His hand clenches. His palms become sweaty.

HERR STRIPPLI gazes across and buttons his coat ready to leave.

9

# INT. CAIRO. NERFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. EVENING.

PINE is on the phone organising taxis to airports whilst dealing with several anxious guests. All this consummately achieved. The HALL still packed with people arguing, trying to get to safety. Still the pace is frenetic. The heat searing.

#### PINE

The British government has chartered a plane which will arrive in three days. (to AMERICAN WOMAN) Excuse me madam I'm just dealing with this lady.

AMERI CAN WOMAN You have to get us out now! Do you hear?

PINE The hotel is the safest place for you to be madam ..

AVERICAN WOWAN If you won't get me a taxi to the airport, I'll get one on the street.

#### PINE

I really wouldn't advise that.

She's about to defy him Then PINE senses something, grabs her. She turns.

#### AMERICAN WOMAN

Get your hands of f me.

At which point an explosion rings out close - in the streets outside. Panic in the hall. The AMERICAN WOMAN grabs PINE's hand in pure terror.

> PINE Maybe madam would like to wait in the bar? The cocktails are complimentary.

She obeys, scuttling off. PINE moves fast, talking calmly to the BELL BOYS.

PINE (CONT'D) Get them away from the windows.

He walks fast to a phone. The ex-soldier clicking in.

PINE (DOWN THE PHONE) (CONT'D) Yes this is the Nefertiti hotel in the Corniche. (MORE)

We have tear gas grenades going off in the street fifty yards west of here, and I have several guests extremely keen to leave.

Then he turns and sees her. A WOWAN, Arab, forty, shades, elegantly dressed. Walking towards the lifts. Where everything else is fast, fractured, she is cool and slow, a Pekinese dog in a small bag in her arms. MAITRE D leans over. Whispers.

> MAITRE D Look who's here. (in arabic) Shlokeh. (The whore.)

PINE stares at her unflappable beauty.

10 I/E. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT.

10

It's night. The HALL is full of empty luggage. A few waiting tourists, tense and exhausted. PINE is helping some tourists into an evening taxi to the airport, SECURITY everywhere. PINE approaches a BARMAN.

> PINE Louis, anyone comes in for a drink, don't let them stand at the bar. Tell them to take a seat. And when you serve them, try and get them facing away from the windows.

BARMAN (Dubious) Then I'll be facing <u>towards</u> the windows.

PI NE

(Cheery smile) Yup.

PINE stares at the city. Distant gunfire. PINE walks back in.

She pauses. Looks round.

SOPHIE Make me a coffee would you Mr Pine?

11 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. BREAKFAST ROOM. NIGHT.

11

PINE pours an immaculate coffee into a china cup.

He brings it to the table in the deserted breakfast room, already made up for the morning.

#### SOPHIE

Sit with me.

Beat. Something strange about this.

PINE I'm afraid I can't. I'm trying to find taxis for various guests.

SOPHIE How many coffees have you made for me?

PINE

I don't know.

#### SOPHIE

One every night for one year and three months. I come down to the lobby. You serve me. I thank you. You look at me but we barely speak. Sit down.

He sits.

## SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What do you know of me?

PINE

Your name is Ms Sophie Alekan, you're staying in the Hatshepsut suite. And you have trouble sleeping.

SOPHIE And do you know who is footing my bill?

Beat.

#### PINE

Yes.

She looks at the TV in the room The footage is of Tahrir Square. Empty. Curfew in place.

#### SOPHIE

Freddie Hamid is everything the protestors hate. Old Egyptian family, in with the powers that be, corrupt to the core. The Hamid family owns half the city. And Freddie Hamid owns me.

He stares at her.

PINE Are you concerned for your safety Madame?

She sips the coffee.

SOPHIE Tell me what you do at weekends?

PINE Not much now.

SOPHIE Before this all started I saw you sailing at the Cairo yacht club.

PINE That's only when I'm invited. Which isn't often.

SOPHIE Who invites you?

PINE The second man at the British Embassy.

### SOPHIE

Name?

#### PINE

Ogilvey.

He stares at her. What does she want? Why is there an edge to her voice?

SOPHIE And he's a friend of yours, this Mr

# PINE

Ogilvey. No.

SOPHIE But you trust him?

PINE I trust him not to capsize a boat. Then she reaches into her bag. And pulls out an envelope.

SOPHIE I would like you to copy some personal documents for me.

He stares at her.

#### PINE

We have an executive services bureau across the lobby. It's available 24 hours a day.

SOPH E

The documents are confidential.

PINE

Mr Ahmadi is perfectly dependable.

SOPHI E

I would prefer to use your office.

She stares at him And slides across the documents. There are quite a few, maybe twenty pages. She stares at him, firm desperation. He nods and they walk together to his office, past waiting tourists, journalists on the phone.

TOURI ST

Excuse me!

PI NE

I won't be a moment sir, l'mjust helping this lady contact her family in Paris.

She glances at him How well he lies.

INT. CALRO, NEEERTLTL HOTEL, PLNE'S OFFICE, NIGHT, 12 12

> They enter the office, shut the door. She watches as he handfeeds the papers into the machine.

And as he does he reads.

Letters. From Iron last Limited, Ore and Precious Metals Company of Nicosia, Cyprus. To Hamid Interarab Hotel and Trading Companies of Cairo. Invitations to drinks and dinner. 11th February 2011. Kind regards. Assurances of sale. Assurances of personal regard.

Then a stock list. Available as of Jan 17th 2011.

A list of arms. Tanks. Missiles. Guidance systems. Chemicals. Guns and ammunition. Automatic weapons. Full specs. Names of manuf act ur er s.

Then a phrase at the end: "Available for immediate use".

He hands him print outs.

## YOUSSUF

Shookran, khawaaja. Kayfa halak?

# PINE

# Takallam bibut' min fadlak.

YOUSSUF grins. His pupil is making slow progress.

# PINE (CONT'D)

Listen, Youssuf, you know Freddie Hamid?

#### YOUSSUF

The Hamids own the hotel, Jonathan. Of course I know who he is.

PINE

What's he like?

### YOUSSUF

Playboy and a gambler. More money than sense. He spends most of his time in Europe.

PINE

Well, he's in Cairo now, and he's meeting someone tonight.

YOUSSUF How do you know that?

#### PINE

Doesn't matter. Can you call round the kitchens? See if anyone knows where they're having dinner?

YOUSSUF frowns.

YOUSSUF Be careful, Jonathan. The Hamids...

Suddenly two EGYPTIAN YOUTHS rush in. Phones in hand.

YOUTHS (IN ARABIC) Hey Youssuf! Mubarak's gone!

YOUSSUF (IN ARABIC) What are you talking about?

YOUTHS (IN ARABIC) Mubarak has resigned!

YOUSSUF (TO PI NE) President Mubarak has resigned.

# PINE

I under st ood.

They all rush to turn on TVs. Check facebook. Check twitter. It's true.

# YCUSSUF He's gone. He's bloody gone!

He hugs PINE. The chefs and waitresses cheer and dance. Other HOTEL WORKERS enter. There is a frenzy of joy, with PINE at its centre.

On the TV - Tahrir Square is a frenzy of joy, and we can hear guns firing in celebration from the roofs, a whole country in liberation.

# ALL (IN ARABIC)

# SECOND VOI CE

They've already gone sir.

PINE Ch that's a shame. Do you happen to know where?

# SECOND VOI CE

I believe Mr...

His words are drowned out by car horns and gunfire from the street outside. PINE winces and jams a finger into his ear.

SECOND VOICE (CONT'D) ...took Mr Hamid to dinner on his yacht sir.

PINE

l'm sorry l missed that. l'm at a

He looks up at the TV. Tahrir Square. Celebrations in full flow.

Then he stares at the SOLDIERS - with machine guns, grenades hanging off belts.

And JONATHAN PINE makes his decision.

15 OMI TTED

15

16

16.

16 EXT. CAI RO STREETS. DAY.

PINE gets out of a taxi in a pleasant suburban area of the city.

PINE stares round at the fine houses and colonial lawns. Not a whiff of the revolution happening just miles away.

PINE walks up to the gates of a beautiful colonial mansion. Passes through substantial SECURITY at the gates.

> PINE Jonathan Pine to see Simon Ogilvey.

17 INT. CAIRO. OGILVEY MANSION. HALLWAY-LIVING ROOM. DAY 17

The door buzzes open and he is let in by an EGYPTIAN manservant. A foreign office mandarin with clipped hair and pressed trousers approaches. OGILVEY.

OGILVEY Jonathan? Wonderful to see you! Come through.

PINE I've been calling the Embassy all morning.

OGILVEY We shut it, I'm afraid. Got a couple of bricks through the window yesterday lunchtime, bit too close to the action. Come through. Come through.

18 INT. CAIRO. OGILVEY MANSION. DAY.

18

He and PINE are staring at the documents. The TV is showing more scenes of the Arab Spring.

OGILVEY Bloody hell. There are enough toys here to start a war.

#### PINE

Or crush a popular uprising.

They look at the Arab Spring in full flow on the TV.

OGILVEY Where did you get this?

PINE

I found it.

He stares at him Blank face.

You found it.

# PINE

Yes.

He smiles knowingly.

PINE (CONT'D) Say they arrived by post. Don't mention me. Anonymous sender.

OGILVEY (reading from the lists) Jesus... Jonathan, there's bloody napalmin here.

PINE And send it today. These people are in a hurry.

He underlines the phrase. "For immediate use". OGILVEY stares at him

19 OM TTED

20 EXT. LONDON. I EA OFFICES. DAY.

A rainy freezing February day in London. The kind of day that makes you want to emigrate.

A gloved GOVERNMENT COURIER walks along the bustling chaos of Victoria Street, pauses to look in the window of a camera shop which is announcing immediate entrance into administration, then stops between two shops and walks up to a small blue door. 47a. Three buzzers. The first buzzer is Clean2AShine, the second titled Medsunshine Tours, the top buzzer is simply titled I.E.A.

That's the button he presses.

A pause. A voi ce. Fuzzy. Femal e.

19

19

22 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

JONATHAN PINE walks up the stairs carrying a beautifully made Scotch and Soda.

He walks along the top floor hotel corridor, full of gaudy luxury.

He reaches her door.

It is open.

He knocks. Nothing. He knocks again and walks in.

23 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT. 23

PINE

Excuse me. Your scotch and soda.

He walks into a themed penthouse suite of Egyptian desert temples. The Pekinese dog sits on the floor looking up at SOPHIE ALEKAN. She is sitting on the bed, her back to PINE, her face staring away from him so he can't see it. She wears a light dressing gown. Is this a seduction?

He pauses.

PINE (CONT'D) Where would madam like me to leave her drink?

SOPHIE Who did you show the papers to?

PINE pauses.

SOPHIE (CONT'D) Please just tell me. I would understand. I just want to know.

Beaters to?

SOPHI E On come Mr Pine. You're cleverer than that. Richard Roper. The worst man in the world.

Beat.

# SOPHIE (CONT'D) Roper told Freddie that their deal was off. Apparently Roper had been warned.

# PINE

Who by?

#### SOPHI E You tell me Mr Pine.

She turns. And PINE goes appallingly, terribly pale.

SOPHIE's face, or one side of it, is horribly beaten. Bruised, bleeding, her eyes dark and yellow, her lip and cheek cut.

PINE does not move towards her, holds his distance. The drink in his hand remains perfectly still.

24-26 OMI TTED

#### 27 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. RECEPTION. NIGHT. 27

It's late at night, no one around. PINE walks into the reception, to his desk, looks around, slips another hotel room key off the hook. Room 206.

He walks fast to the lift.

#### INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 28 28

PINE walks SOPHIE fast along the hotel corridor to Room 206.

PINE I've left your dog with the concierge, she'll be fine. The room's empty. Keep the light off. Call no one.

She opens the door. He takes her arm

PINE (CONT'D) Listen. I had no idea this would happen...

21.

24-26

# SOPHI E

Don't apologise. You were right to do what you did. If I'd been brave enough I would have done it myself. But Freddie has a temper as you can see. And he may come back.

PINE

Don't worry. We'll take care of you.

SOPHIE Would that be you and the Queen Mr Pine?

PINE stares at her. Puts the key in her hand. She opens the door, enters, does not turn on the light.

HAM D (CONT'D) The minute she appears, you call this number.

He hands him the card.

HAM D (CONT'D) You call! You hear me!

PINE Certainly sir.

HAM D If anyone asks, I was never here.

HAM D tears out of the room PINE looks round the room Then with trained efficiency he collects some stuff for SOPHIE.

31-32 OMI TTED

31-32

33INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CORRIDOR/LIFT. NIGHT.33

PINE is escorting SOPHIE fast out of her room to the lift.

PINE It belongs to an archeologist friend, he's heading back to London tonight and the house will be free for two weeks.

SOPHIE Do I have to go?

PINE I think it would be safer.

SOPHIE

Come with me.

He stares at her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Pl ease.

They wait for the lift.

PINE stares at her. Makes a call.

PINE

Youssuf. I need your help.

SOPHIE smiles.

# 34 I NT. LONDON. FCO. EARLY MORNING.

ANGELA and a very splendid English foreign office mandarin, REX MAYHEW, are walking and talking in a government building. They talk quietly, sense of a secret shared.

#### BURR

What more do you need?

#### MAYHEW

Angel a...

#### BURR

You sent me these papers? There isn't some other RM in the foreign office sending me top secret files by private courier?

#### MAYHEW

I sent them to you for information. As I did to everyone involved in arms intelligence and enforcement.

#### BURR

Rex why have you set me up in that little shoe box in Victoria? Richard Roper is selling arms to the youngest Hamid brother in the heart of Cairo in the middle of the Arab Spring. This is exactly what we've been looking for...

#### MAYHEW

Not withstanding all that, the Permanent Secretary is concerned that if you go full throttle after Roper without telling our friends across the river...

#### BURR

That something might actually get done. That's it isn't it?

#### MAYHEW

There is another point of view on all this.

#### BURR

And what's that?

### MAYHEW

That Richard Roper is performing a useful national duty. Under the counter but valuable nonetheless.

She stares at him

#### BURR

You're joking me.

### MAYHEW

Arming certain key players whose mobile phone numbers we have in our address book may be preferable to indulging a whole new bunch of religious lunatics about whom we know nothing. The Permanent Secretary would therefore very much prefer we brought the River Crew along with us in any operation we which to instigate.

#### BURR

I know those people. They've lunched too much with the enemy and not paid the bill.

#### MAYHEW

The JIC meeting will be next week. We will have a full and frank discussion, we will share the intelligence like brothers, and sisters, and we will move forward together as one harmonious family. Now I have to be at my club in fifteen minutes. I would invite you but you know... member rules.

BURR stares, apparently indignant.

BURR

Rex. You seriously belong to a club that won't allow women?

### MAYHEW

Well I mean...

She smiles.

#### BURR

Go and eat where you want. Bet the food's shit anyway.

# 35 OMI TTED

### **36** I/E. EGYPTIAN DESERT/YOUSSUF' S CAR. NI GHT.

A battered old car across the Egyptian desert. The white rocks of the desert pass like ghosts in the night.

35

37 EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAWN.

The car draws up at a strange building perched in the desert.

Out of the car steps JONATHAN PINE, YOUSSUF, and SOPHIE ALEKAN, her face bandaged.

YOUSSUF is speaking to PINE.

#### PINE

Give my excuses to the hotel. And tell no one we're here. Not even your family. If you see Freddie Hamid in the hotel text me.

YOUSSUF

Call me if you need anything.

 $\mathsf{PINE}\xspace$  nods, they embrace, and YOUSSUF drives off into the desert.

38 I/E. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAY..

They open the door to the house. It's small, stone walls, rugs and runners on stone floors. Simple, almost spartan.

SOPHIE It's sweet. What is it used for?

PINE

It's a sort of monk's cell for academics, mainly meteorologists and geologists. The University of Chicago pay for it under some stipend.

SOPHIE

Sounds like a front for something.

PINE

Almost certainly.

SOPHIE half-opens the shutters, checks the window. PINE sits on the other side of the room Pours a drink for them Hands it over. Sits back on the far side of the room

> SOPHIE Why do you sit so far away?

PINE Out of respect I suppose.

SOPHIE Is that why you came all the way here? To respect me?

Beat.

38

37

27.

She approaches him, her face terribly wounded.

# SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You have many different voices Mr Pine. You say one thing and that person touches me. Then that person is called away and someone quite different takes his place. We have a changing of the guard. Are you like this with all your women?

PINE

You are not one of my women Miss Alekan.

SOPHIE Then why are you here?

She walks slowly up to him Smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D) I want one of your many selves to sleep with me tonight. You can

#### SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He promised to marry me. I abandoned my studies... I waited... Months passed. Years. Then one day a little man with a ginger moustache knocked on the door with an eviction letter and an airplane ticket back to Cairo. Philip is to marry a woman from Berkshire and I am not invited. When I got back, my family wouldn't let me in the house. My mother told me to continue in the profession I had chosen, and slammed the door.

PI NE

What did you do?

#### SOPHIE

I put on my most revealing dress, went to the smartest hotel in town. Freddie Hamid was at the bar. Freddie is always at a bar somewhere.

He takes her cigarette, smokes it.

PINE Sophie's a name you gave yourself yes?

She nods.

SOPHIE In Paris. I wanted to be more Western.

PINE What's your real name?

SOPHIE

Samira.

PINE Samira. It's lovely.

SOPHIE It's Sanskrit. It means a cool breeze on a hot day.

She is suddenly filled with a sense of loss, for her life, the mess she has made of it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D) What will happen to me Jonathan?

PINE Nothing. I'll make sure of it. And she kisses him and they begin to make love.

#### 40 OMI TTED

41 INT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 41

He is cooking in the small kitchen. Rice and beans. He sizzles the beans expertly. SOPHIE watches him, grabs cutlery and lays the table. It's oddly and wonderfully domestic.

And must be broken. PINE receives a text. From Youssuf. HAM D IN HOTEL. LOOKING FOR HER. FURIOUS.

PINE pauses.

PINE Did you ever meet Richard Roper?

SCPHIE I saw him at a few parties. Why?

PINE What was he like?

SOPHIE Very charming. When he talks to you it's like he's deciding whether to buy you.

## PINE

And did he?

SOPHIE Do you really want to know the answer to that?

She stares at him He knows he did.

PINE Why do you call him the worst man in the world?

SCPHIE Because he sells destruction.

Beat. PINE stirs the beans.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What is it?

PINE I think you have to leave the country.

SOPHI E

Why?

40

30.

PINE I think Roper knows you took the papers. Her hand shakes slightly. PINE (CONT'D) lt's OK. SOPHI E Where can I go? PINE To Engl and. SOPHI E I don't want to. PINE You may not have a choice. Beat. She nods. He continues to cook. Then: SOPHI E Then come with me. Beat. He continues to cook. SOPHIE (CONT'D) Jonat han? He looks at her. Nods. SOPHIE (CONT'D) Is that a yes? PINE We'll see. SOPHI E You're burning the beans. He returns to his cooking. She smiles. PINE I have to go back to the hotel or people will wonder where I am Stay here. I'll organise the flights. I'll call you when it's done.

Like gods blessing their love? Or omens of misfortune?

# 43 EXT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. DAY. 43 Bustling Cairo. JONATHAN PINE jumps out of a taxi, and with urgency enters the Nefertiti Hotel.

# 44 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. DAY. 44

PINE walks in, checks for HAMID, he's not here. PINE walks into reception.

And then to his amazement sees OG LVEY sitting in the restaurant calmly sipping a coffee.

# 45 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. BAR. DAY.

45

PINE walks into the bar. OGILVEY smiles.

OGILVEY There you are. I was beginning to worry about you.

PINE I tried calling you. Where the hell were you?

CGLVEY I was on a call to London. They're very pleased with what you found.

PINE If they're so pleased, how come they tipped off Richard Roper?

OGILVEY What are you talking about?

PINE

Someone in London tipped off Roper. Two days ago my source had her face smashed up in her hotel room by Freddie Hamid.

Beat.

OG LVEY

Are you telling me your source was Freddie Hamid's courtesan?

OGILVEY's whole appearance changes. Sudden pale fear in his eyes, a man under pressure.

OGILVEY (CONT'D) Where is she now? 32.

PINE Somewhere safe.

Beat.

**CG** LVEY

Well wherever you've hidden her, that's a temporary solution. Yes?

## PINE

Yes.

OGILVEY So what are you planning?

PINE I'm getting her out of the country.

OGI LVEY

Where to?

PINE

Where do you think?

OGILVEY stares at PINE.

### OG LVEY

Jonathan, if you think the British government is going to give safe haven to Hamid's tart, think again.

PINE

The British Government has a duty of care...

#### OGI LVEY

The Hamid family have invested over 5 billion dollars in Britain in the last five years. They have hotels being built in London and Manchester. They fund political parties, they're at every top table you can name. You think your girl is safe in London? Freddie Hamid has more friends in London than you and I put together. She has none.

#### PINE

She gave us vital intelligence. That can save lives. This wasn't a business transaction. This was a humanitarian act, and we have a duty of care.

OGILVEY speaks with a coldness.

## OGI LVEY

I'm advising you Jonathan. You fly that girl out, it's a confession of her guilt. Freddie Hamid will know it was her. So will Richard Roper. And no one will lift a finger to stop them

PINE's face.

46 I NT. CHI CAGO HOUSE. EVENI NG.

The phone rings. SOPHIE, in the living room of the house, answers. Music is on. PINE is in his office in the hotel.

SOPHIE

Yes?

# PINE

lt's me.

SOPHIE I think your friend Harry is gay. I found his CD collection.

Pause.

#### PINE London is not an option.

SOPHIE's face falls. She turns off the music.

SOPHIE

There we have it. The changing of the guard.

Beat.

PINE

I'll still be here to protect you.

She puts the phone down. PINE closes his eyes in pain.

47 INT. CAIRO. NERFERTITI HOTEL. NIGHT.

The quiet of the late evening. JONATHAN PINE is on duty at the hotel.

The sound of a taxi outside.

He stares. Everything slows.

The door opens and the HOTEL DOORNEN open the doors for a glamorous ARAB WOMAN, dressed in long silks and sunglasses even though it is night.

34.

46

ROOK

Not a lot. Roper's careful who he talks to. GCHQ have logged nothing but dross.

BURR

Always the same. His name's on nothing, not a single register at companies house, not one email, not even a bloody SMS. I bet you his fingers have no prints.

BURR stares at Roper's face. Smiling, calm, insouciant. BURR hates every muscle in it.

When suddenly a phone rings. ROOK picks up.

ROOK Rob Rook. I EA.

He listens.

ROOK (CONT'D) I see. Do you want to speak to her yourself? (no they don't) Yes I'll tell her.

BURR wat ches.

He puts the phone down.

ROOK (CONT'D) The JIC meeting's been cancelled.

BURR

Cancelled? What do you mean cancelled?

ROOK Apparently there are political reasons why an enquiry into the Cairo papers would not be productive at this time.

BURR Get me Mayhew's office.

ROOK

That was Mayhew's office.

ANGELA BURR sits staring at the photo of ROPER on her desk.

BURR

Richard Onslow Roper. He's not even

BURR (CONT'D) Who sent the papers from Cairo Station?

ROOK looks on the lists.

ROCK The Station Officer. Name of Ogilvey.

ROOK (CONT'D) Simon Ogilvey?

RCOK (CONT'D) You know him?

BURR He was my legman in Kiev 2004.

She is thinking fast now.

BURR (CONT'D) Get him on the phone. I need to know how he got his intelligence.

ROOK

That's breaking protocols.

BURR Rob. Whoever gave him those papers is in danger. Get him on the phone now.

48 OMI TTED

48

49 INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. RECEPTION / IEA OFFICES LONDON#9 NIGHT.

PINE stands at his desk. He stares at the light for the Hatshepsut Suite. Thinks about ringing. Does not.

Then his phone rings.

PINE Nefertiti Hotel Cairo, how can I help?

It's ANGELA BURR in the IEA offices in London, late at night.

BURR'S VOICE Is that the night manager?

PINE Yes. Who is this?

BURR'S VOICE You have a guest in the Hatshepsut Suite. She needs to leave the hotel. Call me when she's safe. 44

EGYPTIAN POLICE Who found her?

PINE The maid. She called me.

EGYPTI AN POLICE Did you know her?

PINE

To speak to yes. I believe she was connected to Mr Hamid.

Blank face.

# EGYPTI AN POLI CE

Who?

PINE Freddie Hamid? Freddie Hamid. You must know him The Hamids?

EGYPTI AN POLI CE Don't know him

PINE

Music rises.

53s EXT. LONDON. SQUARE. DAY.

The PORTERS rushing for the doors.

A retinue of glamour sweeps into MEISTERS hotel in awesome slow motion.

First up are two BODYGUARDS, FRISKY and TABBY, in navy blazers who walk in, discreetly casing the joint, and positioning themselves in corners of the large reception area. Then LANCE CORKORAN, dressed in camel-hair, who walks up to the reception clerk FRAULEIN VIPP and starts to discuss the room arrangements.

Then a whole sweep of British privilege enters the room Around a dozen of them in all. And at the heart of the group, two figures.

#### PINE

Herr Meister is unavoidably tied up tonight l'mafraid. He asked me to show you the rooms. But he does enormously look forward to seeing you in the morning when you're rested from the journey.

ROPER

You English Pine?

PINE

To the core sir.

ROPER

Wise man. Corky! Are you proposing marriage to the young lady?

He flicks a look aside to PINE. Quips under his breath.

ROPER (CONT'D) (Highly bloody unlikely.)

CORKORAN is at the reception desk filling out forms for FRAU VIPP.

CORKORAN Nearly there Chief.

### PINE

It's the new security I'm afraid. Swiss police insist. There seems to be nothing we can do.

#### ROPER

You been here long? Wasn't here last time we came was he Frisky?

This to the blazer.

FRI SKY

No he wasn't.

PINE I've been here a year and a half sir. To the day.

ROPER And before that?

PI NE

Italy. And before that Tangiers. ROPER

Travel a lot do you?

### PINE I don't tend to settle anywhere too long. It's one of the attractions of the trade.

ROPER Not a gadfly are you?

PINE More of a nomad sir.

CORKORAN

All done!

ROPER Bloody time too! Whatever happened to your signing hand?

CORKORAN Wankers colic Chief.

#### ROPER

Limp wrist more like.

And they are heading through the reception, across the Main Hall to the Tower Suite lifts. The DOORMAN MARIO opens the doors.

# PINE

Your key sir.

He holds it out. A golden master key. Wildly opulent and Q.T.T.

PINE (CONT'D) One of Herr Meister's new innovations. A little outre I know but our less sophisticated guests adore it.

He dangles it.

CORKORAN Well I adore it and I'm bloody sophisticated!

ROPER takes the key. Studies it.

ROPER

Tai wan.

He smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Cat ch.

He throws it. One of the blazers, TABBY, dives expertly to catch it at full-length allowing PINE to glimpse a Beretta 9mm automatic pistol under his jacket.

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS. TOWER SUITE. NIGHT. 58

> A bath is running. PINE is showing ROPER and JED around. They both clutch full champagne glasses.

> > PINE I believe quite a lot has changed sir since you last came. We have several new features.

FRISKY is on a mobile phone through a doorway on a landing. CORKORAN is also on his mobile talking French. PINE listens in even as he gives the tour. He is taking everything in.

> CAROLI NE (TO LANGBOURNE) Sandy I'm going to sleep. Don't wake me when you come in.

She walks out into the corridor.

CORKORAN Qui mais il faut changer l'heure. Pour quoi? Par ce que nous venons d'arriver, Monsieur Roper est vachement fatigue et il faut changer l'heure. Merci.

SANDY is also on the phone to a man in Prague.

SANDY

Gregory listen to me. All we need is delivery by Tuesday. Yes so talk to your friends there by the Moldau, sorry the Vitava, and get them to start driving in the mor ni ng. . .

PINE

The bathrooms are fully refurbished, mini spa facilities and hot tub, and a jet-stream I avat or v.

JED I'm going to take that bath now darling. Excuse me.

She smiles flirting at PINE and closes the door to, but not shut. PINE can't help noticing that she is undressing through the gap.

58

ROPER

Pretty isn't she? I went to buy a de Chirico in Manhattan, and came back with her instead.

JED Liar. You were buying a horse for the Breeder's Cup.

He smiles at PINE. Goes to the digital radio, turns it on. Schubert plays. Lieder.

FLASH IMAGE in Pine's mind of SOPHIE as she stood in her dressing gown at the bed.

SNAP BACK to now. PINE collects himself. The Schubert plays. Interrupted by:

> CORKORAN Soldier Boris says okay Monday lunchtime. Okay Monday lunch time?

ROPER Fix. (to FRISKY) Aren't we changing these?

He means the phones.

FRISKY I ordered them for six.

ROPER Nothing come Pine?

PINE Nothing that I've seen. I'll chase it for you.

FRISKY Bloody couriers are always late.

PINE

Will that be all?

#### SANDY

Your friend Appetites says he can meet you in town tomorrow night.

PINE listening, gathering every word. ROPER is eating pistachio nuts and throwing the shells into an empty champagne bottle.

### ROPER

Too public. Make it here.

The bath has stopped running. He can hear her limbs entering the water. A gentle splashing. The gap in the door is there.

SNAP BACK to now. PINE walks out the door.

Outside PINE breathes deep, then walks fast down the corridor, faster, faster...

Until he hits the public toilets on the floor. He dashes inside and we can hear the sound of him retching his guts out into the Meisters loo.

59 I NT. ZERMATT. MEI STERS. LOBBY. NI GHT. 59

Later. A newly elegant PINE is on his nightly rounds through the now completely empty, sleeping hotel.

JONATHAN PINE looks across at FRAULEIN VIPP, the fifty year old Austrian and seriously old-school telephone operator. Walks over. Asks casually.

PINE

Can I see tonight's late arrivals please?

She hands him the registration forms. He stares at the names. Al exander Lord Langbourne address Tortola British Virgin Islands. Wife Caroline. Onslow Roper. Richard. Company Director. Address, PO Box 245 Palma, Mallorca. Frobisher Cyril, pilot. Macarthur and Danby, down as company executives. Inglis, Francis, Perth Australia. Perez, Tobias, from Spain. Marshall, Jemima, address PO box 245 Palma, Mallorca. Profession. Model.

# PINE (CONT'D)

Can you do me copies of these Fraulein Vipp. We're conducting a marketing survey of Tower Suite guests.

# FRAULEI N. VI PP

Yes of course Mr Pine.

She flirts slightly with this elegant Englishman.

PINE walks over to his desk. Looks at the parcel. Looks at the mobile phone numbers.

Carefully writes them down on a hotel pad. Six brand new mobile numbers.

PINE looks up to see a large tray of smoked salmon, steak, carrot cake and Schlag being carried across the hall by ALFRED the night waiter.

# PINE

# Tower Suite?

ALFRED nods as PINE holds open the door.

PINE turns, manages not to turn fast. There is ROPER standing alone, also smoking. Staring at the night sky. PINE's heart races just a little.

> PINE Yes. It's reassuring.

> > ROPER

Up to a point.

Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D) You work here all year?

PINE

Yes.

ROPER Couldn't do it. Too bloody quiet for me.

PINE You get used to it.

ROPER Like to keep away from the world do we? Got a girl here?

PINE

No.

ROPER All alone? Well we all are, in the end. Aren't we?

He looks at him Beat. The two men stare at the snow.

ROPER (CONT'D) Got a chum coming tomorrow night. Name of Apostol. Bringing his daughter and a girlfriend. Make sure there's a private room ready would you? Champagne, the usual.

# PINE

Certainly sir.

ROPER walks back into the hotel. Stops and turns.

ROPER Lot of people would have tossed their cigarette when the paying customer turned up.

PINE stands his ground.

# ROPER (CONT'D)

Good for you.

ROPER smiles, and turns back to the hotel. Over his shoulder:

ROPER (CONT'D) And tell Meisters he needs new art. I have a Landseer he can have, 250 and I'll throw in the hook. 'Night.

He goes. PINE takes a deep, relieved drag on his cigarette.

63 OMI TTED

63

63a I/E. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. MORNING. 63a

It's early morning, the sun just touching the distant peaks.

66 EXT. ZERMATT. HILLSIDE STREAM. DAY.

JONATHAN PINE retraces his steps, walking boots on, anorak over his suit, back to his place of accommodation. The stream bubbles away in the crisp late winter morning. The sun creeps over the mountains.

INT. ZERMATT. PINE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

CORKORAN (CONT'D) I'm sure that won't be too painful

for you.

He smiles and walks through into the room

And indeed ROPER nods and PINE watches as the girls rise and leave the room ROPER turns to APOSTOL. JED smiles to PINE as she passes.

Then the serious business begins.

ROPER Apo l've received an offer. Combine harvesters. In about six months time. Looking for interested buyers.

And as he speaks FRISKY closes the door. With PINE very much on the outside.

70 EXT. ZERMATT. TRAIN STATION. DAY.

A crowded railway station, SKIERS and HOLIDAY-MAKERS make their way across tracks and down platforms. Hustle and bustle.

Among them, a figure, alone, in a coat, gets off the train. In a coat.

Visibly pregnant.

ANGELA BURR.

71 I/E. ZERMATT. RESTAURANT. DAY.

BURR enters a quiet but large Alpine restaurant, out of town, family, not fashionable. Views of the mountain. Takes off her coat, rubs snow from her hair.

BURR Hello, l'm with Michael Roberts.

WAITER Yes just on the far side madam

BURR follows the waiter's gesture to a table tucked away in the corner.

And at the table sits JONATHAN PINE.

PINE looks up to see BURR approach. He looks at her. A moment.

BURR I'm Angela Burr. You called.

70

71

PINE stares at her. And nods. She sits.

PINE

l'm night manager at the Meisters Hotel. Richard Roper was recently our guest.

He passes BURR an envelope.

PINE (CONT'D)

These are for you.

BURR empties the envelope on to the table. Six SIM cards. Six mobile numbers written on hotel paper.

PINE (CONT'D) Do with them what you will. I don't want to be involved.

PINE rises to leave.

BURR studies the menu, does not move, does not even look at him when she says.

BURR

Mr Pine. What happened in Cairo shames to me the bottom of my soul.

PINE stops. Turns. ANGELA BURR's face appears over the top of the menu a la carte. An honest face in a world of liars.

Beat. She holds the Sim cards in her hand.

BURR (CONT'D) Shall we have lunch together? It's on me.

THE END

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