

THE NIGHT MANAGER

Written by

David Farr

Based on the novel by

John le Carré

Episode 1

Draft 3 (December 15th 2014)

For The Ink Factory

Developed in association with the British Broadcasting Corporation  
@ BBC / The Ink Factory

Looking out the window of a modern soulless Swiss 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.

A carnation is taken from a waiting vase and placed in the button hole of the jacket.

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 lightweight 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.

The lone figure, distant amidst the Alpine winter landscape, makes the long steady climb through whirling snow to the glinting evening lights of a high-class Swiss hotel that overlooks the city of Zurich. The stream bubbles its icy way down towards the city as the walking boots climb through thick snow towards the lights of the hotel.

3           **INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. EVENING.**

3

From the comfort of the concierge's office, HERR KASPAR, 50 years old, powdered face, wigged hair, chief concierge of the old-fashioned and utterly elegant Meisters Hotel, looks up to see a figure walk out from the staff changing-rooms.

It is our MAN. He is now wearing the patent-leather shoes. The anorak has been discarded and the suit is perfect.

The hair is oiled, short. Everything is in its right place.

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

PINE

Good evening Herr Kaspar.

HERR KASPAR speaks in a high voice, Swiss accent.

HERR KASPAR

Good evening Mr Pine.

JONATHAN PINE smiles.

**TITLE: The Night Manager**

4           **INT. MEISTERS HOTEL.**

4

The clock says a quarter past ten. It's dark outside now and JONATHAN PINE sits in the office behind reception typing correspondence on Meister's paper. The snow continues to fall through the security lights outside.

A voice, female, interrupts his reverie.

SYBILLE

The snow will never stop.

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

PINE

Bonsoir mademoiselle. Ou est votre mere?

SYBILLE

She's asleep in our room. I sneaked out.

She eyes him. With meaning.

PINE

Then maybe you should sneak back in.

She ignores him.

SYBILLE  
It's so quiet here.

PINE  
Well it's not high season. And the financial crisis has hit *almost* everyone.

I.e. Not you. But she does not notice.

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

She is seeking a reaction. Doomed to failure. He continues to type.

SYBILLE (CONT'D)  
Will you take me on the lake again tomorrow?

PINE  
If the weather clears I would be delighted to take mademoiselle.

SYBILLE  
You liar. You know it will snow for days.

They stare at the snow falling. Clouds over the lake. 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  
Yes. I disgust myself too. Sometimes I want to cut myself just to feel the pain.

She gestures to a knife that's on the counter.

PINE  
Well I wouldn't recommend the letter knife, it hasn't been sharpened since Herr Meister's father's ran the place.

He looks at her coolly.

SYBILLE

I hate you.

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

PINE gets up, walks across the almost empty hotel foyer. Two SWISS GIRLS, the daughters of the owner, are arranging the flowers in the almost empty dining room, where in one corner a well-dressed MILANESE COUPLE sit talking tragically to each other over a late dinner.

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

PINE stares at the snow. He savours the quiet.

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.

5

**INT. OFFICES. MEISTERS HOTEL. EVENING.**

5

PINE (IN GERMAN)

You should have gone by now.

An office off the main reception area. HERR STRIPPLI, punctilious and slightly vain, is finishing his paperwork. Swiss German. PINE's head round the door.

HERR STRIPPLI

A late booking came in. I had to arrange their requirements.

Because of course, no one else can.

PINE

Nationality?

HERR STRIPPLI

One of yours. Flying in by private jet just after midnight. Benito and Pablo will help you greet them. It's a large party. He wants the Tower Suite.

HERR STRIPPLI hands over the booking form.

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

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

HERR STRIPPLI (CONT'D)  
You know of him?

PINE  
No.

He smiles slightly. Then looks back at the paperwork.

A name.

The name is R. ROPER.

HERR STRIPPLI  
He used to come every year, but  
that was long before your time.

PINE  
Yes I expect so.

The hand still clenched. Does it shake slightly?

HERR STRIPPLI  
He and his friends will be a source  
of much-needed income. This parcel  
came for them. Please give it to  
them when they arrive. Good night  
Mr Pine.

HERR STRIPPLI walks away through the revolving doors into the night.

PINE  
Good night.

Left alone, PINE's face betrays almost nothing. PINE stares at the courier parcel on the ground.

Then looks back at the name.

R. ROPER.

A drip of sweat falls from PINE's forehead on to his carnation and nestles there glistening.

PINE sits breathing hard. The hotel swoons slightly in front of him:

SMASH CUT TO:

JONATHAN PINE, white cotton shirt, three years younger, is walking fast through a chaotic Arab Spring Cairo. Wild increase in tempo here, fast cuts. Action, movement. Intense heat and humidity. Madness.

People shouting slogans, TV cameras, women putting spent military bullet cartridges on their fingers to show to the TV cameras, burnt out cars, roars of a distant crowd, men running, women screaming, the echo of bullets, buildings burnt and looted. PINE navigating it without fear and with some skill.

PINE is stopped at an improvised curfew checkpoint, shows his British passport, is told to move on in hurried Arabic by the CHECKPOINT VIGILANTE

VIGILANTE

Go inside. Get home! No one on the streets after six!

An explosion nearby! PINE walks on fast hearing the increasing roar of bullets, the heat of danger in the air. Faces stare out of alleyways, friends or foes? Who can say? He walks on.

7 **EXT. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CAIRO.**

7

PINE walks across the forecourt of the Nefertiti Hotel, one of Cairo's finest and most expensive. PRIVATE SECURITY MEN guard the perimeter, tension in the air. He shows ID, they let PINE through and he walks fast into the hotel.

8 **INT. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CAIRO. DAY.**

8

PINE walks into the panicked foyer, filled with anxious guests trying to leave, journalists trying to arrange transport. It's bedlam.

The MAITRE D sees him. French Arab.

MAITRE D

You're not due here til eight.

PINE

Thought you might need some help getting people out...

MAITRE D

How did you get here?

PINE

I walked.

MAITRE D

Through that? Etes vous completement foux?

He shows PINE the TV which is on an international channel and shows the revolution in full surge. Wounded being rushed to hospital. Rage on the streets.

PINE shrugs with a certain British insouciance.

PINE  
It wasn't so bad.

9

**INT. NERFERTITI HOTEL. EVENING.**

9

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.

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

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

AMERICAN WOMAN  
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 off 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 Nerfertiti hotel in  
 the Corniche. We have 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 WOMAN, Arab, forty, shades,  
 elegantly dressed. Walking with a different rhythm to  
 everyone else, into the bar. 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  
 Freddie Hamid's whore.

PINE nods. And stares at her unflappable beauty.

10

**EXT/INT. RECEPTION. NEFERTITI HOTEL.**

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

To see the ARAB WOMAN standing in the reception area. SOPHIE.  
 40 years old. Beautiful. Slim. Dark eyes.

SOPHIE  
 Busy day for you.

PINE  
 Everyone's trying to leave. We're  
 doing our best to help them.

SOPHIE  
 Everyone except me. I have nowhere  
 to go.

PINE  
 Is Madame requiring some more  
 Flurazepam?

SOPHIE  
 No. Thank you.

She pauses. Looks round. Some TOURISTS are taking an  
 interest.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
 What's your name?

PINE  
 Pine.

SOPHIE  
 Make me a coffee would you Mr Pine?

11 **INT. BREAKFAST ROOM. NIGHT.**

11

MAHMOUD the night waiter 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. PINE is sitting with SOPHIE.

PINE  
 I'm afraid I can't be long, I'm still trying to find taxis for various guests.

SOPHIE  
 What do you know of me?

PINE  
 Your name is Miss Sophie Alekan, you're staying in Penthouse number 3. 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 they hate. Entrenched privilege, old Egyptian family, in with the powers that be, richer than Croesus, 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 her 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  
Not old school chums?

PINE  
I didn't go to that kind of school.

She sips the coffee. Then she reaches into her bag. And pulls  
out an envelope.

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

He stares at her.

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

SOPHIE  
The documents are confidential.

PINE

Mr Ahmadi is perfectly dependable.

SOPHIE

I would prefer to use your office.

She stares at him. And slides across the documents. There are quite a few, maybe twenty pages.

PINE

I have a small copier in my office, you'll have to hand-feed it.

SOPHIE

Do it with me.

PINE

I'm rather busy with the current situation.

She stares at him, firm desperation. He nods and they walk together to his office, past waiting tourists, journalists on the phone.

TOURIST

Excuse me!

PINE

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

She glances at him. How well he lies.

They enter the office, shut the door. She watches as he hand-feeds the papers into the machine.

And as he does he reads.

Letters. From Ironbrand Limited, Ore and Precious Metals Company of Nicosia, Cyprus. To Hamid Interarab Hotel and Trading Companies of Cairo. Invitations to dinner on a yacht. 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 manufacturers. A devil's lexicon.

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

PINE's steady hand continues to hand-feed the documents.

He does not even look up.

SOPHIE  
You are adept.

PINE  
It's not complicated once you get  
the hang of it.

She smiles. That's not what she meant.

SOPHIE  
You have an envelope?

PINE  
Yes.

SOPHIE  
Seal it and put it in your safe.  
Use sticky tape. No need for a  
receipt.

PINE  
I'm afraid we can't accept guests'  
packages for safekeeping.

SOPHIE  
Don't be such a faceless bloody  
bureaucrat. They're yours now. I  
entrust them to you and no one  
else. And Mr Pine, if an accident  
was to happen to me, as accidents  
do happen more and more these days,  
then, but only then, you should  
feel free to take what you have  
read to your friend Mr Ogilvey.

She stares at him. He nods, writes his name on the envelope,  
places them in his safe.

PINE  
Well I'd better get back to my  
desk.

SOPHIE  
Have you always been the night  
manager Mr Pine?

PINE  
It's my profession yes.

SOPHIE  
You chose it?

PINE  
I think it chose me.

SOPHIE  
It's a shame. You look fine by  
daylight.

She walks out across the hall.

12        **EXT. TAHRIR SQUARE. DAY.**

12

Roars of celebration. President Hosni Mubarak has resigned. Tears of joy. Speeches through tannoys, flares being set off. Glorious mayhem. People hugging. Great emotion on the streets.

JONATHAN PINE walks amongst the celebrating crowds.

Then stares at the ARMY quietly watching.

PINE hails a taxi.

13        **INT. TAXI. CAIRO. DAY.**

13

PINE  
Nerfertiti hotel please.

TAXI DRIVER  
Yes sir! Free ride for you sir!  
First day of freedom!

PINE  
That won't be necessary. But thank  
you.

The TAXI DRIVER laughs and drives, playing loud music and joining in the chorus of horns blaring in celebration.

TAXI DRIVER  
No more Mubarak! FREEDOM!

They drive down the Corniche, the stretch of high class hotels.

And PINE turns.

In the window of one high-class hotel - the Ramses Hilton - sits a young Arab man, FREDDIE HAMID. He is breakfasting with two WHITE MEN. One man we will later know to be CORKORAN, fifty years old, plump and camp, very British. The other has his back to Pine and sits with great elegance in a PALE CREAM SUIT as FREDDIE HAMID talks to him. This, we will soon learn, is one R. ROPER.

PINE watches as the pair shake hands.

BBC NEWSCASTER (O.S.)  
It was around five today that  
Egyptian President Omar Suleiman  
announced on television that Hosni  
Mubarak has resigned with immediate  
effect, and handed all power to the  
military...

PINE stands at his night-desk looking at the television publicising the news of the resignation.

He looks at the hotel key board. At Penthouse Number 3.

He goes on to the internet. Into a search engine he plugs the name Ironbrand Corporation. Minerals and Ores.

A website comes up. But it's incredibly thin. Just an address in Switzerland and an address in Cyprus, some basic information on shipping.

Nothing else. PINE thinks.

He walks back across the hall. Into the office. Shuts the door.

Opens the safe. And takes out the envelope.

He studies the contents. The stock list of arms to blow up half a continent. Ironbrand Corporation.

He stares at the phrase: "Available for immediate use".

PINE calls on the phone. A voice answers.

VOICE ON PHONE

Ramses Hilton.

PINE

Corniche Bar please.

Click. Another voice.

SECOND VOICE

Corniche Bar.

And PINE assumes the laconic languor of the English upper classes.

PINE

Yes this is George Watts, I'm an old pal of Freddie Hamid's. He was having a drink in your bar with some friends earlier... I was supposed to meet them but I got held up. I'm wondering if they're still there.

SECOND VOICE

No they've gone sir.

PINE

Dammit. Do you know where?

SECOND VOICE

I believe Mr Roper took Mr Hamid to dinner on his yacht sir.

Beat. The name he was after.

PINE

Thank you I'll call him there.

PINE hangs up. Writes the name. ROPER.

Pauses.

Then looks up at the TV. Tahrir Square.

SOLDIERS with machine guns, grenades hanging off belts.

He grabs the list of armaments. Looks at them. Looks at the phrase: "Available for immediate use".

And JONATHAN PINE makes his decision.

15

**EXT. CAIRO STREETS. DAY.**

15

PINE walks through the riotous celebrations taking place across the city. People are already carefully replacing the cobbles in the square that they used against the army. There is a freshness and joy in the air.

He gets on a tram.

The tram reaches a pleasant suburban area of the city, fine houses and colonial lawns. PINE gets out of the tram. He walks past fine architecture, birds in the trees, 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 Mr Ogilvey.

The door buzzes open and he is let in by an EGYPTIAN manservant. In the hall stands a forty year old mandarin with clipped hair and pressed trousers. OGILVEY.

OGILVEY

Pine my dear chap. What can I do for you?

PINE

I tried to call the Embassy.

OGILVEY

We shut it old boy. Bit too close to the action. Come through come through, Ginny's making tea.

And indeed she is. In the middle of a fine living room, his wife is pouring perfect tea from a perfect tea pot. PINE stares at them both.

OGILVEY (CONT'D)  
You remember Jonathan darling.

GINNY OGILVEY  
Of course.

OGILVEY  
So... to what may we attribute the pleasure?

They smile at him.

16 **INT. VICTORIA STREET OFFICES. LONDON.**

16

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 a Cleaning Company, the second titled Sunshine Tours, the top buzzer is simply titled I.E.A.

That's the button he presses.

A pause. A voice. Female. Yorkshire.

BURR (ON ENTRYPHONE)  
Three flights up. Lift's broken but it keeps you fit.

The COURIER is buzzed in.

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

17

ANGELA BURR, forty, a Yorkshire terrier of a woman, is eating a biscuit and opening the envelope that has been left by the courier. On top of the envelope two initials. RM.

BURR smiles. Soft but unrepentant Yorkshire accent. She talks to the envelope.

BURR  
On my side after all aren't you,  
Rex you old bastard.

ROBERT ROOK, tall, old-style English, 50 years old, is bashing a radiator to try to make it work. ROOK has on two jumpers but BURR seems not to feel the cold.

ROOK  
They were supposed to come  
yesterday to fix this.

He looks across the office.

ROOK (CONT'D)  
Don't you ever feel the cold  
Angela?

BURR  
Go to Leeds in February. Then come  
and talk to me about cold.

BURR opens the envelope, pulls out the files photocopied by  
JONATHAN PINE. Reads.

ROOK  
What is it?

Pause. BURR stares in amazement.

18

**INT. CORRIDOR IN FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH OFFICE. DAY.**

18

It's some contrast. The hyper-modern new FCO offices are a  
gleam of metal and glass. ANGELA BURR and a very splendid  
English foreign office mandarin, REX MAYHEW, are walking  
through. Behind them are open-plan offices full of civil  
servants at computers.

BURR  
You sent me these papers right?

MAYHEW  
Angela...

BURR  
There isn't some other RM in the  
foreign office sending me top  
secret intelligence files by  
private courier?

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

BURR  
Oh give over. Why have you set me  
up in that little shoe box in  
Victoria? Because you don't trust  
the people in intelligence, you  
don't trust the shiny happy people  
in there...

She gestures behind a wall of glass at the new FCO offices.

BURR (CONT'D)

... and you definitely don't trust Geoffrey Darker and his friends across the river. Richard Roper is selling arms to the youngest Hamid brother in the middle of the Arab Spring. Arms that can crush the whole popular uprising. And you want me to do something about it.

MAYHEW

Notwithstanding all that, my Master would very much prefer it if we brought The River along with us in any operation we wish to instigate.

BURR

And have Darker nobble my every move? I worked with those people. They've lunched too much with the enemy and not paid the bill. I prefer to eat alone.

MAYHEW

Scotch egg and a ham sandwich no doubt.

He smiles at her. There's a genuine affection.

He receives a pager signal on his cell phone. Checks it.

MAYHEW (CONT'D)

Ah that's my meeting. Look, the Hamid papers will go in front of the JIC this afternoon. We will share the intelligence and we will move forward together as one harmonious unit. My master's instruction. Be thankful you're in the loop at all.

And off he goes to meet some oncoming shiny SUITS as BURR watches.

19

**INT. IEA OFFICES IN VICTORIA STREET.**

19

ROB ROOK is patiently scanning the documents that Jonathan Pine passed to Ogilvey into his computer.

ANGELA BURR enters fast eating a chocolate bar furiously.

BURR

I need all the files you can get on Richard Roper. Defence, FCO, Bank of England, HMRC, Treasury. And we'll need the River files too. GCHQ, the lot.

ROOK  
Red flags will fly.

BURR  
Bury the requests in a whole pile of slurry. Do an apparently random sweep of all Brits living off-shore, make it look like we're a bunch of amateurs searching for a needle in a haystack. Think you can do that?

ROOK  
Oh yes. I can do that.

ROOK raises his eyebrows, calls on his phone.

ROOK (CONT'D)  
Pearl is that you? Listen we're going to need a few metal trolleys in here. We're going to be upping the volume. And it might be wise to pop out and buy a microwave.

BURR gazes at the Pine intelligence and mutters to herself.

BURR  
One harmonious unit my arse.

20

**INT. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CAIRO. NIGHT**

20

JONATHAN PINE is at his desk. The night is warm. On the TV a debate is in full glorious flow about the future of this newly liberated country.

His phone on the switchboard rings.

PINE  
Good evening Miss Alekan.

SOPHIE  
I'd like you to bring a scotch and soda to my room please.

JONATHAN  
I can ask room service. Or there should be a minibar just under the main wardrobe.

SOPHIE  
I've been here nearly a year Mr Pine, I know where the minibar is. I want you.

The phone hangs up.

21

**INT. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CAIRO. NIGHT.**

21

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.

PINE

Excuse me. Your scotch and soda.

He walks into a themed penthouse suite of Luxor 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 them to?

PINE pauses.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Please just tell me. I would understand, you had no reason to obey me, and these are strange times. I just want to know.

PINE

No one.

SOPHIE

If you tell me the truth I shall believe you. I very much want to believe there is one gentleman left on earth.

PINE

It's the truth. I gave you my word.

SOPHIE

Freddie Hamid was just here.

PINE

I didn't see him in the foyer.

SOPHIE

You never see him. He uses the car-park lift, like the good married Muslim he is. Tonight he was late. He said he had just spoken to the man from Ironbrand.

PINE

Which man?

SOPHIE

Come Mr Pine, you're cleverer than that. Richard Onslow 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?

SOPHIE

Friends in London. Good friends. Roper was angry it appears. Now Freddie is angry with me. He thinks I betrayed him. So my question to you Mr Pine is. Do you have no suggestion as to how this information could have reached them?

PINE

None. I'm sorry.

SOPHIE

Are you sure?

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.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Take me for a drive please. Freddie has a temper as you can see. And he may come back.

REX MAYHEW, DARKER, GALT, PALFREY are sitting with the Pine papers in front of them.

ANGELA BURR walks in, hurried, taking off her coat. DARKER smiles at her coolly.

BURR  
Sorry I'm late.

MAYHEW  
Right then. The Joint Intelligence Committee is here to discuss the papers that came through FCO Cairo relating to Richard Roper and Freddie Hamid. On the agenda, reliability of intelligence, government perspective, and actions moving forward. Present are myself representing FCO and Geoffrey Darker, Harry Palfrey and Raymond Galt of the River House. I've also invited Angela Burr of the Independent Enforcement Agency as the papers relate specifically to possible arms trafficking with volatile Arab states. Shall we begin?

BURR stares across at GEOFFREY DARKER.

Cut to deep into the meeting:

DARKER speaks.

DARKER  
There is of course another point of view on all this.

BURR  
And what's that?

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

BURR stares at DARKER.

BURR  
You're joking me.

## DARKER

There is a view that 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. Of course you're only interested in catching people and putting them behind bars. Political analysis, long-term strategic thinking, that's not your really your thing is it? As we all found to our cost...

He stares at her. She bristles but suppresses an urge to hit him there and then.

23

**INT. VICTORIA STREET. NIGHT.**

23

Pearl has indeed bought a microwave. The little office is crammed full of files. ROOK, who is frozen to the bone, is working late. Again. Ashtrays full of BURR's fags. Whiskey on the table. Microwaved pizza on the side.

ROOK is on the computer studying a record of red-flag emails and phone calls of R. ROPER. Lists of times and places. Durations of call.

ANGELA BURR walks into this chaos with a rage on her face.

ROOK

Everything all right?

BURR

I'm fine.

She's not.

ROOK

How was the meeting?

BURR

It was like dining with crows. What have you got?

ROOK

Roper is careful who he talks to. GCHQ have logged nothing but dross.

BURR

There are computers in Cheltenham listening to every phone call made in this country, and we can't hear one word that bastard says. How does that happen?

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

She drums the table in frustration.

BURR (CONT'D)

What about the boy who brought us the Hamid papers? Who is he? Think we could use him again?

ROOK holds up a huge file marked PINE.

ROOK

Jonathan Pine. Works in the Nefertiti Hotel. Ex-soldier, served in the second Gulf War, left the army shortly after. He's been in Egypt five years working at various hotels. Ogilvey befriended him, persuaded him to be eyes and ears in the city.

BURR

What's in it for him? Ambition?

ROOK

I don't think so. More the bugle call of loyalty.

BURR is intrigued.

BURR

Show me.

He does so. BURR sits and mulls PINE's face and history as the rain falls outside. It is as if she is getting to know his very soul.

24

**EXT. CAIRO CITY CEMETERY. DAWN.**

24

PINE

You should see a doctor.

SOPHIE's smashed-up face stares out at the ghostly landscape. PINE is gently applying an antiseptic cream to her cheek.

PINE has parked one of the hotel cars by the side of a huge public cemetery, that has turned into a rubbish dump. A moonscape of plastic bags. Tin cans and smoking cinders. Hundreds of Egyptian poor scour the landscape.

He continues to apply cream as she looks out.

SOPHIE

I brought Freddie here. I told him that every time he sells arms to some military tyrant, these people suffer a little more.

PINE

What did he say?

SOPHIE

He told me to mind my own business. I told him Egypt is my business.

PINE

How did you get the papers?

Beat.

SOPHIE

He left his briefcase one morning when he was late. He's such an idiot, I don't know how he could ever be a businessman. When he came back the next night he asked me if I'd looked inside. I said no, but he didn't believe me. He certainly doesn't believe me now.

She stares at him.

PINE

I'm sorry.

SOPHIE

Freddie doesn't scare me. He's just a stupid boy. But he has two older brothers. They didn't know he was buying arms from Ironbrand, it was his way of trying to prove himself. If they find out...

He sees her hands. She has bitten her fingers to the bone.

PINE

It's OK. We'll look after you.

SOPHIE

Would that be you and the Queen Mr Pine?

She smiles. He starts the car.

PINE's car drives through the celebrating Cairo. People dancing, celebrating the new freedoms. Smiling faces bang the car in joy. SOPHIE hides her face from them. PINE drives on.



PINE  
Certainly sir.

HAMID, agitated, waits as PINE calls the room he knows will be empty.

PINE (CONT'D)  
No reply I'm afraid sir.

HAMID  
Give me the key.

PINE  
I'm afraid I can't do that sir.

HAMID  
Just give me the fucking key.

PINE  
It's not hotel policy to open guests rooms...

HAMID grabs him.

HAMID  
Do you know who I am?

PINE  
Yes sir.

HAMID  
Then you know who my family are. I don't give a fuck what your policy is. Open the room or you won't have a job in the morning.

He stares hard at PINE.

29

**INT. NEFERTITI HOTEL. PENTHOUSE 3. DAWN.**

29

PINE opens the door. HAMID walks in fast. Looks round.

HAMID  
Where is she? When did you last see her?

PINE  
The night before last. I can ask the day staff...

HAMID  
Shit!

He kicks the bed in rage.

His phone rings. HAMID speaks in ARABIC. But PINE understands every word.

HAMID (IN ARABIC) (CONT'D)  
 Yes! No she's not here! I'll find  
 her OK! Just stop treating me like  
 a little kid!

He hangs up. Breathes deep. His phone rings again. He picks up, shouts in Arabic down the phone.

HAMID (IN ARABIC CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 Just leave me the fuck alone!

Beat. HAMID changes completely. Speaks in English.

HAMID (ON PHONE CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 Oh Mr Roper. Yes I'm sorry.

PINE's ears prick. HAMID looks at PINE, walks away into the bathroom. PINE follows slowly, can just hear the conversation.

HAMID (CONT'D)  
 Yes she's not here.

Beat.

HAMID (CONT'D)  
 I don't know. Yes. I'll come now.

PINE's body tenses as he hears this. HAMID hangs up, walks out, stares at PINE.

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

He hands him the card.

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

PINE  
 Certainly sir.

HAMID  
 If anyone asks, I was never here.

HAMID tears out of the room. PINE looks round the room. Then very quietly walks after.

30

**EXT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK.**

30

FREDDIE HAMID is getting a Ferrari sports car in the car park.

The car speeds out of the car park. Only now do we see JONATHAN PINE in the shadows.



In one corner a nightclub singer croons out Western classics. It's as if the Arab Spring had never happened.

PINE is brought to his table. He can see across to where HAMID is being led by a small tiger of a man - ginger, ex-SAS - greets him. We will later know this man to be FRISKY. FRISKY leads HAMID to a table that backs on to the balcony area.

PINE politely smiles to the MAITRE D.

PINE  
May one smoke here?

MAITRE D  
On the balcony sir.

PINE gets up, walks past the bar, keeping his distance from the Roper table.

RICHARD ROPER is sitting there. HAMID opposite. FRISKY and CORKORAN also there.

PINE walks into the shadows of the balcony. Smokes. And listens. His back to the table.

HAMID  
Don't worry, I will find her.

CORKORAN  
You do that Freddie. And we might yet all find it our hearts to forgive you but being such a bloody fool.

ROPER  
How did she get it to the British?

HAMID  
I don't know.

ROPER  
You don't know very much do you?

He stares at with him with that smile. Nervous, HAMID goes to drink. ROPER stops him with his hand.

ROPER (CONT'D)  
No time for that. You have a job to do. A problem that needs to disappear.

PINE stiffens. His cigarette burns out in the night.

HAMID gets up.

HAMID  
And the deal? Is it still on?



SOPHIE

Do I have to go tonight?

PINE speaks calmly, not wanting to alarm her.

PINE

I think it would be safer.

SOPHIE

Come with me.

He stares at her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Please.

The lift doors open and they enter. He is on the phone.

PINE

Stella, sorry to wake you. Listen I urgently need ... two tickets to Luxor. Tonight.

SOPHIE stares at him. Two tickets. He continues on the phone.

PINE (CONT'D)

VIP, no name. Yes I know it's the middle of the night... that's why I'm calling you.

STELLA (O.C.)

Who's the girl darling?

SOPHIE hears it. And can't stifle a smile. ...as the lift doors close.

40

**INT. IEA OFFICES. VICTORIA.**

40

BURR sits alone, still digesting the PINE file. Military records. School information. Family photographs. The figure of a man in uniform. Pine's father.

She calls on the phone.

BURR

Hi it's me. Yes I'll probably sleep here tonight. No I'm fine. You too.

She puts the phone down. When suddenly it rings again.

41

**INT. FIDDLERS CLUB. WHITEHALL.**

41

DARKER, MAYHEW, PALFREY sit in the classic Whitehall watering hole along with few other RIVER HOUSE SUITS. It's all rather jovial.

PALFREY

My round I think.

He walks to the bar. But listens carefully as the small group zone in on MAYHEW.

GALT

I think Rex might be dividing and ruling. Trying to erode the citadel from within.

MAYHEW

Oh balderdash. My Master is simply trying to drag you Intelligence lot into the 21st century. The Cold War finished, we had to deal with that. Now we're seeing the fall of a whole series of Arab leaders whom, let's be honest, for all their murderous cruelty and mindboggling corruption, we were quite happy to see in situ because they weren't...

PALFREY

The dreaded A.Q.

MAYHEW

Exactly. But that's not good enough any more. And we know it. Charting the new path through turbulent waters. That's what we should be about.

DARKER

Is that what Angela Burr is doing in her cubby hole in Victoria? Charting the path?

MAYHEW pauses, looks at DARKER.

MAYHEW

Angela Burr receives a pittance from my master's coffers to work on illegal arms and drugs trafficking. She's not a threat to you Geoffrey.

DARKER

But is she a threat to you?

MAYHEW

What are you saying?

DARKER

We all know Angela's talented. But when the pressure's on, how do you know she'll react any different to last time? If I were you I wouldn't take that risk.

MAYHEW

You're not me Geoffrey. I am.

He smiles at DARKER. Silence.

Then MAYHEW receives a text.

MAYHEW stares at it. A moment's alarm. Calls across to PALFREY.

MAYHEW (CONT'D)

I'm going to have to forgo that glass of Meursalt Harry. My wife sounds cross.

PALFREY

On a text?

MAYHEW

Yes she's perfected the art. Good night gentlemen.

He leaves. PALFREY smiles.

PALFREY

Well thank God he's gone. Another ale Geoffrey?

42

**INT. VICTORIA STREET. NIGHT.**

42

BURR is waiting outside on the street. MAYHEW appears from the back door of the pub.

MAYHEW

We can't talk here.

They walk along the Embankment.

MAYHEW (CONT'D)

What happened?

BURR

Pine's disappeared. I just spoke to Ogilvey. Pine called him all through the night but he and his wife were at some Embassy string concert and Ogilvey turned off his phone. The Arab bloody Spring and he's listening to Beethoven. Anyway when he called back, Pine had gone and taken the girl with him.

MAYHEW

Why would he do that?

BURR

He must think that he's put her in danger. Rex. Is it possible one of our river "friends" told Richard Roper we were on to him?

MAYHEW knows exactly what BURR is implying.

MAYHEW

It's possible but I wouldn't try to prove it.

BURR

Darker?

MAYHEW stops him. Speaks quietly.

MAYHEW

Angela listen to me very carefully. This is where power and money meet, and we have to tread very carefully. Mention no names, accuse no one. Just find your man, see what else he can give us. People are moving to have you closed down. We don't have long.

43      **EXT. LUXOR. / INT TAXI. NIGHT.**

43

JONATHAN PINE sits in the taxi from Luxor airport to the Chicago House. SOPHIE beside him. The temples and mountains pass like ghosts in the night.

44      **INT. LUXOR. CHICAGO HOUSE. LUXOR.**

44

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 archeologists. 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 imagine.

SOPHIE  
Is that why you came all the way  
here? Out of respect?

Beat.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I think you are ashamed of  
something. Is it me?

PINE  
I brought you here because you said  
you needed me.

SOPHIE  
And what about you? You need  
nothing I suppose?

PINE  
My needs are not important at the  
moment.

She approaches him, her face terribly wounded.

SOPHIE  
You have many different voices Mr  
Pine. You say one thing and are  
that person. And that person  
touches me. Then that person is  
called away and somebody quite  
different takes his place. We have  
a changing of the guard. It's as if  
each "you" can only stand me for a  
little while and then must go and  
seek his rest. Are you like this  
with all your women?

PINE  
You are not one of my women Miss  
Sophie.

SOPHIE  
Then why are you here?

She walks slowly up to him.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I want one of your many selves to  
sleep with me tonight. I don't much  
mind which one. But I want to feel  
that I have at least made one of  
you happy.

He makes a move towards her. He kisses her bruised and broken face with a terrible gentleness.

45

**INT. LUXOR. CHICAGO HOUSE. LUXOR. DAWN.**

45

PINE and SOPHIE lie under sheets in the Chicago House in Luxor. She is smoking.

PINE

Why are you with a man like Freddie Hamid?

Beat. The question she knew would come.

SOPHIE

When I was twenty three I fell in love with an Englishman called Rupert. It was love at first sight. He promised to marry me. I abandoned my studies, left my family, followed him to London. He put me in a Kensington mews house and I waited. Years passed. The money still came but the visits grew more and more scarce. I should have left but I was a coward. And what did I have to go back to? Then one day a man knocked on the door with an eviction letter and an airplane ticket back to Cairo. Rupert is to marry a woman from Berkshire and I am not invited. When I got back to Cairo, 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.

PINE

What did you do?

SOPHIE

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

She nestles into him. Seeking comfort.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's hard for you to understand. I'm a woman nearing the end of her shelf life, caught between two worlds, belonging to neither.

He takes her cigarette, smokes it. He understands - more than she knows. She kisses him, wanting to forget it all.

PINE  
Sophie's a name you gave yourself  
in London, yes?

She nods.

PINE (CONT'D)  
What's your real name?

SOPHIE  
Samira.

PINE  
It's a lovely name.

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

SOPHIE  
I'm frightened Jonathan. What will  
happen to me?

PINE  
Nothing will happen. I'll make sure  
of it.

He kisses her face. She whispers.

SOPHIE  
Open the curtains. Make love to me  
in the light.

46      **EXT. LUXOR. TEMPLES.**

46

They walk together through the heat of the day towards the Tomb of the Kings, through the temple of Karnak. Sunglasses disguise the bruises on her face.

She reaches for his hand.

47      **INT. THE TOMB OF THE KINGS**

47

They are staring at the old tombs of the Egyptian Kings. Hieroglyphs, images of wealth and slavery. PINE speaks quietly.

PINE  
Did you ever meet Richard Roper?

SOPHIE  
Why ask that here?

PINE

Did you?

SOPHIE

I saw him at a few parties.

PINE

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

SOPHIE

Because the things he does, he does  
not need to do. He has so many ways  
to make money, to have power. He  
has no excuse. I don't understand  
it.

PINE

Is he attractive?

SOPHIE

Why do you ask?

PINE

No reason.

SOPHIE

When you ask a question, there is a  
always a reason.

He smiles. Got him there.

PINE

Power is often very charismatic  
that's all.

SOPHIE

Are you jealous of him?

PINE

Not at all.

SOPHIE

You think I've slept with him? I  
haven't.

PINE

It's getting late. Shall we go?

She takes his hand. Puts it to her breast.

SOPHIE

Why do you find it so hard to be  
loved Jonathan?

48

**INT. CHICAGO HOUSE. EVENING.**

48

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

The Hamid brothers know about you.

She looks at him. Genuinely afraid.

SOPHIE

Why didn't you tell me before?

PINE

I didn't want to scare you.

SOPHIE

And Richard Roper? Does he know?

Beat.

PINE

Yes. I ... I think you may have to leave the country.

SOPHIE

Where can I go? To England?

PINE

Maybe yes.

SOPHIE

Alone?

PINE

I don't know.

SOPHIE

Come with me. Please. I can't be alone there again.

Beat. He continues to cook.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Jonathan?

He looks at her. Into her wonderful eyes. Nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

He smiles.

PINE

Yes.

SOPHIE  
You're burning the beans.

He returns to his cooking. She smiles.

PINE  
I have to go back to Cairo tonight  
or people will suspect. Stay here.  
I'll organise everything. I'll call  
you when it's done.

SOPHIE  
And you'll come with me? You  
promise?

PINE  
I promise.

He smiles at her. She stares at him. Kisses him.

49 **INT. TAXI. LUXOR.**

49

Morning. JONATHAN PINE stares at the passing temples of Luxor  
as his taxi makes its way towards the small airport.

The temples stand in the hot day. Statues of men, women,  
tributes of love.

Like gods blessing their love? Or omens of misfortune?

50 **EXT. NEFERTITI HOTEL./ CAIRO STREETS. DAY.**

50

Bustling Cairo. JONATHAN PINE jumps out of a taxi, with an  
almost thrilled resolution.

He walks past the crowds of people and enters the Nefertiti  
Hotel.

51 **INT. NEFERTITI HOTEL. CAIRO. DAY.**

51

PINE  
I need to talk to Mr Vignier.

MAITRE D  
He's in a meeting with the owners.

PINE  
I don't have time to wait. I'm  
resigning with immediate effect.

He surprises himself with how liberating this feels.

MAITRE D  
What happened?

PINE

Oh just some family issues at home.  
I have to go back to London  
tomorrow.

MAITRE D

Well he won't be out of the meeting  
until lunch.

PINE

Fine, I'll talk to him then. I'm  
going to pack, call me when he's  
out. And book me a taxi for six  
tonight to the airport.

MAITRE D

Pine wait. A gentleman came to see  
you. I told him you wouldn't be  
here until nightfall but he  
preferred to wait.

PINE looks into the bar. The blood seems to seep slightly  
from his face.

It's OGILVEY.

52

**INT. BAR IN NEFERTITI HOTEL. CAIRO. DAY.**

52

PINE walks into the bar. OGILVEY sits sipping a cocktail.

OGILVEY

There he is. I was beginning to  
worry about you old chap.

PINE

What are you doing here?

OGILVEY

Message from London. They're very  
pleased with what you gave me. A  
woman called Angela Burr wants to  
meet you. She's very impressed. I'm  
to give you her card.

He hands PINE a business card. Simple, unobtrusive. A cover.  
PINE stares at it.

PINE

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

OGILVEY

Roper? Oh I don't think that's  
likely. Not likely at all.

PINE

Two days ago my source had her face  
smashed up in her hotel room by  
Freddie Hamid. Richard Roper told  
Hamid that she had leaked the deal.

Beat. OGILVEY suddenly senses that all is not well.

OGILVEY

Where is the girl now?

PINE

I moved her somewhere safe.

OGILVEY

In Cairo?

PINE

Does it matter?

OGILVEY

Well it may do.

An enquiring look.

OGILVEY (CONT'D)

Wherever you've hidden her, that's  
surely a temporary solution. Yes?

PINE

Yes. So?

OGILVEY

So she has two choices. To return  
to Freddie, play the angry  
righteous woman and demand an  
apology for his loss of temper and  
abandonment of trust... or to flee  
to foreign shores. But to do that,  
she'd need assistance.

He stares at PINE.

OGILVEY (CONT'D)

I do hope you didn't offer her that  
assistance. That would have been  
injudicious to say the least.

PINE

It was injudicious of someone to  
warn Roper that his arms deal had  
been leaked.

OGILVEY

Look that's nothing to do with me. But if you think the British government is going to give safe haven to some courtesan because she had her face ripped up, think again. That would be tantamount to us admitting she was our asset. Can you imagine the repercussions of that?

PINE

She's our responsibility. We have a duty of care.

OGILVEY

Oh don't be so bloody naive. Does she know it was you who gave me the intelligence?

PINE

Yes she does.

OGILVEY

God what a mess.

OGILVEY pauses.

OGILVEY (CONT'D)

All right. Get her back into the hotel.

PINE

The hotel isn't safe.

OGILVEY

What's not safe is her hiding in some tourist guest house while Freddie Hamid starts telling all and sundry that we're helping her escape the country! Get her back here. Make sure she plays furious and make sure she tells no one you had anything to do with her disappearance. I'll back-channel with the Hamids, make it clear it wasn't Sophie Alekan that was our source. And we might just all get out of this clean.

PINE

I'm not bringing her back here. It's the last place she wants to be.

OGILVEY

It's the only place she'll survive! Pine listen to me.

(MORE)

OGILVEY (CONT'D)

If you try to get her to London,  
you're on your own. Freddie Hamid  
has friends there. She does not.  
And nor will you.

The threat is absolute. PINE stares at him in defeated rage.

53

**INT. CHICAGO HOUSE. EVENING.**

53

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

SOPHIE

Yes?

PINE

It's me.

SOPHIE

When do we leave? I miss you so  
much.

Pause.

PINE

London is not an option.

SOPHIE's face falls.

PINE (CONT'D)

The British government will work  
the back channels to ensure the  
Hamids know you were nothing to do  
with the intelligence leak. You're  
booked on the eight thirty flight  
tonight back to Cairo. When you  
arrive get a taxi back to the  
hotel, if anyone asks where you've  
been say you went to friends to  
recover from your injuries. Find a  
friend who will vouch for you. When  
Freddie comes to you, act outraged  
and hurt and deny everything. On no  
account mention me to anyone. Is  
that clear?

Beat.

SOPHIE

There we have it. The changing of  
the guard.

Beat.

PINE

I'll still be here to keep an eye  
on you. In the background.

SOPHIE

I doubt even you believe that Mr Pine.

PINE

Samira.

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

54 **INT. NERFERTITI HOTEL. NIGHT.**

54

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 DOORMEN open the doors for a glamorous ARAB WOMAN, dressed in long silks and sunglasses even though it is night.

It is SOPHIE ALEKAN.

She does not even look at JONATHAN PINE as she enters the hotel. He hands her the key and she glides past him and into the lift to the top floors.

PINE's heart is pierced with a terrible pain. But he can do nothing but watch her go.

Alone once more.

55 **INT. OFFICES IN VICTORIA STREET. DAY.**

55

BURR is staring at a list of Ironbrand's assets and offshoot companies on her computer screen.

BURR

Twenty six different companies, eleven off-shoots, seven different tax bases, fourteen different directors, none of whom are Richard Roper. It's Pan's bloody labyrinth. I need money Rob. I need a ring-fenced budget of at least half a million to follow the trails of all this. Christ the CIA spend that in a day! The Cairo lead has gone dead, Roper's bugged off somewhere on his yacht and Darker's trying to get us closed down before we've even started.

ROOK  
Take a day off. Go walking with Mr Burr.

BURR  
Mr Burr doesn't walk.

ROOK purses his lip. BURR receives a call.

BURR (CONT'D)  
Burr. Hello Rex.

Pause. BURR's face falls.

ROOK  
What is it? Angela?

BURR's pale face stares at him.

56 **INT. NERFERTITI HOTEL. DAWN.**

56

JONATHAN PINE is running fast along the corridor, his face hollow with the anticipation of what he is about to see.

A MAID is standing screaming at the door to the Penthouse Suite. We do not hear her scream, nor does he, he is locked into the cotton-wool horror of what is inside.

He turns to see the smashed-up remains of what once was Sophie Alekan lying on the thick pile carpet of the penthouse.

PINE's face goes pale, it's like the air is forced from him in a silent howl of horror.

57 **INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. DAY.**

57

Crime scene. Two EGYPTIAN POLICE are in the room. POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS take photos. JONATHAN PINE stands soberly answering questions. The body of SOPHIE ALEKAN is being wrapped in sheets.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
Who found her?

PINE  
The maid. She called me.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
Time?

PINE  
Seven thirty a.m. I was about to end my shift.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
Did you know her?

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

Blank face.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
Who?

PINE  
Freddie Hamid? He paid for  
everything. Her room, her expenses.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
Who is this Habid?

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

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
Don't know him.

PINE  
How can you not know him? They're  
one of the most famous families in  
the city.

The POLICEMAN just looks blank. Determinedly so.

PINE (CONT'D)  
Well you should contact him. Maybe  
he knows something.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
No. Was burglar. Crazy burglar.

PINE  
Why would a burglar do that?

He points to her mangled body. The POLICEMAN turns on PINE,  
hard face.

EGYPTIAN POLICE  
What do you care? Maybe you know  
her better than you say? Maybe you  
kill her?

PINE shakes his head, looks away. Maybe he did.

He walks away as the body is wrapped.

He walks into the bathroom to get water.

And stops dead as he sees it.



63

**INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT. THREE YEARS LATER. PRESENT DAY.63**

All quiet on the Western front.

PINE's face, three years later, as he sits at the desk of the Meisters hotel, the snow falling through the dark night.

It is three a.m.

He stares at the guest list for tonight.

R. ROPER.

Then he looks at the courier parcel.

He carefully closes the door. Carefully cuts the tape. Looks. Inside are eight brand new mobile phones.

PINE stares at them.

A knock at the door. PINE carefully tapes over the cut he made so that no difference can be seen.

Two young PORTERS are waiting at the door. They suddenly burst into life.

BENITO

They are here Mr Pine.

PINE looks up. He breathes hard. Controls his breathing.

And stands.

Headlights in the night. A convoy of limos - Mercedes and BMW. Lights sweep across the hallway. Figures getting out in the snow.

The PORTERS rushing for the doors, grabbing the luggage from the boots of the cars.

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

First up are two BODYGUARDS in navy blazers who walk in, discreetly casing the joint, and positioning themselves in corners of the large reception area. Then CORKORAN, the chubby man who Pine saw in the Cairo hotel with Freddie Hamid and Roper. Now dressed in camel-hair, he walks up to the reception clerk FRAU EBERHARDT 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.

A YOUNG WOMAN. Chestnut hair, quilted coat of many colours reaching to her feet and implying a kind of nakedness underneath. Two strings of pearls.

She has the whiff of horses, modelling school and a touch of public-school bohemia.

And behind her, the other man from the Cairo hotel, the man whose face we have not seen in the flesh until now.

RICHARD ROPER. Tall, slim, attractive, hitting sixty, fair hair stirred with grey, swept back. A face to lose to at cards. A stance of arrogant Englishness, one knee cocked, one hand backed against his colonial arse.

ROPER walks up to PINE. Moment's tension. Could he recognise him? Could he know?

ROPER

I'm Dicky Roper. My chaps booked some rooms here. Quite a lot of them actually.

PINE

How very good to see you Mr Roper. Welcome back, I do hope your journey wasn't too ghastly. My name's Pine. I'm the night manager.

ROPER

Where's old Meister? Tucked up is he with an Ovaltine? Or German porn? How you doing with those magazines darling?

This to the girl, JED, who is casually leafing through magazines at a coffee table.

*FLASH IMAGE of SOPHIE in PINE's mind, the way she walked across a hotel foyer, as if in slow-motion.*

Snap back to JED. Beyond her an English couple, he tall and handsome, 30 years old, we will later know him to be SANDY. His wife beside him, sullen, bored.

JED

Just fine darling.

PINE

Herr Meister is unavoidably tied up tonight I'm afraid. 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  
EBERHARDT.

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 Pine? Wasn't  
here last time we came was he  
Frisky?

This to the blazer.

FRISKY  
No he wasn't.

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

ROPER  
And before that?

PINE  
Italy. And before that Cairo sir.  
The Queen Nefertiti.

He watches for a reaction, a glint, a spark. Nothing.

ROPER  
Likee did you? Cairo?

PINE  
Loved it.

ROPER  
Then why did you leave?

PINE  
Wanderlust I suppose. 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  
Just 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 O.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  
Taiwan.

He smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)  
Catch.

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

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.

CORKORAN

Oui may il faut changer l'heure.  
Pourquoi? Parce 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 Vltava, and get  
them to start driving in the  
morning...

PINE

The bathrooms are fully  
refurbished, mini spa facilities  
and hot tub, and a jet-stream  
lavatory.

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.

ROPER

Pretty isn't she? I went to buy a  
horse at Newmarket, and came back  
with her instead.

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.

PINE  
Will that be all sir?

ROPER stares through the window out at the snow. Quietly to PINE.

ROPER  
Look at that. Glimpse of the infinite.

PINE  
Yes. It's reassuring.

ROPER  
Up to a point.

Beat. The two men stare at the snow. 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 at the foodhall at the Kronenhalle.

PINE listening, gathering every word.

ROPER  
Too public. Make it here. You do room service don't you Pine?

PINE  
Twenty four hours sir.

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

FRISKY  
Play golf do we sweetheart?

PINE  
No I'm afraid not.

FRISKY  
Me neither.

ROPER is listening to the radio playing Fischer-Diskau singing Schubert. SANDY is on the phone, the water is splashing and she is singing in the bath. CORKY is drinking champagne. It's intoxicating.

*SMASH CUT to SOPHIE and PINE making love in the Chicago House.*

SNAP BACK to now. The music plays. PINE feels light-headed, revenge, sex, money all combining in a heady brew.

JED  
I need more shampoo in here  
darling. For the mouth, not the  
hair.

ROPER holds up the champagne.

ROPER  
Take it into her would you old boy.

PINE turns. ROPER smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)  
Only joking. But we'll need another  
two bottles I should think. The  
good stuff.

PINE  
Of course sir.

ROPER  
And find out where the hell that  
parcel is.

Not a flicker from PINE.

PINE  
Of course sir. I'll have it sent up  
when it arrives.

PINE turns, walks back through the room. As he passes the bathroom he sees through the crack in the door JED's naked back in the bath. She turns, sees him looking, smiles at him.

*SMASH CUT to SOPHIE's beaten body on the hotel room floor.*

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.

65

**INT. RECEPTION AREA. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.**

65

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

Old HORWITZ, the night concierge sleeps on his counter.

JONATHAN PINE stares at him.

Then looks across at FRAULEIN VIPP at reception. Walks over. Asks casually.

PINE

Can I see tonight's late arrivals please?

She hands him the registration forms. He stares at the names. Alexander Lord Langbourne address Tortola British Virgin Islands. Wife Caroline. Onslow Roper. Richard. Company Director. Address, PO Box 245 Nicosia. Frobisher Cyril, pilot. Macarthur and Danby, down as company executives. Inglis, Francis, Perth Australia. Jones, Tobias, from South Africa. Marshall, Jemima, address PO box 245 Nicosia. Profession. Equestrienne.

PINE (CONT'D)

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

FRAULEIN VIPP

Yes Mr Pine.

She is a little in awe of this elegant Englishman. She goes to make the copies.

PINE, copies in hand, walks across the large hall to the telephone operator. FRAU MERTHAN.

PINE

Guten Abend Frau Merthan.

FRAULEIN VIPP

Good morning Mr Pine.

They smile. Their joke.

PINE  
 Much activity tonight?

FRAU MERTHAN  
 Princesse du Four called her cousin  
 in Vladivostock.

PINE  
 How about the Princes in the Tower?

She looks up the Tower.

FRAU MERTHAN  
 Nothing Mr Pine. They only use  
 their mobile telephones.

This said with a kind of moral disgust. PINE smiles.

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. Watches him go.

ALFRED  
 Good tips tonight. It must mean he  
 is in love. English only tip when  
 they are in love.

PINE goes behind his desk, takes out the parcel.

PINE  
 Alfred, take this up, it just  
 arrived for Mr Roper. And make sure  
 you clear all the rubbish from  
 their bins before dawn. Mr Roper  
 hates mess.

ALFRED nods, enters the lift and presses up. PINE watches him  
 go.

PINE walks along the long carpeted corridor. And approaches a  
 door at the end. Oak-panelled. Knocks.

FRAU LORING  
 Enter.

PINE enters.

There she is. Seventy year old and as elegant as can be  
 imagined. Austrian aristocracy, now permanent resident at the  
 hotel. She watches her TV.

PINE  
Everything all right Frau Loring?

FRAU LORING  
We have new visitors in the Tower Suite.

PINE  
Yes. English.

FRAU LORING  
The servants say the girl is a picture.

PINE  
Do they? I didn't notice.

He stares at the TV. PINE's face narrows. It's Cairo.

PINE (CONT'D)  
Is that Egypt?

FRAU LORING  
They're back on the streets. It's like Austria in the 19th century. Revolution after revolution and still the same pricks in charge. But that is history isn't it Mr Pine? Cruelty and rage - they are in our blood.

PINE watches the TV. Death once again on the streets of Cairo.

On the screen A CAIRO WOMAN is sobbing in pain and grief. Holding the bloodied shirt of her son? Her brother? Who knows?

And it's watching these images recur, that PINE makes his decision.

67

**INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.**

67

FRAU MERTHAN is sleeping. JONATHAN PINE walks across the reception area.

A noise. PINE watches a freezing ALFRED carrying a small plastic bin bag out of the back door of the hotel to the bins round back.

PINE watches as ALFRED hurries back into the hotel.

FRAU MERTHEN is still sleeping.

PINE dons his coat, slowly walks out of the front of the hotel.

68           **EXT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.**

68

PINE walks languidly, taking a smoke, around the forecourt of the hotel. He stares at the shadowy mountains.

He walks, without hurrying, round the back of the hotel. It's dark here, no lighting.

He reaches the bins.

He opens the bins, apparently to chuck his cigarette inside.

There is the small bin bag.

Quietly PINE takes the bag, lifts it out.

A noise!

PINE ducks down behind the bins as Roper's two BLAZERS head out of the front door for a cigarette in the night.

PINE stays very still as they finish their smoke, and walk the other way round the hotel.

As PINE crouches, he quietly and efficiently opens the black bin bag and takes out four disused mobile phones, opening them, removing the sim-cards and pocketing them.

Then very smoothly he lifts the black bag and returns it to the bins.

And walks back towards the hotel entrance.

69           **INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.**

69

PINE re-enters, walks to his desk. He sits. Makes a call.

PINE  
This is Mr Pine the night manager.  
I'm just checking everything is to  
your satisfaction.

He smiles. It clearly is.

70           **EXT. HILLSIDE STREAM. ZURICH. DAWN.**

70

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

71           **EXT. ZURICH APARTMENT. DAWN.**

71

PINE arrives at the door of his Zurich apartment.





PINE follows the waiter to a corner table tucked away. Views of the mountain.

PINE  
Glass of Schlag please.

PINE sits back and waits. He feels he is being watched. But by who?

Time passes. He has finished his Schlag.

A child runs through the restaurant. Stops and stares at him. PINE stares back. The child runs on.

Then he sees him. A figure at the doorway. Taking off her coat, rubbing snow from her hair. Walking towards him. ANGELA BURR.

BURR  
I'm Angela Burr. I believed you asked for me at the Consulate?

PINE stares at him. And nods.

PINE  
I'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.

BURR  
I'm surprised to have heard from you Mr Pine.

PINE  
Well you have. (pointing to the sim cards) Do with them what you will. I don't want to be involved.

PINE rises to leave.

BURR  
But you are involved.

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

BURR (CONT'D)  
What happened to Sophie Alekan makes you involved. Doesn't it?

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.

BURR (CONT'D)

Shall we have lunch together? It's  
on me.

**THE END**

\*