

THE NIGHT MANAGER

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Based on the novel by

John le Carré

Episode 1
PRE-SHOOTING SCRIPT

15-3-15

THE INK FACTORY
Developed in association with BBC/AMC

1

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

1

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.

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.

1a

I/E. ZERMATT. TRAIN. EVENING.

1a

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.

3 **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.

FRAULEIN VIPP

Guten abend, Herr Pine.

JONATHAN PINE smiles.

3a **INT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT** 3a

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.

4 **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.

SYBILLE

Aren't you going you to say good evening?

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?

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 sneaked 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.

SYBILLE

I hate 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.

PINE gets up. He savours the quiet. Just one Milanese 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.

5

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 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.

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

PINE frowns.

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. I'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.

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
This parcel came for them. Please
give it to them when they arrive.
Good night Mr Pine.

HERR STRIPPLI takes his coat, and with a clipped precision, walks away through the revolving doors into the night like a wraith.

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 the paper where the name is written. It smudges with the name. ROPER.

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

SMASH CUT TO:

6

EXT. CAIRO STREET. DAY. FIVE YEARS AGO.

6

JONATHAN PINE, white cotton shirt, five 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.

9

INT. CAIRO. NERFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. 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 Nefertiti hotel in the Corniche.

(MORE)

PINE (DOWN THE PHONE) (CONT'D)
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 WOMAN, 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
towards the windows.

PINE
(Cheery smile) Yup.

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.

PINE
Is Madame requiring some more
Flurazepam?

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.

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. 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.

12

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. PINE'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

12

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 Ironlast 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 manufacturers.

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

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

SOPHIE
You have an envelope?

PINE
Yes.

SOPHIE
Seal it and put it in your safe.
And Mr Pine, if an accident was to
happen to me, as accidents do
happen, more and more these days,
you should feel free to take it to
Mr Ogilvey.

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

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Have you always been the night
manager?

PINE
It's my profession yes.

SOPHIE
You chose it?

PINE
I think it chose me.

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

She walks out across the hall.

PINE looks to the office TV to see more and more satellite
footage of the demonstrations in Tahrir Square.

13

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. STAIRS/KITCHENS. NIGHT.

13

JONATHAN PINE walks down to the kitchens that sit in the
basement of the hotel.

Steam and grease. Heat. Sweating bodies, pans frying and
bubbling.

PINE walks through the huge kitchens, filled with EGYPTIAN
CHEFS, SOUS-CHEFS and WAITRESSES. There are WOMEN, MEN, some
kids, it's brimming with the Cairo real life that sits
beneath the hotel. He approaches a young man, 25 years old,
administrator of the hotel kitchens.

PINE
Youssuf. New guest lists.

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 PINE)
President Mubarak has resigned.

PINE

I understood.

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

YOUSSUF

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)

Mubarak's gone! Mubarak's gone!

14

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. NIGHT DESK/OFFICE. NIGHT.

14

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

NEWSCASTER

The Arab Spring continues to spread across North Africa like wildfire. Cairo tonight is a mass of celebrating people...

PINE looks down at a slip of paper.

A handwritten note, slightly scrawled. Freddie Hamid booked into the Ramses Hilton. 7.30pm for cocktails. Corniche Bar. Youssuf.

PINE checks the clock. 8.30pm. He calls on the phone. A voice answers.

VOICE ON PHONE

Ramses Hilton.

PINE

Corniche Bar please.

Click. Another voice.

SECOND VOICE

Corniche Bar.

PINE

Yes this is George Watts, I'm a pal of Freddie Hamid's. He's taking cocktails in your bar tonight. I was supposed to meet them but I got held up.

SECOND VOICE

They've already gone sir.

PINE

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

SECOND VOICE

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

I'm sorry I missed that. I'm at a party. Big celebration. What was the name again?

SECOND VOICE

Mr Roper, sir.

PINE

Roper?

SECOND VOICE

Yes sir.

Beat.

PINE

Thank you I'll call him there.

PINE hangs up. Writes the name. ROPER.

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. Ironlast Corporation. He goes on to the internet. Into a search engine he plugs the name Ironlast 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 stares at the phrase on the paperwork: "Available for immediate use".

He looks at the hotel key board. At the Hatshepsut Suite.

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.

OGILVEY

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 napalm in here.

PINE

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

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

19 OMITTED

19

20 **EXT. LONDON. IEA OFFICES. DAY.**

20

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 voice. Fuzzy. Female.

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

The COURIER is buzzed in.

20a **INT. IEA OFFICES. DAY. CONT.**

20a

ANGELA BURR, forty years old, is opening the envelope that has been left by the courier. On top of the envelope two initials. RM.

BURR smiles. She has on two jumpers as the heating in the office is on the blink and is eating a biscuit. She talks to the envelope.

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

ROBERT ROOK, Asian, 35 years old, brainy and bookish, is bashing a radiator to try to make it work.

ROOK
They were supposed to come
yesterday to fix this.

He looks across the office. BURR pulls out the arms lists photocopied by Pine. Ironlast Minerals and Ores etc.

ROOK (CONT'D)
Angela? What is it?

BURR
Rex Mayhew just sent this. Came in
from Cairo station. Anonymous
sender.

She hands him the papers. Pause. BURR stares at ROOK.

ROOK
Ironlast.

ROOK knows the name like a curse.

BURR
Yeah. He's back.

Beat.

BURR (CONT'D)
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

Yes. I can do that.

BURR stares at the Cairo list of arms. There is a strange emotion in her, something from the past. Meanwhile ROOK is on the 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.

21

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT

21

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.

Outside on the street a few STUDENTS pass, celebrating with placards and banners.

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 over a year Mr Pine, I know where the minibar is. I want you.

The phone hangs up.

SOPHIE

Oh 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?

SOPHIE

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 **OMITTED** 24-26

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.

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

SOPHIE

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.

29

INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. FOYER. NIGHT.

29

PINE

Ogilvey. It's Jonathan Pine. Call me, it's urgent.

He hangs up. Then he sees him. FREDDIE HAMID is running down the stairs into reception. Twenty six, sunglasses dangling from his crisp white shirt, sleeves rolled, gold watch, gold rings.

PINE straightens as HAMID approaches him.

HAMID

Hey you. I have a friend in the Hatshepsut suite, she's not answering. Can you try the room.

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 damn key.

PINE

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

HAMID grabs him.

HAMID
Do you know who I am?

PINE
Yes.

HAMID
Then you know who my family are.
Open the room.

He stares hard at PINE.

30

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

30

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 stares at PINE.

HAMID (IN ARABIC) (CONT'D)
You speak Arabic?

PINE looks back blank-faced.

PINE
Excuse me?

HAMID nods. Carries on his phone chat. Low voice.

HAMID (IN ARABIC)
Listen tell Roper I have it all in
hand. It's all being dealt with.

Roper: PINE's body tenses as he hears the name. HAMID hangs up, 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
with trained efficiency he collects some stuff for SOPHIE.

31-32 **OMITTED**

31-32

33 **INT. 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)

Please.

They wait for the lift.

PINE stares at her. Makes a call.

PINE

Youssuf. I need your help.

SOPHIE smiles.

34

INT. LONDON. FCO. EARLY MORNING.

34

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

Angela...

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

Notwithstanding 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 **OMITTED**

35

36 **I/E. EGYPTIAN DESERT/YOUSSUF'S CAR. NIGHT.**

36

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

37 **EXT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAWN.**

37

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

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

YOUSSEF 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.

YOUSSEF

Call me if you need anything.

PINE nods, they embrace, and YOUSSEF drives off into the desert.

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

38

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.

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 choose which one it is.

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

39

INT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. CHICAGO HOUSE. DAWN.

39

PINE and SOPHIE lie under sheets in the Chicago House in Egyptian desert.

PINE

How did you get the papers?

SOPHIE

Freddie left his briefcase one morning when he was late. He's such an idiot, I don't know how he can be a businessman. When he came back the next night he asked me if I'd looked inside. I said no. I thought maybe he believed me.

She smiles at him.

PINE

Why are you with him?

Beat. The question she knew would come.

SOPHIE

When I was twenty three I went to study international relations in Paris. I fell in love with an Englishman called Philip.

(MORE)

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.

PINE

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.

PINE

I think Roper knows you took the papers.

Her hand shakes slightly.

PINE (CONT'D)

It's OK.

SOPHIE

Where can I go?

PINE

To England.

SOPHIE

I don't want to.

PINE

You may not have a choice.

Beat. She nods. He continues to cook. Then:

SOPHIE

Then come with me.

Beat. He continues to cook.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Jonathan?

He looks at her. Nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Is that a yes?

PINE

We'll see.

SOPHIE

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.

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

42

INT. EGYPTIAN DESERT. TAXI. DAY.

42

Morning. The taxi drives through the arid sand. JONATHAN PINE stares at the passing desert rocks.

PINE
Somewhere safe.

Beat.

OGILVEY
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.

OGILVEY
Where to?

PINE
Where do you think?

OGILVEY stares at PINE.

OGILVEY
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...

OGILVEY
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.

OGILVEY

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 **INT. CHICAGO HOUSE. EVENING.**

46

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

It'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.**

47

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 enters and walks calmly to the desk. Stares at PINE.

SOPHIE
My key please.

PINE stares at her. Hands her the key.

She stares at him. Then turns and 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.

47a

INT. LONDON. IEA. NIGHT.

47a

Pearl has indeed bought a microwave. The little office is crammed full of files. BURR and ROOK, frozen to the bone, are working late. PEARL in the background as usual. Ashtrays full of fags. Whiskey on the table. Microwaved pizza on the side. ROOK bangs the radiator to no avail. BURR is on the phone. She is tense with excitement at the hunt for Roper being back on.

BURR
Gordon? Listen don't wait up. I'll probably sleep here tonight. Yeah the JIC meeting is tomorrow and I've got to go in fully armed. You too.

She puts her mobile down. ROOK, steeped in the Roper papers, talks across.

ROOK
How is Mr Burr?

BURR
He's being clingy. Wants us to have a child. Thinks it will bring us closer together.

ROOK
Progeny as marital solution. Oh dear.

BURR
I'll let you know when I want emotional advice from you. What have you got?

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

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. IEA.

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 watches.

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 in the country. But he's right here.

Beat.

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

ROOK looks on the lists.

ROOK
The Station Officer. Name of
Ogilvey.

ROOK (CONT'D)
Simon Ogilvey?

ROOK (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 **OMITTED**

48

49 **INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI HOTEL. RECEPTION / IEA OFFICES LONDON
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. 44 700 70 70 70.

PINE writes name and number.

PINE

Who are you?

BURR'S VOICE

I'm a friend.

PINE

What do you mean a friend?

BURR'S VOICE

Just get her out Mr Pine. Her life's at risk.

The phone goes down.

PINE stares.

Then he rings the Hatshepsut Suite. But there is no answer.

And PINE starts to run.

50 **INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI. CORRIDOR/HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT.** 50

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

And then he sees it. The door to her room is already open.

Almost unable to bear it, he enters the room..

51 **INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. NIGHT.** 51

Time slows. Sound collapses. He does not hear himself scream.

He sees 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.

52 **INT. CAIRO. NEFERTITI. HATSHEPSUT SUITE. DAY.** 52

Hours later. 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

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? 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.

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.

A dead Pekinese Dog. Lying on the bathroom floor. Its belly slit from arse to neck. Insides bubbling out.

He stares at it. Expressionless. In silent, blank horror.

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.

A YOUNG AMERICAN WOMAN. Blonde hair, designer quilted coat of many colours reaching to her feet. She has the whiff of New York State privilege and a touch of Manhattan bohemia. JED.

And behind her, a man whose face we have not seen in the flesh until now.

RICHARD ROPER. Tall, slim, attractive, hitting sixty, fair hair stirred with grey. A face to lose to at cards. A stance of arrogant Englishness.

ROPER walks up to PINE. Moment's tension.

ROPER

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

He smiles. PINE smiles too.

PINE

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

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.

Snap back to JED. Beyond her an English couple, he tall and handsome, 40 years old, we will later know him to be SANDY. His wife beside him, sullen, bored. CAROLINE.

JED

Just fine.

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 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.

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

58

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.

CAROLINE (TO LANGBOURNE)

Sandy I'm going to sleep. Don't
wake me when you come in.

She walks out into the corridor.

CORKORAN

Oui mais 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 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.

CORKY

Play golf do we sweetheart?

PINE

No I'm afraid not.

CORKY

Me neither. Just the nineteenth hole.

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 for the hair.

ROPER holds up the champagne.

ROPER

Take it into her would you old boy.

PINE turns. ROPER smiles. Throws another pistachio shell into the bottle.

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.

59

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS. LOBBY. NIGHT.

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. Alexander 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.

FRAULEIN VIPP

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.

ALFRED

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

PINE goes back behind his desk, rewraps and 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.

60

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT.

60

JONATHAN PINE walks across the reception area.

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

PINE watches as a freezing ALFRED hurries back into the
hotel.

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

61

I/E. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.

61

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.

As PINE crouches, he quietly and efficiently opens the black
bin bag and takes out six disused mobile phones, opening
them.

The old SIM cards are not there.

PINE pauses. Thinks.

He carefully looks at the rest of the rubbish from the room.

It's mostly plastics, some food. And three champagne bottles.

PINE stares at the champagne bottles.

He upturns them. Pistachio shells fall out of the first. And second.

But out of the third fall six SIM cards.

PINE stares at them.

He picks up the SIM-cards and pockets them.

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

And walks back towards the hotel entrance.

62

INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY/RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

62

PINE re-enters, walks to his desk. Takes the sim cards out his pocket.

As Roper's two BLAZERS come through the door. They stare at him. He has the sim cards in his hand but he remains entirely cool.

PINE

Can I help you gentlemen?

FRISKY

Bar still open?

PINE

Yes I believe so.

They nod and walks through into the bar.

PINE stays very still as they do.

Then he slips the sim cards into a private drawer, locks the drawer.

Breathes deep.

62a

EXT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. NIGHT.

62a

PINE walks out, lights a cigarette.

Then hears a voice. From behind him.

ROPER

Glimpse of the infinite.

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 **OMITTED**

63

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

63a

It's early morning, the sun just touching the distant peaks. JONATHAN PINE does his rounds.

He stops to see through a window the stunning hotel swimming pool.

Someone is swimming lengths. Head down. Graceful in the water.

JED.

She does not see him as he watches.

64 **INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. MORNING.**

64

JONATHAN PINE is preparing to leave at the end of his shift. His coat back on. HERR STRIPPLI is at the manager's desk. Changeover time.

STRIPPLI

See you tonight Mr Pine.

PINE stares across into the breakfast room where ROPER is alone with JED, having breakfast "a deux".

He is making her laugh.

ROPER turns to see PINE as he leaves. He waves.

And smiles a dazzling smile at JONATHAN PINE.

65 **OMITTED**

65

66 **EXT. ZERMATT. HILLSIDE STREAM. DAY.** 66

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.

67 **INT. ZERMATT. PINE'S APARTMENT. DAY.** 67

PINE arrives at the door of his Zermatt apartment.

He walks in.

He searches in a desk. Deep in a drawer. Finds the same piece of paper, now yellowed and dog-eared with time.

With a telephone number. 44 700 707070.

PINE reaches for his phone.

68 **OMITTED** 68

69 **INT. ZERMATT. MEISTERS HOTEL. LOBBY/RESTAURANT. NIGHT.** 69

PINE watches from a distance as ROPER hosts a small Spanish man, Juan APOSTOL, in the private dining room of the old hotel. APOSTOL is with a young mistress MERCEDES and his daughter ELENA. LANGBOURNE is there too, FRISKY and TABBY guarding.

APOSTOL

Mercedes has never been to Zermatt before. So I said you have to come. The air, the beauty. And what does she do? Moans all the way, the whole way up the mountain!

MERCEDES

I hate the cold. Show me a beach, then I'm happy.

Laughter. ELENA does not laugh. CORKORAN sidles up and whispers in PINE's ear.

CORKORAN

I know what you're thinking. Which is the daughter and which the mistress?

PINE smiles.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

The young beauties will be leaving us in a moment. Make sure they are well serviced in the lounge.

(MORE)

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 I'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.**

70

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.**

71

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, I'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.

PINE stares at her. And nods. She sits.

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. 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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