

THE NIGHT MANAGER

Written by

David Farr

Based on the novel by John
le Carré

Episode 4

PINK REVISIONS

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DICKY ROPER's face is staring right at camera.

ROPER

Want to know how it works?

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

ROPER's face, close up.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Fig leaf operation. You're the fig leaf. Straw man the Germans called it. Andrew Birch. Director of Tradepass Holdings. 34 years old. Merchant venturer, decent record in commerce, no skeletons, no murky past. Maybe we've done deals before, maybe we haven't, let them guess. I go to the clowns - George and his friends, the brokers, the venture boys, flexible banks and I say "Got a very smart cookie here, brilliant plan, needs backing, something to do with agricultural hardware, global roll-out, quick profits, my gift to you. He's young, he's handsome, he's good with the right people, didn't want you missing out. It's called Tradepass. Double your money in four months max." It's trust Dicky time. Very tight circle, few chaps as possible. We register the company in Cyprus, bank in Geneva, no questions asked, no accounts to be filed. You're my lead actor, you're my main man, you're my star. We make the deal, no one knows what we're really buying, no one wants to know, no one cares, they just want money, they don't want to know what's really at stake, they wouldn't sleep at night, they wouldn't wake up with their perfect wives in their perfect beds and make breakfast for their perfect little children, little eggs in china cups, they mustn't know how the money is made, no one must know Andrew. Just you and me. We know. Our eyes are OPEN.

Beat

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ROPER (CONT'D)

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

PINE

And what did happen?

ROPER smiles. A door opens. ROPER swivels fast.

It's JED.

JED

Listen it's eleven o'clock.

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

JED (CONT'D)

What's going on?

ROPER

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

A coldness between them is apparent.

JED

A business meeting with Thomas?

ROPER

Not Thomas. Andrew. Andrew is coming aboard.

He stares at her defiantly.

JED

Well in case you and Andrew forgot, Danny's leaving now. I thought you might want to take him to the airport.

ROPER

No you take him. I don't have the time.

JED

Why don't you tell him that yourself.

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

ROPER

What's that?

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DANNY

It's a goodbye present.

DANIEL blushes. Hands it to ROPER. Beat.

ROPER

My god I think the boy's got talent.

Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Right. Time you were going.

DANIEL

Aren't you coming?

Beat. ROPER stares at him.

ROPER

Can't I'm afraid. Your mother will be at the other end. Come on be a man.

DANNY turns, upset, walks out of the room. JED stares at ROPER. Then at PINE. As ROPER stares at this rather sad, rather lovely painting.

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2

EXT. LONDON STREETS. DAY.

2

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

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

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

But it does not.

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

Then the van accelerates alongside on his left.

MAYHEW continues to cycle.

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

He accelerates. They accelerate.

He brakes.

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

Now he knows.

The vans start to move close together. Squeezing him.

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

He prays. Please go red. Please go red.

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

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

3 OMITTED 3

4 **INT. MALLORCA. PENINSULAR. FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE. NIGHT.** 4

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

Then his eyes open.

He lifts a floorboard, grabs a knife from underneath.

Walks quietly out and into the living room.

He opens the front door.

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

Grabs the figure.

Then pauses in shock.

It is JED.

She stares at the knife in his hand.

PINE looks around. No one in the darkness.

PINE

Come in.

5 **INT. MALLORCA. PENINSULAR. FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE. NIGHT.** 5

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

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JED

No one saw me.

PINE

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

He looks out the window into the darkness.

PINE (CONT'D)

Where's Roper?

JED

He left late last night for a meeting in Geneva.

He hands her a drink.

PINE

You want milk?

JED

Just sugar.

PINE

This wasn't very sensible of you.

Beat.

JED

I'm sorry if my recklessness upsets you.

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

JED (CONT'D)

So. Andrew. You're joining the Roper ship are you?

PINE

Maybe.

A challenge.

JED

It's funny. I thought you were trying to sink it.

PINE

What makes you think that?

JED

Why else would you break into his study?

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PINE

Same reason you did. I'm just keen to find out who the man is who's employing me.

JED

I'm not employed by anyone.

PINE

Aren't you?

JED

We're in a relationship Andrew.

PINE

Business or pleasure.

JED

Love.

He smiles.

JED (CONT'D)

What's so funny about that?

PINE

If it's love. Shouldn't it be honest?

JED

What the hell are you talking about?

PINE flicks the camera until it shows the small boy he took the photo of from Jed's drawer.

JED (CONT'D)

Where d'you get this?

PINE

I found it in your room. In a drawer.

She stares at it. Then slaps PINE hard.

JED

It wasn't in just any drawer was it?

PINE

Is he your son?

JED

None of your business.

PINE

Who were you talking to on the phone that afternoon?

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JED

Quite the detective aren't you?

She stares at the photo.

JED (CONT'D)

I was talking to my sister in Des Moines. She looks after him.

PINE

Why did you leave?

She speaks coolly. No self-pity.

JED

Because I was seventeen years old and not exactly made out for motherhood. That's why.

PINE

Who's the father?

JED

Does it matter? My sister had a kid already, her husband's a decent guy, he's not going to win prizes for Mr Interesting but on the plus side he doesn't do meth for breakfast so it was the right decision.

PINE

Does Roper know?

JED

No. And he mustn't.

PINE

Why?

JED

Because that's not what he bought on the upper east side. I'm a firework across his night sky, not some pitiful train wreck with a secret. I dazzle, I don't droop. That's how I survive. And just in case you get the wrong idea, I like it like that. I like to live fast, I like rich clothes against my body and lotions on my skin. And I really like Richard Roper in my bed.

PINE

Then why are you here?

Beat. She speaks quietly.

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JED

You know what. I have no idea.

She gets up. He takes her arm hard.

PINE

He goes away for one night, you come here to my cottage. Every time he leaves the room, you look at me.

They are close. Very close. Heat between them.

JED

Who are you? I want to know.

Beat.

PINE

Trust me. You don't.

She moves to kiss him.

PINE (CONT'D)

Listen. Go home now. Go along the beach. Make it visible. Make sure someone sees you when you get back. Say you couldn't sleep and went for a night-time stroll. When Roper gets back, stop the cold shoulder treatment. Be nice to him. Make him happy. OK?

He opens the door. She stares at him then leaves slamming the door in the night.

6

EXT. MADRID. RESTAURANT. DAY.

6

JUAN APOSTOL is entering his favourite restaurant.

APOSTOL (IN SPANISH)

Nicolas, the usual table please.

WAITER (IN SPANISH)

Certainly Mr Apostol.

APOSTOL (IN SPANISH)

Is Mercedes here?

WAITER (IN SPANISH)

No sir. She had to leave. But your other guest is here.

APOSTOL stares at him in surprise.

APOSTOL approaches to find ANGELA BURR sitting at his table.

APOSTOL
What do you want?

BURR smiles.

BURR
Your girlfriend tells me you're taking her to Istanbul. Very romantic.

APOSTOL
Listen, I did what you asked.

BURR
How's the sleeping?

APOSTOL
Still bad. I don't think you're such a good confessor after all.

BURR
Well - one good deed at a time. Isn't that what the good Lord said?

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

APOSTOL
Where did you get this?

BURR
Lucky dip.

APOSTOL
Don't bull-shit me. Who got you these? Someone on the inside?

Smart man. BURR senses it. And is on him like a flash. But gently. Gently...

BURR
Please don't make trouble with me Juan. I much prefer being your friend. (beat) Now look here. I have code names and numbers. I have pages that cross-refer. What I don't have is someone who can join the dots. And tell me what the hell is going on.

She stares at APOSTOL with a mischievous smile.

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8-9 **OMITTED**

8-9

10 **INT. LONDON. BLACK TAXI. DAY.**

10

The grey city of London. ANGELA BURR sits alone, her black briefcase tucked tight between her knees. She stares at it. A strange excitement inside her.

11 **INT. LONDON. IEA OFFICES. DAY.**

11

ANGELA BURR walks in to the old office. SINGHAL is there to greet her. BURR hangs up her coat, surveys the old room. A moment alone, her little empire.

SINGHAL

Welcome home. Is that a tan I see?

BURR

No it's bloody not.

SINGHAL

You been home?

BURR

Came straight from the airport.

SINGHAL

Shame. Mr Burr would've been excited to see you.

BURR

Oh give over. Close the door.

She gets out the briefcase.

She signals SINGHAL to turn on the radio which he does. She takes from her briefcase the envelope containing Pine's photographs of Roper's accounts. She opens them. Stares at a series of annotations made by APOSTOL.

She stares at them. SINGHAL joins her.

BURR (CONT'D)

Investors in Tradepass. Translated by the Spaniard. Names on the left. Numbers on the right.

They look at the total figure. Three hundred million. She follows the numbers.

BURR (CONT'D)

Roper buys weapons at 300 million dollars, cash-flowed by investors who know nothing about what they're trading in. Or don't want to know.

(MORE)

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BURR (CONT'D)

The investors are guaranteed 20% profit in twelve months. So Roper pays back 360 million at the end of the deal. But look what he's selling at.

STEADMAN looks down: Sees the number: ESP - 600 million dollars.

SINGHAL

What's that?

BURR

Estimated sale price. His dad was an auctioneer.

SINGHAL

That's a profit of 240 million.

BURR

Not bad for a year's work.

They stare at each other.

BURR (CONT'D)

Now look at this. Consultation fees.

In the expenses column there's an expense marked: Consultation Fees. Halo and Felix. 5 million dollars.

SINGHAL

Who are Halo and Felix?

The office phone rings like an explosion. SINGHAL answers.

SINGHAL (CONT'D)

Singhal. IEA.

Looks surprised.

SINGHAL (CONT'D)

Yes of course. (holds out the phone) It's Mayhew. I think he's on the warpath.

12

INT. MAYHEW'S OFFICE. FCO. LONDON. DAY.

12

BURR and MAYHEW alone. MAYHEW is on his feet, furious, but speaks in hushed tones as if the very walls are his enemy.

MAYHEW

An unmarked van forcing me off Swiss Cottage Road. Is that what it's come to? This is London for Christ's sake!

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BURR

They were trying to scare you
that's all.

MAYHEW

Well they picked the wrong man.
They're going to get a Whitehall
knife-fight like they've never
seen. Your budget is tripled, don't
ask me where I got it from, best
you don't know. How many more
people do you want?

BURR

I need sigint, intelligence
gathering and analysis. Six
minimum. People I can trust.

MAYHEW

You choose them. You choose
everything. Get Steadman back here,
tell him we're joining forces. Get
a new office. Have it swept, new
company. New kit. Everything.

BURR

Rex sit down. I have something to
show you.

BURR hands him the same annotated sheets. MAYHEW stares in
pure shock.

MAYHEW

Where did you get this?

He is utterly pale.

BURR

Rex. Who are Halo and Felix?

Beat.

MAYHEW

I don't know.

BURR

But you could guess. Couldn't you?

13

EXT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. OFFICE/LIVING SPACE. DAY.

13

ROPER is getting out of the car. LANGBOURNE with him.
Something about ROPER means business. PINE escorting him to
the house. CORKORAN watching it all from the porch.

PINE

How was Geneva?

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ROPER

Two days of meetings with Swiss bankers. Not exactly Babylonian. How's the girl? Better mood I hope.

PINE

Yes I think so.

ROPER nods. An uneasy pause. Interrupted by JED.

JED

Hello darling. Did you miss me?

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

ROPER

Well that's more like it. What happened to you?

JED

I just came to my senses. That's all.

ROPER

About time.

CORKORAN approaches.

CORKORAN

Good trip?

ROPER ignores, cold.

ROPER

Fine.

CORKORAN

Is that all I get?

ROPER blanks him, turns to PINE.

ROPER

Andrew. Get a bag packed. You won't need much. My office. One hour. All right?

JED

Where are you going?

ROPER

Taking you for a farewell jolly my love. And then Andrew and I have business to attend to.

JED risks a look to PINE. Whose side are you on? But PINE is a blank canvas.

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Roper smiles. Takes JED by the arm, walks away with her, blanking CORKORAN as he goes. CORKY sidles up to PINE.

CORKORAN

So you're joining up. Send the kid back to mummy and off to work you go.

He whistles like the seven dwarves.

PINE

Where am I going?

CORKORAN

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

He smiles at him.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

Thanks to some very classy footwork by some queens unfriendly to the cause.

PINE

Corky what the hell are you talking about?

CORKORAN eyes him like a dagger. JED comes out the house, upset because DANNY is. Hugging him.

CORKORAN

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

He smiles. Talks almost in a baby voice.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

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

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

PINE

I think one is becoming a tad deranged Corky.

But now CORKY becomes anything but deranged. He stares across at JED who is still hugging DANNY, getting him ready to leave.

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CORKORAN

And then of course there's the case of the night-time naughties while Roper was away. Barefoot she walks along the beach, to the old cottage where the hero awaits. If that isn't an airport novel waiting to be written.

PINE

She came for advice. That's all.

CORKORAN

Oh you're too much.

And then like a flash CORKY suddenly gets close, right in on PINE's face. JED is helping DANNY into the car.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

You know what he'd do to her if he found out? The GBH that would be inflicted on that beautiful sweet face? Even Dr Shimon, Mr plastic fantastic, wouldn't stand a chance of putting that back together. That's the fire you're playing with! Or don't you care? Hmmn?

PINE

Of course I care.

CORKORAN

Then read my lips. Don't ever go near that girl again.

14-16 **OMITTED**

14-16

17 **INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S OFFICE COMPOUND. DAY.**

17

PINE enters the office compound. ROPER is there with a retinue of tailors, jewellers. LANGBOURNE, FRISKY, TABBY also there.

And JED. She is sitting on the sofa, trying not to look at PINE.

ROPER

Right let's get going.

PINE

What are we doing?

ROPER

We're creating Andrew Birch.

PINE stares at JED.

18

INT. ROPER'S OFFICE COMPOUND. DAY.

18

PINE is being measured in a stunning cream suit.

ROPER

Yes that will do. Two of those and one in dark blue, plus the one in the stripe. Your people can do this for tomorrow morning? Mr Birch has to fly out at ten.

TAILOR

Of course Mr Roper.
PINE is trying on cuff-links.

PINE is buying a stunning new Swiss watch.

PINE is trying various attache cases.

PINE is getting a mobile phone.

PINE is getting a platinum credit card. Name of Andrew Birch. Tradepass Ltd.

PINE is having a hair cut. Clean and tidy.

ROPER watches this all happen with the eye of a sculptor finishing his latest creation.

PINE, the piece of art, stares at himself in the mirror.

He's perfect.

And JED is staring at him from the sofa. Fear in her eyes.

18a-18b OMITTED

18a-18b

19

OMITTED

19

20

EXT. MALLORCA. SEAFRONT RESTAURANT. DAY.

20

Luxury restaurant on the waterfront. PINE, ROPER and LANGBOURNE. JED and CORKORAN already at the table. FRISKY and TABBY in attendance. ROPER in exuberant form.

ROPER

So this is farewell to my love, who after a night of mindless passion, will be returning with Major Corkoran to the villa while we continue on our business trip with our new friend and colleague.

He raises his glass.

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ROPER (CONT'D)
To Andrew Birch.

ALL
To Andrew Birch!

PINE and JED meet. Her eyes needy. A slightest moment together, dangerous.

CORKY smiles at PINE. Deadly.

WAITER
Sir would you like to order?

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

JED
And I'd like a lobster salad.

WAITER
I'm afraid we have no more lobster
madam.

CORKORAN
No more lobster?

WAITER
I'm sorry sir.

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

ROPER
Corky, shut up.

CORKORAN retreats for now.

JED
It's fine I'll have the fish.

The WAITER nods. CORKORAN raises his glass.

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

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

CORKORAN (CONT'D)
Perfect pairing. Beauty and
elegance entwined. Let no man tear
them asunder.

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Almost an emotion in his voice. PINE sensing the danger.

LATER: ROPER is on his phone. CORKY is drinking. LANGBOURNE and FRISKY in conversation. JED uses the distraction to whisper to PINE.

JED

He's half a bottle in already.

PINE

He knows you came to the cottage.

JED distracts to hide the tension in her face. ROPER is checking a text on his phone.

JED

What's wrong darling?

ROPER

Nothing. Just preoccupied.

JED

Business?

She says it innocently.

ROPER

Of course it's bloody business.

JED

Will you miss me?

ROPER

Of course I will.

JED

Why don't I come with you?

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

ROPER

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

It comes. PINE watches. ROPER is definitely preoccupied.

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

CORKORAN

What the hell is this?

WAITER

What you doing? Get your hands off me!

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CORKORAN

What is this? WHAT IS THIS?

ROPER

Corky sit down.

CORKORAN

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

WAITER

Yes!

CORKORAN

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

He grabs the salad.

WAITER

Sir it is for another table.

CORKORAN

No it's bloody not.

WAITER

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

CORKORAN

GET YOUR BLOODY HANDS OFF ME.

JED

Corky stop it!

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

PINE stands. IN a second he has CORKORAN in a hold, and is hurling him off the waiter and hard on to the floor. Then he turns, unflappable. He speaks calmly to the other table. With utter authority.

PINE

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

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GUESTS

Of course.

The GUESTS nod, utterly charmed. PINE turns to the HEAD WAITER.

PINE

Can I take the bill please? I'll pay by card.

ROPER looks on admiringly. PINE turns and smiles at CORKY. CORKY raises his glass to PINE and then to ROPER.

CORKORAN

To the victor. And to the blind man who cannot see the human grenade in front of his bloody eyes.

He stares at ROPER. Who takes a cursory glance then walks away.

21 **INT. LONDON. RIVER HOUSE. PALFREY'S OFFICE. DAY.** 21

HARRY PALFREY sits in his office.

He is opening a brown envelope from what appears to be a standard internal postal memo about health insurance.

Inside is a letter. Apparently procedural. He stares at it.

"Annual health check with Dr Boatman confirmed. 3pm. The Old Clinic."

PALFREY stares at the note. Stares out at GALT and DROMGOOLE. (If not possible in eye-line, similar to evoke sense of his paranoia).

22 **INT. LONDON. SQUARE. DAY.** 22

HARRY PALFREY enters a London square. Approaches a bench. He sits. A WOMAN sits next to him. Puts her newspaper down between them. ANGELA BURR.

ANGELA BURR

Nice and prompt Harry.

And now we see ANGELA BURR is sitting on the bench. PALFREY checks every street as he speaks.

PALFREY

What are you doing contacting me like that? That's a dead protocol.

ANGELA BURR

I was in a hurry. Want to see why?

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PALFREY picks up the newspaper. Inside is the document of Roper's that PINE photographed. PALFREY stares at it. Halo. Felix.

PALFREY
How did you get these?

BURR
Who are Halo and Felix?

PALFREY looks round, scared.

BURR (CONT'D)
It's all right, I'm on my own.

Beat. Someone passes, they pause. Then:

BURR (CONT'D)
Richard Roper's buying arms under the counter from British and American arms companies. People on the inside are aiding and abetting. And getting paid to do so. Five million dollars.

PALFREY
I shouldn't be here.

PALFREY stands.

BURR
Sit.. Down.

She puts her hand on his. Gently.

BURR (CONT'D)
Harry, listen to me. I like you. I've always liked you, even when I was at the River House. You're a decent man. But you're too easily led.

PALFREY
I didn't want to be a part of it. I swear.

BURR
Who's Halo?

Beat.

PALFREY
Dromgoole.

BURR
Money to cover all River House expenses yes? Including you?

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Beat. Yes, including him.

BURR (CONT'D)
And who's Felix?

PALFREY
Langley in London.

BURR
Barbara Vandon. What's Dromgoole
doing for his money?

PALFREY
Falsifying MOD end-user
certificates.

BURR
Did you help him with that?

He did.

BURR (CONT'D)
Harry that's corruption, serious
fraud and a gross abuse of
government. It's also a long
custodial sentence and a
humiliating end to a decent career.
Is that really what you want?

Beat.

BURR (CONT'D)
Unless...

PALFREY is hooked. He stares, needy.

PALFREY
What do you want?

23

INT. MALLORCA. PALMA. HOTEL. EVENING.

23

A small, glamorous boutique hotel in Palma. ROPER and PINE
walk and talk quietly, with LANGBOURNE and JED behind. ROPER
preoccupied, a result of the phone call in the restaurant.

PINE
Everything all right?

ROPER
Yes fine. We fly tomorrow at ten.
Private jet from the airfield.

Beat. ROPER thinking on his feet.

ROPER (CONT'D)
I have to talk to Sandy. Buy her a
quick drink would you?

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PINE
Of course.

ROPER
I'll only be half an hour.

PINE smiles. ROPER pats him.

ROPER (CONT'D)
You're a handsome man Andrew. What
would I give to look like you.

PINE not sure what to say.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Mind you. Might not have made my
millions might I?

He smiles and grabs SANDY LANGBOURNE.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Darling the old men need to talk.
Andrew here is offering to buy you
a drink on the terrace. Accept
quick, I see there might be other
takers.

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

24

EXT. MALLORCA. PALMA. HOTEL. TERRACE. NIGHT.

24

JED and PINE are sitting as a waiter brings cocktails. JED
looks through the window at ROPER in conversation with
LANGBOURNE in the bar.

JED
You think Corky told him?

PINE
No I don't think so. He likes you
too much.

JED
What is it you're after Andrew? You
after his money? Or is there
something else going on?

PINE
I don't think I can tell you that.

JED
You don't trust me?

PINE
I don't want to get you hurt.

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Beat.

JED

Roper's got a crush on you. You know that?

PINE

Maybe.

JED

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

PINE stares at ROPER. He knows it's true.

JED (CONT'D)

So my question is - are you trying to sleep with me just to get close to him?

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

PINE

What if I was?

JED

Heat rising between them.

JED (CONT'D)

This trip you're taking. When will you be back?

PINE

I'm not sure I'll be back at all.

This hits her like a bullet. She stares at him.

JED

How long are they talking for?

PINE

He said half an hour.

JED

Follow me.

She stands.

PINE

What if he sees us?

JED

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

She walks out of the terrace.

25

INT. MALLORCA. PALMA. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

25

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

JED

Which one is yours?

PINE

This one.

JED

Open it.

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

26

INT. MALLORCA. PALMA. HOTEL. PINE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

26

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

JED

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

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

They begin to make love.

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

27

EXT. MALLORCA. PALMA. HOTEL. TERRACE. NIGHT.

27

ROPER and LANGBOURNE sit in a corner.

LANGBOURNE

What's the problem Richard?

ROPER

I got a call from the River. They're worried about a man called Mayhew. Think he might be up to something. Call the Haven, tell them we're moving it forward.

Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D)

What do you think of our new front man?

LANGBOURNE

I like him. Drinks less than Corky.

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ROPER

He doesn't drink at all.

LANGBOURNE stares at ROPER who broods quietly.

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

ROPER (CONT'D)

Thought you'd eloped.

JED

I got a headache. My gallant found me a Nurofen.

ROPER

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

He kisses her. PINE watches, not a glimmer.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Good night then Andrew. See you in the morning.

JED

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

She smiles at him. Impeccably.

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

PINE watches them go.

28 **INT. LONDON. LIBRARY. DAY.**

28

STEADMAN walks into a library.

He walks to a section of reference books, walks to Aisle J. Looks for section 126.

Reaches between two books and pulls out an envelope.

And walks away.

29 **INT. LONDON. THE NEW IEA OFFICES. DAY.**

29

The Mayhew-funded new IEA offices are up and running. Computers, large screens, satellite tracking. Hi-tech. Nothing like the grubby old IEA. Six or seven new OFFICERS including GRACE and GARDENER are in a Group meeting.

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STEADMAN leads it, others including SINGHAL, report. STEADMAN takes out the envelope that he just found. There are seven export certificates. Different names. It's the gold they have been looking for.

STEADMAN

Ok we are looking at seven arms sales, all in the last month. MOD end-user certificates, fast-tracked by the River. DRE, Gardener-Fisher, Lessing Logistical, RZH Aviation, Severance, Blue Oregon, and Pureweather. You can see on the certificates it says the end-users are the governments of Bulgaria and Italy. We now know that not to be the case. They're being exported via a company called Farrago Holdings. Export license granted, they can ship any time.

IEA OFFICER GARDENER

How did you get these?

BURR

A boatman gave them to me.

She smiles.

STEADMAN

All right so the toys are in transit. The question is - where are they really going? And how the hell are they getting there? Rob?

SINGHAL

We're focusing on three ships.

He shows pictures.

SINGHAL (CONT'D)

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

BURR

Why these three?

SINGHAL

All three are registered in Cyprus. To Farrago Holdings.

He has the ship's registrations.

BURR

Let me see that.

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SINGHAL

Farrago is a front company, it's impossible to trace the directors, all searches lead nowhere.

Beat. BURR stares at the registrations.

BURR

What's the official cargo?

SINGHAL

Cereal crops and farm machinery. All three ships have already gone off their bearings in the Atlantic Ocean. I'd say two are smokescreens and one's the real thing.

BURR

What about Roper? Grace?

GRACE

He's in Palma. A private-jet left Palma this morning. The plane is registered to Tradepass Holdings. Director is one Andrew Birch.

BURR

Birch? Who's he?

GRACE

We've run searches on him, nothing's come back.

BURR

Who's on the plane?

GRACE

Birch, Langbourne and Richard Roper.

BURR

Where's it going?

GRACE

Istanbul.

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

BURR

That's where Apo's going. Let's split units. Rob, you get to Istanbul now. Take Pearl and a team with you.

SINGHAL

What am I looking for?

BURR

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

30 **INT. MID FLIGHT. PRIVATE JET. DAY.**

30

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

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

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

ROPER nods. Stares at PINE.

ROPER

Ready to shine?

He smiles.

31 **INT. LONDON. FOREIGN OFFICE. CORRIDOR. DAY.**

31

REX MAYHEW is walking the FCO corridors of power, heading to a meeting for which he may be slightly late.

32 **INT. LONDON. PERMANENT SECRETARY'S OFFICE. DAY.**

32

The PERMANENT SECRETARY is in her office. MAYHEW enters. There is a stiff-lipped hostility in MAYHEW, a man wronged.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

Rex how are you?

REX MAYHEW

Very well thank you.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

You want a drink?

REX MAYHEW

I'm fine.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

I just wanted to check you were all right. You don't seem quite yourself.

REX MAYHEW

Really?

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PERMANENT SECRETARY

Listen, if it's about this whole Limpet business with the River and Langley. I'm sorry if I upset you.

MAYHEW smiles.

REX MAYHEW

Not at all.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

This woman Angela Burr from the IEA. You know her personally?

REX MAYHEW

A little, yes.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

You know what she's up to?

REX MAYHEW

Aside from the fact that she's working on Limpet, not really. Micro-management isn't my style.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

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

She shows some papers on his desk.

REX MAYHEW

Are you serious?

PERMANENT SECRETARY

I'm just trying to keep everyone happy.

REX MAYHEW

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

PERMANENT SECRETARY

You really believe that?

REX MAYHEW

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

Beat.

PERMANENT SECRETARY

What do you mean?

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Beat.

PERMANENT SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Is there something you're not
telling me?

Beat.

REX MAYHEW
Pamela. If I show you this, it has
to be for your eyes only. This is
operational material and there are
lives at stake.

MAYHEW takes out the Tradepass papers. Hands them over.
Silence as the PERMANENT SECRETARY looks at the papers.

PERMANENT SECRETARY
My god.

REX MAYHEW
We know who Halo and Felix are.

She stops him from saying.

PERMANENT SECRETARY
Not in here.

Beat.

PERMANENT SECRETARY (CONT'D)
You say this is operational?

REX MAYHEW
Alive and kicking.

PERMANENT SECRETARY
All right. Keep Angela Burr where
she is.

REX MAYHEW nods. Walks out. The PERMANENT SECRETARY holds her
head in her hands. Anxiety pours through her like hot blood.

She stares at the names. Halo. Felix.

Then she picks up her phone.

33

EXT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. DAY.

33

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

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

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

PINE

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

He hands over the credit card.

PINE (CONT'D)

We also have a the Ataturk conference room booked for Tradepass Holdings for tomorrow at 11am.

RECEPTION

Yes sir it will be ready for you.

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

ROPER

All done?

PINE nods. ROPER turns and gets to the lift. The lift doors close. As they do, we see that ROB SINGHAL is sitting in the foyer calmly reading a newspaper and watching their every move.

INT. ISTANBUL HOTEL. LIFT.

ROPER and PINE are alone in the lift. Suddenly ROPER presses the emergency stop.

ROPER stares at him.

He opens his briefcase. Hands PINE an envelope.

PINE

What's this?

ROPER

Why we're here.

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

ROPER leans in.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Not exactly tractors I know. The ship docks tonight. Tomorrow we go shopping. You ready?

PINE

I'm ready.

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PINE quiet. Knowing he's close now.

ROPER smiles.

ROPER

Good boy.

He leaves his hand on PINE just for a moment. Then presses the button and the lift continues on its way.

INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL ROOM.

PINE enters his room. It's a huge suite, a luxury he has not seen before. This is the world of Andrew Birch now.

A hotel BUTLER unpacks his suits that hang impeccably on the hooks.

Champagne sits in the bucket.

The message: "Welcome to Istanbul Mr Andrew Birch: is on the screen.

PINE stares in the mirror.

36 **INT. LONDON. RIVER HOUSE. PALFREY'S OFFICE. DAWN.** 36

HARRY PALFREY sits at his desk. GALT pops his head round.

GALT

Boss's office. Now.

37 **INT. LONDON. RIVER HOUSE. DROMGOOLE'S OFFICE. DAWN.** 37

DROMGOOLE

Close the door.

PALFREY walks in. GALT and others are there. DROMGOOLE takes out some papers. They are copies of the Tradepass papers.

DROMGOOLE (CONT'D)

Angela Burr has got hold of this.

GALT stares at the papers.

GALT

How the hell....?

DROMGOOLE

We suspect a Spanish involvement.

Beat.

DROMGOOLE (CONT'D)

Which means we have a problem.

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PALFREY

They came straight to Dromgoole. I got the feeling they came from above.

BURR

From above? Is that what he said?

PALFREY nods. And BURR realises exactly what this means.

42 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. PINE'S ROOM. MORNING.**

42

It's morning. A knock at the door.

PINE, nearly dressed, opens. It's FRISKY.

FRISKY

You ready to go dream-boy?

PINE

Nearly.

FRISKY walks in. PINE is finishing dressing and not in a hurry.

51 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. DAY.**

51

PINE and ROPER are walking through reception.

ROPER

Oh by the way. Apo isn't going to make it. Screwing his tart somewhere probably. We have a Turkish substitute.

PINE senses a lie. Hides his tension. Looks round. ROOK is in the corner of the room but there's no chance to make a signal.

PINE

My father used to say: Lawyers are three a penny. But they cost the earth.

ROPER

Wise man. We don't need Apo. We don't need anyone. We just need you. And me.

52 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. ATATURK MEETING ROOM. DAY.**

52

In a very swanky meeting room, there are sets of papers on the desk. Notaries from the company Farrago Holdings, and those of Tradepass. ROPER and PINE and LANGBOURNE on one side.

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

SWISS BANKER

Mr Ertun will sign as representative of Farrago Holdings, full jurisdiction. I will sign as witness from the Private Members Bank. Mr Langbourne informs me that Mr Birch will sign for himself as director of Tradepass Limited.

TURKISH LAWYER

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

LANGBOURNE

I wouldn't worry about that if I were you.

TURKISH LAWYER

Mr Langbourne I was brought on at late notice, I need time to study the documents. Please ask Mr Apostol to call me on the phone, and explain to me the nature of the deal, and I will be happy to proceed.

This was not the plan. ROPER stays calm. PINE watches.

LANGBOURNE

Mr Apostol is indisposed.

ROPER nods at FRISKY. FRISKY hands the TURKISH LAWYER a briefcase. The TURKISH LAWYER opens it. It's full of money.

The TURKISH LAWYER looks up.

TURKISH LAWYER

Then I will wait until he can talk to me.

He moves to get up.

And then RICHARD ROPER nods. And FRISKY quietly places his hand on the LAWYER's. It's subtle but unbelievably violent.

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ROPER

Mr Ertun let me explain. Tradepass is buying farm machinery from Farrago Holdings. You're being VERY well paid to ratify the deal. What could be simpler than that?

ROPER smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)

We were told you were the right man for the job. Were we misled?

FRISKY's hand. The sense of terror. PINE looks on. The TURKISH LAWYER shakes his head.

ROPER (CONT'D)

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

PINE stares at ROPER who nods at him. PINE walks forward, makes the signature where shown. LANGBOURNE shows him.

SWISS BANKER

Here, here and here. This is just the bank authorisation for our records in Geneva. And one more thing.

He produces a digital recording device. Holds it out.

SWISS BANKER (CONT'D)

To authorise the transfer of funds from the Tradepass account, Mr Birch will need to give an auditory signature on proof of purchase tonight. To set that up I need you to read something for me.

PINE walks forward.

SWISS BANKER (CONT'D)

Please read this.

PINE reads. The SWISS BANKER records.

PINE

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

SWISS BANKER

You want to do it again. More relaxed maybe?

PINE

No that's fine. May I see a current bank statement?

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Beat. The SWISS BANKER looks across nervously.

ROPER
It's his company.

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

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

PINE
Thank you very much.

He smiles.

47

INT. LONDON. FCO. MAYHEW'S OFFICE. DAY.

47

BURR is standing opposite MAYHEW who is pale with shock. Both deadly quiet. Extreme danger.

MAYHEW
Are you sure it was her?

BURR
Who else could it have been?
I said no one Rex. I said not a
bloody soul must see those papers.

MAYHEW
I was defending you. She was going
to get rid of you.

Beat. BURR nods. A shared dismay fills the room.

MAYHEW (CONT'D)
What happens now?

BURR
I'm getting Apo out of there quick-
time, I'll fly him somewhere safe,
new ID, new life, I'll put it all
on him, protect Pine, make Apo seem
like the only mole in the
operation. We might just be OK.

BURR's mind whizzing now. But now her phone rings. It's STEADMAN.

BURR (CONT'D)
Joel? What is it?

48 **INT. NEW IEA OFFICES. LONDON. DAY.** 48

STEADMAN

The Spanish lawyer booked a flight to Istanbul but never took it. His cell's not answering. And his office in Madrid has no idea where he is.

49 **INT. LONDON. FCO. MAYHEW'S OFFICE. DAY.** 49

BURR's face goes pale. MAYHEW watches.

STEADMAN

I'm going to Madrid now.

BURR

Call me when you get there.

BURR hangs up. Stares at MAYHEW.

53 **EXT. ISTANBUL. HARBOURSIDE. NIGHT.** 53

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

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

54 **INT. ISTANBUL. HARBOURSIDE. ROPER'S CAR. NIGHT.** 54

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

PINE watches as the car turns a corner and slows.

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

FRISKY pulls up, unwinds the window.

FRISKY

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

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

The MAN nods, waves them through.

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

ROPER

Ok let's go.

They get out of the car.

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

PINE stares at it.

FRISKY

Single file. Hands clear and
visible.

They walks slowly towards the ship.

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

LATVIAN LEADER

Mr Langbourne, welcome.

LANGBOURNE

Long trip at sea?

LATVIAN LEADER

Yes of course. We got a little lost
in the ocean.

He laughs. Then stops.

LATVIAN LEADER (CONT'D)

But we got here in the end. Who is
Mr Birch?

PINE nods, walks forward.

PINE

That's me.

LATVIAN LEADER

You are a great enthusiast for
tractors and agricultural material?

He smiles. Good English.

PINE

That's correct.

LATVIAN LEADER

You want to feed the world? Like
Bono?

LANGBOURNE

Let's just get on with it shall we?

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

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LATVIAN LEADER

This way.

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

56

INT. ISTANBUL. HOLD, LEILA JANE. NIGHT.

56

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

One container is opened. ROPER and PINE look. It is stacked full of guns. AMG's. State of the art weaponry. All with British MOD certificates.

PINE watches.

ROPER

Likee?

PINE nods.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Frisky check the others, make sure they're all bona fide.

He smiles at PINE as FRISKY disappears into the darkness.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Signing time.

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

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

Then LANGBOURNE passes him a satellite phone.

FRISKY holds up the number.

PINE reads and dials.

A voice on the other end. The SWISS BANKER.

57

INT. ISTANBUL. TURKISH LAWYER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

57

SWISS BANKER and ERTUN await in the office.

SWISS BANKER

Who is it?

58

INT. ISTANBUL. HOLD, LEILA JANE. NIGHT.

58

PINE

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

SWISS BANKER

The purchase has been authorised. Please put Jan on the line.

PINE holds out the phone to the LATVIAN LEADER.

PINE

You are Jan?

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

And then he smiles at PINE.

JAN

It's all yours my friend.

ROPER

Good. Get the trucks. Let's get this stuff on shore.

59

EXT. ISTANBUL. HARBOURSIDE. LEILA JANE. NIGHT

59

ROPER and PINE watch from their car as the trucks move out of the boat.

60

INT. ISTANBUL. HARBOURSIDE. ROPER'S CAR. NIGHT.

60

ROPER whispers in PINE's ear as they sit alone in the car surrounded by darkness. There is a strange intimacy to this moment. Almost like lovers on a late-night tryst.

ROPER

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

PINE

Feels good.

ROPER

Getting a taste for it Andrew?

He smiles. The trucks continue to pile off the boat in the distance.

PINE

Where are they going?

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ROPER

To the Haven. We'll fly out there tomorrow. The buyer will meet us there.

He leans in and whispers.

ROPER (CONT'D)

You see this is where the fun really begins.

He smiles. PINE's eyes shine in the night.

ROPER (CONT'D)

I had my doubts about you, you know that.

PINE

I don't blame you.

ROPER

Corkoran's jealousy is infectious. Hard to shift. Of course really Corky's jealousy is lust. What he would give for a night with you.

He smiles. Beat.

ROPER (CONT'D)

What about you? What's your tippie? Men? Women? Young? Old? We can get you anything here.

PINE

I'm fine thanks.

ROPER

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

PINE

You'll have to trust this one.

ROPER

But you like it being here don't you?

PINE

Very much.

ROPER

Feel more at home here than you did in the army.

PINE

I feel more at home here than anywhere in my life.

The Night Manager ep 4 final

He stares at ROPER. And my god, it might well be true.

61 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. PINE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.** 61

PINE enters his Istanbul hotel room. Breathes deep.

Stares at himself in the mirror. Himself as ANDREW BIRCH.
Does he like a little too much what he sees in front of him?

Then the hotel phone rings.

He picks up.

PINE
Andrew Birch. Who is this?

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

62 **INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. BEDROOM. NIGHT** 62

JED
Jonathan.

63 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. PINE'S ROOM. NIGHT.** 63

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

PINE
Get off the line.

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

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

He breathes deep. Then hangs up. The phone rings again. He
does not answer.

It rings and rings and rings.

64 **INT. LONDON. NEW IEA OFFICES. NIGHT.** 64

BURR is sitting by a phone. Her new OFFICER, GRACE sits with
her.

GRACE
Don't you get tired?

A beat. BURR returns from wherever she was in her head.

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BURR

Tired?

GRACE

How many weeks are you?

BURR

Uh... twenty-something. Twenty six.
I think.

GRACE

You should go home. I'll call you
when Steadman reaches Madrid.

BURR

No, I'd rather be here. Thank you.

GRACE

Doesn't your husband mind?

BURR

Mind what?

GRACE

Your always being here. I know mine
would.

BURR

He knows why I do this. He knows
about the school sports day.

GRACE, curious. Sports day?

BURR (CONT'D)

He shouldn't - Mr Burr is not
cleared for anything besides
cooking risotto and taking out the
rubbish - but I had to tell him
about the sports day.

BURR sees her confusion. A long beat as she braces herself
for the re-telling. It comes out slowly, almost dreamily.

BURR (CONT'D)

I was in Baghdad. 2003. Must have
been about your age. I was attached
to the United Nations Monitoring,
Verification and Inspection
Commission. Catchy title. We got
these reports of an incident near
Rayat, up by the Iranian border.
Kurdistan. Satellites couldn't make
anything of it. The Head of Station
sent me... Actually, that's not
quite true, I volunteered. Gordon
was bloody furious when I told him.
But, you know, what's the point
otherwise?

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She drifts to a stop. GRACE fidgets, bringing BURR back.

BURR (CONT'D)

When we got there, it was a school sports day. Or it had been. Running races, long jump, picnics. Must have been a lovely day. Until somebody dropped two gas shells over the sports field, one containing sulfur mustard, one with Methylphosphonofluoridate. Either of you know your organic chemistry?

GRACE, pale as a ghost.

GRACE

Sarin.

BURR

The idea of the mixture is to stop people getting masks on, you see. You mustard gas burned the children's hands and face, melted the skin. Which allowed the Sarin to attack the breathing muscles. Lot of the kids had lung tissue around their mouths, on their faces.

(long beat)

And that's when I first saw Richard Roper in the flesh.

She's almost smiling now. This is very weird.

GRACE

Roper... had supplied the gas?

BURR

Oh no. Roper had nothing to do with it. Sorry, I thought... That's the whole point.

GRACE is flummoxed.

BURR (CONT'D)

Roper started selling Sarin after the sports day. Because of it. He saw what I saw - one hundred and twelve children, fifty-eight adults - and he thought to himself: business.

(beat)

That's the Roper.

She pauses. Gulp in the throat.

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BURR (CONT'D)

So Mr Burr knows, I'm married to him, and I'll have his child. But he also knows I have to be here.

Beat. The phone rings. Startles GRACE, who then jumps up to answer it.

GRACE

It's SINGHAL on line 3. There's a problem in Istanbul.

65 OMITTED 65

66 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. PINE'S ROOM. DAWN** 66

PINE wakes from a deep and horrible sleep, face sweating. The ringing is continuing. His hotel phone is ringing. He turns, sees the time. 6 am. He picks it up.

VOICE (ON PHONE)

Your newspaper's outside your door sir.

The phone rings off. PINE gets up, opens the door. There is indeed a newspaper outside the room. And written in pen on the corner of the newspaper is "Room 605".

But PINE's room is very clearly 421.

67 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. DAWN.** 67

PINE walks out of the hotel room into the corridor in hastily assembled clothes. It's barely light. The hotel sleeps still, just the odd MAID vacuuming the corridors.

PINE walks to the lift.

68 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. LIFT. DAWN.** 68

PINE enters the lift and presses 6.

69 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. 6TH FLOOR CORRIDOR. DAWN.** 69

PINE walks out the lift and walks along the corridor. He reaches Room 605.

He knocks.

The door opens. It is SINGHAL.

70

INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. SINGHAL'S ROOM. DAWN.

70

PINE walks in to see PEARL, SINGHAL and GARDENER in the room.

SINGHAL

What the hell are you playing at?

PINE

What are you talking about?

SINGHAL nods. GARDENER walks to a laptop. Clicks the mouse.

A voice plays on a recording. Female. JED.

JED (ON LAPTOP)

Jonathan.

PINE (ON LAPTOP)

Get off the line.

JED (ON LAPTOP)

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

Then her breathing, his breathing.

The OPERATIVE presses stop.

SINGHAL

Well?

PINE

Well what?

SINGHAL

Are you conducting a relationship with that girl?

PINE

What business is that of yours?

SINGHAL

Oh dear God.

He walks to a phone. Picks up.

SINGHAL (CONT'D)

Yes he's here. Yes it's what we thought.

Hands it to PINE.

It's BURR in the IEA offices in London.

The Night Manager ep 4 final

BURR

Now you listen to me Jonathan. This is what you're going to do. You're going to return to your room, collect your passport and money, nothing else, you hear me? Then you walk downstairs, meet Rob and Pearl in the foyer and they'll put you in a taxi which will take you to the airport.

PINE

Why would I do that?

BURR

We're pulling you out. You've blown it.

PINE

I don't think so.

BURR

His girlfriend calls from Roper's house phone in the middle of the night and you think you're safe?

PINE

If I leave now you have nothing.

BURR

I have you no longer screwing up my operation that's what I have.

PINE

Without me you don't have an operation. The arms were taken off a boat called the Leila Jane in Istanbul harbour late last night. They're being taken by road to a place called the Haven. If I stay on the inside I can take you to the arms, and deliver you Roper and whoever's buying them - caught in the act. But without me you have nothing. You don't have Roper in possession of weaponry, you can't arrest him for corporate fraud, his name's not connected to Tradepass. You've got no phone taps, no witnesses. His deal will go ahead and you'll be powerless to stop it.

Beat.

PINE (CONT'D)

Am I wrong?

The Night Manager ep 4 final

BURR

Just leave. That's an order.

PINE stares at SINGHAL and PEARL.

SINGHAL

Foyer. Five minutes.

He walks out, furious. PEARL eyes JONATHAN.

71

INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. CORRIDOR. MORNING.

71

PINE walks along the corridor. He has reached his room.

Goes to open the door.

Pauses.

Then suddenly he turns and walks fast down the corridor to another room. Knocks. Waits.

TABBY answers.

TABBY

What the hell do you want?

PINE

Need to speak to the chief. Now.

TABBY

He's asleep.

PINE

Then get him up.

72

INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. ROPER'S ROOM. MORNING.

72

ROPER, sleepy, in a dressing gown.

ROPER

This better be important.

PINE

We're being watched.

ROPER

What are you talking about?

PINE

British man and woman in the foyer.
He's mid-fifties, glasses, she's
forties, they're English and I'd
lay good money they're law
enforcement.

The Night Manager ep 4 final

ROPER
How come you're so sure?

PINE
I've developed a nose for them.

ROPER's eyes focus.

ROPER
Are they still there now?

PINE
It felt to me like they were
waiting for backup.

ROPER
Tabby check them out.

TABBY walks out. PINE stares at ROPER.

ROPER (CONT'D)
What were you doing up so early?

PINE
Couldn't sleep. Thought I'd take a
walk in the old city.

ROPER
Why couldn't you sleep?

PINE
It's not uncommon with me.

ROPER
That's something you're going to
have to learn. You take the
pressure in the daytime, but when
the heads hits the pillow,
oblivion. Or you'll never last. Not
in this game.

The phone rings. He answers.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Yes?

73

INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. RECEPTION. MORNING.

73

TABBY is in the foyer, staring at the waiting SINGHAL and PEARL.

TABBY
They're spooks all right.

TABBY takes photos with a digital camera.

74 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. ROPER'S ROOM. MORNING.** 74

 ROPER

 All right. Full evacuation. Back
 entrances. Ten minutes, I want us
 all on the road.

 He puts the phone down.

75 **INT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. BACK. MORNING.** 75

 ROPER and PINE are walking fast through the back of the hotel
 towards the exit. They walk out the back as a car sweeps
 round to meet them.

76 **EXT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. CAR PARK. MORNING.** 76

 TABBY is in the car. LANGBOURNE is already walking suitcase
 in hand.

 LANGBOURNE

 What's all this about Dicky?

 ROPER

 We'll work that out later. Let's
 go.

 Then PINE turns to see the OPERATIVE GARDENER walking round
 the corner and spying them.

 PINE

 That's the backup.

 ROPER

 Get in the car.

 PINE

 He's got a radio.

 And PINE is instantly sprinting towards the OPERATIVE
 GARDENER and taking him out with one punch. The OPERATIVE
 GARDENER doubles over, PINE smashes another punch, gives one
 more blow to the gut, then turns, walks fast to the waiting
 car and climbs in.

 The car tears out the back courtyard of the hotel, followed
 by another car with FRISKY inside.

77 **EXT. ISTANBUL. HOTEL. FRONT. MORNING.** 77

 SINGHAL is running, but too late the cars are flying into the
 distance. They've lost him. He calls on his phone.

 SINGHAL

 He's gone.

