

THE NIGHT MANAGER

Written by

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Based on the novel by

John Le Carré

Episode 2

THE INK FACTORY
Developed in association with BBC/AMC

A beautiful mirrored bathroom.

A young woman is in the bubble-strewn, gold-tapped bath, casually shaving her legs in the hot water.

She climbs fast out of the bath.

She chucks on a bath-robe, walks into the cabin bedroom.

She sits at a make-up table and chucks on her make-up.

She removes the bath-robe.

She quickly moisturises her skin.

She chooses her underwear for the night.

White so as not to show?

Or black so as to?

She chooses white.

Her mobile phone rings, buzzes on the side table. It says M on her phone.

She stares at it.

She stares at herself in the mirror.

JED

ROPER (CONT'D)

Ah there you are. I thought you'd drowned in that bath.

JED

I'm afraid I've got something to tell you darling. I've a new date for tonight. He's young and he's seriously hot.

She holds DANIEL'S hand. DANIEL blushes. Loves it but then steps back, slightly scared of his father's reaction.

ROPER

Well I wouldn't put it past him. Now come on I'm bloody starving.

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They walk the pine strewn path down to two boats waiting by the water. The cicadas chirrup in the afternoon heat.

ROPER and DANIEL lead the way. Father and son.

CORKORAN and JED behind. She snuggles up to him, breasts against his side, as you only can do to a gay man.

JED

Corky. You couldn't get me some more of those pills could you?

CORKORAN

Mother's little helper?

JED

Be a love.

CORKORAN

You don't want love, you want a walking pharmacy. Are you all right chicken?

JED

Just can't sleep. It's the heat.

He smiles. Trusty man. No further questions asked.

JED (CONT'D)

Two motor boats speed across the bay towards the waiting shoreline. Remote, but with one remarkable restaurant awaiting them on the cliff above the sand.

ROPER drives one boat himself. SANDY LANGBOURNE drives the other boat, that speeds alongside, they mimic a kind of race,

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ROPER

Good, we will all have that to start. And then the meat dishes and the lobster and octopus, no need for menus, just give us the selection. And as much salad as you can throw at us. Keeps us young. Danny. You sit next to Jed since she's so hot for you.

CORKORAN

Boss you want to do the honours?

ROPER

Go ahead Corky if it gives you such a thrill.

CORKY uncorks the first bottle of champagne. Cheers on all sides. ROPER smiles at JED looking stunning as the sun sets behind her.

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Later. We are in the meat course. The table is awash with conversation. The evening coming on, mosquito candles are out, the cicadas are going crazy, it's still warm and DANIEL'S eyes sparkle in the lamp-light.

SANDY

It's hypocritical. If you're happy eating venison, then why flinch at killing the stag?

JED

If you want to murder helpless animals, go ahead. Just don't dress it up as preparing dinner.

CAROLINE

Jed, I officially love you.

CORKORAN

Chief, OK if we baptise the young prince in the ways of the grape?

A pause. CORKORAN has a bottle poised over DANIEL'S glass. ROPER gives nothing away. CORKORAN whispers to DANIEL:

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

Pretty sure that's a yes.

CORKORAN pours. Just an inch. The adults raise their glasses to DANIEL'S first drink. He sips, unsure whether his father has approved. JED gets to her feet, a little drunk.

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SANDY

Dicky, please assure Jed that I do not have a "blood lust".

CORKORAN eyes Sandy's NANNY.

CORKORAN

You are a man of many lusts, Sandy. It's why we love you.

JED whispers into ROPER's ear. He laughs.

JED

What do you think?

ROPER

Well go on then.

She signals to DANIEL, who follows. As he passes ROPER:

ROPER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Drinking my wine, stealing my woman. Whatever next?

ROPER and DANIEL eye each other. Something terribly fragile about the boy here.

JED goes to talk to the waiter, conspiratorial look in her eyes. CARO is having a go at SANDY, via their NANNY.

CAROLINE

Lord Langbourne is a snob, basically. Three generations of Eton or you're not on the map.

ROPER'S ears hear this, they prick slightly.

SANDY

Caro, darling...

ROPER

I'm not even one generation, Sandy. What does that make me?

An alpha male challenge here, coded in wit. SANDY'S too smart not to notice it.

SANDY

You're paying the bill, Dicky. You are the map.

He raises a glass. They all toast ROPER, as --

SANDY (CONT'D)

To Richard!

Music begins. Spanish music, pop-traditional fusion, and asking to be danced to.

And there is JED. She takes DANIEL's hand and starts to dance amidst the tables. Others join, CORKY dancing alone in a joyous abandon, camp as hell, SANDY and the NANNY dancing, ROPER alone sitting smiling, smoking a lovely cigarette.

Staring at his empire.

Behind him TWO MEN walk into the restaurant. Are led to another table.

The music heightens in pace, JED leaps on to the table and dances for ROPER, the crowd whistle and applaud, she is playing out the whore her mother claimed her to be. And how.

Wild clapping, roaring of encouragement, ROPER humouring her, Daniel is here... but he needs to learn.

DANIEL turns away, slightly embarrassed, smiling but abashed. That's when he sees the TWO MEN smiling at him.

JED's body is alive, released, her hair wild in the evening light.

An euphoria.

When suddenly the music stops.

JED turns, looks round.

And her face goes white in horror.

The TWO MEN, ALBANI AN, are staring at the party, guns in hand.

And one of them has DANIEL in his arms. DANIEL is silent. Pure terror.

Instantly FRISKY and TABBY's hands are on their holsters.

But the ALBANI ANS see the move and train their guns on FRISKY and TABBY, screaming with adrenaline madness...

ALBANI ANS
GUNS DOWN!! Put the guns down! On
the FLOOR!!

The ALBANI ANS, sweating, see FRISKY and TABBY with their hands on their guns.

ALBANI AN 1
WHY YOU HAVE GUNS?? You police??

A long beat. ROPER stands.

ROPER
They're with me.

The ALBANIANS swivel to ROPER - wired, crazed with tension, ready to go at any moment.

ALBANI AN 1
Guns on the floor!

ROPER
Do as he says. Everyone stay still.
No one do anything silly.

They throw their guns on the floor.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Corks.

CORKORAN
(to the other DINERS)

.

Turns to stare at the ALBANI AN 1. The WAITER takes money from the till. A few hundred Euros.

ALBANI AN 1

No response.

JED (CONT'D)
Bring him back you bastards!

TABBY goes for his gun that's on the floor. ROPER snarls.

ROPER
Don't be so bloody stupid!

The ALBANIANS are dragging DANIEL down the pine-needled path.

When they turn and see a small outhouse below the restaurant.
A dark window. Something about it.

ALBANI AN 1
What is it? WHAT IS IT?

HEAD WAITER
It's the wash-house.

And the eye belongs to JONATHAN PINE.

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BURR
You're not going to be a pudding
traitor are you?

ANGELA BURR, 3 months pregnant, stares across at JONATHAN PINE as the main course dishes are cleared away, the Alpine snow stretching behind them through the window of this very different, rather sober restaurant. The restaurant from the end of Episode 1.

PINE smiles.

PINE
Good Lord no.

BURR turns to the waiter.

BURR
We'll have the puree of chestnut.
Two spoons. And coffee. Strong. Two
sugars in mine...

PINE
No sugar for me.

BURR raises her eyebrows The waiter leaves. Beat.

BURR
So why did you do it?

PINE
Do what?

BURR
Why does Jonathan Pine, the
respected hotelier, risk his career
by snitching on his guests. First
Cairo. Now here.

PINE
I don't know.

BURR
Yes you do.

PINE
Something stirred I suppose.

BURR leans in quietly.

BURR

Mr Burr always wanted to come to the Swiss lakes. Likes the peace and quiet, does Mr Burr.

PINE

You don't?

BURR

All this snow and silence? Makes me

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BURR (CONT'D)

So if Roper checked Meisters for a biography Cairo wouldn't come up.

PINE

No.

BURR

What about Freddie Hamid?

PINE

I was just a man in a uniform. He never knew my name.

BURR

With a bit of airbrushing you'll clean.

PINE

Clean for what?

BURR turns to look at the Meisters Hotel as they pass it.

BURR

Do you handle cash at the hotel?

PINE

Sometimes. Some guests still prefer it.

BURR

And that cash goes in the safe?

PINE

Until the end of the month.

BURR

Suppose you stole some of it? All of it? Would anyone notice straight away?

PINE

If I was clever. No. They wouldn't.

BURR

Luckily, you are clever, Jonathan. I checked.

At the top of the mountain is a small monk's cell of a place. PINE's apartment. BURR and he approach it.

BURR

Don't get many visitors, do we?

They enter PINE's apartment. BARR takes off her coat. Stares at the small, sparsely decorated room. Eyes scanning, absorbing everything she can.

PINE
I'll make some coffee.

He goes to make coffee, struggles to find a second cup. She notices. She goes to the bookcase. Takes out her phone and discreetly snaps four shots of PINE'S reading landscape.

BARR
You a fan of Hardy?

PINE
My shot at nostalgia I suppose.

BARR
Mr Burr teaches Hardy.

PINE
So he is a fan.

BARR
No, he can't stand him. Man as mouse and god as uncaring bastard, that's what he says.

She sees another book.

BARR (CONT'D)
TE Lawrence. Of Arabia. The Lonely genius who wished only to be a number.

She takes the book.

PINE
Would you put that back please.

BARR
Whose initials are these?

PINE
My father's actually. Will you put it back. It's private.

PINE grabs the book.

BARR
I'm sorry. I didn't know how much it mattered to you.

PINE
Yes you did.

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BURR

Your father was undercover in Belfast wasn't he?

PINE

Yes.

BURR

Same regiment as you.

The book taken firmly and replaced on the shelf.

BURR (CONT'D)

I read they had to put his uniform back on before they buried him.

PINE

What do you want, Ms Burr?

Beat. BURR stares at PINE.

BURR

I want to make you an offer.

(frowns)

No, that's not right. I want to give you a chance. Come and work for me. Afterwards when it's over, I'll look after you. Resettlement, new name, new identity... new life. What do you say?

PINE

A chance to do what?

BURR

To bring down Richard Roper.

Beat.

I've spent ten years of my life going after that man. I've had microphones up his arse, I've had GCHQ tapping into every bloody email, overflying him with a thousand satellites, and listening to every phone call he makes. I can't touch Roper. And why?

PINE

Because he's never near the destruction he causes.

BURR

But that's going to change. I want to get you on the inside. I'll give you a legend thicker than your arm.

(MORE)

I'll send you so deep inside his operation, you won't feel like you'll ever get out. You'll be feeding the rat three meals a day, hanging on by your finger-nails in force ten gales, there's not a scrap of you won't be used, not an hour you won't be scared stiff. But you'll nail him. You'll nail him for Sophie Alekan. You'll nail him

As they do, we hear the click click of a digital camera taking shot after shot of the two men as they begin their conversation.

The man taking the photo is tall, solid, African-American, 45 years old and likeable. We have never seen him before.

He is JOEL STEADMAN.

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REX MAYHEW is walking outside. BURR with him.

BURR
Our boy's left Switzerland. Money
in hand.

MAYHEW
What do you need?

BURR
I need to give him some criminal
history for Roper to find. It'll be
West Country, and it needs to be
real. I want the Home Office on
board. And I need you to take at
least three senior police officers
for lunch so they play the game.

REX MAYHEW
What game?

BURR
Theft, narcotics and murder.

REX MAYHEW
No half measures eh.

He smiles.

BURR
And not a word to the River. You
understand me Rex? Not... a ...
word.

They stare across at the shiny River building.

REX MAYHEW
I do hope I'm not about to regret
the soft spot I have for you
Angela.

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SINGHAL and BURR enter side by side. BURR is carrying a useful bag.

BURR sets out the contents of her bag on the low table - thermos of hot tea, three cups, fresh milk, a tin of mixed biscuits, sugar.

A knock at the door.

BURR
You open it.

She sits in the better chair and composes herself. SINGHAL gives her a moment, opens the door. PINE enters and stands still. SINGHAL closes the door behind him. BURR and PINE exchange a long look. BURR nods PINE to the second chair. PINE remains standing.

BURR (CONT'D)
(challenging)
All right then? Up for it? Sure,
are you?

PINE
Yes.

BURR

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PINE takes a biscuit, playfully nibbles at a corner, puts it down.

BURR (CONT'D)

(now fiercely serious)

I want your worst side up, Jonathan. Once you hit glorious Devon, I want you to be the second worst man in the world, first prize already awarded. There's half a psychopath lurking behind that smile of yours, and you wouldn't know right from wrong if it bit you in the arse. Don't give an inch to anyone, man or woman. It's me, me, me, all the time. Anyone pisses you off, smack them. Anyone does the dirty on you, God help them. Yes?

PINE

Yes.

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A motorbike batters its way through wind and light rain along a remote Devon country lane, the smell of the sea in the air, a flatness of land all around. It seems we may be at the end of the earth.

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BURR

I don't just want you leaving a common or garden criminal trail behind you. I want more. I want you to frighten the living daylights out of me. I want Dickie Roper to know you're in his league. You're a man after his own heart. Assuming he's got one. A man who thinks laws are made for little people and you're not one of them. That's when he'll come to the table. And that's when we'll get him over a barrel and skewer him.

BURR is irritated by PINE's passivity.

BURR (CONT'D)

Are you comfortable with that at all?

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PINE

Yes.

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JONATHAN PINE is riding into town on his bike. He approaches the town centre.

He sees the village shop. Walks towards it.

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BURR is taking out a piece of paper.

PINE

What's that?

SINGHAL

It's our insurance. We didn't push you, you'll never sue us, you have no case against the government for neglect, malfeasance or rabies. Whatever happens, it's all your fault.

Beat. BURR pushes it across. Holds out a pen.

BURR

Last chance to flee.

She smiles.

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The village shop. A desolate and bleak little place, badly stocked.

The door opens. PINE enters.

MARILYN. 20 years old, strapping, made a mess of life and she knows it, is at the counter. Bored out of her brain.

PINE

I've taken Rosums cottage. I was told to leave the rent here.

As if she cares.

PINE (CONT'D)

Is this your place?

MARILYN

My mum's. I'm just looking after it.

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PINE nods. He takes out a wad of spanking brand new notes. MARYLYN's interest is piqued, just like he meant it to be.

MARYLYN (CONT'D)
You're from up country?

PINE
That's right.

MARYLYN
What you doing down here?

PINE
Just having some time to myself.

Almost deliberately suspicious.

That's when PINE hears it. A baby's cry.

PINE (CONT'D)
Someone's hungry.

MARYLYN
When isn't he?

PINE
Yours?

MARYLYN
Fraid so.

She stares at him.

PINE
Well - nice talking to you.

He gathers his things and walks to the door.

MARYLYN
What was the name?

PINE
Jack Linden. With an I.

He smiles, walks out. She watches him go.

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PINE rides his bike down the lane. Turns into the track that leads over the cliffs to a deserted cottage right on the edge of the cliff.

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PINE gets off the bike, grabs his panniers, and walks towards the remote cottage.

PINE sits alone at his laptop.

He is deep in research about Roper, about Ironlast, about Roper's business. About his Mallorca villa, maps that PINE studies. About an Indian premier league cricket franchise. Footage of cricket. About a restaurant he co-owns in New York.

And about a charity foundation called SAFEHAVEN.

PINE stares at images.

ROPER smiling on a red carpet. With JED on his arm.

Dawn. PINE fills his rucksack with stones from the beach.

PINE runs, rucksack on back, along the cliffs.

He starts to sprint.

PINE is doing press-ups.

PINE is doing push-ups.

Shattered to the point of vomiting, PINE lies back against the walls of the cottage.

PINE stops his bike on the street. Looks round, seeking someone out.

Then he sees him.

A lean and tough young man CHARLES NARRAMORE standing smoking outside the run down old garage.

A car drives up, JACOB DODRIDGE gets out, takes out twenty quid, hands it to NARRAMORE. A transaction is made. Small-time drug-selling.

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PINE gets off his bike and walks up to Narramore.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
What do you want?

PINE
An eighth.

NARRAMORE stares at him. Laughs.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
You police. Right?

PINE stares at him.

PINE
No.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
Well whoever you are, get lost. I'm not selling you anything.

PINE
I've got an offer for you.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
Not interested.

NARRAMORE walks away. PINE watches for a moment.

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PINE follows NARRAMORE into the garage. NARRAMORE is an addict himself and we can feel the itch.

NARRAMORE turns to see JONATHAN PINE staring at him.

NARRAMORE
You deaf?

PINE
I told you I had a business offer.

NARRAMORE
And I told you to get lost.

PINE
Yeah well... I thought you might change your mind.

And suddenly PINE grabs NARRAMORE hard, pushes him against a wall.

PINE drags NARRAMORE into the workshop. There's a skinny girl ADDICT who is loitering.

PINE arms her out.

PINE
Wait out there. This won't take long.

He walks back, grabs NARRAMORE hard.

PINE (CONT'D)
Now you listen to me. I don't know who you were buying off but things have changed. I have a delivery coming in a week's time. You're buying off me now.

NARRAMORE
Piss off.

PINE grabs NARRAMORE hard.

PINE
I'd advise a different business language from now on.

PINE releases him, throws him on an old sofa. Takes out a stash from his pocket. Hands it to him.

PINE (CONT'D)
Try it.

NARRAMORE stares at him.

He takes out the powder. He burns it on a pipe. Inhal es. Stares at PINE. Smiles.

An estate pub in the town. Three men play fruit machines and pool. PETE DODRIDGE, JACOB DODRIDGE and TOBY SHEPHERD.

In another corner MARILYN sits. With a rum and coke. Alone.

The door opens. PINE enters.

JACOB DODRIDGE
That's him.

A dozen eyes turn to stare. PINE approaches the bar.

PINE
Pint of Blue Anchor.

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He takes his drink. Stares at the room. Sees JACOB, blanks him. Smiles at MARYLYN. Recognises her, and she him.

PINE (CONT'D)

Evening.

MARYLYN studiously ignores him. PINE sits.

Time passes. Pool is being played. Drinks have been drunk but nothing has changed. PINE still sits alone.

Then the door opens and a stocky man in his forties enters. BARRY HARLOW.

He enters with a small blue holdall, walks past the DODRIDGES and SHEPHERD, and sits with PINE.

PETE DODRIDGE watches. HARLOW and PINE in deep discussion. PINE hands HARLOW a bulging envelope.

Then HARLOW stands up, leaving PINE the blue holdall.

HARLOW walks out.

MARYLYN, intrigued, can't help staring at the holdall.

PINE gets up, with the blue holdall, walks out.

PETE DODRIDGE stares after him with real hostility.

DODRIDGE

You see that?

MARYLYN stares through the window with real curiosity.

As PINE walks, blue holdall in hand, into the darkness.

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REX MAYHEW addresses an assembled group of MANDARINS and INTELLIGENCE OFFICIALS.

MAYHEW

And so it's a great pleasure to introduce Chief Officer at the US Directorate of Defence Trade Controls, Joel Steadman.

JOEL STEADMAN is 45, African-American, leather jacket and a metaphorical gun always in the holster. He stares at a room of English Intelligence and Enforcement Services. GEOFFREY DROMGOOLE sits surrounded by Intelligence mandarins. REX MAYHEW sits back.

STEADMAN

Firstly gentlemen... and lady...

This a nod to the ANGELA BURR, who is hurriedly walking into the back of the room just packed full of suited men. A moment's look between them.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you folks for inviting me to London to share a little of what I know about the global arms trade in the 21st century and how to fight it. There's about three thousand years of wisdom in this room and I

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DROMGOOLE

Particularly when it comes to the Middle East. Anything you have at all. I have money and people ready to work with you. All right?

DROMGOOLE shakes his hand, STEADMAN smiles.

STEADMAN

Sure will Geoffrey.

DROMGOOLE and his friends recede down the corridor back into the labyrinth. STEADMAN watches them go.

He looks up to see a figure waiting in a corner. ANGELA BURR. Alone. She smiles. So does he.

ANGELA

Hello Joel.

STEADMAN

Angela.

Nothing more said but we know there's some history here.

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STEADMAN and BURR sit with pints in an English pub. STEADMAN tastes it.

BURR

What do you think of the ale?

STEADMAN

Jury's out. You're not drinking I suppose.

BURR

You didn't tell me you were flying in.

STEADMAN

You didn't tell me something much more important than that.

He means her belly. The tone raises spectres of the past, intensely personal.

BURR

I'm here about work.

Beat. He nods. BURR qui etens her tone.

BURR (CONT'D)

What were you doing in Madrid two weeks ago?

STEADMAN
How the hell you know that?

BURR
You got an operation I don't know
about Joel?

STEADMAN
Jesus you've got some nerve.

Beat. She smiles.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)
All right. It's an operation called
Limpet. We're conducting
surveillance on Richard Onslow
Roper. His people have been talking
to a Spanish lawyer in Madrid.

BURR
Juan Apostol.

STEADMAN
Otherwise known as Apo. We think
there may be a new deal in the
pipeline.

BURR
But you can't get close.

STEADMAN
Can anyone?

BURR puts an envelope on the side of the table. STEADMAN
opens the envelope. Reads.

BURR
Phone records from the mobile
telephone of Lance Corkoran.
Roper's front man. Calls to Madrid,
Beirut and London.

STEADMAN
How did you get this?

BURR
From a new asset. I want to get him
inside Roper's set-up.

STEADMAN
You any idea how dangerous th OTf (BURR)Tj ET Qq 1 0 0 -1

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BURR

It has to be a church mouse operation.

STEADMAN

Then why come to me?

She smiles.

BURR

For your money of course. Why else?

He bristles at this. She suddenly takes his hand.

BURR (CONT'D)

Joel. I'm on my own and I don't like it. I'm doing something no one's ever done before, and I'm shit scared. I need a friend.

They share a look. There's a whole heap of history in that gaze.

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Close-up RICHARD ROPER, slightly degraded image, taken from the web, is talking to an audience.

ROPER (ON LAPTOP)

Do an exercise in your mind. Take everything you own. Your clothes, your house, your car. What part of it is not dependant on the world of capital and commerce? What part of you? I'll tell you. None.

Night. PINE sits at his laptop. Watching a web clip of RICHARD ROPER giving a Ted-style lecture.

ROPER (ON LAPTOP) (CONT'D)

The con of modern liberalism is to see a conflict between capitalism and social care. In fact the opposite is true. The great philanthropists of our time are businessmen. Entrepreneurs. Investors. My SafeHaven project for refugees is not funded from love and a bleeding heart. I do it because it benefits me to have the communities in which I want to work sympathetic to my interests. The truth none of us want to admit is that only by freeing capital do you free the world.

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PINE stares at ROPER's face. That's when the brick comes through the window.

Instantly he turns out all the lights in the cottage.

Takes off his boots.

Then glides out the back door.

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PINE stands outside.

Looks out. Early dawn light. No one in sight. He stares at the moonlit landscape. The soldier staring at the darkness.

Knowing the assailant is there somewhere.

He stays absolutely still. Listening.

Then he hears it. A flurry of an owl, suddenly into the air.

PINE begins to move, utterly silent.

HARD CUT to behind the hedge in front of PINE where his ASSAILANT begins to walk fast, up the hill away from the cottage, towards a waiting car.

He keeps low, behind the hedge, trying to escape.

He climbs, keeps low.

Almost there.

Then he stops dead. A voice behind him. Quiet.

The ASSAILANT turns, knife in hand. In once move, PINE has the knife on the ground. The ASSAILANT in his grasp. He picks up the knife holds it to the Assailant's neck.

PINE

Now listen to me. I understand that I'm new here. I understand the people who sent you don't want me here. But I am here. I don't need you to like me. I don't much like any of you either. I just need you to work with me. Just for a little while. And then I'll be gone. But if you cross me again, I'll kill you.

He places the knife delicately against the ASSAILANT's neck.

PINE (CONT'D)

Is that clear?

Morning. PINE hears a noise, walks out of the cottage. Still alert.

But cycling down the track is MARILYN. She is carrying six bottles of mineral water.

MARILYN
My mother says you want mineral water.

PINE
I don't think so.

MARILYN
Oh. Well I've brought them now.

And already she is walking into the front door.

PINE follows her inside.

She stands there, all woolly jumper and long legs in jeans. Waiting.

PINE
Would you like a coffee?

MARILYN
Wouldn't say no.

She sees the smashed window. The glass has been cleared up.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
What happened there?

PINE
Bird flew in, went a bit crazy.

She stares at him, not sure she believes that. Then she turns to look at the blue holdall that is sitting in the living room, zipped up.

MARILYN
I googled you, Jack Linden.

PINE
Oh yes? What did you find?

MARILYN
Bugger all.

She stares at him.

PINE
Well I don't do Facebook if that's what you mean.

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Beat.

MARI LYN

What do you do here all day?

PINE

I read. Walk a bit. Bit of painting.

MARI LYN

These yours?

Two canvases that rest on the side.

PINE

Yes.

MARI LYN

I can paint. I was good. Won prizes.

PINE

Why don't you do it any more?

MARI LYN

Because I married a loser, had a brat, and screwed up my life that's why.

Beat.

PINE

You're not with the father?

MARI LYN

He hasn't been Billy's father since he was three days old. Came into the hospital with a box of Cadbury milk chocolates, and tuckered all the nice ones. Couldn't wait to flee.

PINE

Where did he go?

MARI LYN

Don't ask me.

PINE

Abroad?

MARI LYN

Tom Quince? He never had a passport in his life. Probably somewhere round Bude smoking a ton of pot and trying to sleep with the weekend talent.

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Beat. PINE just adjusts the tablecloth.

PINE
More coffee?

He smiles and pours.

43

43

The rain is battering the window.

MARILYN and PINE are fucking on his bed, highly physical. Her on top. No-nonsense morning sex.

44

44

MARILYN and JONATHAN PINE are in bed together. Naked. Asleep. Or she is. That's what he wanted.

Pine rises, goes to her phone on the side. Looks through the photos.

Finds what he was looking for.

A photo of her and Tom Quince.

He stares at it. An idea in his mind.

45

45

PINE pulls up outside the garage. Walks around back to find CHARLES NARRAMORE.

PINE
Got more stuff coming Tuesday
night. Make sure you're in. You got
the money? Cash?

NARRAMORE, now thoroughly frightened of PINE, is a cowed animal. He nods. New respect.

PINE (CONT'D)
Good. And tell no one. All clear?

PINE pats him almost gently, and walks away.

46

46

47

47

PINE walks into the cottage. HARLOW is waiting for him. Hands PINE an envelope.

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HARLOW

From London.

PINE opens the envelope. Birth certificates and bills belonging to one Thomas Quince.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

Is that what you wanted?

PINE

Yes. Thanks.

He gets to work making a passport application for one Thomas Quince. Sticking his own photograph on to the form.

HARLOW

London could have done this for you, you know.

PINE

London asked me to make things real.

HARLOW puts on tea as PINE works on the application.

HARLOW

Funny old gig this one. Of course you can't tell me what it's all about. Quite understand.

Fishing, but he gets nothing.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

I expect a decent funeral mind.

PINE

I'm afraid that won't be down to me.

PINE has finished the application.

PINE (CONT'D)

All done. Tell London to fast-track it would you?

He hands him the application.

HARLOW smiles.

HARLOW

Well then Tom Quince. You ready?

PETE DODRIDGE sees it all happen.

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PINE on his own. HARLOW walking, words exchanged, we can't hear them. Then HARLOW spits at the ground near PINE.

And it all kicks off.

PINE attacks. HARLOW, shouting and swearing, strong Australian accent. PINE running after him shouting.

PINE
Get the hell out of here!

HARLOW
Screw you you bastard!

PINE
I see you around here one more time
I'll kill you!

A proper scuffle, punches thrown. HARLOW jumps on his bike, roars up the lane. PETE DODRIDGE watches it. Just as he was meant to do.

49

49

50

50

PINE sits at his table. He looks at his hand.
He dips a new razor blade into boiling water.
Closes his eyes.
And cuts his hand. Winces with the pain.
Watches the blood ooze on to his hand.

51

51

PINE walks in, bandaged hand. He looks a little stressed.
It's an act, a good one.

DODRIDGE stares at him as do the other men in the pub.

PINE
Pint of Blue Anchor please.

He turns to DODRIDGE. Gets the pint, downs it in one. Places the bandaged hand on his shoulder. Smiles nervously.

DODRIDGE
You had an accident there?

PINE nods, looks suddenly terrified.

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DODRIDGE (CONT'D)
You all right son?

PINE nods but then suddenly walks out the pub. The two men stare.

52

52

53

53

Bright early morning. MARYLYN walks urgently down the lane and approaches the cottage. She knocks.

MARYLYN
Jack. Jack. You OK?

No reply.

She looks round. No motorbike.

She pushes the door open.

And enters.

54

54

There is a kind of chaos to the room. Drawers flung open. Plates smashed. Chairs knocked over. Curtains torn down.

Signs of a fight.

She walks through to the bedroom.

55

55

Deserted.

Just the blue holdall, flung open, with residue of brown powder coming out of it. But empty.

And she knows, she just knows he has gone.

Then she sees something else. On the floor by the door.

A pool of blood.

MARYLYN breathes fast, panics, takes out her phone.

56

56

Police cordons are up. POLICE everywhere. LOCAL PEOPLE are held back but are all watching. DODRIDGE among them. TOBY SHEPHERD. MARYLYN. Her face pale with fear.

57

57

58

58

MARILYN, close-up, sits in a neutral interview room in a town. She looks nervous as she is interviewed. Country girl out of her depth.

POLICE OFFICER

Tell me what you saw when you got to the cottage.

MARILYN

The kitchen was a mess... there was blood on the floor... Did he kill him?

POLICE OFFICER

They found the body down by the shore.

MARILYN goes very pale.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

How d'you get to know him?

MARILYN

He came to the shop. He called himself Linden. Jack Linden.

POLICE OFFICER

Did you ever go there before?

MARILYN

Yeah. Once or twice.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

Why?

MARILYN

To deliver for my mother. That's all.

She pauses.

POLICE OFFICER

He ever mention his previous life?

MARILYN

No.

POLICE OFFICER

Ever mention Switzerland?

MARILYN

No why?

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POLICE OFFICER
Did he say he was leaving?

MARILYN
No.

POLICE OFFICER
Name Jonathan Pine mean anything to you?

MARILYN
No!

POLICE OFFICER
He never told you that was his real name?

MARILYN
No he never said. He never said who he was.

Beat.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
He never said who he was.

59

59

The sun is shining. PINE is on a small fishing boat crossing the very same bay ROPER's retinue crossed in motor boats at the top of the episode. He is tanned, he is unshaven, he looks quite different.

We are quite clearly several weeks later.

60

60

61

61

PINE stares out at the cliff-top restaurant that beckons him. The fishing boat chugs closer to the shore.

BURR (V.O.)
The restaurant is called Las Verduras. It's a Roper favourite, on the North side of the island, just a mile from his summer palace. You can only get there by boat. They'll be expecting you.

62

62

PINE holds his face to the sun as the fishing boat docks. He takes out his passport, stares at it.

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He is Thomas Zachary Quince. Born Coombe Martin 1981.

Focus in on PINE's face.

63

63

64

64

JONATHAN PINE stares out of the window at the ALBANI AN who is holding DANIEL ROPER in his arms.

We are back where it all began.

The ALBANI AN is approaching, gun to DANIEL's head.

ALBANI AN
Come out now!

PINE does not move.

He sees a kitchen knife in the drying rack. He grabs it.

Waits.

The ALBANI AN walks into the wash-room, DANIEL in his arms. DANIEL terrified. Sobbing.

PINE stares at DANIEL in terror.

And moves.

PINE suddenly smashes his arm down on the ALBANI AN's shoulder. The ALBANI AN crashes to the ground, releasing DANIEL. The gun flies across the floor.

DANIEL stares at PINE.

PINE looks at the ALBANI AN.

The ALBANI AN looks at PINE. As if secretly to say, do it. The next bit.

PINE
Go back to your mother. Go this way.

But DANIEL is not moving. Still scared. Unable to move.

PINE takes his arm.

PINE.
Go. Go!

But DANIEL can't move. He stands there shaking.

ALBANI AN 2 comes through the door.

PINE turns.

ALBANI AN 2 surprised to see DANIEL still there. Not in the script.

But PINE acts fast, runs across grabs his arm, twists it, breaks it, smashes him to the ground, kicks him again and again.

DANIEL suddenly released into action, runs out the back way and back up towards the restaurant.

PINE stares at the ALBANI AN 2, squirming in broken-armed agony on the floor.

ALBANI AN 1 gets up.

ALBANI AN

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FRI SKY and the other BODYGUARD.

They look round.

FRI SKY
Jesus Christ.

But it doesn't sound right to PINE. The voice is distorted, his ears have been kicked in and he is hearing humming and whining.

65

65

66

66

PINE is being carried now, three men, up to the restaurant.

Voices all this while.

FRI SKY
Put him here.

CORKORAN
Someone call the police, get them to send a boat.

LANGBOURNE
Who is he?

HEAD WAITER
He is our seasonal sous-chef. From England.

JED
What happened Danny?

DANIEL
He punched him daddy. He saved me.

Faces above PINE staring at him. LANGBOURNE, CORKORAN.

CAROLINE LANGBOURNE
Good god.

CORKORAN
Chief he needs medical attention.

And then the face that he has been waiting for, appears, looming over him. Quiet. Calm.

ROPER.

The two men stare at each other. ROPER down at PINE. PINE up at ROPER.

ROPER
I know him. What's his name?

HEAD WAITER
Thomas Quince. He is from Cornwall
in England.

ROPER
No he's bloody not.

He stares again, trying to fix him beneath the blood and broken nose.

ROPER (CONT'D)
You're Pine. From Switzerland.

PINE stares up.

ROPER (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

PINE gestures ROPER to come closer. Then whispers.

PINE
No police.

Beat. Then again, imploringly.

PINE (CONT'D)
No police.

ROPER looks at him. Smiles.

ROPER
Jorge, don't call the police. I
have a better idea.

He turns back.

ROPER (CONT'D)
How's his pulse Fri sky?

A hand on his wrist.

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CORKORAN

Dr Simon?

ROPER

Yes get him to fly in from whatever Russian party he's currently at.

A man dashes up. TABBY.

TABBY

They left the money in the wash-house chief. All of it.

ROPER turns to PINE.

ROPER

You must have given them the scare of their lives.

Beat. Their eyes meet. A stretcher has arrived. They put him on to it.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Jorge, let's keep this to ourselves shall we? No need for any adverse publicity.

HEAD WAITER

Of course Mr Roper.

ROPER

I'll pay for any damage done. Corky will sort the bill.

A flurry of blurred activity. PINE looks round to see JED looking after a frightened and relieved DANNY. CORKY on the phone. LANGBOURNE in conversation with JORGE the OWNER.

And amidst all this, ROPER comes close to PINE.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Anyone we should call? Girl friend? Family?

PINE looks up at ROPER. Shakes his head.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Still all alone eh?

Beat. He smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Well. We'll look after you.

He smiles.

68

68

A jeep is tearing through olive and cypress groves towards a villa nestled deep in the countryside. The Mediterranean sea glimmers between the trees.

69

69

In the jeep, sweating and uncomfortable, is ANGELA BURR. Driving the jeep is HECTOR JIMENEZ, US arms enforcement and pal to Joel Steadman.

70

70

BURR leaps from the jeep and enters the holiday villa. Panic on her face.

71

71

Except inside it is anything but a holiday villa.

Inside it has been turned into a surveillance HQ. Computer systems set up, audio and video surveillance gear litter the room. Four or five US OPS OFFICERS are at the screens or listening in to emails and phone calls.

ANGELA BURR walks across to meet JOEL STEADMAN.

BURR
Any sign of him?

STEADMAN shakes his head.

BURR (CONT'D)
So what went wrong?

STEADMAN
He went off-script. He broke one of our guy's arms in three places.

BURR
What was he playing at?

STEADMAN
He said he wanted it real. So they made it real. They think they might have killed him.

Beat.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)
And Roper didn't call the police.
We have no idea where he is.

Beat. BURR's face can't hide the responsibility she feels.

STEADMAN (CONT' D)

It was clear choreography. We went through it three times. He knew exactly what he had to do.

STEADMAN furious. JIMENEZ walks across to STEADMAN.

STEADMAN (CONT' D)

Hector, you remember Angela Burr?
From Baghdad?

74

74

The ambulance slows and stops, large metal gates, security cameras, wire fence, the sound of the metal, the sound of a conversation in Spanish and English, blurred and indistinct, gates opening, dogs barking, birds in the trees, crickets whistling, the vehicle moves on, into lush landscape, the sound of gravel, so out of place, the whistle of sprinklers, rich-coloured flowers, and then ahead the sight of a huge imposing modernist villa. A modernist paradise, cool pale stone, the height of luxury.

The home of Richard Roper.

75

75

PINE is in bed in a white room. Still bandaged, still immobile.

Two dark-haired figures in white, float through the room, slightly blurred. Spanish nurses. PINE's vision is not right and everything has the quality of a dream.

His eyes close to dark.

76

76

PINE's eyes open again. We can hear his breathing.

Another figure, this time blonde. In tennis gear.

FRI SKY is sitting on the chair by the door. Guarding or protecting?

It's JED. She is talking to him, he can't really hear but some words come through.

JED

I'm not sure if you can hear me
Thomas. If you can, raise your
finger.

PINE stares at her. He chooses not to raise a finger.

JED (CONT'D)

They say your face is mending well.
But you've also cracked several
ribs. ... so brave ... but you're
going to be fine. Dr Shimon's the
very best, otherwise Roper wouldn't
use him.

She moves closer.

JED (CONT' D)

Listen. Is there anyone you want us to call, and say that you're OK? A loved one? When you were sleeping you mentioned a girl called Sophie. Should we call her? Just raise your finger if you can't speak.

He does not raise his finger. Just stares at her.

She smiles.

JED (CONT' D)

Get some sleep. Dr Shimon says you're to sleep forever. He was pretty angry with Roper for discharging you early. Roper's away on business at the moment, but

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DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I ran away from the
table. I won't do it again.

PINE nods. At this sad boy.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Do you want me to read to you about
squid?

But PINE is fading away. Into the white...

78

78

79

79

PINE is sitting up. He is drinking through a straw a
Lemonade.

In the corner of a room sits FRISKY.

The door opens.

It is CORKY.

CORKORAN
Sod off would you Fri sky old love?

And FRISKY leaves.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)
Ah that's a better colour. Nice
rich scarlet, much prefer it to the
blue baboon look of last week. And
sitting up. Dare one hope we are on
the mend?

PINE
I'd like to go soon actually.

He speaks but his words are thick-lipped and effortful.

CORKORAN
Absolutely old boy, we'll talk to
the chief when he gets back. What
do I call you by the way? When I
was filling out the forms at the
hospital, paperwork is my mistress
as you know, I had a conundrum,
"well" I thought, this is a bit
rum, is he a Thomas Quince, or is
he a Jonathan Pine?
(MORE)

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CORKORAN (CONT' D)

So I put down Mordechai Phillips,
to this day I have no idea why. Do
you mind if I smoke?

PINE shakes his head.

CORKORAN (CONT' D)

Smoke ourselves do we? In better
times?

PINE

A bit.

CORKORAN

Nothing like a fag when you're
cooking. Want one now?

PINE

No thank you.

CORKORAN

Bloody good grub at that place you
were working. Were those saucy
mussels all your work?

PINE nods.

CORKORAN (CONT' D)

Well I'm blown away. And did you
cook at that Swiss Hotel? Or merely
rob the place?

Beat. He stares at PINE. PINE breathes deep.

CORKORAN (CONT' D)

Tricky one you see.

CORKORAN smiles.

CORKORAN (CONT' D)

The Chief is a stickler for
details, so we called the Meisters
Hotel for a reference, and it seems
you are a bona fide common thief.
Forty thousand euros swiped from
the safe, police called, Herr
Meister positively seething. No
wonder the Chief has some questions
to ask. But he says they can wait
until you're better. Although I'm
not sure we're quite as poorly as
we're making out. In fact I'm not
sure at all about you Pine. I think
you might be stringing us along.
Hmmn?

He gets nice and close.

CORKORAN (CONT' D)

If that's the case, when you're better, I'll hood you, and hang you up by those lovely ankles until the truth falls out of you by gravity. Toodle-oo.

He tickles his chin. PINE does not even move. CORKORAN heads to the door.

CORKORAN (CONT' D)

Fri sky, step back in again would you? Make sure our valued guest doesn't make a break for it.

He smiles and walks out the door. FRISKY walks in sits down.

PINE breathes deep.

FRISKY looks up from his FT. Speaks in clipped Glasgow ex-SAS.

FRISKY

Know the best way to make a bloke talk? Fizzy drink treatment. Up the nose. Bung his mouth. Use a funnel if there's one handy. Hits you right in the switchboard. Bloody diabolical.

ROPER