

OVER BLACK we hear the sound of women speaking in Russian -- lighthearted conversation and laughter.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ GATED MANSION/ SUBURBS OF MOSCOW - DAY.

And now we see the gathering of RUSSIAN WIVES, all dressed in Chanel and Dior. Tea and cakes are served in a beautifully decorated living room with contemporary art on the walls and picture windows overlooking the snow covered countryside.

A stunning woman in her 30's, OLGA, smiles with the other wives, but seems distracted, glancing at a closed door. She turns away with a smile as the hostess of the party, a small bird-like woman dressed from head to foot in Hermes, engages her in conversation. Olga answers politely but again we sense how nervous she is.

Suddenly the mysterious door opens and a group of MEN pour out. Their wives welcome them with beaming smiles and the odd playfully disparaging remark, the atmosphere still bizarrely suburban and mundane.

Olga catches her husband, MISHA's eyes. He smiles, as if the meeting behind closed doors has gone well. The look between them is interrupted as the host of the party emerges from the study. The 'PRINCE' is a short, impeccably dressed man in his early 40's, an aristocrat among the thuggish millionaires.

He heads straight for OLGA with a warm smile. She rises to her feet but he ushers her back down, taking a seat beside her, extremely courteous and solicitous. Misha looks on, relieved.

EXT. GATED MANSION/ SUBURBS OF MOSCOW - DAY.

Mercs and Mazeratis are parked in the driveway. The Prince walks Olga and Mischa back to their car, the perfect host. He gives Misha a hug, then kisses Olga on both cheeks.

INT/ EXT. CAR/ FOREST ROAD OUTSIDE MOSCOW - DAY.

Two dancing bears dangle from the car mirror, heavy snow falling outside on the forest road.

MISHA
(In Russian)
He wants me to go to London.

Olga is trying to dial a number on her cell-phone but can't get a signal.

MISHA
(In Russian)
I think you and the girls will like it.
(Lightly)
Harrods.

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OLGA

(In Russian)

I want to call them. Do you have a signal?

Misha reaches into his jacket for his cell phone when he sees something up ahead and slows down.

A car has slid off the icy road, a police car and a tow truck parked nearby. A POLICE OFFICER holds up his hand, signalling for Misha to stop.

Misha pulls over at the side of the road, winding down his window. The police officer approaches.

MISHA

(In Russian)

Is everything okay?

Olga glances at the officer. He's unusually good looking, with pale blue eyes. He walks over to Misha's window then suddenly pulls out a machine pistol and opens fire --

The interior of the car becomes a blur of flying glass and blood mist. Olga's beautiful designer dresses hanging in the back of the car are splattered with blood.

We see Misha now, lying crumpled in the footwell like a carcass of meat. The bullet riddled passenger door swings open and Olga crawls out, barely alive. She only gets a few feet before she sees the police officer's heavy boots.

She looks up at him imploringly but there's no mercy in his clear blue eyes. He looks down at her calmly then fires a burst into her face.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

The sound of tennis balls being struck echoes over a stunning view of the ocean. An attractive young couple are playing a game of mixed-doubles on a tennis court set in the hills. We're less interested in their fluid shots and opponents than the dynamic between them during points.

The man, PERRY, is the stronger player, but he's also considerate, careful not to encroach on his partner's territory. His girlfriend, GAIL, is in her late 20's, a gorgeous English rose who plays with more passion than skill. She hits a backhand in the net and curses herself.

GAIL

I'm such an *asshole*!

PERRY

Easy McEnroe.

Perry flips up a loose ball with his racquet and serves again.

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He looks like a scarecrow in his baggy shorts and tie dyed t-shirt but his strokes are full of grace and power. The rallies continue and we catch more glimpses of the game -- Perry signalling behind his back that he's going to poach the next return; Perry and Gail strategizing after a lost point; Perry encouraging Gail to keep focus after a double fault.

He finally ends the match with a perfectly executed drop shot and the two of them approach the net to shake hands with their opponents, an attractive INDIAN COUPLE. Compliments are exchanged before the couples head off to their respective chairs. Perry kneels down to take off his scuffed tennis shoes when he hears a cheerful voice calling out:

AUSSIE TENNIS PRO (MARK) O/S
Super match, boys and girls! Perry,
there's someone I'd like you to meet!

As Perry looks up the first thing he sees is a pair of bare white feet in espadrilles, then stocky legs in grey tracksuit bottoms, and finally the massive torso of a bald-headed giant in his 50's.

MARK, the hotel's permanently grinning Australian tennis pro, introduces the stranger.

MARK
This is my good friend, Mr. Dima from
Russia. Mr. Dima thought you played a
pretty nifty game out there.

Perry rises to his feet, looking at the bald-headed giant. The Russian smiles, something lingering and purposeful in his gaze.

DIMA
Wanna game?

Perry holds out his hand, trying to slow things down.

PERRY
Hi.

As they shake hands he notices a star tattooed on the second knuckle of the man's thumb.

PERRY
This is Gail, my partner in crime.

Dima looks at Gail with a warm smile when Mark interjects.

MARK
Crime? Don't you believe him, Gail! You
did a *dandy* job out there.

Gail smiles modestly, a little wary of the unctuous Aussie's attentions. Dima watches her a moment with his disarmingly sweet smile then looks back at Perry.

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DIMA

Mark says you play Queen's?

PERRY

Well, that was a few years ago -

DIMA

Wanna game?

Again the mischievous smile. Perry smiles back.

PERRY

I'll have to check with my doubles partner.

MARK

I think Mr. Dima prefers singles, isn't that right, sir?

GAIL

If you want to play singles I'm happy to watch.

Perry pauses, meeting the Russian's gaze, seeing no way out.

PERRY

Alright.

DIMA

Mark, book court whenever is convenient for Mr. Perry and let me know.

He holds out a huge hand now. Perry shakes it, still watching him as he turns to Gail and bows goodbye. They stare after Dima as he heads off with the sycophantic Mark.

GAIL

(Lightly)

If I were you I'd let him win.

Dima joins his entourage. There are two bodyguard types, one blonde and baby-faced, the other dark-haired and cadaverous. Behind them are a group of MEN clutching blackberrys, looking out of place in their Ralph Lauren polos and slacks. Dima sweeps past them like an emperor and they fall in behind him, still talking on their phones.

EXT. SEA VIEW RESTAURANT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - NIGHT.

The sound of crashing waves. Dima and his entourage sit at a large table in the restaurant, silver trays of lobster and caviar laid out before them. Gail sits at the opposite end of the restaurant, watching them in fascination.

PERRY

You're being very obvious.

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GAIL

I can't help it. He's my first real life oligarch.

Perry has his back to the Russians and can't see a thing. He looks at the wine list, trying to change the subject.

PERRY

There's a Sauvignon from the Loire or an Aussie Chardonnay? Everything else costs about the same as your flat.

GAIL

I'll have what they're having.

WAITERS are serving magnums of vintage Krug at Dima's table.

GAIL

Take a peek. They're too drunk to notice.

PERRY

I'd rather look at you.

She smiles and takes his hand, gazing into his eyes.

GAIL

I'm sorry. You have my full attention.

PERRY

Good. The Chardonnay or the Sauvignon?

GAIL

(With a bad Australian accent)
The Chardonnay.

Perry grins and holds up his hand politely. The restaurant manager, AMBROSE, arrives to take their order.

PERRY

Could we have the D'Arenberg Chardonnay -

GAIL

(Interrupting)
I'm sorry, Ambrose, is Mr. Dima a guest at the hotel or are you sworn to secrecy?

Ambrose smiles at her direct charm.

AMBROSE

No secrets here, Miss, just gossip. He owns *Three Chimneys*, the big house on the peninsula. It's the first time he's eaten at the hotel in weeks.

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Perry finally takes a look at the Russian table. They're all busy cracking into their lobster and drinking their champagne. Dima catches Perry's eye, then turns away before Perry can even smile.

EXT. HILLSIDE TENNIS COURTS/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Glorious sunshine lights up a steep path lined with exotic flowers. Mark waits for Perry and Gail by the pro's shop.

MARK

I was afraid you lovely people would oversleep.

His heavy accent brings a smile to their faces.

MARK

Morning Gail, you're looking absolutely *peachy* if I may say so.

Gail tries not to giggle, the two of them following Mark up the stone steps that lead to the courts.

MARK

You've drawn quite a crowd, Perry.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

And now we see the curious collection of adults and children sitting in the spectator's stand. The children sit in different rows -- two little girls in sun hats (KATYA and IRINA); two twin teenage boys in tennis kit (ALEXEI and VICTOR); and a beautiful young girl of 17, (NATASHA), who sits on her own with a book.

The adults look even more like waxworks. There's a stern looking matron dressed in black, (TAMARA), and a fat man wearing a tartan tam-o-shanter with a red bobble, (VANYA).

Dima greets Perry and Gail with a warm smile.

DIMA

They bother you, my supporter's club?

PERRY

Not at all.

The Russian turns to Gail now.

DIMA

I promise not to make your husband look bad.

GAIL

Not my husband. And you can make him look as bad as you like.

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Dima grins. Perry notices the baby faced and cadaverous bodyguard hovering nearby.

DIMA
(Dismissing them in Russian)
Go sit down! You can't stand there the whole fucking match!

Perry detects just a hint of unwillingness in the bodyguards before they follow Mark and Gail to the stand. Dima watches them walk away, then turns to Perry.

DIMA
You a banker?

PERRY
God, no.

DIMA
How do you afford hotel like this? Rich parents?

PERRY
They've both passed away.

DIMA
I'm sorry.

He pauses respectfully but not for long.

DIMA
You lawyer?

PERRY
Gail's the lawyer. I'm an academic.

DIMA
So, she make all the money?

He smiles disarmingly before Perry can take offence.

DIMA
Head or tail?

PERRY
Heads.

As Dima fishes out a silver dollar from his shorts, Perry notices another tattoo on his neck.

DIMA
My kids think I had some crook spike this coin for me so I always win. You gonna propose to Gail on holiday?

PERRY
That's a secret.

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Dima grins then flicks the coin. It's tails. His two teenage sons exchange a knowing smirk. Dima squints at the sun and chooses the shaded end, taking a quick glance at the stand.

DIMA

That's some girl. Worth a lot of camels.
Better marry her quick.

Perry looks up at Gail and sees Mark sitting beside her, whispering flirtatiously in her ear.

EXT. LATER/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

The crack of a serve resounds like a gunshot. Dima grunts as he retrieves the ball, only for Perry to whip it back to the other side of the court. Despite his bulk and a slight limp the Russian is surprisingly agile, somehow managing to scoop the return back. He starts to run in anticipation of the next shot when Perry cleverly wrong foots him. Dima raises his racket in appreciation, puffing. His sporting attitude makes Perry feel guilty for pushing him so hard.

EXT. STAND/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Up in the stand, Mark is trying to impress Gail, talking quietly over the sound of another rally.

MARK

I'm planning to set up my own tennis
club in Moscow. The old pirate's going
to talk to some people for me.

Gail pretends to look interested, glancing at the children sitting below them in the stand.

GAIL

Are all those kids his?

MARK

Just the twins and Natasha. I think the
little girls belong to an uncle or
something from Perm -- the town in
Russia not the hairdo.

Gail smiles, even though she finds his humor excruciating.

GAIL

And who's the lady in black?

MARK

Mrs Dima. Barking mad and bloody
terrifying. You'd think someone with his
money could do better than that.

Gail glances at the austere Tamara, disliking Mark even more.

EXT. CHAIRS/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Perry puts away a smash, winning another game. Catching his breath, Dima heads over to his chair to towel himself down before they change ends.

DIMA
So, where you teach?

Perry can't help smiling at his persistence.

PERRY
University College London for now.

DIMA
Why for now, you gonna quit?

PERRY
Maybe.

DIMA
Do what instead?

PERRY
No idea.

DIMA
Gail take care of you while you decide.

He grins, making it hard for Perry to take offence.

DIMA
You idealist?

PERRY
I try.

DIMA
You good man?

Perry pauses, thrown by the question.

PERRY
I like to think so.

Dima glances at his bodyguards in the stand then sets off.

DIMA
(Grinning)
My serve, Professor.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Dima has an almost comical serving motion but there's real power behind it, the ball whizzing past Perry for an ace.

EXT. STAND/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

The twins cheer. So does Gail. Mark leans over to her again.

MARK

Any time you get bored just shout.

Gail smiles stiffly but doesn't respond.

MARK

And I'm not just talking about the match.

GAIL

For fuck's sake!

Mark looks taken aback. Gail turns to him with a sweet smile.

GAIL

Sorry, Perry's torn his laces.

She gets up and heads down to the court.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Perry's trying to knot his frayed laces with what's left of them. Gail arrives, kneeling beside him and undoing the laces on her own trainers.

GAIL

Take these.

PERRY

Thanks.

GAIL

Can you hurry up and win before I murder that asshole.

Across the net, Dima watches the young couple quietly. They finish exchanging laces and Gail heads back to the stand.

EXT. STAND/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Mark grins expectantly, but instead of returning to her seat next to him Gail stops at the two little girls.

GAIL

Do you ladies mind if I sit here?

The little girls shake their heads, making room for her. As Gail sits down she notices Dima's wife, Tamara, watching her. Gail smiles awkwardly then looks back at the match.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

One of Dima's shots narrowly misses the line but Perry gives him a thumbs up, conceding the point and the game. As they come to change ends Dima locks a hand on his arm.

DIMA
You goddamn pussied me, Professor. The ball was out.

PERRY
I saw it in.

DIMA
You want to make me look good in front of my family?

Perry seems surprised by the quiet intensity in his eyes.

PERRY
We can play the point again.

Dima stares at Perry, then suddenly grins, all charm again.

DIMA
No way, I keep the point. I need all the help I can get.

EXT. STAND/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

The sharp crack of tennis balls resumes. Gail watches the rally then glances at the little girl sitting next to her.

GAIL
I'm Gail. What's your name?

KATYA
Katya.

GAIL
Princess Katya?

The little girl shakes her head, unsmiling.

GAIL
And your sister?

KATYA
Irina.

As she looks at them more closely, Gail notices they each have a silver pendant with two dancing bears hanging around their necks. It means nothing to her but we recognise the design from Misha and Olga's car.

GAIL
Are those Russian bears?

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KATYA

No, my mummy and daddy bought them for us at the bear pits in Bern.

GAIL

Are your mummy and daddy here?

Katya shakes her head again, refusing to meet her gaze.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Grunting loudly, Dima manages to retrieve one of Perry's cross-court drives. His return hits the top of the net and plops over. One of the twins applauds ironically.

ALEXEI

Advantage Russia!

Dima looks up, then strides over to him. Perry looks bemused.

DIMA

(Confronting his son)

You want I take my belt and beat the shit outta you?

Alexei smirks, answering in far better English than his father.

ALEXEI

You're not wearing a belt, Papa -

Suddenly without warning Dima slaps him across the face. For good measure, he slaps his other son, Viktor, too. Perry stares in stunned silence. Up in the stand, so does Gail.

DIMA

You wanna tennis lesson with Mark after or you wanna go home get religion from your mother?

ALEXEI

Lesson, please, Papa.

DIMA

Then you don't make no more ra-ra-ra.
Come here.

They stand up and he gives them both a big hug before he returns to face Perry's serve. Even the dour bodyguards grin, Dima being Dima.

EXT. STAND/ TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Up in the stand, Gail looks on curiously when suddenly she feels something moist touch her hand. She flinches, then realizes it's only Katya's fingers. The little girl still won't look at her, but holds her hand now. Even more curiously, her sister Irina has tears in her eyes.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Perry's serve thunders over the net. Dima gets it back but Perry puts away a volley to finally end the match. In defeat, Dima is magnanimous, joining Perry at the net with a cheerful smile. Perry holds out his hand, but instead of shaking it, Dima clasps it firmly in both hands.

DIMA

You're a goddam fair-play English, hear me, professor? Like in the books.

He stares into Perry's eyes, still clutching his hand. Perry looks back at him, sensing something almost vulnerable in his gaze. Gail heads down the stand now. Dima finally lets go of Perry's hand and turns to her with his sweet smile.

DIMA

You take care of this stupid guy, Gail. He can't play tennis but I swear to God he's the professor of fair play.

Perry's still staring at Dima, wondering if he imagined the curious look between them. Two of Dima's business associates have appeared at the entrance to the court now. Perry recognizes them from the restaurant. One has a cherubic face, the other is tall and gaunt.

DIMA

Thanks for game. See you later maybe.

Perry feels Dima's reluctance as he heads over to his associates. One of the men holds out a cell-phone and he takes it, barking at whoever's on the other end.

Gail is more interested in Dima's family, watching them troop out of the court -- the strange little girls; the twin boys; the gorgeous Natasha; and Dima's wife, Tamara, bringing up the rear with the fat tam-o-shanter man.

As they walk past Natasha looks at Gail, gazing at her for a moment, then looks away.

EXT. BALCONY/ PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - NIGHT.

From the balcony, we see a large house on the tip of the peninsula, its lights glittering against the darkness of the ocean. Gail's wearing the hotel's fancy bathrobe, pouring herself another glass of wine.

GAIL

The twins are Dima and Tamara's but the beautiful Natasha's his love child from a previous relationship. I still don't know where the little girls' parents are. They obviously miss them.

Perry is only half-listening, gazing at the distant house.

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PERRY

And how do you know all this?

GAIL

(Imitating Mark's accent)
From my extremely enthusiastic
Australian chum.

Perry looks over now.

GAIL

(Laughing)
That got your attention.

He takes her hand when suddenly the doorbell rings.

GAIL

That must be him.

Still laughing, she heads inside to answer the door. Perry stares after her affectionately, then looks back at the house on the peninsula.

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - NIGHT.

Gail opens the door then stops in surprise. Ambrose stands there with a tray of champagne and caviar.

AMBROSE

Compliments of Mr. Dima. The 96' Krug
and the Beluga caviar.

GAIL

Gosh. Thank you.

AMBROSE

Shall I leave it on the table?

Perry arrives now, looking just as confused. Ambrose sets the tray down on a table, then leaves the room with a big smile.

AMBROSE

Enjoy.

Perry and Gail look at each other curiously then Gail picks up a card on the tray. It's addressed to the 'professor'. She hands it to Perry.

PERRY

(Opens it and reads)
'Thank you for being English gentleman
and for fair play. Compliments to
beautiful Gail. Dima'

Perry still looks puzzled but Gail takes it in her stride.

GAIL

How lovely.

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She takes the bottle and pops the cork.

EXT. BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

The sun beats down on the idyllic hotel beach. Perry is rubbing suntan lotion into Gail's back when he notices Dima's extended family traipsing across the sand.

The cadaverous bodyguard leads the way with the fat tam-o-shanter man. The little girls follow with Elspeth, Ambrose's wife, one carrying a blow-up crocodile, the other a red bouncy ball with a smiley face. The twins come next, then Natasha, buried in her book. The only ones missing from the bizarre procession are Dima and Tamara who are nowhere to be seen.

Perry and Gail gaze at the distant figures in silence when the two little girls ask Elspeth's permission and run over. Gail puts on her warmest smile to greet them.

KATYA

Will you swim with us, please, Miss Gail?

Gail looks surprised by the request but answers sweetly.

GAIL

Miss Katya, I'd be delighted to.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY.

Perry roars out of the water like a sea monster. Katya and Irina scream, trying to swim away from him. He sweeps them up in his arms, swinging them from side to side. Gail laughs as he wades towards her, the girls thrashing in his arms.

PERRY

I caught some fish.

GAIL

Let them go!

She splashes him until he lets go of the girls, pretending to escape back to shore.

GAIL

And don't forget the ice creams!

As he wades through the shallow water, Perry sees the cadaverous bodyguard practicing some kind of martial art on the beach. He watches curiously then wades ashore, heading over to the pool side bar.

EXT. BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Gail towels down the shivering girls, glancing at the other members of Dima's family. The twins are watching a game of beach cricket between some LOCALS and HOTEL GUESTS;

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Natasha lies on a sun bed with her book; and the fat tam-o-shanter man is dozing on a rubber ring on the lifeguard's chair.

GAIL

Who's the man in the funny hat, Katya?

KATYA

Uncle Vanya.

IRINA

He's not our real uncle.

EXT. BAR AREA/ BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

As he waits at the bar, Perry notices the two businessmen he saw with Dima at the tennis court, sitting under a cabana by the pool, hunched over a laptop. He looks away as the BARMAN returns with some ice cream cones.

PERRY

Thank you. We're in room 14.

BARMAN

Everything's paid for, sir.

The BARMAN points to the sleeping man in the tam-o-shanter.

EXT. BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Gail's still gently interrogating the girls.

GAIL

Is Uncle Dima a real uncle?

IRINA

He's our father's friend.

GAIL

And where is your father?

KATYA

He's dead.

Gail looks surprised, no idea how to respond.

EXT. LIFEGUARD'S CHAIR/ BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Perry approaches the lifeguard's chair.

PERRY

Hello there!

'Uncle Vanya' doesn't reply, fast asleep with a bottle of vodka by his side. Perry's about to call up again when he sees the handle of a large black pistol sticking out of the Russian's trousers. As he stares in surprise, Uncle Vanya's eyes suddenly blink open, startling him.

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PERRY

Thank you for the ice creams.

The fat Russian says nothing, gazing down at him quietly.

EXT. BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DAY.

Gail is still recovering from her own surprise.

GAIL

What about your mother?

KATYA

She's dead too.

Gail stares at the little girls incredulously, wondering if they're playing a joke on her.

GAIL

I'm so sorry. When did...

KATYA

On Wednesday.

IRINA

They had a car crash.

Gail stares at them in disbelief, their dancing bear necklaces glittering in the sunlight. Katya sees Gail's eyes well up and takes her hand, as if she's the one who needs comforting.

PERRY O/S

Caramel and nut cones, ladies!

Perry arrives with the ice creams, then stops as he notices the tears in Gail's eyes.

PERRY

What's wrong?

GAIL

(Forcing a smile)

Nothing. I'll tell you later. You'd better take those ice creams to the boys before they melt.

Perry stares at her curiously, but takes the hint, turning to the girls.

PERRY

Who's going to help me carry these?

The girls stand up and Perry gives them each an extra ice cream to carry, leading the way. Gail stays behind, wiping her tears, staring after him gratefully.

EXT. LATER/ CRICKET MATCH/ BEACH - DAY.

Perry, the twins, and the girls have joined the impromptu game of beach cricket now. Perry gives Alexei an easy bowl and he smashes it, darting between the stumps.

Gail watches from her sun-bed, smiling at the girls' cries of joy as they run to retrieve the ball. Feeling better, she gets up and heads over to join them. As she walks across the beach she notices Natasha lying on a towel near the water. For once the gorgeous teenager isn't reading her book, but sending text messages on her phone.

Alexei smashes another delivery, high-fiving his brother, Viktor, as they run between the stumps. Perry laughs then sees Ambrose and some waiters heading over with refreshments.

Gail continues towards the makeshift cricket pitch as the players stop for a break. She sees Ambrose hand Perry an envelope. She keeps walking, wondering what it is. Perry sees her coming and smiles, holding up an invitation.

PERRY

Apparently it's the twins' birthday.
Dima's invited us to a party at his
house tonight.

Gail glances at the two boys who are taking a dip in the sea, then looks back at Perry, trying to cover her reluctance.

GAIL

That's sweet of him but it's our last
night.

PERRY

We'll just go for a drink.

Gail tries to hint with her eyes that she doesn't want to go but Ambrose interrupts.

AMBROSE

I can drive you there and back, Miss.
We'll have you back at the hotel in no
time.

GAIL

The thing is we were also planning to
visit St. Johns -

AMBROSE

They got a steel band, fireworks,
entertainers. You won't see anything like
it in St. John's.

Gail still looks reluctant, and annoyed at Perry for not noticing, but before she can say anything the little girls arrive, each taking her by the hand, making it even harder for her to say no.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/ HOTEL - DUSK.

Perry and Gail stand at the entrance to the hotel, dressed in the smartest clothes they've bought with them on holiday, holding two gift-wrapped presents in their hands.

GAIL

How obvious do I have to be?

PERRY

I'm sorry. We'll stay half an hour then we'll make an excuse and leave -

GAIL

I don't understand how they can have a party when those poor little girls have just lost their parents. You wanted to go, didn't you?

PERRY

I had no idea you didn't.

GAIL

Of course I didn't. It's our last night.

She stares at him crossly when they hear a car. Ambrose's 4x4 pulls over and he gets out, greeting them with a cheerful smile.

AMBROSE

Mr. Dima hasn't told the twins you're coming. He wants it to be a surprise. He's packed the family off crab-hunting so we can smuggle you round the back, that's how secret you folks are tonight.

Perry looks puzzled but Ambrose grins as if it's the most natural thing in the world.

EXT. NATURE PATH/ DIMA'S COMPOUND/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Through the trees we see the lights of Ambrose's 4x4 disappear, then hear Perry and Gail's footsteps in the undergrowth. Perry beats a passage through the bushes while Gail follows, clutching the twins' birthday presents.

GAIL

I wish he'd told us we'd be crossing the Amazon jungle, I wouldn't have worn heels.

In the half light it really does look like a jungle, the sound of the wind and the ocean rising all around. Finally they see Dima waiting for them down below, looking like a Minotaur in the fading light. For once he's alone, no family or entourage in sight. He heads over and hugs them warmly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMA

I love you guys! I mean it, you have big
big hearts coming here your last night!

(He steps back, admiring Gail)

My God, this woman is beautiful!

His sweet sincere charm completely wins her over, her
misgivings forgotten now.

GAIL

Thank you so much for inviting us.

Perry gives her a sidelong glance as Dima ushers them in.

EXT. DIMA'S COMPOUND/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Perry and Gail follow Dima through the compound. As they
approach the main house Dima slows down and puts his finger
to his lips in a gesture of complicity. Perry and Gail smile,
assuming it's part of the surprise. Dima leads them to a side
door, pushes it open, then enters.

INT. HALLWAY/ MAIN HOUSE/ THREE CHIMNEYS/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

As soon as Perry and Gail follow Dima into the house he
swings around and puts his finger to his lips again, more
urgently this time. Perry sees the tension in his eyes, about
to ask him what's wrong, when Dima grabs hold of his arm as
if to emphasize how serious he is -- no talking.

Perry and Gail look bewildered, realizing this is no game.
They stare at Dima in confusion as the wind rattles around
the house and the phantasmagoric light flickers through the
window panes.

All the fun has left the Russian's eyes and in its place
there's fear and apprehension. Suddenly the spectral figure
of Tamara appears behind Dima, startling Gail. Dima's wife
wears the same black dress she wore at the tennis match and a
cross around her neck. In her hand she clutches a piece of
paper which she holds up for Gail and Perry to read.

Perry feels like he's in a dream, his eyes moving from one
sentence to the next, finding them hard to comprehend.

*'Dmitry Krasnov, 'Dima', European Director of Arena Bank of
Cyprus is willing to negotiate through intermediary Professor
Perry Makepiece and lawyer, Miss Gail Perkins, mutually
profitable arrangement with authority of Great Britain...'*

Perry stares at the words in a daze. He looks at Dima, still
not sure if it's a joke, but the Russian seems deadly
serious. Perry looks back at the note.

*'...Guards will return soon. There is convenient place for
Dima and Perry to talk. Gail please follow Tamara. Is
possible the house has many microphones.'*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gail is reading the same words, also dazed. Suddenly the phone shrills, making her jump. Dima and Tamara exchange an anxious look, then Dima picks up the phone, breaking into a broad grin as he answers in Russian.

Perry watches him. On the outside Dima seems like his old self again -- loud, cheerful, and confident -- but underneath Perry can sense his fear. Whoever he's talking to makes his blood run cold.

Tamara gestures for Gail to follow her. Gail looks at Perry uncertainly but both of them are too swept up in the moment to do anything but obey.

Dima's still on the phone, full of forced smiles and jollity.

EXT. BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Sticks prod the tiny ghost-crabs, forcing them out of their holes in the sand. The twins and the little girls are crab hunting, supervised by Ambrose's wife, Elspeth, and Uncle Vanya. Natasha stands by the ocean, texting, while the two sinister bodyguards check their watches, anxious to get back.

INT. CROW'S NEST ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

The tiny turret looks down on the churning ocean below, the sound of the waves and the wind howling all around. Beads of sweat glisten on Dima's brow as he faces Perry.

DIMA

You are not spy, Professor?

PERRY

No.

Dima stares into his eyes uncertainly.

DIMA

You believe in God?

PERRY

No.

DIMA

Me neither, but I think he sent you to me.

Perry doesn't know what to say.

DIMA

You English are fair play people. You are country of law.

Perry stares back at him, no idea what he wants.

INT. TV ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S - DUSK.

A DVD of a Russian Orthodox mass plays on a TV screen, the volume turned up. Gail stares at Tamara's bright red lipstick and powdered face, feeling like she's in a nightmare.

INT. CROW'S NEST ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Dima rolls up his sleeve to reveal the tattoo of a bare-breasted Madonna surrounded by voluptuous angels.

DIMA

You know who make this for me?

Perry looks at the elaborate tattoo.

DIMA

My Tamara. She was in Kolyma like me.
You know what is Kolyma?

PERRY

A prison camp in Siberia.

DIMA

Fifteen years I was there. I was
murderer. Good murderer. I kill lousy
communist apparatchik who try to fuck my
mother. I shoot him with his own gun.
You ever shoot a man?

Perry shakes his head.

DIMA

You are afraid, Professor?

PERRY

Yes.

DIMA

Me too.

Neither smiles, the wind rattling around the turret.

DIMA

In prison everyone respect Dima for
killing communist. Big criminals too. I
join Vory. You know what is Vory? It is
criminal brotherhood. But with honor.
I'm not a woodpecker, Professor, I'm not
a bitch, you hear me?

PERRY

I hear you.

Perry can sense Dima's pride battling with his shame. The Russian takes a swig of vodka, finding it hard to confess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMA

When I leave Kolyma, I look after Vory money. I good with money. I have friend, Misha, who is even better with money. We are brothers. Vori. One day Misha marry my Tamara's sister, Olga, beautiful. I love their children like my children.

EXT. BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Katya and Irina are still crab-hunting with Elspeth and the twins, watching the ghost crabs scuttle across the sand.

DIMA O/S

When Vory become International they send Dima and Misha to New York, Zurich, Rome. We wash money. We make everyone rich.

The baby-faced bodyguard calls out to Uncle Vanya in Russian, telling him it's time to go back.

INT. CROW'S NEST ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Dima drains his Vodka, the sweat shining on his face.

DIMA

But that was in the days of the old Prince. The old Prince love Dima and Misha, he trust them.

His eyes harden with resentment.

DIMA

The new Prince is traitor of traitors. He sell Vory to the State, take orders from Mr. fucking Putin. They get rich together, Misha and Dima fucking embarrassment now.

Perry stares in confusion, still trying to fathom why Dima's telling him all this.

DIMA

You like those little kids, Professor? Katya and Irina?

PERRY

Of course.

DIMA

Gail, she like too?

PERRY

Very much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMA

What those kids tell her, how their
parents die?

PERRY

A car crash.

DIMA

In Russia we get many car crash like
this. Machine gun, maybe sixty bullets,
who givva shit.

As Perry stares in surprise, he sees Dima's eyes well up.

DIMA

Prince invite them to his house, tell
them everything okay, then kill them.

Outside, the wind and the waves thunder in the silence.

DIMA

Dima next.

EXT. PEOPLE CARRIER/ BEACH/ HOTEL/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

The baby-faced bodyguard and his partner usher Dima's family
into the people carrier.

DIMA O/S

You tell your English spies I wanna talk
with them.

INT. CROW'S NEST ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Dima's eyes are fixed on Perry.

DIMA

You tell them Dima number one money
launderer in the world -

PERRY

I don't know any spies. I'm a teacher -

DIMA

You see my Natasha? Ten, twelve book a
week, she don't givva shit, read them
all. You want a few student like that,
Professor.

His tone is calmer now, almost rueful.

DIMA

Natasha's mother, Jesus God, I loved
that woman. With my heart, my prick, my
soul. Like your Gail, beautiful.
My Tamara, she not beautiful but I love
her with my life, you understand?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Perry doesn't understand, in a world he can barely imagine.

INT. TV ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S - DUSK.

In the TV room, Tamara is still watching the mass, Gail looking like she'd rather be anywhere else on earth.

DIMA O/S
I never let anything happen to her. Or
my kids. Or Misha's kids.

INT. CROW'S NEST ROOM/ THREE CHIMNEY'S/ ANTIGUA - DUSK.

Dima continues.

DIMA
My Natasha go to Eton school, okay? You
tell this to your spies.

Perry finds it hard to keep up with his meandering thoughts.
Or to contradict what he's saying.

PERRY
I'm not sure Eton takes girls yet.

DIMA
I pay good. I give swimming pool.

PERRY
Even so I don't think they'll change the
rules for her.

DIMA
So where she go?

PERRY
There's a place called Rodean. It's
supposed to be the girl's equivalent of
Eton.

DIMA
When we make deal with your spies,
number one condition - Rodean school for
Natasha.

Perry stares at him quietly. Despite everything he's heard,
there's something almost innocent about Dima. The Russian
holds his gaze, then reaches into his sweat soaked shirt and
takes out a small package wrapped in cling film.

DIMA
Take this to your Apparatchiks,
Professor. A present from world number
one money launderer. Tell them I want
fair play.

PERRY
Dima, you're talking to the wrong man -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMA

All these fucks, my bodyguards, my bankers, my lawyers, they watch me, they work for Prince. I got no-one I can trust.

He stares at Perry in quiet desperation, holding out the package more insistently.

DIMA

You take this with you tomorrow.

Perry hesitates, every instinct telling him to refuse.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/ THREE CHIMNEYS - NIGHT.

The headlights of the approaching people carrier dazzle Perry and Gail's eyes, framing them in the darkness. They stand with Dima and Tamara in the driveway, waiting to greet the returning children. Whatever tension Dima feels inside he hides, striding over to hug his boys.

DIMA

See, I even arrange surprise guests for you! Happy birthday!

Perry and Gail force a smile, still shaken by what's happened. As the baby-faced bodyguard climbs out of the vehicle he looks at them curiously, surprised to see them.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH/ THREE CHIMNEYS - NIGHT.

The birthday party is a lavish event. A band is playing and a sumptuous buffet table is laden with oysters and caviar. As well as Dima's family, all of his entourage are there. Ambrose, Elspeth, and Mark have also been invited, acting both as guests and supervising the HOTEL STAFF.

Perry still feels like he's in a dream, watching Dima greet some LOCAL CHILDREN who've been bussed in for the event. He hugs them and hands them feathered headdresses and Tomahawks.

DIMA

These are all my kids! Isabella come here! We make you chief tonight!

Dima's like a great big bear again, full of warmth and charm. Perry finds it hard to believe it's the same man who just confided in him. He turns away and sees Tamara now. She also looks transformed, watching the festivities in a garish kaftan and ridiculous boots.

Gail drifts over now, holding Irina and Katya by the hand. Perry looks at her, both of them thinking about the one thing they can't discuss.

PERRY

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

Not really, but the girls are going to show me their wig-wam.

She forces a smile, holding Perry's gaze, then follows Katya and Irina to a circle of wig-wams that have been set up for the kids. Perry stares after her in concern, then turns away as he senses someone watching him. The baby-faced bodyguard stands apart from the guests, still observing him.

EXT. WIG-WAMS/ PRIVATE BEACH/ THREE CHIMNEYS - NIGHT.

Katya and Irina are playing cowboys and Indians with the local children. Gail watches them, then looks over at Perry. He's wandered over to the buffet table. She gazes at him in concern when she's interrupted by a gentle voice.

NATASHA O/S

Are you in love with him?

Gail turns in surprise, smiling at the beautiful but earnest young girl, finding it surprisingly easy to answer.

GAIL

Yes. I'm crazy about him.

She grins, noticing Natasha's cell phone in her hand.

GAIL

I see you texting all the time when you're not reading. Someone you like?

Natasha hesitates, but wants to confide in her.

NATASHA

My lover.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH/ THREE CHIMNEYS - NIGHT.

Perry takes a glass of champagne, noticing that Gail and Natasha are deep in conversation by the wig-wams. He looks away and sees Dima and the twins preparing the fireworks. Dima's completely absorbed, seemingly unaware of the watchful glances of his entourage. Perry stares at him, then notices the baby-faced bodyguard observing him again. He feels paranoid, concerned he might be giving himself away, then heads over to the band.

Gail and Natasha turn around as they hear saloon bar music start up on the piano. Perry is sitting at the keyboard now, playing with a cheerful smile.

Dima's also watching Perry play, reassured by his coolness under pressure. If Perry looks calm on the outside, he doesn't feel it inside, constantly aware of Dima's sinister entourage and bodyguards.

EXT. PRIVATE BEACH/ THREE CHIMNEYS - NIGHT.

Dima and the twins light the fireworks, the sky lit up in bursts of colour. Dima looks at Perry in the intermittent light, holding his gaze, putting his trust in him.

INT. PEOPLE CARRIER/ ROAD BACK TO HOTEL - NIGHT.

Perry and Gail jolt up and down in the back of a people carrier, the baby-faced bodyguard driving them back to their hotel.

BABY-FACED GUARD (NIKI)
You had a good night, Gail?

Perry looks wary of the bodyguard but Gail answers with a cheerful smile.

GAIL
Fabulous.

BABY-FACED GUARD (NIKI)
My name is Niki, okay?

GAIL
Hi, Niki.

Perry glances at Gail in admiration. She betrays no hint of tension, pretending to be blissfully happy and drunk.

BABY-FACED GUARD (NIKI)
Perry, you had good night too?

Perry doesn't answer as easily as Gail.

PERRY
Great, thanks. Best evening of our holiday so far.

BABY-FACED GUARD (NIKI)
Mr. Dima ask you to come early?

Gail sees Perry tense.

GAIL
No, Niki, I got the time mixed up. Too much champagne at lunch.

Niki says nothing now, still watching them in his mirror. As the car bumps and grinds along the dirt road, Perry reaches out and takes Gail's hand, holding it tight.

INT. KITCHEN/ HOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

And suddenly we find ourselves in the middle of a hurried family breakfast in a North London kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE WEAVER, 30's, butters some toast and sips his tea, joining his 10 year old son, BEN, at the kitchen table. Ben is finishing some last-minute homework while slurping his Cocoa Pops.

LUKE

Do you think Miss Taylor will mind you
having chocolate-milk stains on your
homework?

Ben smiles, shaking his head.

ELOISE

Maybe if you helped him he'd finish on
time.

Luke looks up at his French wife, ELOISE, sensing the quiet reproach in her voice, then turns back to Ben.

LUKE

Any homework tonight?

BEN

Spanish.

LUKE

My speciality. And then we'll finish
that game of chess.

BEN

It's over in three moves, dad.

LUKE

Don't be so sure.

Luke looks to Eloise for approval, but she's already turned her back, preparing Ben's packed lunch.

EXT. BUS STOP/ NORTH LONDON - DAY.

Clutching his briefcase, Luke runs to his bus stop. The bus doors hiss shut just as he arrives. He knocks on them until the driver takes pity on him and opens them again.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Perry and Gail sit opposite Luke in a converted basement, looking ashen.

Spread out on the table in front of them are dozens of surveillance photographs, separated into two piles -- the Russians Perry and Gail recognise from Antigua, like Niki, Uncle Vanya and the cadaverous bodyguard, and those they don't. The red light on a digital recorder blinks on and off, recording every word they say.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE

Have you spoken to anyone else about what Dima told you?

PERRY

No, just the officers at Heathrow when we arrived.

LUKE

May I ask why you agreed to help someone you'd only just met?

Gail waits for Perry to answer.

PERRY

He told me his life was in danger. And his family's.

LUKE

And why do you think he chose you?

Perry hesitates.

PERRY

I'm not sure -

GAIL

They both played tennis.

Luke looks at her curiously.

GAIL

His bodyguards were always with him. The only time he could get away from them was on the tennis court.

Luke seems impressed by Gail's reasoning, and by her good looks.

LUKE

So, that was how he made contact?

PERRY

I suppose so, although I didn't realize it at the time.

LUKE

And then he invited you to his house and gave you this?

He holds up the memory stick Dima gave Perry in the crow's nest room. Perry nods.

LUKE

You never looked or listened to the contents?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PERRY

No, frankly I just wanted to give it to you like he asked and be done with it.

Luke takes the hint, sliding two documents across the table.

LUKE

I need you to sign these before you leave. Obviously everything we've discussed is confidential.

GAIL

Can you get his family out?

Luke pauses, impressed again by her directness and piercing blue eyes.

LUKE

We'll try to keep you informed, but given the circumstances, I can't make any promises.

INT. PUB/ ALDWYCH/ LONDON - NIGHT.

The roar of a pub, people trying to make themselves heard over the din. Perry and Gail sit with a group of BARRISTERS from Gail's chambers. Gail is showing her friend, ANNE, some photos of the Antigua holiday on her iPhone while Perry looks restless, listening to the male barristers talk shop.

ANNA

That looks unbelievable!

GAIL

It's the view from our balcony.

Perry looks over.

GAIL

And this is the hotel beach.

ANNA

Who are those gloomy kids?

On the iPhone there's a picture of Gail with Katya and Irina. Perry sees Gail pause uncomfortably.

GAIL

Just some children at the hotel.

Perry catches her eye, then gets up.

PERRY

Who'd like another drink?

MALE BARRISTER

Same again, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL
Vodka and tonic for me.

ANNE
Two.

Gail watches Perry head off to the bar, concerned he's having a bad time.

ANNE
So?

GAIL
So what?

ANNE
Did he pop the question?

GAIL
No.

ANNE
You have a view like that from your balcony and he doesn't propose?

GAIL
(Smiling)
Stop it, Anne. We had a wonderful time.

ANNE
You should get pregnant.
(As Gail rolls her eyes)
I'm serious. It's the only way men like that ever make up their minds.

Gail looks over at Perry fondly now, standing on his own at the bar.

ANNE
Nothing like the old Clearblue test to bring them to their senses.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

Wearing a yellow wind vest, Perry cycles through the streets of London. There's an innate grace about him, a natural athlete. As he rides faster and faster the traffic blurs around him, isolating him from the world.

PERRY V/O
'Under the brown fog of a winter dawn
A crowd flowed over London bridge.'

INT. LECTURE HALL/ UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON - DAY.

Rows of students listen to Perry attentively, especially the women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

'So many, I had not thought death had
undone so many. Sighs, short and
infrequent, were exhaled, and each man
fixed his eyes before his feet.'

Perry lowers his copy of the Wasteland.

PERRY

Eliot is borrowing almost word for word
from Dante's Inferno, drawing a parallel
between his own century and the
Florentine poet's vision of hell. He was
an American but the poem is a lament for
a lost England.

At the back of the auditorium, a man in his 50's with a mane
of white hair (HECTOR) listens with a cynical smile.

INT. CLOISTERS/ UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON - DAY.

Perry heads through the college cloisters when he hears a
voice behind him.

HECTOR O/S

Professor?!

He turns in surprise but instead of Dima he sees the
eccentric looking Hector approaching with a beaming smile.

HECTOR

Wilfred *bloody* Owen. Edmund *bloody*
Blunden. Siegfried *bloody* Sassoon.

Perry stares back at him in complete confusion.

PERRY

I'm sorry?

HECTOR

Your fabulous article in the *London*
Review of Books last Autumn. "The
sacrifice of brave men does not justify
the pursuit of an unjust cause".

Perry looks even more confused.

HECTOR

I'll tell you what you are, you're an
absolute fucking hero is what you are,
and that's not smoke up your arse.

PERRY

I'm not sure what you're talking about -

HECTOR

Our friend, Dima.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hector keeps smiling, but his eyes are serious now.

EXT. FRONT QUAD/ UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON - DAY.

Perry and Hector sit on a bench in the college's imposing front quad, talking quietly as STUDENTS wander past.

PERRY

I told your colleague everything. He said we wouldn't be needed again.

HECTOR

That was before we listened to the contents of the memory stick.

Perry looks at him curiously.

HECTOR

Did Dima give you any instructions to accompany the package?

PERRY

He just said give this to your spies.

HECTOR

No mention of your own participation in any further negotiations?

Perry looks surprised and a little alarmed.

PERRY

What negotiations?

HECTOR

How long did your tennis match last?

PERRY

An hour or so.

HECTOR

And that was the only time you spoke before he made his approach?

PERRY

We didn't even really speak then.

HECTOR

He must be a good judge of people. He wants you to be there when we make contact. It's the only way he'll deal with us.

Perry looks stunned.

PERRY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

To see fair play apparently. He doesn't trust us but for some reason he trusts you.

Perry finds it hard to grasp what he's hearing.

PERRY

I can't get involved -

HECTOR

And we can't force you to. All we can do is appeal to your sense of decency. Like Dima did.

Perry stares back at him in silence, still reeling.

PERRY

How much danger is he really in?

HECTOR

Oh, it's real, unless we get him out soon he'll be killed, not that he cares, it's his family he's worried about.

Perry knows he's being manipulated but can't help his curiosity.

PERRY

How soon?

Hector pauses, sensing he's close to reeling him in.

HECTOR

He has two important meetings coming up in June where he'll sign over his money laundering operation to the Prince. The first is in Paris on the 8th, the second in Bern, three days later. Until then he's bulletproof, but once he's signed he'll be ripe for the same treatment dealt out to his friend Misha.

Perry lowers his eyes, looking unsure.

PERRY

I need to talk to my girlfriend first.

HECTOR

Luke's already doing that.

EXT. THE TEMPLE/ LONDON - DAY.

Wearing her barrister's gown, Gail stares at Luke in the serene surroundings of London's Inner Temple where she works. In her heels she towers over the surprisingly short spy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL
Of course he'll say yes.

LUKE
He doesn't have to.

GAIL
Oh, I'm sure you know exactly which
buttons to press, just like Dima did.

Her eyes stay on his accusingly.

GAIL
Does he insist both of us are present?

LUKE
No, just Perry.

GAIL
Then why are you here?

Luke hesitates, trying to formulate his answer.

GAIL
Let me guess. His bodyguards saw us
together so it's more convincing if we
bump into him as a couple.

Luke tries to make a joke.

LUKE
You obviously know your spy films -

GAIL
I'm a fucking human rights lawyer.

Luke's smile fades, serious now.

LUKE
You don't have to decide right away.
Discuss it between yourselves and give
us an answer. Either way.

EXT. MI6 BUILDING/ VAUXHALL/ LONDON - DAY.

Metal spikes are lowered and Hector's car sweeps into the
parking lot of the MI6 building.

INT. MATLOCK'S OFFICE/ MI6 BUILDING/ LONDON - DAY.

In a darkened room, we see an image of the sea at dusk on a
plasma screen. The grainy footage shows a luxury yacht with
its name emblazoned in gold letters -- PRINCESS TATIANA.

HECTOR
She's registered to the Arena Bank of
Cyprus but the Prince's wife also
happens to be called Tatiana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hector and Luke sit with a broad shouldered bull of man, BILLY MATLOCK, watching the surveillance tape.

The camera moves down to reveal a speed-launch arriving with some GUESTS for the party -- most of them gorgeous looking MODELS -- then it jerks up again to reveal a helicopter landing on the stern. Some important looking MEN in dinner jackets disembark, surrounding an elegantly dressed man who we recognise from the opening scene.

HECTOR

That's the Prince.

Matlock stares at the unremarkable man, the only sign of his power the fawning reaction of those around him. The footage jumps to the reception, GUESTS mingling on the upper deck.

HECTOR

There's our friend Dima. In white.

Dima wears a white dinner jacket, as charming and flamboyant as ever, accompanied by a handsome young couple.

HECTOR

And the couple with him are, or rather were, the reason we're here today.

Luke stares at Misha and Olga on screen. They seem relaxed, enjoying themselves, no idea what lies ahead.

HECTOR

A week after this film was taken they were gunned down on the Prince's orders. Misha was Dima's protege and partner. Olga was his wife's sister -

MATLOCK

I don't see what this has to do with us, Hector, we have a highly sensitive sister agency that deals with organized crime -

HECTOR

Not long now, Billy.

Hector waits, his eyes fixed on the screen, then presses the pause button as Dima, Misha and Olga join the Prince and his entourage.

HECTOR

I'm afraid it's not a very good picture but you may recognise the man in the top right hand corner.

Matlock stares in stunned silence at a balding man in rimless glasses, (AUBREY LONGRIGG), who hovers near the back of the group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HECTOR

Our former boss and MP for Islington
North, Sir Aubrey Longrigg -

MATLOCK

I know who it is.

Matlock looks ashen, staring at the frozen image.

MATLOCK

You can't condemn a man for being on
someone's boat.

HECTOR

You're right, Billy, even if it does
belong to the head of the Russian mafia.
But just to be safe we've kept tabs on
him ever since we obtained the video.
He's been very active -- visiting the
Bank of England and the FSA; late night
meetings with influential movers and
shakers in the City. The problem was we
had no idea what he was up to until we
received Dima's memory stick.

Matlock looks up curiously.

HECTOR

Last week the Arena Bank of Cyprus filed
a formal application with the financial
services department to establish a new
trading bank in the City of London. The
application is supported by an
impressive line-up of names rustled up
by our friend, Aubrey Longrigg.

Luke offers Matlock a thick folder.

HECTOR

If Dima is to be believed, the purpose
of this bank is to launder billions of
dollars of Russian mafia money and turn
it white -- in London. That's what this
has to do with us, Billy.

Matlock looks away from the folder and stares at Hector.

MATLOCK

You've gone after Longrigg before and
failed, Hector.

HECTOR

I get better with practice.

MATLOCK

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HECTOR

I want to purge the Service of his memory. To do that I need Dima. Face to face when he comes to Paris next week. I want to get trade samples out of him as we would with any high price defector - names, account numbers, link charts. I want written approval - yours - that if he can provide what he says he can we give him everything he wants. And I want to go *barefoot*, no involvement from the Service in case someone tips Aubrey off.

MATLOCK

You're out of your mind -

HECTOR

If I fuck up you can always blame me for exceeding my brief. How's that sound?

Hector's eyes shine with conviction, eager for the game to begin. Luke seems swept up by his passion, finding it hard to resist a smile.

INT. GAIL AND PERRY'S APARTMENT/ PRIMROSE HILL - DAY.

Perry and Gail stare at each other in subdued silence, the sound of traffic filtering through from outside.

GAIL

You don't have to agree. If they want Dima badly enough they'll find some other way to get him out.

PERRY

He won't talk to them without me -

GAIL

Have you asked yourself why?

She stares at him in concern and frustration.

GAIL

He needs a witness. That's all you are to him - not a saviour, not a friend - he's using you just like they are.

Perry stares back at her gently, sensing how upset she is.

PERRY

I'm not an idiot, Gail. But if someone's drowning and they call for my help how can I look away?

She holds his gaze, moved by his sincerity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL
(Fondly)
You are an idiot.

He smiles and takes her in his arms, holding her close.

PERRY
You don't have to come with me.

GAIL
Yes, I do. I'm going to make bloody sure
they keep their word -

They're suddenly interrupted by the sound of a car horn outside. Gail doesn't want to let go, but Perry pulls away from her gently, looking out of the window.

A stocky 'taxi driver', (OLLIE), waits by a black cab.

INT. OLLIE'S CAB - DAY.

Ollie is overweight and has a gold ring in his ear but we sense he's a former army man. He looks at Perry and Gail in his mirror as he drives. They stare out of their windows, lost in their separate thoughts, their hands firmly clasped.

HECTOR OFFSCREEN
Dima will be guarded around the clock
until he signs over all his accounts to
the Prince. Then he will be killed.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM/ SAFE HOUSE/ BLOOMSBURY - DAY.

Hector strides back and forth in the basement room.

HECTOR
His only chance is to run into you in a
public place and communicate some way
for us to get him out. As with all
things, he's decided the bigger the
better. He wants to meet you at the
final of the French Open. I know you've
just got back from holiday but you'll
have to take another week off work.

Perry and Gail stare at him in silence, Luke and Ollie listening from the doorway.

HECTOR
He will have thought long and hard about
how to approach you so leave it to him.
All you have to do is be yourselves,
which believe me, takes practice.

AND NOW WE CUT TO:

EXT. HYDE PARK/ LONDON - DAY.

Perry's face lights up in surprise. He strides towards Ollie with his hand thrust out.

PERRY

Dima! How fantastic to see you!

OLLIE

Not too much, Perry. Keep it natural.

PERRY

What are you doing here? Gail look!

Gail approaches, smiling at Ollie, a much better actor than Perry.

GAIL

It's lovely to see you again, Dima.
How's your wonderful family?

Ollie looks impressed.

OLLIE

Fabulous, darling.

INT. DRAWING ROOM/ SAFEHOUSE/ BLOOMSBURY - DAY.

We're back with Hector in the safehouse.

HECTOR

You're not spies. You're a pair of
innocents abroad. That's why Dima chose
you and that's how I want you.

EXT. HYDE PARK/ LONDON - DAY.

Ollie pretends to be Dima again, introducing Luke.

OLLIE

You remember, Niki, Gail?

GAIL

(Smiling at Luke)
Of course. Niki drove us back from your
party.

Luke stares at Gail intently, only half acting.

OLLIE

How long you been in Paris, professor?

PERRY

We arrived on the Eurostar this morning
and we're leaving tomorrow -

OLLIE

Then we see each other tonight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

I'm afraid we can't, we've arranged to meet some friends.

INT. DRAWING ROOM/ SAFEHOUSE/ BLOOMSBURY - DAY.

Hector continues.

HECTOR

Play hard to get, make it convincing. You've only got one night in Paris and you want to spend it together.

EXT. HYDE PARK/ LONDON - DAY.

Ollie insists.

OLLIE

Then we have drink! You join us in hospitality suite after match!

PERRY

Unfortunately our table's reserved for seven. Maybe a drink afterwards?

OLLIE

No offence, Perry, but if I was taking Gail out for a romantic dinner in Paris I'd want to get her straight back to the hotel. Leave the arrangements to Dima.

Perry looks at Gail and tries again.

PERRY

Unfortunately our table's booked for seven and we want to get an early start -

OLLIE

Who the fuck eats at seven?! I phone up restaurant and tell them to goddamn wait for you! Come here, professor!

Luke and Gail laugh as Ollie gives Perry a huge hug.

INT. KITCHEN/ SAFEHOUSE/ BLOOMSBURY - NIGHT.

Luke stirs vegetables in a frying pan, preparing dinner. Gail keeps him company, pouring herself a glass of red wine. Next door we see Ollie laying the table and Perry and Hector looking through some more photographs.

GAIL

So, you just have the one child?

Luke nods as he stirs the onions.

LUKE

Ben.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

And does Ben sense things aren't going well between you?

Luke keeps his back to her, eager to confide in someone.

LUKE

I'm sure he does. He's a very clever boy. Thrashes me at chess.

GAIL

Would it be indiscreet of me to ask what happened?

LUKE

I was a fool. Had an affair with my number two's wife in Bogota. Cost me my job and almost cost me my marriage. I was lucky Hector took me on.

Gail stares at him in sympathy.

GAIL

I imagine when you have a child you try much harder to patch things up.

LUKE

(Totally disarming)

Still trying, Gail. Trouble is I end up in bed with anyone who's willing. It's not a midlife crisis, it's just me.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM/ SAFEHOUSE/ BLOOMSBURY - NIGHT.

The basement table has been transformed into a dining table. Perry, Gail, Hector, Luke and Ollie sit together after the meal, a map of the Roland Garros tennis stadium spread between them.

HECTOR

He wants you to be here -- at the Allee Marcel-Bertrand -- exactly fifteen minutes before the match.

Luke watches Perry and Gail, sensing how tense they are.

HECTOR

Just be yourselves and nothing will go wrong.

Luke catches Ollie's eye across the table.

HECTOR

Once you've passed on Dima's instructions to us, we'll have you on the first train back to London.

Hector beams, as if it's the simplest thing in the world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

Now fuck the pope, let's have a drink!

INT. OLLIE'S CAB/ OUTSIDE GAIL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Through the rain swept taxi window, Ollie watches Perry and Gail head back to their apartment, hand in hand. Luke is also watching them, in quiet concern.

LUKE

I wish I could tell them to run for
their lives while there's still time.

Perry and Gail finally disappear inside the building, closing the front door behind them.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE/ NORTH LONDON - NIGHT.

Luke unlocks the door to his own house. His wife, Eloise, is waiting for him by the stairs sullenly.

ELOISE

We waited till ten. I had to send him to
bed.

Luke looks crestfallen, hurrying past her.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE/ BEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Ben is fast asleep, looking like an angel. Luke bends down and kisses him tenderly, careful not to wake him.

EXT. ROLAND GARROS TENNIS STADIUM/ PARIS - DAY.

A roar of noise. CROWDS stream through an avenue of tented stalls. Flags billow on the stadium walls and a loudspeaker welcomes fans to the final of the French Open.

Surrounded by the endless flood of people, Perry checks his watch. It's almost 2:45. Gail glances at the sponsor's tents - *Nike, Lacoste, Reebok, Adidas* - but there's no sign of Dima. She links arms with Perry, trying to sound calm.

GAIL

I'm going to buy you a new pair of
tennis shoes so you can throw away those
ghastly Dunlops.

Perry accompanies her, glancing at the passing faces.

PERRY

When this is over we should bugger off
somewhere and get married.

GAIL

(Gently)
You really pick your moments.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She squeezes his hand, then breaks away, pretending to examine the tennis shoes. Perry watches her in concern, then looks away. He sees no-one he recognises, his heart pounding. He checks his watch again when suddenly --

DIMA O/S

Professor! I swear to God!

Perry braces himself, then swings around with a look of feigned surprise.

PERRY

Christ, *Dima*! Gail, look who's here!

Gail turns around too and instantly she's someone else, smiling in delight.

DIMA

What are you doing here, you lousy
goddamn tennis player?!

He looks into Perry's eyes happily but underneath Perry senses the strain he's under.

DIMA

Gail, come here, I gotta hug this girl!
(He envelops her in his warm
embrace)
You marry her yet, Professor?

GAIL

Still waiting.

Just for a second Perry notices the large party of people who are hovering behind Dima and loses his concentration. Gail sees them too but doesn't miss a beat.

GAIL

How are your beautiful children?

DIMA

Everyone in Switzerland now. Boring
fucking country.

Perry sees the sinister Niki among the crowd of smartly dressed men and women, standing next to a beautifully dressed man with silver hair, (EMILIO DEL'ORO).

DIMA

Where are you sitting?

Gail shows him their tickets.

DIMA

You got *telescopes*, Professor?! You're
so goddamn high up you need oxygen! We
gotta hospitality box. Friends of mine
from Russia. Champagne, caviar!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sensing the sinister Niki's curiosity at the coincidental meeting Gail declines.

GAIL

That's sweet of you, Dima, but the tickets were from a friend who gave up his seats so Perry could watch Federer -

DIMA

After the game then. After Nadal beat Federer. And tomorrow you play me at tennis, professor. We run into each other at Roland Garros means God wants me to beat you in rematch.

Perry registers the veiled message but has no time to respond, the silver-haired Del Oro joining them now.

DEL ORO

Aren't you going to introduce us to your friends, Dima? You can't keep a lovely lady like this all to yourself.

For all his silky charm, Gail feels a shiver down her spine.

GAIL

I'm Gail and this is Perry.

DEL ORO

Emilio Del Oro. I'm an old friend of Dima's. I hope we'll get a chance to meet properly after the match.

His eyes stay on Perry and Gail with just a hint of curiosity.

DIMA

We gotta go. I see you after, Professor. Don't chicken out on me!

Perry senses the urgency beneath his bluster.

DIMA

I love this goddam guy.

Even though it's said to Del Oro and the rest of his party Perry knows it's meant for him.

EXT. STAND/ ROLAND GARROS CENTRE COURT/ PARIS - DAY.

The thunder of drums and bugles drowns out the excitement of the crowd. A military band in Napoleonic uniform plays before the final begins. Perry and Gail take their seats, both looking shaken by their encounter with Dima and his minders.

GAIL

You were great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

So were you.

Perry looks around the stands nervously, wondering if anyone's watching them.

EXT. LATER/ ROLAND GARROS CENTRE COURT/ STAND - DAY.

The crowd rises to its feet, giving Federer and Nadal a standing ovation as they enter the court. Gail looks at Perry. He's craning his head, trying to catch a better view of his heroes. The applause finally dies down and everyone takes their seats. Gail's about to say something when she notices Perry's attention has shifted to the smoked windows of one of the hospitality suites. She can just make out Del Oro's silver hair at the window before he turns away.

EXT. LATER/ ROLAND GARROS CENTRE COURT/ STAND - DAY.

The crack of a tennis ball resounds like a gunshot, Federer whipping a forehand across the court. Nadal retrieves it but slips on the clay. Federer looks like he's about to punish the ball but pulls off an outrageous drop shot instead. Perry rises to his feet with the rest of the crowd.

UPMIRE

Game, Federer. Federer leads 5 games to 4, first set.

Perry turns to Gail.

PERRY

I'll be right back.

She nods, watching him head out of the stand during the changeover.

INT. CORRIDOR/ ROLAND GARROS STADIUM - DAY.

Perry is on his cell phone, talking quietly in one of the corridors beneath the stadium.

PERRY

He's asked us to join him in their hospitality suite after the match.

INT. PARKED VAN/ BOIS DE BOULOGNE/ PARIS - DAY.

Through the blacked out windows of a surveillance van, Hector can see Roland Garros stadium in the distance, instructing Perry on the phone.

HECTOR

Same rules apply. Just listen and let him take the initiative.

Luke and Ollie sit in the front of the van, looking anxious.

EXT. LATER/ CORRIDOR/ ROLAND GARROS STADIUM - DAY.

Perry hangs up and glances down the dark corridor. Silhouetted at the far end, he sees another MAN talking on a cell phone. It could be perfectly innocent, but Perry feels paranoid, hurrying back into the stadium.

EXT. LATER/ ROLAND GARROS CENTRE COURT/ STAND - DAY.

The crack of tennis balls resumes, the epic contest reaching its climax. The two champions are locked in a brutal rally, hitting the ball harder and harder, refusing to give way.

Perry watches but hardly sees a thing, his eyes drawn to the smoked glass windows of the hospitality suite. Gail senses his nerves and takes his hand, holding it tightly as Nadal and Federer battle in the sun drenched arena. Nadal finally ends the match with a passing shot, falling to his knees in triumph.

Perry rises to his feet and applauds with everyone else but his focus is still on the hospitality suite. Gail looks at him in concern, then sees Niki heading down the stand towards them. The sinister bodyguard stops at their row.

NIKI

Hi, Dima sent me to get you.

Perry looks up, then finally smiles.

PERRY

Niki?

NIKI

That's right.

Niki waits for them to follow him.

INT. CORRIDOR/ HOSPITALITY AREA/ ROLAND GARROS - DAY.

Perry and Gail enter a corridor with rows of doors bearing the names of various corporations -- *Meyer-Ambrosini; Segura Hellenica & Cie;* and finally *First Arena Bank Cyprus*. Niki pops open the cover of a box on the door and taps in a code.

INT. HOSPITALITY SUITE/ ROLAND GARROS - DAY.

The door swings open and Perry and Gail follow Niki into the hospitality suite. It's a long room with a glass wall that looks out onto the court and a dozen tables packed with GUESTS. Emilio Del Oro is there to greet them, exchanging a discreet glance with Niki as if he sent for them not Dima.

DEL ORO

So glad you could join us. Let's find Dima for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He leads them through the crowded room, flashing his silky smile at the guests. For Perry and Gail it's like running a gauntlet. With every step they feel curious eyes on them, the Russian men appraising Gail through their cigarette smoke, their hookers wondering if Perry's worth a second glance.

Perry recognises some of Dima's business associates from Antigua, including the cherubic faced banker and his gaunt associate who are wearing Swiss paper hats. Through the picture windows we see the presentation ceremony begin on centre court but Gail and Perry keep their eyes fixed ahead, their hearts pounding as they follow Del Oro.

They hear different languages -- Russian, French, German -- and finally English. A group of affluent looking Brits sit at their own table, looking more restrained than their hosts. A chubby bearded man with side whiskers (BUNNY POPHAM) catches Del Oro's eye as they pass then turns away. Perry and Gail finally spot Dima up ahead.

DEL ORO

I'm afraid he's drunk.

Perry doesn't respond, his gaze fixed on Dima. The Russian is slouched in a chair in a corner of the room with a bottle of vodka. He looks up at Gail and Perry, but doesn't smile or rise to his feet. He seems drunk and morose, all his larger than life charm and charisma reduced to something small and trapped. Perry can't help feeling a rush of sympathy for him. He smiles warmly and Dima's eyes finally respond.

DIMA

Come here, Professor! Don't trust that goddamn Emilio! Gail, I love you, sit down!

Outside, the band start playing as Federer and Nadal take the stand, but all Perry and Gail care about is Dima.

DIMA

You see all the big guys here. You wanna meet big bankers, lawyers, accountants, ask Emilio. He knows everybody.

Del Oro smiles thinly. Dima takes Gail's hand as she sits down beside him, something gentle behind his drunken eyes.

DIMA

If he don't marry you, Nadal will.

GAIL

That's some consolation.

Dima holds her gaze a moment, like a concerned father, then turns back to Perry with full bluster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIMA

English too, we got here! Fair play guys
like you! Hey Bunny?!

Bunny Popham, the chubby Englishman with the side-whiskers
gives Dima a patronising wave from his table then looks away.

DIMA

Know what Bunny means? *Rabbit*. Fuck him!
(Calling out again)
How about you, *Aubrey*?!

Perry looks around at the name. So does Gail. They catch a
fleeting glimpse of AUBREY LONGRIGG before he turns away,
whispering something to an ELEGANT WOMAN who sits beside him.

Emilio Del Oro slides into the chair next to Dima, about to
chide him when the Russian barks drunkenly at Perry.

DIMA

Tomorrow I beat the shit outta you like
Nadal beat Federer, professor!

PERRY

It depends what time, Dima. We've
arranged to meet some friends for lunch -

DIMA

We *play*. Club De Rois. I got meeting at
fucking bank, nine o'clock, sign a bunch
of papers, then twelve o'clock we have
rematch! I beat you then I buy you
massage, you gonna need it.

Gail listens curiously as Del Oro intervenes.

DEL ORO

Dima, why don't you decide tomorrow when
you're feeling better -

DIMA

Don't fuck with me!

He suddenly smashes his hand on the table, sending glasses
and the bottle of vodka flying. Everyone looks round. Perry
sets the bottle upright before the vodka spills on the
carpet, smiling sheepishly as if it's his fault.

Out of the corner of her eye, Gail sees Aubrey Longrigg get
up now, kissing the hand of the elegant woman sitting beside
him before he briskly walks away.

DEL ORO

Dima, I think your friends are trying to
say no without being rude -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GAIL

(Interrupting)

It's fine. We can rearrange our lunch.

Her intervention seems to tie Del Oro's hands. He smiles smoothly.

DEL ORO

Then tell me where you're staying and
I'll send a car to pick you up.

It's Gail's turn to look trapped, but Perry holds his nerve.

PERRY

We're at a guest house on the *Rue Du*
Bac. Number 45.

Del Oro smiles again and jots the address down in a crocodile skin notebook. Dima glances at Gail and Perry with a hint of guilt, then returns to his vodka, glowering:

DIMA

Twelve o'clock tomorrow I beat the shit
outta you then buy you massage.

For all his bluster, Perry senses Dima's nerves. Standing nearby, Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard are watching them all the time.

EXT. SEINE RIVER/ILE SAINT LOUIS/ PARIS - NIGHT.

The lights of the pleasure boats glitter on the Seine.

INT. SAFEHOUSE/ ILE SAINT LOUIS/ PARIS - NIGHT.

A photograph of Emilio Del Oro sits on top of a pile of surveillance shots. Perry and Gail sit on one side of the table, Luke and Hector on the other, gazing at the image of the silver haired man.

HECTOR

Emilio's the Prince's consigliere. Takes
cares of his business outside Russia.

He turns over a photograph of another man Perry and Gail recognise.

PERRY

Yes, he was there. Dima shouted at him
at one point. Called him Bunny -

Luke's cell phone rings, interrupting them. He gets up and takes the call next door.

HECTOR

Doctor Evelyn, '*Bunny*', Popham. Top City
lawyer. His job is to protect the
Prince's transactions from prying eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns over another photograph now. Gail instantly recognises Aubrey Longrigg.

GAIL

They were at the same table. Dima tried to draw our attention to him as well.

Hector stares at the photograph of his nemesis quietly.

PERRY

I've seen him before somewhere.

HECTOR

On TV I expect. Sir Aubrey Longrigg MP, my former chief at SIS and a classic symptom of the canker that is devouring not only the City, but Whitehall, Westminster and our most precious institutions of government.

He looks up with a wry smile.

HECTOR

Dima clearly knows the way to my heart. So we think his message was in the *massage*?

PERRY

He mentioned it twice, and both times it stuck out a mile.

GAIL

I'm worried it stuck out for *Emilio* too.

HECTOR

Well, the truth is if Del Oro's smelling a rat he'll cancel your tennis and we're fucked -

Luke interrupts again.

LUKE

That was Ollie. He just checked. Mondays the resident masseurs at the Club de Rois have the day off. They only come in by appointment.

Hector beams in admiration, raising his glass.

HECTOR

To Dima's massage. *Fucking genius*.

Perry and Gail raise their glasses too, not exactly sure what he means.

INT. STAIRWAY/ GUESTHOUSE/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Hushed laughter echoes up the darkened stairwell. Perry and Gail are both a little tipsy, trying hard to keep quiet as they climb up the stairs.

GAIL
How many more flights?

PERRY
Almost halfway.

GAIL
You're going to have to carry me!

She stops playfully, pretending to be out of breath, when they hear footsteps up above. Two MEN head down the stairs towards them. One is a UNIFORMED GENDARME, the other in plain clothes. Perry and Gail sober up, smiling at the policemen.

PERRY
(In French)
Good evening.

GENDARME
(In French)
Good evening.

The plainclothesman says nothing. It's only as he passes Perry and Gail that we recognise him from his clear blue eyes and realize it's the same man who murdered Misha and Olga.

Perry and Gail have no idea who he is, continuing up the stairs. The killer with the pale blue eyes looks back at them briefly, then continues down the stairs.

INT. GUEST HOUSE RECEPTION - NIGHT.

Perry and Gail's flamboyant landlady, MADAME MERE, greets them in her dressing gown.

MADAME MERE
(In French)
Did you have a wonderful evening?!

PERRY
(In French)
I'm sorry, did we wake you up?

MADAME MERE
(In French)
Not at all, the gendarmes woke me!

PERRY
(In French)
Nothing serious I hope?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MADAME MERE

(In French)

No, they were checking the guest register. I told them you were my only guests.

Perry pauses, looking curious. Gail has no idea what they're talking about.

PERRY

(In French)

Is that normal at this hour?

MADAME MERE

(In French)

They do what they like.

Even though he smiles, Gail senses Perry's concern, wondering what's wrong.

INT. ROOM/ HOTEL/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Perry is on the phone to Hector, Gail looking on quietly.

PERRY

They asked to see the forms we filled out. It had our address and our passport numbers.

INT. SAFEHOUSE/ ILE SAINT LOUIS/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Hector looks more concerned than he sounds.

HECTOR

Did she ask to see their ID?

PERRY'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

I don't think so but one of them was wearing a gendarme's uniform.

HECTOR

Probably legitimate then. Is Gail okay?

Luke and Ollie listen from the doorway.

INT. ROOM/ HOTEL/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Perry hesitates, glancing at Gail as he replies.

PERRY

I think she should go back to London.

Gail stares at him in surprise.

INT. SAFEHOUSE/ ILE SAINT LOUIS/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Again, Hector sounds calmer than he feels.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

Tomorrow we make contact with Dima and that's it for both of you. But if she wants to leave now that's up to her.

Luke stares quietly.

PERRY'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

I'll ask her and call you back.

INT. ROOM/ HOTEL/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Perry puts down the phone, turning to Gail.

GAIL

The answer is no.

PERRY

Gail -

GAIL

Not unless you come with me.

PERRY

You know I can't -

GAIL

I can but you can't?! Bollocks!

Her cell phone chimes with a text message but she ignores it.

GAIL

If you wanted to protect me you should have said no in the first place -

PERRY

What would you have done? -

GAIL

The same as you! That's why I agreed to come with you and that's why I'm staying!

She stares at him in frustration.

GAIL

I care what happens to Dima too, especially after today, and I care even more what happens to his family. You don't have a monopoly on doing the right thing.

Perry stares back at her gently.

PERRY

I know that.

But the floodgates are open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

I want to be a part of your life, do you understand? I don't care if it's playing tennis, or having children, or helping some poor bastard defect! One in, both in, like we agreed - and stop trying to fucking get rid of me!

Tears well up in her eyes.

PERRY

I'm sorry.

GAIL

Good.

He takes her in his arms, kissing a tear on her cheek. She lifts her face and kisses him back, gently at first, then more passionately. Perry responds, laying her down on the bed. She kisses him hungrily now, rolling on top of him, unbuttoning her blouse then his shirt. They start to make love, tension and concern for each other driving their passion, safe in each others arms for now.

INT. ROOM/ HOTEL/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Perry has fallen asleep. Gail kisses him gently, then takes her cell phone from the side table, checking the text she received earlier. To her surprise, it's from Natasha

My father says you are in Paris. The doctor says I am nine weeks pregnant. You are the only person who knows. Please call or text me. Natasha.

Gail stares at the message in surprise, then quietly slips out of bed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/ BANK/ PARIS - DAY.

Rain drums on the windows of a sleek conference room. Dima sits opposite Emilio Del Oro at a table, surrounded by BANKERS. He holds Del Oro's gaze, then signs the document in front of him with a flourish.

INT. PARKED VAN/ BANK/ PARIS - DAY.

Through the blackened windows of their surveillance van, Hector, Luke and Ollie watch Dima and his 'entourage' emerge from the bank and head towards their waiting cars in the downpour.

EXT/ INT. MERCEDES/ STREETS/ PARIS - DAY.

A black Mercedes glides through the streets of Paris. Perry and Gail sit in the back seat, gazing at their bullet-headed DRIVER, trying to contain their nerves.

EXT/INT. MERCEDES/ DRIVEWAY/ CLUB DES ROIS/ PARIS - DAY.

The Mercedes parks outside the gates of the Club Des Rois. Perry and Gail climb out, hurrying through the rain. A group of the young RUSSIANS from the previous day are standing outside the clubhouse, smoking cigarettes. Perry and Gail see Del Oro and Bunny Popham waiting for them at the entrance.

INT. CLUBHOUSE/ CLUB DES ROIS/ PARIS - DAY.

Del Oro leads Perry and Gail through the clubhouse, Bunny Popham following.

DEL ORO

I tried to convince Dima to call it off
but you know how determined he can be.

Perry tries to smile, his heart pounding. Suddenly he notices a familiar face out of the corner of his eye. Luke sits near the bar, bent over a pale green laptop, pretending to work.

DEL ORO

Too early for a glass of champagne?

Perry's distracted but Gail replies with a coquettish smile.

GAIL

Never too early for me.

Del Oro and Bunny laugh when a huge voice bellows out:

DIMA

Professor!

Dima strides into the clubhouse with his Gucci tennis bag, leaving Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard in his wake.

DIMA

See the goddamn rain? See the sky? Ten
minutes we get sun up there!

Del Oro's about to disagree but Dima doesn't give him time. He gives Gail a big hug, then sweeps Perry off to the changing rooms. Luke looks up from his laptop, watching them.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS/ CLUB DES ROIS - DAY.

Perry and Dima descend a dark wooden staircase, entering a gloomy changing room. They pass a door marked 'toilette', then two more doors marked 'massage'. Perry slows down but Dima keeps walking, ignoring the signs. He dumps his tennis bag on a bench and starts to undress.

DIMA

Had a good night, Professor?

PERRY

Great. How was yours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMA

Shit.

As the Russian giant strips, Perry sees his back is covered in an enormous tattoo -- a girl with her thighs wrapped suggestively around a tree of life that has its roots in prison and its branches in paradise.

DIMA

I gotta piss.

He heads into the toilet. Perry starts to undress. Behind frosted glass cubicles two MEN are showering.

The toilet door opens and Dima re-emerges, clutching something in his fist. He cleans the object at a wash basin then heads back to his bench, pulling on his tennis kit. As he slips the object into his short pockets Perry sees that it's a knotted condom with another memory stick inside.

Suddenly the shower doors open and two OLD MEN appear with towels around their waists. Perry nods a greeting. The old men nod back then disappear behind a row of lockers, chatting in French. Perry looks at Dima, checking if he's ready. Dima holds his gaze, then nods.

This time Perry leads the way, knocking three times on the right-hand massage door. There's a tense silence, then the door finally opens.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM/ CHANGING ROOMS/ CLUB DES ROIS - DAY.

Dressed as a club masseur, Ollie ushers Perry and Dima into the massage room, locking the door behind them. Hector is waiting inside, also dressed in a white coat. He stares at Dima in fascination. Dima looks more circumspect. Hector holds out his hand. Dima takes out the memory stick in the condom, placing it in Hector's hand.

Perry watches as if he's in a dream. Hector gives the condom to Ollie who removes the memory stick and inserts it in his laptop.

HECTOR

We have five minutes before you and the professor have to go upstairs. Someone will warn us if you're needed before then. Are you comfortable with that?

DIMA

Comfortable? You crazy?

HECTOR

Are you now or have you ever been in touch with another intelligence service?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIMA

No way. I want my kids to England now. I want my deal -

HECTOR

And I want you to have your deal. But first I have to convince my bosses what you have to offer is worthwhile.

Perry looks surprised at this new condition.

HECTOR

How did this morning's signing go?

Dima holds his gaze, then answers quietly.

DIMA

Great. One half my fucking life gone.

INT. CLUBHOUSE/ CLUB DES ROIS/ PARIS - DAY.

Luke looks up from his laptop. Across the club room, the party of Russians and their hangers-on are swilling champagne and eating canapes. Luke's eyes are drawn to the beautiful women but most of all to Gail. She's surrounded by men, dazzling them with her easy charm and humour.

Luke stares in admiration. He's so absorbed he forgets about Del Oro for a moment. Snapping out of his trance he looks for the consigliere and sees him giving orders to Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard. The two thugs set off towards the changing rooms.

LUKE

(Into his mouthpiece)
Time's up.

INT. CHANGING ROOMS/ CLUB DES ROIS/ PARIS - DAY.

Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard head down the changing room stairs. The tension builds as they turn the corner -- then stop. Perry and Dima sit innocently on a bench, testing their racquet strings before they set off to play.

EXT. TENNIS COURT/ CLUB DES ROIS/ PARIS - DAY.

Dark rain clouds frame the tennis courts. Holding their umbrellas, Del Oro, Bunny Popham and the Russians stand around the court like jailers peering into a prison cell. Inside the chainlink fence Dima flicks his lucky coin.

PERRY

(Softly)
I'm sorry. I had no idea they'd want more from you.

DIMA

It's okay, professor. Call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

Heads.

DIMA

Tails.

They exchange a brief smile, hiding whatever anxiety they feel inside, then set off to different sides of the court. Watching from the sidelines, Gail looks concerned for both of them. Bunny Popham appears at her side.

BUNNY POPHAM

Would you prefer to run for it before
the next cloudburst or stay with your
man and go down with the ship?

GAIL

Don't be such a pessimist, Bunny, the
sun's almost out.

The crack of a tennis ball interrupts them as the match begins.

EXT. LATER/ TENNIS COURT/ CLUB DES ROIS/ PARIS - NIGHT.

Dima runs across the court, grunting as he returns one of Perry's forehands. He plays with a fierce determination, his pride at stake in front of his tormentors. Perry hammers the ball to the other side of the court but Dima retrieves it with an enormous effort, his return catching the line.

Gail can't help cheering, her heart going out to Dima. She sees Del Oro and Bunny watching but couldn't care less, cheering even louder now.

Even Perry seems to be on Dima's side, looking on in admiration as the giant Russian returns everything. Perry charges the net after a looping backhand but Dima passes him with an impossibly powerful shot.

Perry raises his racquet in congratulation. Dima looks exhausted, dripping with sweat as he makes his way across the court to face the next serve.

The match continues, the unsmiling Russians looking on. Perry has to be at the top of his game to match Dima's superhuman effort. He wants to lose but has too much respect for his opponent. Their rallies become more and more intense. Even as it starts to rain Dima refuses to surrender, slip-sliding on the wet clay, grunting and lunging for every shot. Finally he hooks up a high lob, retreating to face the inevitable smash.

Perry positions himself under the ball. He lets it bounce, then reluctantly buries the smash to win the match.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM/ CHANGING ROOMS/ CLUB DES ROIS - DAY.

Perry and Dima are both wearing bathrobes now, facing Hector in the claustrophobic massage room. Ollie sits behind his laptop, keeping an eye on the time.

HECTOR

And once you sign over the money in Bern?

DIMA

Prince move it to new Arena Bank in London.

HECTOR

If they get their license?

DIMA

They get license. Prince pay big money to your politicians to make sure.

HECTOR

How much does Aubrey Longrigg get?

Perry sees the quiet determination in Hector's eyes, sensing his obsession with Longrigg.

DIMA

Ten million dollars on signature. Ten million on first day of trading. Paid to secret bank account in Switzerland.

HECTOR

I need the account number.

DIMA

You get my kids to England, I tell you everything -

HECTOR

You'll tell me everything now, Dima, or no deal.

Perry looks at Hector in surprise. Dima looks cornered.

DIMA

Till Bern I don't know this number.

HECTOR

Then you'll have to go to Bern -

PERRY

You have to get his family out -

HECTOR

(Ignoring Perry)

You're safe until you sign over the money, yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dima holds his gaze, then nods reluctantly.

HECTOR

Your family stays where they are. If they disappear before Bern they put you and the deal at risk. What time is the signing on Wednesday?

DIMA

Ten o'clock. Morning. Bundesplatz.

HECTOR

And afterwards the Prince will hold a reception at the Bellevue hotel?

Dima nods again, surprised that he knows.

HECTOR

We have a colleague upstairs. He's sitting alone at the bar with a green laptop. His name is Dick. When you leave the club, Dick will get up and walk across the lobby, pulling on a dark blue raincoat. Please remember him for the future.

Perry stares at Dima in sympathy, sensing how helpless he is.

HECTOR

We will find a way to smuggle you out during the reception -

DIMA

I don't givva shit what happens to me, I want my family out!

HECTOR

While Dick is smuggling you out of the hotel, Harry here will collect your family from the house and put you all on a flight to England, you have my word.

Ollie looks at Dima reassuringly. Dima looks away.

DIMA

I don't know no Dick or Harry. I want the professor to take care of my family.

Perry stares at him quietly, conflicted.

HECTOR

The professor has done everything you've asked, Dima. At great risk to himself. He has to get back to his life -

PERRY

If you want me there, I'll go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ollie looks at Hector in concern but his boss isn't going to turn down a gift horse, keeping quiet. Dima stares at Perry in surprise and gratitude. He feels guilty for dragging him into this but there's no-one else in the world he can trust. Perry stares back at him with conviction, his 'professor of fair play'.

EXT. TREASURY BUILDING/ WHITEHALL/ LONDON - DAY.

The palaces of State stretch all the way down Whitehall.

MATLOCK O/S

The asset has first hand knowledge of money laundering activities and systems practiced by Russian Crime Syndicates around the world.

INT. MEETING ROOM/ THE TREASURY/ LONDON - DAY.

For all its grandeur the room feels dark and gloomy, a distinguished gathering of SENIOR POLITICIANS, CIVIL SERVICE MANDARINS and GOVERNMENT LAWYERS seated around an oval table. Matlock makes his case.

MATLOCK

More specifically he has evidence that certain dubious entities within the City of London and Westminster are involved.

The impassive faces stare back at him.

MATLOCK

Our request to have his resettlement fast-tracked is based on the strong possibility that his life and the lives of his family are in imminent danger.

An attractive woman in her 40's, (KATE CALDWELL), speaks up.

KATE CALDWELL

Given the implications for the City, could we ask for a little more detail on these 'dubious entities' you mention?

Matlock doesn't want to give too much away.

MATLOCK

That's what the asset is proposing to tell us in return for resettlement.

SECRETARY TO THE CABINET

Is there anyone else he can turn to? A friendly foreign service who could pass on the information but take him off our hands?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATLOCK

No sir, we believe he's developed a special bond with his handlers. We're the only ones he trusts.

INT. ARRIVALS AREA/ AIRPORT/ ZURICH/ SWITZERLAND - EVENING.

Perry and Gail head through the arrivals gate, past crowds of reuniting couples and families, until they see Ollie waiting for them with a smile.

INT. RECEPTION/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN/ SWITZERLAND - EVENING.

The marble lobby of a palatial hotel. Beaming politely, Luke approaches the elegantly dressed HOTEL MANAGER.

LUKE

Excuse me, sir. My name is John Brabazon. I just wanted to tell you, this is one of the most exquisite hotels I've ever seen.

HOTEL MANAGER

Thank you. Are you a hotelier yourself?

LUKE

No, just a lowly journalist. Travel editor of the Times of London.

INT. BALLROOM/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN/ SWITZERLAND - EVENING.

The eager manager gives Luke a grand tour of the hotel now.

HOTEL MANAGER

Here is our ballroom, the *Salon Royal*. There is also another hall, the *Salon D'Honneur* for receptions.

LUKE

(Jotting down notes)
Please tell me if I'm taking up too much of your time. I'm more than happy to look around on my own.

INT. CAR/ ZURICH BERN MOTORWAY/ SWITZERLAND - EVENING.

Gail stares out of her window at the distant mountains when her cell-phone rings with a text message. Perry sits in the front of the car with Ollie.

OLLIE

The family are staying in a farmhouse outside Bern. As far as we know there's only Vanya watching them.

Perry glances at Gail. She's busy texting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

You okay?

GAIL

(Looking up with a smile)

Fine.

She looks down again, replying to Natasha's text.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Luke is on his own now, pretending to admire the luxurious lobby. He makes sure no-one's watching, then slips downstairs to the Gents.

INT. STAIRS/ LAVATORIES/ BELLEVUE HOTEL - EVENING.

Luke heads down the stairs. A set of swing doors lead to the lavatories. He heads past them towards an emergency door. There's a small green box with a glass face containing an emergency button. Luke takes out a Swiss army knife and starts to unscrew the glass panel from its metal surround.

Suddenly he hears voices approaching. He freezes, not daring to look around. We feel the tension on his face as the voices get closer, then drift away, heading in another direction. Relieved, he loosens the screws on the box and removes the glass. Inside there's a red wire that sets off the alarm if the doors are opened. He hesitates, then snips the wire.

INT. LUKE'S ROOM/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - NIGHT.

Luke lies on his bed now, talking to his wife on the phone, a small framed photo of their son on the side table.

LUKE

It's beautiful here. We should come together some time. With Ben.

There's a distant silence on the other end.

ELOISE'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Do you want to speak to him?

Luke feels the rejection acutely.

LUKE

If he's up.

Another silence, then his son's voice comes on the line.

BEN'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Hullo?

Luke feels a wave of emotion, finding it hard to speak. He notices a brochure on his bedside table, advertising various local tourist attractions and museums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE

I'm in Bern, Switzerland, Ben. There's a really fantastic museum here. The Einstein museum.

BEN'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

You went to a museum?

LUKE

Just for half an hour. It's not as much fun by myself. I need you and mum here.

His attempt at reassurance is greeted with another silence.

BEN'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

My friend Harry got an A in maths today.

LUKE

Do I know Harry?

Luke looks tormented, the tensions of his private life beginning to overwhelm him.

LUKE

With any luck I'll be back for the weekend. Maybe we'll go to the science museum.

EXT. BANK/ BERN/ SWITZERLAND - DAY.

Sunlight dazzles our eyes. A row of limos are parked outside the glittering glass facade of a Swiss bank. Another limo arrives and Dima steps out, looking magnificent in his pin-striped suit, accompanied by Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard.

INT. ELEVATOR/ BANK/ BERN - DAY.

Dima rides up in the elevator, Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard on either side of him. The lift arrives at the top floor and the doors slide open, revealing the handsome face of a man with pale blue eyes. Misha's killer stares at Dima, then leads him to a door at the end of the corridor.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/ BANK/ BERN - DAY.

The man with the pale blue eyes opens the door to the conference room. As Dima steps inside he sees a small group of businessmen and bankers chatting. His eyes pick out familiar faces -- Emilio Del Oro, Bunny Popham, and Aubrey Longrigg. Dima holds Longrigg's gaze when another figure steps out of the group, smiling benignly.

Dima feels a shiver down his spine as he sees the Prince, but smiles back. The Prince heads over and hugs him warmly, just like he hugged Misha, then kisses him on both cheeks. He holds Dima's gaze for a moment, then gestures to a row of documents laid out on the table.

EXT. SMALL GUESTHOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Perry and Gail emerge in the blazing sunlight with their overnight bags. Ollie's waiting for them outside the guest house -- a horse-box attached to his car now.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector pours himself a glass of scotch, trying to steady his nerves. The basement has been turned into an operations room, several phones on the kitchen table.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN/ SWITZERLAND - DAY.

Luke sits in the lobby of the Bellevue hotel with his laptop.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM/ BANK/ BERN - DAY.

Longrigg looks on quietly as another document is placed in front of Dima. Dima studies it, his gaze pausing briefly at an account number, then he signs it.

EXT. CAR AND HORSE BOX/ MOTORWAY/ BERN - DAY.

Ollie's car and horse box rattles along a motorway, Perry and Gail looking increasingly nervous.

OLLIE

The children haven't been told anything.
I'll need you to keep them calm.

Gail realizes he's talking to her.

GAIL

What do I tell them?

OLLIE

That we're all flying to England.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Luke sees a crowd of smartly dressed BANKERS and BUSINESSMEN file into the hotel lobby, led by Emilio Del Oro and Bunny Popham. A bronze signpost points the guests towards the *Salle D'Honneur* for the *Arena Bank* function.

LUKE

(Talking into his cell phone)
Del Oro and Popham just arrived. No sign
of Dima yet.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector listens anxiously on the phone.

INT. FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Through the windows of a large farmhouse we see Tamara staring out into the garden. The twin boys, Viktor and Alexei, are playing football with a drunk Vanya, Katya and Irina watching them.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Luke checks his watch again, starting to look anxious, when he sees Dima sweep into the hotel with all the swagger and confidence of a movie star.

LUKE
(To Hector on his cell-phone)
He's here.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector looks relieved, draining his scotch.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Luke watches Dima stride through the lobby when he notices someone else behind him. Hector's lank, bald-headed nemesis, Aubrey Longrigg, has also walked into the lobby, accompanied by the Prince himself.

LUKE
(Into his cell-phone)
Longrigg's here with the Prince.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector says nothing now, staring out quietly, a hunter closing in on his prey.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Luke puts his phone away as Dima approaches, Longrigg and the Prince following. Dima notices Luke's blue raincoat slung over the arm of the chair and looks up. Their eyes meet briefly in recognition. Luke gestures discreetly to the downstairs toilets before they both look away.

EXT. CAR AND HORSE BOX/ MOTORWAY/ BERN - DAY.

Ollie stops the car at the side of the road.

OLLIE
We're almost there.

Perry and Gail get out and climb into the horsebox now.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Loud applause rings out from the reception room. Luke stares at the closed doors of the Salle D'Honneur, waiting for Dima.

INT. SALLE D'HONNEUR/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Emilio Del Oro faces the gathering of International bankers and lawyers, raising his glass in a toast.

DEL ORO

I'd like to thank our good friend Bunny Popham for arranging everything without the rest of us even having noticed.

There's laughter and applause, Bunny Popham acknowledging the back-handed compliment with a wry bow. Dima looks away, his gaze lingering on the unsmiling Aubrey Longrigg, then moving onto the Prince and his blue-eyed bodyguard. He makes sure they're not watching, then heads discreetly towards the exit.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Luke is still watching the closed doors of the reception hall. He looks away, scanning the lobby. Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard sit at a table facing the Salle D'Honneur, waiting for the reception to finish.

Suddenly there's another round of applause and the doors of the Salle D'Honneur open. Dima strides out, alone. He heads towards the downstairs toilets when Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard get up and start to follow him. He turns on them furiously:

DIMA

(In Russian)

What the fuck do you want, you shit-ants?! You want to know what I'm doing, Niki?! I'm taking a fucking piss!

He continues towards the downstairs toilets. The bodyguards look undecided, then set off after him. Luke gets up now, heading in the same direction with his laptop.

EXT. CAR AND HORSE BOX/ FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Ollie's car and horse-box rumbles through the gates of the farmhouse, slowing to a stop near the stables. There's no sign of any other vehicles or activity in the house.

INT. STAIRS/ LAVATORIES/ BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY.

Dima heads down the stairs to the toilets. Niki follows, but the cadaverous bodyguard turns around as he hears footsteps behind him --

Luke gives him the briefest smile, then brings down the laptop on the his head with an almighty blow, almost breaking his own hand in the process. The guard tumbles down the steps, startling Niki. Dima spins around now, grabbing Niki by the throat, smashing his head against the wall and kicking him repeatedly as he collapses to the floor.

EXT. FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Ollie rings the doorbell. Perry and Gail wait outside the horse-box now, looking on anxiously.

INT. STABLES/ FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Inside the stables we hear the doorbell ringing again then suddenly see a figure sit up in the darkness. It's Uncle Vanya. He's fallen asleep in the stables, his half empty bottle of vodka lying by his side. He doesn't wake like a drunk though, immediately reaching for his gun.

INT. SALLE D'HONNEUR/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

More applause rings out as Bunny Popham takes the stage. The man with the pale blue eyes looks away and notices Dima isn't there anymore, looking around the hall curiously.

INT. EMERGENCY EXIT/ BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY.

Luke delicately removes the pane of glass he loosened on the alarm box the night before. Dima watches as he reaches inside the box and presses a red button with his good hand. To their relief, the emergency doors swing open in silence.

INT. LOBBY/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

The man with the pale blue eyes heads out of the reception hall and checks the lobby. There's no sign of Dima or his bodyguards there either.

EXT. FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Ollie rings a third time and the front door of the farmhouse finally opens, the twins, Andrei and Viktor, staring at him in confusion. Perry and Gail are about to head over to explain when suddenly Perry catches a fleeting movement out of the corner of his eye.

Vanya strides out of the stables, aiming his gun at Ollie. Perry reacts instinctively, charging the enormous Russian, bringing him down with a rugby tackle. Vanya tries to get up, but Perry punches him in the face before he can recover, knocking him out cold. Ollie rushes over while Perry looks dazed by what he's done.

INT. STAIRS/ LAVATORIES/ BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY.

The man with the pale blue eyes heads down the steps, then stops in surprise as he sees Niki and the cadaverous bodyguard slumped unconscious at the bottom of the stairs.

EXT. SIDE EXIT/ UNDERGROUND CAR PARK/ HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

Luke clutches his injured hand in agony as he and Dima emerge from the side exit of the hotel, heading towards a car park.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He presses an electronic key and the lights of a BMW blink on.

DIMA
Jesus God, Dick, I love you.

EXT. FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Ollie binds the unconscious Vanya's hands with some tow-rope. Katya and Irina hug Gail by the door while the twins beam at Perry in admiration.

ANDREI
That was fucking cool, man.

Perry acknowledges their approval with an awkward smile then follows Gail into the house.

INT. FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Tamara stands between two suitcases, dressed in black, her hair dyed with henna and her cheeks flushed with rouge.

GAIL
Where's Natasha?

Tamara stares back at her sullenly.

TAMARA
Upstairs. She won't come out.

Perry looks confused, but Gail seems to guess what's going on, hurrying up the stairs. Perry stays where he is, still staring at Tamara curiously.

TAMARA
Her mother was whore. Now she is whore.

INT. STAIRS/ LANDING/ FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Gail turns the handle of Natasha's door but it's locked.

GAIL
Natasha. Natasha, it's Gail. Please come out. We have to leave.

There's no reply. Perry arrives now, banging on the door.

PERRY
Natasha! We have to go! Open the door!

Still no response. Perry steps back and rams the door. It doesn't budge. He tries kicking it but that doesn't work either. Gail calls down for help.

GAIL
Ollie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ollie arrives, takes out a small needle-pick from his pocket and deftly picks the lock.

INT. NATASHA'S ROOM/ FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Ollie bursts into the room and sees Natasha sprawled on the bed, an empty box of sleeping pills lying beside her. Perry and Gail stare in shock but Ollie calmly goes about his business, feeling Natasha's pulse, then reading the label on the box of pills. He rolls the unconscious girl on her front, raises her head, then inserts his fingers down her throat. The effect is instantaneous, Natasha gagging then retching.

GAIL

Be careful, she's pregnant!

Perry looks at Gail in surprise. Ollie hesitates, taking in the information, then continues what he's doing. Perry's still gazing at Gail.

GAIL

She told me in Antigua.

Perry looks even more surprised that she kept it from him. Ollie lifts up Natasha now, carrying her to the door.

GAIL

We have to get her to a hospital.

OLLIE

(With unexpected firmness)

She'll be fine.

He sweeps past them with Natasha in his arms.

INT. SALLE D'HONNEUR/ BELLEVUE HOTEL/ BERN - DAY.

The man with the pale blue eyes pushes his way through the guests until he reaches the Prince. He whispers something to his boss and the Prince stiffens. Aubrey Longrigg sees his reaction, wondering what's wrong.

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ BERN - DAY.

Luke drives through the streets of Bern with his good hand.

DIMA

Where are we going?

LUKE

An airfield near Luausanne.

DIMA

My family?

LUKE

They'll meet us there.

INT. HORSEBOX/ FARM HOUSE OUTSIDE BERN - DAY.

Ollie and Perry help Natasha into the horse box, sitting her up to keep her awake. She's conscious now, her beautiful eyes filled with tears. The twins and the girls look on in concern, but Tamara stares in cold disapproval. Gail sits down beside Natasha, taking her hand.

INT. SUITE/ BELLEVUE HOTEL - DAY.

The noise of half a dozen overlapping phone conversations. All around the suite, the Prince and his henchman are busy working the phone lines. The Prince talks in Russian to the Kremlin; Del Oro speaks to his contacts in Swiss Intelligence; Longrigg is on the phone to an ally in London:

LONGRIGG

I don't care what you have to do. He
can't be allowed to fly to England.

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ MOTORWAY/ BERN - DAY.

Luke joins the motorway, still driving with one hand.

DIMA

You hurt your hand, Dick?

LUKE

Afraid so.

DIMA

You hit him good.

Luke allows himself a smile.

INT. HORSEBOX/ ROUTE TO GENEVA - DAY.

Gail is still holding Natasha's hand as the horse box rattles along the side road, Katya and Irina chatting to her in Russian to keep her awake. Gail looks over at Perry. He holds her gaze for a moment, then smiles, both of them relieved it's over.

VIKTOR

You knock any of Vanya's teeth out?

PERRY

I didn't check.

ALEXEI

Are you a spy, professor?

PERRY

(With gentle irony)
Absolutely not.

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ MOTORWAY TO GENEVA - DAY.

Luke is talking to Hector on his cell phone as he drives.

LUKE
We're an hour away.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector looks pleased, everything going to plan.

HECTOR
So's Ollie. Tell Dima once you're in
England he'll be separated from his
family. No scenes. How's he holding up?

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ MOTORWAY TO GENEVA - DAY.

Dima sits in the passenger seat, beaming happily as he enjoys the gorgeous view.

LUKE
Seems fine to me.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector's about to respond when another of his phones rings.

HECTOR
Hold on. I've got Matlock on the line.

He switches phones, grinning.

HECTOR
Billy boy, how are you?

His beaming smile stays like it is for a moment, then slowly fades as he listens to his colleague in silence.

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ MOTORWAY TO GENEVA - DAY.

Luke is still waiting on the line, glancing at Dima as he drives.

LUKE
Apparently there's good weather in
London.

Dima looks back at him with a wry smile.

DIMA
You arrange it especially for me.

Luke looks away as Hector comes back on the line.

LUKE
Yes, I'm here.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector looks ashen, his voice drained of all energy.

HECTOR
Would you ask Dima if he has Longrigg's
account number?

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ MOTORWAY TO GENEVA - DAY.

Luke looks a little surprised, then turns to Dima.

LUKE
Did you get Longrigg's account number?

Dima looks back at him.

DIMA
Yes. Why?

HECTOR'S VOICE ON PHONE
Would you ask him to give it to you.

Luke looks curious but tries to hide it from Dima.

LUKE
Tom wants the number.

Dima stares into Luke's eyes, sensing something is wrong.

DIMA
Not until England.

LUKE
We're going to England -

DIMA
Not until England.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector can hear their conversation.

LUKE'S VOICE ON PHONE
He says -

HECTOR
I heard.

He hesitates, then finally breaks the news to Luke.

HECTOR
The resettlement's been delayed. The
Prince spoke to his cronies in the
Kremlin and Longrigg to his pals in
London. We can't fly them out yet.

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ MOTORWAY TO GENEVA - DAY.

Luke looks stunned. Dima sees it, guessing what's happened.

INT. HORSEBOX/ ROUTE TO GENEVA - DAY.

Perry looks up as the horsebox slows to a stop. He looks at Gail curiously, then turns as the door opens. Ollie stands there, looking uncomfortable, holding out his cell phone.

OLLIE

Dima wants to talk to you.

EXT. LUKE'S CAR/ REST STOP - DAY.

Dima stands outside Luke's car, holding his cell phone.

DIMA

Professor?

PERRY'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Yes?

DIMA

My family safe?

PERRY'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Yes, I'm with them now.

DIMA

Your apparatchiks fuck me. Say no England yet. You know about this?

EXT. CAR AND HORSE BOX/ SIDE ROAD - DAY.

Perry looks dazed.

PERRY

No.

DIMA'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

Dick say it's just a delay. They hide us somewhere, we go soon. You believe him?

Perry looks at Ollie, sensing everything depends on his answer.

PERRY

I believe they're doing everything they can to keep your family safe.

EXT. LUKE'S CAR/ REST STOP - DAY.

Dima stares out quietly, cars roaring past on the motorway.

DIMA

Okay, professor. I talk to Tamara now.

INT. CAR AND HORSE BOX/ SIDE ROAD - DAY.

Perry hands the phone to Tamara. She listens to her husband in silence, Gail and the children looking on curiously, no idea what's going on. Perry and Ollie wait for Tamara to say something. When she finally speaks, it's just one word:

TAMARA
(In Russian)
Yes.

INT. LUKE'S CAR/ REST STOP - DAY.

Dima gets back in the car and returns Luke's phone to him.

DIMA
Okay, but nothing more till England.

EXT. THAMESLINK BOAT/ RIVER/ DOCKLANDS/ LONDON - NIGHT.

From the river, the lights of London's financial district look almost futuristic, dazzling neon reds and golds. Hector stands on the deck of the Thameslink boat with Matlock.

MATLOCK
It's just a delay. The Cabinet Office wants the empowerment committee to vote before we fly them out -

HECTOR
There isn't time, Billy. The Prince will find them -

MATLOCK
I've done everything I can -

HECTOR
Clearly not as much as fucking Longrigg -

MATLOCK
It isn't just Longrigg, Hector. We do a lot of business with Russia these days. Their prime minister picks up the phone we can't ignore it.

HECTOR
We take orders from Putin now?

MATLOCK
Get off your fucking high horse! We're not a crusade. We're not hired to rock the boat, we're here to help steer it -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

You think that's what Longrigg's doing?
Right now he's working the phones in
Westminster and Whitehall, doing
everything he can to hold us up and push
the Prince's deal through! -

MATLOCK

And you know what? He'll probably get a
peerage for it! He's arranging a deal
that will bring billions of dollars into
this country! Who gives a shit where it
comes from?!

HECTOR

I thought you did, Billy.

MATLOCK

Fuck you too, Hector.

The two men stare at each other, the glass citadels of the
City glittering in the background.

MATLOCK

The committee votes in two days. You
need to get more out of Dima or we don't
stand a chance.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD/ ZURICH - NIGHT.

The steps of a private jet are lowered. Emilio Del Oro
accompanies the Prince to his plane.

DEL ORO

(In Russian)

I've spoken to our Swiss friends.
They're doing everything they can.

The Prince barely looks at him, climbing aboard the jet with
his entourage. It's only as he disappears inside that we see
that the bodyguard with the pale blue eyes has been left
behind to take care of things.

INT. PASSPORT CONTROL/ HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT.

Aubrey Longrigg hands his passport to a CUSTOMS OFFICIAL.

PASSPORT OFFICIAL

(Handing back the document)

Welcome back to London, sir.

Longrigg heads on, vanishing in the crowd.

EXT. CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - DAY.

The mythic peak of the Eiger looms over the mountain resort
of Wengen. An isolated chalet lies at the quiet end of the
village, overlooking the fabled Lauterbrunnen valley.

INT. CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - DAY.

Ollie peers through a crack in the curtains, keeping a look out for suspicious passers-by. In the living room, Dima and Perry are playing chess while the twins and the girls watch TV.

DIMA
You play tennis okay but in chess I'm
champion.

PERRY
(With gentle irony)
I saw that in Antigua.

Dima looks up now with a hint of guilt.

DIMA
You wanna go back home, professor?

PERRY
Eventually.

Dima smiles.

DIMA
I fuck up your life but you still look
after me you crazy Englishman.

Perry smiles back and moves his Rook.

PERRY
Check.

Dima moves Perry's piece back to where it was.

DIMA
You do that, check mate in two. I give
you another chance.

INT. NATASHA'S BEDROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Gail sits at Natasha's bedside. The beautiful teenager looks better now but her eyes are still puffy.

GAIL
Can you tell me who he is?

NATASHA
His name is Max. He was my ski teacher.
If my father finds out he'll kill him.

GAIL
Your father doesn't need to find out
yet. In a few days we'll be in England
and then you can decide what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATASHA

I don't know what to do.

GAIL

You will.

She stares at the young girl gently.

GAIL

Before I met Perry, I'd got pregnant with someone else. I thought I was in love with him but the minute it became a life decision I couldn't go through with it. And then when I met Perry I knew I'd made the right choice.

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

The tiny photograph of Luke's son sits on his bedside table.

LUKE

(On the phone to Hector)

We've tried. He won't speak to me or Ollie.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector looks like he hasn't slept all night.

HECTOR

Then the 'professor' will have to convince him.

INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Luke looks up as he hears a knock on the door.

LUKE

I'll have to call you back.

He hangs up and gets off the bed.

LUKE

Come in.

Perry walks in, staring at him quietly.

PERRY

Any news?

LUKE

Hector reckons another day or so -

PERRY

Don't lie to me.

Luke looks taken aback by his quiet anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE

If you convinced him to talk we'd all be home tomorrow. That's the truth.

PERRY

He doesn't believe you any more. Nor do I.

Luke stares back at him in frustration.

LUKE

You think we aren't bloody trying?

PERRY

I don't care to be honest. You made him a promise. So did I.

EXT. BANK OF ENGLAND/ CITY OF LONDON - DAY.

The neoclassical facade of the Bank of England looms over Threadneedle street. Aubrey Longrigg walks alongside Kate Caldwell, the attractive female Bank of England official we saw at Matlock's Treasury briefing.

AUBREY LONGRIGG

When does the committee meet?

KATE CALDWELL

Nine tomorrow.

AUBREY LONGRIGG

My friends need more time. Can a final decision be delayed?

KATE CALDWELL

On what grounds?

AUBREY LONGRIGG

The financial consequences for the City.

KATE CALDWELL

I only have one vote, Aubrey.

AUBREY LONGRIGG

Any other like-minded members? Our friends have deep pockets as you know.

Kate looks uncomfortable at the insinuation.

KATE CALDWELL

Perhaps you should sound them out yourself -

AUBREY LONGRIGG

In my position I don't have your freedom of movement.

He takes her gently by the arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AUBREY LONGRIGG

You've been more than helpful to us so far, Katie. At great risk to your future. Win or lose I'll be sure to remember that. So will the Prince.

From his tone of voice it's not clear if he's reassuring her or threatening her.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

The sound of laughter. Perry, Gail, Ollie, Dima and the twins are playing Monopoly. Viktor's just landed on one of Dima's squares, handing over some play money to add to his father's enormous pile.

DIMA

Don't worry, you inherit it all one day.

Natasha's curled up on a sofa, reading. Tamara sits in front of the TV with Katya and Irina, watching the Sound of Music.

DIMA

You okay, Dick?

Luke looks up from his Swiss newspaper, forcing a smile. Dima senses he's preoccupied but lets it go, taking another swig of vodka before he kisses the dice.

DIMA

Come on, please God, gimme double five!!!

Everyone groans as he rolls a six and a four and moves his marker onto the Mayfair square.

DIMA

I love you so much, Gail, I'm gonna buy you a house so you and the professor can get married and have twenty kids.

GAIL

That's very generous of you, Dima.

DIMA

A big goddamn house in Mayfair. Garden like a football field. As soon as your fucking Apparatchiks let me in.

Even though he says it lightly everyone feels his bitterness. Especially Luke. Dima pays for his Mayfair square, then looks up, catching Tamara's eye. She stares at him in silence, then gets up and disappears into her bedroom. Dima gets up and follows her to make sure she's okay.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

The dark woods stretch all the way down to the valley, the lights of the distant cars visible far below.

DIMA

My Tamara pray so fucking hard to God
the poor guy gonna be deaf soon.

Perry stands with Dima at the edge of the woods, his friend and confessor.

DIMA

Don't worry. One day we all be happy.
God gonna fix this whole shit.

PERRY

I don't doubt it. If there's anyone out
there who believes in fair play...

He trails off gently. Dima smiles, then grins, slipping an arm around Perry's shoulder.

DIMA

You know Madame Tussaud's, professor?

PERRY

I do, but I've never been.

DIMA

I take you. You, Gail, me, Tamara, we go
on double date.

PERRY

(Grinning)
Deal.

Far below them, the distant car lights flicker in the night.

EXT. CAR PARK/ SPIEZ/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Rows of vehicles are silhouetted in the darkness. Torch beams thread their way through the vast outdoor car park until one of them finally stops at a familiar car and horse box. We see two SHADOWY FIGURES approach the vehicle with their flashlights, checking its number plate.

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

Perry and Gail are asleep in their single beds when Perry's cell-phone shrills, waking them up. He answers it sleepily.

PERRY

Hello?

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - NIGHT.

Hector sits on the sofa with an empty bottle of scotch and a pile of documents and photographs laid out in front of him.

HECTOR

Mind if I chat to you for a couple of minutes?

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

Perry seems surprised. Gail stares at him curiously.

PERRY

Sure.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - NIGHT.

HECTOR

Polish philosopher chap I read from time to time. Kolakowski. Thought you might have heard of him?

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

Perry looks even more confused.

PERRY

What about him?

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - NIGHT.

HECTOR

Very stern views on good and evil - which I tend to share these days. Evil is evil, period. Not rooted in social circumstance. Not about being deprived. Evil is an entirely separate human force.

His eyes are fixed on some surveillance shots of Aubrey Longrigg.

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

PERRY

Are you alright?

HECTOR'S VOICE ON PHONE

Luke said you felt let down by us. Couple of things I need to get off my chest.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - NIGHT.

Hector stares at the photographs of his nemesis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

I have a son. He's in jail for selling drugs. I believe Aubrey Longrigg tipped off the police to discredit me when I was making trouble for him at SIS. It's not the reason I'm doing this but that's the kind of evil we're talking about.

He pauses.

HECTOR

I need more from Dima.

PERRY'S VOICE ON THE PHONE

He wants his deal.

HECTOR

We're running out of time. If I can't get clearance to fly his family out by tomorrow I want you and Gail to come home, do you understand?

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

Perry looks at Gail, then replies.

PERRY

You're just having a bad night, Hector.
We're all coming home together.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - NIGHT.

For all his drunken pessimism, Hector can't help smiling.

HECTOR

Dima really was a good judge of character. Clark Kent turns out to be fucking superman.

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

Perry smiles.

PERRY

You need to get some sleep.

HECTOR'S VOICE ON PHONE

I will. Thanks.

Perry's smile slowly fades as the line goes dead.

GAIL

What?

PERRY

It doesn't sound like he's winning. He wants us to go back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gail stares at him quietly, considering it.

GAIL
Well, I'm glad you said no.

Perry smiles softly, gazing at her in admiration.

PERRY
Mind if I share your bed? Mine's a
little lumpy.

She makes room for him in her tiny single bed.

EXT. LAUTERBRUNNEN TRAIN STATION - DAY.

The grinding noise of a train as it slows to stop. GROUPS OF TOURISTS step out, admiring the distant summit of the Eiger. Among them we see a handsome man with pale blue eyes.

INT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector has fallen asleep in his suit, the empty bottle of scotch lying by his side. He only hears the doorbell after the third ring, waking up with a painful hangover.

EXT. BLOOMSBURY SAFEHOUSE/ LONDON - DAY.

Hector's mane of white hair is sticking up as he opens the front door. Matlock stares at him in disapproval.

MATLOCK
Are you sober?

Hector runs a hand through his hair.

HECTOR
Sober enough.

INT. MEETING ROOM/ THE TREASURY/ LONDON - DAY.

The MEMBERS OF THE EMPOWERMENT COMMITTEE sit around a long conference table, listening to Hector.

HECTOR
Based on the information the asset has given us so far we believe the major Russian Crime syndicates, under the leadership of Vladimir Mishkin, 'the Prince', have channeled their resources and chosen the City of London as the end destination for their laundered profits.

Matlock sits next to Hector. Among the stoney faces around the table, we see the female Bank of England official, Kate Caldwell, taking notes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR

We also believe elements within the British establishment are facilitating the transfer of these illegal funds by helping the crime syndicates set up a bank here -

Another COMMITTEE MEMBER catches Kate's eye and interrupts.

COMMITTEE MEMBER

Mr. Secretary, other than the usual anti-Russian prejudice we've seen nothing to suggest the Arena bank is in any way connected to criminal activity. The bank enjoys the signed support of a cross-party group of MP's -

HECTOR

These MP's you're talking about? Who's their ringleader?

Matlock puts a hand on Hector's arm, trying to calm him down.

COMMITTEE MEMBER

Sir Aubrey Longrigg is their *spokesman*.

HECTOR

Has he pleaded a special interest?

COMMITTEE MEMBER

He's a non-salaried advisor to the bank.

HECTOR

Mr. Secretary, if the committee allows us to fly the asset and his family to England we can prove Sir Aubrey Longrigg has received substantial payments from the Prince in return for his advice.

There's stunned silence at his accusation. Matlock wishes he were anywhere else. Kate Caldwell looks up from her notes.

KATE CALDWELL

Mr. Secretary, my concern is that if we investigate the Arena bank based on the testimony of a self confessed criminal they will withdraw their application and take their money elsewhere.

Hector looks up at Kate, instantly sensing an enemy.

KATE CALDWELL

The bank is proposing to sink billions into the City. They are also proposing to invest in British Industry and facilitate inter-bank loans.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE CALDWELL (cont'd)

I'm not suggesting we reject the asset's demands, simply delay a decision until we can corroborate his evidence.

She looks at the Cabinet Secretary with conviction. Hector says nothing for a moment, then responds quietly.

HECTOR

A chap launders a couple of million he's a crook. But a few billion? Now you're talking. Money has no smell as long as there's enough of it -

SECRETARY TO THE CABINET

Hector, there's no need to -

HECTOR

You're right. We've all seen too much of the world. Not wanking around, eh?

Matlock's heart sinks, but there's no stopping Hector now.

HECTOR

And the dirty money that's sloshing around, the profits of pain, we've seen that too. Colombia, billions. Congo, billions. Afghanistan, billions. An eighth of the world's fucking economy, black as black. We know that.

His impassioned eyes take in the silent faces all around him.

HECTOR

Blood money. That's all it is. It can be in a box under a drug lord's bed or in a City of London bank next to the vintage port. It doesn't change colour. It's still blood money.

He looks at Kate now, as if he's staring at Longrigg.

HECTOR

Frankly, I think we should tell them to stuff their billions and invest it somewhere else - Frankfurt, Wall Street, Hong Kong - I don't give a shit. All I know is it doesn't belong here in fucking England.

INT. CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - DAY.

Ollie is keeping look out. Through a crack in the curtains he watches a YOUNG COUPLE strolling past on the road below. The woman wears a yellow headscarf, the man a peaked cap and sunglasses. The man glances up at the chalet but we can't see his eyes behind his sunglasses.

INT. KITCHEN/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Perry is stirring some cheese in a fondue pot while the twins and the little girls watch. Natasha and Gail are slicing up a loaf of bread into cubes.

PERRY

I can't get this bloody cheese to melt.

GAIL

Keep stirring.

VIKTOR

Add more Kirsch.

ALEXEI

Add the whole bottle.

Gail grins, looking at Natasha. She smiles back, happy for once.

PERRY

My arm's bloody killing me.

He stirs even harder when Luke appears at the door.

LUKE

Can I have a word, Perry?

INT. STUDY/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - DAY.

Gail accompanies Perry to the study to hear what Luke has to say.

LUKE

Good news. Hector's swung it. We've got a plane arriving tomorrow morning. We'll jeep Dima to Grund then fly him by chopper to the airfield.

GAIL

What about his family?

LUKE

If he delivers they'll follow.

Perry doesn't return his smile, spotting the catch.

PERRY

If he delivers?

Luke looks uncomfortable now.

LUKE

They want to hear what he has to say first. It's as far as Hector can get them to move without due process. That's what we're dealing with I'm afraid -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

I thought it was people.

Luke looks stung by her quiet rebuke.

PERRY

I want to speak to Hector.

INT. HECTOR'S CAR/ STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

The roar of London traffic. Hector drives along the river, talking to Perry on his cell phone.

HECTOR

I won't bullshit you. They'll listen to him and they'll form a judgement. If he doesn't measure up they'll throw him back in the water.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

From the edge of woods, Perry can see into the chalet. Dima and Tamara have joined the others at the dining table.

PERRY

Which water?

INT. HECTOR'S CAR/ STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

Hector sounds more detached than he feels.

HECTOR

Russian probably. What's the difference? The point is he will measure up.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Through the dining room window Perry sees Dima cracking a joke, making everyone laugh.

PERRY

What are you asking me to do?

INT. HECTOR'S CAR/ STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

HECTOR

What you've done from day one. Compromise your soul for the greater good. If you tell him it's a maybe he won't come. If you tell him we accept his terms unconditionally, he will.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Perry is still gazing at Dima in the chalet.

PERRY

I can't do that.

INT. HECTOR'S CAR/ STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

HECTOR

Then it's over. God's honest truth.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Perry says nothing, looking at Gail through the window now. She's laughing too, joking with Katya and Irina.

INT. HECTOR'S CAR/ STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

Hector listens to the silence on the other end.

HECTOR

It's the only way to save him, Perry.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Perry stares at Dima and his family, happy together, determined to enjoy themselves despite everything.

PERRY

He doesn't care about himself. He just wants his family to be safe.

INT. HECTOR'S CAR/ STREETS OF LONDON - DAY.

Hector hesitates.

HECTOR

I give you my word I'll take care of them.

EXT. GARDEN/ WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN - DAY.

Sunlight reflects on the window. Perry watches Dima searching for his lost bread cube in the fondue bowl. He kisses Natasha as a forfeit, making everyone laugh. Perry smiles, touched, then finally hangs up.

EXT. CITY OF LONDON - DAY.

Crowds of BANKERS on their lunch break fill the busy streets.

INT. BAR/ PRIVATE CLUB/ CITY OF LONDON - DAY.

TOP CITY LAWYERS AND BANKERS mingle in the bar of an exclusive private club. Aubrey Longrigg is with a group of friends and associates, chatting to them, when he notices a familiar face across the room.

AUBREY LONGRIGG

(Looking distracted)

Excuse me.

As he takes his leave and makes his way across the room, we see his face darken. And now we realize why.

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CONTINUED:

Hector sits in an armchair near the window, nursing a glass of scotch, staring right at him. The two old foes finally come together.

AUBREY LONGRIGG
Are you a member here?

Hector smiles back pleasantly.

HECTOR
Good God, no. To quote Groucho Marx, 'I don't wish to belong to a club that accepts people like me as members'. I just happen to know a lot of people who know a lot of people. Like you.

Longrigg takes the insinuation in his stride.

AUBREY LONGRIGG
So, this is just a happy coincidence?

HECTOR
Actually, to be honest, Aubrey, it isn't. I wanted to tell you to your face you're a worthless cunt.

He stares at Longrigg with the same pleasant smile.

HECTOR
You betrayed the Service and now you're betraying your country -- and I'm going to string you up by your fucking balls if it's the last thing I do.

Longrigg betrays no emotion.

LONGRIGG
I seem to recall we've had this conversation before. Didn't turn out quite how you expected. How is your son?

Hector contains his anger.

HECTOR
This is only my fourth scotch of the morning. Not enough to take a swing at you yet.

LONGRIGG
Keep swinging, Hector.

Longrigg's about to walk away when Hector responds:

HECTOR
I'll leave that to the Prince. The British establishment may be too lily-livered to hang you but I doubt he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He has Longrigg's attention now.

HECTOR

I'm going to make sure your secret Swiss bank account is the prime piece of evidence against the Arena Bank's application for a license here.

Longrigg looks uneasy for the first time. Hector raises his glass, beaming.

HECTOR

Kick 'em in the pocket where it hurts.

EXT. WOODS/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - SUNSET.

The sun sets over the mountains. Perry stands with Dima at the edge of the woods, both of them looking sombre.

DIMA

They want I go alone?

PERRY

Not alone. Dick will be flying to London with you. As soon as the formalities are completed we'll all fly to England.

Dima looks down, into some gulf of private anxiety that Perry can't begin to penetrate.

DIMA

A couple days, huh?

PERRY

A couple of days is what they say.

DIMA

Tom say that? *Couple days?*

Perry nods, hiding his own doubts.

DIMA

He's okay fellow, Tom.

PERRY

I think so.

DIMA

Dick too. He nearly kill that fucker Niki.

He smiles briefly.

DIMA

Gail, she look after my Tamara too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERRY

Yes. So will I. We'll look after your whole family until they join you.

He says it sincerely, from the depths of his heart, the one promise he can truly guarantee.

DIMA

My Natasha go Rodean school?

PERRY

You have my word.

Both of them smile, painting a false horizon, trying to reassure the other.

DIMA

What about you, Professor? You waste all this time with me? You better marry Gail pretty quick.

PERRY

Oh, I will. We'll send you an invitation.

DIMA

She's worth a lotta camels.

They smile again, their eyes fixed on each other with genuine affection.

PERRY

Can I ask you something, Dima? Why did you choose me?

Dima considers a moment.

DIMA

I saw you play tennis.

PERRY

That's all?

Dima smiles mischievously, just like he did the first time they met.

DIMA

You play me Wimbledon when we get back?

PERRY

Or Queens. I'm still a member there.

DIMA

No pussyng, okay?

PERRY

No pussyng.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Perry feels the words catch in his throat. Dima holds his gaze in gratitude.

DIMA
You're some kinds goddam English
gentleman, Professor.

He lowers his eyes, hiding his emotions, then looks up with an even bigger smile, giving Perry a warm embrace. Perry hugs him back, feeling the giant Russian trembling in his arms.

EXT. CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

A people carrier arrives outside the chalet. Ollie greets a pair of TOUGH LOOKING MEN with military style crew-cuts, the family's new 'minders'.

OLLIE
I'll introduce you to the family then
show you round the house.

INT. LUKE'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Luke is speaking on the phone to his son.

LUKE
I'm back late tonight, Ben...No, too
late to wake you up...but I'll see you
in the morning...Is mummy there?...

He looks hopeful now, determined to put things right.

LUKE
Eloise, it's me.

INT. DIMA'S BEDROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Dima stands in front of a mirror, knotting his tie. He wears his beautiful pinstripe suit, looking like an emperor. Tamara folds a red handkerchief and sticks it in his jacket pocket. Dima smiles, kissing her tenderly on the forehead, then holds out something we can't see. As Tamara looks at it, tears fill her eyes, then reluctantly she takes it.

INT. PERRY AND GAIL'S ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN - NIGHT.

Perry and Gail sit on their single beds.

GAIL
Have you decided?

PERRY
I think I should see him off.

Gail smiles, gazing at him fondly.

PERRY
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

Nothing. I'm just proud of you, and I love you very much.

Perry stares back at her.

PERRY

When this is over we should take a holiday.

GAIL

(Laughing)

No fucking way. You idiot.

EXT. JEEP/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

The whole family have gathered outside to say goodbye to Dima. He's back to his old self again, cheerful, optimistic and larger than life.

DIMA

(Hugging the twins)

You bums better practice your chess.

He turns to Natasha next, who hugs him as if she never wants to let go.

DIMA

(In Russian)

You look more beautiful every day.

NATASHA

(In Russian)

I'll see you in England, Papa.

Dima's clearly moved by her show of affection but covers his feelings with a broad grin.

DIMA

You don't let go, I gotta take you with me. What do you say, Dick?

Luke smiles but doesn't say anything. Ollie and the two new minders stand beside him. Dima squats down now, gazing at Katya and Irina affectionately.

DIMA

You two wanna go back to your TV, right?

(He grins)

Go on.

He stares after them ruefully as they hurry back to the house then turns to Gail. He gives her a warm embrace.

DIMA

We get to London, I find the professor a new job so you don't have to look after him no more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAIL

And don't forget that house.

Perry looks on, smiling. Dima's last hug is for Tamara, understated but full of devotion, friends and partners for so many years.

DIMA

(In Russian)

I love you.

Tamara nods, giving him the briefest kiss. Ollie holds the car door open for Dima, treating him like a king. Before he gets in he takes one last look at his family.

Gail slips an arm around the tearful Natasha. As the jeep finally pulls away she glances at Tamara. She's in a world of her own, gazing after her husband. She notices Gail watching her and looks away.

INT/EXT. JEEP/ ROAD/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

The jeep rumbles onto the steep main road. As Ollie shifts gears he notices something out of the corner of his eye. The YOUNG WOMAN he saw strolling past the chalet earlier is walking on the other side of the road, only she's alone now, no sign of her boyfriend. Ollie drives on, looking curious but not unduly concerned.

EXT/INT. JEEP/ ROAD TO KLEINE SCHEIDEGG/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Headlights sweep around the hair-pin bends. Perry stares out of his window at the distant summit of the Eiger. Sitting beside him in the back seat, Dima is in a world of his own, his great body lurching from side to side on the bumpy road.

Suddenly Ollie sees the glare of a flashlight up ahead. As the jeep draws closer, Luke sees two men standing in the middle of the road, one in a policeman's uniform, the other in plain clothes. The POLICEMAN holds up his hand, signalling for them to stop. Reluctantly Ollie pulls over.

Perry watches in tense silence as the policeman walks over to the jeep, the plainclothesman following but keeping his distance. Ollie smiles pleasantly as the officer shines his flashlight at the windscreen, examining the vehicle's road sticker.

POLICE OFFICER

(In Swiss German)

Where have you driven from tonight?

OLLIE

(In Swiss German)

Wengen.

Out of his window, Perry sees the plainclothesman walking round the side of the jeep, his face hidden in shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER

(In Swiss German)

If you drive from Wengen to Scheidegg,
you need a different vignette.

OLLIE

(In Swiss German)

I have it here somewhere.

Ollie searches through the pocket of the driver's door. Luke looks tense, no idea if he has another vignette or not.

In the back seat, Perry is still watching the other man. He seems to be positioning himself so he can get a better look at Dima, his face briefly catching the light. Perry stares in surprise. He recognises the man's handsome features and pale blue eyes, trying to remember where he saw him.

OLLIE

(In Swiss German)

I'm afraid I can't seem to find it.

POLICE OFFICER

(In Swiss German)

May I see your driver's license?

Perry takes another look at the plainclothesman's face, suddenly remembering -

PERRY

(Whispering to Luke)

I saw that man at our hotel in Paris.

Luke tenses, whispering back.

LUKE

Are you sure?

PERRY

Positive.

Ollie finds his license and hands it to the policeman.

POLICE OFFICER

(In Swiss German)

Where was this issued?

OLLIE

(In Swiss German)

Zurich.

Perry's heart is pounding. So is Luke's. He reaches under his jacket for his gun, glancing in his side mirror. The plainclothesman is moving round the back of the jeep now, trying to get a clear view of Dima.

In the back seat, Dima stares ahead, unaware of what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The uniformed officer examines Ollie's license with his flashlight.

POLICE OFFICER
(In Swiss German)
You're from Murren?

OLLIE
(In Swiss German)
I'm afraid so.

Perry can sense the man with the pale blue eyes is directly behind him now, but doesn't dare look around. Luke looks tense, his hand gripping the gun under his jacket.

As the policeman shines his flashlight into the back of the jeep, Luke makes his move, flinging open the car door and bolting out --

Instinctively Perry grabs Dima and pulls him down onto the car seat --

The man with the pale blue eyes is taken by surprise. He pulls out his automatic but Luke's got the draw on him --

LUKE
Drop it!

The blue eyed killer hesitates, then turns his gun on Luke --

Luke fires twice, hitting him in the chest --

Ollie reacts instinctively, drawing his own gun on the police officer.

OLLIE
(In Swiss German)
Get back!

Luke is trembling, his gun trained on the dead assassin.

In the back seat, Perry and Dima stay low.

Ollie gets out of the jeep, pointing his gun at the officer.

OLLIE
(In Swiss German)
On the ground!

Luke finally turns away from the dead assassin, dialling a number on his cell phone.

LUKE
It's Luke. Get the family out. Someone
just tried to kill him.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Gail, Natasha, the twins and the girls are watching TV when one of their new minders sweeps in with a cheerful smile.

SAS MINDER

Good news. We're all set to go. Pack up your things quick as you can.

Only Gail doesn't look convinced by his relaxed manner.

EXT. WOODS/ ROAD TO KLEINE SCHEIDEGG/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Ollie drives the police car into the woods by the side of the road, making sure it's out of sight. The dead killer lies in the front seat, his associate bound and gagged in the back.

Dima and Luke are arguing by the jeep.

DIMA

I gotta get back to my family -

LUKE

Your family are safe. They're being moved to a secure location -

DIMA

I wanna see them now -

LUKE

The best way to protect them is to come with me to England, do you understand?

Perry watches Dima. The Russian looks close to tears, not for himself, but for those he loves.

LUKE

This is your only chance. The helicopter won't be there in the morning.

Perry has never seen Dima looking so helpless before, a shadow of his former self. The Russian stares out, then finally nods.

EXT. CHALET/ WENGEN/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Under the watchful eye of their minders, Dima's family climb in a people carrier. Gail sees the concerned look in Tamara's eyes.

EXT. JEEP/ KLEINE SCHEIDEGG/ SWITZERLAND - NIGHT.

Dima stares out in silence as the jeep winds its way up the steep mountain road. Up above, the Eiger's North face looms over the village of Kleine Scheidegg.

EXT. JEEP/ HELIPAD NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

The jeep stops by a small helipad. Ollie heads over to the waiting PILOTS while the others wait. Perry catches Dima's eye but neither of them speaks. Ollie finally returns.

OLLIE
You're all set.

Dima turns to Perry now. Perry can't help feeling choked up, covering it with a smile. There are no hugs or handshakes this time, just a long look. Luke gently places a hand on Dima's shoulder, indicating it's time to go. Dima stares at Perry a moment longer then finally walks away.

Perry watches him head off with Luke -- the diminutive spy and the giant Russian -- something both comic and touching about them. Dima boards the helicopter, Luke skipping up the steps behind him. Perry and Ollie watch as the chopper's engine roars to life and its rotor blades start to spin.

From his window, Dima stares back at Perry -- no hand wave, no farewell smile, but a heartfelt goodbye. Perry watches the chopper rise up in the air now, framed against the Eiger's brooding immensity.

INT. HELICOPTER/ EIGER NORTH FACE - NIGHT.

Luke looks out of his window with an enormous sense of pride as the chopper rises. Outside, he can see the shattered rock faces and wind swept ice fields of the Eiger but all he can think of is home. Beside him, Dima stares out, in a world of his own.

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

Perry smiles to himself as the helicopter reaches the top of the Eiger then soars off into the surrounding mountains. He stares at its flashing lights, then dials Gail's number on his cell phone.

INT. PEOPLE CARRIER/ ROAD TO LAUTERBRUNNEN - NIGHT.

Gail sits in the back seat of the people carrier with Natasha and the little girls when her phone rings.

GAIL
(Answering it anxiously)
Perry?

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

Perry stares at the flickering lights of the helicopter.

PERRY
They've just left.

INT. PEOPLE CARRIER/ ROAD TO LAUTERBRUNNEN - NIGHT.

Gail looks relieved, feeling the whole family's eyes on her.

GAIL
How was he?

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

Perry smiles, still gazing at the chopper's lights.

PERRY
Magnificent.

INT. HELICOPTER/ MOUNTAINS - NIGHT.

Dima stares out of his window at the landscape below, admiring the sweeping crevasses and grand cathedrals of ice, finally at peace with himself.

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

Perry turns away when suddenly he hears an indistinct sound like the thump of a gloved fist into a punching bag. He looks back over at the helicopter in surprise.

Its lights seem to be gleaming more brightly, its outline bathed in a strange golden glow. It's only after the second detonation that the piercing sound of the explosion screams through the air and the chopper bursts into flame.

INT. PEOPLE CARRIER/ ROAD TO LAUTERBRUNNEN - NIGHT.

Gail can only hear silence on the line.

GAIL
Perry?

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

Perry stares in shock as the helicopter plummets down to the valley below, bursting into a ball of fire.

INT. PEOPLE CARRIER/ ROAD TO LAUTERBRUNNEN - NIGHT.

GAIL
Perry?

Tamara looks round from her seat now, as if she instinctively senses something's wrong.

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

The distant flames light up Perry's face, tears of surprise welling in his eyes. Behind him, Ollie has sprung into action, dialling Hector's number.

INT. OFFICE/ NORTHOLT AIR BASE/ UK - NIGHT.

Hector listens in silence, holding the phone to his ear. All the energy and optimism has left his eyes, grieving not just for Luke and Dima now, but for everything he believes in.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS CORRIDOR/ LONDON - NIGHT.

Members of Parliament stream out of the chamber after a late night debate. Among them we see Aubrey Longrigg. As he heads into the lobby he sees Kate Caldwell, waiting for him with a smile.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM/ MOSCOW - NIGHT.

A dazzling reception. An aide interrupts the Prince as he entertains a group of politicians, murmuring in his ear. The Prince nods, then resumes his conversation.

EXT. JEEP/ HELICOPTER STATION NEAR KLEINE SCHEIDEGG - NIGHT.

Perry gazes at the distant flames as if he's staring at Dima. The fire ebbs, then flares again, refusing to die out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE/ ENGLAND - DAY.

Sunshine glitters in a cloudless sky. On the lawn of a country house, Natasha, the twins, and the little girls are playing dodge-ball. Natasha urges Katya and Irina to duck as the boys try to hit them with the ball.

Perry and Gail sit on a bench, watching them. Natasha seems like a happy young girl again, her troubles briefly forgotten.

PERRY

What do you think she'll do?

GAIL

(Gazing at Natasha fondly)
She'll probably change her mind a dozen times but in the end she'll keep it.

PERRY

You seem pretty sure?

GAIL

She's like her father. She loves life too much to give up without a fight.

Her eyes tear up at the memory of Dima. Perry slips his arm around her.

GAIL

I'm such an idiot. We hardly knew him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Perry stares out at the children.

PERRY

This is what he wanted. His family safe
in some imagined English paradise.

Gail sees Tamara heading towards them now and wipes her
tears.

GAIL

God, I don't want her to see me like
this.

Perry looks over at Tamara as she walks towards them. The
stern looking matriarch looks resolutely Russian, even in the
English countryside, all dressed in black. Gail turns around
with a cheerful smile as she finally arrives.

GAIL

Hello.

Tamara nods but doesn't reply, staring at them awkwardly. Her
eyes look puffy but there are no tears, just a resolute
dignity. She gazes at them, then speaks in hesitant English:

TAMARA

Thank you.

There's something so simple and touching in her rare show of
gratitude, it almost brings the tears back to Gail's eyes.
Instead she smiles sweetly. Tamara looks away from her,
gazing at Perry now, then holds out something in her hand.

TAMARA

From Dima.

Perry stares at the tiny memory stick in surprise. We realize
it's the object Dima gave Tamara when they said their last
goodbye. Perry smiles to himself as he takes it, admiring
Dima more than ever.

EXT. VIEW OF THE CITY/ LONDON - DAY.

The sun shines down on the City of London, casting its golden
spell over the square mile. Over images of glass towers and
dazzling skyscrapers we hear Dima's voice:

DIMA'S VOICE ON RECORDING

Included are lists of criminal
syndicates in Europe and Asia associated
with Arena Bank; link charts;
international routes of black money;
numbered bank accounts. Also names and
account numbers of British bankers and
politicians in pay of Prince and other
crime syndicates. Also included...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The recording continues over more shots of steel towers and glass, the giant citadels of the financial district looking down on the streets below like remote Gods.

FADE OUT.