

THE NIGHT MANAGER

Written by

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Based on the novel by

John le Carré

Episode 2

THE INK FACTORY
Developed in association with BBC/AMC

A beautiful mirrored bathroom.

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

She climbs fast out of the bath.

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

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

She removes the bath-robe.

She quickly moisturises her skin.

She chooses her underwear for the night.

White so as not to show?

Or black so as to?

She chooses white.

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

She stares at it.

She stares at herself in the mirror.

She is JED.

Deep breath.

She answers.

JED

Mum?

INTERCUT WITH THIS SCENE: A middle-aged woman sits in a chair in a messy and poor kitchen somewhere in smalltown America. It's raining outside. We only see her half-blurred. JED'S MOTHER.

JED'S MOTHER

I didn't think you'd pick up.

JED

Mum you know the deal. I call you.
You don't call me.
You ashamed to talk to me?

JED (CONT'D)

Of course not. Listen I can't talk
now. We're going out.

JED'S MOTHER (ON PHONE)

Where are you going?

JED

Just some place on the island.

JED'S MOTHER

I bet the weather's just fine.

JED stares out the window. The weather is stunning.

JED

How's Billy?

JED'S MOTHER

As if you care.

Beat.

JED'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

They say he doesn't even ask about
you any more.

MOTHER's breath is heavy, slightly slurred but no less deadly
for that.

JED

I don't want to talk to you when
you're like this. OK? There'll be
more money coming end of the month.
That's why you called, right?

JED'S MOTHER

Just remember one thing honey.
You're nothing but a dirty whore.
And whores are like eggs. There's a
time comes when they start to
stink...

JED hangs up the phone. Switches it off.

Makes a sudden grab for a bottle of pills in a bottom drawer.
But the bottle is empty.

JED

Shit.

Stares at herself in the mirror.

Gathers herself. Her eye make-up is slightly smudged. She corrects it carefully. Steady hand.

Suddenly on impulse removes the white underwear, replaces it with black.

A knock at the door. She quickly checks - no sign of tears.

JED (CONT'D)

Is that you darling? Come in.

The door opens. It's a seven year old boy. DANIEL. He blushes to see her in her underwear.

JED (CONT'D)

Danny I'm sorry I thought it was your father.

DANIEL

Dad says we need to go.

JED

I know, I'm just coming.

She slips on her summer dress, grabs some shoes, checks herself in the mirror. Yes the underwear shows through just a little. Turns. That smile.

JED (CONT'D)

How do I look?

4

EXT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. TERRACE. DAY.

4

RICHARD ROPER is dressed in an impeccable linen suit. He stands on the verandah, accompanied by several guests, all ready for the night's dinner.

ROPER is talking to SANDY LANGBOURNE while Sandy's wife and young NANNY wait with the kids and a group of other guests including CORKORAN, FRISKY and TABBY.

ROPER

So, I ended up losing 15 mil, all because Corky hates Italians.

Some laughter, and a rueful smile from CORKORAN.

CORKORAN

That is one version, Chief.

ROPER

It's the version.

JED appears with DANIEL, still holding his hand. She looks ravishing.

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ROPER (CONT'D)

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

JED

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

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

ROPER

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

5

EXT. MALLORCA. PATH THROUGH OLIVE GROVE. DAY.

5

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

ROPER and DANIEL lead the way. Father and son.

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

JED

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

CORKORAN

Mother's little helper?

JED

Be a love.

CORKORAN

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

JED

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

He smiles. Trusty man. No further questions asked.

JED (CONT'D)

I might get drunk tonight. Would Roper mind?

CORKORAN

I think he'd love it darling.

6

EXT. MALLORCA. BAY. DAY.

6

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

ROPER drives one boat himself. SANDY LANGBOURNE drives the other boat, that speeds alongside, they mimic a kind of race, ROPER loving the competition. CORKY in his boat along with the two SUITS. SANDY's wife and kids and their NANNY in the other boat plus five other FRIENDS.

The sun is sinking over the horizon as JED lets her hair fly behind her in the breeze and DANIEL smiles as the boat rides the crests of the waves.

ROPER looks at JED's body. She notices, bends her body in the wind, loves his look, needs it right now. It makes her know she exists.

7

EXT. MALLORCA. CLIFF-TOP RESTAURANT. DAY.

7

And in they come. Greeted by waiters and waitresses, the place surprisingly informal, open air to the sea, a tree growing in the middle of the restaurant providing shade, modernism and Hellenism combined. And costing the earth.

Other DINERS are already eating but the Roper table is the main event. It is fourteen-strong, one giant white tablecloth with the main view of the bay.

Champagne is already waiting in buckets. A babble of chat and welcome as they arrive, seat themselves.

HEAD WAITER

Mr Roper sir.

ROPER

My dear Jorge it's been far too long. How is everyone?

HEAD WAITER

You heard about Mrs Cortes of course?

ROPER

Yes, very sad, you got my flowers?

HEAD WAITER

It was much appreciated.

ROPER

You still do the shellfish soup I hope?

HEAD WAITER

Of course sir. The recipe lives on.

ROPER

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

CORKORAN

Boss you want to do the honours?

ROPER

Go ahead Corky if it gives you such a thrill.

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

8

EXT. MALLORCA. CLIFF TOP RESTAURANT. EVENING.

8

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

SANDY

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

JED

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

CAROLINE

Jed, I officially love you.

CORKORAN

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

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

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

Pretty sure that's a yes.

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

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SANDY

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

CORKORAN eyes Sandy's NANNY.

CORKORAN

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

JED whispers into ROPER's ear. He laughs.

JED

What do you think?

ROPER

Well go on then.

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

ROPER (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Drinking my wine, stealing my woman. Whatever next?

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

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

CAROLINE

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

ROPER'S ears hear this, they prick slightly.

SANDY

Caro, darling...

ROPER

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

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

SANDY

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

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

SANDY (CONT'D)

To Richard!

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

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

Staring at his empire.

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

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

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

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

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

An euphoria.

When suddenly the music stops.

JED turns, looks round.

And her face goes white in horror.

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

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

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

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

ALBANIANS

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

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

ALBANIAN 1

WHY YOU HAVE GUNS?? You police??

A long beat. ROPER stands.

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ROPER
They're with me.

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

ALBANIAN 1
Guns on the floor!

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

They throw their guns on the floor.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Corks.

CORKORAN
(to the other DINERS)
Quedate quieto y callado.

Almost at ROPER'S command, the tension drops an inch: THE ALBANIANS regain some control, measuring the situation.

ALBANIAN 1
You are rich man.

ROPER
Yes, I am rich man. Very rich man.
And I'm going to give you all the
money we have, all the jewelry. The
restaurant will give you everything
in the till. And then you'll leave.
All right?

ALBANIAN 1
How much is in the till? No games.

ROPER
Jorge go and get the man his money.
Danny stay still.

ALBANIAN 1
(realising)
Is your boy?

ROPER
Yes. He's my boy.

Another WAITER runs to the till.

ALBANIAN 1
No alarms. NO ALARMS!

ROPER
Turn off the alarm Jorge. Do what
he says. I'll reimburse you.

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

ALBANIAN 1
Is this all? That's shit man!
Where's the rest?

ROPER
Credit cards. Hateful things.

Meanwhile ALBANIAN 2 walks down the table, grabbing women's bracelets, necklaces. He reaches JED. Gestures to her necklace.

ALBANIAN 2
Give it to me.

She stares at him with contempt. ROPER helps her take it off, hands it to him. He stares at her with a kind of lust. She returns his gaze unflinchingly.

ALBANIAN 2 (CONT'D)
Ear-rings. NOW!

She takes them off. Left one. Right one.

ALBANIAN 2 (CONT'D)
Wallet.

ROPER slowly gets out his wallet. Hands them the wallet. ALBANIAN 1 grabs it.

ALBANIAN 1
It's not enough! Where's the money?!

He stares at ROPER.

ROPER
I can send someone for money.
Hundred thousand. Just let the boy go.

But the ALBANIAN is beginning to drag DANIEL back down the path.

ALBANIAN 1
Le të dal nga këtu (Let's go...) We contact you. You bring money to us. We give you the boy.

ROPER
You don't need to do that.

But the ALBANIANS are dragging DANIEL away down the path.

JED
Let him go! Take me instead.

No response.

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

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

ROPER
Don't be so bloody stupid!

The ALBANIANS are dragging DANIEL down the pine-needled path.
When they turn and see a small outhouse below the restaurant.
A dark window. Something about it.

ALBANIAN 1
What is it? WHAT IS IT?

HEAD WAITER
It's the wash-house.

10 **EXT. MALLORCA. CLIFF-TOP RESTAURANT. WASH HOUSE. NIGHT.** 10

And there's just a flicker of movement from inside.

ALBANIAN 1
There's someone in there. Who's in there?

HEAD WAITER
I don't know.

ALBANIAN 1
I told you to get everyone out!

WAITER
It must be Thomas.

ALBANIAN 1
Who the hell is Thomas?

WAITER
The new sous-chef. From England.

The ALBANIAN raises his gun, stares at the dark window. Walks towards it.

ALBANIAN 1
Come out! Hands up! NOW!

But no one comes out.

The ALBANIAN approaches.

And we zoom into the darkness. Into the window.

Into a human eye that is staring out. Calmly.

And the eye belongs to JONATHAN PINE.

TITLE: THREE MONTHS EARLIER

11

INT. ZERMATT RESTAURANT. DAY.

11

BURR

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

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

PINE smiles.

PINE

Good lord no.

BURR turns to the waiter.

BURR

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

PINE

No sugar for me.

BURR raises her eyebrows The waiter leaves. Beat.

BURR

So why did you do it?

PINE

Do what?

BURR

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

PINE

I don't know.

BURR

Yes you do.

PINE

Something stirred I suppose.

BURR leans in quietly.

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BURR

What stirred?

PINE

A man's peddling a private arsenal to an Egyptian crook, he's English, you're English, and those arms can cause a lot of pain to a lot of people. Well you just do it.

BURR

Plenty wouldn't. You were a soldier yourself, of course.

PINE.

Iraq

BURR

Two tours. You know what those weapons can do to a body.

Beat.

BURR (CONT'D)

Why did you leave the army?

PINE

I saw things... that didn't reflect my idea of being a soldier.

BURR

And then there's Sophie Alekan. Your Sophie.

PINE

She's not my Sophie.

Beat.

WAITER

Your dessert madame.

The WAITER appears.

He puts it down. Two spoons. They each take a spoon.

And stare at each other.

12

INT. ZERMATT. TRAIN. DAY.

12

A small train winds up the hill, through the stunning Zermatt countryside. BURR and PINE talk in a quiet corner of an almost deserted carriage. BURR stares out the window at the astonishing view.

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BURR

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

PINE

You don't?

BURR

All this snow and silence? Makes me want to scream.

She looks around at the demure Swiss passengers.

BURR (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'm not going to.

PINE

How long have you been together?

BURR

Twenty years, come November.

PINE

Congratulations.

BURR

It's marriage Jonathan. It's not a state of bliss.

PINE

How many children?

BURR

This is the first and last.

The train rattles on gently.

BURR (CONT'D)

Cairo isn't on your professional CV. No mention. I checked.

PINE

I took it off after I left.

BURR

Why?

PINE

Why do you think?

BURR

I think you didn't want people asking questions.

Beat.

Night Manager ep 2 final

BURR (CONT'D)

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

PINE

No.

BURR

What about Freddie Hamid?

PINE

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

BURR

With a bit of airbrushing you'll clean.

PINE

Clean for what?

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

BURR

Do you handle cash at the hotel?

PINE

Sometimes. Some guests still prefer it.

BURR

And that cash goes in the safe?

PINE

Until the end of the month.

BURR

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

PINE

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

BURR

Luckily, you are clever, Jonathan. I checked.

13

EXT. ZERMATT. PINE'S APARTMENT. DAY.

13

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

BURR

Don't get many visitors, do we?

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

PINE
I'll make some coffee.

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

BURR
You a fan of Hardy?

PINE
My shot at nostalgia I suppose.

BURR
Mr Burr teaches Hardy.

PINE
So he is a fan.

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

She sees another book.

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

She takes the book.

PINE
Would you put that back please.

BURR
Whose initials are these?

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

PINE grabs the book.

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

PINE
Yes you did.

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BURR

Your father was undercover in
Belfast wasn't he?

PINE

Yes.

BURR

Same regiment as you.

The book taken firmly and replaced on the shelf.

BURR (CONT'D)

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

PINE

What do you want, Ms Burr?

Beat. BURR stares at PINE.

BURR

I want to make you an offer.

(frowns)

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

PINE

A chance to do what?

BURR

To bring down Richard Roper.

Beat.

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

PINE

Because he's never near the
destruction he causes.

BURR

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

(MORE)

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

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

He is JOEL STEADMAN.

18

EXT. LONDON. STREET. DAY.

18

REX MAYHEW is walking outside. BURR with him.

BURR

Our boy's left Switzerland. Money in hand.

MAYHEW

What do you need?

BURR

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

REX MAYHEW

What game?

BURR

Theft, narcotics and murder.

REX MAYHEW

No half measures eh.

He smiles.

BURR

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

They stare across at the shiny River building.

REX MAYHEW

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

19

OMITTED

19

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

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

A knock at the door.

BURR
You open it.

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

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

PINE
Yes.

BURR
Well, sit down then, for God's sake, and have a cup of tea. You make me nervous.

She pours, offers sugar. No sugar. Milk? A nod.

BURR (CONT'D)
(pouring)
All you've said so far is Yes.

PINE
Do you want me to say no?

BURR
Now's your moment. Or forever after hold your peace.

PINE's silence says it all.

BURR (CONT'D)
(shoving the biscuit tin at him)
You're too bloody perfect, that's your trouble, Jonathan Pine. I don't want you bloody perfect. Take one. Go on. Eat the damn thing!

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

BURR (CONT'D)

(now fiercely serious)

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

PINE

Yes.

21 **EXT. DEVON. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.**

21

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

22 **INT. LONDON. HOTEL ROOM. SOME TIME EARLIER. DAY.**

22

BURR

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

BURR is irritated by PINE's passivity.

BURR (CONT'D)

Are you comfortable with that at all?

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

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

PINE
That's right.

MARIYLN
What you doing down here?

PINE
Just having some time to myself.

Almost deliberately suspicious.

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

PINE (CONT'D)
Someone's hungry.

MARIYLN
When isn't he?

PINE
Yours?

MARILYN
Fraid so.

She stares at him.

PINE
Well - nice talking to you.

He gathers his things and walks to the door.

MARIYLN
What was the name?

PINE
Jack Linden. With an I.

He smiles, walks out. She watches him go.

26 **EXT. DEVON. ROSUMS COTTAGE. TRACK. DAY.**

26

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

27 **EXT. DEVON. ROSUMS COTTAGE. DAY.**

27

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

He has the key in his hand.

He is about to open the door.

Then he hears something. From inside the cottage.

He enters the cottage.

28

INT. DEVON. ROSUMS COTTAGE. DAY.

28

Inside the cottage, a young couple are fucking, her on top. This is JACOB DODRIDGE and his girl.

PINE stares.

She sees him, pauses, stands up, grabs her dress to her, grins.

GIRL

Jacob.

JACOB turns, gets up.

JACOB

Who the bloody hell are you?

PINE

I'm Jack Linden. I'm going to live here.

JACOB

No one's lived here for years!

PINE

Well I am now. So take your clothes and get the hell out.

Beat. A threat here.

JACOB

Come on then girl.

He storms off. The GIRL, grinning, finding it all hilarious, trips after, not that bothered to cover herself up.

PINE closes the door after them. Looks around.

It's cold, small, shabby, dusty. Perfect.

He takes the stove-top kettle, puts it on. The sound of the kettle, the sea. The old crockery.

PINE feels strangely, wonderfully at home.

33

EXT. DEVON. GARAGE. DAY.

33

PINE gets off his bike and walks up to Narramore.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
What do you want?

PINE
An eighth.

NARRAMORE stares at him. Laughs.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
You police. Right?

PINE stares at him.

PINE
No.

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

PINE
I've got an offer for you.

CHARLES NARRAMORE
Not interested.

NARRAMORE walks away. PINE watches for a moment.

34

INT. DEVON. GARAGE. DAY.

34

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

NARRAMORE turns to see JONATHAN PINE staring at him.

NARRAMORE
You deaf?

PINE
I told you I had a business offer.

NARRAMORE
And I told you to get lost.

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

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

35

INT. DEVON. GARAGE. DAY.

35

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

PINE arms her out.

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

He walks back, grabs NARRAMORE hard.

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

NARRAMORE
Piss off.

PINE grabs NARRAMORE hard.

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

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

PINE (CONT'D)
Try it.

NARRAMORE stares at him.

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

36

INT. DEVON. THE SNUG. NIGHT.

36

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

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

The door opens. PINE enters.

JACOB DODRIDGE
That's him.

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

PINE
Pint of Blue Anchor.

Night Manager ep 2 final

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

PINE (CONT'D)

Evening.

MARILYN studiously ignores him. PINE sits.

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

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

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

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

Then HARLOW stands up, leaving PINE the blue holdall.

HARLOW walks out.

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

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

PETE DODRIDGE stares after him with real hostility.

DODRIDGE

You see that?

MARILYN stares through the window with real curiosity.

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

37

INT. LONDON. FCO. MEETING ROOM. DAY.

37

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

MAYHEW

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

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

STEADMAN

Firstly gentlemen... and lady...

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

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank you folks for inviting me to London to share a little of what I know about the global arms trade in the 21st century and how to fight it. There's about three thousand years of wisdom in this room and I represent about six weeks of it. But hell those kind of odds never stopped an American before.

Laughter in the room. He's warming them up.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

There are two philosophies on how to confront international arms smuggling. You can exploit or you can enforce. I am an enforcer and I'll tell you why. You go down the exploitation path, this is what happens. You identify the bad guy, you watch him, get a whole heap of dirt on him, and you approach him. And then what do you do? You recruit him. You recruit him to get to the next guy, then you watch him, you recruit him, and so on, ad infinitum. The never ending story of chasing your own tail. And somewhere along the way the lines get blurred, my enemy becomes my friend and the devil always has the best lines. Now I enforce. I go after someone. And I put them down. The reason I am here today is to ask you folks to help me.

38

INT. LONDON. WHITEHALL. CORRIDOR. EVENING.

38

JOEL STEADMAN is walking through the corridors of Whitehall. GEOFFREY DROMGOOLE, GALT and PALFREY are with him.

DROMGOOLE

I thoroughly enjoyed your speech Joel.

STEADMAN

Then let's keep the channels open at all times.

Night Manager ep 2 final

DROMGOOLE

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

DROMGOOLE shakes his hand, STEADMAN smiles.

STEADMAN

Sure will Geoffrey.

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

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

ANGELA

Hello Joel.

STEADMAN

Angela.

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

39

INT. LONDON. WHITEHALL PUB. EVENING.

39

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

BURR

What do you think of the ale?

STEADMAN

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

BURR

You didn't tell me you were flying in.

STEADMAN

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

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

BURR

I'm here about work.

Beat. He nods. BURR quietens her tone.

BURR (CONT'D)

What were you doing in Madrid two weeks ago?

Night Manager ep 2 final

STEADMAN

How the hell you know that?

BURR

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

STEADMAN

Jesus you've got some nerve.

Beat. She smiles.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

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

BURR

Juan Apostol.

STEADMAN

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

BURR

But you can't get close.

STEADMAN

Can anyone?

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

BURR

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

STEADMAN

How did you get this?

BURR

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

STEADMAN

You any idea how dangerous that is?

She does.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

You tell River House?

BURR looks round. Shakes her head.

Night Manager ep 2 final

BURR

It has to be a church mouse operation.

STEADMAN

Then why come to me?

She smiles.

BURR

For your money of course. Why else?

He bridles at this. She suddenly takes his hand.

BURR (CONT'D)

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

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

40

INT. DEVON. ROSUMS COTTAGE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

40

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

ROPER (ON LAPTOP)

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

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

ROPER (ON LAPTOP) (CONT'D)

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

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

Instantly he turns out all the lights in the cottage.

Takes off his boots.

Then glides out the back door.

41

EXT. DEVON. ROSUMS COTTAGE. NIGHT.

41

PINE stands outside.

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

Knowing the assailant is there somewhere.

He stays absolutely still. Listening.

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

PINE begins to move, utterly silent.

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

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

He climbs, keeps low.

Almost there.

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

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

PINE

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

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

PINE (CONT'D)

Is that clear?

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

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

MARILYN
My mother says you want mineral water.

PINE
I don't think so.

MARILYN
Oh. Well I've brought them now.

And already she is walking into the front door.

PINE follows her inside.

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

PINE
Would you like a coffee?

MARILYN
Wouldn't say no.

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

MARILYN (CONT'D)
What happened there?

PINE
Bird flew in, went a bit crazy.

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

MARILYN
I googled you, Jack Linden.

PINE
Oh yes? What did you find?

MARILYN
Bugger all.

She stares at him.

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

Night Manager ep 2 final

Beat.

MARILYN

What do you do here all day?

PINE

I read. Walk a bit. Bit of painting.

MARILYN

These yours?

Two canvases that rest on the side.

PINE

Yes.

MARILYN

I can paint. I was good. Won prizes.

PINE

Why don't you do it any more?

MARILYN

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

Beat.

PINE

You're not with the father?

MARILYN

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

PINE

Where did he go?

MARILYN

Don't ask me.

PINE

Abroad?

MARILYN

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

Night Manager ep 2 final

HARLOW

From London.

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

HARLOW (CONT'D)

Is that what you wanted?

PINE

Yes. Thanks.

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

HARLOW

London could have done this for you, you know.

PINE

London asked me to make things real.

HARLOW puts on tea as PINE works on the application.

HARLOW

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

Fishing, but he gets nothing.

HARLOW (CONT'D)

I expect a decent funeral mind.

PINE

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

PINE has finished the application.

PINE (CONT'D)

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

He hands him the application.

HARLOW smiles.

HARLOW

Well then Tom Quince. You ready?

PETE DODRIDGE sees it all happen.

57 **OMITTED**

57

58 **INT. DEVON. POLICE STATION. DAY.**

58

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

POLICE OFFICER

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

MARILYN

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

POLICE OFFICER

They found the body down by the shore.

MARILYN goes very pale.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

How d'you get to know him?

MARILYN

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

POLICE OFFICER

Did you ever go there before?

MARILYN

Yeah. Once or twice.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

Why?

MARILYN

To deliver for my mother. That's all.

She pauses.

POLICE OFFICER

He ever mention his previous life?

MARILYN

No.

POLICE OFFICER

Ever mention Switzerland?

MARILYN

No why?

He is Thomas Zachary Quince. Born Coombe Martin 1981.

Focus in on PINE's face.

63 **OMITTED** 63

64 **INT. MALLORCA. CLIFF TOP RESTAURANT. WASH-HOUSE. NIGHT.** 64

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

We are back where it all began.

The ALBANIAN is approaching, gun to DANIEL's head.

ALBANIAN
Come out now!

PINE does not move.

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

Waits.

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

PINE stares at DANIEL in terror.

And moves.

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

DANIEL stares at PINE.

PINE looks at the ALBANIAN.

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

PINE
Go back to your mother. Go this way.

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

PINE takes his arm.

PINE.
Go. Go!

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

ALBANIAN 2 comes through the door.

Night Manager ep 2 final

PINE turns.

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

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

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

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

ALBANIAN 1 gets up.

ALBANIAN

You bastard. You were supposed not to hurt him!

PINE.

It needed to look real.

The ALBANIAN suddenly punches PINE hard in the stomach.

ALBANIAN

You want it real? I'll give you real!

PINE does not resist as the ALBANIAN smashes his fist again into PINE's stomach. PINE collapses. The ALBANIAN kicks him in the head, once, twice, three times.

ALBANIAN (CONT'D)

I'll show you real.

And then a hard-bastard kick in the groin. Then he grabs ALBANIAN 2 who is in utter agony and they pile out of the wash-house, leaving PINE bloodied and beaten on the ground, his face smashed, blood pouring from his nose.

Silence in the wash-house.

PINE looks round.

He looks through the window at the dark trees.

He feels his own blood.

He looks round and hears voices.

He hears a boat skimming away across the bay.

He hears voices coming closer.

He sees two MEN storm into the wash-house.

FRISKY and the other BODYGUARD.

They look round.

FRISKY
Jesus Christ.

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

65 **OMITTED** 65

66 **EXT. MALLORCA. CLIFF TOP RESTAURANT. NIGHT. CONT.** 66

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

Voices all this while.

FRISKY
Put him here.

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

LANGBOURNE
Who is he?

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

JED
What happened Danny?

DANIEL
He punched him daddy. He saved me.

Faces above PINE staring at him. LANGBOURNE, CORKORAN.

CAROLINE LANGBOURNE
Good god.

CORKORAN
Chief he needs medical attention.

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

ROPER.

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

Night Manager ep 2 final

ROPER

I know him. What's his name?

HEAD WAITER

Thomas Quince. He is from Cornwall
in England.

ROPER

No he's bloody not.

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

ROPER (CONT'D)

You're Pine. From Switzerland.

PINE stares up.

ROPER (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

PINE gestures ROPER to come closer. Then whispers.

PINE

No police.

Beat. Then again, imploringly.

PINE (CONT'D)

No police.

ROPER looks at him. Smiles.

ROPER

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

He turns back.

ROPER (CONT'D)

How's his pulse Frisky?

A hand on his wrist.

FRISKY

Quite sporting chief, all things
considered.

ROPER

You hearing me Pine? We're going to
get you out of here. Corky get the
boat ready. Call the hospital. Our
one, not the death trap on the main
drag. Make sure they're ready to
operate. We might need that Israeli
surgeon.

Night Manager ep 2 final

CORKORAN

Dr Shimon?

ROPER

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

A man dashes up. TABBY.

TABBY

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

ROPER turns to PINE.

ROPER

You must have given them the scare of their lives.

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

ROPER (CONT'D)

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

HEAD WAITER

Of course Mr Roper.

ROPER

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

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

And amidst all this, ROPER comes close to PINE.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Anyone we should call? Girlfriend? Family?

PINE looks up at ROPER. Shakes his head.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Still all alone eh?

Beat. He smiles.

ROPER (CONT'D)

Well. We'll look after you.

He smiles.

68 **EXT. MALLORCA. ROAD. DAY.** 68

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

69 **INT. MALLORCA. ROAD. JEEP. DAY.** 69

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

70 **EXT. MALLORCA. SURVEILLANCE VILLA. DAY.** 70

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

71 **INT. MALLORCA. SURVEILLANCE VILLA. DAY.** 71

Except inside it is anything but a holiday villa.

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

ANGELA BURR walks across to meet JOEL STEADMAN.

BURR
Any sign of him?

STEADMAN shakes his head.

BURR (CONT'D)
So what went wrong?

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

BURR
What was he playing at?

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

Beat.

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

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

Night Manager ep 2 final

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

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

STEADMAN furious. JIMENEZ walks across to STEADMAN.

STEADMAN (CONT'D)

Hector, you remember Angela Burr?
From Baghdad?

JIMENEZ

Sure do. Welcome ma'am.

BURR

You two still working together?

JIMENEZ

Yes no one's more mystified by that than me. Sir. You should hear this.

ANGELA BURR and STEADMAN gather round a phone-tap audio pick-up. It's CORKORAN on the phone to someone we have not heard before.

OPS OFFICER

Corkoran's calling a number in Gloucestershire from his mobile phone.

CORKORAN

Tony?

VOICE

Who is this?

CORKORAN

Corkoran here. Roper's cup bearer.

VOICE

What do you want?

CORKORAN

Pressing matter I'm afraid. Chief needs your good offices. Got a pen? The name is Pine, like the tree. First name Jonathan. Goes under the name of Thomas Quince, like the fruit. Head-to-toe background check, all avenues. All perfectly mum. 360 degrees.

Click. BURR turns to STEADMAN. Sheer relief on her face. Gleam in her eye.

BURR

He's alive. You don't check out a dead man.

Night Manager ep 2 final

She gets on her phone, calls SINGHAL back in the IEA offices in London. SINGHAL answers.

SINGHAL
Rob Singhal. IEA.

BURR
Rob. Put his name out. Splash it large. An international warrant for the arrest of Thomas Quince, Jonathan Pine, Jack Linden. Murder, multiple theft, dope-running, obtaining a false passport, identity theft, and anything else you can think of. Do it now.

She puts the phone down.

STEADMAN
He's crossed the bridge.

BURR
Yeah. And now we're burning it.

She stares at STEADMAN.

72

INT. MALLORCA. PALMA. HOSPITAL. DAY.

72

The sense of time passing. Figures, doctors, drifting in and out of blurred vision, mid-operation on the broken face and body of JONATHAN PINE. Voices half-hear, instructions. "Keep him stable". "100 mg". drift across his ears.

PINE's eyes flicker. And then everything fades to white.

73

I/E. MALLORCA. REMOTE LANDSCAPE. PRIVATE AMBULANCE. DAY.

73

PINE, heavily bandaged and reconstructed, lies face up in the back of private ambulance being carefully driven through remote landscape. He is held into position by straps to avoid damage from the bumpy terrain.

FRISKY sits by him keeping him as still as possible. TABBY is in the front seat with a SPANISH DRIVER.

The world is a blur before him. His eyes are barely open but he is able to see through the windows the olive trees passing, a peasant woman, a solar panelled cottage. Details floating into his vision. Memorised and recorded.

Then as we reach a more remote area, the road narrows, closer trees and bushes, thorns and jasmine, and bougainvillea in full bloom..

74

EXT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. DAY

74

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

The home of Richard Roper.

75

INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. BEDROOM. DAY.

75

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

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

His eyes close to dark.

76

INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. BEDROOM. DAY.

76

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

Another figure, this time blonde. In tennis gear.

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

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

JED

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

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

JED (CONT'D)

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

She moves closer.

Night Manager ep 2 final

JED (CONT'D)

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

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

She smiles.

JED (CONT'D)

Get some sleep. Dr Shimon says you're to sleep forever. He was pretty angry with Roper for discharging you early. Roper's away on business at the moment, but he'll be back soon and he can't wait to see you.

PINE mouths a sentence. Very quiet. Guttural.

PINE

Where ... am ... I?

JEDS

You're on our peninsula. You're safe here. Now sshh. Rest.

She lays a hand on his forehead gently. He stares at her bare arm. The follicles. Then he closes his eyes. She puts her ear to his mouth to hear his breath. He feels the warmth of her cheek. He could kiss it, he could lick the salt from her mouth. The light is fading as he starts to sleep.

JED

Just so brave.

Fade to black as PINE falls back into unconsciousness.

77

INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. BEDROOM. DAY.

77

PINE wakes again. DANIEL is there staring at him. With a book.

FRISKY in the corner on the chair.

DANIEL

Are you awake?

PINE stares.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

My father says I'm to thank you for saving my life.

(MORE)

Night Manager ep 2 final

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

PINE nods. At this sad boy.

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

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

78

OMITTED

78

79

INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. BEDROOM. DAY.

79

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

In the corner of a room sits FRISKY.

The door opens.

It is CORKY.

CORKORAN
Sod off would you Frisky old love?

And FRISKY leaves.

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

PINE
I'd like to go soon actually.

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

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

(MORE)

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CORKORAN (CONT'D)

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

PINE shakes his head.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

Smoke ourselves do we? In better
times?

PINE

A bit.

CORKORAN

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

PINE

No thank you.

CORKORAN

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

PINE nods.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

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

Beat. He stares at PINE. PINE breathes deep.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

Tricky one you see.

CORKORAN smiles.

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

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

He gets nice and close.

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CORKORAN (CONT'D)

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

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

CORKORAN (CONT'D)

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

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

PINE breathes deep.

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

FRISKY

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

He turns a page of his FT. PINE's face betrays nothing but his heart feels as if it is about to explode.

80 **INT. MALLORCA. ROPER'S VILLA. BEDROOM. DAY.**

80

PINE lies in his bed. His eyes open to find the room empty.

Empty chair where FRISKY normally sits.

Then PINE hears something. A helicopter.

81 **EXT. ROPER'S VILLA. MALLORCA. DAY.**

81

RICHARD ROPER is climbing out of a helicopter that has just landed. LANGBOURNE with him. FRISKY walks out to help him. All this from PINE's POV.

JED and DANIEL, in swimming costumes, run across the grass to meet him. ROPER is in white, sunglasses, not a sign of sweat.

DANNY

Daddy! I caught a lobster. Javier helped me.

ROPER
Well done Danny. And how's the
patient?

82

INT. BEDROOM. ROPER'S MANSION VILLA. DAY.

82

PINE listens to the helicopter.

Then he hears laughter. The sound of a door banging.

He gets out. Checks the window. Can't see anything, maybe
just DANNY running.

PINE listens.

Pure instinct. PINE walks fast back to his bed, gets in.

Beat.

The door opens.

RICHARD ROPER walks in. PINE fakes sleep.

ROPER is alone. Closes the door quietly.

ROPER stares at PINE. Comes up close. It's all very quiet.

ROPER
Full recovery. Well done you. Well
done Shimon.

He sits by PINE. Leans forward. Takes PINE's face in his
hands. Breathes.

ROPER (CONT'D)
Can you feel that? Yes. Almost
perfect.

Strokes his head.

ROPER (CONT'D)
You sleep now. Plenty of time for
you to talk when you're ready.
Plenty of time for story-telling.
You just sleep. Sleep now.

And PINE against all instincts finds himself drifting.
Drifting into a sleep.

As ROPER calmly, tenderly strokes his hair.

END